

"I heard you'd a visitor," said Dick, "as I came up the path, so I just looked in to see who it was. All right sir, I'm coming in," and as he spoke Mr. Tarrant withdrew his head, and in another minute entered his own abode, and looked enquiringly at the intruder.

"This is Captain Fleming, Dick," said his wife. But this apparently conveyed nothing to Mr. Tarrant's mind.

"He came to enquire after—" and here Polly hesitated a little, "after Dr. Lynden."

"So I heard," replied Mr. Tarrant with the same stupid stare of amazement on his face; suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him. "Beg pardon, sir," he exclaimed, "but you're the young gent who used to come sweethearting after Miss Lynden. Captain Fleming, of course. I'd forgot, Polly. Bad business, sir. Ah, that Doctor was no better than he should be."

"Dick," flashed out his wife indignantly, "how can you say such things? It's downright wicked to say such things of a man's that's dead."

"Dead!" ejaculated Hugh. "Dead! are you sure, Mrs. Tarrant? How did you hear it?"

Polly felt as if she could have bitten her tongue out for the way it had betrayed her. For a moment she hesitated, and then said, somewhat confusedly:

"I forgot now. I read it in the papers I think, somewhere."

"Why you never told me a word about it," said Dick. "If you saw it in the paper, it would say where he died," continued Mr. Tarrant with a cunning look, "and I think this gentlemen said something about behaving liberal to anyone who could give him Miss Lynden's address."

"I've told Captain Fleming I don't know it," returned Polly, glancing uneasily at Hugh.

"If what you tell me is true," said Fleming, "I am more sorry than ever that you don't know it. Some of Miss Lynden's friends ought to be with her in her affliction. If by chance you should hear of it in the course of the next two or three days, perhaps you will send it to me at the Queen's Hotel. Good morning," and with that Hugh, more thoroughly convinced than ever of Polly's knowledge on the point, left the house. He had not got clear of the tiny garden, before he heard a footstep behind him.

"Look here," said Mr. Tarrant, "I ain't been an intelligent officer in the police force without having learnt a thing or two. Don't you believe her, sir. I don't know what her little game is, but she knows those Lyndens and where the young lady is. You want her address; leave that to me, Captain Fleming. Information's worth paying for. I'll leave that to you, sir. Queen's Hotel. All right, sir; good morning," and Dick turned back into his cottage, determined that Polly should tell him all she knew at once. But in this Mr. Tarrant was destined to meet with disappointment. Polly had hitherto yielded implicitly to him, but for once she was adamant. Let him bully or wheedle as he might, and Mr. Tarrant tried both, she still persisted in her negation, and Mr. Tarrant waxed exceedingly irritable at the idea of his wife's trumpety scruples and Captain Fleming's purse strings.

Rather a gloomy conference was held by the two friends when Hugh returned from his bootless visit. It was no use having ascertained that Mrs. Tarrant possessed the knowledge they wanted, if they could not make her speak. They came to the conclusion that unless her husband's influence prevailed there was nothing to be got out of Polly. As Byng remarked, "He was of no further use there," and so it was settled between them that he should return to London while Hugh should still remain at the Queen's on the chance of hearing from Mr. Tarrant. Tom indeed was anxious to get back to town to carry out a new idea that he had got into his head. His ideas had so far disappointed him, and he was more than ever impressed with the advisability of keeping them to himself. He had bethought him of another power wherewith to overthrow Mrs. Tarrant's obstinacy. He determined to send for Private Phybbs and insist on his requiring this service of his sister, on

behalf of the man who had saved his life. It would probably have made no difference, but he cursed his stupidity for not having played this card during his interview with Polly. He had guessed that Hugh had probably made the same omission from motives of pride. Men who do these things are not much given to bragging of them afterwards, or else in their own conversation in the Queen's Hotel Tom had told Fleming how he had discovered Mrs. Tarrant's address, and was therefore aware that Phybbs got through the eighth of September safely. Indefatigable in his friend's service, Tom, having ascertained by telegraph that though the transport was in, the —th had not sailed, rushed down to Portsmouth by the first train the next morning, and upon giving the Colonel a rough statement of the case obtained a furlough for Private Phybbs, and bore him back triumphantly to town in the afternoon, telegraphing to Hugh to hold on at Manchester. He explained to Private Phybbs what was required of him, that if he considered Captain Fleming stood by him on that eighth of September it was his bounden duty to stand by the Captain now that he was in trouble; that if he owed his life to the Captain this was his time to show himself sensible of it; and having thus primed him, Tom despatched Phybbs to Manchester by the earliest train he could find, and then, like any other great strategist, sat down to await the results.

But for Byng's telegram, not hearing anything from Mr. Tarrant, Hugh would have probably left Manchester, and passed Phybbs on his way. As it was, he took charge of that young soldier, and decided to wait and see what came of his interview with his sister.

Polly was honestly delighted to see her brother. His last letter had given no expectation of his obtaining a furlough for at least another month. She was very fond of Peter, and had made a great pet of him as a boy, as sisters often will with brothers a great deal younger than themselves, and she had cried very bitterly when she first heard that he had taken the shilling, and was for the wars bound. It had been a slight feeling of relief to find that he was in the same regiment with Mr. Fleming, who she had vaguely thought might befriend the boy. She was quite as conscious of the great obligation they lay under to him as her brother himself. If not from his own lips, she had it under his own hand, that if Peter was alive now, it was thanks to Hugh, and it had tried her sorely to refuse Fleming the information for which he had pleaded so earnestly and well. But Miss Lynden's injunctions had been most positive.

"Now, Polly, I've a great favour to ask you," said Peter, after the first tumultuous hugging and kissing had been got over.

"What's that?"

"Why it's about Captain Fleming, you know."

"Not that, not that," said Polly hurriedly. "He hasn't sent you here to ask me that. He knows I can't tell you. He knows that the secret isn't mine, or I would tell him at once."

"But look here, Polly, you know the Captain stood by me once."

Polly nodded assent.

"Well, I swore to myself that night that if ever I got the chance to do anything for him, I'd do the best I could for the man who saved my life in the bloodiest day I was ever in. Well, Polly, I ain't had much experience in sweethearting, you see; since I listed my time's been spent in the Crimea, and on board a convict hulk, where there wasn't much opportunity, but I've heard men take the loss of a sweetheart terrible hard—now I'm told the Captain is in a fair way of losing his, and all because he can't see the young lady. Major Byng tells me you can manage it for him if you choose, and I shall call it real mean of you if you don't. You know what he wants you to do, now why don't you say you'll do it?"

"I can't, I can't indeed, I tell you I promised not!"

"What's that got to do with it?" replied Peter, angrily. "Promise, indeed! I'd break any amount of promises if the Captain told me to. Promise—why I'd break all the Ten Command-

ments if the Captain wanted it—besides, Miss Lynden herself will thank you for breaking that promise."

"How do you know?" said Polly.

"Major Byng told me so."

"And how does he know, I wonder?"

"Well, I'm sure. Wouldn't a major in the British Army know better than the likes of us about that or anything else?"

"Don't tell me," rejoined Polly, with a contemptuous toss of her head; "a woman knows more about that sort of thing than any ten men that ever stepped."

"But I tell you," persisted Peter, "that it's all a mistake; Miss Lynden's mistaken."

"What about?" said Polly, curtly.

"How should I know? Major Byng says she is, and that the mistake would be put right in five minutes if Captain Fleming could only see her."

"But Miss Lynden doesn't want to see him."

"How provoking you are, Polly. Don't I tell you it's all a mistake, and how can you tell Miss Lynden don't want to see Captain Fleming until you let her know he is here?"

At last Polly was staggered. There might be something in this. She would be true to her promise, but she did not think there could be any harm in letting Nellie know that Captain Fleming was at Manchester seeking for her, and this much she told her brother she was prepared to do. But the ambassador had been too well coached in his duties by Byng to be satisfied with such a poor concession as that. He had, moreover, conceived a strong personal attachment to Hugh, independent of the feeling that he was indebted to him for his life. He was very resolute to help the Captain to the very best of his power, and still urged his point with the utmost obstinacy. But Polly was staunch to her promise, and would not give up the coveted address. A compromise was, however, at last effected between them, and Mrs. Tarrant consented to forward a letter from the Captain which would be placed in her hands.

With that assurance Peter returned to his principal, and judging by the time that Hugh took over that composition it was perhaps as well that no stipulation had been made as regarded its length.

(To be continued.)

The Lotus Flower.

(Translated from the German of Heine.)

The lotus shrinks and trembles
Before the sun's great might,
She droops her head, and dreaming,
Thinks of the coming night.

The moon he is her lover,
He wakes her with his rays,
To him she lifts, unveiling,
Her earnest, flowering gaze.

She blooms, and glows, and glistens,
And shoots up mute in air.
'Mid sweetest tears she quivers
With Love and Love's despair.

A. A. MACDONALD.

The Dominion Government have completed a lobster hatchery at Bay View, four miles from Pictou, N. S. The intention is to save such quantities of eggs as are now thrown away at the lobster factory. The law forbids the capture of lobsters having eggs in embryo. By the artificial process these eggs are brought in by the fishermen in the glass jars. They are then deposited in a series of glass jars through which pure sea water is made to pass. Already several millions of young lobsters have been hatched and planted out in the localities where the fishermen have been in the habit of catching the parent fish, and there are about 50,000,000 of young in the incubators. It is said other hatcheries will be established in the provinces. The method adopted is certainly novel.—*Colchester Sun*.