THE HEARTHSTONE.

" i have nothing to confide to you, ma'am." He bit his lips, faltered out a few unintelli- it."

I've promised somebody - it doesn't matter whom—to bestow an eye on your doings, therefore I am only keeping my word as an apright woman should. Now look here, my boy, if you don't tell me all about this starvation process of yours, 1'll go straight to the manager, and report it to him ; ah, that I will, as sure as my name is rationce Polderbrant !"

Desmoro's features worked spasmodically. He saw determination in all his companion's looks, and though he recoiled from revealing he gave the youth a draught of it, his boson's secrets to any living being, he felt Then Desmoro looked up with compelled to do so now."

am trying to save a little money, Mrs. Polderbrant !" quivered he, in great embarass-

" Save ?" repeated she, in amazement, " Good gracions! Save, boy! For what?" The colour, which had vanished from his face, croac back to it now in a scarlet flush.

"I don't like to say, ma'am !" faltered poor ed with a cold dew. Desmore, his eyes cast on the ground. "That book !" repe Mrs. Polderbrant looked at him suspicious-

ly. "Young man!" sac exclaimed, in solemn accents, "young man!"

"I am doing no wrong—indeed, I am not, Mos. Polderbrant," he uttered, in increasing confusion.

She shook her head, "1 don't like secresy,

Desmoro !" she said, severely. " Neither do L. ma'am."

"Then why practise it ?"

"True," he rejoined.

Then there ensued a somewhat lengthy pause, during which Desmoro was sitting with his gaze on the floor, like one who had committed some guilty act. "Whether we be old or young, there is no-

thing like having a clean bleast of our own," she remarked.

" I have a clean breast, ma'am," he answered,

book that I want," explained he. "A book! Gracious! what book?"

"One that's in the bookseller's shop close by here, ma'am.' "How much is it ?-and what's its title ?"

" Hume's ' Treatise on Human Nature,' and

other miscellaneous subjects," "W at !" half-screamed the lady, in blank amazement. "And what do you want with such a work ?"

" To study it, ma'am."

"Well, you are an odd youth !" she returned, with a twinkle of pleasure in her cold eyes. "How much have you saved towards purchasing

this vo nine ?" " As yet, only eighteenpence, ma'am."

" And how much is this treatise ?"

" A bargain —only six shillings."

Go instantly and spend that eighteenpence in buying a comfortable meal, and let me hear no more about this pinching and killing yourself in order to get books on-heaven knows what. Now, make me no answer, Desmoro, but be off with you for so ne coffee and some butter. There-not another word!" added she, seeing him about to speak. " Maybe some good fairy or other will get you what you want besides. (io! Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once !" she commanded, starting up, and waving her hands in a tragic manner

Desmoro vanished at once, and went out to do her bidding, which he performed reluctantly, parting with his few pence, his garnered store,

when he discovered that the volume was gone out of its usual place, and was nowhere to be Desmoro's heart seemed to sink in his seen ! breast as his eyes scanned the several shelves | end-consequently you must be up in the char-

gibe words, and then remained silent. " mass knew the truth !" pursued she, per-severingly, and in her blunt but kindly tones. his wandering orbs round and round the room, turned he. "I'm not going to watch you dwindle down to mere skin and hone, and hold my peace all the while, just as if I had no feeling in my brevst. Sintastical forms,—with fairies and elves, gol-are, and I mean to prompt you at night." fantastical forms,—with fairies and elves, gob-lins and sprites, who were all dancing about At this, Desmoro op ned wide his eves, while him, hughing and grinning at one another, and Slavings blinked, rubbed his hand and chuckpointing at him as if they were making him their sport. Again Jellico shook the youth, who dropped

into a chair in an almost powerless state. At this, the manager began to be somewhat

taining cold water, being within Jellico's reach,

Then Desmoro looked up with a clearer conntenance. " Whatever ails you, my lad ?" inquired the

manager, curious to learn the cause of his pro-tegr's strange behaviour. Desmoro once more examined the welcom

volume, "Sir, did you bring hither this book " asked he, still in nervous trepidation, his brow cover-

"That book !" repeated Jellico. " No, lad. 1

brought no book here !" " You did not, sir ?"

" Not I, indeed!" uttered the other

" Then how came it here ?" returned Desmoro,

in great perplexity. " How came what here?"

" Hume's 'Treatise on Human Nature,' sir," was the simple reply. " Hume's botheration 1 I never in my life

heard of such a book!" " Is it possible, sir ?"

"What's the lad's brain rambling about," wonder ?"

" Ha !" exclaimed Desmoro, suddenly. " Mrs. Polderbrant-"tis her work : I see it all now !" "What do you say you see?" said Jellico, holly bewildered. "I verily believe, Deswholly bewildered. more, you are taking leave of your reason! Here have I been questioning you this ever so on the instant, speaking in a proud tone, and long, without being able to get a sensible word with his head now raised. "I repry. I can't understand your ways, and "I'm glad to h ar it, my boy-glad as if I beg that you'll change them as soon'as you were your own mother." "I'm only s ving my money to buy a certain ("Please to parlon me, sir, and I'll at once

endeavour to explain myself."

"The sooner the better," responded the man-ager, very bluntly. " (Io on !" After a little hesitation, Desmoro obeyed; and Jellico was put in possession of most of these particulars with which you are already accuminted

acquainted. Jellico, who had listened to Desmoro in amused surprise, laughed, saying that it was altogether a most mysterious incident, and that | dressing the grim-visaged matron, who had he supposed some sort of magic had been at work in the affair. Mrs. Polderbrant looked like a witch, he thought, and he had no doubt but that she had been exercising her superna-tural powers, and had removed the book from arrilly in love with you? its owner's window, and transported it into Desmoro's hands Desmoro's hands,

" I wouldn't have anything to do with the

thing, if I were you, Desmoro," said the manager, jocosely,—"I really wouldn't!" But the lad, all heedless of his companion's words, hugged his treasure close to his breast, as if he feared its being rudely torn from him. " If Mrs. Polderbrant made you a present of

that great tome, she has certainly sprung a mine somewhere, ' pursued Jellico, jestingly.

" It was to be had a great bargain, sir," re-marked Desmoro-" a very great bargain, sir." "There-there, that will do!" returned the manager. " Now to other and more important matters. Have you breakfasted ?" Yes, sir.

"That's right! Now pay attention to what parting with his few pence, his garnered store, as if he were parting with his very life. As he returned from spending his hoarded sum, he paused before the bookseller's window, in order to contemplate the much longed-for this very town. But his worship has brought me some trouble, for, double the parts as I may, treasure, which he now deemed further out of I am afraid I shall not be able to give him the his reach than ever. But judge of his surprise play he desires. Thetford's absence has crippled me. I have a Juliet, but no Romeo. Now I remember your once telling me that you knew all Shakspere's plays from beginning to

queried the manager, laying hold of Desmoro's you, Comfort ?" sid the youth, spe king to that | under their own legitimate app llations. For, "I want to know wherefore I see such a meal as that b-fore you?" persisted she. "I want to be informed why I see you thus starving yourself to deat., Desmoro Desmoro?" " Now begin," said the maiden, her eyes still

" But you are not looking at the book," re-

" Because I have no occasion for so doing

" What do you think of that, Mr. Desmoro

Desmoro ?" he exclaimed, in accents of triumph. Comfort is for coming out strong, by-and-by, At this, the manager began to be somewhat I expect 1 When do you think you'll be able alarmed. Desmoro was shivering all over, and to attempt *Juliet*, ch?" he added, his orbs twin-his fe tures were of a deathly hue. A cup, con- kling with delight, caused only by his own anticinations.

Comfort blushed very prettily, and nodded her head in a self-satisfied way, as much as to say, " Wait awhile, and you shall see !"

CHAPTER VIII.

At length the all-important night arrived.

The mayor was in his loss, and the theatre was crowded in every available part. The band, which consisted of a violin, a trumpet, and . drum, no v commenced to play "Gold save the King," of which the trumpet and the drum had decidedly the beet; the tones of the poor fiddle being only heard to squeck out at intervals, and somew at spismodically. But the country folk listened to the music in mpt attention, and rapturously applauded the performers, beating time to the trumpet and the drum, which instrument evidently met with their warmest approbation.

All this while, Desmoro was in the room as-signed to him and the various stage properties belonging to the establishment. The youth belonging to the establishment. The youth was under the skilful hands of Mrs. Polderbrant, who, herself attired as *Lidy 'apulet*, was painting his face, blackening his cycbrows, and darkening his upper lip, upon which a slight

darkening his upper lip, upon which a down was just beginning to appear. "Now you are as perfect as hands can pos-sibly make you," spoke the theavy lady,' adinsting the set of Desmotro's hat, "You are a very youthful Romeo, I'll admit; but if you act the part well, that's all you have to mind. You look quite eighteen, with that moustache," she

look quite eighteen, with that included, added, reg inding him critically, He did not answer a word; at that moment he was too full of auxiety and trepidation to command his voice.

At this instant there came a gentle tap at the door, which, being pushed open a little, showed the delicate face of Comfort Shavings.

" May I come in and take a peep at him. Mrs. Polderbrant ?" queried the damsel. " O 4 OF course, I knew you were here, else I shouldn't have made bold to come," she added, still ad-

nodded permission for her to enter. " Oh, doesn't he look beautiful!" exclaimed

and do nothing of the sort," retorted Mrs. Pol-derbrant, irefully. Fall in love with Desmoro! Why, Miss Ormand is thirty, if she's an hour! wonder, child, to hear you talk such nonsense !"

Comfort coloured at this rebuke, and turned aside to hide her confusion. She felt that she had made a foolish speech, and she was very sorry for it.

Desmoro, whose free had brightened, and heart had lightened at the first glimpse of her countenance, now drew near her, and whispered in her ear, "Keep near me, Comfort; I shall have courage while you are within my sight?"

" I am going to stand at the wing, and prompt you, should you need such assistance at any "Thenk you accession assistance at any time," was the blushing reply. "Thank you, Comfort; Pll do as much for you some day."

" You have already done plenty for me, more

"What are you chattering there about, Des-moro?" authoritatively demanded Mrs. Polderbrant, who had been contemplating her physiognomy in a piece of looking-glass, ' Don't you know that you ought to remain quite quiet, thinking only of your part, never for one instant I at the altar, and solemnly plighted to him her permitting your mind to wander from it.

be they either Browns, or Joneses, or Smiths, as soon as ever they don the sock and buskin they become Delorms, Be monts, and Aubreys

they become Determs, be money, and Autoreys 6 Very absurd of them, I'm sure !" And the lady shrugged her white shoulders, and again lounged back in her chair, looking languidly on the scene, as if it were a positive trouble to her to have to keep her eyes wide

But her companion, who was fairly aroused out of his apathy, was now leaning over the f ont of the box, narrowly watching all our hero's actions.

I have said that this box was close to the stage. Such being the case, the gentleman was near enough to observe Desmoro's every feature; the col ar of his eyes, the shape of his mouth, his well-formed nose, his broad white brow, and his glossy hair of a rich auburn hue.

And, powers of heaven, his red hand ! A cry of amazement-almost of pain-rose to the stranger's lips, but it was stilled ere it burst forth, and ended in a deep sigh.

'Twas he, sure enough, Desmoro Desmoro, the deserted son, the legitimate child of Destruded itself upon the colonel's mind. The name of Desmoro Desmoro, and the young more Symure and Anna, his late wife. stroller's red hand, were facts which at once

Yes, yes; that red hand of his would proclaim his identity when every voice that could do so man.

my part, I thoroughly abhor all Shakspere's plays, and wonder why we came hither, unless otherwise with him, seeing that he was not to kill the time, which hangs upon one heavier the master of his own actions, that he was than lead when one is living in any other place completely under the control of his vixenish than London or Paris. Do leave off paying wife. attention to those mummers-I'm convinced none of them are worth listening to--and talk to me, else I shall fall asleep here as I sit."

hour of ten arrived, and Mrs. Symure rose to depart. He helped her on with her shawl in But her companion paid no heed whatever to utter silence, gave her his arm, and conducted her speech, but still kept his gaze fixed on the her out of the theatre; at the door of which even though the act-drop had just fallen, and shut out the mimic scene for his view

was their waiting carriage, into which he as-sisted her without speaking a word. "Caroline," he said, pausing at the door of the vehicle, "I—I don't feel exactly myself to-night ; I think I'd rather walk home, if you "Well, I must say that you excel all others in gallantry." pursued the lady, very fretfully. Pray tak me away. I'd rather be moped at home than here, where I am compelled to sit on a hard chair, hearkening first to drawling, then to ranting speeches, and afterwards to these horrible, screeching instruments. Do take me away, my dear."

At these words the gentleman turned his head towards the speaker, upon whom he been at all communicative this evening -a hooked with an abstracted air, as if his thoughts mouse could not have been more silent than were all far away at the moment. He did not speak-he felt as if he had no breath to do so, and his brain was reeling round and round.

The lady, looking quite out of temper, now rose and gathered her cashmere about her. "Eh, are you cold, Caroline?" he asked, re-

calling his thoughts, at the same time rising and assisting her with her shawl.

"I'm going home," pouted she. "Not yet, surely? The first act of the play "Well, and what of that, if I feel weary of

the thing?" she rejoined, crossly. "But you forget, Caroline, that the carriage was not ordered until ten o'clock.

" Frovoking !" exclaimed she, throwing herself back again into her chair. "Why did you bring me to such a patry place as this, where I can get no amusement of any kind ?" she added, commencing picking her bouquet to pieces. "It's a positive infliction being forced to remain when you refuse to talk to me, and won't even laugh at the people we see here !" " I'm not in a humour of either talking ou

laughing to-night, Caroline," he answered, gloomily, passing his hand across his brow as he spoke

unhappy, likewise, and he was very uneasy, and very unhappy, likewise, and he was thankful to be alone for awhile with this thoughts, which were harassing him as thoughts had seldom harassed him before. She looked at him in some surprise. "What " Does your head ails you?" she inquired, ache? If it does, it's th ache? If it does, it's the vile air of this stifling place. Phew! I shall have a headache a sort of alley, at the end of which was the stage-entrance, a dingy doorway guarded by a lame man, whom the townspeople called "Hopping Pidgers," a singular character, whose as-

myself very soon; I feel one coming on." "I am not in any pain whatever, Caroline," was his calm response. "I am simply in a silent mood, that is all, my dear."

"Silent mood, that is all, my dear." "Silent mood I" repeated she. "Disagreeable mood, you should have said," she haughtily sions, and glanced at its sole occupant, a wiz-ened man,—apparently old, but in reality not udded

"Probably so; I am sorry to be in such." he And shading his eyes with his hand, he fell into a train of sad, aching thoughts, which

carried him back into the past-to a period when a sunny-haired maid had stood with him

disappointment.

" Some one has bought it at last!" sighed he " Well, it was such a rare bargain that I don't wonder at its being gone !" And with a deeper sigh than before, the youth proceeded onwards, his spirit full of sadness and sore regrets.

Arrived at his dingy apartment, Desmoro was

astonished to find ho Mrs. Polderorant there. Mechanically he put down his recent pur-chases, and then, seating himself on a stool in your youth, lad, if you can make anything of the firm he worked his chin on his two | the part. And as for people laughing't why, here he worked his chin on his two | the part. bers in the rusty grate, and silently lamented his hard fate.

He never once thought of the coffee and the butter he had just bought-of the comfortable meal which was now within his reach. reflections were all on a widely different subject.

Yet there was no atom of selfishness in these sorrowful repinings of his. If he wished to possess money, it was only that he might be able to procure books, procure pens, ink, and paper for Comfort's use-no more, as his own wants and desires were simple enough, and easily gratified.

While Desmoro was thus buried in his musings, the door of the room was opened, and Jellico entered.

The youth started up on the instant, and the warm blood flushed his face as he recognized the worthy manager.

"What is the matter with you, my lad? Are

you not well?" queried Jellico. Desmoro did not answer. His amazed eyes were fixed on a book—on the very volume which was in his thoughts at this moment, now lying on the table before him. He could not move; he felt as if he were transfixed to the spot-as if some sort of onchantment were at work around him.

Presently he rabbed his evolids, doubting his waking senses, and then he lifted up the tome, and tenderly examined it.

' It's all a dream, isn't it, sir ?" he breathed, looking at Jellico, who was standing in dumb wonderment, watching Desmoro's strange actions; "or is it by magic that this book came here?"

"Whatever is the matter with the lad?

" I know all the words, sir; but for all that, dared not undertake to act the part," answer ed Desmoro, in considerable dismay. " Besides, I am far too young to perform the lover the people would laugh at me did I attempt to do so, and the whole tragedy would be spoiled

through my youth, inexperience, and lack of

the part. And as for people laughing why, let those laugh who win, say I. I'm sure you're a fine strapping fellow, looking far older than your years; the very figure for a lover Come, you must try the part ; who know too! what you may achieve by doing so ?"

" I have never yet spoken one long speech on the stage. I have only delivered lines and messages.

" Then it's high time you strove to do some thing more," returned Jellico. " I'm sure you have talents if you will exert them. You have industry in plenty-of that much I am assured -then have some courage as well, and the thing is at once accomplished."

Desmoro was confused, and quite at a loss what to say about the business. The proposed undertaking was one of great magnitude in his eyes, and he shrank at the more idea of making such an arduous attempt.

But by dint of much persuasion, Jellico at length prevailed upon our hero to essay the character of the love-stricken Romco, and the tragedy was at once put in rehearsal, and Des moro's whole attention was, for a time, com-pletely absorbed in practising his several scenes over and over again, and in struggling against all his rising fears of that evening which was

fast approaching—the evening of his debut. " Never mind, my lad," said Shavings, one day, when Desmoro, who had been rehearsing his part to Comfort one day, was speaking of his apprehensions, of his terrors of the forthcoming ordeal through which he was about to pass, "Twelve o'clock must come ! Think of that fact when the curtain first rises, when you feel your heart going pit-a-pat underneath your spangled doublet, and you don't know what a sight of consolation it will afford you."

ig observations from heard the following

Mrs. Siddons—with which wondrous actress I have often had the honour of appearing in public,- Few actors or actresses that talk much in the green-room will ever be heard with any extraordinary pleasure on the stage.' Bear that piece of advice in your minds, young people, Hark ! there's the bell, the curtain is going up.'

Saying which, Mrs. Polderbrant linked her arm through that of Desmoro; and, without a word more, marched him off to the wings, there to remain until his entrance-cue would be given Comfort Shavings was standing on the opposite side of the stage, trembling for the success of her kind young tutor, whom she perceived glancing at her from time to time, as if to take courage from her looks. At length, the waited-for cue was given ; and

our hero, by whose side Mrs. Polderbrant had sturdily remained, entered and stood before the andience.

In a private box near the stage were lounging a lady and gentleman, both of whom were look ing very weary, as if they had come there only too look at others and yawn their time away. The gentleman was in the full-dress uniform

of a military officer, and appeared to be somewhat pust forty years of age. The lady glanced at Desmoro; and, being

struck by his youthful appearance, and by the poculiar beauty of his face, referred to the play-

bill before her, in order to learn his name " Most extraordinary !" exclaimed she, aloud, the bill in her hands.

"Eh?" returned her companion, arousing himself, and opening his eyes, which had been closed. "What's extraordinary, Caroline?" "Why, look here," she returned, giving him the programme, her finger on Desmoro's name.

" Romeo, by Mr. Desmoro Desmoro," read the gentleman, in calm syllables. Then of a sudden there was a rush, like fever-heart, to his brain and heart, as a crowd of old memories came surging over him, and his eyes fixed themselves on the printed letters before him.

" Is it not strange to find in a play-bill your name—which is one so very singular?" " Oh, Desmoro is an old Irish name—a name

Then his imagination pictured to him a bright young head, reclining on his breast, and loving eyes gazing tenderly and trustfully into his, while gentle and musical syllables were being trilled into his enraptured cars. "Oh, Anna, Anna!" he inwardly moaned,

"my poor, dead darling! how I have lived to miss your sweet smiles, your affectionate accents, and all your fond caresses! And how I have wronged your memory, and the sacred trust which you left behind you !"

Of course you have recognised the man whose heart had uttered the above regretful words; you know that you are in company with the unprincipled Desmoro Symure, the father of our hero.

CHAPTER IX.

Sixteen years have gone by since last we saw Colonel Symure. He was a young man then ; now he is in the meridian of life the indiffe ent husband of an affected, mindless, shrewish selfish woman, who brought him wealth and unhappiness as well. He has no children : he has nothing under his roof save his frivolous wife, who is no companion to him, and wearies

his patience night and day. Many and many a time has he regretted the loss of his child; but never once has he dared to dream of claiming it. 'The secret of his first marriage he must endeavour to conceal for ever. In order to preserve some little tranquility on his domestic hearth, he is compelled to pre-serve that secret inviolate.

He has groaned often to think of the mask which he is forced to wear, without ever hav-ing the courage to pluck that mask off. He is entirely under the thrall of his rich wife, with

whom he has no confidence whatever. And he is now sitting here, in a paltry little theatre, belonging to an obscure country town, witnessing the performance of a troupe of strolling players, his own lawfully-begotten son being one of the principal members of that troupe.

angled doublet, and you don't know what a which, in all probability, does not belong to consolation it will afford you." "Noa, in coorse yo wouldn't l Dang it, why this young fellow,"added he, his lips twitching fleeted on all this; and the colour forsook his beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as "Noa, in coorse yo wouldn't l Dang it, why this young fellow,"added he, his lips twitching fleeted on all this; and the colour forsook his beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as "Noa, in coorse yo wouldn't l Dang it, why beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as "Noa, in coorse yo wouldn't l Dang it, why beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as "Noa, in coorse yo wouldn't l Dang it, why beant one mon's back an' limbs as straight as "Noa, in coorse yo would libe a Hoppin' Pidg ers, "

He drew his cloak around him. in order to hide his scarlet coat, pulled the military hat deep over his brow, and still lingered on the threshold, unable to make his mind what to do; whether to enter there or to let it alone.

rich in its practised modulations, rose and sank

his own offspring son from such a humiliating

had the bearing of a prince. Colonel Symure would be proud indeed to own him, and take him to his heart; for tim had much softened

this man's breast, which had nothing to fill it now-nothing, save sorrowful memories of, and

repinings for, the past Every pulse in Colonel Symme's body was throbbing fast and painfully, and he was long-ing to spring upon the stage, and fold the youth to his boson Had he but owned a different wo-

man for his wife, he might, perhaps, have fol-

lowed his inclinations, and revealed to her the existence of his son ; as it was, he was almost

The hand of heaven seemed to have directed

him to this place, in order to show him the

trust he had so cruelly neglected-the child he

established his relationship to that gentle-

Never in all his life had C donel Symuro suf-

fered such mental anguish as he was now suf-

fering. But the all-end would not be here : he

would probably be made to endure still more torture. Indeed, how could it possibly be

Colonel Symure was truly thankful when the

"No objection to your doing so," "No objection to your doing so, indeed !" re-pe :ted she. "And what's to become of me all

the while you are from my side. Why, I'm to be moped in this close e-rriage, without a soul to exchange a syllable with. Not that you have

yourself. I wonder what's the matter with

"You said that before." "I know I did; and I say it again and

"You're mysterious, Colonel Symure," she suspiciously rejoined, "You may well say you're not like yourself to-night."

"Whoever heard of *night* air doing a person any good ? I'm certain / never did ?"

But Colonel Symure was gone, and Mrs. Symure was compelled to return home wholly

The gentleman strode along to the end of

the street, until the equipage containing his wife was quite out of sight ; then he sauntered

back again into the theatre, and resumed his

But the tragedy was over, and Desmoro Des-moro was no longer to be seen.

Colonel Symure was very uneasy, and very

Soon he left the theatre, and sauntered down

Colonel Symure peeped through the open

doorway into a murky room of narrow dimen-

so,-crooning over the dying embers in a rusty, battered grate There was a crazy table, on

which a lamp was burning, and a pile of old

playbills, disturbed by the draught from the

open door, was fluttering on the blackened and cobwebbed wall opposite.

That was all the gentleman could see.

" i shall be better after I've had a brisk walk,

1-1 am not myself, Caroline."

and a few mouthfuls of fresh air."

scat in the box he had just vacated.

pect was repulsive in the extreme.

vou."

again '

Not a single doubt of the youth's identity in-

distracted, and knew not how to act

dared not claim as his.

What was he to do? How could he snatch

This son of his was handsome as Apollo, and

in impassioned declamation.

position ?

The figure hanging over the fire coughed once or twice, and rubbed its skinny hands togother.

Colonel Symure watched and watched, until he was weary of watching, then he passed through the doorway, and stood in the presence of the Cerberus of the place, Hopping Pidgers, who had started from his seat at the creaking of the stranger's boots.

The gentleman drew back and shuddered before the crooked form presented to his view. "Weel, what dun yo want ?" was the not over courteous interrogatory made by the Cerberus.

This question, so bluntly put, perplexed the gentleman for a second or two.

Pidgers, whose little eyes looked in two separate directions, was narrowly scanning the appearance of the new-comer, examining him from head to foot.

"Can I do anythin' fur yo, sur ?" he further demanded, in cracked and discordant accents, and with a strong Yorkshire dialect. "I really don't know," stammered the Co-

lonel. "I want to be informed where Mr. Desmoro Desmoro lives," he added, his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth as he uttered the name.

" Oh, whereabouts Maister Desmoro Desmoto lives, yo wants to know ?" repeated Pidgers, with a cunning grin, all the while peering into the querist's face. "What can a soger-officer want wee a play-actor lad like him, um? Maybe, yo wants to him to goo an' list for a soger ?" added he, eagerly. "Perhaps I do?" half-laughed the Colonel.

"Such a fine fellow as he would be a credit to any regiment in the world " "Fine foller " mumbled the man. "Theer

it be ; alus yer foin fellers ! I'd bet a penny yo'd not tak' me fur a soger !"

"No, I don't think I should !" was the dry and haughty rejoinder.