

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The train was due, but it had not arrived yet. Twelve of us waited in the station with our carpet bags. Twelve men, dusty, weary, travel-stained, and not a woman among us. Eleven o'clock at night was the time, the weather gusty and the night dark. The station lay in a lonely spot of New Jersey, in a maze of interlocking tracks. There was nothing to drink to be had there, and no time to search for it elsewhere. "I haven't starved so since I was on the jury in the Fribble murder case," said a short passenger in a pea-jacket. "Good time for the Jerseyites to murder some one now," said a tall man, with a great hamper and some fishing tackle by way of luggage. "Here's a jury ready—twelve on us." "No there ain't," cried a big man in a big white overcoat. "Count me out—only eleven of you. Wouldn't bring in a verdict of guilty if ten men had seen the dead dog. Be hung myself first. Nothing is any proof." "Reckon you don't hold to capital punishment," said the other. "Don't believe any of the evidence," said white overcoat. "Why, man alive, I might have been hung myself, on the very best evidence, twenty years ago. I know what it's worth." "You didn't do it then?" asked a very little old man, with no hair to speak of, and ears like an elephant's. "You'd have sworn I did," said white overcoat, in nowise offended by the question. "So would Norris and Todd and Jaquin. I was a young fellow in a wholesale grocery then, just twenty; big for my age; horrible temper—awful fool—all boys of that age are."

visit might justly be termed an appointment, as her father had given him intimation of it. Mr. Cox, although it was his use and wont during the past two years to kneel down to listen at the keyhole of the sanctum when he was at all curious about the subject of the conversation between Catchem and his clients, had never once been caught in the act, and moreover, he had no fear that he ever would. Catchem's shoes sometimes creaked, but if they did not he was quite safe. He always had due warning, the door lock was an old one, and had lost its spring, so it required to be held with a firm hand, and the grasp thus taken vibrated through the whole lock, giving a distinct warning to the ear at the keyhole to be off. On the occasion in question Catchem, on entering the sanctum, merely closed the door without springing the bolt of the lock; he did so on purpose. He had promised Sir Richard the evening before, as they were returning in mirthful triumph at the success they had so unexpectedly met with in their hellish scheme, that he would go to Lord Cranston's house and make all the needful inquiries at the usual hour of eleven o'clock. Sir Richard had, on his last visit, barely escaped being seen by Lady Morton in conversation with her servant, hence his request to Catchem to take his place. At the hour appointed the lawyer was in bed, sleeping off the effects of the previous night's indulgence, and he wished to avoid all conversation with his client on the subject until his clerk's return. It was with a view to this he had left the lock unfastened, so that at any moment he might enter the outer office, and pretending to be engaged with another client on pressing business, avoid the inconvenience of answering Sir Richard's inquiries, about his visit to Lord Cranston's until he was in possession of the information his clerk had gone to obtain. Mr. George, in innocent ignorance of the state of the lock, put on his hat a little to one side, as he always wore it (he thought it more becoming and nobby) and kneeling down, placed his ear in the old familiar place close over the keyhole. "Good morning, Sir Richard," said Catchem, as he closed the door, "how did you sleep after the exertion of last evening, ha, ha?" "Well, thank you," replied his client, in a grave tone. The lawyer was a low fellow, and Sir Richard did not care to be on the familiar terms with him that Catchem would have liked to establish. He wished to be treated as his employer or master, certainly not as his equal or intimate, forgetting that being his associate in one common infamy had made him both in the fullest sense of the word. Catchem was occupied with his own thoughts and noticed Sir Richard's words only, not the manner in which they were spoken, and said with a grin which made his large mouth look as if stretched from ear to ear, showing the yellow wide set uneven teeth, and unwholesome gums within. "I suppose when you got into your privacy, you danced the highland fling to the tune of 'You'll trouble me no more.'" Sir Richard was furious at the man's impudent familiarity which seemed impossible to check, and instead of speaking stared a reply with compressed lips and knitted lowering brows. Catchem did not like this a bit, he knew that Sir Richard was in his power, and he would not submit to it, not he, he knew quite well what it meant, others in like situations had tried to put on such airs, but it would not go down with him, they had all to submit every one of them, and so must he. "Did you go to Lord Cranston's," enquired Sir Richard. Catchem was now in a bad humour, it suited his purpose to stand on his dignity, small as it was, and by way of reply he pointed to the clock, the hands of which indicated half past one, implying that the work and hour were both things of the past. "The girls had not yet appeared?" said his client interrogatively. There was a difficulty in answering this question and Catchem would not incur it, he had not taken his seat since his entrance, but had busied himself in seeming to arrange the papers on the desk; he now gave his head a sharp quick turn in the direction of the outer office, squeezing up his eyes as if intently listening for something he had heard there and turning round pushed open the door, throwing unconscious Mr. Cox ignominiously down on his back his feet and legs doubled under him, and sending his best hat rolling to the other end of the room. At the sight of his faithless clerk lying on the floor whom he supposed to be far on his way to Belgravia by this time Mr. Catchem's rage knew no bounds, forgetting completely for the moment that such things as damages for assault were in existence, the enraged Catchem sprang like a tiger on his prostrate clerk seizing him by the throat, calling out as he did so, "You mean sneaking villain, I've caught you at last." A chorus of shrieks from the other end of the room announced the entrance of Miss Hopkins, and her friend Miss Selina Angelina. Both young ladies flew to the rescue of the prostrate Adonis, Miss Hopkins seizing Catchem by the few red hairs which still decorated the back and sides of his bald head, while Miss Wiggins taking firm hold of one leg in both her skinny claw like hands, was doing her best to drag the lawyer from off the body of his down-fallen clerk. Both young ladies never for a moment ceased to call out "murder" at the top of their naturally high pitched voices, and as they were possessed of good sound lungs they not only attracted Sir Richard who aided by Catchem's exclamations as he opened the door understood the situation at a glance, but also brought the Thompson Brothers (men whom Mr. Catchem particularly disliked, whose office was on the same flat of the same building as his own), and their clerk Mr. William Burt to the spot. Sir Richard and the Thompson Brothers exchanged glances which told the feelings with which they viewed the scene before them were those of amusement, not alarm.

he helped Margaret to descend from the chaise. Having expressed her grateful thanks to Mr. Hopkins, she swiftly passed Susan, who was busy whitening the door steps, and running up stairs followed by her companion found her sister still fast asleep. Mr. George Cox took the seat vacated by Margaret beside his friend Mr. Hopkins, pork butcher of Farrington within. A wealthy man was Mr. Hopkins and moreover a jolly kind-hearted fellow but the principal claim which he possessed to the poet's regard consisted in his being father to that anglic being and yet sensible girl who knew the attractive qualities of mutton chops and oysters; Miss Maria Theresa Hopkins. "Who is them lodgers of yours?" began Mr. Hopkins. "They are," said George, and then stopped; "well, it's not easy to tell you at once who they are, but I call them 'The twin sisters of the Lake-washed mountains.'" "The twin sisters of what?" said his astonished listener. "The Lake-washed mountains," again repeated Mr. George; "but to tell you the truth I do not wish to speak much about them. There is a hidden mystery connected with them which I hope to unravel. They are also in deep distress just now. There will be something published by-and-by about them." "In the poet's corner of a newspaper, eh, George?" asked Mr. Hopkins, his eyes twinkling with merriment. "No, sir," hastily answered Mr. George; "but I really cannot betray the confidence placed in me by talking on the subject at present. How is Miss Maria Theresa and Mrs. Hopkins?" "That's well thought of, George. They're well, and Theresa is coming to your place in Cecil street to-day between one and two, to invite you to a hop they're to have next week, a great affair. She and Susan Ann Wiggins are busy preparing their frocks for it already." "You mean Miss Selina Angelina, I suppose, sir?" "Yes, yes," replied the good-tempered, jolly man, laughing heartily, "Selina Angelina or any other name you like. I was godfather when she was christened, and the parson named her Susan Ann, but if it suits you and Tressie and Susan better for her to be Selina Angelina, Selina Angelina be it. By the bye, about this lost servant of your lodgers, I saw Catchem and an old chap that the one I brought home calls her grandfather, take the servant or else a man that answers the same description, off in a cab last night. The old man resisted bravely, but it was no go; they said he was crazy, and tacked him in between them, and away they went. If you could hear anything about where he is, we might be able to get him out of their clutches." "I'm going to try; I daresay, in a few days, I'll hear something about him." Mr. George was put down at the top of Cecil street, and made his way to what Mr. Catchem called his (Catchem's) Law Chambers. The duties were not arduous, and after dusting a little bit in front of each side of the desk, which, rising in the middle, sloped down at each side so as to accommodate two clerks, which was the more than Mr. Catchem could by any device employ, to Mr. Cox's great chagrin, who was socially inclined, and liked company. The desks in order, each with a few packets of paper tied with red tape, to look business-like, Mr. Cox placed his own stool, also one in front of the vacant desk, which he dusted in honour of his expected visitors. He knew Miss Selina Angelina would come with Miss Hopkins, to whom she was a sort of double, and he wished that the office and his surroundings in general should appear as important as possible in the eyes of both ladies. Everything was in the best order, every preparation was made for receiving the young ladies, down to the fresh paring of Mr. Cox's nails which was always done on an improved plan, but Mr. Catchem, contrary to all precedent, did not make his appearance. Twelve o'clock came, but no Mr. Catchem. Mr. Cox shut the office up, went to dinner and returned early, that Mr. Catchem might go at once and so be out of the way when the young ladies arrived. But, to his dismay, no Mr. Catchem had made his appearance. Soon after, however, Sir Richard came. The clerk was too well tutored to say his master had not been in the office that day, and so, in hopes that Mr. Catchem would soon make his debut, Mr. George showed Sir Richard into the sanctum, informing him that his master was then in a neighbouring office consulting with another lawyer on a case of great difficulty, which Mr. Catchem's experience, it was hoped, would enable him to elucidate. This was the stereotyped excuse which Catchem taught his various clerks, as they served him in succession, to give at any time he was absent in office hours. Sir Richard, however, had not long to wait. The lawyer at last made his appearance, and being warned as he entered that Sir Richard was in the sanctum, by Mr. Cox pointing his pen in the direction of that delectable retreat, he retraced a few steps from the doorway, motioning with his forefinger for Mr. Cox to come out and speak with him there. Mr. Cox came out accordingly, and saw at a glance that his principal had been indulging too freely in his favorite ale late into the past night, and had only at the last moment been able to tear himself away from the soft repose of his couch. "I want you," said Catchem, closing the office door and speaking very low, "to go to Lord Cranston's, in Belgravia, and ask the footman who opens the door if the Misses Cunningham have yet arrived. If he says no, ask him if Lady Hamilton is at home, and tell him that it is the gentleman who calls at eleven o'clock every day who sent you. When you come back call me out to the passage to tell me your message. So as to be back soon you can take a cab. Set off about two minutes after I enter my own office." Mr. Cox bowed obedience. He was delighted with being sent on this mission. By it he had already found out the hitherto secret of Lady Hamilton's residence, and he could make good use of that for the benefit of the twin sisters; but just at present he had two reasons for wishing to remain in the office, one of which was his desire to hear the conversation between the two worthies in the sanctum, in order to find out to what about they had consigned Adam, and the other no less important one was his expectation of seeing Miss Hopkins, whose

saw before him one of the twins, put his hand nimbly on her shoulder saying in accents far from mild as he did so, "Girl put up your veil." "Hands off," cried the stranger turning fiercely round and facing Sir Richard, the sight of whom seemed to increase the anger his action and words had called forth. "It's you, is it?" continued he speaking in a louder tone than before, "you'll not get so easily off with insulting this girl, as you did with the old man last night, hands off or I'll crack your skull for you." Sir Richard by way of answer, endeavoured to raise the veil himself still keeping firm hold of Margaret's shoulder; the stranger felt that the hand he held in his trembling, and saw that the girl was overwhelmed with dread, lifting a heavy riding whip which he carried in his hand, he struck Sir Richard a blow on the head which for the moment stunned him, making him reel and seek support from the house wall by which they stood. The dog seemed to understand Sir Richard was no friend to his companion of the morning, and seizing him by the leg fastened his teeth in his flesh, the man battling with the dog alone, no one seeming inclined to interfere in his behalf. The stranger lifted Margaret into the chaise as if she had been a feather, and springing after her with a step of which his weight gave little promise, drove off at a rapid rate in an opposite direction to Holborn. Sir Richard with the help of one of the waiters having rid himself of the dog, called out. "A hundred pounds to the man who brings back that girl." "That's a big price," said a bystander, "if I had a horse I would try." "You'd be a great fool if you would," said another, "it's what do you call him, the pork butcher that took her away, and she's his daughter." "Who is she?" inquired Sir Richard. "I'll have him arrested for assault. What did you say was his name?" addressing the man who had spoken last. "Don't turn your deaf ear next time, your man's gone, and to the assault, it was deuced little for you, a buggary Scotch fellow pretending to be a gentleman, who thinks we'll stand by and see you insult an English girl." "A hundred pounds for the man or the girl," shouted Sir Richard; he would have been said to offer a hundred thousand, it would have taken the best horse in London with a quick witted man on his back, to overtake the chaise at the rate it was driven, and through the by-lanes and side streets in which the busy stranger took his way. For full fifteen minutes the little pony slackened not his pace, but flew as if he thought his oats for the next month depended on the rate at which he went on that morning. The stranger by and by stayed the pony, calling to him. "Stop you foolish thing, that's the way with you, once set you a going you'd run yourself off your legs if we'd let you." "There's no fear of our friend now," said he addressing Margaret, "he'd be a clever chap who would find us out here, let alone run after us; do you know him?" added he inquiringly. "Yes," she replied, "I knew him very well, he is a bad man." The stranger looked in her face as she spoke, her veil still streaming down behind, as Sir Richard had pulled it; the fair young face was as white as marble and seemed almost as rigid. "He's like a bad man, what way did you come to know him, when you're only in London a few days." "He is my grandfather." "Your grandfather! Is he so?" said the man in accents of surprise, and evidently a little put out by the announcement "I wish I haven't put my fingers into tar." "Yes he is my grandfather, but he is a very wicked man, he tried to kill my sister and me, we were almost dead when Adam found us, we could neither speak or move." "Who is Adam?" "He was Papa's servant before he died and he is with us now, it was to search for him I came out this morning." "Don't your servant live in the same lodging with you?" "Yes," said Margaret heaving a deep sigh, "but he went out yesterday and he has not come home since, unless he has come this morning; we are afraid Sir Richard has found him and put him in jail." "How was your servant dressed?" "In grey shepherd's clothes, with a plaid." "And a highland bonnet, and great coarse shoes with buckles?" asked the stranger thinking as he spoke of a scene he had witnessed the past evening in which an old man so dressed and the person his companion called Sir Richard, were the prominent actors. "Yes," replied Margaret, "did you see him?" "I think I did, last night; but if I did your old grandfather at the Angel took him away in a cab, but I think I know the other fellow that went with them, and if I'm right George Cox'll find him out." A loud yelping in rear of the chaise attracted the attention of its owner, and turning round he exclaimed. "Well that beats print, if there's not the poor limping dog after us full chase." Stopping the pony he called to the poor tired brute who at once jumped up into the chaise, and panting with the unwarmed exercise of running after them it lay down at Margaret's feet with lolling tongue and shut eyes, almost breathless. A short time brought them to Thieves Inn where at the door of number three they were met by Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, who was just about to depart for his labours in Cecil street. "Mr. Hopkins!" exclaimed that young gentleman in evident surprise as the pony chaise with its inmates stopped in front of the door step on which he stood; he looked at Margaret, then again at Mr. Hopkins who indulged in a quiet laugh at the perplexity which Mr. George's look and tone of voice betrayed. "Yes Mr. George just me, I've bought home your young lady lodger, and a new dog to you, help the young lady out and jump in yourself and I'll tell you something you'll like to hear and something you can do to the bargain." "Always happy to do anything to serve Mr. Hopkins," replied Mr. George lifting his hat as

There was twelve pounds a week now, instead of seven, at stake; so the gentlemanly George, if he did not stay at home, kept out of sight with more docility than dignity. But out of sight or visible, he had an evil influence over his wife. Then there were children born at intervals of between two and three years each, and at every inevitable interruption her place had to be filled by another lady, sometimes with more agile limbs, and a newer, fresher face, and all this tended to weaken Adam's popularity, and show the management that it was possible to do without her. Then her voice thickened slightly, her refined nervous system required stimulants, and at the comparatively early age of five and thirty she was judged too heavy for burlesque, so they cut her salary down from twelve to three pounds a week, and put her in for farce and light comedy characters. She had never saved a shilling. The death of three out of four children—sickly little atoms, whom she had not time to nurse—made her somewhat reckless; and there was more brassy persistence to the house than would have been prescribed moderately. Therefore lived, and so did Walter, George Darrell's third child, and nearly all the love in her soul went to him. Her acquaintance with Grantley was of recent date. He met her at the theatre, and made an intimacy with her husband, which resulted in his becoming a frequent guest in Daley-street. Grantley saw Theodore there, and struck by an extraordinary resemblance which he bore to Eugene Temple, let fall some observations which resulted in the whole history being told to him. (To be continued.)

For the Hearthstone.
MAGGIE AND ME.
1871.
BY ROBERT BUDYON.

Folk a' hae their troubles bairn't ro' an' at hame,
E'en comforts are troubles in a but the name,
I can't hear half o' the ills that I drear,
If it wasna the feelin' 'twixen Maggie and me.

But we've learn'd in the last twenty years o' our
life—
She, to ken her endowment—I, to ken my guidwife;
An' she's the best o' us, an' she's the best o' us,
The a' half to Maggie, theither to me.

Lane syne, when we talk'd o' the days we micht
see,
I thought 't the burden wad rest upon me;
But I found, when the tear-drops o' sorrow did
rain,
That the a' half wad be Maggie's,—but half were my
ain.

Hand in hand we hae cross'd the braid ocean,—an'
fair;
We hae struggled theither through foul an' through
fair;
If but a' glint o' comfort e'er gladden'd her ee,
There were twa—nae for Maggie, theither for me.

An' no that we've come to the downy o' life,
An' ca' a look back on the struggle an' strife—
If we've made any blinders—ye'll count twa or
three—
They warra intendit by Maggie no me.

An' if in our journey we've done onie gude,
Or help'd the needy, na' bodie should;
Or didit the tear from the sufferer's ee,
The credit is shair'd 'twixen Maggie and me.

SEQUEL TO "MAGGIE AND ME."
1872.

But now my dear Maggie's been summun'd awa',
An' I'm left a' alone to the storms as they blow;
An' my grief-stricken heart pushes tears frae my
ee,
For my loss, at the partin' 'twixen Maggie and me.

I miss her richt sairly, halth mornin' an' night,
An' a' thro' the day there's a blank to my sight;
I miss her in hundreds o' ways I can't name,
For our ance cheerfu' house is no like my hame.

When wearit an' faggit at night, comin' hame,
Sure welcome frae Maggie gies strength to my
frame,
An' the look she wad gie, frae her love's speakin'
oe,
Was payment enouch for a day's wark, for me.

Our cozie wee house,—we a' thing see richt,
Where I read, an' she sow'd, through the winter for
nicht,
Is changed n' theither,—there's naething the same,
An' the cauld cheerless house is no like my hame.

'Twas here where we mingit our tears o'er our
care,
'Twas here where we knelt likin' night on our pray'r,
An' the Big Birk we read on, is still lyin' there,
But I read now in silence,—nae Maggie to hear!

Some fancy that love only dwells wi' the young,—
But the sterner our hardships the closer we clung;
An' her bright, lovin' look after freichten'd away
The care frae my face, sin' my ballist turn'd gray.

Just ane, syne, she ca'd in her auld hame, way,
When I held her, an' beg'd her, richt keenly, to
stay;
She kiss'd me fu' fondly, but whisper'd—"Oh,
Na'!"
Then, dream-like, she slid frae my love-hold awa'.

They tell me, nae tears ever darken the eyes,
Of those who have found their a lums in the skies;
But a heav'n-born sympathy surely must glow
In the souls that have gane, towards lo'd ane below!

May He, who from sorrow ascended above,
To ready the "Mansions" o' peace an' o' love,
Look kindly down, an' prepare, when I die,
A heaven-built house, for Maggie and me.

Hesperus, Ontario, May 1872.

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OF 1868.]

IN AFTER-YEARS;
OR,
FROM DEATH TO LIFE.
BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.
CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

For the last few seconds a third person, Sir Richard Cunningham, had been standing inside the door of the Angel watching Margaret and her new acquaintance, intent if possible on hearing what they said. Sir Richard Cunningham thought that the outline of the girl's figure as she let the shawl slip from one arm while talking to the stranger, was very like one he had known in his own home, and the tone of her voice, although he could not distinguish the words, had the silvery ring of a familiar voice he hated, and as the stranger took her hand to help her into the chaise he came hastily forward; Margaret had just put down her double veil, and Sir Richard who now was certain that he

(To be continued.)