

THE HEARTHSTONE.

The next room, which had so weird and unearthly a sound, that the words combatants involuntarily paused, and perfect silence reigned.

I soon managed to rid myself of his company, and endeavored to find my way to the station; but as I was totally unacquainted with the neighborhood, I could not doubt have been forced to pass the night in the open fields, had not fortune thrown a stray pedestrian in my way.

On arriving home my position was very little improved, for I was locked out of my own house at two o'clock in the morning. Itching I knew would be of no use; so, after trying every other means, I conceived the brilliant idea of letting myself down through the ead hole and thence try to work my way up stairs.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII.

MADGE'S CONFESSION.

THE news which had been conveyed to her in her sister's letter had a great effect on Madge Pierpont. It placed the relationship of Rose and Gerald entirely in a different relation before her.

Gardens; Gerald was determined to push his way through the world, taking Rose with him as his companion and his safeguard; that seemed to be his one hold on life.

And this determination was not arrived at without a full appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted, the self-sacrifices to be made, Madge knew she could not broach the subject to Sir Geoffrey without representing herself in what was, at least, an unenviable light.

Madge was unable to carry her proposed scheme into execution as speedily as she could have wished. The mental excitement involved in his dealings with Messrs. DeLobelle and Vane, and the subsequent examination of their documents and schemes seemed to have been a little too much for him.

Madge stopped reading, and recalled to himself the abrupt cessation, Sir Geoffrey made a hasty endeavor to recover his composure.

Madge stopped reading, and recalled to himself the abrupt cessation, Sir Geoffrey made a hasty endeavor to recover his composure.

"No," she replied, "I did not quite know whether it was agreeable to you."

"I don't know that I am actually ailing at the present moment," said the general, quietly, "but I have had a sort of presentiment that I shall not live very long."

and a manly manner throughout, and instead of being ashamed, you ought to be proud of him!"

"I have thought so more than once within the last few days, Mrs. Pickering," said Sir Geoffrey, quietly. "I do not mind making this confession."

"I confess I have not an idea," said Madge, looking towards her. "I was an actress in the West-end Theatre, in the same theatre where your son was a scene painter."

"You are already married, and he did not know it?"

"I did not say so," said Madge. "I did not know that I was married, and he did not know it."

"I do not know that I am actually ailing at the present moment," said the general, quietly, "but I have had a sort of presentiment that I shall not live very long."

"I do not know that I am actually ailing at the present moment," said the general, quietly, "but I have had a sort of presentiment that I shall not live very long."

"I do not know that I am actually ailing at the present moment," said the general, quietly, "but I have had a sort of presentiment that I shall not live very long."

"I do not know that I am actually ailing at the present moment," said the general, quietly, "but I have had a sort of presentiment that I shall not live very long."

general, "only recollect what is now the one desire of my life." And he sunk back in his chair and sighed wearily.

Madge had no idea that within a few days he could have become so feeble and so prostrate.

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

(For the Hearstons.) THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS, IN PROSE AND VERSE. BY REV. H. F. DARNELL. PAPER IV.—"THE GOOD OLD TIMES." (From an octogenarian in London to a contemporary in York.)

You often shake your head, old friend,—"Ah! for the good old times!" Forgive me if I answer you—"What dear-drawn sighs in rhymes; If, while I'm in the way of the good old times, we're now bereft, I'm full of hope and thankfulness As to that which yet is left."

You mourn as one with three good days Both civility and grace; The courtly, high-bred courtesy; The knowledge of one's place; The kindly hospitality; That crowned the heart and home; The sweet domestic ease at board; The calm content abroad.

You mourn that a respect for age And many things we prize, Finds all too little favour now In these young people's eyes; That the bump of veneration is Most visibly depressed; Valerius more prominent, More openly confessed;

That "feminines" are "monsters" yet In this mad generation; That men no longer, they present The same old-fashioned power; A strange amalgamation; They hunt, they fish, they shoot, they ride, They swim, they sail, and go to college, and go to college, and preach.

Yes, the debtor side is heavy, friend, Yet these are the old days, Nor must we fail to notice it, To make our reck'ning true; And pardon me if I maintain, When the account is balanced fair, You'll find the settlement is but A trifle here or there.

If civility was then in vogue, The dross was not extinct; A man of breeding never knew The day he might be punk; Then, I prithee, but beauty's "hand" we kissed, But more could be desired; When patient, paint, and powder hid The bloom upon her cheek?

As to our wives and children dear, Come now, old friend, admit, Didn't we hold the curb-rein once Too tight, a little bit; But Time's the wisest lord, wisely too, To the present no disgrace; If here and there some high-bred colt Gets a leg above the trace.

We cannot press in every case—"The old wine is the best!" For there are wines that sour with age, But Time's the truest test; If years but serve to ripen us, And make our vintage known, No fear but these youngsters yet We'll bravely hold our own.

And as for hospitality, A cheerful, happy home, These seem to me to comfort man Where'er I've chanced to roam; These are not limited by race, By circumstance or time, For kindly hearts can shed a glow On any age or clime.

As for content, it strikes me, friend, Mankind should rise together; One class need not expect to get For you all the fine weather; And when one dog gets fish to eat, I think you'll freely own, The most good-natured cur will bark If he gets nought but bone.

But has the present age, old friend, No blessings of its own, That give to life a dearer charm— To thought a higher tone? In art and manufactures, In travel and in trade, Just think, since you and I were born, The stride the world has made.

When I was young I visited Your hour old town a space; I took the old "High-flyer," coach— We came at break-neck pace; Three days and nights it took us, (But little rest between), Before by your expert eyes The Minister tower was seen.

A week or two ago, old friend, I sent the self-same gait; I rose half-after-seven, I knuckled off at eight; I took the train at ten o'clock, Reached York exact at four, And before I dined with you old friend, Had an hour to spare or more.

In the "good old times" if I had written To tell you I would come, I must have sent at least a week Before I left my home; The chances then were ten to one The letter went astray; For coaches often came to grief, And foot-paths through the way.

But now, I simply telegraphed, "I dine with you at six!" And there we were, old cronies, As cozy as two sticks, No loudly heated sides, No loudly heated sides; No earlier age could give a more Appreciative guest.

We must not think the age that's past Monopolized the good; Or that the youngsters of to-day Are other flesh and blood; For British pluck is still confided By all on land or sea, And honestly will not take flight, Old friends, with you and me.

Windan and Polly, Right and Wrong, Will not maintain the strife; And Vice and Virtue yet contend In every true man's life; But the issue is not doubtful, friend, The victory is secure; The false and ill must perish, friend, The true and good endure.

The world must move along, old friend, As it has done of yore; And onward still it upward, For the goal is yet before; We may not stay its progress, Old friends, one single day, Not youth, and age, and manhood May spend it on its way.

PARSON'S PUNATIVE PILLS—Best family physic; Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders, for Lancers.

(To be continued.)