

## LOST AND FOUND.

Standing on the platform of the railway station in K—, a pleasant rural town in Eastern Ontario, and looking towards the west, the beholder sees in the distance a comfortable-looking stone mansion. To such an observer it may not appear worthy of more than a passing glance; but if he takes the trouble to approach nearer, he will find himself amply repaid for the extra exertion.

Crowning a gradual eminence with the diversified landscape spread out in panoramic beauty, the situation of the mansion is charming, while grounds magnificent in every detail, surround it. Gently-sloping lawns with green lawns running conveniently across them, and flower-beds of endless variety appear on all sides; and, stretching away in the distance, gentle heights and grassy dales, with here and there a little grove of trees, beech and maple, lend enchantment to the view. But, about all there appears an air of solidity; everything suggests the idea that the owner is possessed of a considerable share of this world's goods.

It is a lovely September evening.

In the grounds of the above mansion, seated on a plain rustic seat, in a nook made by overhanging bushes, are two persons, a young lady and gentleman, silently gazing at the ground; while drawn up on the road in front, is a carriage waiting.

At this moment the evening train slowly draws into the depot, and as the engine shrilly whistles "on brakes," the young gentleman starts to his feet.

"I must go, my darling, my own true love," he softly murmurs, with a desperate effort, as if the very words were choking him in their utterance to his fair companion, and drawing her to himself implants one long impassioned kiss upon her rosy lips; with hearts well nigh bursting, they utter a mutual "good-bye," and walking to the carriage he is driven rapidly to the depot.

The young lady, on his departure, resumed her seat, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, sits motionless.

The locomotive of the departing train again breaks the stillness, and as the sound comes floating over the intervening space, she faintly echoes "gone," and rising, enters the house.

Harold Wickham, whose departure for California we have briefly sketched, was "born and brought up," as the local idiom has it, in the town of K—. His parents, though poor, were respectable. His father, who had been a skilful mechanic, dying while he was yet young, his up-bringing and early education devolved upon his mother, a thoroughly religious and pious woman, who performed her duty faithfully, and did not suffer the youthful Harold to spoil, according to the idea of the Psalmist.

Possessed of a naturally quick disposition, the boy made good use of his opportunity of attending the common school in his native town, and on entering the store of Allan, Downey & Co., as under-clerk, he had acquired a moderate English education. Strictly honest, and with a capacity for business, he rapidly rose in the estimation of his employers, and indeed of all with whom he came in contact. Promoted as speedily as was compatible with the laws of business, his arrival at manhood found him enjoying a liberal salary, as book-keeper for the firm.

Moreover, an event occurred, which was destined to mar to no considerable extent, the tranquility of his life.

This event happened very naturally; in fact, it takes place at one time or another, in the life of nearly every individual. He fell in love—deeply, hopelessly in love; and in his case it was destined that the course of true love should not run smooth.

It was by merest accident that he lost his heart.

He was standing in front of the store on a certain occasion, when a pair of horses to which a carriage containing a beautiful young lady was attached, dashed madly down the street. Instinctively he flew to the rescue. By sheer courage, and not without receiving several severe contusions, he succeeded in arresting them in their headlong flight. It proved to be the private carriage of the wealthy banker, Gerald Juxton, Esq., containing his only daughter, Miss Eva. She had been out driving unattended, and the magnificent "greys" becoming frightened at an approaching train, had irresistibly scampered away. Fortunately the young lady escaped uninjured.

The look Miss Juxton bestowed upon her deliverer had set that young man's heart all in a flutter; and words are inadequate to express his joy, when his offer to act in the capacity of teamster, back to the mansion of the banker, was accepted.

And oh, the pleasure of that drive! How quickly the young lady recovered her spirits in the company of Harold Wickham! How gaily she talked and laughed as she recounted her adventure! A very few minutes however sufficed to bring them to their destination, and having received permission to call again, the young man politely bowed himself away.

In a short interval after the occurrence narrated above, a crisp but polite note arrived from Gerald Juxton, Esq., thanking the manly clerk for the manly efforts he had put forth in the rescue of his daughter.

Forthwith the visits of Harold Wickham to the Juxton mansion became very frequent. By the money-loving, philosophical old banker he

was politely but distantly received; while the fair Eva welcomed him as only one who loves can.

Meanwhile, matters had come to a crisis. Seemingly encouraged in his advances by Miss Juxton, Wickham determined to know his fate at the hands of his heart's idol. And who can picture his joy, his delightful surprise, when he found that his feelings were not only reciprocated, but to an extent of which he had not dared to dream.

In the interval, however, a cloud had arisen in the horizon of their love. A dissipated young English lawyer—by name of Howard Russell—whose only recommendation was a flush bank account, was that cloud. He had succeeded in obtaining an introduction to Miss Juxton through a lady friend; but it was with feelings nearly akin to contempt, that his presumptuous attentions were viewed by that estimable young lady.

However, by making a liberal deposit with the old banker he had ingratiated himself into the good graces of that gentleman who received everything from a hard-cash standpoint. Moreover upon Miss Juxton's discovery of the good feelings existing between her father and her second admirer, she devoted herself exclusively to Wickham, and caused him to bring things to a speedy issue. He resolved to interview the banker with regard to the consummation of their marriage.

What? Marry my daughter! The light of my household! My only child! My little Eva! You, a penniless book-keeper, dares—to insinuate—such a thing! No, never will a beggar's brat wed my daughter! Such was the manner in which Mr. Juxton replied to Wickham's proposition.

Drawing himself up to his full height (how grand he looked!) in a calm but dignified tone that marked the true gentleman, Harold vouchsafed the following in reply:

"I have won your daughter's love; I will not ask our marriage until I am no longer a penniless book-keeper."

With a view therefore of improving his circumstances, Wickham resolved to leave immediately for California, from which, did he not succeed, he would never return. His departure thither we have already chronicled.

Five years have passed away since Harold Wickham took his departure on that memorable evening for the Golden State, and matters have not materially changed at the Juxton mansion. Eva Juxton still remains true to her absent lover; in fact her love for him is more deeply intensified through his long absence which is mitigated to a certain extent by the affectionate, whole-souled love epistles which he sends her, and to which she takes such intense delight in replying.

Still she has been very uneasy of late. It is full two months since any word arrived from Wickham. She has been anxiously expecting the post-boy with a long, loving letter, sufficient to atone for her past unhappiness. Imagine therefore her dismay, when, after a servant had admitted Howard Russell, that gentleman handed her a copy of the San Francisco Call, containing the following among the marriage notices:

"On the 17th instant, at the Church of Santa Parma, by the Rev. Father Monettez, Harold Wickham, Esq., late of Ontario, Canada, to Donna Juez, only daughter of Don Raman de Castrino."

"There," said he triumphantly, after she had perused it, "what do you think of that?"

"It is false!"

Turning the full power of her lustrous eyes upon the discomfited Russell, she gazed intently at him for a few moments, and then rang for a servant to show him out.

Another year has been added to the past, and Harold Wickham is still absent.

Again we turn to the Juxton mansion. It is brilliantly illuminated on this, the eve of Howard Russell's espousal of the beautiful Eva Juxton.

We wend our way to the church; it is already full.

A solemn stillness falls upon all as the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, passes up the aisle and takes her place before the altar. A few minutes elapse and yet the bridegroom does not appear. What is the matter? Another short interval passes and a dark-bearded stranger enters and passes up to the front. All eyes are centred on him. He approaches the old banker and whispers something to him in an undertone; then together with the trembling bride they enter the vestry. Meanwhile the audience are becoming excited. A pause occurs; then a smothered scream is heard in the vestry. Another pause, and all three emerge and take their positions, this time the dark-bearded stranger in the bridegroom's place. The ceremony proceeds. When it is finished, the now thoroughly excited audience know that Harold Wickham has been "Lost and Found."

We will explain.

Wickham, while in San Francisco, read the notice of his own marriage to a young Spanish lady in an old copy of the Call. Hastening to the office of that journal he learned that Howard Russell had ordered it inserted at his own expense. This explained all—why, for over fourteen months he had received no word from his loved one at home. What was the object of the notice? Perhaps she had married that

villain Russell! Leaving his business connections in reliable hands, he left immediately for K—, and arrived on their wedding eve. In due time he stationed himself at the church door and waited the appearance of the bridegroom. Collaring that gentleman before he had entered the church, he so convincingly impressed upon his mind the importance of his immediate departure for parts unknown, that he accepted his advice forthwith, and with muttered curses turned away in the darkness and was never seen again.

We may surmise, that in the vestry, Harold Wickham satisfied Mr. Juxton with regard to his pecuniary standing; and also convinced him of the villainy of Howard Russell.

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## THE TWO EMPRESSES.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARY S. FAIRRAD.

On a beautiful Sunday in the month of June, 1812, Redoubté, the celebrated flower-painter, set out for Malmaison to see the Empress Josephine, whom he was to present that day with one of his finest productions. The weather was beautiful, the sun shone radiantly above the horizon; not a cloud obscured the sky. Eleven o'clock sounded as he crossed the garden of the Tuileries; directing his steps towards the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a carriage, all at once the crowd pushed toward the terrace on the side of the water. Curious and eager, like all artists, he also advanced to the spot. "It is the King of Rome, it is the empress!" was the exclamation. It was in fact the son of the emperor, fifteen or sixteen months old, who was taking the air on the terrace in a charming open carriage drawn by four well-trained sheep; behind this frail and graceful carriage walked the Empress Marie Louise, enveloped in an immense shawl of particular shade which she preferred to all others, and which has taken her name. Arriving at the gate of the terrace, Redoubté stopped, on finding himself near a young woman whose thin features and miserable clothing announced suffering and destitution. In her arms was a young child.

"Poor little one!" said she, in a low voice, caressing the child, "thou hast neither carriage nor playthings. To him belong all the pleasure and joys of infancy, to thee the privations, the sadness, and soon the grief—what has he done more than thou, this son of a king? You were born at the same time, the same day, the same hour. I am young like his mother; I love thee as she loves him. But thou hast no father, and my strength diminishes daily."

Redoubté, who, at her first words listened attentively, heard all of this monologue, then he saw the young mother furtively wipe away a tear. Moved by the sight, he went toward her and said:

"I am persuaded, madame, that if Marie Louise knew your situation you would soon cease to suffer."

"Ah! monsieur, you are in error. The great have no feeling. Since I have been a widow I have addressed several applications to the empress, and all remain unanswered."

"It is possible, madame, that these requests have not reached her. Give me your address. I will see that you shall obtain a favorable answer." He took his pencil, wrote the address of the young woman, dropped in her hand all the silver he could find in his pocket, and walked away rapidly.

Arriving at the Place de la Concorde he looked about for a carriage. All at once he thought that he had nothing to pay for it. What to do? Returning home he ascertained the time, and started out to make the distance on foot.

During this time Josephine had been very much surprised not to meet Redoubté on her way from Marr, and had even said something to that effect. A little later she assured herself that some accident had happened to her flower-painter, when his arrival was announced and he was immediately presented.

"I ought to scold you," said she, smiling and receiving graciously the production he offered her, "for delaying the pleasure this admirable design gives me."

"Madame," said Redoubté, rashly, "I implore your majesty to pardon me; I was not able to be present before, having had the happiness to see the King of Rome, and—"

A pain at these last words made Josephine tremble. Redoubté perceived immediately his thoughtlessness, became confused, stammered, and finally stopped abruptly.

"Recover yourself, my dear painter," said Josephine, "I am very glad that you have seen the emperor's son. Tell me all about it."

Reassured by the friendly tone of the empress, Redoubté regained courage, and continued without omitting anything, how he found himself obliged to come on foot.

"And you have given all your silver to that woman?" said Josephine, whose charming face, a little sad at the time, brightened immediately. Then before Redoubté was able to answer, she said, "Truly, I am astonished," as if it was extraordinary for a great artist to have a noble heart!

"I assure your majesty that anybody would have done the same; this poor woman had such an appearance of suffering!"

"Oh! if Napoleon knew it! But no, he could not hear it. Listen to me; I would like your protégé to become mine. I will go to see her to-morrow incognito; and, as it is right that

you should be equal in this affair, you only shall accompany me. I count then on you to-morrow at nine."

This time Redoubté was exact. At nine precisely Josephine left her apartments; and together, in a very simple carriage they arrived in Paris, and were driven to the Rue du Four-Saint-Honoré.

"Is it here that Madame Blanger lives?" asked Redoubté of the portress of a miserable house.

"When you come to the last flight of stairs the door of the chamber opposite you," answered the old woman, without raising her eyes from the stocking she was knitting.

Guided by the painter, the empress proceeded, not without difficulty, through a straight, dark alley, at the end of which they found the stairway. After mounting five pairs of stairs, they knocked on the door indicated, which was opened by the young widow.

Redoubté said to her, "Madame, I am persuaded that if the emperor knew of your circumstances he would assist you; but it is useless to tell him, for the lady whom I have the honor to accompany wishes to be your protector, and her assistance will dispense with all other."

While he spoke Josephine drew near to the child in his cradle; he smiled and put out his arms.

"Oh! the beautiful child!" said she, embracing him. "Did you not tell me, Redoubté, that he was born the same day as the King of Rome?"

"The same day and the same hour, madame," replied the young mother. "This circumstance would have been sufficient at the time to obtain help; but then we did not need any. And then my poor Charles was too proud to ask anything; he wasted all his strength, and left nothing to show for it. It is eight months since I had the misfortune to lose him; since then my health has diminished daily, as one can see," she added, with a moist glance, and casting a look full of bitter sadness on the miserable articles which furnished the room, "you can see that all my resources are wasted."

"We are going to endeavour, my dear lady," said the empress, "to make you forget all that. First, you must leave these lodgings, which are dark and unhealthy; then I will send you my physician, and peace of mind and physical welfare aiding, all the evil will soon be repaired. I count on you, my dear painter," she said to Redoubté, "for the filling of these little details: and beside, you know, we are to be partners in this."

Redoubté replied that he would use all his efforts to second his illustrious associate, whose hand the young mother kissed, weeping for joy.

All France had seen Josephine's separation with pain. Marie Louise was jealous of the popularity shown her, and neglected no opportunity to surmount it. Each time that she appeared in public a certain number of individuals were sent about whose mission was to gather what they could hear of the new empress. The same day that Redoubté had given the money to the poor widow, one of these observers who happened to be near him, saw and heard what occurred between the painter and the young mother, and the whole had been reported to Marie Louise, who, having a little taste for that kind of adventure, also resolved to make a visit to the widow.

Already Josephine had risen to go, after placing in the child's hand a very pretty purse, with which he was playing, when the door of the room opened, and a young lady appeared. Redoubté who was standing, remained motionless, as though petrified, when he recognized Marie Louise, accompanied by one of the new chamberlains. Josephine, piqued that the new visitor did not return her salutation, rose and signed to Redoubté to attend her. The poor widow was at the moment offering a chair to Marie Louise, and the two empresses, who did not know each other, found themselves face to face.

There are faults, inherited by nature, that even women of the loveliest qualities cannot overcome; Josephine, so good and so sweet, was at the same time imperious; when Marie Louise announced the object of her visit, she said:

"This is very laudable, madame, but your relief is a little tardy; I have taken the young mother and her child under my protection."

"I have reason to believe, madame, that mine will be more efficacious."

"The protection of madame," said the chamberlain, speaking of his sovereign, "can confer on this child a very high position."

"What do you say, sir?" replied Josephine quickly, "it may be that I can put him in the way of a higher one!"

"Madame will make a king of him," said Marie Louise, maliciously.

"Why not? perhaps there are kings of my making."

During this colloquy, Redoubté was in torment, he being the only one present acquainted with the two empresses, and fearing a scandal which might produce the most disastrous consequences.

"Madame," he said, addressing Josephine in a low voice, "if this conversation lasts a moment longer you will make yourself known, and that, I am convinced, will cause a most disagreeable scene."

Josephine was silent, and Redoubté, interpreting it favorably, seized the moment to say: "Ladies, it is so charming for beautiful spirits to do good, that this dispute is not astonishing; but why should one of you yield to the other her share of happiness? For my part, I accept all the benefits that you wish to confer on my dear