It was in vain that I protested, and told nem that my business was still on its old foot-

ing.

"Business is business," was the common answer. "Of course you did not take young Flukes into partnership for nothing; and of course we do not expect you to tell us how much he

From whatever cause it arose, I soon perceived that my position on the Corn Exchange was very different from what it had been. I was regarded there as a person of no ordinary importance, and considerable surprise was expressed that my dealings were conducted on the same scale as formerly. as formerly.

My wife became rather unwell; and, trade My wife became rather unwell; and, trade not being very brisk at the time, I accompanied her on a visit to her father, who lives at a quiet place in Yorkshire. I only intended to be away from London for a few lays, and I told my senior clerk that he could leave for his holidays on the day I expected to return. I stayed longer than this, however; and, as I had an order becoming due, I wrote—there were no pat-office telegrams in those days—to Bob, telling him to buy at once 1,000 qrs. of wheat. It is impossible that he can make any mistake about that, I thought.

I stayed in Yorkshire another week, as my

Tatayed in Yorkshire another week, as my wife had become seriously ill; but, on her reovering a little, I left for London to look after

my business.
On my way to my office, I met a corn mer

othent.

"Flukes is making himself manifest at last,"

"How?" I said, not having the slightest idea

of what he meant.
"Why, buying up all the wheat in the market,

I knew something must be wrong and did not stay to question, but rushed for my office. Bob came to me smiling.
"I haven't got it all bought yet," he said.
"I'm told there is not so much in the market. I've done pretty well, however, for I've got more than half of it."

Half of what?" I said, and I trembled for

his answer.

"Why, the million quarters," he replied.

I sank down on a chair, speechless. I soon learned the extent of my misfortune. Bob from his deficient knowledge of reading and arithmetic, had thought that the I,000 qrs. in my letter was a million; and had, during the last ix days, gone about buying up all the wheat in the market. The wheat was falling every day, and was not expected to rise for months, to that I should be irretrayably mined. I got

day, and was not expected to rise for months, so that I should be irretrievably ruined. I got my letter from him, and went to his father.

"Do you remember the last words I said to you about Bob, when I spoke to you about taking him?" he asked.

Of course, I made no reply to this question.

"The thing is as clear as a full moon," he said, looking at my letter. "Bob has taken the qrs. in your letter for three o's; and, from your bad writing and his bad reading, I cannot understand how you could ever have expected anything else to take place."

"Can you do nothing for me?" I asked.

how you could ever have expected anything else to take place."

"Can you do nothing for me?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "After the caution I gave you about my ton, I am not in the least responsible for him. My advice is that you hand over your affairs to your solicitor."

I went and saw my solicitor, and told him I was insolvent, and that he was to look after my affairs, and send for me when I was wanted; and then I left for Yorkshire. I was in a fearful state of depression and did not even dare to tell my wife, who was now slowly recovering. I looked at no newspapers, for fear I should read there an account of my disaster. In about a week I had a letter from my senior clerk, who had returned, saying that I was to come to London at once. I went, on arriving, directly to my office, but with very different feelings from any I ever before had in going there. I had all the solution of the soluti

rket?" he asked. I have not seen a paper for a week," I

Prospect of failure of crops in America

"Prospect of failure of crops in America! Wheat up five shillings and rising every day!" he shouted.

I could scarcely believe my good fortune.

"We must sell immediately," I said.

"I think," he said, "when you have heard how things are going that you'll wait."

But I did not wait; and before many days had passed, on every one of which the market was rising, I had sold every quarter that Bob had bought. I cleared upwards of a hundred thousand pounds by the transaction, and retired from business the next week. There was one man who was, I believe, more pleased about this strange speculation than myself, and that was Flukes. Bob was reinstated in his father's office. It was at the time that the famous firm of Flukes and Co. became Flukes and Son. I

office. It was at the time that the famous firm of Flukes and Co. became Flukes and Son. I was dining with some business men shortly afterwards at his house. At dinner Bob said some very amusing but silly thing.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Flukes. "Bob's fond of a joke, gentlemen. He has made more money already than his father did when he was ten years older," and he winked in my direction, and stroked his chin with a self-satisfied air," he did not make it for himself, like me."

"I may yet, though, father," said Bob.

"Yes, you may," said Flukes; "for believe me, gentlemen, a talent for speculation runs in our family."

## THE STEPFATHER.

"Sixteen years old to-day

I looked in the glass, half wondering if the tall, fair reflection were really Madeline Mar.

tall, fair reflection were really Madeline Mar.
I had bloosomed out, as it were, all of a sudden.
At fifteen I was freekled and awkward, with hands and feet too large for anything but to be perpetually in my way.
I was like a young robin, all eyes.
I contrived, through some evil fate, always to say the wrong thing in the wrong place—trod, metaphorically speaking, on everybody's corns, and found favor in the eyes of ne one but my incle Clarence

uncle Clarence.
Uncle Clarence was the only brother of my dead father—my guardian, and my sole friend in the great, desolate Sahara of Miss Pinchall's Seminary for Young Ladies.
When I broke the plate glass casement of the reception room window, and Miss Pinchall vaguely threatened to stop the price thereof out of the meagre allowance of pocket money mamma could afford to give me, I had only to write to Uncle Clarence and receive back a welcome bank note.
When I was threatened with having to speak a piece" in French, at the quarterly examination, uncle interfered in my behalf.
"I won't have little Maddy teased," said he.
"And if this speaking business is essential,

"And if this speaking business is essential, why, we must try to find some establishment where they don't make quite such a point of it."

Which vague threat brought Miss Pinchall to her senses at once.

Uncle Clarence was tall and pale and languid with large shady eyes, a moustache like floss silk, and more money than he knew what to do

with.

For he was a banker, and bankers—
so Miss Pinchall said—were always ric

For he was a banker, and bankers—at least so Miss Pinchall said—were always rich. While poor papa had risked his all in a cargo of some foreign merchandise, that was lost, uninsured at sea, and mamma and I had to live on the slenderest of incomes.

I never could have been educated at so expensive a place as Miss Pinchall's, if uncle had not assumed the responsibility of my education.

And I hoped some day to become a gover-ness, and pay him for some of his many kind. " l declare." Laura Sands said, as she came

"I declare," Daths Salud salud, as all called into the room and found me at the glass, "Maddy Mar is really growing pretty."

And the mirror whispered the same flattering tale, as I stole a sly peep into the glittering

depths.

"A box, Maddy—and a letter," cried Laura.
"Don't I wish it was my birthday."
My cheeks flushed high with delight as I opened the box, to behold a set of glistening opened peåris !

or Madeline, on her sixteenth pirthdaywith Uncle Clarence's love," was written on the card that Overlay them. I kissed the card and I kissed the pearls.

The letter was from mamma.

I opened it with a glad throb of the heart; of my thoughts.

of my thoughts.

I threw it down, bursting into tears.

"My goodness gracious, Maddy, what's the matter?" cried Laura Sands, who still sat on

the floor, admiring my pearls.

"It's mamma," I sobbed, hiding my face among the sofa cushions.

"Is she ill, Maddy? Is she—dead?" and

"Is she ill, Maddy? Is she—dead?" and Laura's voice fell to a hushed accent of awe.
"No—no! I almost wish she was!" I cried out. "She has married again!"
"Married! Whom?"
"I don't know! I don't care! the letter does not say. I'll never speak to him! I'll never go home again! Ou, how could she!"

home again! On, how could she!"
"Don't be a goose, Maddy!" said my practical little schoolmate. "I'm sure it is natural enough. She isn't so much over thirty."
"She was thirty-five last birthday."
"What an old crone she must be!" said Laura, satirically. Never mind, Madeline,—probably she has married some rich old codger with lots of money, and you'll come in for some of it."

" Never," I said, with set lips.

"But vacation is coming—you must go somewhere."

where."

"I shall write to Uncle Clarence at once; I shall ask him—no. I will go myself. I must talk to some one, and receive sympathy from some loving heart, or I shall go crazy!"

It was not difficult to induce Miss Pinchall to allow me to have the school barouche, a creaking, jingling old compound of musty leather and decaying wood, to drive to the station, on my solemn assurance that I was going to Uncle

and decaying wood, to drive to the station, on my solemn assurance that I was going to Uncle Clarence's, and nowhere else.

"I can depend on your word, Madeline," said she, with austerity. "I cannot say the same of all my pupils."

"The Beeches," Uncle Clarence's country

an my pupits."
"The Beeches," Uncle Clarence's country
place, was attuated on a lovely little river, and
I reached there, dusty, and travel-worn, on the

evening of the same day.

The sunset light flashed back from the arched roofs of the conservatories, and tinte I the mar-ble statues on the lawn with the rosy glow of life, while the house itself, a graceful Italian villa, seemed to smile welcome on me as I ap-proached.

"How lovely it is !" I thought to myself.
"Oh, if I could only live here always. If Uncle
Clarence would marry, and amples with the could be compared to the country. Clarence would marry, and employ me to educate his children!"

A strange servant met me at the port ils.

"Is Mr. Mar in?" I asked, with dignity as

sumed for the occasion.

"I—I don't know whether he's got back yet.
the man answered. "I'll asked Mrs. Parry."

Mrs. Parry come a little flustered.

"Dear heart, miss," said she, "what sent you here just now?"

"Is Uncle Clarence at home?"

"Is Uncle Clarence at home?"

"He has just returned, miss."

"Returned? From where?"

"From his wedding tour, miss. But, oh, dear,
I wasn't to let you know until——"
I sat down on one of the satin divans, trembling and sick at heart.

Marrying and giving in marriage, that was the way of the world—and I was forgotten on every side, left out, as it were in the cold.

Never before, in all the brief sixteen years of my life, had I experienced such a sensation of loneliness and desolation.

Slowly I rose to my feet, and folded my fleecy

loneliness and desolation.
Slowly I rose to my feet, and folded my fleecy
Shetland shawl about my shoulders.
"I will go," said I.
"Not until you've seen the master, miss
dear," urged the old housekeeper.
"Why should I see him? He don't care for
me, now," I retorted hotly.
"Maddy, my darling."
It was Uncle Clarence's hand on my shoulder,
his gentle voice in my ear.
I turned around, forgetting all my dignity in
a shower of tears.

a shower of tears.

"Come," he said, quietly, drawing my arm through his. "You have not yet seen my wife."

His wife! I tried to withdraw my arm, but

"I don't want to see her." I sobbed. "I hate

But through my tears. I could just see a slight figure, all in bridal white, at the other end of the hall—a figure hurrying towards me with opens arms.

" Maddy!" " Mamma! mamma!" I oried, running bystorically into her arms, momentarily oblivious of the hated stepfather who was to be a barrier

between us.

"But where is Uncle Clarence's wife?"

"Here," said my uncle's quiet voice. "You are close to her crying on her shoulder at this minute. I have married your dear mamma, Maddy, and from this moment, The Beeches in

Maddy, and from this moment, The Beeches in your home."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" and the happy tears rained down my cheeks.

It was such a sensation of rest, and peace, and perfect repose after the doubts and fears that had racked my heart all day.

I had not lost my darling mother, but I had gained Uncle Clarence all to myself for ever.

I am going back to school next term, and then I am coming home—home to The Beeches—for good and all; for Uncle Clarence won't hear of the governess scheme.

He says he has only one daughter, and he can't afford to lose her.

### OUR PUZZLER.

78. SHORT CHARADES.

I.

My primal is upright, my final is cold; My total, equity; its name unfold.

II.

My first is worn upon the head, my second is a

town;
And both combined together give a title of renown.

My first will give a lump, my second is a measure; whole a butchery; pray find it at your lei-

IV.

My first a very ancient boat, my second is not high; And when you have the two combined, an Irish

79. TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. Company, a useful article, a witch, and two-thirds of s fowi; 2. A female and a vowel; 3. A river in England and a prison (transposed); 4. A boy's name, a London theatre, and a vowel; 5. A color and a Scotch church; 6. A boy's name and a company; 7. A brook (transposed) and a female goat; 8. A kind of meat and an insect (transposed); 9. A tatter, you and me, and a vowel; 10. A consonant, a river in France, and a vowel; 11. Strife and ire; 12. A tree and a Scotch county (transposed).

### 80. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

Grant and 102; abe, 1,000; a ton, 512 O; nafter, 2,001; eft, 152; be nearer, 2,100 r; be, 50; you; allure, 150; any hut, 1,001; a neat sue, 250; eat u, 51; lea, 1,100; reap, eat, 5 O; serpent and 102.

serpent and 102.

If you read the initials and finals down, you will find the name of an English poet, and some metrical stories which he wrote.

### 81. SHORT CHARADES.

My first I shall be if a prize I can win And really I think that 'twill be no sin;

My next is a lake in Scotia's fair land : My total for joy does invariably stand.

My first will gave a color, my next a riddler's

name; My whole will show a flower; now, reader, find the same.

#### 82. ANAGRAMS.

1. Quite a formal son; 2. Rose up on chief isles; 3. On he fought, killed ten; 4. O, then, stir real logic; 5. Go near, he stamps letter; 6. Girl, the war is real; 7. He brought in light, brother Jonah; 8. A diviner sky at noon; 9. Can Robert Strong, or I, be heir?

#### 83. CHARADES.

A measure put down, the primal to name, And place in the rear a musician of fame; These two please unite, and then you will

Together, a town far over the sea.

II.

My primal is a foreign town, my second is the My total often causes war, and has an evil

III.

My first and second, when combined will always stand alone;

My third is ever to be found in country or in

A pleasant drink in summer weather, The trio name, when put together.

### 84. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

A sap and 1,050; Por, 1,051; reloop, 56; A x 5 A (a); 50, fee, g; Esther, 151; her bay, 1,001; pup, 150; A 1, go; a sap, 150; eyen, 1,000; on a fort, 1,101; for abe, 1,101; tors, 1,000; 5 and

The initials and finals name two fishes found in the

#### 85. CHARADE.

The moon in my second, now silently rising, Illumines my first by the beautiful sea; So peaceful the seene, it is almost surprising That only in war can my first useful be.

Too often my second would tempt me to stroll Round my first, from the cottage where I spent my whole.

AN OLD BOMBSHELL .-- Some twenty years an old homshell.—some twenty years ago a relic of the old French War was picked up at Lake George, which spoke loudly for itself, and told emphatically what it was made for. This was a bombshell, which was found in the lake, near the shore, under Fort William Henry, and which was in all probability discharged at the fort at the time that the Marquis de Montalm bettered it in 1758. The shell must there the fort at the time that the Marquis de Montcalm besieged it in 1758. The shell must therefore, have lain at the bottom of the lake about
eighty years. Those who found it, undertook
the fool-hardy experiment of testing its efficiency, and applied a fuse to it. To their astonishment, it exploded, and a piece of it passed
through the side of the Lake House (which is of
wood), and lodged in an attic chamber. Mr.
Sherrill, the proprietor of the house at that
time, deposited this piece of shell, together with
an account of the transaction, in the cabinet of
the Brooklyn Lyceum, where both may be seen.
The composition of this shell was found to be
different from those now in use—the iron being
mixed with some brittle and earthy material.
That which makes this case the more remarkable, is the fact of the length of time which it
has lain under water. has lain under water.

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