

that she was married altogether, though she did wear a wedding ring amongst her other rings, as I had often seen when she drew off her gloves to pay me.

"When I had taken her out a few times, and had the opportunity to observe her, I saw that she was sadly altered. She had the same soft eyes, in course, and the same smile, but her face was drawn and thin, and she was much graver. She never talked to me in her pleasant manner as she used to do, but had always a book or a newspaper in the chair with her, and would read the whole time she was out. She generally bid me take her along the country roads, and the only time as we went toward the town was when she wanted fresh books or papers. To my mind she seemed always reading. She never went on the Esplanade either, or the pier, except when the gentleman was with her, and made her do so; but that was seldom. She said it was because the walkers there made such sour faces when the chairs came alongside and parted them, and don't deny that they are a nuisance and must be. Why, sir, I've seen the wheel of my chair go over one of them long, trolley trains as the ladies wear now-a-days, and dirt it right across; and it's of no use to say, 'Why not be more careful?' for the crowd is so great at times that 'tis next to impossible to avoid it. Going along that Esplanade, it takes all my time to look out for people's toes, and little children as always stand in the way of the wheels.

"Chairs oughtn't to be allowed on the Esplanade, sir; there's no manner of doubt about it; and though I'm the owner of one I shall be glad to see the day when the townsfolk petition for a removal of the nuisance.

"There's lots of space for them besides going there; they might just as well allow donkeys and goat-chairs, which wouldn't take up half the room. It's getting worse every day; there isn't an old woman calls a chair but she goes to the Esplanade to show off her satins and furs; leastways I conclude it must be for that purpose, as they can't possibly want for to show off their faces. It's quite a battle of chairs there sometimes, when there's no moving one way or the other, particularly before the spot where the musicians stand; and I do think it's unfair to all the pretty young ladies, with their smart dresses and long trains, for whom I calculate the Esplanade was made and the band plays.

"Well, my young lady didn't turn herself into a nuisance, anyhow, for, as I said before, she never went near the King's road, except the gentleman asked her to do so, and I grieve to say, that he wasn't so often with her now as he used to be. Sometimes a month passed without my seeing him, and when he did come, he wasn't always amiable. I've known him to talk at her, the whole way out and back again, till both her eyes were swelled up and she couldn't speak back again for sobbing. And it wasn't often he walked by her chair at all. I've seen him put her in it (he always acted like a gentleman in his manners) and then turn off, with a cigar in his mouth, in the opposite direction, without so much as a look backward.

"One afternoon, as I was pulling her home (it was spring again then, sir, and she had coughed fearfully all that day, to be sure,) she desired me of a sudden to turn back and take her into the western road to a shop she mentioned. To do this I had to go past part of the Esplanade, and as I did so I saw Captain Lawton (as I know that gentleman's name to be for a certainty now, sir) coming toward us walking with a whole party of gentle folk and several ladies amongst 'em. Naturally, I looked to see some recognition pass between him and the lady in my chair, but he walked by without even so much as a glance, and when I looked back upon some pretence to see how she took it, her poor head was bowed upon her breast and her eyes right down upon the ground.

"I call that properly cruel, in any one."

"I suppose its part of the consequences of an unfortunate marriage, but I should have liked to have knocked him down for it.

"I dragged the young lady to the shop she wanted to visit, and home again; but I couldn't forget that circumstance, do what I would.

"I didn't see either of them again for some weeks. When I next called for orders I was told there was none, and on the day after that the house girl said as I needn't trouble myself to go so regular, as the lady had been very ill and wasn't likely to go out for a bit. I was terribly sorry when I heard she was so ill, and I'm not ashamed to own that I prayed for her recovery, though I feel it was foolish in me when I come to think of it now.

"Well! I was the one to take her out for the first airing, though 'twas a month or better before it came to pass, and she looked so white and delicate, that she was almost as pretty as when I first see her; but terrible thin, sir—terrible thin.

"I was surprised that the gentleman wasn't with her during her recovery, but that seemed just the time he avoided her most. When she did see him, it was by accident. She met him out walking, when she was in my chair; I had never heard her speak otherwise than softly to him before that, but then, I think she was angry, poor thing!

"I am afraid I heard more than she meant me to hear, but I couldn't help it; and they had both grown so used to the sight of my old round back, that they didn't seem to regard it more than the chair itself.

"She appeared to me to blame him for something he had done, or was doing, for I heard her say:

"'You'll break my heart, Harold, if this

continues.' And I fancy the gentleman denied her words, or tried to do so, for he swore a good deal while he talked, and finished by calling her jealous and suspicious, and a host of evil things.

"Presently she says, 'You're tired of me, Harold: confess the truth;' but he wouldn't hold to that at all; and then she dared him to look her in the face and deny what she had spoken of him, and he swore an oath that it wasn't true.

"I can't say for sure, sir, what they alluded to, but from what happened afterward I can pretty well guess, and whenever I think of that oath, it seems as though cold spring water was a running down my back. The young lady seemed satisfied then, and she left from scolding him, and held his hand all the way home; and he went into the house with her, and she was quite cheerful again.

"But a short time after that, as I was dragging her along the King's road she had taken a sudden fancy to King's road then, and would go there every day (women is changeable, you know, sir,) the check-string which she held in her hand, and is looped to my finger, went back with a jerk that positively pained me. 'Twasn't in her nature to give pain even to so much as a chair-man's finger, and I stopped at once; but she didn't heed me. She was staring at a lady and gentleman who was riding past on horse-back. The lady was a fine woman, with flashing black eyes, and a plenty of dark hair (I knew her well by sight, being the 'Merican heiress, Miss Coram, whose family is said to have made all their money by this late war in 'Meriky), and the gentleman was the one as went by the name of Captain Lawton.

"Whether my poor young lady had really wished to stop, or had pulled the check-string in her deep feeling, I can't say; but I saw how matters stood at once; so I took up the handle and began to pull on again.

"Perhaps you'll wonder, sir, to hear that one person should ride in a bath-chair so continuous as I've represented this poor creature to do, but 'tain't an unfrequent case.

"Brighton is a big place, and one must be strong to be able to walk from one end to the other. The chairs they run very easy, and they're the best conveyances here as an invalid can have; for the roads are very bad, sir. Some of them is quite a disgrace to the town for 'oles and 'illocks, and many as are not invalids patronizes the chairs in preference to being jolted in a fly.

"This lady was not ever strong from the first, and after her illness she was terrible weak, and she never seemed to grow any stronger to my mind, particularly after the day we met Captain Lawton riding along of Miss Coram; but still the end was sudden.

"A week ago to-day, sir (you see I'm nearing the close of my tale at last), I went as usual to take her out. At first she seemed uncertain whether she'd go or not, but afterward she told me to call later in the evening. I fancy she was waiting to see if the gentleman would arrive to go with her, but, anyway, he didn't come; nor I hadn't seen him then for better nor a month, neither about the house nor Brighton. When she got into the chair I thought she looked thinner and weaker, and paler than I'd ever seen her before, and the cough, which she'd kept ever since her illness, troubled her greatly. She hadn't got a paper nor a book with her that day, and after a bit she seemed to miss it, and told me to stop at the first stationer's I came across and buy her one which I did.

"It was a *Times* of that date, by her desire, and I caused it to be cut and folded before I gave it to her. She told me to go on, and I did, whilst she began to read the paper. Presently I thought I heard a sound, somewhat betwixt a groan and a moan, and I turned to look.

"She had fainted in the chair.

"I dragged it upon the pavement, and I asked some of the bystanders to get her a glass of water. Several people came out of their shops at once, and attended to her kindly. They wished for her to go inside and rest till she was fit to proceed, but she wouldn't listen to none of them. She only wanted to go home, and I was to take her there. I went as gently as I could, but I heard her moaning to herself all the way. When we arrived at the door she could hardly walk, and I carried her into the sitting-room and placed her on the sofa, and called to the lady; and I'm glad to think as the last words I hear that poor young creature say was, 'Thank you!' though they were so faint I could hardly hear them.

"I offered to run for the doctor, but the servant of the house was gone already, and so there was nothing left for me but to go home. As I came across the stationer's again, it came into my mind to go in and ask him to let me have a look at the *Times* newspaper. But he wouldn't consent to it, so I bought a copy and took it away with me. As soon as I was able I had a look at it in every part, to see what could have upset my young lady so; but I couldn't see nothing, nor make it out at all. At last, when I had quite give it up, I came to the supplement and the births and marriages, and there it was—in course, but like a greenhorn, it had never struck me to look there. 'Twas a notice of the marriage of that 'Merican heiress—whom I never thought much of—and Captain Harold Anderson Lawton,—blast him!"

(The old chair-man brought out this expletive with so evident a relish that I nearly started from my seat, but with so much real feeling, that, far from blaming him, I felt very much inclined to echo the sentiment.)

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure," he resumed.

ed apologetically; "but the thought of it makes me forget myself, as I reflect how cruelly this young wife was deserted.

"The next day when I went to the house where the poor young lady lodged, the doctor's carriage was at the door, and the servant girl hung about the steps and chatted to me about her."

"She was mortal bad all night," she said; 'she broke a vessel, I think missus calls it, after she came home, and they say she's going rapid.'

"I was so took back by this news that I swore, sir, and I've no wish to deny it. The girl seemed surprised that I should care one way or t'other, and told me that their lodger had been ill, on and off, ever since she went there.

"'Tain't the first vessel by several as she broke, missus says; and missus wonders she's lasted as long as she has."

"Put it as she would, however, I couldn't help feeling of it, and I found time to go up more than once on that day and the following, to learn how the young lady got on. But she was always worse. 'Sinking fast,' they said on the third day; and that night she died.

"Now I puzzled myself to think what would they do about burying of her, if no one claimed the poor corpse, as 'twas likely they would, when her real name wasn't known. The Captain, however, had always ordered all letters and such like to be sent to a particular address in London, to the name of Mr. Anderson, which I hadn't heard before; so now the landlady asked the doctor to write to him, and acquaint him with the news, which I suppose he did, for when I walked up there yesterday, for to ascertain if any arrangements had been made about it, I heard as how the gentleman were in the house, and the funeral was to take place this afternoon, in the cemetery. It seemed quick, and she only dead three days, but the landlady naturally didn't hold by keeping the corpse in the house any longer than she need to do, and so she told Mr. Anderson. She thought he was a mercantile gentleman, and the lawful gentleman of the poor dead creature up-stairs, and it wasn't for me to deceive her, and blacken the character of one who was gone.

"So I held my peace; but I warn't surprised to hear that Mr. Anderson seemed to have come off a long journey, and to have travelled in a hurry, for doubtless he was interrupted by the news on his wedding-tour, and a pleasant interruption it must have proved to him.

"This day I laid by my chair, and went up to the cemetery to see that sweet young creature (whom I can hardly fancy now as ever smiling, it seems so far back since I see her do it) laid in the dust.

"It was a very plain burying. There wasn't no one but the clergyman and the Captain, and he didn't look much like a bridegroom, I can tell you. But I was glad to see him so down-hearted, as he walked in front of the coffin, which was quite plain, as the doctor had ordered it.

"I took up my place near the grave, and I thought, as I heard them beautiful words read out, that it was much best for her that this life was over, and a happy life begun. There's none up there as will cast a stone at her, sir, we may depend upon that. The Captain seemed to feel it terrible when the earth rattled in on the top of the coffin, and I heard him say 'Amy! Amy!' to himself more than once during the ceremony.

"I wonder how his lawful wife would have liked to have seen him as he looked then! I think my poor young lady had the best of it, sir, though she do lie under the ground.

"When the funeral was over the Captain just turned on his heel and walked away, and I never see a man look more chicken-hearted in my life. It serves him right, sir; it will serve him right if the thought of that poor Miss Amy comes between him and his pleasures all his life long. He never noticed me, nor so much as looked at the place where I stood, and I was glad that he didn't.

"Likely enough it would have angered him, and I should scarcely have known what to say for my being there.

"So he thinks no more this day, than he did the day he gave me the two half-crowns, that I knew more about him and her than that they paid me regular and well.

"It's a queer world, sir; and not the least queer part of it is to be seen at Brighton.

"I reckon as Brighton will have as heavy a debt to pay as most places, when the Great Reckoning comes; and the grave I've seen filled in this afternoon will bear witness to part of it."

So saying, the old chair-man brushed the patched sleeve of his bottle-green coat across his eyes, and wished me a very good evening, in a shame-faced and awkward sort of manner, put the napless hat with its rusty crape trimming upon his head again, and shuffled hurriedly away.

THE GLEANER.

J. W. FORNEY says they have no temperance societies in France and but little need for them.

A RUSSIAN chief of police reconciles all quarrels between women by locking them up till they kiss each other.

DR. J. C. AYER, the great patent medicine manufacturer, who died on the 3rd ult., left a property of nearly \$20,000,000.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not an early riser, and is fond of sitting up late at night, chatting over a bottle of wine or a glass of beer.

EFFORTS are being made to organize local so-

cieties for the suppression of obscene literature and devices in all large cities of the United States.

THE Princess of Wales is so deaf that she is said to have left a very bad impression during her recent visit at Paris. It is a family complaint.

ROUSSEAU was the author of the following prophecy:—"The Empire of Russia will subjugate Europe and will be subjugated in turn. The Tartars, its subjects or its neighbours, will become its masters and ours. This revolution seems to me inevitable. All the Kings of Europe will work together to accelerate it."

THE Shah's visit to Paris this time will be associated with a very important event. It is understood that the Prime Minister, who travels with his Majesty, has signed a contract for a railway between a port in the Caspian Sea and Teheran. This will be the first railway which has invaded Persian exclusiveness.

A POOR French woman in New York supposed to be absolutely penniless, could not refrain from rushing out to give her last mite to a hand-organ man who played "The Marseillaise." Five minutes later when the organ was playing the "Wacht am Rhein," she was seen driving the organist out of the street with a broom handle.

THE Czar seems to be something of a woman hater. He is said of late to have bitterly resented the ceaseless efforts of the women of his court to involve him still further in war. Indeed, when at a small gathering the Countess Bloudoff asked him what was the news, he is said to have replied, "Why do you wish to know? Do leave business matters to men; if you women had not meddled so much in politics, we should never have got into this accursed war."

THE attempt in England to revive the old sport of falconry promises to be moderately successful. Six trained peregrine falcons were publicly tried at rook hawking a few weeks ago at Thruxton, near Andover. In spite of a high wind and occasional heavy showers, several good flights were obtained, and in most cases the quarry was killed. The perfect training of the birds was shown by their return to the falconer after a miss, the distance traversed in one instance being fully three-quarters of a mile. It is supposed that if the performances of the birds were more generally exhibited, a few years would see the revival of falconry in England an accomplished fact.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIMS REEVES, the English tenor, advocates total abstinence.

HENRY J. BYRON has received a royalty of \$20,000 from the London Theatre, where his comedy "Our Boys" has been running four years.

MLLE. GEMMA LUZIANI is a little Italian pianiste not yet ten years old, who is already an honorary member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in Rome, and who has been playing with great success in Paris the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc.

THE announcement that the Senate of London University has at length decided to grant degrees of Doctor of Music is one that will doubtless be received with universal satisfaction. English music wants a great deal of doctoring.

A NEW YORK theatre has introduced a new idea of a box-office. In its lobby stands a square box, mounted on a handsome pedestal, the box containing an exact model of the interior of the theatre. There is a glass front, through which you look at the theatre as if from the stage. There is a tiny model of every seat in the house, and its number and letter plainly indicated, so that you may choose your seat, or see just what the position is of that which you are offered at the box-office.

It is said that at the private performances at the Theatre Royal, Munich, for the King exclusively, the following is the lonely ceremonial: At seven o'clock precisely the King, in a plain black suit, and unattended, takes his place in the middle box opposite the stage. The house is brilliantly lighted, but no one but His Majesty is anywhere to be seen in front. The King's appearance is the signal for the performance to commence. After each act the King retires, and the performance is resumed the instant he returns.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambric, Chorott and Oxford Shirts in Canada at **Treble's**, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. **Treble's**, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.