Choice Ziterature.

Still and Deep.

ST P M. F. BEENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," "ONE LIPE ONLY," ATO.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Now, my Wary," said Bertrand, when he had cone used the long history he had told her as bra fly as possible. I think you quite understand the encount mees which have suddenly converted me into a wealthy peer of France and the master of Chateau de L'Isie, and you can see, of course, clearly, all that it involves as regards yourself, and your position in the world, and I must tell you that I have but one fear left must ten you that I have out one lost ten as regards the fair prospect before us, and that i., the possibility that it may be a grief to you to have to leave England on-tirely, and live—as I think we ought to do

—altegether in France."

"You need have no fear of that kind, dearest Bertraud!" she answered, looking at him with her carnest eyes; "it can never make the smallest difference to me where make the smannest unit-rence to income, and so I am so long as you are with me. Your presonce makes my home, my most happy home, wherever you may chance to be, and all the world apart from you would be to me but a dismal desort!

"And this is the being whom Lurline tried to p rettade me was as completely without feeling as a block of marble l" said

Boitrand while he gazed at her admiringly.
"That was because she herself was always so animated, and I so silent, gentle Mary, who tried to think charitably even of Laura.

even of Laura.
"Still and salent you were, dear, no doubt; but only because of the depth of feeling below. I owe attle Jacques a great deal," he added, smiling, "for having taught me that still waters run deep."
"Yacquee?" and Mary inquiringly. "Jacques?" said Mary, inquiringly,

'Yes, httle mischievous Jacques. I have never revealed to you yet the potent in-fluence that that small individual has had on our fate, but I shall some day, when we have more time than we can spare to-night. The crowd which bewildered you so much were all our own tenants come to bid us welcome to our home.

"Oh, Bertrand, it is indeed happiness to see you in your rightful place at last! and I know I shall love your grand old home with all my heart; but do you know," she continued, sque zing her hands in his, "I feel just a little sorry that I shall never have occasion to work for you, as I meant

"Oh, but you will, my Mary; not cer tainly in order to help me to a livelihood, seeing we have a rent roll which we shall find it a hard matter to spend, but you will have to work with me in caring for the welhave been greatly neglected since my grandfather owned the property. He and his wife—you have heard my father speak of his admirable mother, have you not?—did all they could for the people, according to the ideas of those times; but since then the there been left to shift for themselves chave been left to shift for themselves chitely. We shall have to see to the yearent of their dwellings, the education of their children, and the nursing of their sick—that last item will suit you

"Yes indeed, I can see there will be plenty to do. Oh, how happy it will be! And is it really possible, Bertrand, that we are settled at home already, when I thought we should have to start off again in a few days; I believed we were only going to pay a visit to that charming comte and comtesse!" and she laughed merrily.
"Yes, I trust you admire the comte now

you have made acquaintance with him. We are indeed at home. Mary, and here I hope we shall spend all our lives in peace and happiness. But, darling, after we have hear here a well-we want to well. been here a w ek we must go on to Italy, as we intended, for I have left various matters there which I must set in order, we need not stay long, only a fortnight

or so."
"I shall like to go so much! I want to "I shall fits to go so much! I want to see the place where you have so long, and which I tried to p cture to mysel, day after day. Bertrand, have you ever remembered that I we go there we shall perhaps see Laura B.ant."

Bertrand started. "I hope not, 'he said, and the trou are sight, be doubt, that are

Bertrand started. "I hope not, he said was born to her, and the last that has been beard of her is that she is still in this living there. However, I cannot heap it, we must go; and we need not encounter her unless we please. I for one will not meet her if I can possibly help it, for I creasing pain and distress showing itself do not think I could have nevel to the log goals for the log goals. do not think I could brang myself to be even reaso ably civ I to her. But do not let us speak of he-, Mary; her very name is a discord in the harmony of this happy evening. Come, let us 30 to our

And so that peerless day closed upon them with sumes and congratulations from all around, and a sense of peace and blessedness in the sunshine of God's tavor that they had suffered by the generous self denial with which in different ways they both had acted.

After a very happy week spont at Chateau de L'Islo Bortrand and Mary found themselver in the beautiful Lalam city where he had dwelt so long. They rook up their able for the form land. took up their abode for the few days they meant to remain, at an hotel where he was well known, and the news of his return soon spread through the place, bringing many of his active ntances on them. The tidings of his nev lignity, and of his marriago had preceded him, and added to the warmth of his welcome. As yet, however he had not ac ually seen many of his old faiends, for the first day after their arrival had been spent in taking Mary to see some of the picture galleries, and in arranging his affairs; but on the following morning they had hardly finished break fast when an Italian gentleman, who had been one of Bertrand's greatest intimates, came rushing in with great dolight and excitement to see his friend once more, and to congratulate him on all the various im-

prevements in his position.

Mary was amused at Signor Vilaita's vivacity and enthusiasm, and accustomed as she was to the gesticulations of Frenchdramatic representation with which he described everything he had to tell.

He had not been very long in the room, when Bertrand asked him the question which both he and Mary specially wished to have answered. "Could be tell them any-

"Can I tell you anything I" exclaimed Visita; "I have volumes to tell if you do not already know the final catastrophe. But you must have heard it, the whole place has been ringing with it."

"We know nothing," said Bertrand. "You longet, my friend, that we have been by u.g. in a belieged city, where, naturally, baloons and carrier pigeons were not used for the conveyance of gossip. My wife and I knew Mrs. Brant well in England, but we have heard nothing of her since her marriage."

"Indeed! then you shall hear a most exciting hitle history—a comedy first of all, and now a tragedy; but the public have got behind the scenes and the whole affair is understood. Thus it is:—Mr. Brant about a year ago finds himself susproted of insolve ev. and with very great reason; he goes to England, and manages, by false recress ntations, to get enough ready money to make a great show of wealth and scour 113, while he plunges deeper into some enormous speculations which he thinks may red om his fortunes, with an alternative of the most absolute rum. In order to assist him in his display of wealth he brings with him from Eugland a wife most brilliant, most bewitching, and a consummate o quette, he teaches her the fart he wishes her to play, but, to his dis-may, she enacts it a great deal too well. She rushes into the most headlong ex-travagance, far beyond what his new found ready money can meet, and, further, she gives herself up to a life of incessant gaity, in which, while she uses his house, his money and his servants for the benefit of her numer us guests, she never considers him or his int erests in any single thing she does. She has but one object, and that is to shine in the world, and to amuse herself in the very indiscriminative society with which she surrounds horself, and in which she goes to the utmost vergo of propriety. Very soon the more noble and estimable of those with whom she became acquainted at first, drep away frem her, and her per-petual fetes and balls and riding parties are frequented only by the most reckless of our young men and women. All this does not suit Mr. Brant; he is furious that she compromises instead of enhancing his reputation, and that she squanders his money without furthering his object. is jealous; he is indignant at her neglect of him; he is humiliated at finding himself reduced to a cypher in his own house. He reproaches her violently, she retorts with scornful indifference; he orders her to obey his commands, she laughs in his face and tells him she always pleases herself; he tries to restrain her, she breaks out into more reckless expense, and more undesirable procecdings than ever. Open rupture between them. Mrs. Brant details every circumstance of the quarrel to the whole circle of her acquaintance. Mr. Brant's creditors begin to see the truth; his last specifiations fail more entirely than any before. One month ago there comes a most tremendout orash; Mr. Brant's liabilities are made known; it would take the wealth of the whole profit takes him as well as hundreds more whom had defended. He is bankent; he is ceedings than over. Open rupture between he had defrauded. He is bankrupt; he is criminal; he is on the point of being ar-

rested; he takes flight in the dead of night; he wishes his wife to go with him, were it only because she knows too many of his secrets, she refuses, she will not leave her magnificent house. He tells her the goods will be eczed and she will be turned out; she tells him she shati know how to take care of herself, and turns her back on him. He departs, and they see each other no more, he disappears—none know where he is. Next day the creditors come to take p. eseesion of the house and all it contains, they tell Mrs. Brant she must go, she refuses; they discover that she has concealed some valuables, they threaten her with prison, there is a struggle; a terrible scene; she tecomes very ill, they cannot

remove her in the state she is in; they torce her to retire to a small room in the att ce, and send a wretched old woman out of the street to watch her and report to them when she can be carried away, for all the servants had left. There a chil

on her gentle face; but when Vilalta attered these last words she started from her seat, exclaiming in English, "On Bortrand! poor Lurline! this is terrible! do let me go to her without a moment's

"We will speak of it when our visitor is goue," he answered, gravely, in English, and docile Mary sat down again at once in eilence, without another word.

UHAPTER L.

There was a pause in the conversation for a tew minutes after Mary's unusually impulsive outburst, and then Berrand asked Signor Vilalta a few more questions acout the unhappy woman who had so nearly marred for ever both his own life and his wife's, and on whom such dire retribution seemed to have taiten. "He wished to know," he said "whether, should she recover, the creditors would proceed against ner for secreting the valuables which she had no doubt intended to carry away. Signor Vilalta thought not; the lewels and other treasures she had feloniously concealed had been taken from her, and nothing would now be gained by sending her to prison. They would turn har out of the house so soon as they could do so without risk to her life, and give them-

selves no further concorn about her. "But is she left quite without means " asked Bertraud.

"Absolutely penniless, I believe," replied to Italian. "One of the creditors, who is the Italian. an Englishman, gave the old woman a small sum to procure the mere necessaries of life for Mrs. Brant, and to pay for her attendance on her, such as it was; but he said quite openly, that he did so very grudgmen, she had " ver seen anything like the | " gly, as he did not consider that either Mr. | or Mrs. Bran sidered the smallest consideration."

"But she must have at least the means of living," said to fend. "What will become of her is the povers?"

"It was then to that she would write for help to her fells at England," answered Vilalia.

help to her friend in England," answered Vilalta.

"I do not taint there are are any there who could help tar," said Mary. "Her father was at ore ill when I left England that I do not inhow it possible he can be alive now."

"Then I do not know what she is to do, said the Italian strugging his shoulders, "go to the hadre, of the poor, I uppose."

"Does no one go to see her or help her now? ask a factand,

"No one bat the old woman who is paid to do it, I had you. You must know, my dear friend, and the fair Mrs. Brant did not make the sir vory much beloved in our city; she water selfish, so heartless, so intriguing; she said sied only the silly young men."

Bertrand glanced round with a comical

Bertrand glanced round with a comical

Bertrand glanced round with a comical smile to Mary, whispering to her in English, "I suppose I may consider myself described in that appeals, and it is quite true. I was a perfect, as to let myself be attracted by such, a ling as Lorelei. I should have thought that some one would have gone to her for the sake of mere charity," he said aloud installian.

Vilalta made an expressive grimace as he answered, "Long inow I do not feel at all disposed to helping all her myself, although she used forther her brilliant eyes at me as much; at an about the men; she might have helping Exant and been of real service to hims the had chosen; but she wilfully has englished unit to please herself, spite of his grangular mees. Bal! she has no heart! 'and he campped his fingers in the air, as if this finished the subject.

After a few more expressed on other subjects, he ambraced Baytrand everyon feelige.

After a few more words on other subjects, he embraced Berfrand, foreign fashion, on both cheeks; bowed most elaborately to Mary, and took his large, promising to see them again before them again before the bad no sounce his de the door than

Mary turned quicklate the three than "Dearest Bertrandk sou will let me do what I can for large will a you not? Only think of poor Luniage is one there, ill and unbann." Only

unhappy." He refer.
"Lurline, who injured you so much!" he said, laying his head caressingly on her

he said, laying his band caressingly on her soft hair.

"That is one resembly I wish so much to help her," answered Mary, gently.

"You are right insteading, she has injured us both, and therefore we must not leave her to perial madded; but I wish much it had not handled thus. I had no desire that there should be any renewal of acquaintance. Knywelf will not see her, on that I am fully determined."

"Then had I not bester go at once dear? I think we shall be think to happier when I have done it; and I said it try to be back with you by the time you have finished writing your letters." ans

it very odd if the Comtesse de L'Isle had travelled without an attendant. You must live according to your rank, my little Mary, and you will find the maid a great con venience. But now as to Lurine; when you have ascertained what condition she really is in, remember you must make no promise which would involve her coming to our house or being seen by me. Only whatever she requires in the way of money let her have at once; the person I once thought to make my wife must never know want," and he threw back his handsome head with a somewhat lordly air; then he rang, and ordered a carriage to be got

ready for the Comtesse.

Very soon Mary and her French maid
Justine, who was the daugnter of one of Bertrand's tenants, were driving rapidly through the streets of the beautiful city, and they speedily arrived at the door of a house which might well be called a palace for the size and beauty of the building, but it looked deserted and uncared for. number of Itauan beggars were lounging on the marbie steps in front of the door. which stood open, revealing a splendid hall destitute of furniture, where a man, who might be pleased to want. wished to view Mrs. Brant, who was ill, she boileved, in the house."

'There is a sick woman somewhere in the attics," he said, "but I know nothing about her, excel ting that my master means to send her to the hospital to-morrow. whatever state she is in, he will not have her here any longer.

"Will you show me the way to her room," said Mary, giving him her card and putting some money into his hind at the same

"I will call the old woman down to you, Signora Comtessa, he said with much more alacrity than he had yet displayed, he was gone before she could attempt to follow him; he soon returned with a fitting. disagrecabie old Italian, whose brown skin and shrivelied face would have made her | Edgar?' seem like a muminy, but for the cunning black eyes which twinkled brightly under the yellow handkerchief she wore over her head.

Sha made a cringing salutation to Mary, and said, "The Comtessa must pardon me, but that ill conditioned sick woman refuses

"Oh, I hope not " exclaimed Mary, "why does she object?"

'She says she will not have any proud fine lady coming to make her an object of charity; and what else is she I should like

"Ah, no doubt she does not know me by my new name, said Mary to her maid, and, taking another card, she wrote under the printed words "Comtesse de L'Isle" "Your friend Mary Travelyan." "Go with the old woman and give her this," she con-tinued to Justine, and the French girl at

once told the It dian to show the way, and once told the It ilian to snow the way, and hurried off. In a few minutes she returned, running swiftly down the marble staircase, which was all covered with dust and straw, saying, "Ah, madame, the moment she saw your English name, she called out to you to come to her, quick, quick!"

And Mary went to look once more upon Laura Wandham

Laura Wyndham.
Could this be Lurline, that faded hag-

gard woman, with fevered lips and tearawollen eyes, tossing from side to side on a miserable little bed which constituted almost the sole furniture of the small ill-centilated attic? Mary stood at the door for a tew minutes before the sick woman perceived her, trying to realise that this was indeed the brilliant Lorelei of Chiver-ley, who had stolen Bertrand's heart away tom her, and destroyed all earthly happi ness for poor John Pemberton. Her ap peacance, apart from the look of illness, was so equaled and neglected, that it was hard indeed to believe she could be the same. Her long fair hair was matted about her head, her once pretty hands and arms were so thin that the bones could be traced were so thin that the bones could be traced beneath the skin, and the expression of her face was wholly changed; its bright-ness, its saucy archiess, all were gone, and she were a lock of restless gloom and mi-ciy. On a broken chair at her side was a jar of water and a tittle wine, and at the foot of the bed, wrapped in an old shavi, lay a puny infant, sleeping, hap-pily unconscious of the wretchedness around him. Mary's heart swelled with pity for the rival who had been so cruel to her, and, whispering to Justine to take the old Italian woman away and leave her alone with Mrs. Brant, she advanced into the room, closing the door behind her. Suddenly Lurline saw her; then a look of wild eagerness flashed into her dimmed eyes; she started almost convulsively from her hard pillow, and stretched out her wasted arms to the graceful white-robed ray of silver moonlight passing into the dark room, where a small window, high up in the wall, admitted not a gleam of

up in the wall, admitted not a gleam of sunshine.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, come to me!" almost shricked out Laura "Oh, the comfert of seeing a good kind face again! Come to me, come!" and as Mary went forward and knelt down by her side, she flung her arms around her neck, and laying her band an her film! delta. ing her head on her friend's shoulder, burs into a torrent of tears. Mary soothed and carressed her for a few minutes as if she had been a frightened child; but when she would have risen to bring her a little wine and water from the other side of the bed, Laura clung to her with a frantic grasp, and seemed almost beside herself with terror and misery. "Don'tleave me, Mary! take care of me! help me! I am going to die! I know I am! and I am so frightened! I have been so wicked, I don't dare to go before God! What shall I do! oh, what shall I do !"

"Dear Laura, I am not going to leave "Dear Laura, I am not going to leave you! do not be afraid! I am only going to get you a little wine, which will quiet you and give you strength. Let me try to make you more comfortable and then we can talk together as much as you like."

"But you promise not to leave me," said Laura, clutching at her dress as Mary

rose from her knees.

"Certainly, I promise," she said with her sweet smile; "you can trust me,

"Yes, I can trust you, Mary; you were always true and good. Oh, that I had been like you!" and she burst out again into a wail of piteous weeping, which went to the heart of Bertrand's wife, deeply as the miserable woman had injured them both.

(To be Continued.)

Isn't it Worse for a Man, Father?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I certainly did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with one in my mouth, walking down to business and puffing away in a most comfortable manner.

Why I left off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hard were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me. chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The city has in it many uncared-for seemed to be a lawyer's clork, kept guard boys, whose chief delight ecems to be to over a number of cases, apparently await pick up pieces of discarded cigars and ing removal. He rose, as Mary came for broken pipes, and with their hands in ward with her maid, and asked what she their pockets, to pull away in a very inelement to plant the plant to real the contraction. She said she | gant manner. One morning it seemed as it little Edgar and I met a great many smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Elgar as warnings of Jouthful delincuency, talked quite largely, and said the at thorities ought to interfere and put a stop to such a public nuisance.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me, as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Ien't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he had said something bold and un-

"Do you think it is worse for a man,

"Please, father, I think boys would not want to do it if men did not do it.'

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form .- Christian Weekly.

THERE is another matter about which re are apt to be unjust in our friendships We are so sensitive to the charge of ver estimating the value of a friend's work through prejudice, that so netimes we let a Stranger get the botter of us in the expres sion of appreciation and praise. The is a small and miserable selfishness. Way should we not praise the sermon, the picture, the story, the poem of our friend? How did he get to be our friend in the first place? Did we not choose him from among ten thousand, because of those very qualities which attract us answ in his art?—Scribner's Magazine.

Scientific and Albeful.

Bow in a hot-bed and transplant to hove, or another hot-bed, or where there are but a few, to small pots, the object is to get a strong stocky plant, to set out as soon as it

ORANGE TART.

Squeeze two oranges and boil the rind tender, add half a tencopful of sugar; the juice and pulp of the fruit, and outer of butter beaten to a paste. Line a stallow dish with light puff cruet, and tay the poste of orange in it.

FRENCH PRUNES AND CHANBERRIES,

These fruits, stewed together in about equal proportions, until both a o tender, make a very agreeable dish, or the proper tions may need to be varied as the proper are more or less sweet. Finish off with but little juice.

VICTORIA PUDDING.

The yolks of six egg, well braten, two teaspoonfuls of sitted thur, three teacupfuls of sweet milk, and stir until smooth. Beat the whites to a froth, and stu tuem into the batter gently. Bake quekly in a greased pan, and serve hot with sauce.

ICING FOR CAKES.

To a half pound of fine sifted sugar put orange flower water or simple water, and strain. With this white sugar till it is quite smooth. Lay the sugar till it is quite smooth. Lay the sugar till age cakes with a flat spoon. Large cakes should be cold when need should be cold when seed.

TO CLEAN FINE GLASS.

This mode of cleaning fine glass gives it great brilliancy:—Take fine powdered in-digo, dip into it a moistened linen rag, amear over the glass with it, and then wipe it off with a perfectly dry cloth. As a sub-stitute for this, fine sifted ashes, applied by a rag dipped in spirits, will answer just as well. Spanish white is apt to make the glass rough and injure it.

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP.

Take one quart each of well-builed beans and cannod tomatoes; mash the beans thoroughly with a postle and rub them through a collander; then add two quarts of water and put them to cook with the tomatoes; add one medium sized onion, finely minced; boil all together fifteen or twenty minutes; thicken with about one gill of sifted Graham flour rubbed in water; boil five minutes more and then serve. The above quantity is sufficient for a dozen persons. Parsley, thyme, or sage may be used instead of the onion.

BEEF KIDNLY, TO FRY.

Trim and cut the kidney into slices; season them with salt and pepper, and drodge them well with flour; fry them on both sides, and when they are done through lift them out, empty the pan, and make a gravy for them with a small slice of butter, a desertance of the flour representation. dessertspoonful of flour, pepper and sait, and a cup of boiling water; shake these around, and give them a minute's simmering; add a little mushroom ketchup, lemonjuice, vinegar, or any store sauce that will give a good flavor. Mineed herbs are, to many tastes, an improvement to this dish, to which a small quantity of onion, shreded fine, can be added when it is liked.

MUTTON CUTLETS, PLAIN.

Take a neck of mutton that has been killed three or four days. Saw off the ribbones and the scrag-end, so as to leave the cutlet-bones 3½ inches long. The spine-bones must also be removed without rejuring the fillet. Then divide the neck of mutton into as many cutlets as there are ones. From the upper part of each hone the meat must be detached \(\frac{1}{2} \) inch. Due them in water and flatten them. Trum away the superfluous fat and sinewy parts. Season them with pepper and salt. Dip a paste-brush into clarified butter, pass it over the cutlets, boil them before a clear fire, and serve with brown gravy under them. them.

COLD BOILED HAM.

When a ham has been a long time boiled, and is becoming dry, cut some thin slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry quickly; serve immediately; or, cut if all fat, mince the ham very fine, break into a pan half a dozen fresh eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream, a little sait and pepper, and set on the fire. As soon as the egg-are set or nearly solid, spread one-half quickly with the minced ham and fold the slip carefully from the pan to a dish. Garnish with parsely and serve hot. Or take a pound and a half of ham, fut and lean together, put it into a mertar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; bed a large slice of bread in a half-pint of muk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg well beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake to a rich brown.

USES OF TURPENTINE. The Practitoner, an eastern medical

magazine, in the department entitled "Clinic for the Month," quotes Dr. F. T. Hogg as speaking in prai e of tupentine as a medical remedy, and saying.—" It is valuable in hemorrhage from the note, lungs, bladder, uterus, ki mey, stomach, and bowels; it is an authelmintio, diuretic, diaphoretic stimulant, rubefacient, counter-irritant, and sedative; but, unfortunately, it is extremely uppalatable, unless combined with creesote, resemany, er oil of almonds; it may induce nausea, perhaps cause cerebral irritation when given in excess, or even strangury. Fatal cases are rare. Lucifer match-makers, by wearing little smelling bottles of turpentine around their necks, imagine immunity from phosphorous poisoning. Cholera, it is said, avoids the pine forests of Norway and Sweden; whilst Scotch firs are autagonistic to diptheria, and in other parts of the world to whooping cough, hay-fever and phthisis. In North Carolina, whe n quinne ran short, the local application of turnentine relieved the paroxysm of ague. It has proved of the greatest service in some fever cases; three-drachm doses in whicky punch having saved many lives. It is an effectual remedy in tape-worm, and very serviceable in puerperal fever, in diarri ces and irritis.