

dowed him, and under cover of which he had committed a very fair share of cold-blooded villainy during his thirty-three years of life. He had a noble brow, a benevolent dome to his scheming head, and an upright carriage and chivalrous air worthy of a Bayard. His eyes even were not the regulation villain steel gray or fiery black, but a rich, deep sympathetic blue like the edges of the Mediterranean, with the rosy twilight lingering on them, and they were soft eyes, seldom betraying his thoughts, except rarely by a sudden, curious dullness or a horrible flash, like the leaping of a Damascus blade from its scabbard in the light of a conflagration. People worshipped him for a short time, and when they found him out, which they sometimes did in his schemes and plots, they held generally a regretful and mournful memory of him, and were much inclined to lay the blame of any transaction in which they had suffered at his hands, on any shoulders other than those of the handsome, noble-looking Bayard who had robbed them or jilted them as the case might be. He was less popular amongst the rough men of the woods, for just as what man is pleased to term creatures of the lower creation are possessed of immeasurably keener senses and finer instincts than ours, so those to whom the civilization of cities is a far-off dream, have a natural insight or instinct which pierces through the exterior show and reveals the real man, as a conventionally educated man or woman of society could only do, in those cases out of ten, by the long and painful process of experience.

"Where is Androsia?" were his first words as he advanced to the table, over which fell a wavering tide of crimson light from a pine-branch stuck into the crevice of the log wall. The open door behind him gave a lovely glimpse of the moonlit lake and the dark, mysterious stretches of woodland tipped and crested with silver.

"I don't know," responded the Colonel, briefly, and turning to Archie he resumed the conversation which the entrance of Farmer had interrupted. His manner was almost rude, but Farmer did not appear to notice it, but teated himself at the table, with his usual air of stately intolerance, and Mike advanced to attend upon him.

"Is it Miss Drosia yer sakin' for?" he said, in what he pretended was meant for a confidential whisper but which was loud enough to reach even the dulled hearing of the Colonel, "why she's gone this half hour spearing on the lake for maskin'g wid Winona and Jimsey. She went whilst ye wor sittin' on the settle nigh by the mather's windy Mr. Farmer, sir. There's her light-nigh half-way across the lake."

Archie glanced out and in the silver distance saw a light like a great lurid star moving slowly across the water, but the forms of the girl and her companions were invisible.

Farmer returned no answer to Mike, but turned and look earnestly out over the lake, where a second light was now visible slowly approaching the other from an opposite direction.

"Did they take two canoes?" he inquired, as he perceived the advancing light, and he helped himself to some of the curdy trout, and commenced his supper with much gusto.

"Not they," responded Mike, "but I'm thinking that's Hawkeye that's out, I see him schramming round in that black canoe of his just at dusk."

Farmer rose from the table and pushed back his tin plate. He went to one of the rough stands and taking down a paddle, threw it over his shoulder and without a word or a glance at his companions rushed out into the moonlight. Colonel Howard turned almost savagely on Mike who was leaning after the retreating figure of Farmer with indescribable humor.

"Why did you let the girl out with that scoundrel prowling round?" he said, in a voice boomed with rage, and shaking his trembling hand at Mike.

"Be aisy now, Colonel," replied Mr. Murphy, "it's meself didn't see the red rascal at all, stall, sure it was only jokin' Mr. Farmer I was. A briek paddle on a wild goose chase'll do the craythur good, and kape him out of ear shot whilst yer honor speaks what was on yer mind to the Captain here, an' to make sure I'll just run to the landing an' help him out with the canoe," and Mr. Murphy disappeared through the open door.

"A clever ruse," said the Colonel turning to Archie with a grim and bitter smile, "that man banua me day and night, and I cannot rid myself of him. Had you stayed for weeks I might not have found an opportunity of unfolding my wishes to you. Now we can speak without interruption."

Archie bowed in silent bewilderment, and with an expression of almost agonized self-reproach the old man continued. "It is indeed a bitter hour in which I see my daughter, the descendant of a proud house, and my beloved placed between the diabolical schemes of a penniless adventurer and the love of an untutored savage such as Hawk-eye—ha, you know the name, I see."

"Yes," said Archie quietly, "a week since, he would have murdered me at Sandy-Point Tavern, but for the intervention of one of my guides, Bill Montgomery the trapper, I bear the mark yet," and he touched a long, newly healed scar on his right temple.

"The cowardly dog!" exclaimed the Colonel, "how did it happen?"

"Very simply," replied Captain Fraser, "I detected him a few days previously in an attempt to poison our supply of powder, and I'm sorry to say I knocked him down. He must have followed our trail to the Sandy-Point Portage, for he stole on me while I was asleep,

and had not Montgomery been awake at the moment I would have been a dead man."

"As it is I would not give much for your chance of life, if you remain here," replied the Colonel earnestly. "Hawkeye is a combination of the evil qualities of both races, without a touch of remorse in his composition. He is a snake deadly venomous and cowardly."

"Oh, I'll look out for the fellow," said Archie contemptuously, "but to return to your affairs, sir."

"Yes," said the Colonel, with a heavy sigh, "but what is that?"

The loud report of a rifle came sharply to their ears followed by another and another, and mingled with the sharp explosion, the distant and piercing cries of female voices. Archie rushed to the door in time to see the flashing lights suddenly extinguished. "Something has happened," he cried and dashed down the hill towards the lake, followed by the trembling steps of the Colonel.

(To be continued.)

A LOST HEART.

BY MAX.

I lost my heart on a summer's day,
In the sweet green woods where the finches sing;
Where the broad ferns grow and the rivulets play,
And the lark soars upward on dowy wing.

I did not grieve for my lost heart then,
I let it depart with never a tear.
As the sun went down that night o'er the glen,
And the peaceful twilight hovered near.

O happy was I to lose my heart,
For the clasp of a hand that summer's day;
For the smile that seemed of my life a part,
For the blushes that came and died away.

But Love is fickle and Love is vain,
And hearts are easily given away;
But mine hath never returned again,
Since we walked thro' the woods that summer's day.

I try but I cannot forget the past,
For I feel the aching void in my breast,
And the star of my hope is overcast,
And there seems for a time neither peace nor rest.

For the Favorite.

CHRISTMAS IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

By Mrs. Alex. Ross.

OF MONTREAL.

CHAPTER II.

HAPPINESS—WORK.

I dreamed of those wild words and thought of them by day for weeks afterwards; but I did not see the man again, he left Eldon Hall that night leaving a note accusing himself to Mrs. Stuenham.

My aunt, I am sure, guessed the reason of his departure, for she never spoke to me of the ruse nor did Colonel Devereux's name cross her lips as long as I remained there.

Early in January my father arrived and after a conversation with General and Mrs. Stuenham wherein they doubtless detailed to him the escape he had made in my happening to have no fancy for the handsome Colonel, he informed me that we would not remain in London as had before been arranged that I might see the sights there, but at once depart via Liverpool and New York for our dear Canadian home.

Only those who have in their young days spent years away from home and all its joys, missed the loving kindly touch of a mother's hand, the bright look of a father's eye, can understand what I felt in being once more in my old home at the Seignory, with what delight I put my arm round Papa's neck and looked into his beautiful clear brown eyes and what peace and joy there was in hearing him say as he did so often,

"Paralle, my beloved child, your presence makes home doubly happy."

After my return from England I spent four years in the happy home of my girlhood, and then I left it to go to a humbler yet if possible a happier one of my own.

My husband was only two years my senior; he was a DeSablery, a distant relation of my mother. Educated as a doctor he had studied in Paris and Germany, he had also with advantages which few possess gone through the Hospitals of Britain improving himself in his profession until at last when he settled down as a physician in a country town in Canada, about twenty miles distant from my father's Seignory, his aid and consultation were sought by all his medical brethren within a circuit of fifty miles.

Adolph was frequently urged by his friends in Montreal and Quebec to settle in either one or the other as being a place of more eligible position for a man of his education and talents, than he could expect to fill as a doctor in a country town.

His answer invariably was "Better to be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome."

The truth was, he anticipated, even before he made his choice of residence, that I would be the mistress of his household; hence his selection of a place where at any time he could drive me over to spend a day in my old home so that my woman's heart might be able to say, with the placid contentment of the Shunammite of old, "I dwell among my own people."

What a blessed rest those words imply, the

full value of which we can only realize after we have been tossed about among strangers, whose kindest sympathy we well know is exercised only for the moment, and is stilled and hushed for ever when we pass from their doorstep, even while the echo of our footfall yet lingers in their ears as we go down the road.

I was very happy in my new home; it was only to last for a short time, not many months; but it was a time of sunshine and brightness. My husband was one of the most amiable and unselfish of men, he never thought of being my master, but he thought of being my instructor as out of his own richly-stored mind he told me tales of the lands through which he had travelled, of the scenes he had seen, made me understand the politics of Europe, gave me a wider scope for thought and reflection giving life a value in my eyes it had never before possessed. It was then I began to look into my own heart to fulfil the duty of self-examination in a way I had never before done and the love I felt for my husband and the blank I knew this world would be without him brought all my conduct with regard to Colonel Devereux vividly before my mind's eye, placing it in a very different light to what it had ever before appeared to me. I now saw that in my ignorance of the world I had been most culpable; that I ought to have seen and checked his advances from the very first, and when at last I heard those words of his to my aunt (a par of my own conduct in listening to what was not meant for my ear I could never think over without a deep blush) instead of allowing my passion to get the better of my reason and spending hours pacing my own room with all the wildness of a savage, I ought to have inquired into the manners and customs of the country in which I then lived. I would have found that Colonel Devereux's words strong, as they were, had only embodied the truth: in England every woman's husband is her master, and in refusing him I had no right to reproach him with his age; I had no right to insult him as I had done, having unwittingly received attentions which he of course understood were construed as they were meant; I ought at least to have seen my fault and expressed sorrow at the mistake I had made. His wild words of cursing as he left me, had, I then believed, sunk into the ground harmless; "The curse causeless shall not come," I thought then had been fully realized in my own case, and I not only forgave them freely, but blamed myself whose conduct had brought them forth.

My husband and I had spent the previous day, Sunday, at my father's chateau, and by an early drive across the country with the aid of a good pair of horses we were in time for breakfast and a rest ere the hour arrived at which Adolph usually visited his patients.

There were two or three letters awaiting our arrival, among them was one in a large envelope with the printed words "On Her Majesty's service" on the back and sealed in red sealing wax with the impression of the British arms.

I had sat down on the sofa without removing my travelling dress, except my hat which lay beside me as I threw it off, and I sat looking in Adolph's face as he opened and read the important looking missive; it was very evident that the perusal gave him great satisfaction if not indeed pleasure, a smile illumined his whole face as handing the letter to me he said,

"This is indeed a piece of extraordinary good fortune, you must help me to decide whether I shall take advantage of it or not."

The letter contained a paper from her Majesty's Government appointing Adolph De Sablery physician in chief to the troops stationed in Canada, his place of residence to be Montreal, with a salary of one thousand pounds a year.

With my five and twenty years I was childish enough then, God knows, and I felt my eyes snap with pleasure as they glided over the pleasing intelligence and I laughed with delight as I said: "This unsolicited? how could they have heard of you and the clever, cunco you are daily affecting?"

My husband smiled as he patted my cheek saying: "It is neither hearing of me or my clever cunco as you call them that has done this, they have doubtless troubled themselves to ascertain that I am competent to fill the duties that they have appointed me to for the rest it is the work of a friend who has used his influence on my behalf, but who that friend is I cannot for the life of me imagine."

It did not take long to decide, we drove that evening to his father's and spent the night there where the news was received with joy and rejoicing, both my sisters-in-law, young girls under twenty, declaring themselves perfectly charmed with the change, promising to come and spend the next winter with me in Montreal.

At my father's it was the same, they would have their old house at Montreal which they had not occupied for many years completely renovated, and spend at least four months there next winter. While Adolph continued to hold the situation it would in future be their winter place of residence.

We were not long in removing to Montreal and finding a suitable place of abode, although I never could realize the same home feeling there that I did to the fullest extent in my country cottage.

My husband was obliged to dine at the Mess. Sir Frederic Liddle, the Colonel of the regiment now stationed in Montreal, who had been the first to make my husband's acquaintance told him it was necessary he should do so, that there were only a limited number of officers and the commander-in-chief made it a point that all should attend the Mess.

This at first was to me very irksome. Since my married life I had been accustomed to have my husband at my side in all his spare time; even when he studied I would take my work and sit by his table, very careful not to make the slightest noise nor to attract his attention by word or movement so that I might enjoy being near him watching the expression of his face as he read, in short drawing pleasure from his presence in the many ways which only a woman and a wife can appreciate, while at the same time I felt conscious that by the undisturbed silence of the room, the care I took not to distract his attention in any way from his studies, he was reaping all the advantages he could were I not there; he used himself to say that he always read with less abstraction while I was present.

From this life of quiet happiness with my husband almost ever by my side I was now in the enjoyment to be sure of a far finer house in a city, more domestics, et cetera, but these were not the things I loved, my aspirations had over been very humble, love in a cottage was all my desire, and so, although I never allowed myself for one moment to indulge in grumbling I did for the first few months feel as if I would rather be at home again in the old place where one maid servant and the man who cared for the doctor's horse, attended to my garden swept the yard and all the multitude of little duties which fall to the one man in a small establishment like ours, constituted the sum total of my domestic life.

As to Adolph he enjoyed his change of life more than I can well express, everything was so much more congenial to him here; the officers who were his most intimate associates were all educated men in the same rank of life as his own. Although he had more professional duties to attend to, yet these were all in a limited circle, with none of the long rides in rainy weather nor through the night which marked his progress in our former home.

He had occasionally to visit other military stations such as Toronto, Kingston and Quebec, and on each of the first of these visits I went with him and enjoyed myself very much, feeling as if I were making a second marriage tour.

Sir Frederic Liddle was my husband's most intimate friend, yet with this single exception I had seen every other officer in the regiment, it so happened that twice when he called I was from home and on one or two occasions when other officers of the regiment dined with us Sir Frederic had a pre-engagement. Singular to say, with the exception of my husband the others were all unmarried men, so that unless in my own house it was impossible we should meet.

I had heard so much of Sir Frederic from my husband that I felt rather impatient to know him myself; yet we were four months in Montreal ere my wish was gratified. On the occasion of some celebrated singer I forgot who coming to Montreal, I accompanied my husband to a concert she gave and there, in one of the pauses of the music, I was almost electrified by seeing Colonel Devereux cross the room and ere I could recover from my surprise he was introduced to me by my husband as Sir Frederic Liddle.

Colonel Devereux said something which I scarcely heard about a pleasant surprise—unexpected meeting, I did not catch his words, perhaps it was my own agitation prevented me from doing so; my heart fluttered uneasily in my bosom as if it were an imprisoned bird with a broken wing.

Although Colonel Devereux whom I must now call Sir Frederic Liddle, expressed great surprise on finding as he said that his friend Dr. De Sablery's wife was his old acquaintance Miss D'Auroy, I could not try as I would, to disabuse myself of what I thought might be my unjust feelings towards him, believe me word he said on the subject.

His face did not express surprise although his words did but it did express a latent hate and a strong one. When I entered that concert room I had almost forgotten that there was such a person in the world as Colonel Devereux. If I did think of him at all it was only to reproach myself with my conduct towards him. Ere I reached my home that night all my old dislike to the man had returned in full force. I dreaded him as if he had the power of the evil one.

He stood by my side for a few minutes talked of General and Mrs. Stuenham whom he said he had seen within the last six months during a flying visit he paid to England previous to my husband's appointment, and then with a courteous bow sought a cross seat to the right of where we were placed. Several times during the evening my eyes sought the place where he sat, I could not resist doing so, it seemed as if the power of a basilisk were exerted over me; each time I looked, I found his eyes fixed on my face with a steady gaze, his whole face expressing an intense dislike, which it seemed to me he wished I should see and understand; any way he had certainly no desire to hide it. For me the music was joyless, the voice of the singer mute, and ere the entertainment was half over I begged of my husband to take me home.

Once safe within the precincts of our own drawing room I told Adolph the history of my former acquaintance with Sir Frederic Liddle, then Colonel Devereux, I did not attempt to exonerate myself from blame in one iota, told him all simply as it had occurred, and ended by saying that all my old dislike and dread of the man had returned on me in its full force since the moment I met him in the concert room.

He treated the whole as nothing, laughed at my fears "Sir Frederic" said he, "is the best fellow in the world"; as to these threatening words of his, I can easily believe that in a mo-