

"Yes," said Miss Keane, tremblingly.
 "And your address when absent, is—your home address, I mean, is—"
 "I do not see what right you have to ask such a question, sir!" interrupted Miss Keane.
 "Yet I have a right, for all that! You see," added Bingley, with a curious smile, "what it is to be pretty! What would you say, young lady, if, instead of taking your notes, I had sent for a policeman?"

The poor governess turned sick and faint at these words.

"If," she faltered—"if you do not wish to take these notes—if you think there is anything wrong about them—I will take them back, and pay your account with some other money, on my return, after the holidays, to Mrs. Glyndor's. I—I can't pay it just now," continued Miss Keane, looking up appealingly, "for for I have sent nearly all my salary home; but if you will wait, I will take these notes back."

"No," answered Mr. Bingley, with a little laugh; "I have got them, and I'll keep them. How long will you be away?"

"A month," said Miss Keane.

(To be continued.)

THE BLIND WIFE.

BY C. H. ROBINSON.

Very beautiful looked Helen Arden, with her auburn hair, her blue eyes, and her clear complexion, on the day when Edward Maine led her to the altar; and all circumstances seemed to promise that the alliance would prove a happy one. After the honeymoon, the young couple settled themselves in a charming suburban villa, whence Edward proceeded every morning to the city where he possessed a prosperous mercantile business. Thus the married pair for awhile saw nothing in their tide of life save what reflected the sunny looks of their own hopeful faces; but it was not long before the stream was found to glide under deepening shadows.

Immersed in business as her husband was, the young wife, naturally sensitive, grew suspicious of neglect, and was made the more so by mischief-lovers who envied a lot they could not share, and fomented discord by urging her to retaliate, provoke him, and ultimately to rule him.

It was toward the end of the first year of their marriage when Edward Maine began to observe a marked alteration in the conduct of his wife. In the place of her former smiles, free conversation, amiability, and attentiveness, he now beheld the grim substitute of sulks, taciturnity, sneers, and neglect. She had been schooled in this line of behaviour and had learned the lesson from false friends but too well. Her mind was impressionable, unsophisticated, weak; her imagination poisoned by ceaseless jealousies; and though ashamed to avow them to him, she was none the less vindictive, aggravating, and persistent in her mode of retaliation.

Finding that nothing he could do seemed to please, and nothing that he said could enforce an explanation of her waywardness, long borne in patient sadness, he bitterly remonstrated; and his reproaches were met with tears of anger and charges of tyranny; and the self-tormented woman sought relief in miserable resort—in extravagant complaints, nearly as false as the friends who encouraged and reported them.

Calumnies, increased by circulation, reached his ears; and amazed at the source from which they emanated, Edward Maine became embittered towards his wife. Domestic unhappiness in time disheartened him so that his business became neglected, his energies relaxed, his ambition drooped with his love and peace, and at the end of the second year his affairs became so involved, and himself so unfitted to redeem them, that he failed, saving but a small proportion from the wreck.

Her surprise at the tidings was as unfeigned as her grief, and her grief too late to cause her entreaties to be availing, when he told her he was a ruined man and had resolved to part from her.

"You surely cannot mean it!"

"As surely as by your long-continued course of conduct, Helen, you have broken my spirit and driven from my control the business which was our support. Heaven is my witness how I loved you once, and how long I strove, in spite of your scorn and countless aggravations, to persuade you out of such mad perversity. You listened, but heeded not. I explained to you my cares, how my time was occupied, my brain perplexed, though none the less thoughtful of your welfare than if less ambitious to build up a fortune, for a time when the necessity of such toil would be over, and I could devote more time to you. I have explained all this to you, not once, but a hundred times; and I pleaded and warned you often, to the verge of childishness. It did no good—excited your contempt, rather; and when, weary of it, I rebuked you, and, stung at home, found that I was also maligned abroad, I learned to feel, as I feel now, that I had nothing to live, or at least to strive for. Our natures are ill-mated. If we could not agree in prosperity, what hope of it in adversity? No, Helen, we can never more live happily together. I shall leave at your disposal nearly everything that remains to me; but henceforth, our lives will be as separate as before the day I first saw you."

Both love and remorse made her eloquent in her entreaties that he would change his mind;

but Edward Maine revolved all that he had suffered, and all that he had lost, and while despair made him vindictive, his incredulity made him resolute. He considered her tears and promises but artifice, or, if sincere, that the sincerity would not last; and dreading a repetition of the old humiliating scenes of quiet aggravation, he put his will into execution, and left her, without making his destination known to her.

"He never loved me!" was the paralyzing thought of Mrs. Maine, "or he would not so cruelly have deserted me."

"She never loved me, or she would not have driven me to this extremity," was the settled conviction of Edward, as, flying from the scene of his public and private affliction, where all had been so promising and pleasant, he sought and found a solitary refuge in a distant town. Conscious of his present unfitness for the affairs of life, he resolved to dwell there alone, under an assumed name, awaiting what healing balm Time might bring upon his wings.

For a few weeks the deserted wife lingered in the deserted house. She had hopes that he would repent and return, for she judged of his wretchedness by her own, and keenly remembered how affectionate he once was. Now she had leisure, too much of it, to reflect upon her folly in listening to the insidious advice of those who had first taught her to doubt and treat him ill. She had never before realized the effect of her conduct upon him, and was amazed, as she scanned it over, that she could have so persisted, and still felt secure.

"Blind fool that I am! mad, not to have foreseen some such dreadful end as this. It is but a just result, perhaps, of the malicious triumph I enjoyed when putting him in pain; but others told me I was right. Yet where are they now, and what substitute do they give me for the love and protection I have lost through their means? A hollow pretence of sympathy, merely, from some, and not even that from others! What can I determine upon? I cannot go back, like an outcast, to my relatives. That would make the disgrace more public, and rumour would be busy with my name. But can I stay here alone? Oh, how lonely! Will he come? Something tells me, 'No, never.' Who would have predicted this on the day of our marriage? Misery is our portion, and my willfulness is the cause. I can endure it no longer. I must find where he is, and go to him."

Willing to bear the humiliation rather than continued despair, she made the endeavour: fruitless, for a time, till she remembered a gentleman, long an intimate friend of her husband, and called upon him. He gave no hope; but he told her whither Edward had gone.

"He has written to me," he said, "and mentions this melancholy termination of his married life; but I am convinced he means it to be final, and that your visit to him would be of no use. I believe he has lost all confidence—all hope of living happily with you."

With aching heart and bewildered brain, she retraced her steps; and on arriving home—home! where he was not—fell prostrate in the hall. The housemaid lifted her up, and bore her to bed, where she raved so wildly, that a physician was called in. But her malady was not one which admitted of a speedy cure. Long and intense suffering, young and unused to misfortune as she was, she became dangerously sick with brain fever, and when it was abated, it was followed by a disease of the eyes, producing almost total blindness.

The town, to which Edward had removed, was a small one, and, adhering to the privacy he had sought, as a solace to his misfortunes, his presence was almost entirely unknown to the inhabitants. In the habit of taking long and solitary walks, his mind, for awhile, found some repose; but the novelty was soon dulled, and he felt that the stir of the noisy world which he had left would have given him more quietude than the quiet of the haunts of Nature he frequented. In gloomy, uninterrupted self-communion he had some doubt if he acted rightly, and felt that he could forget the past, had he any hope of security from like injuries in the future. That hope he could not entertain.

Four months had passed since the separation, and one morning, while sauntering along a by-road, as he was wont, he saw, a little in advance of him, a lady clad in mourning, whose slow and feeble gait seemed to indicate feeble health, and whom, as they drew near, he recognized to be his wife.

Too late to turn aside, he kept on his course, and looking intently in her pale, worn face, passed her, but with no sign of recognition from her. This caused him to wonder still more.

Her eyes had been seemingly bent upon him with a scornful stare. But he had seen no look of emotion at this unexpected meeting. Was this the result of studied coldness? or was it possible that she was so absorbed in thought as not to have recognized him? This, too, might be a pretence to further some secret purpose. Why was she in this town? Who had directed, who had come with her, and where was she living? He gazed at her. Her steps tottered like those of some very aged person. Remorse, sickness, or other trouble, perhaps. His heart throbbled with a momentary sympathy, but he checked it. This was her work. He had not sought it. Far from it. And perhaps even now she was plotting against him.

He turned, and followed at a distance. Finally she entered an hotel which he had visited a few times, under his assumed name of Alberton. Within the hour he had learned from the land-

lord that the lady in question was in search of a person named Maine, her husband, who she was positive lived in the town, and for whom she had been for several days making frantic inquiries, walking from house to house till she was exhausted, and then returning to the hotel, where in her room she was heard to sob and moan.

"It is a hard case—some domestic trouble. I know not what," said the landlord; "and what makes it particularly sad is, that she has but just recovered from a severe sickness, which has left her nearly blind."

"Blind? Good heavens!" exclaimed Edward, "And does she pursue this painful search, among strangers, in that condition?"

"Yes. The poor lady's eyes look well enough, except the vague stare they have; but she can recognize no face distinctly, her sight being barely sufficient to enable her to find her way slowly. She must have loved her husband. Which side the wrong is, is none of my business. Few ever know in these cases but the parties themselves. I can only see that she seems nearly distracted, and it may be that the disease which affected her eyes has injured the brain also."

"Blind!" repeated Edward to himself as he returned to his obscure retreat, uncertain how to act. "This may be a mere deception. She has shown a disregard for truth before this. Blind! Blind enough she was before our separation. But let me not be blind. Her sight may be little affected. Her strength restored, she will see as well as ever. And yet, perhaps, I am too harsh. If so, the sorrow she caused has hardened me. But her sickness. What caused it? Grief? Remorse? Hopelessness? All this may be, and heaven prevent me from cruelty and an unpardonable spirit. I will watch and decide hereafter."

With this design, for a few days he awaited the time of her issuing forth, and became at last convinced that the story of her blind search was true. He saw her call at various dwellings, and leave apparently disappointed, sometimes in tears, and followed by looks and words of sympathy from those to whom she had evidently told something of her affliction.

Wishing to be informed still further, when she was returning from one of those errands he approached and accosted her, in a feigned voice, apologizing for the offer of his arm, as she seemed exhausted. She did not know him, and accepted it; but faint as she was, true to the leading object in her mind, she made inquiries of him, stating that as yet she had met with nothing but meagre hopes, speedily disappointed. By degrees she related the cause of her sickness and loss of sight, stating that after her partial recovery she had resolved, against the counsel of her friends, to make a final effort to see and be reconciled with her husband; and she had come hither, still hoping against renewed despair each day; though now she feared that a relapse and death would be the end of all her fruitless efforts.

While yet she was speaking, her hold upon his arm slackened, her limbs bent beneath her, and she sank heavily upon the ground. He thought her dying; and lifting her in his arms, bore her hastily to the hotel, where medical attendance was summoned for her at once.

Life still remained, but it was the life of raging madness. The relapse she had feared had come upon her, and little hope was now entertained that she could recover. Awhile she raved of her husband, deceitful counsellors, blindness, solitude and remorse with the feverish energy of a distraught mind; but it was thought that, when this unnatural fit of mental vitality had spent itself, like a tempest, the worn-out body would sink suddenly into the calm of death.

But heaven ordered otherwise. Skill, care, the sleepless vigilance of her husband, who had now made himself known to those around her bedside, resulted in favour of the patient; and, to the joy of Edward, with the breaking of the fever, came her full restoration to sight again. Even before that blessed sense returned, mysteriously as it had departed, a sense—still more prized by her—the sense of his presence and affectionate solicitude, had dawned upon her by degrees, and hastened her recovery; and now, the mortal danger passed, a complete reconciliation took place, in the sacred shade and silence of the sick chamber.

"I have passed through a frightful ordeal," she said; "but I bless heaven for all, since it must prove a warning light in the future against the evils of childish suspicions and perversity, and the counsels of the treacherous."

"So may it prove, as I believe it will," replied he; "and, in this assurance, Helen, I, too, can thank heaven for an affliction which secures us the hope of many years of happier days than ever."

And it was then that, with renewed confidence at home, Edward Maine recovered all his energy and address which had made him prosperous once, and increased his success in the new era of his life.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THERE is a talk of transferring Mr. Arthur Sullivan's chef-d'œuvre, "H. M. S. Pinafore," to the Parisian boards. We do not know if it be purposed to produce a French version of the work; or the original English rendering. The latter would probably prove the most successful, as it would be so funny not to understand what was going on.

FOR STYLISH and well-finished Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

A TOI.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

My songs I consecrate to thee alone,
 To thee the bridal hymn, the psalm of love;
 No name but thine can make my rapture's tone,
 To thee all currents of my being move.

Through the lone night thy starlike glances shine,
 My very dreams thine image glorify;
 In gloomiest shade thy hand is clasped in mine,
 And rays of heav'n illumine me from thine eyes.

My lot is shielded by thy fervent prayer,
 That watches when my Guardian Angel sleeps;
 By thee my manhood, rescued from despair,
 Into life's battle-field exultant leaps.

Home to the skies sweet voices summon thee;
 Can't thou, fair blossom, to our earth belong?
 Sister of Seraphs! thou dost seem to me
 To match their glory, and to chant their song.

And when thy dark eyes tell their tender tale,
 And thy white robe is rustling by my side,
 I seem to touch the temple's hallowed veil—
 I cry, "An Angel through the dark doth glide."

When to dispel my sorrow thou wast sent,
 I knew we two in unity must dwell—
 So felt the Patriarch, when, with travel spent,
 He watched the Virgin coming to the well.

I love thee so, that oftentimes I sigh
 Because this world is full of bitter woe;
 On life's hot sands no oasis is nigh,
 The tree to shelter us, elsewhere doth grow.

God! in thy mercy, grant her peace and joy,
 Vex not her days, Almighty! They are thine.
 She seeks for happiness without alloy
 In its calm home, at Virgine's saintly shrine.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

In the window of a fashionable fruit and vegetable shop—one of those wonderful windows where gastronomic treasures are heaped in indescribable profusion—was this week to be seen a bundle of asparagus, priced three hundred francs.

A costume for the Bois, called *Around the Lake*, in moss-coloured India cashmere, framed in garlands of leaves embroidered in all the autumnal shades. An *axomonière* embroidered in like manner edged with Canada beaver fur. A felt Charbonnière hat, moss colour, with an immense owl. Boots in dark-green leather with silver buttons and heels. Another around-the-lake toilet in *frightened-mouse* colour, with an embroidery of old silver. A lace collar, pelerine shape, embroidered in old silver. Trimmings of the tunic and the skirt, large grey cords, frightened-mouse colour and silver. A silver grey hat, bolero shape, with a large dove covering the crown.

A subscription has been opened for improving the English church in the Rue d'Agnesseau by enlarging the chancel, obtaining a new organ, re-seating the old church, procuring a new pulpit and reading desks, colouring and beautifying the walls, giving additional light, increasing the seating accommodation by nearly 200 seats, and erecting an external porch and mortuary chapel. The estimated cost for alterations is £3,000. Lord Lyons has headed the list with a contribution of 1,000*fr.*, and many English residents have also subscribed, but it is hoped that a considerable proportion of the expense will be borne by sympathizers in England, and donations will be received by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9 Serjeants'-Inn.

AN EDITOR'S RESOURCE. — A New York paper says that England can boast one editor at least who might be trusted to run a country paper in the United States. In his youth Sir Richard Phillips edited and published a paper at Leicester called the *Herald*. One day an article appeared in it headed "Dutch Mail," and added to it was an announcement that it had arrived too late for translation, and so had been set up and printed in the original. This wondrous article drove half England crazy, and for years the best Dutch scholars squabbled and pored over it without being able to arrive at any idea of what it meant. The famous "Dutch Mail" was in reality merely a column of "pi." "Pi," it may be as well to explain, is a jumble of odd letters gathered up and set on end so as to save their faces from being scraped, to be distributed at the leisure of the printers in their proper places. Some letters are upside down, often ten or twelve consonants or as many vowels come together, and the whole is peppered with punctuations, dashes, and so on, till it might pass for poetry by a lunatic Choctaw. The story Sir Richard tells of the particular "pi" he had a whole hand in is this—"One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready in some way for the coaches, which, at four in the morning, required four or five hundred papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column; but there stood on the galleys a tempting column of pie. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the foreman, and so away the country edition went, with its philological puzzle, to worry the honest agricultural reader's head. There was plenty of time to set a column of plain English for the local edition." Sir Richard tells of one man, whom he met in Nottingham, who for thirty-four years preserved a copy of the *Leicester Herald*, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.