# THE HEARTHSTONE.

BY JOB JOT. JR.

Once a young Russian nobleman.
M. Outoscoks, the sen of
An officer of the frontier clan.
Old Bustissnootanrunoff.
Was weak enough to full in love
With Man'selle Orfolfrick;
Who was the only daughter of
The tunner, Jug-o-i-s-ki.

But she already was engaged To Monsiour Nockislerzoll Who was the nephew of the read Assessor Omiwigzoff. The day already had been set: The priest, old Chawmicarzoff, Was spaken to to the knot Along with Neverswearzolf.

The guests had even got their hids, Among them, Smelomuski. The keeper of the royal kids. And lawyer Dryamluski. And all the big bugs of the town From Mayor Blominocoff. Who was to give the bride, on down To Cumanbrushmiclozoft.

Seeing all was up, the groom refused
His grand of cold liver;
And since she had her yows abused,
Swore he would not forgive her.
And challeneed this young Oute socks
Through Colonel Nockmychinoff;
It was accepted by his friend,
Lieutonant Sawmishinoff.

That more each made a hasty meat Of soap-grease, oil of easter. And with their swords sought to reveal Which one of them was master. Young Outosocks was killed, and Nock-Izlegst ff. droading scaudal. Then blow his brains out on the spot With a two-cent tailow candic.

When Orfulfriski heard their fate, Of Dr. Solomkoli Of Dr. Solomkoli
She bought of arsenic two-ounce weight,
On suicide bent solely;
Confessed her sits, which were some scores,
To father Slumberezy,
Then poured the poison out—of doors
And married Koffansneezy.

#### STORY OF AN INKSTAND WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.

"That inkstand? Yes, it has a history. I may as well tell it to you now as any other time, I suppose. You ought to be called the Great American History Extractor, or Romance Extractor; for if there is a particle of romaned in any thing or any body in a place where you happen to be, you are sure to scent it out.

" Of all days, this is the most glorious one for a romance—the rain falling with that steady, monotonous drip, drip, drip; not a soul in the house but ourselves, and we so snug in this splendid old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatigable romance-hunter. She was always looking for situations where the romantic predominated. situations where the romanue presommates. She would have succeeded as a dramatist, without doubt. She was apparently as happy as mortal could be on the morning in question, nestled in the depths of my scarlet lounge, perfectly certain that she looked picturesque in her dark green street suit, rolleved by the daintlest into.

in composite the pet!" said she; and a bunch of white weel, with a blue ribbon tied at one end of it, marking a spot wherein a dog neck would be, trotted mysteriously toward her. What propelling power there could be in the singgy thing was a wonder I never could get over, but seemshow it managed to suring into Mag's arms. somehow it managed to spring into Mag's arms and then the silence assured me that my stor;

was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for story. telling, it is true. The room heavily wainscoled with dark wood; the cases of books of all times and of all varieties; the long windows richly draped with scarlet brocade, lined with exquisite face; the thick soft carpet of mottled green; the Turkish lounges, the quaint chairs, inxuriously upholstered; the bronzes on the mentle and in niches and corners—bronzes mente and in niches and corners—bronzes that told stories of mythology; the engravings on the wail; the little gems in oil selected for their wonderful coloring—an autumn scene, a burning ship, a group of German peasants; the glowing fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth and femier—all appealed to the love of the beautiful and the pleturesque, while the cold, unceasing rain, the bare, gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery, and the blanched grass drove the thou; his within for solace and amusement. The infistant that May Hastings referred to

The inkstand that Mag Hastings referred to was a pretty affair in Swiss carving. It repre-sented two little peasants carrying water, the buckets suspended from a pole resting in a hand of each. Of course the water-palls were the ink receptacles, and the pole was the pen-rack. It was poetle and realistic at the same time, and as pretty a trille for a library-table as one would

The story is a sad one, Mag," said I. will give you the blues for the rest of the day,"
"So much the belter," she answered, with a
true dramatic love of the horrible—"so much the better. I'd like to be stirred up a little. I fear I'm too comfortable. A little dash of imaginative sorrow is needed to relieve this perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws out the good points of anything, you know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she pinched the little appendage dignified by the name of util till a sharp yelp came out of the soft white massin her arms. 4 These out of the soft white mass in her arms. " There I told you so, pet: now you'll know what true

repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if it were the least use in the world. But you are incorrigible; so I will go on. Time will give you shadow enough without doubt."

"When I was in Venice—"I commenced.

"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting bolt upright, and giving the little dumpling of a poodle a push that brought out a most spiteful yelp.

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was abroad more than two years. In fact, I had just returned when you and I became acquainted," I replied, wondering a little at the unusual interest she appeared to take in the commencement of my story.

my story.

"Oh, I knew that," she replied. "But I never heard you say any thing about Venice;" again reclining and closing her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on. I am at a loss to conceive what made me so foolish as to disturb myself for so slight a thing as the mention of a foreign and defunct city."

"Well, when I was in Venice-I believe it was the second month of my stay there—Charles came in one day." (Charles is my husband) "from a long trump about the Palazzo Loredan, the Ca" oro—you know which I mean—the one built in the sixteenth century, in the Oriental style, and restored by Mademolselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer—"

celebrated dancer—"
"Oh yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I know all about it. Haven't I been there? wasn't I born there? haven't I always lived there? didn't the Doge of Venice christen me? didn't I draw my first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and wasn't I one of Mademoiselle Taglioni's pupils? Go ahead, and tell what Charles said when he

came back from his trampabout the Ca'd' Oro. But never intud the architecture; I'm not build-ing at present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods,

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods, but nover foit her to be so utterly incorrigible as upon this occasion. However, I resumed without appearing to remark it.

"Charles came in, and said, hastily, 'Neil, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch just as quick as he can. I have brought an invalid home with me, and if I can I shall persuade him to remain a while with us. I have taken a strange finey to the fellow, and should like to have him where we could take a little care of him. He will cortainly die if somebody don't take an interest in him.' So I hurried around, and after a little Pedro and I.—"

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupt-

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupted Mag again, without opening her eyes, and with a little tremole in her voice, which I could not understand. "Proceed with the Animals always interest me more than

"You would not call Austin Benedict an animal if you could see him once," I replied, a lit-tle indignantly, and was about to add that I didn't wish Charles mixed up with that species

either, when over went the lap-dog on to the lounge, and Mag said, irritably:

"I bolleve that unimal thinks I have nothing to do but to make my lap into a bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell. Austin Benedict is a good name. It has got the right kind of a ring to it. I'll bet my new solitaire against three cents that his character was as stony as his cognomen. A man called Austin Benedict would do what he considered to be right, if by so doing it killed him and every body he was acquainted with! I wish you would ring for some wine, Nell, I am as cold as death. Don't get up, though—and please

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite right about Mr. Benedici's character. I believe there is something in names. But for all that the fellow

"A very interesting case," said Mag, turning deathly pale. Do you know the circumstances?" and then, with the slightest porceptible sneer, added, "a man must be very strong to admit such a thing about himself."

"Oh." I answered, "it was a long time before

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long time before we got at the facis in the case; but one day, when I sat by him, and we all thought he couldn't last many hours, he told me the whole

"When you sat by him, and thought he couldn't last many hours, he told you the whole story!" repeated Mag, in a strange sort of a way.

"No; he rallied again," I answered, almost out of breath at Mag's strange behavior. "It seems that he loved with his whole heart and seems that he loved with his whole heart and soul a very beautiful and much-sought-after young lady. She pretended to love him. Her parents were opposed to the match: she proposed to defy her parents. The next news he receives comes in the form of a letter from her, telling him that she finds she does not care for him as she supposed, and asking to be freed from

her engagement."
"He did receive such a letter, did he? Austin Benedict did receive such a letter?" and Mag arose from her recumbent position, and stood before me, pale as a corpse, but with the light-of forty avenging angels in her eyes. "I never wrote that letter!" she exclaimed. "It is a forgery from beginning to end! Neil Harris, you took care of Austin Benedict in his last hours?"
And now the proud head of Margaret Hastings was buried in my lap,
"I took care of him when he was ill," I re-

"And he loved the woman he believed to be

false to the last ?"

"If loved the woman—"
"If loved the woman—"
"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do? How can
I over live, now that I know he died with that
cruel impression of me?" interrupted poor Mag,
giving me no opportunity to explain myself.

"You took care of him—you made him com-fortable—you kissed him when he was dying; and I—loved and despised, I—"

It was about time for me to insist upon being listened to; so I saki, "Stopa minute, Mag dar-ling. I did do all I could for Austin Benedlet's comfort, and have kissed him a good many times; but not when he was dying, Mug; for he hear?" passed away yet maless he has accomhasn't passed away yet, unless he has accom-plished that feat to-day, and—and—"
"What in the world is all this?" said Charles,

who had entered softly with his latch-key,
"Where is Austin ?" I asked, in a whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't know but that she

was dead.
" Here!" said the dear fellow, bounding forward. He stopped suidenly at sight of the figure at my feet. "In the name of the angels! Nell, what is this? and whom have you got

One little faint cry from Mag, and she was a dend weight in Austin Benedict's arms. That

was answer enough. Such a day as that was! Between swoons, explanations, and embraces my mind got to running upon lunatic asylums; but the sun set clear and my reason remained unobscured was a wodding that same evening in the same library; and in all the happiness I ever witness-ed—Charles's and mine thrown in—I know I never saw such perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag didn't give me time to get to the inkstand, so you must imagine the history of that.

## THE FARMER.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives-by the laws of civilized nations-he is the rightful owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of nature under a whole-some influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the charac-ter of a man, as the lord of the animate world. of this great and powerful sphere, which fishioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his
power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion
is his from centre to sky. It is the space on
which the generation before him moved in its
round of duties; and he feels connected by a
visible link, with those who precede him, as he
is also to those who follow him, and to whom he is also to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last homes; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labor. The roof that shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every cuclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parent laid down to rest, and where, when the time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of fresh, healthy and generous national character. healthy and generous national character Edward Everell.

BLACK MARIA.

"Thero goes Black Maria !" It is a cry sure to bring the children to the window, and equally sure to make grown folks turn their heads and look out. For do we not all take a curiously lively interest in a tragedy? Perhaps the sight of human misery helps us by contrast to feel our own felicity, just as the sound of a storm without makes the fire warmer within. And so we, sitting by our own fire, with no stain of crime upon us, shudder when we hear the rumble of the wheels of Black Maria on the Nicolson pavement, and when it has gone its way we breathe freer and feel our exemption from the sufferings that fall to the lot of some human beings.

The flusher gratings that proves met does not

that fall to the lot of some human beings.

The finest carriage that moves past does not attract our attention. We are used to that. We have neither admiration nor envy of Mr. Newrich's spanking team of grays and his soft-roling coach. But when that hidous old dark hulk, with its narrow, high, box-like body and its little straitened grated windows, puts its black cellipse upon our sight, we look. For that is tragedy. Who are they whose dirty, vicious faces peer through the gratings? And are the faces so bad, after all, or do they only seem bad? And what is the history back of them? And how did the life of crime begin? And how many men there are riding in the carriages who are men there are riding in the carriages who are worse men than any that peep out of the grat-ings of Black Maria on their way to the peni-tentiary!

How do loy and sorrow, innocence and orime. rub clothes together on the street! On the mer-ry Christmas-day Black Maria darkened our windows for a moment to remind us that life windows for a moment to remind us that life was not all bright. And the men standing on the next corner laughed and chuckled at the idea that anybody should have to take a Christmas ride in "that thing." But the people inside did not laugh. What do they know of Christmas or of mirth? What do they know of Christmas or the love of God? For we better-off applications of the love of God? For we better-off applications of the love of God? people have never given them love. We have trodden on them rudely when they were young, perhaps, and then shoved them into the Black Maria for spelling out the bad lesson life set before them. Some day we may learn to save such people rather than to crush them.

Your nose and your eyes your father gave. you say Your mouth your grandsire; and your mother meek Your fine expression: tell me now, I pray.
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your check?"

#### MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

4th March, 1872.

Flour. & brl. of 196'bs.—Superior Extra, nominal \$0.00: Extra, \$6.15 to \$6.20; Farcy, \$6.00 to \$6.10; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers. Canada Wheat, \$5.75 to \$5.85: Strong Bakers' Flour \$5.90 to \$6.10; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) \$5.72 to \$5.80. City brands of Super (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal; Canada Supers No. 2. \$5.35 to \$5.40. Western Supers, No. 2. \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.80 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$5.50; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$5.52.82; City bags. (delivered) \$3.00 to \$0.00. Markot quiet. Wheat was quoted without material change in the Westthis morning. Liverpool has advanced 3d on Cora, as per latest Cable, annexed:—March4. March 2. 4th March, 1872.

Mincab 2.

Mincab 2.

3p. m.

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Business was dull on 'Change this foreneon, and transactions were limited. Quotations of Saturday are continued as nominally unchanged. Extras and fancy are but sparingly asked for. Superfines move slowly at \$5.00 to \$6.10 for Strong Bakers', a few samples bringing \$5.95. No. 2 and lower grades quiet. Bag Flour steady at \$3.00 for Gity delivered, Receipts reported by G. T. R., 800 barrols.

WHEAT, \$\Phi\$ bushel of 60 lbs.—Nominal in absonce of transactions.

Receipls reported by C. T. R., 800 barrels.

Where, & bushed of 60 lbs.—Nominal in absonce of transactions.

Oatmerat. & barrel of 200 lbs.—Stendy at \$1.85 to \$5. Cor.
Cor. & bushed of 56 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Prabe. & bushed of 56 lbs.—Stendy at \$1.85 to 86.
Oats, & bushed of 32 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Prabe. & bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet. at 55 to 75. Cor.
Barley, & bush of 32 lbs.—Duil at 500 to 86.
Barley, & bush of 48 lbs.—Duil at 500 to 55. Cor.
Barley, & barrel of 200 lbs.)—Market stendy. New Moss. \$15.75: 01d, \$15.00 to \$15.50. Thin Mess, \$14.25 to \$14.50.
Butten, & lb.—Market dull and nominal. Store-packed Western 120 to 150; Fair Dairy Western, 13c to 180; Choice Dairy, 200 to 210.

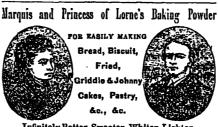
Cherse, & bb.—Market firm. Quotations are: Factory Fine. 1220; Finest New, 13c.
Lare, & 1b.—Quiet, at 9c to 10c.
Asiks per 100 lbs.—Pots stendy. Firsts, \$7.90 to \$3.00.
Pont's firm. Firsts, \$9.00; Seconds nominal at \$5.50.
Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs.—Market dull at \$5.25 to \$5.50, latter rate for choice lots.

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How to Scent. Bait, Trap and Catch the Fox, Wolf, Brar, Beaver, Other, Fisher, Martin, Mink, Coon and Muskeat.

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and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Prin-cipal Cities, Watering Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly current humbers of the

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It will also be placed in the Salcons of the Ocean Steamers on the Allan Line, the Cunard Line, the Imman Line, the White Star Line, the Guion Line, and the Anchor Line running to Liverpeel and Giasgow, and will be found at the principal listels. Watering Places, and Public Libraries of Great Britain.

Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND LILUSTRATED GUIDR, and the sides arranged in squares of ten superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$25.00 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the veerk.

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now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

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