

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THEN, AS NOW.

BY NATHAN D. CENNER.

Then, as now, the woodlands were reddening. As the blast of Autumn blew; Then, as now, the chestnuts were dropping, And rustling the dead leaves through.

There over the stubbles still swiftly The partridge goes skurrying free, And, as then, I hear from the pine grove A woodpecker pounding a tree.

There hawke the shallow streamlet Below the murmuring mill, Where we waded in the middle, and listened, As our thirty steel stood still.

For circumstance drew the barrier Of varying fortunes and ends, And over the gulf was widening That parted our friends.

For there, with her lord, she queens it With a regal grace, they say, I think she smiled as she sets, To cheat the life away.

MARJORIE.

BY MARGARET DOUGLASS.

We three, Marjorie, Hugh and I, were seated that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the cozy nook of our little country home. I was knitting, and Hugh, my son, was seated near me, covertly watching the girlish figure standing near the window.

Another and another frantic effort, but in vain: he only turned his head, muttering the word "Marjorie." Never before or after did Marjorie suffer as she did then, and in after-years it was never forgotten.

"Who?" he questioned, in amazement, forgetting in his wonder at her words that she had never spoken before.

"You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to travel at night." Laughing carelessly he answered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this afternoon."

After tea Marjorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased.

Her slippers fell, and she was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house.

illuminaries were arranged, the place of rendezvous fixed upon, and then the men parted, one saying, "Oh Marjorie! 'Ugh Chatterton' will be in eternity at noon sharp."

As the last thud of their footsteps died away, Marjorie mechanically consulted her watch by a pale moon-beam that had struggled through the clouds.

The sky was like ink; now and then a pale moon-beam would force its way out, and vanish the next instant as if frightened at its temerity; the wind was driving furiously, carrying with it eddies of snow-flake, which it flung, with stinging force, against Marjorie's white cheeks and uncovered head.

Trying the door with a trembling hand, she found it unlocked; opening it gently she looked in, and there, in the glare of the lamp, lay Hugh, fast asleep, dressed even to his overcoat, which he had not flung aside on entering.

Another and another frantic effort, but in vain: he only turned his head, muttering the word "Marjorie." Never before or after did Marjorie suffer as she did then, and in after-years it was never forgotten.

"Who?" he questioned, in amazement, forgetting in his wonder at her words that she had never spoken before.

"You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to travel at night." Laughing carelessly he answered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this afternoon."

After tea Marjorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased.

Her slippers fell, and she was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house.

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the sofa, but exquisitely beautiful. It was the first time she had come down-stairs since she had been carried up that winter night by Hugh.

they were so pale the next instant that I thought it must have been the sunset glow that tinged them. Presently the door opened, and in walked Hugh; coming straight to the couch where Marjorie was reclining, he bent down and took her hand, saying:

"Miss Hathaway, you have not let me see you before to thank you for the life you saved by your bravery."

"Overheard the plot, and there was nothing to do but to go. It was my duty," she answered coldly, withdrawing her hand.

"Thank you, I need nothing. I would not trespass on your time," the girl replied with her old hauteur. Bowing coldly he moved away, and a few minutes after Marjorie was carried up-stairs.

Marjorie moved very slowly, and was still so weak four weeks after their first meeting that she was carried down-stairs. That afternoon there was no one in the house besides herself except Jane.

Surprised at the tone and her ready acceptance of his offering, for he had expected to be repulsed, and his frown severely noticed, he made no reply. Burying her face in them, she remained silent, with bowed head until he said: "You are very kind."

His eyes were fixed on her face, and impelled by some subtle influence, hers rose to meet his with a look he had never before seen in them.

"Who?" he questioned, in amazement, forgetting in his wonder at her words that she had never spoken before.

"You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to travel at night." Laughing carelessly he answered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this afternoon."

After tea Marjorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased.

Her slippers fell, and she was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house.

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the sofa, but exquisitely beautiful. It was the first time she had come down-stairs since she had been carried up that winter night by Hugh.

Huriett Coutts. The originator of the fortune was Thomas Coutts, a banker of the last century. When a young man Coutts formed a somewhat romantic marriage with a servant girl, named Susan Starke, by whom he had three children, all daughters.

In 1815, Coutts lost his first wife, and very shortly thereafter he married Harriet Mellon, an actress of celebrity, to whom he had been for a long time partial, and upon whom he had settled a hundred thousand pounds sterling while his first wife had been living.

Marjorie moved very slowly, and was still so weak four weeks after their first meeting that she was carried down-stairs. That afternoon there was no one in the house besides herself except Jane.

Surprised at the tone and her ready acceptance of his offering, for he had expected to be repulsed, and his frown severely noticed, he made no reply. Burying her face in them, she remained silent, with bowed head until he said: "You are very kind."

His eyes were fixed on her face, and impelled by some subtle influence, hers rose to meet his with a look he had never before seen in them.

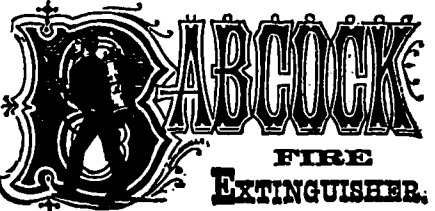
"Who?" he questioned, in amazement, forgetting in his wonder at her words that she had never spoken before.

"You can never ride thirteen miles before the dark comes on, and it is hardly prudent for you to travel at night." Laughing carelessly he answered, "Don't worry your precious head about me, mother, I'm only going two miles this afternoon."

After tea Marjorie and I talked a little with the help of the tablets. I think it was about a new novel, but soon the conversation flagged, then entirely ceased.

Her slippers fell, and she was under a cloud, so that if she had not known the grounds well she would never have reached the house.

She looked very pale and wan as she lay on the sofa, but exquisitely beautiful. It was the first time she had come down-stairs since she had been carried up that winter night by Hugh.



Absolutely the best protection against fire. Used by Railroads, Steamboats, Hotels, Factories, Asylums, Fire Departments, &c.

Send for "The Record," P. W. FARWELL, Secretary, 407 Broadway, New York.

POSTAL CARDS.

Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of this City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' Notices to Customers, &c.

LEGGO & Co. 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET and 1 Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal.

TELESCOPES.

The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, letters twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c. &c. &c.

MICROSCOPES. The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalcules in water, cells in paste &c. &c. &c.

CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE. Without Phosphorus no thought, any the Germans, and they might add, no action, since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous system.

A TALE OF TWO NEWSPAPERS. An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following bit of history.

WANTED—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Telegraph Operators. Send for those who study and receive a certificate of proficiency.

RARE CHANCE—All persons out of business or desirous of getting into a better paying one should send \$1.00 for full particulars, instructions and sample whereby they will be enabled to make from \$1000 to \$2000 per annum.

UNAN'S PULMONIC CANDY, invaluable for COUGHS, COLDS, &c. Retail, all drugists have it, 15 and 25 cents per package.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS. Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LIQUOR Labels is now very complete.

GRAT VARIETY BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, AND JAZZ. VERY MODERATE PRICE. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS.

LEGGO & CO., LITHOGRAPHERS & Co. 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET AND 1 Place d'Armes Hill, MONTREAL.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10. It is already used successfully in nearly 10,000 families. With it every garment in the household is completely made; also, hemming, tucking, gathering, embroidering, &c.

THE ENCHANTED FLOWER.—At word of command a beautiful flower appears in the button-hole of your coat, and will remain there as long as you please. Sent arrangements for 50 cents.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S Feet and other parts cleaned, dyed and bleached in the latest style and fashion at GEO. E. SIEGAL'S, successor to G. W. KETTLUM, 696 Craig Street.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs.

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE Co. 319 St. Antoine Street, P. O. Drawer 422, Montreal.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS. We can confidently recommend the BECKWITH MACHINE to our subscribers. Any one preferring to send us the cash, may do so, and will receive the Machine by Express.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by GEO. E. DESBARATS, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.