

and the frank eyes, the impetuous lips, are alike outspoken as friend or foe.

Kate does not think of doubting them. She lifts her fringed lids, while the sunny smile deepens around her mouth. "I am glad of it," she says. "Why should I pretend that I am not? It is delightful to know that one has a royal empire somewhere—and we agreed a little while ago that affection is the most valuable thing in the world."

"It is a good thing that you think so," he says, "for I have little else to offer you. Oh, if I had only not been a fool!"

"You cannot help it now, so there is no good in thinking of it," says Kate. "And I like you very well as you are."

"Do you, indeed?" He kisses the sweet lips which utter this. "And I like you so well as you are, that I cannot endure the thought of any change being made in you."

"But you said a short time back that change is inevitable."

"Only inevitable under some circumstances. Kate, my Kate, promise me that you will not be induced to go with Miss Brooke!"

It does not require an effort for Kate to promise this. "No one will wish me to go after I have told them—the truth," she adds, with a fitting blush.

At these words the expression of Tarleton's face alters. He still holds her close to him, but his eyes turn with something of a troubled look over her dark hair to the window through which the sunshine slants in a golden stream. It plainly costs him an effort to speak, as he does after a moment:

"Will you forgive me if I ask—is it worth while to tell them yet? It only concerns ourselves, and I did not mean to speak till I had some definite future to offer you. I may have that before long—in a few days, perhaps. Do you not think that we might keep our counsel for that length of time?"

"Are you in earnest?" she asks, looking up a little doubtfully. "Is it quite—quite right?"

"How can it be wrong?" he answers, confidently. "It is only to be silent for a few days, and for a good reason. If you dislike it, I will not press the point; but it might be much better. Can you not trust me in this?"

"I would trust you in anything," she answers, quickly. "Love means trust, or else it means nothing. Yes, I will do as you say, if you have a good reason for it, and if you are sure it will only be for a few days. I could not keep such a thing from uncle longer."

"And I promise that I will not ask you to do so. Now, my Kate, one more kiss, for I hear some one coming. Our golden hour is over."

That some one is Bob, who appears at the door and reports: "Horses ready, Mass Frank."

"Very well," answers Tarleton. Then he turns to Kate, who, with a much heightened color, is tying on her hat before the mirror over the piano. "Ten minutes longer will not matter," he says. "Won't you sing 'Highland Mary' for me before we go!"

The idea of refusal does not enter Kate's head. There are few things she would not do for this young cavalier, and singing "Highland Mary" is not one of the number. So she says, "If you will open the piano"—and when the piano is opened, she sits down.

Surely never was the tender, pathetic song more sweetly rendered. Yet it is a sad song for a girl in the first flush of youth and happiness to sing to her lover; and so Kate feels, for she changes the air, as soon as the last words have fallen from her lips.

"That is too mournful!" she says. "I told you that it was best to leave them in the 'gay green birk,' beneath the hawthorn's blossom. Here is something I like—and it is old, too."

Then she sings—
"Dinna forget, laddie! dinna forget
Ne'er make me rue that we ever have met!
While though we sever, parted forever,
Willie, when far awa', dinna forget!"

"I haven't the least idea of forgetting," says a sudden, startling voice in the rear, "for, upon my word, this exceeds anything I ever heard of!"

Kate and Tarleton turn simultaneously. In the door, which opens on the piazza, stands Will, glancing with a comic expression from the breakfast-table to them, and from them to the breakfast-table.

"May I inquire when this little arrangement was made?" he goes on. "It is about the coolest thing of the kind I have the honor to be acquainted with. Here have I been scouring the country in search of you, with half a mind to have the creek dragged, and all the time you have been here deliberately breakfasting and singing songs!"

"Oh, no; we have not been singing songs all the time," says Kate, with a laugh, "and confess, Will, you have not been scouring the country farther than from Fairfield's, perhaps."

"That is more than far enough, after riding sixteen or seventeen miles, and catching no fox at last."

"Poor fellow! did you not catch it? We lost the hounds, and were desperately muddled besides, so we thought it best to give up the chase."

"Yes, I dare say. Well, they are all much concerned about you at Fairfield's, so the sooner you turn your face in that direction the better."

(To be continued.)

An explosion took place in one of the Durham collieries recently. Forty dead bodies have been recovered and as many more are supposed to be still in the pit.

SIGHING NEVER CAN RAISE THE WIND.

A plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it—
Wasting the body and weakening the mind—
Like a French *vol-au-vent*, 'tis a puff without food in it—
Keep up your spirits and keep down your wind.
Life is a race; we are all entered in for it;
Waste not your breath—you'll need all you can find;
Take your sighing to Lombard Street—who'll give you tin for it?
Sigh up, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.
Then a plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it;
Wasting the body and weakening the mind.
A puff of that sort you'll find has no food in it—
Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

Why should we sigh? Not for love, there's naught true in it;
Bright eyes will fade, and ripe lips will decay;
Wealth will not come for it; Health—it will ruin it;
Fame is so light, sighs will blow it away.
Very much to my taste was that gay, old Democritus,
Laughing and chaffing at all that befell—
There's no nostrum from Halloway back to Alippocrates
Like a laugh from the heart to set all right and well.
Then a plague of your sighing, I never knew good of it;
Wasting the body and weakening the mind.
A puff of that sort you will find has no food in it—
Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

Stretch out your arm—there is muscle and bone in it;
Hearts that are brave make the world all their own;
From the pen to the plough there's work for each one in it;
He that will labour may rise to a throne!
Leave, then, to loafers such airs—it is wrong!
For man, that's a breath thus to blow himself out.
On the voyage of life fill your lungs for a strong pull;
The our God assigns you ply manful and stout,
Then a plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it;
Wasting the body and weakening the mind.
A puff of that sort you will find has no food in it—
Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

Some few years ago I was travelling by the afternoon Scotch express from London to the North, and had obtained a carriage to myself by a rather liberal allowance of "palm-oil" to the guard, in total disregard of the G. N. R. Co.'s regulations. I should here state that I am a very nervous man, and that anything out of the common upsets me for several days. I well remember how one unfortunate day I was obliged to go to Windsor on business, and unluckily it was one of the days of Ascot races, so as I was coming back—I got there all right—my carriage was filled with betting men, who made me so ill that, for a week, I was too ill to do any business. But to resume my story.

The train had got to Hatfield, our first stoppage, when a gentleman appeared at the door of the carriage I was in, and, taking a railway key out of his pocket, opened the door. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was dressed in a suit of dark cloth, a dark grey overcoat, a deer-stalker hat, and carried a black bag. Of course I was very indignant that my private compartment—as I chose to call it—was invaded by any one else, and was not in the best humor for conversation. The stranger did not, or would not, see it, and soon commenced talking with me. I tried to repel him, but he persevered, and at last we got very friendly. Just after we passed Grantham he opened his black bag, and took from it one out of a bundle of many papers.

"Are you interested in calculations?" he said, smiling as he spoke, and showing a fine set of teeth, one of which was set with gold.

"Well, yes," I replied; "that is if I have not forgotten my school arithmetic."

"I find it an excellent way of passing the time when I am on a long journey. I am now engaged in finding out how much land could be given to each person on the globe, dividing it between us all."

"Indeed," said I; "it must be very interesting."

"It is so," was the reply. Then, taking another paper from the bag, he said: "Here is another, where I have calculated how long it would take to go to the sun and back at the rate we are travelling now. This is one telling me how many sausages a well-fed pig would make, allowing seven to a pound. I have here a scheme for sending distressed Irishmen to the Sandwich Islands, where they would be eaten up at the rate of a dozen or two a day."

"What a very good idea. It is the best solution of the Irish question I have ever heard of."

"I would not confine myself to Ireland alone. There are many places where a reduction of the population would do good. But I have a better notion for lowering the number of the inhabitants of the globe. I would send them in vessels to the North Pole and let them remain there until they were no more."

So he went on, taking the greater share of the conversation, until we came near Carlisle, when I said: "Well, sir, I must really compliment you upon your devices for making the time pass. We are now at Carlisle, when I did not think we were past York."

We draw up at the platform, and the porters give out that there is a quarter of an hour for refreshments.

"Are you getting out here?" said the affable stranger.

"No, I am only going to Edinburgh, and if I eat here I won't be able to do so there," I replied.

"Would you mind taking care of this bag for me, then, sir?" said he. "I will be back in a few minutes."

I expressed myself very willing, and settled down near the door, determined to oppose the entry of any one else, for I had enjoyed my journey with the somewhat eccentric gentleman.

The bell rang, and there was no sign of my calculating friend, but just as the train was moving, and when I could not prevent it, a stranger in a light ulster and chimney-pot hat got in.

"Well, well," I thought, "I must leave the bag in the cloak-room at Edinburgh, though its owner did not say where he was going to."

I kept the bag closed for some time, but at last my curiosity overcame my prudence and I opened it, and was soon engaged in one of his bewildering calculations. As I did so, I noticed the second stranger eyeing me, and, as I afterwards thought, smiling.

The train soon drew up at Berwick station, and I did not, of course, stop my examination of the papers. But here my attention was arrested by two station officials and a policeman, who, with a telegram in their hands, were looking in all the carriages; they looked in mine, walked on and came back again.

"Well, my man, we've found you, have we?" said they.

"What do you mean? Found me?"

"Yes, found you. You have just escaped from Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and you'll have to come with us."

"I! I am a respectable gentleman travelling for Messrs. Gloucester and Cheddar, cheese merchants, of 76 Westcheap, London," handing my card.

"No, you're not. You are a lunatic. Here is the telegram about you. We were to know you by your black bag of papers. Are you caught now?"

"There is some awful mistake here," I said.

"Well, anyhow, we can't keep the train waiting; you must get out."

Here the stranger put in and said:

"My poor fellow, you had better go quietly, for if you do not they will make you." Here he smiled, and I recognized, as he did so, my calculating friend, for one of his teeth was set with gold.

"Well, gentlemen," I then said, "I will go with you, if this gentleman will accompany me."

"No, I won't. I must be in Edinburgh in three hours," he said.

"You had better, for I know you. What did you leave at Carlisle for? You're not the owner of the bag, are you?"

Then to the policeman I said: "This is your man. He is the gentleman who travelled with me from Hatfield, who got out at Carlisle, and, changing his clothes, got in again."

They took him, and as soon as I had seen him fairly locked up, I went back to the station and resumed my journey, which I completed without further mishap.

The unfortunate man was a really dangerous madman, and had escaped that afternoon from Colney Hatch. His hobby was in calculating impossible sums; he had run through a fortune in paper, pencils, pens and ink, and at last his son, to save anything for himself, had been compelled to put him under restraint. He went back quietly, and died soon after from the effects of his journey north, which he never got over.

Ever since my friends have dubbed me "The Calculator," by which name I am now known.

HILARY.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The greatest novelty in "specialist" journalism is a monthly magazine edited by a lady, and called the *Woodhen*, devoted to the interests of artificial hatching.

A QUESTION has been raised whether death caused by football "play" is manslaughter. It is coming to a pretty pass to hear this cool query propounded.

It is said that Mr. Hallé may probably receive the honor of knighthood. The act of recognition of high merit and worthiness would give universal satisfaction.

AMONG the rejected candidates for the office of Chief-constable for Birmingham, in the place of Major Bond, at a salary of £700 per year, was Lord St. Leonards.

AN extraordinary English daily paper is promised us, if one in three languages—English, French, and German—can be called English, from the fact of it being produced and published here. The funds of mind and coin at the disposal of this undertaking are, we are informed, enormous. The undertakers are said to be the Union Générale.

In the new hansom—which are roomy, and into which three passengers can be put—there are to be found small looking-glasses, trays for cigar ash, and "a box of lights." Some drivers go further, and supply rugs to cover the legs of their fares, and others have small clothes-brushes for the passenger to brush himself up with on a muddy day.

It is said that there is a saving of more than forty per cent. per annum at the South Kensington Museum by the use of the electric light as compared with gas. As the authorities profess to be so favourably impressed with the light, perhaps they will be enabled to introduce it into the National Portrait Gallery, which is now closed before dusk.

THE electric lighting apparatus is not yet all fixed at the Crystal Palace. It has been decided to defer the presentation of medals in connection with the recent Woolen Exhibition until the ceremony can take place beneath the full lustre of the new light. Additional *éclat* will then be given to the ceremony, and Yorkshire manufacture will receive another pat on the back. Lady Bective surely ought to be asked to present the prizes.

MR. RICHMOND, R.A., has painted a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. He has also painted a classical subject—Hercules releasing Prometheus, and shooting an arrow at the eagle which has been making Prometheus very uncomfortable. Is this intended as an indirect compliment to the Prime Minister? If Mr. Gladstone were releasing the Irish landlords from the cruel position it, which they are tormented by the beak and talons of the Land League, there might be something in the idea. Unfortunately Hercules is encouraging the eagle instead of assailing it.

WHO could have foreseen, ten years ago, when Miss Christine Nilsson was happily wedded at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a brilliant congregation, as it appeared, to M. Auguste Rouzeaud that in a short time she would have lost her fortune and her husband, and that the husband, after being the cause of great trouble to her, would finish his career in a lunatic asylum? M. Rouzeaud has been unmistakably insane. One cause of the trouble was his mania for speculation, and the same infatuation, coupled with recent troubles on the Stock Exchange, has driven him mad.

MR. RUSKIN is bringing out a new work, entitled "Our Fathers Have Told us," which is intended to illustrate by the story of saint and knight the power of the Christian Church in the thirteenth century. The book will discourse about the monastic architecture of England and Wales, and also about Florence and Pisa. On account of the illustrations, the cost of production requires a corresponding public demand, and the author having renounced the ordinary method of subscription on through the booksellers.

THE telephone is about to be laid from London to Brighton, and it is proposed to have a telephone service, or circuit, in the latter town; by which the inhabitants may, if so minded, be able to converse with each other without the trouble or inconvenience of leaving their firesides. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the successful dramatic author, has endeavoured to get a telephone fixed between his house at South Kensington and the Savoy Theatre in the Strand, in order that he may listen to and direct the rehearsal of his pieces without the trouble of putting in an appearance on the stage, but, as he has been unable to get the assent of two or three of the neighbors to allow the wire to be carried over their gardens to his own, the project has dropped.

HUMOROUS.

ACCORDING to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon ball.

A TEXAS man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

FENDERSON says he wishes he were a rumor, for a rumor soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.

WHY should people sitting on an outside Irish jaunting car never be thirsty? Because they have two springs under and a well between.

A PLEASANTRY attributed to M. Thiers: When I was very young I was so little—that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries.

"FWEDDY, what is a 'mission-warwy'?"

"Aw a 'mission-warwy' is aw—a 'religious beggar'."

THE card of a Cambridge liquor seller has upon its back the 6th and 7th verses of Prov. xxii.:

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, &c."

PAT's cousin says: "The best remedy for baldness, is to rub whisky on the head until the hairs grow out, and then take it inwardly to oil the roots."

MR. HEEP said to a drunken fellow: "If I were in your place I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was: "If you're in my place, you couldn't get there!"

A ROCKFORD man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary money, and received by return mail, written on a postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words, "Don't drink."

THE following story is told, with what foundation the reader may judge, of Librarian Tyler, who is noted for his conversational powers. Approaching a medical friend, he said: "I have a very sore tongue, doctor." "Let me look at it," said the doctor. The unruly member was duly protruded. "It is sun-burnt, sir, sun-burnt," remarked the doctor.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.