

[Continued from Second Page.]
woman you could respect as well as love—a thoughtful, beautiful woman, to make your home dearer to you than all the amusements town life can afford. She would make you happy, and induce you to look more carefully to your own interests.

"You mean you would like me to marry Clara Poyton," says Dorian, good humoredly. "Well, it is a charming scheme, you know; but I don't think it will come off. In the first place, Clara would not have me, and in the next, I don't want to marry at all. A wife would bore me to death; couldn't fancy a greater nuisance. I like women very much, in fact, I may say, I am decidedly fond of a good many of them, but to have one always looking after me (as you style it) and showing up my pet delinquencies would drive me out of my mind. Don't look so disgusted! I feel I'm a miserable sinner; but I really can't help it. I expect there is something radically wrong with me."

"Do you mean to tell me," with some natural indignation, "that up to this you have never during all your wanderings, both at home and abroad, seen any woman you could sincerely admire?"

"Numbers, my dear Arthur—any amount—but not one I should care to marry. You see, that makes such a difference. I remember once before—last season—you spoke to me in this strain, and simply to oblige you, I thought I would make up my mind to try matrimony. So I went in heavily, heart and soul, for Lady Fanny Hazlett. You have seen Lady Fanny?"

"Yes, a good deal of her."
"Then you know how really pretty she is. Well, I spent three weeks at it; regular hard work the entire time, you know, no breathing-space allowed, as she never retires on an invitation, thinks nothing of three balls in one night, and insisted on my dancing attendance on her everywhere. I never suffered so much in my life; and when at last I gave in from sheer exhaustion, I found my clothes no longer fitted me. I was worn to a skeleton from loss of sleep, the heavy strain on my mental powers, and the sheer endurance of her ladyship's temper."

"Lady Fanny is one woman, Clara Poyton is quite another. How could you fall to be happy with Clara? Her sweetness, her grace of mind and body, her beauty, would keep you captive even against your will!"

"Dorian pauses for a moment or two, and then says, very gently, as though sorry to spoil the old man's cherished plan—
"It is altogether impossible. Clara is no heart to give me."

Sartoris is silent. A vague suspicion of what now appears a certainty, has for some time oppressed and haunted him. At this moment he is sadly realizing the emptiness of all his dreaming. Presently he says, slowly—
"Are you quite sure of this?"

"As certain as I can be without exactly hearing it from her own lips."
"Is it Horace?"

"Yes; it is Horace," says Bramboos, quietly.

CHAPTER VI.
"Transcending all heads—
In reverent silence bow,
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now."

A LITTLE room, scantily but neatly furnished. A low bed. A dying man. A kneeling girl—half child, half woman—with a lovely, miserable face, and pretty yellow hair.

It is almost dusk, and the sound of the moaning sea without, rising, higher and hoarser as the tide rushes in, comes like a wall of passionate agony into the silent room.

The rain patters dimly against the window pane. The wind—that all day long has been sullen and subdued—is breaking forth into a fury long suppressed, and dashing through the little town, on its way to the angry sea, makes the casements rattle noisily and the tall trees sway and bend beneath its touch. Above, in the darkening heavens, gray clouds are hurrying madly to and fro.

"Georgie" whispers a faint voice from out the gathering gloom, "are you still there?"

"Yes, dear, I am here, quite near to you. What is it?"

"Sit where I can see you, child—where I can watch your face. I have something to say to you. I cannot die with this weight upon my heart."

"What weight, papa?"

"The uncertainty about your future," says the dying man, with some excitement. "How can I leave you, my little one, to fight this cruel world alone?"

"Do not think of me," says the girl, in a voice so naturally calm as to betray the fact that she is making a supreme effort to steel herself against the betrayal of emotion of any kind. By and by, with there not long years in which to make her mark, and weep and lament, and give herself wholly up to that grim giant Despair? "Put me out of your thoughts, at least, now. I shall do very, very well. I shall manage to live as others have lived before me."

"Your aunt Elizabeth will take you in for a little while, and then—then—"

"I shall go out as a governess. I shall get into some kind, pleasant family, and every one will be very good to me," says the girl, still in a resolutely cheerful tone. "It will just suit me. I shall like it. Do you understand me, papa? I shall like it better than anything, because children are always fond of me."

The father's face grows sadder, even grayer, as she speaks. He sighs in a troubled fashion, and strokes feebly the little fragile hand that clings so desperately to his, while the damps of death lie thick upon his brow.

"A governess," he murmurs with some difficulty. "While you are only a child, yourself. What a hard, hard fate! Is there no friend to help and comfort you?"

"I have a friend," replies she, steadily. "You have often heard me mention her. You remember the name now—Clara Poyton? She was my best friend at school, and I know she will do what she can for me. She will be able to find me some nice children, and—"

"Friendship,"—interrupts he, bitterly—"it is a breath—a name. It will fail you when you most need it."

"Clara will not fail me," replies she, slowly, though with a feeling of deadly sickness at her heart. "And, besides, you must not think of me as a governess, always, papa. I shall, perhaps, marry somebody, some day."

The dying man's eyes grow a shade brighter; it is a mere flicker, but it lasts for a moment, long enough to convince her she has indeed given some poor hope to cheer his last hours.

"Yes; to marry somebody," he repeats, wistfully, "that will be best—to get some good man, some kindly, loving fellow to protect you and make a safe shelter for you. There is comfort in the thought. But I hope it will be soon; my darling, before your spirit is broken and your youth dulled."

"I shall marry as soon as ever I can," says Georgie, making a last terrible effort to appear hopeful and resigned. "I shall meet some one very soon, no doubt—very soon; so do not fret about me any more. Why should

I not, indeed? I am very pretty, am I not, papa? In spite of the lightness of her words, a heavy choking sob escapes her as she finishes her little speech. She buries her face in the bed-clothes, to stifle her rising grief, but her father is almost too far gone to notice it.

"Yes,—so like your mother," he mutters somewhat thickly, clutching aimlessly at the quilt. "Poor Alice—poor girl! It was that day on the beach, when the waves were dancing, and the sun—was it?—Did the old man ever forgive—"

He is wandering, dreaming his death-dream of happier days, going back, even as he sinks into everlasting sleep, to the gilded hours of youth.

The girl presses his hand to rouse him. "Think of me now," she entreats, despairingly; "it will only be for a little while—such a little while—and then you will be with me forever. Oh, papa! my dear, my dear; smile at me once again. Think of me happily; let me feel when you are gone that your last hours with me were peaceful."

His eyes meet hers, and he smiles tenderly. Gently she slips her arms round him, and laying her head gently upon the pillow, close to him, she presses her lips to his—his soft warm lips, that contrast so painfully with those pale cold other ones they touch. So she remains for a long time, kissing him softly every now and then, and thinking hopelessly of the end.

She neither sighs nor weeps, nor makes any outward sign of anguish. Unlike most people, she has realized to its fullest the awfulness of this thing that is about to befall her. And she knows that she has realized her senses, rendering her dull with misery, as tearless.

Presently the white light, weary with lights of watching, drops. Her breath comes more evenly. Her head sinks more heavily against the pillow, and, like a child worn out with grief and pain, she sleeps.

When next she wakes, gray dawn is everywhere. The wind still moans noisily. Still the rain-drops pitter against the panes. She raises her head, and, springing to her feet, bends with bated breath above the quiet form lying on the bed.

Alas! what change is here? He has not moved; no faintest alteration can be traced in the calm pose of the figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he is dead!

The poor child stands gazing down upon him with parted lips and clasped hands, and a face almost as white as that marble one to which her eyes grow with a horror unexpressed. He looks so peaceful—so much as though he merely sleeps—that for some mad moment she tries not to believe the truth. Yet she knows it is death, unmistakable and relentless, upon which for the first time she looks.

He is gone, forever! Without another kiss, or smile, or farewell word beyond those last uttered. He had set out upon his journey alone, had passed into the other happier land, in the cold silence of the night, even while she slept—had been torn from her, whilst yet her fond arms encircled him.

Impelled by some indefinable desire, she lays her fingers softly on the hand that lies outside the coverlet. The awful chill that meets her touch seems to reach even to her heart. Throwing her arms above her head, with a wild passionate cry, she falls forward, and lies senseless across the lifeless body.

Misery hurts, but it rarely kills; and broken hearts are out of fashion. All this unhappiness came to Georgie Broughton about a year ago, and though brain-fever followed upon it, attacking her with vicious force, and almost handing her over as a victim to the greedy grave, yet she had survived, and overcome death, and returned from the land of shadows, weakened, indeed, but with life before her.

Months passed before she could summon up sufficient energy to plan or think about a possible future. All this time her aunt Elizabeth had clothed and fed and sheltered her, but unwillingly. Indeed, so grudgingly had she dealt out her measure of brotherly love that the girl watched beneath it, and pined, with a passionate longing, for the day that should see her freed from a dependence that had become unendurable to her.

To-day, sitting in her little room—an apartment high up in Aunt Elizabeth's house—she tells herself she will hesitate no longer, that she is strong now, quite strong, and able to face the world. She holds up her delicate little hand between her eyes and the window, as a test of her returning strength, only to find she can almost see the light through it—no thin, so fragile, has it grown. But she will not be disheartened; an drawing pen and paper toward her she tried to write.

But it is a difficult task, and her head is strangely heavy, and her words will not come to her. A vague feeling, too, that her letter will be unsuccessful, that her friend will fail her, distresses and damps her power to explain her position clearly.

Who can say if Clara Poyton will be the same at heart as when last they parted, with many words of good will and affection, and eyes dark with tears?

Grief and misery, and too much of Aunt Elizabeth, have already embittered and generated distrust in her young bosom. She is tired, too. All day she has toiled, has worked religiously and gone through with her household labor, trying to repay in some faint way the reluctant hospitality extended to her.

At this moment a sense of utter desolation overpowers her, and with a brain on fire, and a heart half broken, she pushes from her the partly-written letter, and, burying her face in her arms, breaks into low but heavy weeping.

"Papa! papa!" she sobs, miserably. "It is the common refrain of all her sorrowful digress—the sadder that a response ever comes to the lonely cry. Of our dead, if we would believe them happy we must also believe that they have forgotten us; else how (when we think on our bleeding hearts) could they keep their bliss so perfect?"

Mournfully as Mariana in her moated grange, the poor child laments, while sobs shake her tender frame. And the day dies, and the sun goes down, and happily some noise in the house—a step, a voice—arouses her, and, starting as though from some ugly dream, she takes up her pen again, and writes eagerly, and without premeditation, to the one friend in whom she still puts faith.

(To be continued.)

FOR CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, and Cholera Infantum, as well as all summer complaints of a similar nature, Perry David Pain Killer acts with wonderful rapidity, and never fails when taken at the commencement of an attack, and often cures after every other remedy has failed.

20-2-wa.

Capt. Emerson, formerly of Portland, Me., but now residing in San Francisco, has received from the Japanese Government, through the Secretary of State, a set of vases valued at \$5,000, for having rescued the crew of a shipwrecked Japanese junk in the North Pacific last May.

The Land Question in Victoria.

Melbourne, 22d November, 1881.

In every country it seems as if "earth-bunger" is the prevailing passion which breeds rebellion among politicians; though these, in Victoria at all events, do often put on the name of patriots instead. "Liberalism," as that was headed by Mr. Berry, is in a bad way just now, and has been wasting away for some time, and, indeed, seems nearly played out. Ever since Sir Bryan O'Loughlin knocked the feet from it by upsetting the late Ministry, when he, not Berry, was the chief instrument in passing the Reform Bill, it has been a difficult matter to find a rallying cry on the "Liberal" side. At last the last of the question once more, as it has often been here in the past, and Sir Bryan has brought in an amendment on that subject—a bill, moreover, tending in the same direction hitherto favored by advanced Liberals in this colony, and yet the Liberals themselves are not satisfied. In fact, they are up in arms against it for no other reason than that the movement will serve their ends to scramble on to the Treasury benches. Our leading Liberals here are "professionals," who cannot exist except they have the run of the public purse; hence they are going in for another throw of the dice, and in doing so they are throwing all their principles (1) on the land question to the winds.

That is no rash or unjust statement; for what hitherto has been their leading idea in settling the people of the land? It has been "free selection before survey." After years of agitation a law was enacted that any man could go anywhere in Victoria and pick out up to 320 acres, which he might pay for at the rate of 2s per acre per annum for ten years, and at the end of that period the land became his, thus giving him a farm for £1 an acre, with deferred payments. After occupying and improving the land to a certain extent he could at the end of three years, if he chose, pay up the balance of the £1 per acre (14s), and get a title in fee simple from Government. Since this system of free selection came into operation over eight millions of acres have been selected and alienated, or is in course of alienation, from the Crown, and tens of thousands of persons have become proprietors of farms. Right or wrong, that was the end aimed at by the land reformers. The quarters were to be driven from Victoria across the Murray, and unquestionably this was the result; for squatting on this side of it is not much coveted nowadays, though it exists here still, but obviously with no security, for the "free selectors" can come any day and pick out the best spots on any run; and in this way, in point of fact, many a Victorian squatter has become doctored with free selections as a draught board is checked, only not by any means so regularly. Even that liberal land law has been of late tinkered and further liberalized by the Liberals themselves, by Mr. Berry himself in 1878, and by the advocacy of the *Age* newspaper of this city—the leading Liberal journal of Victoria. Thus have they got everything their own way, and up till the present moment they boasted that they had settled the people on the land as freeholders, and had made this a great, growing and corn-exporting country. There were others here who held that public auctions were the proper way of disposing of the public territory, but their voices were drowned by the "free selection before survey," and that became the law, and undoubtedly it has produced many good results, although everything has not happened exactly as its authors predicted. Making the Land Act as a whole, and remembering that no human arrangement is perfect, we may be moderately satisfied with present results, and indulge with much reason in hopes as to the future.

As mentioned at the opening of these remarks, Sir Bryan O'Loughlin is presently engaged in Parliament with an amending Land Bill, and this is the occasion chosen by the Liberal party to try their strength against the Premier; and wherefore? One may well ask. Does he propose to interfere with the principles of former Liberal Land Bills—those of 1869 or of 1878—the latter of which was passed by Mr. Berry himself when he recently was head of the Government. Nothing of the sort; on the contrary the proposed amending Bill gives still greater facilities to the free selector. That may be right or it may be wrong, according as theorists may argue; still it is decidedly in agreement with the principal aim which up till now has been held by the leading land reformers here, and among those by Mr. Berry and the *Age* newspaper—both of these being now in hot opposition.

Let us see what is the chief feature of the proposed amending Bill and the position now assumed thereby by the so-called "Liberal" party. Sir Bryan proposes to allow the free selector to pick out 640 acres instead of only 320 as now. Should he have already selected up to 320 acres, or any less quantity, he will be allowed to select as much more as will make up 640 acres; and if the free selection should be within a certain number of miles from his previous allotment, he will not be compelled to erect another residence thereon, but may simply fence it and otherwise improve it. The reason for enlarging the privilege of selectors as to area is that the bulk of the first-class land has been selected already, and the remainder being less suitable for cropping, therefore larger areas are proposed to be allowed in conjunction with farming. Besides this extension of area other alterations favouring present and future selectors are proposed that need not be specified here; it is enough that the main popular features of the existing land law are to be maintained, although by many persons it is held to be impolitic to increase the area to be selected, but that does not affect the principle of the law now in force.

When, however, we notice the change proposed by the Liberal party, as represented by Mr. Berry and the *Age*, it will at once be seen how that principle is completely turned aside. The main principle hitherto has been to put the people in possession of the land in the character of freeholders; now the Liberals (self-called) are proposing to make all future selectors leaseholders only—the land to remain as the property of the State. This is quite a new-born notion, at least it has never been publicly put forth here on the part of the Liberals. It may be preferable to parting with the land absolutely by the State, but that is too long in being announced, for already the State has parted with nineteen millions of acres of country lands and three hundred thousand acres of town and city lands. Will the people who may now wish to have a share of the remaining unalienated thirty-three million acres be contented to be leaseholders, when so many thousands of their fellow colonists are freeholders? If leasing had been commenced when settlement began and had been universally applied as the one system of this colony, then it might have been prolonged justly; but a change under present circumstances from freeholding to leaseholding would hardly be fair, and not likely will it be received favourably.

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It is a trump card just now, however, and a game of "ins and outs" is about to be tried. If leases are to be the fashion, then probably the last plan would be for Government to buy back all the alienated lands and begin anew with the scheme to let on lease—a plan not likely to be attempted. Strange to say, the Liberals do not propose to lease city or town lands, but to sell these as now. The idea with them is to hold the country lands as an inheritance for future colonists; but certainly the town and city lands grow in value more rapidly and to a greater extent than does rural land, and would, if kept by the State and leased simply, produce enormously more in proportion.

THE SHELBOURNE MURDER.

SINGULAR BEHAVIOUR OF THE PRISONER JOHN SMITH.

SHELBOURNE, Jan. 25.—No more singularly conflicting combinations of circumstances could well be imagined than those standing in favor of and against the boy John Smith, accused of murdering his miserable old uncle on Saturday last. There is no doubt that the balance is decidedly against him, yet not by any means such as to justify even a popular verdict in his disfavor.

THE RECLUT.

It looks very strange at first that a second examination should be necessary, but one of the medical men concerned stated that the ball was found in an utterly unexpected place. It will be understood that the cause of making the second examination was that a small office was noticed on the left side of the nose, but the doctors swore positively not only that the bullet could not have reached its lodging place through that orifice, but that the orifice was made by their instruments in dissecting and not by a bullet, and from what they say it seems probable that the ball entered by one of the two orifices on the right side of the face, which were noticed, but thought of no account, as no bullet trace was found back of them. The absence of the bullet track is now accounted for by the fact that the right side of the face was battered badly enough to have destroyed it. As the boy will probably be committed for trial, an opportunity for explaining the difficulties caused by these facts may be afforded later.

THE CONDUCT OF THE PRISONER.

Of all the strange things about the case the conduct of the prisoner is the beyond comparison the strangest. The rawest of raw country boys, he seems incapable of the craftiness necessary to carry out the fraud he must carry out if guilty. Yet one so utterly indifferent as he, in a position in which any other would quail, even to think about the consequences, would be capable of any crime, however repulsive or dangerous. He remains in the hotel, guarded by a constable, and passes up and down to and from meals. Yet the idea of escape, such as would have possessed many boys, seems to never occur to him. In Court he seems to pay little attention to the evidence, except when something occurs to raise a laugh. Then he joins in heartily, yet so quietly that though his whole frame is shaken hardly a sound is heard. He hangs his head as if to hide his mirth, and seems to make great effort to choke down his laughter and smooth his features so as to present a grave face to the Court when he raises his head. On several occasions he seemed to detect something amusing in one witness' evidence when a man else did, and he hung his head, almost as sure of trying to suppress his mirth. He called to the Coroner, and whispered a correction of the witness' statement. He is not allowed to be spoken to by anybody, even Mr. Galbraith, his counsel, being precluded from having a word with him, even in Court.

FRIGHTFUL HOMICIDE.

TWO OLD MEN LOCKED TOGETHER IN A BRATH STRUGGLE—CUT TO PIECES BY A BUTCHER KNIFE.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 25.—Early yesterday morning James Carr, who lived in Redford township about two and a quarter miles from Beach station, was killed by James Minock. The former was a widower 70 years old, and the latter is 68 years old, and has a wife with whom he does not live, and one son, John, of Redford. Minock lived on a farm and Carr was stopping with him, having been, it is said, turned out of his son's house in Grand Rapids. Between seven and eight o'clock yesterday morning Minock left the house for the purpose of foddering and watering his cattle, and was absent perhaps half an hour. It was his habit to keep his money under his pillow or between the bedclothes, and when he got back to the house he saw Carr flat on his back, and discovered that it had been stolen. He suspected that Carr was the thief, and unceremoniously accused him. With one hand gripping his coat collar, and the other brandishing a large butcher knife, Minock demanded the return of his money. A scuffle ensued, during which it is said Carr also drew a knife, but in a very few minutes the latter was

and dead on the floor, killed by his benefactor, whom he had robbed after enjoying the shelter of his roof. He had thirteen cuts on his face and body, and Minock also cut his clothing all off in the search for his money, which he finally found on Carr's person. After ascertaining that Carr was dead, Minock went up to his son's house and gave information of the occurrence, freely confessing his act and declaring that he had a right to kill, and was justified in killing the man who had robbed him. The neighbors gathered at Minock's house and Constable Hutchinson took the homicide into custody. Justice Wm. Evans held an inquest, and the jury rendered a verdict that James Carr came to his death from wounds inflicted by a knife in the hands of James Minock. The latter was brought to the city last night and lodged in goal. The amount of money stolen by Carr was \$41.

A CHEAP NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS.

The Woonsocket correspondent of the Providence Journal says that L. B. Pease, proprietor of the evening reporter, after fifteen years of diligent study and research, has succeeded in achieving an improvement in the matter of newspaper printing which will be a great desideratum to newspaper publishers. The machine is at once simple in its construction, occupying about as much room as an ordinary sized safe, but in point of speed and cheapness it has never been excelled. It can be sold for \$1,000. It is designed to print a small seven column folio paper, both sides at once, at the rate of 6,000 copies per hour. The machinery takes the paper from a roll, prints it, cuts it and counts it after the style of the perfecting press, and requires no stereotyping. Its simplicity of mechanism is one of its most attractive features, and the machine, if successful, is destined to create something of a revolution in newspaper printing.

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