Choice Ziternture.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. Y. SKENK, AUTHOR OF "TRIED." "ONE LIFE ONLY," MTC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"I do wish so much Mary had not gone back to the hospital; I miss her every moment!"

The speaker was Valerie Brunet, who was seated on a stool by the side of Bert rand Lisle, as he reclined in an easy quair in her mother's house. Is was the second day after his joyful meeting with Mary

Trevelyan at the Salpetriero. When his first agutation and delight at when his lifet agitation and designs at her unexpected appearance had subsided, and she had briefly explained to him that she, whom he had believed to be sate in England, had passed the whole time of the seige in Paris, she at once proposed that he should leave the refuge, which was associated in his mind with so much suffer ing, and take up his abode at Madame Brunct's, where Mrs. Parry would, the hoped, soon be able to nurse him into health. The doctor entirely approved of this plan. He had felt for some time past that his patient was not like y to get unless he were roused out of the state of morbid melancholy into which he had fallen; and Bertrand caught at the idea most joyfully, and showed such feverish impatience to carry it out at ones, that it was at last arranged he should accom-

pany Mary home that same day. To bim it was like a return to life and home and happiness to find himself once more under the same roof with Mary Trevelyan; and as he lay that first night on the sols, resting from the latigue of the transit, and watched her gentle movements while she ministered to his comfort, the w¹ ole circumstance of his severance from her seemed like a bad dream, from which he had awakened to flud himself once more in the clear light of day. The discovery of Laura Wyndham's talsehood and treachery had produced in him a revulsion of feeling towards her which did not fall short of absolute loathing and contempt. He was a just and honourable man, and the selfish intrigues and systematic decent with which she had won her ends in his own case, completely revolted him. Her letter had suddenly revealed her character to him in its true light, as clearly as if he had been able to read into her soul; for although his fancy had been caught by her peculiar charm of manner and appearance, he would neither have felt or imagined that he felt, any thing like real love for her, had she not so thoroughly persuaded him of her own attachment and uncontrolled devotion to himself. The idea that she had abaudoned to him her whole heart, with such an unreserved surrender that she could not even try to hide it, drew out all the tenderness of his nature, and made him, half mamillingly return has an analyzament. attachment and uncontrolled devotion to half unwillingly, return her an answering affection. And now he saw the truth. Not only had she never loved him, and been basely falso in all her dealings with been basely fated in all her dealings with him, solely for her own selfish interests, but she was so incapable of a high and pure affection that she had not shrunk from entering into the most holy of bonds with a man of whose character and auto-adants she knew nothing annuly because cedents she knew nothing, simply because a marriage with him would gratify her

worldly ambition. When Bertrand Lisle after thinking over Laura Brant's letter again during his con valercence at the Salpetriere, thoroughly realised that she who had solemnly enregulated that and who had solemnly engaged herself to him, was already, even then, the wife of aucthor man, he was conscious, first of an intense thankfulness that he had been saved the misery of an alliance with such a woman, and next, of the clear conviction that, however completely Laura had deceived him into the conviction that she loved him, he had no less effectually deceived himself on the score of his supposed attachment to her; for the plain fact was that after the first indignant sense of wrong and betrayal which the knowledge of her faithlessness had produced—and which was sufficient in his weak state to overthrow the balance of his mind-had passed away, the truth dawned upon him that, so far from being distressed at her loss he was unmensely relieved to find himself suddenly freed from all entanglement with her. The spell of her false fascination had been broken; and he knew that his cuttralment had never been love, even when he believed her worthy of it. He shook himself free gnt of her now with a hearty good will, a strong sense of compassion for Mr. Brant, and a great deal of vexation with himself for having been so easily

Gradually as the weeks of his tedious recovery passed on in loneliness and weak ness, an inexpressible longing rose within him to see once more the sweet face that him to see once more the sweet lace that had awakened within him the first pure affection of his youth, to hear again the soft low voice that had never spoken to him save in words of truth and tenderness; and the love never wholly destroyed, even in the days of his greatest delusion, which he had always felt for Mary Trevelyau, revived with a force and intensity such as it had never known before; perhaps it took possession of him all the more powerfully now because it had so little hope left To austain it.

There was one respect in which the poi sonous influence of Laura's falsehoods still worked with baneful effect on Bertraud's mind; not only had she to some extent persuaded him that the peculiar quietness of Mary's manner was caused by her cold apathetic nature, but she had deeply imressed him with the fear that if ever Many consented to marry him, it would be from no affection to himself, but solely be from no affection to himself, but solely from the desire to carry out his father's

From the first moment when he saw her again at the Salpatriero he laboured her again at the Salpstriero he laboured anxiously to discover what her real feelings were towards himself; but as yot her extreme reserve had quite bafiled him. He spoke to her of Lurline's treachery and of his own thankfulness at having been awakened from his delusions respecting her in no measured terms on the first night of he-arrival at Madame Brunot's, but Mary had listened in silence, and when his vehement expressions of disgust at Laura's selfish-ness and deceit almost compelled her to speak, she simply said, gently, "Laura's conduct is quite incomprehensible to me."

He had little opportunity of speaking to her after that first evening, for so soon as it was settled that he was to take up his abode in Madamo Brunot's house, Mary Travelyan determined that she would not herselt remain in it. She had the greatest dread of his imagining, now that he was once more free, that she herself laid any claim to his affection, other in consequence of his father's wish, or from the fact of that unhappy avowal of her love to him which it was possible she might have known through Mr. Lisle; and it seemed to her best, both for herself and him, that she should quietly withdraw from his society, and leave him to the very efficient

care of Nurse Parry.
She had told Bertrand of John Pemberton's long search for him, which had been terminated by so glorious a death; but she gave him no hint that it had been undertaken at her request; and when on the following day she went back to the hospital as volunteer nurse she said not a word of her long absence from it, for which he was in fact responsible. Bert-rand concluded, therefore, that she was only resuming her ordinary course of lite which his arrival had interrupted for a single day; and so it was that Valerie's remark considerably surprised him.

"You cannot have learnt to miss her very much, when she has only been with you one day,' he said to the cuild in answer.

"One day!" said Valerie, looking up surprised; "I don't understand you Monsieur Lisle; Mary has been with us eight weeks ever since that terrible night when she went out to look for you in the snow.

Went out to look for me in the snow !" exclaimed Bertrand, starting from his pulows. "Onild, what do you mean? what are you talking about?" pulows.

"Don't you remember the night you were in the ambulance at the Church of the Trinity."

ı remember being there a great many

"I remember being there a great many nights, and a misorable time it was."
"Yes; but do you recollect that night when you ran away?" persisted the child.
"When I ian away!" repeated Bertrand, in utter surprise but unable to help laughing; "that is a strange accusation to bring against a soldier of France, Valerie. Who do you suppose I ran away from?" do you suppose I ran away from?"
"Why from Mary, to be sure."

Bertrand fell back on his cushions com-letely mystified. "You must be pleased pletely mystified. to explain yourself, Miss Valerie, for I don't understand a single word you are

saying."
"I think you are very stupid," said Valerie; "or perhaps being ill has put it out of your head. Well I will try and teach you. You know that my dear Mr. Pemberton found you in the church; do you

"Yes, that I do remember; and he told me there was a letter from England for me; I got it somehow—I cannot tell in what way—and when I had read it it made me bitterly angry, so that I believe I went into a violent rage—which no doubt you think was very wrong, little Valerie-and after that I remember nothing more till I found myself in the Salpetriere. seemed to be for a long time in the midst of all sorts of horrible dreams, and then I woke up and there I was among all the poor mad people. That is all I can re-member; now tell me what you know."

"I understand it all quite well," said Valerie, composedly. "Mr. Pemberton told Mary you were there, and she went to nurse you; then she left you to read your letter, and went to say her prayers for you in a corner, and when she came back to take care of you she found you gone away quite; then Pierron—"
"Who is Pierron?" interrupted Bert-

"Pierron is an extremely naughty boy whom I love very much, because he loved my dear Mr. Pemberton. He had been eating your cake and chocolate so he knew what had happened; and he told Mary that when you had read your letter you got very wild, and did not know what you were saying, and then you ran right away from her out of the church."

"And then what did Mary do?" said Bertrand eagerly.

"She did what nearly killed her," said Valerie gravely; "she went away out into the snow, to try to find you; and all night long she wandered about in the terrible cold and never found you, for the police people had taken you to the Salpetriere, though she did not know it. So then in the morning she came back to the church to see it you had returned, and she met Mr. Pemberton, and when he told her you were no. to be found, she fell down at his feet like a dead person; then he brought her home to us, and she was, oh! so ill for a long time after.'

Bertrand shaded his eyes with his band :

he was deeply moved.
"Surely this was love," he said to himself—"true devoted love!" Yet when he remembered how Mary had Mis. Parry had described to him, he thought with a heavy sigh, that she would not have done as much for any strenge perhaps have done as much for any strange soldier whom it had been her lot to tend.

CHAPTER XLIV.

For many minutes Bertrand pondered over the child's words before he spoke again. At last he looked up.
"Tell me more about Mary," he said to

Valerie—"everything you can think of."
"Well, she was ill a long time, and when she was feverish she used to call out your name, and cry bitterly—so that Nurse Parry said it broke her heart to hear her; and before she was nearly well again she began once more to look for you, because my dear Mr. Pemberton had been killed." Aud Valerie began to sob as she thought

of him. But Bertrand's impatience made him omewhat unfeeling. "I know about Mr. somewhat unfeeling. "I know about Mr. Pemberton, my dear child, and I am very sorry; but I want to hear how Mary looked for me. Are you sure it was me she wanted to find?"

"Of course it was ?" said Valerie looking surprised; "and she has been very unhappy

indeed about you ever since she has been Paris. We all saw she was dreadfully miserable, but we could not find out the reason, for Mary does not speak much you know; so then I got my poor Mr. Pemberton to ask her, and he found it was because she thought you were lying ill or wounded somewhere, with no one to take care of you, and she bezged him to look for you, he was a weak and could for you, because he was a man, and could go to places where he could not; and to please her he did, but he thought you were dead himself; only Mary said she was certain you were not, or she should have known it."

"How could she have known it," asked Bertrand.

"That I don't know," said Valerie; "sho seemed to think somethink in her own spirit would tell her. Mr. Pem berton tried hard to find you, but he never did till that dreadfut day when he was

-do not speak of him," said Bortrand, hastily, as Valerie's hips again began to quiver. "After that what did Mary do?"

"She went out every day, so weak and ill, to look for you; and in such horrible places too—in the Morgue, and the hospitals, and the Hall of the Dead at the Hotel Dieu. She used to come back half dead herrelf night after night.

"Oh, Valeriel is it possible?" said Bertand.

rand; and, brave soldier as he was, the child saw tears glistening in his eyes.

Yes; and now that she has found you I thought she was to be so happy, and always to be sitting beside you, looking at you, and taking care of you. Instead of that, the very first thing she does is to go right away from you, and go back to live at the hospital, when we are all so fond of her here; and I think it is very provoking of her.'

Bertrand was inclined to think so too. "But tell me, Valerie," he said, "do you think Mary has gone back to the hospital because I have come to live here.

"I am quite sure of it," said the child. "How do you know?" he asked.

"Because she said so. I went to her yesterday, and held ner tight, and said I would not let her go, and begged and prayed of her to stay; and I asked her what we had done that she should desert us, and she said she would never desert us, and should come and see us, but that now Mr. Lisle was come to live with us she could not possibly stay."

"It looks as if she did not like me very much, does it not Valerie?" said Bertrand. with an uneasy laugh, but watching the child's face keenly as he spoke.

"I think it does," said Valerie; "I used to think that she liked you dreadfully, more than any one else in the world; but, of course, since she told me she could not bear to stay in the house with you I have changed my mind."

Bertrand turned himself round in the chair, and buried his face in the cushions. Not another word did he speak that evening, good or bad, to any one. Valerie Brunot had certainly given him food for Valerie reflection. For many days to come the conversation filled all his heart and mind.

Little Valerie was perhaps not far wrong when she said she thought Mr. Lisle was very stupid; for although he kept his meditations to himself, so that neither she nor any one else knew the neither she nor any one else knew the course his thoughts were taking, he was making himselt very unhappy indeed under the impression that he had lost all chance of ever winning Mary Trevelyan to be his wife. It might have been expected that all he had heard of her auxiety respecting him and the devotion and utter dising him, and the devotion and utter dis-regard of self even to the jeopardy of her own life, with which she had sought him, would have sufficed to prove to him that he and none other had her own true love; but unfortunately he attributed this to her but untortunately he attributed this to her large-hearted charity, which he knew, atopped short of no self-denial when she could benefit her fellow creatures; while the fact that she had left Madame Brunot's house with the deliberate purpose of avoiding him appeared to him to point unmistakably to the conclusion that she wished to have nothing more to do with him. It did not surprise him that this should be the case, even if she was too truthful to have said she loved him formerly only to please his father; for since all this unhappy episode with Laura Wyndham had taken place, he felt so utterly humiliated at having ever imagined he could care for such a character as she had proved to be, that he could not wonder if it had wholly altered Mary's opinion of him, and caused her to feel for him only as much contempt and dislike as the gentleness of her nature would allow. He could not help being aware, too, that he had not acted fairly by Mary in turning from her to another woman, when he had most distinctly led thor to believe that he wished to win her to himselt. Knowing as he now did how thoroughly false Laura had been, he thought it more than likely, as such was indeed the case that she had indeed the case, that she had so misre-presented him to Mary as to cause her to set him free when they met in the garden at Chiverley, with that generous delicacy which he now remembered in shame and regret. But even if she had in part misregret. But even if she had in part mis-judged him then, his subsequent conduct must surely have alienated her from him altogether, for it seemed but too evident that the man who could be content to ally himself for life to one so false and frivolous as Laura Wyndham must be wholly unsuited to come in contact with the pure true nature of Mary Trevelyan.

These painful thoughts rendered poor Bertrand sufficiently despending Bertrand sufficiently desponding; but there still remained to him one ground of hope, on which he was resolved to found a course of ceaseless and untiring efforts to gain even yet the priceless gift of her affection. He felt perfectly certain that what-ever might be the present state of her feelings towards himself, at least she loved no one else, for he had been dear to her once. She had owned it to his father in those never forgotten words, and he was thoroughly convinced that her steadfast unchanging character was quite incapable of turning to any new affection, even if that to which her heart had first been that to which her heart had first been given had both betrayed and estranged her. He had the efore no dread of an earthly rival, but he did fear that, like John Pemberton, having proved the weakness and safe!

insufficiency of human love, she might resolve to give herself up wholly to that which, in its heavenly and eternal strength and purity alone could never fail her. If it were so Bertrand felt it would be but a just punishment for his folly and blindness in having yielded to Laura's faccinations. But at least he was most deeply determued that it should not be his own fault if Mary were now flually lost to him; he would make it the one object of his life at present, to draw back her pure heart to himself, and he would never consent to be separated from her any more in this world, unless her own fiat most absolutely forbade him to hope that she would ever tink her tato with his.

As the days wore on, and Bertrand's health rapidly improved under the lavourable influences which now surrounded him, he was thankful to find that no call of duty was likely to interfere as regarded Mary; for the terrible seige was already at an end, and the Prussians were preparing for their triumphal entry into Paris. There was no longer any call to fight for France, so far as the foreign foe was concerned; and when a few weeks later the appating reign of the Commune was brought to a close, after a dreadul and prolonged struggle, by the troops of satiles, Bertrand was only too thankini that his physical weakness was still too great to admit of his taking any part in a conflict which compelled the soldiers of France to fight one with another, and to shed the blood of those whose nationality made them brethren.

A duty of a very different description did seem to be before Bertrand Liele, but it was one in which Mary's assistance would be most valuable, if only he could induce her to share his responsibilities with him—he had promised his old uncle, the Comte de Lisle, when he left him after the night he spent at the chateau, that if he survived the war he would as soon as i was over, return to the old home of his torefathers, and take up his abode there, in anticipation of its passing altogether into his possession on the old man's death. Fain would Armand have kept him there even then; but that was of course, impossible, as he was on duty under the orders of the commanding officer of his regiment; and he gave his nucle an address in Paris to which he might send any communication for him; while he pledged himself to obtain his discharge from the army so soon as the establishment of peace would enable him to do so with honour. When the conclusion of the seige opened Paris once more to intercourse with the outside world, Bertrand sent to the address he had indicated to know whether any letter had arrived for him there from the Comte de L'Isle.

He was sitting alone when his messenger returned, bringing with him a letter with a deep black border, directed to the "Comte Bertrand de L'Iste." It proved to be from the notary before whom his uncle had identified him as his rightful heir, on the occasion of his visit to the chateau, and it contained the intelligence that the Comte contained the intelligence that the Comte Armand de L'Isle had died somewhat suddenly about a month after Bertrand had taken leave of him. He had had another stroke of paralysis, and had lin-gered only a few hours after it; but ap-parently he had experienced some sensa-tion previously which had warned him of approaching illness, for on the morning of the day which proved to be his last, though he had risen to all appearance in his usual health, he had sent for the notary, and health, he had sent for the notary, and charged him so soon as his death should take place to see that all the directions contained in the will he had entrusted to him were carefully executed; for which purpose he was to communicate with Bertrand de L'Isle at the address given, in Paris, and to make all arrangements for placing him at once in possession of the custle and estates.

The notary explained to Bertrand that, in the impossibility at that time of having in the impossibility at that time of naving letters conveyed into Paris, he had, with the help of the cure and one or two country magistrates, gone through all the legal formatties necessary for establishing him as lord of his ancestral home and all that belonged to it, and nothing was now accounted but that he should come and take required but that he should some and take final possession of his fair inheritance. In conclusion, the notary briefly detailed the value of the property, and the amount of the yearly rent-roil. At these last figures Bertrand looked with very great astonishment; for he had asked his uncle no questions and the property of tions whatever as the revenues of the estate, and he now found that it amounted to many thousands a year more than he had iore than he had imagined, and that he was now about to take rank among the wealthiest land-owners of France.

(To be Continued.)

"A DISTRESSED FATHER," writing in the Islington Gazette, gives an illustration of the tactics of Romanism. His daughter, who is now sixteen years of age, visited at a house in which two Romanists were One of these introduced her to a lodging. Romish priest, who passed her on to some nuns for instruction. The visits were continued without the knowledge of the parents, until one day the young lady left her home, with the pretext, "I am going to meet brother, who is coming home from business." Instead of doing so, however, she went straightway to the Romish priest, who was waiting to baptize her. The father says: "When I montioned this lying to Father Smith, and also to the young man who has been seeking to lead my child to Rome, they both justified it. Father Smith said that there were limits to truth, and that if she had told the truth she might have been prevented from com-ing to be baptized." It is the old casuis-try, "The end justifies the means," but those who have heard the vehement dennaciations with which Romanists have sometimes repudiated such a slander, will be able rightly to estimate the value which is to be attached to such utterances.

I novem in God's paths, we must pray to be kept in them; for we stand no longer than He may hold us, and go no further than He may carry, and uphold, and strengthen us. Do all that we can to stand, and then pray to be kept from falling, and by the grace of Gul we are

Scientific and Aseful.

RAISIN CARE.

Two parts of milk, three of flour, one of chopped raisins, three oggs, one teaspoon-ful of cream tartar, one half salaratus. Bake in sheets in a quick oven.

SILVER CAKE.

One cup of auxar, half oup of butter, one ourth teaspoon sods dissolved in halt toa out the teaspoon sods dissolved in half to oup milk, whites of five eggs, three-fourths teaspoon cream tartar mixed in two caps flour. Yolks of the eggs and the same ingredients make gold cake. Season the silver cake with peach and the gold with lamon. lemon.

TO DRESS SILK.

Take an old kid glove the color of the dress as near as possible; put it in a same pan with a quart of wat r, boil it down to a pint, and sponge the dress on the right side with this. It is a dressing the Freuch give to many of their silks. A white glove will do any color if you cannot maten the

APPLE CUSTARD.

Take half a dozen very tart apples, and take off the skin and cores. Cook them till they begin to be soft, in half a teacup of water. Then put them in a pudding dish and sugar them. Then beat at eggs with four spoon-ful of sugar; mix it with three pints of milk and two teaspoon-ful of salt; pour it over the apples, and bake for about half an hour.

BEWING MACHINES.

A California inventor has patented a contrivance for driving sewing machines, which does away with the treadle. A number of springs are moved by clock work and governed by a lever so nicely that the needle may be made to move at any desired rate of speed. The machine will run for about an hour and a quarter with one winding up.

GINGER BEER.

Dr. Bathurst Woodman, in an article contributed to the London Sanitary Record, directs attention to the fact that gluger beer, though usually considered a very innocent drink, contains a percent ago of alcohol about half as large as that found in the malt liquors in common use among the middle classes of society in England, and equal to that in many of the cheaper ales made in that country, and the beer drunk in Germany and other parts of the Continent.

PAINT THE FLOOR.

None but earth-colors should be used in None but earth-colors should be used in painting floors, and the rapid wearing off of a coating of oil paint on a floor is a sure indication that white lead had been mixed with the paint. This is generally the case, causes the paint to cover better and spread easier. Even the employment of a varnish that has been boiled with litharge should be avoided, and one boiled with borate of manganese preferred. It is also very important that the first coat-ing should be perfectly dry before a second is laid on.

BILIOUSNESS.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going withwas cured or his oniousness by going without his supper, and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doc or, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed, and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures spitting of blood by the use of salt; epilepsy by water-melon; kidney affection by celery; posson, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pounled cranberries applied to the part afficted; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to est—not to know what medicine to take.

NUMBER OF THE STARS.

The number of the stars is very deceptive. There are never more than visible to the naked eye at a time, though there are about twice that number in all the heavens without a teleto be seen in all the heavens without a telescope. With the aid of a good telescope millions are brought into view. Let the astronomer solect one little star to look at, and then turn his telescope upon it, and he will find hundreds under his gaze. This is the star dust, or the star clusters the astronomers talk about. The small stars increase vastly in numbers as they diminish in size. The telescope reveals at least twenty millions of stars, and some estimate that there are a hundred millions. Some stars shine brightly for a time and then grow dim. Of these more than one hundred have been catalogued.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

To regain or recover health persons should be relieved from all auxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think that he has a disease will often produce that disease. This was see affected when the disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospital that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental power is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they only have in imagination. We have seen a person seasick in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known a person to die of cancer in the stomach when he had no caucer or any other mortal disease. A blindfold man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their attention sick persons should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith men are saved, and it is by their faith that they die. If they will not to die, they can often live in spite of disease; and if they have little or no attachment to life, they will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls, and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only resources of life—tenements they are only resources of life—tenements of their souls. The will hav much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giv-