her request and she hid her face in her hands and wept silently.

"Will you let me see him?" she asked after awhile, without looking up.

He had been expecting this question ever since she had returned to Montreal, and he had prepared to answer it.

"There is no objection to your seeing him as often as you like; but I do not think your father would approve of your visiting him."

The face, wet with tears, but radiant with a happy, thankful smile, was raised to his, and she said:

"Take me to him to-morrow, Charlie, won't you? Papa can scarcely object to a wife visiting her husband while he is in prison; and, I am sure he won't if you go with me."

So it was arranged, and the next day their drive was to the gaol and the promised interview took place.

Mr. Morton after gaining Annie admission to the ward in which her husband was confined, withdrew; he did not wish to meet Harry Griffith, he wished never again to look on the man who had used him so cruelly; he intended that justice should take its course, he had sworn that by the corpse of his murdered sister; but, as long as the law could execute justice without his interference he was content.

What passed between husband and wife it is not my business to relate; let that be secret between them.

Annie's visit had a strange effect on the doctor; hitherto he had been dull, apathetic, scarcely seeming to care whether he lived or died; now he was all life and animation; he had thought that Annie had discarded him like the rest of the world, but when he found out that he had her love still he felt there was something left worth living for, and he determined to leave no stone unturned to save his life, if possible.

He had a long interview with his lawyers next day, and they were astonished at the clear and plausible way he mapped out a defence, which, wild and improbable as it was and scarcely likely to impress a jury, still afforded them the loop-hole which they had not been able to discover, and through which their client might escape.

Annie's first visit was followed by others; sometimes she was accompanied by Morton, occasionally she was alone: the turnkey began to look for her regularly two or three times a week, and so the old year died and the new one was born, and winter was fairly set in and the river frozen.

It was in the middle of January when Annie began to put into execution a scheme she had formed the first time she visited the doctor, and that was to effect his escape.

They planned it over very carefully together, and it was agreed that if he succeeded in getting free he should go to Australia, where she promised to meet him in three years.

As it was now very cold weather and the gaol was a little damp, the doctor had been allowed to wear his overcoat and cap, a concession which he found very useful to him when he came to plan his escape. Annie furnished him with a rope, a file, and a bottle of oil, which he thought would be all he would require, and the night of the twentieth of January was set down for the attempt; she visited him during the day and took an affectionate farewell of him, promising to come to him as soon as he sent for her. On his part he was greatly agitated and excited, but tried to appear calm for fear the suspicions of the prison authorities should be aroused.

The night was well adapted for his undertaking, it was intensely dark, cold, and a biting, chilling wind was blowing; a night when the guards in the yard would not be likely to see him if he succeeded in getting out of the prison proper, so that he ran comparatively little danger of discovery in attempting to scale the wall.

He waited until nearly ten o'clock before he began his attempt to escape, and it was past one ere he stood outside the prison wall a free man. I am not going to describe his escape, for I have no notion of telling everybody how it was done. Suffice it to say that he succeeded in his plans and gained his liberty.

He was well provided with money, Annie having given him nearly a thousand dollars, the proceeds of the sale of some of her jewels, and he had his plan well laid out. It was to cross the river, hire a sleigh to drive him to Rouse's Point, and take the train for some Southern city before his escape was discovered.

It was intensely cold; the thermometer stood almost twenty degrees below zero, and the wind was cutting like a knife as he made his way down the bank towards the river. He had intended making his way to St. Lambert's, but in his hurry to get out of the city and to leave the public streets, he took the river at once and bent his steps towards Longueuil.

Some fatality seemed to influence his change of plan; some unseen power appeared to be urging him on to look once more, and for the last time, on the scene of his crime. He knew the risk of detection he ran; he knew he was well known in Longueuil and liable to be arrested at any moment if seen, but he trusted to the darkness and the little probability there was of any one being out at that hour in the morning. A fierce desire to view again the house where he had committed the murder took possession of him, and he lost all power to control his passion. He would see the spot once more, and from the place where he had done the foul deed should date the new life he intended to lead in the future.

He felt no remorse for his crime. He was sorry for it in one sense, but if it had had to be done over again, he would probably have acted as he did before. Hard, cold, selfish and unscrupulous in gaining his ends he had been all his life, and hard, cold, selfish and unscrupulous he would be to the end.

He was sorry that he had committed the murder, but it was a selfish sorrow; he was sorry because the result had been so disastrous to himself, and he cursed the folly which had prevented his taking some surer and more certain way to avoid detection.

On through the darkness he went, now straying off the track and stumbling amongst the ice heaps, again regaining the road by the aid of the *balises* placed to mark it. The cold wind whistled past him with a mocking laugh, and the drift covered him until he was a mass of snow. Once he strayed from the path and fell into an air-hole, going down to the arm-pits, and with difficulty saving himself from being drawn into the rapid waters below.

By a great exertion he managed to extricate himself and again finding the road, continue on his way; but the shock had greatly exhausted him, and he felt his strength begin to give way. He could feel the water on his trousers forming to solid ice; he could hear the turbulent stream below roaring in its might, as it hurried on to the sea. A numbness was seizing his whole frame; his feet felt like lead, his hands had no sensibility in them. Huge icicles hung from his hair, moustache and eye-lids, and a sound of singing was in his ears. And still the pitiless wind persistently pelted him with perpetual pillets of snow, and the fierce blast swooped down on him like a mighty giant, chilling his very life blood.

Still he kept on. To stop was death; to go on was his only chance for life. Up almost to his knees in the drift at times, or blown almost down by the mighty force of the wind.

That sound of singing grew louder and louder in his ears, and now church bells mingled with them: and again and again loud noises, like the booming of cannon, reverberated through his brain. The blood, fast turning to ice in every other part of his body, seemed changing to fire in his head, and his mind grew stronger in its intensity of perception as his limbs grew feebler and feebler under him.

Now in fancy he could see the church spire of Longueuil, although it was still far, far away from him, and memory's eye pictured him the little cottage, on the outskirts of the village; again he saw the still white face of his murdered wife lying placid on the pillow as he had last seen it; again he went through that fearful scene which had placed the brand of Cain upon his brow; again he laid the white bosom bare; again he placed the sharp point of the glittering steel upon the snowy flesh; again with fiendish force he drove the slender rod into the vital part, with a blow by a hammer; again—Ah; there before him he sees it now, a human heart, bleeding and pierced with a slender, glittering rod of steel! It w es before him as he struggles, with difficulty, forward; mocking voices ring out around him through the driving blast; sounds of ribald laughter and jeering shouts are borne to him on the whistling wind; the very *balises* which mark his way seem to point at him and gibe him and hiss "murderer" at him.

He cannot pray; long ago he has forgotten how to address himself to his Maker and sue for pardon and grace; he has placed confidence only in him self all his life; and has never learned to look for help and comfort to the Divine Giver of all good; he has steadily and persistently stifled the voice of conscience for years, and now it cannot be aroused; no pitying angel is near him now, no soft words of comfort are whispered in his ear; hard he has lived, hard he must die, with little of hope or fear for that life beyond of which we all know nothing.

Still he blunders on, now up, now down; still the icy feeling increases in his limbs, and the bells sound louder and louder, and that pierced heart swings more fearfully before him: still the mocking voices and ribald laughter ring out more and more distinctly, and then—he stumbles and falls, falls to rise no more; and the distant spire grows more and more indistinct; the bells and singing grow fainter and *fainter; the sounds of laughter and of mocking* are scarcely heard; the blood begins to cool in his head; the pulsations of the heart grow weaker and weaker; a kind of sweet languor comes over him, a heavy drowsiness in which his thoughts travel back through long years and he is an innocent happy boy again; he hears the songs of birds as he used to hear them when a youth; the scent of the balmy southern flowers is in his nostrils; he sees cane-fields nodding their waving plumes in the soft warm air; he feels the impress of youthful innocent lips upon his forehead, and then — the numbness and the drowsiness increase, he gradually sinks to unconsciousness, the pulsations grow less and less marked, the action of the brain slower and slower, and there, out in the middle of the icy river, Harry Griffith ends his earthly career, frozen to death.

About five o'clock some *habitants* crossing with a load of hay were startled at the sight of a man lying on the ice and hastened to raise and attempt to restore him *to consciousness*; but it was too late, life had been extinct for hours, and Harry Griffith's guilty soul had winged its way to its Maker, where, let us hope, it was mercifully dealt with.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

How old must a Colt's revolver be before you may call it a horse-pistol.

KEPT IN.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"Oh, jolly crow!
You come and go—
You never ask permission;
Just look at me,
Kept in—you see,
And fellers gone a fishin'.

"It's dull and hot
In this old spot,
Outside, the wind is blowing,
And—oh! that crook
In meadow brook,
Where all the boys are going!

"This 'Six times four'
Is such a bore,
And so is 'Eight times seven.'
I don't know why,
The more I try,
The more I don't know 'leven.'

"Old croaker, shoo!
If I were you!
I'd go to watch the fishin',
And 'rithmetic
Would banish quick—
But what's the use of wishin'."

That solemn crow
Looked high and low,
And paused a little season,
Then answered, "Caws,
You broke the laws
You suffer—that's the reason."

And off he flew
The window through
By which he gained admission.
"Poor comfort this,
For sums amiss,
And boys gone off a fishin'!"

TITLES FOR NOVELS.

Our earlier novelists had small difficulty in *finding names for their tales. Without any* fear of suits for infringement of copyright, they could take the titles that struck their fancy, and they were at no pains to make the most of their advantages. Their usual plan was to put the hero's or heroine's name on the title-page of the story, and call it his or her Memoir, or Life, or Adventures. Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko;" Defoe's "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders;" Mrs. Manley's "Rivella;" Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," "Amelia;" Richardson's "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Sir Charles Grandison;" Smollett's "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker;" Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," are amongst the chief of these easily christened novels; and certainly the majority of them have not such names as would be acceptable to the fashionable publishers of to-day. Many of them were badly named; though the homage due to their authors' powers and the influence of long-enduring popularity dispose us to regard the titles respectfully. Like a mean name ennobled by the deeds of splendid bearers, the poor title of a great book is rated by associations rather than by its intrinsic merits. But it is certain that the titles of Fielding's novels have no more charm for eye or ear, independent of the influences of association, than such paltry surnames as Pitt, Peel, Hay, to which circumstances have given an aristocratic tone. Richardson's larger stories were christened more attractively than Fielding's tales; and Smollett's best titles had the advantage of alliteration and characteristic sound; but of all our old novels, Goldsmith's beautiful narrative of a country parson's family is, perhaps, the only one which has an unexceptionable title. As works of fiction became more numerous, writers of fiction were at greater pains to style them strikingly. Having first used all the best of English Christian names and the most sonorous or otherwise impressive of our surnames, they began to give their names suggestive titles made of words that, like the "Vicar of Wakefield," pointed to the social condition of the characters, and conciliated readers by reminding them of the more agreeable callings and estates of English people. When every title of the peerage and the genealogists, and the name of every professional dignity had been used, the tale-wrights, still aiming at distinctiveness, qualified and often heightened the interest of old names, by expanding them with reference to associates, children, rivals, servants. The "Duke," the "Earl," the "Bishop," the "General," the "Vicar," the "Doctor," were followed by the "Duke's Daughter," the "Earl's Heir," the "Bishop's Chaplain," the "General's Aide-de-Camp," the "Doctor's Patient." Jane Austen gave one of her tales the infelicitous name of "Emma," and christened two other stories with the names of localities; but her most distinctive titles, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Persuasion," set a fashion for names pointing to the sentiment and moral purpose of the narratives. Ineffective when she lazily adopted the old practice of naming a romance after a person or a place, Miss Edgeworth was fortunate in such titles as the "Absentee," "Ennui," "Manœuvring," "Patronage," that pointed to a moral or a class of persons. Thanks, perhaps, to Constable, Scott was especially felicitous in his names for novels, all of which—with two exceptions, "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe"—brighten a page, and provoke curiosity. Scott, by the way, is our only great novelist who has been notably fortunate in his names. Lord Lytton produced two or three happy titles, such as "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," but without exception his later titles for books were such as his publishers could not have allowed him to use in his younger days. "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What will He do with It?" and, worst of all, "Kenelm Chillingly," are names that no publisher would have accepted from an unknown writer. Though they were never adopted without serious consideration, it cannot be said that Dickens' titles were attractive. Thackeray's one excellent title was "Vanity Fair." Mr. Disraeli's best-named stories are "Henrietta Temple" and "The Young Duke," his worst-named "Tancred" and "Lothair," though of these specimens of the fantastic in literary nomenclature it must be conceded that they are striking by singularity. George Eliot never made a better choice of a name than "The Mill on the Floss," or a less felicitous one than when she decided to brand her last noble work of art with such an ugly, frigid, and uncomfortable title as "Middlemarch."

Probably, the increasing difficulties of finding a good name for a good story are the cause of the badness of George Eliot's last title. Of the magnitude and rapid increase of those difficulties there can be no question. Our manufacturers of novels have used for their title-pages every English Christian name, and nearly every musical and eligible surname. They have worked out the mine of heraldic styles and professional distinctions, and names of localities. They have displayed marvellous ingenuity in combining names of persons or places with the names of vocation and kindred. Every passion, every sentiment of the human breast has been put to titular service. To make their books distinctive and attractive, writers have employed solitary adjectives, fantastic monosyllables, brief questions, scraps of songs, old adages, and homely adverbs spelt backwards. Alliteration is a hack that has been worked by the title-makers till it has not a leg to stand on; and now they are asking how they can raise a new stock of effective titles. "Ouida" has no more short words on hand; Miss Broughton hesitates to pursue the original course by which she for several seasons staggered novel readers. What is to be done? The coal famine is a trivial inconvenience in comparison with the title famine. Perhaps the scarcity of fuel will disappear when new machinery shall have given the hewers and the coal owners a lesson in common sense and political moderation. But how and where can we get an "output" of titles for novels adequate to the demand? We can only suggest a temporary expedient, by which our pleasant tellers of lies for the ladies in 3 vols. 8vo. may carry on their operations creditably for a few more years. Fashion having authorised them to name their books with sentences, consisting of five or six words, why should they not set forth in such sentences the incident or purpose, or principal action on which the interest of their narratives is mainly dependent? For instance, here are some new titles that would be attractive to the gentlewomen who drive once a week to the corner of Museum street and Oxford street.—"The Men who Loved Her," "The Woman who said 'Yes,'" "The Girl he left behind Him," "The Wolf that Ate the Lamb," "The Lover who Rode Away," "The Soldier who Won the Cross," "The Priest Who Prayed for Pardon." In the same manner titles of stronger flavor could be turned off for the readers of the sensational magazines, that are perused with burning eyeballs and furiously throbbing hearts by the inhabitants of our kitchens, such as "The Mother who killed her Baby," "The Burglar who struck the Blow," "The Villain who did the Deed," "The Price he Paid for Murder," "The Peer who Mixed the Poison." The recommendation of this process is that every story would suggest its own title, and, therefore, unlike many recent tales, would have a name appropriate to its contents.—*Athenæum.*

Some of the wise men of the East have rather curious notions about woman's rights, and we commend to the advocates of such rights here at home this from the *Homeward Mail*:—"The Inspector-General of Police, Madras, has called the attention of Government to the practice prevailing in the presidency of natives mortgaging and selling their wives and daughters. He states that in Nellore, the Yercalis, or Telegu Koravers, pledge their daughters to creditors, who may either marry them or give them away. When the Yercali goes to jail his wife lives with another man of her tribe. On his return he claims his wife and children, if any have been born in the interval. In North Arcot Koravers mortgage unmarried daughters, who become the absolute property of the mortgagee till the debt is discharged. In Chingleput, the practice of mortgaging the wives exists among the Salt Koravers. In South Arcot it is said not to exist. In Tanjore it is common. Male children become the property of the mortgagee, females that of the husband of the woman pledged. In Madras they sell the wife for 50 rs. outright, and the husband can never reclaim her. The Government in reply have called upon the collectors of the different districts mentioned to take steps to put down this picturesque but irregular practice."

ALL things are systematized now-a-days. Even every milk-train has its cow-catcher.