

us. What has become of your thunder-storm? Where is the gale from the south, John?"

"I was never seeing the like of this weather, mem," said the bearded skipper. Then he added, anxiously, "And iss Dr. Sutherland himself going away from the yat?"

"He would like to," she says; "but how is he ever to see land again if you banish the wind so?"

"But it will no' be like this long," says Captain John, eagerly; for he appears to think that Dr. Sutherland has got tired of the fine weather. "Oh, no, mem, I will answer for it. If Dr. Sutherland will wait another day, or two days, I am sure there will be plenty of wind. And we can lie in West Loch Tarbert for one day, or two days—"

"And starve!" she says, abruptly.

But now it appears that one or two of the men had heard of a mysterious village lying somewhere inland from the mouth of the loch; and from a comparison of these vague rumours we gather that we may not be so far from civilization after all. Perhaps we may once again behold loaf bread. Visions of cutlets, fowls, grouse, and hares arise. We shall once more hear some echo of the distant world, if perchance there be in the place a worn and ancient newspaper.

"Ay," said the Laird, hastily. "I would like to see a Glasgow newspaper. I'm thinking they must have got the steam fire-engine by now; and fine games the bairns will have when they begin to practice with it, skelping about in the water. It would be a grand thing to try it in the public garden when we get it; it would keep the shrubs and the borders fine and wet—eh?"

"And it would be quite as interesting as any plaster fountain," says his hostess, encouragingly.

"As handsome every bit," says the Laird, laughing heartily at his play of imagination, "as any bit laddie done up in stucco, standing on one leg, and holding up a pipe! It's a utilitarian age, ma'am—a utilitarian age; we will have, instead of a fountain, a steam fire-engine—very good! very good!—and the bodies who are always crying out against expenditure on decoration will be disappointed for once."

The Laird has at last discovered the whereabouts of the mysterious village on the Admiralty chart.

"But what newspaper will we get in a place hidden away like that!—out of the reach of all communication with the world. They'll be a century behind, mark my words. It is when ye live within a reasonable distance of a great centre of civilization, like Glasgow, that ye feel the life of it stirring your own place too; and ye must keep up with the times; ye must be moving. Conservative as I am, there is no superstitions obstinacy about me; moving—moving—that's the word. The more important the matter in the interest of the public, the more necessary is it that we should have an impartial mind. If ye show me a new sort of asphalt, do ye think I would not examine it, just because I recommended Jamieson and MacGregor's patent?"

He appealed boldly to his hostess.

"Oh, certainly; certainly you would!" she says, with an earnestness that might have made Jamieson and MacGregor quail.

"For three weeks," says the Laird, solemnly, "I was on that committee, until it seemed that my breakfast, and my dinner, and my supper every day was nothing but tar smoke. What with the experiments without and within, I was just filled with tar smoke. And would ye believe it, ma'am, one of the Radical newspapers went as far as to say that there were secret influences at work when Jamieson and MacGregor was decided on. My friends said, 'Prosecute the man for libel!' but I said, 'No; let the poor creature alone; he has got to earn his living!'"

"That was very wise of you, sir," says his hostess.

"Bless me! If a man in public life were to heed everything that's said about him," observes the Laird, with a fine air of unconcern, "what would become of his time? No, no; that is not the principle on which a public man should found his life. Do your best for your fellow-creatures, and let the squabblers say what they like. As ah say, the poor wretches have to earn their living."

Here Mary Avon appeared, somewhat pale and tired-looking; and the Laird instantly went to console with her, and to get her a deck chair, and what not. At the same moment, too, our young doctor came along—perhaps with a brave desire to put an end to her embarrassment at once—and shook hands with her, and said, "Good-morning; I hope your headache is better." Her hand was trembling as it fell away from his; and her "Yes, thank you," was almost inaudible. Then she sat down, and the Laird resumed his discourse.

"I was once taken," said he, "by a fellow-commissioner of mine to a sort of singing-place, or music hall, in Glasgow."

"What?"

"They wanted to have some such place in Strathgovan," continued the Laird, paying no heed, "and I was asked to go and see what sort of entertainment was provided in such places. It was a sorrowful sight, ma'am—a sorrowful sight; the wretched creatures on the stage laughing at their own songs, and the people not laughing at all, but given over to tobacco-smoking, and whisky, and talking amongst themselves. No glint of humour—stupid, senseless stuff. But there was one young man sung a

song that had a better sound in it—I cannot remember the words, but I sometimes think there was common-sense in them; it was about minding your own business, and doing your own work, and letting fools say or think of ye what they please. Ay, I think there was something in that young man; though I doubt, by the look of his eyes, but he was a drinker."

He turned to Mary Avon, who had been content to be a mute and unobserved listener.

"Well, Miss Mary," said he, brightly, "and the headache is going! And are ye looking forward to getting letters and newspapers when we get back to the world? There is a post-office at that village of Clachan, John?"

"Oh ay, sir!" said John. "There will be a post-office."

The Laird looked up at him reproachfully. "But why cannot ye learn the English pronunciation, man? What's the necessity for ye to say *post-offices*? I cannot ye pronounce the plain English—*post-office*!"

"I am not very good at the English, sir," said Captain John, with a grin.

"Ye'll never learn younger."

Then he went to Mary Avon, and suggested that a walk up and down the deck might do her headache good; and when she rose he put her hand on his arm.

"Now," said he, as they started off, "I do not like headaches in young people; they are not natural. And ye may think I am very inquisitive, but it is the privilege of old men to be talkative and inquisitive, and I am going to ask you a question."

There was certainly no effort at keeping a secret on the part of the Laird; every one might have heard these two talking as they quietly walked up and down.

"I am going to ask ye, plump and plain, if ye are not anxious about going to London, and worrying yourself about the selling of your pictures. There, now; answer me that."

"Not very much, sir," she says, in a low voice.

"Listen to me," he said, speaking in a remarkably emphatic way. "If that is on your mind, dismiss it. I tell you what: I will undertake, on my own responsibility, that every painting in oil, and every sketch in oil, and every water-colour drawing, and every sketch in water-colour, that ye have on board this yacht, will be sold within one fortnight of your leaving the yacht. Do ye understand that?"

"You are very kind, sir."

"I am not bletherin'," said he: "no man ever knew me draw back from my word. So put that anxiety away from your mind altogether, and let us have no more troubles. I could sell—I could sell four times as many for ye in a fortnight. Bless ye, lassie, ye do not know the people in the west of Scotland yet—ye'll know them better by and by. If there's one thing they understand better than another, it is a good picture; and they are ready to put their hand in their pocket. Oh! they Edinburgh bodies are very fine creatures—they have what they believe to be an elegant society in Edinburgh—and they talk a great deal about pictures; but do they put their hand in their pocket? Ask Tom Galbraith. Ask him where he gets three-fourths of his income. He lives in Edinburgh, but he gets his income from the west of Scotland. Tom's a wise lad. He knows how to feather his nest. And when he has become independent of the picture-dealers, then he'll go to London, and fight the men there on their own ground."

"I should like to see some of Mr. Galbraith's work," she said, "before I return to England."

"You will have plenty of leisure to look at them by and by," replied the Laird, quite simply. "I have some of Tom's very best things at Denny-mains."

It was not until the cool of the afternoon that a light breeze sprang up to fill the sails of the *White Dove*, and press her gently on toward the coast of Cantyre. By this time every one on board knew that Angus Sutherland was leaving, and leaving for good.

"I hope ye will come and see me at Denny-mains, Dr. Sutherland," said the Laird, good-naturedly. "When ye happen to be in Scotland, I have a neighbour there ye would be glad to meet—a man who could talk to ye on yer own subjects—Mr. Stoney."

Our doctor paid but little heed. He was silent and distraught. His eyes had an absent and heavy look in them.

"A most distinguished man," the Laird continued. "I am told his reputation in England is just as great as it is in this country. A very distinguished man indeed. He read a paper before the British Association not many years ago."

"About what—do you remember?" said the other at last.

"H'm!" said the Laird, apparently puzzling his memory. "Ye see, a man in my position has so much to do with the practical business of life that perhaps he does not pay just attention to the speculations of others. But Mr. Stoney is a remarkable man; I am astonished ye should have forgotten what the paper was about. A most able man, and a fine, logical mind; it is just beautiful to hear him point out the close fitness between the charges in the major proposition in the Simple case and the averments and extracts in the minor. Ye would be greatly delighted and instructed by him, doctor. And there's another thing."

Here the Laird looked slyly at Mary Avon.

"There's a young leddy here who has a secret of mine; and I'm thinking she has not said much about it. But I will make a public con-

fession now; it has been on my mind for some time back that I might buy a screw yacht."

The Laird looked triumphantly around; he had forgotten that it was a very open secret.

"And wouldn't it be a strange thing if this very party, just as we are sitting now, were to be up at this very spot next year, on board that yacht—wouldn't that be a strange thing?"

"It would be a jolly pleasant thing," said the Youth.

"You are very kind to include me in the invitation," said Angus Sutherland; "but I doubt whether I shall ever be in Scotland again. My father is a very old man now; that is the only thing that would call me north. But I think I could get on better with my own work by going abroad for some years—to Naples, probably. I have to go to Italy before long, anyway."

He spoke in a matter of fact way; we did not doubt that he might pursue his researches better in Naples.

It was in the dusk of the evening that we slowly sailed into West Loch Tarbert—past a series of rocks and islands on which, as we were given to understand, seals were more abundant than limpets. But whereas the last haunt of the seals we had visited had introduced us to a solitary and desolate loch, with sterile shores and lonely ruins, this loch, so far as we could see, was a cheerful and inhabited place, with one or two houses shining palely white amid the dark woods. And when we had come to anchor and sent ashore, although there were no provisions to be got, the men returned with all the necessary information for Angus Sutherland. By getting up very early next morning, and walking a certain distance, he would catch a certain coach which would take him on to Tarbert, on Loch Fyne, in time to catch the steamer.

And so that night, before we turned in to our respective cabins, the doctor bade us all formally good-bye; and Mary Avon among the rest. No one could have noticed the least difference in her manner.

But in the middle of the night, in the ladies' cabin, a sound of stifled sobbing. And the other woman goes over to the berth of her companion, and bends her head down, and whispers:

"Mary, why are you crying? Tell me."

She cannot speak for a time: her whole frame is shaken with the bitter sobs. And then she says, in a low, trembling, broken voice:

"He has not forgiven me. I saw it in his face."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

HOME TRUTHS.—Unfaithfulness, evasion of duty, sloth, and self-indulgence are everywhere the loss of happiness, and nowhere more surely than in the family. They are largely caused in the home-circle by the unfair depreciation so frequently cast upon the share of labour that belongs to the wife and mother. Work that is undervalued or condemned is seldom done in the best manner, and so long as we measure the worth of labour only by the money that it will bring we cannot expect to see the best possibilities of the family life realized.

TRUE LOVE.—Friendship of a sublimated sort is what love becomes after a year or so of marriage, and he who is friendly to the very depths of his soul enters into this state happily, and is ready for all the delights that follow. But a man who is capable of nothing but that fleeting affection which ever pursues a new object, and cares for no woman when she is won, hates the domestic ties and becomes detestable in consequence. It is the man who would die for his friend and for whom his friend would die who makes a miraculously happy wife of the woman to whom he scarcely knew how to make love when he courted her.

ROSY CHEEKS.—The simple practice of washing with cold soft water and rubbing the cheeks briskly with a soft rough towel as a daily habit will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the cheek is sustained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have very little action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. The simple friction of the cheeks will do much to satisfy fair readers who may take the hint.

JUDGMENT, ACTIVITY.—In business life two things are essential to success—first, sound judgment; second, activity. In all departments we find a greater deficiency in judgment than in other requisites. Long familiarity in a given department does not necessarily produce it, though this will undoubtedly aid and strengthen it. Only by reliance on oneself, and feeling individually responsible for the results of action founded on one's own efforts, can the fact be established of good or bad judgment. Men who have the capacity to comprehend the whole question presented to them, to properly weigh not only the side of success, but of failure, and who understand the importance of right thinking, are the ones who succeed, and, whether they get credit for having good judgment or not, they certainly exercise it.

GOOD CONVERSATION.—Good conversation is flowing and natural. It is neither heavy nor frivolous; it is learned without pedantry, lively

without noise, polished without equivocation; it is made up neither of lectures nor of epigrams. Those who really converse reason without arguing, joke without punning, skilfully unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious railery and severe morality. They speak of everything in order that every one may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-bye and are treated with rapidity. Precision leads to elegance, each one giving his opinion and supporting it with a few words. No one attacks wantonly another's opinion, no one supports his own obstinately. All discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off when dispute would begin; every one gains information, every one recreates himself, and all go away contented; nay, the sage himself may carry away from what he has heard matter worthy of meditation.

BASHFULNESS.—Most girls find a bashful lover very wearisome and irritating. He adds nothing to the attractions of society; he is invariably quiet when he should speak, and constantly makes mortifying blunders. Worse than all, he hasn't the courage to declare his love, though his heart is full of affection. His tongue is tied; and, instead of really enjoying the society of her of whom he is enamoured, her presence renders him uneasy and unhappy, with the consciousness that he is not appearing to the best advantage and the fear that he is losing his chances of winning the object of his desire by the wretched show he is making of himself. He retires from the interview depressed and mortified, and, much as he longs to see the loved one again, the remembrance of his previous bashfulness and awkwardness, which, perhaps, he exaggerates, will keep him from her side. What to do with such a fellow? It is not easy to manage him; but as bashfulness is only a form of self-consciousness, a girl should try to make him forget himself, and, by the exercise of tact, draw from him the story he is anxious to tell.

THE GLEANER.

AYOUB KHAN is raising a new army at Herat.

OFFENBACH, the French composer, died in Paris yesterday.

THE Sultan of Turkey is reported to be suffering from an attack of paralysis.

CARDINAL MANNING's health is causing much anxiety to his friends.

AN Alexandria despatch reports the rising of the River Nile progressing satisfactorily.

THE report of the Czar's marriage with the Princess Dolgorouki is confirmed.

THE Hungarian budget shows a deficit of upwards of twenty-five million florins.

M. BASTIEN LESSAGE's *Jeune d'Arc* has been purchased by an American for 20,000 francs.

THE St. John, N.B., *Sun* suggests that the centenary of the landing of the Loyalists be celebrated in 1883 by the holding of a Dominion Exhibition in the city of St. John.

LITERARY.

THE Duke of Marlborough has abandoned the idea of having the Sunderland Library sold by auction.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Syra to raise funds for the erection of a statue to Lord Byron at Missolonghi.

PROF. G. MASPERO has returned to Paris, bringing with him from the museums of Italy a rich treasure of unedited inscriptions, &c., for his projected *History of Ancient Egypt*.

A NEW novel, illustrative of modern English life and manners, by Mr. George MacDonald, entitled "Mary Marston," is to be published shortly.

A GREEK manuscript of one of the Gospels, written in letters of silver on purple vellum has, says *Notes and Queries*, recently been discovered in Calabria. The discoverers claim that it is the earliest surviving illuminated manuscript of the Gospels, and assign it to the latter part of the fifth or beginning of the sixth centuries.

LE Comte Riant has just discovered the long-lost Chronicle of Philip of Navarre, which, under the title of *Gestes des Chiprois*, contains the history of Cyprus from 1131 to 1399. The MS. of this Chronicle is from the hand of a prisoner named Jehan Le Miège, who finished it in 1343.

WILL be published next month *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P. The volume will unite the characters of history and of biography, and will be on one hand the picture of a most critical and eventful period in our annals, and on the other it will be drawn from the point of view of the individual who is the hero of the book.

THE Front Gate.—It was night. The sable goddess stretched her leaden sceptre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still swinging on the old front gate. He had placed his arm around her graceful waist, and drew her closer to his throbbing breast to protect her from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong, manly shoulder, and the love-light was shining in her lustrous eyes as bright as the head-light of a locomotive. He looked earnestly in the eyes, and passionately murmured: "Jemima, is your folks had a mess of spring peas yet?"

NOT A BEVERAGE.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them." *Rochester Evening Express* on Hop Bitters.