whole story about Frank and Pan just as Pve FOR THE FARMERS.—THE OLD WAYS told it to you. He laughed heartly when spake of Fan's being disguised as a boy, an

That's capital; I could not have had it any better if I had got up the thing myself."

He kept asking me questions, and seemed to

take the greatest interest in everything. He was so pleasant and agreeable, in his light pleasant manner, that he quite drove away the fit of the blues I was satisfying from, and I was really sorry when he rose to go. He said he expected a letter from Frank from New York, enclosing one to me, as Frank had said he would write that way—I did not remember Frank having told me as hat beginning in did_mand he having told me so, but perhaps he did-and he

maying told me so, but perhaps no disc-disc in would bring it to me.

The house was so miscrable that day that I felt quite feverish by evening, and determined to go down in the sleigh which always went at

five o'clock for paper.

Just as we were driving down St. James Street, I heard a newsboy call out " Here yer as Beening Boomshell, six o'clock cilitim. Full ac-

So! that horrid man with the black book had found out something about it, after all. I bought a paper, and, as the sleigh had stopped near a lighted window, I just looked at the paper for a minute. Judge my astonishment, if you can, when I read the following in great big let-

MODERN ROMANCE.

A CHAPTER FROM MONTREAL LIFE.

A YOUNG LADY ELOPES WITH HER FATHER'S CLERK.

A QUEER BOY.

Our Reporter Interviews the Young Lady's Sister.

The Whole Story of the Affair-The Beginning of the Romance-Stolen Interviews-The Plan of Escape-Full and Interesting Particulars.

me angry.

Our Reporter Interviews the young haly's sister." The wretch had only seen me through the window, and he called that "an interview!"

It made me so anower that There was just one line in it that got John to drive me to the office of the paper, as I was determined to see the editor and tell him what a story-teller his reporter was.

There was an old man in the office when I got there, and he asked me to walk up-stairs and I would find one of the editors. I went up, and, opening the door marked "Editors and Reporters," found, not the man with the black book, but Mr. Murray, leaning back in a chair with his feet on a desk, smoking a nasty black pipe and reading the *Eccening Boomshell* with evident delight. I was so much astonished I could not say a word, but stood stupidly looking at him, while he hastily took his feet down and

put away that mosty pipe, while he stammered out something.—I don't know what. It all flashed upon me in a minute; he was the reporter, not the man with the black book. I'm sure I can't remember what I said; I just asked him if he had writen that report, and he did not deny it, and then I gave him a piece of my mind and told him pretty plainly what I thought about his conduct. He tried to say something, but I would not let him, and as soon as I had finished, I walked down stairs, leaving him to be ashamed of himself if he could, but I

don't suppose he knew how.

I found out afterwards that he wasn't a friend of Frank's at all, but just a chance acquaintance, and that it was quite accidental his being with Frank the first time he met Fan and I; the second time Frank had brought him just be-Frank said. He had never got a letter or telegram from Frank at all, and heard of the elopement by chance. He then sent the man with the black book, but as he found out nothing he came himself, and as I did not for a moment suspect him, 1 told him everything; and so he wrote a "stunning" re-port, as he called it.

Papa was furious, and declared Frank had given all the facts to the reporter himself; and he was so bitter about Frank that I was forced Frank's shoulders. He was angry with me at first, but soon got over it, and persisted in blam-ing Frank for introducing almost a total stranger

Papa was right about Frank: he behaved shamefully when he found paper would not re-cognise him as his son-in-law, and that he would get none of the fortune which Fan would have got had she married some one whom papa liked. He took to drinking and gambling in New York, neglected poor Fan shamefully, and almost broke her heart. At last he was detected in some swindling operation and was obliged to run away, leaving Fan destitute. Poor thing, she never recovered the blow that was to her, for she still loved him; papa went to New York when he heard Frank had run away, and brought Fan back to Montreal again; but she had lost all her spirits, and sunk, sunk, sunk until the next spring when we laid her in Mount Royal Come-tery. Then Mr. Murraywrote another report about that; but this time he wrote it. Oh! so nicely so feelingly and touchingly, he spoke so kindly and nicely of Fan, and drew such a pretty ple-ture of her betrayal and abandonment, that it made me cry; and he wrote some verses too that were perfectly elegant, and he spoke so harshly of Frank that it pleased even paper, and he went to Mr. Murray's office and thunked him. After that papa got to know him and took a great fancy to him, saying he was the smartest editor in Montreal; and one day papa brought him home to dinner. I had a great mind, at first, not to speak to him; but, after all, he was not to blame, he had only done what it was his

duty to do, and so I forgave him. Thornton-Mr. Murray, I mean-

BROWIDE OF POTAESIUM.—The increasing use of bromide of potassium, another of chemistry's contributions, would have been impossible, were it not for the extraordinary discovery of an apparently evaporated was water hed in Gormany. The amount of bromide consumed in medicine is now enormous, and most of it is derived from this source. The same mines have also completely changed our sources of potash: they produce far more than all the other porces of England and France put together, and have so reduced the price that carbonate of potash is now largely made in this country at a price which completes most favorably with American pearlish, and will ultimately drive it out of the market. Brownled of potassium is an instance of a substance long used in medicine before its valuable proporties were discovered.—E. C. C. Stanyord.

AND THE NEW.

Prejust come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green:
I hobble tout upon my came to see John's new ma-

chino;

old eyes snap again, to see that mower It ma more,
And a sight for the seythe I swang some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the ray's of the seorching sun.

Till I trought my poor old lack would break ere my task for the day was done:

I often think of those days of toil, in the fields all over the for n.

Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old paincome in my arm.

It was tire-ome work, and slow work too, a swinging

It was the some work, and save the old scythermen.
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like
Doubt invergible ranks of men.
I stood and Hooken till my eyes grew tired, amazed
at its spend and power.
The work that it took me a day to do is done in one The wark there a short hear.

John said that I had not seen the half;--when he gut tinto his wheat
I should see it reap and rake it too, and drop it in
bandes neat;
That soen a Yankee would come along, and set to
work and Para.
To resp it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it
into the barn.

John laughed when he said it; and, turning away, I said to the hored men.

Pre-seem so much on my pilgrimage through my three seem years and ten.

That it wouldn't sorprise me the least to see a rail-

road in the air. Or a Yankee in a flying ship a-going most anywhere.

To think that I should ever live to see work done in this wonderful way! Old loofs are of little service now, and farming is al-most play: The women have got their sewing machines, their wringers, and every such thing. And now they play croquet half the time, or sit in the parlour and sing.

Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by:
You rase ap early and sat up late, a toiling for you and 1:
There were eaws to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand
A washing my toil-stained garments then, and wringing them out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work

All wife, our canadran with a large of the have seen.

For the heavelest labor on all the farm is now done with a machine:

Nu longer the noise of the seythe I hear; but the mower I hear it afar.

A rattling along through the tall stout grass with the noise of a railway car.

There's a difference too in the work I did and the work my boys now do.—
The old way of mowing the grass compared with mowing it in the new;
But somehow! think there was happiness then crowded into those toiling days.
That the fast young of the present will not see till they mend their ways.

Well i the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a gathering rust.
Like many an old man I have seen put uside with only a crust:
When the eyes grow dim and the step is weak, when the strength goes out of the arm.
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, though often it has been tried

By men who have studied day and night, and worried till they have died:

It has shone undimmed through the relling years, like gold refined from its droes.

It's the way that leads to the kingdom of Heaven,—
the simple way of the Cross.

-Cor. to Rochester Democrat.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER VII. (Continued,)

" Now where will I have seen her? 'Deed. then—it's may be my own fancy, though—that picture might have been taken for Mrs. General lipps, only her bair was red; but I don't know hether it isn't more like Miss 'Stasia Jones, the docthor's daughter, that run away wid her father's groom, an'she thirty all but a week, an i old enough, in all conscience, to have known

Frank heard her, with growing irritation. "But these are the features of a lovely Irish girl who cannot be out of her teens. Look again, Mrs. Brean, and tell me if you can mistake that youthful face for a Mrs. General Jipps, or the other middle-aged woman you mentioned." And Frank geew quite irate at the suggestion that his divinity inight be a commonplace Miss Jones, with a penchant for her father's servant.

"Deed, then, Misther Frank," Allie retorted,
"I did not call myself middle-aged at thirty no, nor nt forty neither; and the lady whose looks you're so taken wid may have been print-ed years ago, and be the fat, blowsy mother of half-n-dozen children by this time.

Aggravating supposition! The young man bit his lips, and kept back an angry retort. "May I make bould to ask to whom the pic-

ture belongs?" Mrs. Brean inquired, presently.
"To Sir Charles Tresilian," was the curt reply.
"Eh! then the Lord help her, whoover she be for them Tresilians is a bad lot, to say the best And now, Misther Frank, while the

in them. And how, Mischel Frida, while the they's drawing on the hob, will ye be after telling me what's made ye look so white and thin ?" There was such respectful commiseration both in the air and accents of the old woman that Frank's ill-temper evaporated.

"I have been ill, Mrs. Brean, that's all, meant to have been known as a rising man b meant to may be now it as a rising man be-fore now, but my will has been overruled by the weakness of my body. It makes one peeylsh weakness of my body. It makes one prevish and rebellious to be obliged to be idle, whilst others, whose needs are not so great as mine, are hale and at work."

Mrs. Brean wisely forbore to continue a sublect that evidently fretted the energetic youth

past endurance.
"Deed, then, without presuming to find fault Thornton—Mr. Murray, I mean—comes to see
us very often now, and—and—I might as well
tell you that it is not at all improbable that
something might take place next spring—not an
elopement—which will appear in the papers under the heading "Married;" but will not be reported as a great sensation.

BRONING OF POTASSIDE.—The increasing use of black then, without presuming to find fault
will the masther's will, I'd have been betther
leased if he had not made it. Ye'll have to let
Aille masther's will, I'd have been betther
diling might take place next spring—not an
elopement—which will appear in the papers undiling with them wishy-washy paints and plattors. The very smell of em's enough for me.
Couldn't they put some sort of a seent into them
that would be a bit wholesomer? And now,
Misther Frank, will yo tell me what's the through ble that's hanging over Miss Rosio? It's a bould question to put, but ye'll forgive me for it; for I knew and loved your parents before yo!"

"I hope," said Frank, his voice betraying his uneasiness,—"I hope that it is nothing more than the fatigue of a walk in the hot sun. If

she is not better to-morrow, you must try your skill upon her, Mrs. Brean."
"Sure, sir, I'll do my bost. but if its heart stekness that alls her, I'm thinking my doethor-

Frank made noanswer; but the significance with which she spoke had increased the anxious feeling Rosamond's wild speeches and strange

demensor r had already given him. He went to his sister's door, and tapped for admission. He would rest no longer without seeking her configures. Resamond answered the summons immediately. Her eyes were swollen with weaping, but she had regained her composure, and there was nothing but a serrowful inflication in a new 2." inchee. Rosamona mowered the summats im-modiately. Her eyes were swellen with weep-ing, but she had regained her composure, and there was nothing but a sorrowful inflection in her voice to herray that she was still unhappy. "You are concealing something from me," Frank exclaimed, as he drew her towards him, we some fusult van have received from this

-v some insult you have received from this She stopped him. The mention of Str Charles Tresilian's name was more than she

"I told you before that I had not spoken with him to-day—that he nover said a word to me of which I could justly complain. But a conversation I overheard at Monsieur Galil's has con-vinced me that you were right in your opinion of him. And now, dear Frank, if you love me,

ther directly or indirectly." "And the picture he has asked me to paint?" " Here is the sketch; I dld not leave it. he inquires for it, you can politely say that other engagements compel you to decline the com-

let there be no further intercourse with him

" And in the meantime we starve. Are not you carrying your abhorrence of his conduct too far, Rosamond, or must I still believe that you lilde something from me."

But she could not be prevailed upon to say more. In the midst of her righteous indigun-on at the treachery of Sir Churles, she felt that he could not endure to hear his conduct condemined by another. With that womanly ten-derness which is so often employed to shelter the most unworthy. Rosamond guarded her t even from her dearest relative and truest

CHAPTER VIII.

AILIE PROVES HERSELF A TREASURE.

WHEN the brother and sister went down-stairs WHES the brother and sister went downstarts, Mrs. Brean had finished her preparations for such a meal as had never appeared on their table before. Ham, egs, delicate rolls, part of a chicken, and French chocolate for Frank, were luxuries which they regarded with dismay.

 Dear Mrs. Brean," said Hosamond, gently,
 you have forgotten that we are entirely dependent on my brother's exertions; and that while he is unable to work we are obliged to deny ourselves everything but the simplest

Aille nodded, and pushed the arm-chair towards the invalid.

"Tis right ye are, miss, dear, not to give him anything else; them made dishes, and such like, may suit the stomachs of the furthers, but they're not fit for dacent people that knows what's what."

"But our ideas of what constitutes frugal fare

are very different to yours," answered Rosa-mond, with a wistful look at her brother, who, from the moment he discovered that she was parting with her ornaments and dresses, had positively forbidden her to purchase any more lelicacies for him.

"Sure, Miss Rosle, we'll think alike on most

things, never doubt it," was the cheerful reply, "Then you have been making in the large,"

"Then you have here waying make money go further than most people, and "would be but false economy to be hearding it in an ould stocking, when I could be laying it out to advantage in curing the young masther here."

"Then you have been waying for these things

"Then you have been paying for these things vourself!" exclaimed Frank, the colour surging into his thin face, and his proud lip quivering with a blending of gratitude and mortification.

Alle 'rew herself up and tossed her head.
"What else would I do, sir? Sure, these "What clse would I do, sir? Sure, these never got beyond pot-hooks and hungers."

As she laid the papers on the table, she enterye would not have me demean myself by asking ed into some further explanation. them to trust me till the musther takes the payment for the Illigant pletures he's going to

"But you are mistaken. I have only one commission in hand; and if I refuse that, it may be months before I am able to return to you the sum you have been expending!"

" I'm not a money-lender nor a nigger-driver. Misther Frank, that you need spake as if I should ever soil my mouth wid such words as 'Pay me what you owe me!' 'Tis a mighty Tray me what you owe me! 'The a mighty fuse ye're making over nothing but a bit loan that yo can give me interest for if it pleases ye For the love of goodness, make him sit down, Miss Rosie, an' don't let me beautiful cooking be thrown away entirely." Frank scuted himself; but it was only that he

might cover his face with his hand. Poor fel-low! he had never felt his poverty so keenly as at this moment, and yet he was deeply sensible of Ailie's goodness.

Rosamond knelt down beside him, and put her arms round his neck; but her own heart was too full for speech, and Mrs. Brean began to look troubled, though she remonstrated vehe-

mently.

"Miss Rosie, if you are your mother's own daughter ye'll get up and pour out the tay, for 'tis sinking I am for a cup, that haven't had bit nor drop since the morning. And if it hurts Misther Frank to be under an obligation to the trusted servant of his father's friend, I can ge away again; I'll thry and find a shelter for my old bones in some dirty lodging-house, where I'll he robbed and maltreated into my grave."

Frank was constrained to smile at the threat.

"I beg you'll not punish me by meditating anything so dreadful; but stay with us as long as you feel inclined. Only, for my honour's sake, we must not permit you to play the house. keeper at your own expense.

Mrs. Brean dropped him a cartesy.

• It's proud I am of the invitation, sir, and it's glad I'll be to accept it. So now you'll just ate your supper, and leave the domestic arrangements to me and Miss Rosie; and if there's an difference that vexes ye, why, we'll outset it this way—you shall make a model of me. I'd make beautiful basket-woman or a French fishwife!

In the end, Mrs. Brean's well-cooked repast was discussed by Frank with the keen cujoy-ment of a hungry convalescent, and he was able to enjoy her amusing descriptions of the scenes she had witnessed white sharing the wandering life of her eccentric master. Rosemond sat by with her head bent over some work, forcing herself to reply cheerfully when addressed, but always sinking again into a sorrowful reverie, Mrs. Brown followed her to her chamber when she retired, and insisted on being permitted to brush out her ahundant tresses. Longing to be once more alone, Rosamond would have dismissed her as soon as this was done, but still

"Will ye let old Aille come back to kiss and bless ye, Miss Rosie, when yo've lain down in your bed? Ye've no mother to do it, or put up a prayer for your safe-keeping, my poor child!" Rosumond held out her arms to the speaker, who drew her fair head on to her bosom shivering sighs burst from the young girl's aching heart, but her eyes wore tearless, her lips wore mute; and Aille held her in her tender embrace, silently stroking back the hair from her throbbing temples, till she grew calm, and passively permitted the old woman to undress

in the first bitterness of her trial, Rosamond thought that such a death was preferable to the lonely life which hers must henceforth to be: but still old Aille's words and sympathy had conforted her, and she fell asleep in the midst of brave resolves to devote herself to Frank more affectionately than she had ever done be-

Sir Charles Tresilian, finding that Resamond sir Charles Tresilian, finding that Resamond came to Galli's no more, concluded that her brother was worse, and watted for awhile with tolerable patience; then commissioned the pic-ture-dealer to learn from him whether this was

Monsieur Galli questioned a painter named Monson, with whom Frank was on lectural terms, and was able to assure Sir Charchat the young man was rapidly recovering. same time he returned to him the miniature. which had been eleverly restored to all its pris-tine freshness.

The Baronet, with one careless glance at it, dropped the case into his pocket. He did not couch it with the reverent hands of Frank Dalton, who parted with it reluctantly, and had even stolen some hours from his needful rest to make a copy of it, which he had in the secret drawed of his dosk.

Little dreaming that Rosamond had been an auditor of his conversation with Major Colbye, the commoured Baronet haunted the neighbour hood of her home: but Aille Brenn executed the nonessary orrands, and he never caught a glimpso of the beautiful face he yearned to be-

Foiled in this, he wrote to her, and his letter envelope. The Daltons had quitted the cottage at Holloway, and left no midress by which he ould trace them to their new home.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY OF THE SHAMROCK,

Ann ye very busy Misther Frank?" asked "ARE Ye very busy Misther Frank?" asked Allie Bream, one day, putting her head into his studio, where he was trying to finish a couple of drawings to offer for sale. The doctor's bill and the rent had swallowed up so large a por-tion of the cheque he had received for his first picture, that matters would have been at a low bib but for Mrs. Breau, who still persisted in keeping house after her own liberal fashion. He laid down his pencils, "What can I do

for you, Allie?"

6 'Beed, sir, I wouldn't come troubling ye,
but Miss Rosie's lying down with one of them
contrary headachos; and it's on my mind that
I've been neglecting some of the masther's last
wishes. He was a good man. Misther Frank,
though ye may not think it."

"I have never doubted it, Aille. I don't forget that Rosamond and I owed to him our eduention and many other favours," said the young man, rather impatiently.

man, rather impatiently.

"True for you, sir; and if you had been with him when he died, he might have given goet reasons for laving his money away from you."

"I have not complained of his will," said Frank, with some stillness. "What is it you want me to do for you?" he asked again.

Mrs. Brean produced some papers.

"It's just to look over these, and tell me what

o It's just to look over these, and tell me what they are about. It's a fine thing to be able to read and write all sorts of hands. May be i'd have made an illigant schelar myself, only 1

"Ye see, sir, though the masther was very precise about paying everybody, there were times when we left a place in such haste, that I forgot some little bill or other But twasn't often that he disremembered anything; and when he was first taken lil, he said, "You'll not forget to look in my writing case, Allie, and attend to the two or three things I've left in it.' Sure, I

ought to have done it sooner, but it's crazed I've been wid the trouble of losing him, and the slek-ness I've had upon me since." Frank began to unfold the papers, and read

"Tills is from the Secretary of the

stitution, reminding Mr. Robinson that his sub-scription is due."
Allie sighed. "I'm thinking they've had the last guinea they'll ever get from the good heart that never refused to help the poor—more's the

"And this is an account for fish." The old housekeeper turned up her nose, scorn-

fully.

"Fish that was stale before we had it. I said I'd never pay for it, but I will; for there sha'n't be a slight of a dozen of mullets thrown on the masther's memory. What next, sir?" But Frank did not answer. With dilated eyes

he was mastering the contents of a legal-looking document. Allie folded her arms in her apron, and composedly waited till be had fluished. "Where's Rosamond? Call Rosamond?

he cried, excitedly. "Howstrange—how unex-pected! It is almost incredible! My good Allie, you do not know what you have been hoarding here." " May be I will when you've told me, sir. Is

it anything out of the common?"
"It is indeed! Why, look you; it is a deed of a gift of a small estate, called Kilreeny, in

"And who may it be gifted to, Misther Frank? The man wid the mullets?"

"To me, Alle—to me! Listen to the wording of it: "I give to my godson, Frank Dalton, son of my dearest and esteemed friend, all my fille and interest in the house and land known as Kilreeny.' Where is Rosamond? She must

know these good news." "She is coming," said Aille, gently detaining him. "I can hear her foot on the stairs. Ye're not thinking too much of this, are ye, sir? I'm feared, from what I've heard the master say about the place, that 'tisn't worth much more than a few hundreds a year."

than a few hundreds a year."

"I believe you are right," Frank cheerfully replied, after a second perusal of the document.

"As owner of Klirceny, I shall not be able to keep my carriage, nor have Rosamond presented at Court; but Mr. Robinson's thoughtful gift secures me an independence, and if I want m why, I may carn it."

Rosamond had now joined them, and her listlessness vanished as the delighted Frank acquainted her with his good fortune.

"A home in another country! The very

thing, above all others, that I have wished for!" she exclaimed. "Let us go to Kilreeny at once! You will grow strong there, and I shall learn to be happy."

"I will just pay Mr. Melliss a visit, and show him this," Frank replied; then, if all is well, we will do as you propose. Alle, you must go to Ireland with us. You have shared our poverty: now you shall enjoy the comforts of our improved circumstances.

Then Aille bent over her pillow, and whispered, "Look upward and forward. Miss Rosle.

If the sky be very dark, still look up till ye see 'ye'll not have to ruin your health any more wid 'ye'll not have to ruin your health any more w

them dirty paint-brushes. May be yo'll not mind me putting them on the back of the fire to-night; for they're terribly rubbishing things to have about a dagent house.

to have about a dagent house."

"If you value my good will, don't rac litate such a cruel destruction," crued the laughing Frank.

"No, no, Aille; the canvas and colours have stood me in good stead, and Pil stick to them. If I find m, self rich enough to live without work, why, Pil still handle the brushes for annasement. And now for a walk to Mr. Melliss's either or shall I. or heastmanth of mr. Melliss's office; or shall I, on the strength of my new dignity as a landowner, indulge in the lux-ury of a cab?"

Mr. Melliss was unfelgredly pleased to find that, after all, the young man's future had not been wholly uncared for by his whim ical bene-

factor.

"Not," he said, with a shrug, "that you'll find Kilreeny a very desirable residence; for I went over there at the time I purchased the place for Mr. Robinson. The fishing is good, so is the shooting; and I fancy he thought of building himself a little box if he had lived."

"Is there no house on the estate?" Frank insured, with rather a disamounted hir.

quired, with rather a disappointed air.

"Well, yes; there is, or has been, a the man-sion upon it, but so dreadfully gone to ruin, through neglect, that not more than half a dozen of the rooms are really habitable. Then there is a substantial farm house on the demesne; but I see that you are enjoined not to disturb the present tenant, one of the most disagreeable addrly spinsters I ever encountered. She has a handsome alees, who is, however, as haughty and unappreschable as herself."

and unappreachable as herself,"

"Not very companionable personages," Frank commented. "Are there any pleasanter neighbours within visiting distance?"

"I fancy not; the country is wild, though superbly plearesque, I spent a week in Kilceeny, sir, and came back quite sun-burned." And Mr. Melliss rubbed his hands at the recollection of those days of member on two parts. those days of uncurbed enjoyment.

O You will have to resort to Dablin when you grow fired of your seclusion. Talking of this, I see that Mr. Robinson has pencilled on the back of the deed a request that you will reside at Kilreeny for some months every year. Did that escape your

Frank read the few lines the more observant

Mr. Melliss pointed out, and smiled.
"I don't think I shall ever marmur at an injunction which, after all, was an unnecessary me, unless the place proves intolerably dreary, Resumend unites with me in thinking that we shall be able to make ourselves very contented You must come and see us when we are

there. You must come and see us when we are settled in our new residence,"

Of I shall be delighted to renew my acquaintance with the green island," was the bearty reply, and Frank extended his hand to bid him

areweth."

o One moment, Mr. Dalton. I think I can supply you with the address of the agent whom Mr. Robinson empowered to take the reuts at Kilreauy. As this deed bears date in the March of last year, he must be in possession of moneys which you are entitled to receive. In the mean-

time, you are welcome to draw upon me." There was a marked change in the Mr. Melliss of to-day, and the cold, constrained gentleman who had scarcely remembered Frank's existence till now. But the young man was too much clated to care about this; and as Rosamond fully shared his eagerness to see their new home, their few preparations were quickly made, and, accompanied by Mrs. Brean, they left London for Galway. The change of scene and his improved pros-

peets brought back Frank's health and strength with astonishing rapidity; and the trio reached Galway without any mischance to take away from the pleasure of the Journey. They arrived at a town about ten miles from their destination just as the day was drawing to a close; and by Allie's advice it was determined not to make

any attempt to proceed further till the morning.

An empty house has but a dree look when seen in the twilight," she truly observed: "and I'd like the sun to shine on Miss Rosle when she first crosses the threshold of her new dwelling."
Frank had cheerfully acquiesced in this arrangement when it was made; but as he sat at

an open window, smoking a eigar after dinner, and watching the moon rise over the headlands of Longh Corrb, a restless desire to proceed took possession of him.

The moon was at the full, and there was not a cloud in the sky. What could be more de-lightful than to take advantage of such a brilliant night, and make n cursory inspection of his little property? Rosamond was deep in a new book she had brought with her; Allie was dozing over her kaltting; and neither of them would miss him.

(To be continued.)

(For the Hearthstone.) THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS. IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY REV. H. F. DARNELL

PAPER III,-"BÊTES NOIRES."

It often happens that we more ponderous Engishmen are compelled to have recourse to our livelier and more inventive Gaelic friends for certain cuphemisms, or words and phrases in which to clothe our ideas more suitably and elegantly; and especially in respect of those which have reference to thoughts and feelings of which their more sensitive and increurial temperatural is so readily susceptible. It is thus with that par-ticular phrase which I have selected as the title for this paper, and which so briefly and aptly expresses that class of disagreeables of which I am about to treat. Probably the word nearest in signification to the above that we can find in the English language is that of "bugbear"; by which we are to understand certain annoyances which are as much imaginary as real; necessary which are as much imaginary as real; persons and things which are repugnant or horrlibe t and things which are repugnant or horrible to us, not so much on account of their intrinsic i i qualities, as because, from some peculiarity of temperament on our part, they happen to be particularly distrateful to us, and to prey upon our imagination or jar our nerves. I think, however, that most will admit the French expression to be upon the whole the more charte and elements. to be upon the whole the more chaste and ele-gant; though to what extent this may be owing to the fact of its rough edges having been worn off by its coming to us through the medium of another language, I am not fully able to deter-mine. Certainly of all others the French seems to have been generally acknowledged as the ouphemistic language; it being usually conceded that even naughty or outre expressions are infinitely less objectional when spoken en Fran-

I presume these annoyances, which, an distressed imaginations, are represented as assuming the proportion of betes, are characterized notes, inasmuol as the colour of black is generated to denote that which is horrible and presume these anneyances, which, in our

unpleasing.
When our biles neires,—or "bugbears,"—not content with pursuing and worrying us through the day, insist upon our mounting them during "Deed, sir, I'd like to live in the dear old the hours which should be passed in the arms of land of my birth, if I'll not be a burden to ye; "Nature's sweet restorer, bulmy sleep," they and I'm glad, from the bottom of my heart, that degenerate into what is commonly called the "nightmare," of whose extraordinary and com

