

rather her mind had travelled back many years and she was thinking of some bright dreams of her own youth from which she had been rudely awakened.

It was growing late; Dorothy was folding up her work preparatory to putting it away for the night. Reggie was lighting a lamp to take to his bedroom, but Judith still loitered in the depths of the antiquated arm chair.

"Well Ju, I would advise you to take the first rich old buffer who asks you; I do not see how you will get a fortune in any other way," said Reggie with a sly look at his younger sister,

"Thank you," answered she tartly—"when the rich old buffer appears upon the scene I may remember your advice; anything would be better than the Lauries."

"I hope you will never marry any man for his money Judith. Love the man you marry," said Dorothy gently.

"Love! moonshine!" exclaimed Reginald skeptically. Love is all very well, I datesay, but it don't last. Two people adore one another frantically for a few jolly months, then they go and get married, and from that time the frenzy gradually but perceptibly diminishes. Love is a vapor which vanishes in the atmosphere of domestic life, like morning mist beneath the sun's rays."

"What a young cynic you are," said Dorothy, somewhat sadly.

"There is some truth in what you say, but when I marry I intend to win more love from my husband instead of losing what I had before," said Judith with a pretty blush.

"A shining example to other wives," quoth Reggie.

"Dorothy," continued our heroine meditatively—"I should not wonder if you were to meet someone in Montreal and fall in love with him, some handsome, princely man, very rich, who would adore you; you would marry him and then I would go and live with you and we should be happy ever afterwards. How charming that would be."

"Do not build castles in the air for me Judy; or if you do please leave out the prince, I shall not marry him."

"Poor prince, left out in the cold!" laughed Judith, but as she looked into her sister's face, a sort of wistful sadness in the sweet grey eyes checked her mirth, and she wondered as she returned her gaze to the dying embers in the grate, who had been the prince, who long ago had come into Dorothy's life and then departed leaving desolation behind!"

"If ever I meet the wretch how I shall hate him!"

All too soon came the hour of parting; notwithstanding their enforced spirits there was a dull weight on the heart of each. True the parting was but for a time; they were young and could look forward to a not very distant re-union; but then one never knows what may happen in the meantime. Heaven, what a life-time of bitterest woe may be crammed into one short year! Some such thought as this was in Dorothy's mind as she bade farewell to the young brother and sister who stood on the platform and looked with glistening eyes after the train which bore away from them the sister who had been mother as well as sister to them both.

Judith's train left soon after. Poor Judy! How utterly desolate she felt as Reggie with a last kiss left her and swung himself off the already moving train. Then the tears gushed to her eyes; all her self-pity vanished and gave place to a huge compassion for the lad left to fight, unaided, the battle of life in a great city. "Poor Reggie," she murmured, as the two trains that bore her and Dorothy sped along in opposite directions; while Reggie, perhaps the least affected of the three, retraced his steps through the city streets.

So they went their separate ways.

(To be Continued.)

One evening, when neither of them had a sou in his pocket, Balzac said to Jules Sandeau: "Sandeau, I must have twenty francs, to go to the Dutchess of S—'s ball. Murder a publisher, if you like; assassinate a banker, if you can; but get me the twenty francs." Without a word Sandeau went out—it was midwinter—and pawned his overcoat. Returning, he handed Balzac the proceeds, twenty francs. "Now," said Balzac, "oblige me by lending me your overcoat." "I cannot." "You are disobliging." "Stop here," said Sandeau, handing him the pawn-ticket. "Forgive me. I am a brute," cried Balzac, and threw himself weeping into Sandeau's arms.

The Breadfinder.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

THE treatment I received at that school poisoned my whole being. I have been violent and wrathful in these later years, but I was not formerly so. I owe the corruption of my nature to the injustice of my fellows. Had I the power, I could destroy the world, for it has stung me and trodden on me. I like Physical Force. It suits my humor."

He spoke with difficulty, for his sufferings were great. "I should not have been incarcerated within these walls," he said, at a later period of the day, "if my father had not broken faith with me. When I left school, my mother revealed to me the secret of my birth. She told me whose son I was. She was slowly dying of consumption. I addressed a letter to him. He wrote, in reply, that he could not acknowledge me, because I should bring scandal on his office and on the church. But he would provide for me secretly. He sent me a hundred pounds, and another hundred when my mother died. When I first made your acquaintance, I told you that I was independent—dependent with the remains of those munificent sums, for they were all that I ever received from him. He promised to renew them every six months, but he did not keep his word. I got eighty pounds into debt, on the strength of his promise, and being unable to pay, was pounced upon by creditors and transferred to a sponging-house from whence I dated a letter to the episcopal palace—my father's palace!—but I received no answer. So they conveyed me hither. I have applied to my father since my imprisonment, but to no purpose. You will give me credit for disinterested advocacy of principles. When I was subsisting on a Bishop's money, and was, in a sense, dependent on the Church, I hated Church, bishops, monarchy, aristocracy, and all their tangled web of interest. When I was deserted by the Church, I began to love her as a venerable parent. Most men praise the bridge that carries them over. I have ever done the opposite."

"It was noble in you," remarked Harding, "not to betray the secret of your relationship to the bishop. The scandal would have taken effect, and irreparably have damaged his reputation."

"Ha! I had also become a Tory, and to Tories the reputation of the episcopal church is very dear. Besides, I can hate, but I could never betray."

He spoke but little after this, for he was physically reduced by his suffering. But he endured heroically, and scarcely allowed a groan to escape him. To Harding, in the event of death, he gave his lathe, carving tools, and a few books.

"As for my body," he said, "they will be glad to give it speedy interment of some sort, and I am indifferent to the whereabouts of my last lodgings. But, tell me, Harding, do you believe in a future state?"

"I do," replied Harding, startled by the question.

"I don't," said Boldero. "I have been writing up the parsons lately, but they are only useful to keep the people in order—that is all."

The unfortunate wayward youth had uttered his last words. In less than an hour his corpse was removed, and Harding could not learn where they buried it.

At length the plague was stayed, and London relapsed into its old habits of uncleanness. "It will not visit us again,—at least, for many years,"—said the Corporation, "so let us enjoy ourselves, and be dirty!"

The night was fast approaching when Emma was to make her debut. On that event her husband's destiny seemed to depend for he had failed in his attempt to get literary work. Scheffer predicted marvels, and the reputation prepared for her, cast that of Madame Cacas into the shade. If she succeeded to the manager's satisfaction, he was prepared to offer her fifty pounds a-week for the season, so that in six weeks from the time of her appearance, she would be able to liberate her husband! Very frequently she repaired to the Fleet, to spend hours in conversing with him; but every day she was instructed by Scheffer, whose pupil she was, and whom she was to remunerate when her great duty was ful-