

standing full in their path they deviated to the right and accelerated their step. This excited my suspicions still more. My imagination began to work, and without being able to define particularly the unpleasant misgivings which arose within me, sprang to a conclusion at once. "Halt!" I cried, in a voice whose threatening echoes startled even myself.

The pair stopped as if they had been shot at. The next moment, however, the man, slaming his hat still lower over his face, took to his legs and was soon out of sight. The woman remained immovable in her place. Certain, now, that something was wrong, I hastily walked up to her.

"What does this mean?" I demanded, sternly. "Who are you?"

No answer. "Come, speak out. Were you running away with this man or was he dragging you with him? Why did he escape?"

"Ah! Mr. Gilbert, have pity on me," she cried, sinking to the ground at my feet. I was astounded. Who could this be? I knew that voice, broken though it was, but I could not recall it.

"Take me with you, Mr. Gilbert. Take me to the city and hide me. My life is in danger. I am pursued. I had escaped from the Quarries, but the man you just saw overtook me and was forcing me back. Oh, what a providence that you met me! Save me, sir, I implore you."

"Gaisso! Is it you? Rise and compose yourself. You are safe with me."

I raised her from the ground. She was trembling like a leaf. Her hood had fallen back a little, revealing her beautiful face, convulsed with fear, and ghastly white. Meshes of her wavy hair fell out of the cap, adding to her wild, forlorn appearance.

"Poor Gaisso! I am glad to have rescued you if you were in peril. But all this is very strange. Speak to me plainly. Who put your life in danger?"

"Oh! sir," she replied, wringing her hands and weeping pitifully. "It is those dreadful Voudous and all of my being kind to Bonair who has been so kind, so very kind to me since his last return. Oh! sir, I wish it were all over. Between the duties to my people and my duties to my own heart my life is more than a torment; it is a hell."

"You escaped from them and they pursued you?"

"Yes. I disguised myself, stole out of the house by a secret path, but nothing is hidden from these fiends. They discovered my departure and set their hounds upon me at once. I was overtaken just as I reached the outskirts of the city. I was being brought back when you stopped us."

"Who was the man that arrested you?"

"Oh! I dare not tell you, sir."

"Excuse me, Gaisso, if I insist, but I must know him."

"I really cannot tell, sir."

"Then, Gaisso, I am sorry to say I will be able to do nothing for you."

"Oh! Mr. Gilbert, do not abandon a poor miserable creature. Only take me to the city; hide me in some hole; for Ory's sake, I entreat you."

I could not resist that appeal. I assured the unfortunate girl that I would do all I could for her, but still pressed for the name of her pursuer. I suspected it was Nain; I wanted, however, to make sure of it. But I could wrest nothing from her except this, that when I pronounced the name of Nain, she made no reply. It sufficed to convert my suspicion into certainty.

This point being settled, I then persuaded Gaisso to return with me to The Quarries. I judged this a far safer plan than concealing her in the city. It would create less commotion for one thing. None of the family knew anything of her escape. It was not very late and she could slip back into the house without being perceived. As to the Voudous, the fact of her willing return would pacify them and she could further propitiate them, at least for a time, by avoiding Bonair as much as possible. This I took upon myself to advise as particularly proper. It would do good in more ways than one.

"Then," I added, "my being recognized by Nain is a fortunate circumstance. It is not for nothing that he ran away from me. I have a hold on him which you know not of. Be sure that he, at least, will not molest you further in this matter. Be very prudent and all will be well."

While still speaking, I had taken the direction of The Quarries and Gaisso followed rapidly enough, being easily convinced by my arguments. I thought I could penetrate the secret motive of her acquiescence. Now, that the panic was over, she preferred remaining near the object of her love.

VI.

THE THREAT REPEATED.

When we reached the outer gate I offered to go further and conduct her to the very door of the house, but she declined, assuring me that she could run in quite safely without being espied. I assented, but to satisfy myself, requested that when she reached her room, which was in the north-west angle of the building, she should display a light at the window. I then pushed open the gate, but noticed that she still hesitated to enter.

"You have something on your mind, Gaisso; have you not?" I said. "If so, tell me what it is."

"Yes, Mr. Gilbert, I have something to tell you. You remember the note I dropped you from the steamer?"

"I do. What of it?"

"You remember it pointed out a dreadful alternative."

"Which I at once communicated to M. Paladine."

"Ah! he has forgotten it, I fear."

"No, he has not. He referred to it in my hearing not more than a month ago."

"Then, in his confiding nature and with a false estimate of his influence over his slaves, he expects to avert the danger."

"Well, don't you think he can avert it?"

"No, sir, he cannot."

"He cannot snatch you from your enemies."

"Oh! I am nothing. I belong to a proscribed race. If my death could save Bonair, it were a simple issue."

"Do not speak so lightly of death, Gaisso. I myself can scarcely believe that the Voudous, bad as they are, mean to expose themselves to the gallows by committing murder in a case which, at the worst, is purely personal between you and Bonair."

"Ah! sir, you do not know them. There is a very ugly spirit rising among the blacks. It is leading to a vast and cruel conspiracy. They want to make examples, cost what it will. They care nothing for the consequences, let them be the worst imaginable. There have been great talkers going about among them of late. They are dreadfully excited over the way they have been treated this summer. First, there was the burning alive at the stake of three negro assassins. These men suffered horribly while white men, women and children witnessed their treatment with exclamations of frantic joy. Then there have been the wholesale dealings of Hobbes and other negro traders, who have bought up hundreds of blacks in the last year, tearing husbands from their wives, children from their parents, violating all the relations and affections of nature, herding their victims together like cattle and treating them in the most brutal manner. They say that their masters, finding good prices for them, intend to sell them all before next spring, and rather than go South, or at least before going there, they are determined to revolt. Ah! I fear we shall before long be witnesses of awful scenes, and this makes me tremble for Bonair."

"Bonair will soon be out of their reach," I said with a surer.

The poor girl burst out into sobs. This rude and offhand reference to a departure in which so much of her heart and her fate was involved grated harshly on her feelings. I regretted having spoken so hastily.

"That, Mr. Gilbert," said she at length, "is precisely what I wanted to call your attention to. In proportion as the hour of his departure approaches does his danger increase. He is closely watched. Every step he takes is followed. He may resist. He may kill his first or his second assailant. But in some hidden ambush, or by a sudden rush, he will yet be borne down. It is frightful to have to announce these things, but I must do so now that I have so favourable an opportunity with you."

"Come, Gaisso," I replied. "Let me bring you to a definite point. All these dangers we are well aware of, though you have made them appear worse than I ever thought they could be. Answer me clearly, fearlessly, without false shame. Exaggerate nothing. Speak only what you know, but speak that plainly. What if you give up Bonair?"

"I die."

"What if Bonair gives you up?"

"He dies."

"Then there is only one thing can save you both?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

She hesitated.

"Say it, Gaisso. I want it from your own lips. What is it?"

"Marriage."

"There it is. Now M. Paladine will have to believe it. You could not tell him this, in so many words, of course. But I will. If it has really come to this, it is time to act. I am of a sanguine temperament, however, and I think all will be well. Go in now, Gaisso. The night is growing colder."

"God bless you, Mr. Gilbert. What a good fortune. What a happy termination to a dreadful adventure. Good night, sir."

Five minutes later I saw the signal-light in Gaisso's window and then walked home, thinking of what, gentle reader? Of love and murder! No. Of sines and cosines.

(To be continued.)

THE GILBERT-PALLISER GUN.

We are informed that Lt.-Col. Strange, the Dominion Inspector of Artillery, who has just returned from a tour of inspection through British Columbia, has visited the factory of Messrs. E. E. Gilbert & Sons and examined the impressions taken from the Gilbert-Palliser Gun both before and after proof. After the satisfactory manner in which the gun stood the unusually severe test of 24 lbs. of pebble powder, that is to say three times the ordinary service charge and nearly two and one half times the proof charge required in the British ordnance service, it is to be hoped the home manufacture of guns will not be allowed to die out, but that a sufficient sum will be voted at the next session of Parliament for this very necessary and truly economic defence expenditure.

CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO AND END OF THE ZULU WAR.

Soon after Sir Garnet had pitched his camp at Ulundi, the report reached him that the Zulu King had a large store of powder concealed somewhere near his kraal at Amayakanzie. On the following day he started in search of the magazine, accompanied by his staff and six of the Natal police, John Dunn, and some of his natives, who acted as guides, and at a distance of about eleven miles from their starting point, and about a mile from the King's kraal at Amayakanzie, they came upon a deep cave, extending under huge ledges of overhanging rocks, below one of the rugged mountain spurs of this wild country. This cave was found to contain 500 wooden five-pound kegs, supposed to be of Portuguese importation from Delagoa Bay—in other words, upwards of a ton of gunpowder. Sir Garnet decided that it should be destroyed at once; but to avoid the tremendous noise which an explosion in the cave would produce, and perhaps create alarm in the neighborhood, the powder was removed to the summit of the hill and there exploded. Just as the men were about to enter the cave they were startled by the sudden appearance of a huge snake, which raised itself in a threatening attitude, and which the natives declared to be the spirit of the late King Panda keeping guard over his son's hidden treasure. On October 2d, the *Egypt* transport arrived at Portsmouth from South Africa with the first battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and a number of officers of various corps, including Major Chard, V.C., and Surgeon Major Reynolds, V.C., of Rorke's Drift fame. The battalion is that which was cut up at Isandula, and which has since been re-formed by volunteers from various regiments. Soon after the *Egypt* entered the harbor, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar went on board to see the sick and wounded, and the Commander-in-Chief greeted Major Chard in the most cordial manner, and complimented him on the gallantry which he had displayed. Subsequently the troops were paraded on the jetty for inspection, and much interest was displayed by those assembled on the unfurling of the tattered and faded colors of the Twenty-fourth, in the defense of which the brave Melville and Coghill lost their lives. The Duke of Cambridge, after inspecting the colors, addressed the regiment through Colonel Glynn, heartily congratulating them on their return, but expressing his sorrow at seeing so few of the old soldiers. The other illustration shows a bit of the battle-field of Ulundi a few hours after the fight. The dead bodies of Zulu warriors, contorted into strange attitudes by the agony of death, lay scattered about in all directions, being most numerous in the neighborhood of bushes, where the fugitives had endeavored to hide. In one place the artist saw twenty-two bodies lying within an area of twenty square yards, killed by the bullets of the Martini-Henri rifle.

PHONOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

At last a long felt want has been supplied by our well-known citizen Mr. J. A. Manseau, Professor of Phonography at the Catholic Commercial Academy, Montreal, who, in his untiring efforts succeeded in shortening labor by an easy and excellent method of shorthand writing. Pitman, Graham, Munson, &c., furnish an elaborate and scientific system to perfection for professional reporters, who devote all their time and constant practice to this art, which requires years to master it fully. But no men, whose daily avocations are different from that of the professional reporter, can afford to spend years in learning this art, and they, particularly, will welcome this little book the more, as a perfect knowledge can be acquired in a few days easy study, and the most important feature of all is the great assistance it gives in lessening the work. Since retrenchment is the order of the day many of our merchants, bankers, &c., have reduced their staff and increased the duties of the remaining employees, who in many a case are overworked, and will find a treasure in Mr. Manseau's valuable work, which is based upon Mr. Duploye's system, and can be met with the greatest demand when a book on phonography ever had.

Already the principal colleges and schools in the United States have introduced Mr. Manseau's method and sent large orders to supply the wants. New York and Boston papers speak highly of it; school journals recommend its introduction into schools, and even the European press, which not always gives full credit for anything coming from the pen of Canadian writers, has done justice to the author.

There are but three principles which the student is governed by, which, when strictly followed, and with some practice, enable him to take down any speech after as many months study as any of the scientific systems require years of hard work. But we think it unnecessary to enter and treat upon the details particularly, as one can learn the rules and alphabet in almost as short a time as it takes to write this, for the whole is simplicity itself, and we are much mistaken if this method does not gain such popularity which makes phonography a necessity in all important offices.

The long winter evenings are at the door, and we would advise all young men especially to not only invest in a copy of "Phonography made Easy," but study it, the profit is their own, as it is very true that "To shorten labor is to lengthen life."

LYRA INCANTATA.

(From the University Magazine.)

I.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavour,
A chord that sounds forever."

II.

Three bars of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king;
Were hidden to a trial
To find the magic string,
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those birds contended.

III.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Fang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.

IV.

The second changed the measure,
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of peace—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit all roared,
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed as that, soon after.

V.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wren and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

THEODORE TILTON.

HUMOROUS.

"A FARMER" is respectfully informed that weeds on the farm are got rid of by a little husbandry. So are those on a widow's bonnet.

A MAN about to fail in business was asked: "How many cents do you intend to pay on the dollar?" "Just as many as I can borrow," was the reply.

No dictionary can equal the child's definition of chaos. "It is a great pile of nothing," she said, "and nowhere to put it."

NATURE never designed the interior of a pumpkin to hold a candle, but the small boy did and that's where he got in one extra.

A RATHER gayly-dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class what was meant by the "pomp and vanities of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

THE Boston Courier discovers that when two young men meet they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

FATHER: "But, Charlie, again I see no improvement in your marks." CHARLEY: "Yes, papa, it is high time that you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way forever!"

A PERSIAN ambassador, who visited the romantic city of Edinburgh, was violently attacked, theologically speaking, by an ancient Presbyterian lady, who reproached him for professing what she termed an idolatrous religion. "I am told, sir," she said, "that you worship the sun." "So would you, madam," politely replied Mirza Khan. "If you ever saw him."

"WELL, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on a "low diet" for a long time. "How are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken to-day?" "That I could sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please, your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

A JURY in the New York city court disagreed, and when Judge McCue inquired: "How do you stand, gentlemen?" The foreman replied: "Your honor, there are six of us on one side and four on the other; one is on both sides and one didn't vote." Judge, jurors and spectators were convulsed with laughter, but the foreman was unable to "see the joke."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps, address, W. HEARN, Chemist, Ottawa. a2-w

REAL ESTATE IN THE WEST.

The Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The Company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then, find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in Real Estate at such prices. The reliability of the Company and their title to the property being well established, there could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the lands offered will be speedily taken up.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a remedy that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.