THE HEARTHSTONE.

lamp.post, chewing a piece of straw reflectively, was a dirty, disreputable-looking vagabond, whose long matted hair was surmounted by an old, greasy, battered white hat, cocked at a old, greasy, battered white hat, cocked at a she was a piain little middle-aged woman, constituted and a constant and a correct white hat cocked at a cocked at

No sooner, however, had she started with the builde of silk in her hand than he left his post and followed her step by step down Babylon "Bless my heart, you don't know?" You can stream

As lawr as she continued in the great theroughare he kept well behind her; but no senere did fully, and whispereda question in the ear of one she turn into a narrow, unfrequented street than he quickened his pace, overtook her, and laid i his hand on her shoulder.

She turned quickly round, and in her surprise

let full the bundle which she carried.

"You here?" she cried. "How did you find

"By chance, my pretty one. You may fairly how cut up I was on finding the goose that laid me such beautiful golden eggs had flown away; and if you can fancy that, you may imagine the pleasure it was to me to discover my bird in habylon Street this afternoon."

"What is it you want?" asked Eleanor with

a shudder.

- " Money."
 " I have none."
- " Nonsense!" "It is the fact."

eare which. What have you got in that par-

"Leave it alone. It is not mine."
"Come, come. Eleanor! You wouldn't be going into a crack shop like Mrs. Mantilla's and coming out with a large parcel unless you had plenty of money. Don't try to gammon me!"
And Mr. Slider spoke as if he were being hadly most

used.

Eleanor told him her story; how she was struggling to earn a llying; told him that she had but a few shillings left, and that, but for the employment she had obtained from Madame Mantilla, she might have starved.

summons; indeed, not till it had been twice repeated, did she start from her reverie.

"Mrs Vane," said the old lady, "I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"With pleasure," said Eleanor, gracefully includes the might have starved.

Slider, however, was not particularly interest-

6 But you say you have a little money left ?" said Stider, his countenance brightening up as

Very little." He mechanically stretched out his palm towards Eleanor.

"You would not take my last sixpence, sure

ly ?" she asked.

For that matter, Mr. Slider would have had no companetion in taking the last sixpence from anybody, but he thought it more prudent to hide this sentiment.

"You have work, and can earn more," he said, in a whining tone.
Without another word, Eleanor emptied the

contents of her slender purse into his hand.
For some moments he walked by her side in

"Where do you live?" he asked, abruptly. Eleanor hesitated, debating in her own mind whether she should acquaint him with her presen: address; but he settled the point by saying sen; address; but he settled the point of saying,
"Oh, you don't remember the name of the
street, perhaps. Well, as I'm an idle man about
town, I'll walk with you, and then there can't
be any mistake. Will you take my arm?"
Eleanor shrunk away from him, but he con-

tinued to walk by her side till she entered Little Fittup Street. Then she turned, and spoke to

"It is well," said she, bitterly, "that you should see to what I am reduced. This is where I live. You may judge whether it is likely that I am in a position now to supply you with mo-ney. I have done much for you—have suffered much for you—and have never received a word of thanks. Remember, you have now received the last farthing from me that you will ever re-ceive. Do not expect help from me; do not speak to me. If you had a particle of noble, manly feeling left in you, you could not have acted as you have done. But all the past is for-given; but, for the future, we must be as strangers to each other."

Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, needle, and I date say, if the truth were known, you could play some musical instrument?"

door. For about half an hour he remained outside,

uncertain hov At the end of that time the door again opened,

and Silder stepped forward to accost Elemor; but it was not she who emerged from the house. Now Mr. Slider had a wholesome drend of no-

llcomen; and no sooner did he see who it was than he (to borrow a word from our American neighbours) "skedaddled; and the recollection of that gentleman in blue did more to keep him away from the neighbourhood of Little Fittup Street than the words of Eleanor Jerrold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH BEFELL ELEANOR

JERROLD. Eleanor, after getting rid of her persecutor, made her way to her own room, only stopping for a moment on her way to tell the police-man's wife of her good fortune in having ob-

tained some work. In the quiet of her own apartment she set to work resolutely upon the silk; but after all found to her hand it was but slow work. She found to her man A was but sow work. The had never before had to race with her needle against time for a living; and it soon became apparent to her that it would be almost impos-

which depended her future employment. Gradually daylight wanted, but Eleanor only paused for a moment to light a candle, and then

resumed her needle. resumed her beene.
Evening passed, and night came; but still the busy hands moved hither and thither over the smooth silk, and still the lustrous eyes followed the pattern with ease.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the policeman's wife knocked at Eleanor's door, but received no

After a pause, she entered the room.

After a paner, she entered at room.

There, sented in a chair, but worn out with fulgue, was Eleanor Jerrold. In her hand she held the work which she had finished triumplantly, but her strength had been exhausted, and even before she was able to put it away,

sleep had overtaken her.

The little woman withdrew noiselessly, but it was not long before Elennor awoke, and ten o'cheek saw her on her way to Babylon Street. carrying the work completed, neatly wrapped

under her arm. Babylon Street being an aristocratic thoroughfare, does not commence business till inte in the

her joy and hopes for the future would have day, and as Eleanor walked along the pavement, een blighted.

And why? Only because leaning against a there at ten in the morning and three in the afshe could not but notice the contrast presented there at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon.

His wife put up with it all, went about with

wonderful angle over his left eur.

Eleanor did not look from the window: but yet there the figure stood in that persistent sort attitude which seems to say, "I'm waiting prejudiced one against her, but for the merry,

come."

Every now and then the disreputable lounger raised his eyes inquiringly to Madame Mantilla's shop; but it was not till Elemor left the portal that he shifted his position.

o Bless my heart, you don't know? You can find out. I suppose "The attendant shook her yellow curls disdain-

of her renows.
"She is a Mrs. Vane."
Eleanor, not wishing to be traced, had given this, her mother's maiden name, on being asked.

" Mrs. Vane—ch?"
" Yes, my lady."
" What brings her here?"

o she has brought back some work with which she was cutrusted."

" Let me see it." " It is not for sale, my lady, it has been done

· Did I say it was for sale? Let me see it!"

Elemor's work was handed to the old lady, who examined it very closely.
"It's good—very good!" she said. "But she's no more a regular needlewoman than I am.

"What makes you think that, my lady?"
"What regular needlewoman would have taken all this trouble. How long has she been

hady."

"Then it's a crying shame; she must have been working at it all through the night—

Eleanor was, as yet, so little accustomed to her new name, that she falled to reply to this summons; indeed, not till it had been twice

clining her head.
"Not here—not here! Come to my house Sider, however, was not particularly interested in the narration.

His countenance fell when he discovered that he must no longer look upon Eleanor as an unfalling source for money. As to his own share in the matter, he thought nothing of it.

6 But you say you have a little money left "

Eleanor took the card, and her ladyship left is shown that we have a little money left "

Eleanor took the card, and her ladyship left show above marked what here is somewhat more unjusted.

the shop, entered a plain, but well-appointed brougham, and was driven off at a rapid pace. With a vague feeling of hope that good might

come out of the chance acquaintance ship, Eleanor roturned to Little Fittup Street. The next day she went to Park Lane at the appointed time, and was shown into a hundsomely-furnished room, there to await the coming of Lady Joyce. She had not long to wait.

"Mrs. Vane," said her ladyship, on entering,
"I'm glad to see you're punctual—sit down."
She did as she was told in silence.
"Mrs. Vane, have you any objection to tell you they down they are the are they are the they are the they are the they are they are

me the story of your life?"

Eleanor had a very great objection, and stammored and stuttered painfully in trying to find

some courteous reason for refusing the request.
"You would rather not. I thought so, My only object in asking was, that my suspicious might be confirmed."

"Your suspicions, my lady?"
"Yes—do not be alarmed! I do not seek to

pry into family matters." Can I be of any service to your ladyship?

"In what way ?"

" I want a companion .- will you take the si tuation? I think it is a tolerably good one, for I have been pestered with applicants, but their vapours and fine airs disgusted me. You took my fancy the moment I saw you."
"But your ladyship knows nothing of me—of

my character-of my antecedents. "I will run every chance of that. You have a pretty face, and an honest one."

"But I know nothing of the duties I should be expected to perform?"

"Bless the child! you can talk, can't you?"

'Yes, my lady!' " Read aloud !

"Yes, my lady!"
"Well, I know you can work with your est De Vere's love? no, not for an hour.

"There, I said so!" replied Lady Joyce, tri- where somehow he funcied he would one day mphantly,—" you'll do well enough!" see her again.

to buts. Pra not mad, though my kind friends and relations say I am. I only speak what I think, and that is quite enough to stamp me as a lunatic."

"Then my lady, I am to understand-"You're to understand exactly what I tell you, that I want a companion, and you're to take the situation. Where have you been liv-

" Little Fittup Street, my lady."

"What number?"
"Sixty-four."

"Well then, you go home, now, pack up your things, and be ready when I call for you, at five o'clock."

Eleanor bowed her head, and left the room, completely bewildered.

Lady Joyce had made such a sudden attack upon her, that she had had no time to reflect. Now that she came to think the matter over quietly, she was not altogether so well pleased as she might have been.

She had never been accustomed to fill a subordinate position, and she doubted whether she would be able to get on with Lady Joyce; but after all, it would be better than working night and day for Madam Mantilla. Eleanor returned to Little Fittup Street, and

related her good fortune to her first London friend—the policeman's wife—and she nacked up the very few articles she possessed, and waited patiently till the well-appointed brougham of Lady Joyce dashed up to the door, bringing all the inhabitants of the street to their windows to stare at it.

A heavy, ponderous footman descended, and

knocked so long and so loud, that the door was opened while he still held the knocker, by which means he very nearly measured his sublime length in the little passage.

Eleanor came out and got into the brougham, the footman mounted to his perch, f.ady. Joyce gave the direction, "home," the horses' heads were turned westwards, and Eleanor and he patron were driven rapidly through the crowded treet in the direction of Park Lane.

Having seen our herolue on her way to her new home, it would be us will to give a short account of the eccentric lady, who had taken so great a fancy to her.

Lady Joyce was the widow of an officer, who

India, from which place be returned with half a

him most dutifully to Bath and Cheltenham, and finally, when he died—leaving goodness only knows how many lacs of rupees—gave him as handsome a funeral as money could procure, and wore the deepest mourning for a whole treals and the second second

twelvemonth.

At the end of that time, however, she came out again into the world, and without mixing in its more uproarious gaieties, managed to lead a very comfortable and pleasant life.

very comfortable and pleasant life.

Of course, she had many opportunities of again changing her name, (what lady with untold wealth, would not?) but she declined to avail herself of any of the offers she received.

Such was Lady Joyce's history.

Fleanor entered the magnificent house in Park Lane by her side, and was at once shown to a comfortable room, handsomely furnished, which, she was told was henceforth to be hers; and there, while waiting for the dinner bell to ring, she seated herself in a luxurious easy chair and allowed her thoughts free course

Though her husband had treated her badly, she was forced to confess that her conduct was suspicious.

How could she ever hope to clear herself in At dinner Eleanor was perfectly astounded

by the quantity of plate displayed on the side-"Do you keep all that valuable property in

the house, Lady Joyce?" sheasked.
"Yes, child. Why not?"
"I should be so afraid of its being stolen." "Oh, no. The butler locks it up every night."

Then the conversation dropped, and the sublect was forgotten, but the words were to be subsequently recalled as proofs of crime against the unfortunate Eleanor Jerrold.

(To be continued.)

AT EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leadless tree. The rod sun sets in the west: I think that like two brown birds are we. Left last in the empty nest.

All the young ones are afar and away, Each sings with his chosen mate: Twilight is closing our lightstome day. Though the crimson dust lasts late.

Tis a trembling step comes down the path You could east so lightly tread: Changed is our thought of the grave old earth That is keeping in trust our dead.

Oh, comely face, that I knew so fair ! Soft cheeks, that I knew so har resoft cheeks, that are sunken now. I love the gray in your faded hair.

The lines on your thoughtful brow.

The past grows a book to understand. The future has gifts to bring,
As I sit by the fire and hold your hand,
And finger the worn gold ring.

My own true wife, who is dearer now For all that the years resign— For the timid love, for the spoken vow. For the home that was yours and mine;

For hopes we shared, and for tears we shed. For comfort in days o'oreast; For the trust that we hold to meet our dead When the shades of life are past.

Griefs that are over left us a gift, They lit as a lamp of light; Soon shall God's sunshine clear through the lift. And there shall be no more night.

Close to my side, doar wife that I love, With your thin band fast in mine; So will we wait for the light above, Till the morning star shall shine.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS

CHAPTER XXXV.

Did Lord Cranstoun cease to think of Ern-The part of Regent Street where he had last could turn her from her purpose.

She knew by the love she herselffelt,—which fingers seen her had to him become sacred ground,

He bethought him of a book he wanted-It was given him by a clerk and while he took money from his purse to pay for it, the master of the shop shewed him some drawings he was sending away.
"Are they not beautifully done?"

Lord Cranstoun's heart beat high, he knew the design, a Calie lily and scarlet geranium, with its green and brown leaf, the free sketch, the touch, he could not be mistaken.

"Where did you get that drawing?" As he asked the question he put his card on the counter.
The bookseller lifted the card and read,

Lord Cranstonn. "It was painted for me by young lady who gives me all her work." " Does she live in London?"

"No, not now."

"Do you know her name?"

"Yes, my Lord, Miss Furgularson," The name fell like death upon his heart; he looked on the drawing again; impossible, he could not be mistaken. "Have you any others done by the same artist ?"

A bunch of purple lilacs with golden laburnums, the back ground an old wall, was put into his hands, it was his own design! " Are these for sale?"

"No, my Lord, when the artist is known I can get any price I please to ask for these, I sold several by the same artist, I am sorry now that I have done so." "I wish to have all you have got, I will give

any price you please to ask."
"Where shall I send them my Lord, to Baysvater ?" "Yes, will you give me the address of the

artist ?" The man demurred saying he did not know if the young lady would like him to do so, she evidently belonged to the upper class of society; he would offer any drawings he might receive from her in future to his Lordship before

shewing them to another.

"You mistake, it is not the drawings, it is the artist and her family I wish to find out; if on knighted on account of his services in I fam right and these drawings have been paint- a shadow on lip or brow-

ed by the one I believe them to be, she lives with a sister whose husband was for many years supposed to be dead; he returned home last spring, found his family had removed from their old home, and he has been unable to trace them since."

"The young lady lives in Eaton Sutton, my

Lord."

Thank you, good morning." Next morning a stranger arrived in Eaton Sutton by the mail coach.

61)0 you know a lady of the name of Far-quharson who lives here?" said he to the landlord of the Star and Garter, where the mail

stopped. "Yes, a widow lady with a son and daughter?"

"No, those I seek are two sisters." "There are no such people in Eaton Sutton, I know every one in the village. Miss Farquharson the daughter is often here, about every month she sends a parcel to London, and she often receives parcels; look there, the lady with the little boy is Mrs. Farquharson, and the boy is her son."

Lord Cranstoun felt sick at heart,

"Wont you have breakfast, sir?

He drank a cup of tea, but the disappointment was too great, it made him feel as if he would never desire to cut ugain." "I will go and see the young lady at all events," soliloquized he, "it will do no harm to tell her I admire her drawings, perhaps it may do good, I shall tell her what I paid for

those I bought yesterday."

He walked to the door, "Will you direct me

to Mrs. Farquh rson's house?" "Yes, sir, straight down the street, a large white cottage with a garden in front and holly hedge; it is the only one in the street

with a holly hedge." The cottage was soon found with its white painted walls, its green holly hedge gay with scarlet berries, the calm morning sunshine ly-

ing over all. The cottage door was open, Margaret had left it so when she came in after seeing her sister and Willie go down the street half an hour ago, the air was so sweet she thought it a

pity to shut it out. Lord Cranstoun tapped, no answer; he tapped again a second time no answer; he stepped into the little hall and tapped at the room door, this time gently, no answer again,—he pushed less until they met and formed a con the door very slightly, it opened;—within ten circle, the whole blazing in the cottage feet of where he stood sat his lost love bending reflecting shining green leaf and scarlet and they have no the wall over a table easel, her back towards him, her face reflected in a mirror placed between windows; a hand was placed on her shoulder.

Margaret, dear Margaret!" The touch on her shoulder, the voice that called her by her name, recalled Margaret from a day dream of youth and home, and Ernest De Vere,—she could scarce believe her sense of feeling or hearing—could it be—yes, he was there, beside her—touching her cheek, her hands clasped in both of his—he was talking so clearly, yet so fast telling her that this was the moment he had thought of every day for the last ten years, it was for this, to be near her, to be able once again to ask her to be his wife that he had borne cheerfully all the long ten years of exile; it was this that nerved his arm in the battle-field, that gave him patience in the forced marches over the parched sand under a burning sun; this that instilled new vigor and courage to press through the Indian Jungle, where on every side he was beset by fear of the lurking rebol Sepoy or savage animal; the life of search and wandering he had spent since his return home, since the day when the vision of beauty seen for a passing moment met his glid eyes in her upturn d face; and now he had come to claim her as his

Margaret, poor Margaret; it was very sweet for her starved heart to hear all this, and to know that she had never been forgotten for a single hour; how gladly would she have died enfolded thus listening to all those precious words, ere the heart pains came which must come; the bitter wind and sleet which she herself must bring down to kill all her red roses; how handsome he looked in his manhood, and how strong and good and true each word he how strong and good and true each word he spoke; she must tell him all, nought else would avail, but only this, confirmed by the reassur-ance that no Angel's promise of the longest, most blessed, most loving life earth ever saw,

tempted before She well remembered what she felt when they parted in Lord Thrarnhill's conservatory; how hard it had been then, when she had never experienced the hopeless longing, the hungry heart which the more she wished to still it, craved with restless beating for what must not be; and now that she had passed through all this—she must rise out of in atmosphere filled with sweetness and perfume, her feet pressing the fresh primrose and the rose-tipped daisies, overhead the balm trees of Gilend, and of her own will wrap around her a gray misty shroud, and lie down in a

cold, dark rocky grave. She released her hands from the foud clasp which held them, and taking from her pocket book the newspaper paragraph, which for the past five years she had kept there, said with a

clear firm voice. "What you wish is impossible. I bear a name which would bring contempt and disgrace upon yours; I love you as I always done, but it is impossible I should ever be your bride; were I weak or wicked enough to consent to bring disgrace on your young life, there is no punishment which our Great Father permits the evil

One to inflict, which would be too bad for me." she stopped, and placing the newspaper paragraph in his hand, waited with clasped hands and hopoless heart to watch the effect

its perusal would produce. Nothing could alter her resolution, it was fixed as the laws of the Meds and Persians she could never be Ernest De Vere's wife but she fancied that while he read that fatal paper she could see in his face the feelings with which he would think of her when the course of their lives were parted; his, to ascend the sunny flower-clad uplands, the pine crown ed mountains towards the setting sun. Hers

in silence and shadow to run down to the sea He glanced at the first words ; no change, not

"I have seen this before," said he, "I read it ten years ago; then I considered it the d of some one who wished to mortify Sir Richard Cuninghame, I knew he was most unpopular, in short that he was a bad and consequently a hated man, but the story was so evidently and atrociously false, that it was not likely to have even that effect; I do not know that I ever thought of it again, until several years after I was in India, when one of my senior officers, a man considerably older than myself, who had been an old school and college chum of your father's told me of the death in life which Sir Richard Cuninghame made your father suffer: your father whom he would have fain made

the world believe to be his own son." While he was speaking, he had walked to the fire-place and deliberately put the piece of newspaper in the centre of a clear fire burning in the grate: he now returned to his seat and placed himself so as to look in Margaret's pale face as he continued

"I then remembered the story of Sir Richard's captivity, and came to the conclusion that as far as keeping him from leading the besotted wicked life he formerly did, the story was true; nothing would have been mornatural than that a boy of eighteen (the age your father counted when Sir Richard disappeared from his servants, no one else thought of him) yielding to an accident which placed a brutal father in his power, should shut a door on him; which once shut no matter what desire he had to again set the old villain free, he had voluntarily deprived himself of the power to open. Sir Richard Cuninghame is dead, the day previous his death he confessed to having stolen your father in his infancy. Your father was Sir William Hamilton's son; you are Lady

Hamilton's grandchild," "Now for the third time, Margaret Hamilton, will you be my bride? I leave my fate in the hands of your grandmother without whose gives her consent you will wear this in life and death, if not, you will throw it in yonder fire: it was made for you and another shall never

wear it." As he spoke he placed on Margaret's tinger a circlet of diamonds bought in India for her years before, worth thousands of pounds, the largest center gem being of the size and shape of a French bean, the others becoming gradually less until they met and formed a completreflecting shining green leaf and scarlet berry as they hung on the wall.

The revulsion from a tainted name to one of the highest and proudest in Scotland, in whose veins flowed the blood of Kings; from a lonely uncared-for toiling life, to one hedged in by a mother's care; possessing and having a right to receive the deep fond love of the one whosimage had filled her heart in all those long years of absence, one whose name was part of the great history of the land; all this was too much for Margaret, her heart beat in great wild throbs beneath each shock of which her frame-trembled, her cyclids closed on her marble check and blessed tears came through the dark eyelashes and fell down like rain.

How long Lord Cranstonn and Margaret Hamilton sat there or what they said the chronicle telleth not, but full two hours after a light tap came to the room door, immediately the door opened as of itself and Adam entered holding in his hand a bunch of juniper with its purple and green berries surrounded by red and pink heather which the unusual mildness of the season had spared in blossom as fresh as if the month had been October instead of Janu-

ary.

"My service to you, Miss Margaret, my service to you Master De Vere," said Adam as he will be a service of and presented approached to where they sat, and presented his offering gathered on the Haddon brace before he started on his harried message, which he was now aware was a useless one "I gathered these flowers on the brace about

the Castle an keepit them fresh weel rolled up

in wet moss; I kent ye would like these, Miss Margaret, they're frac the place ye used to swing on in between the rowan trees,"

"Yes, I do like them because they were pulled there, and a thousand times better because you pulled them, Adam; why did you come home so soon? you look so well I see you have enjoyed yourself; are your sister and her children all well?" said Margaret, as she placed her white hand in Adam's brown hard

told her she could sacrifice all for him—that her love they're all well and doing well, and I'm going There was the very door step she stood on, in comparison to his, with his strong manhood back again to bide a month when I can; but Stair, and nonsonse, my dear, I never listen he had marked it well, a silk mercer's shop on buts. I'm not mad, though my kind friends one side, on the other a bookseller s. have laid down this sternduty, dashed it in the the coach, him and Lady Hamilton, and they're sea and let the waves cover it; buried it deep, waiting at the Star and Garter for me to come sea and let the waves cover it; buried it deep, deep in frozen Greenland with the snows of a and tell you for fear it will startle the Mistress thousand years above it; she had never been so | too much; there's a heap o' mair news 'at ye'll get when they come and they're no to come till I go for them and Miss Margaret, Sir Robert was na Sir Robert after all, but Lady Hamilt n's son 'at she lost, and his name is Sir William Hamilton, and her Ladyship put him into a gran new collin an his ain name on a silver plate, I dinna ken what made me 'at I did na find it all out long ago; he was na one bit like the crafty Cuninghames no more than the Mistress and you are, an ye'er no Cuninghames more than him; do ye mind when I used to say that the Mistress was liker Lady Hamilton than anyone else I ever saw? and she was like her father and her grandfather too when she was frightened, and that was often enough after Sir Richard came home."

While the old man spoke Lady Hamilton entered, and in a moment was clasped in Mar-

Close behind her Ladyship came Agnes leaning on her husband's arm, while Willie bounded in exclaiming:

" Atty dear, Mamma and I have found Papa !"

When the sweet Summer time came round again, the re were great doings at old Inchdrewer preparing for the marriage of Lady Hamilton's grand-daughter with Lord Cranstoun; such a fine trousseau had never been seen by the county ladies who came to see and admire; silk and lace from France, fine linen from Ireland, gold and jewels from London.

flower of all; and to please his old friend Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Wellington came to Scotland to give away the bride. The circle of diamonds Lord Cranstoup

The bride the brightest jewel, the fairest

brought from India and put on Margaret Hamilton's finger, Lady Cranstoun never took

THE END.





