VOLUME III.

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No. 24.

For the Hearthstone WOMAN.

BY AMY SCUDDER.

" Forever the same for the burden is woman."

Sages have written, and noets have sung.
Philosophers reason'd and sceptics found tongue,
On this theme, whose subject is human,
This subject that is only a woman;
Ofton a blessing and ofton a bane,
Turning man's thoughts into something profane,
And yet with a softening hallowing spoil
Leading him back from the gateway of hell.

Of life's contradictions no greater is known, The from pole unto pole, and from zone unto zone You search with untiring zoal. For with power to injure and power to heal, Yot weakest and frailest is woman; And a bearer of burdons is woman.

With beauty onehunting a planta. not found, though you search through the wor!

anywhere.

The bright flush on the check, the eyes' tender light.

light.

Hair shimmering like sanbeams, or black as the night.

Teeth arrayed like bright diamonds, and lips firm and fail.

And voice as necledious as song of bul-bul;

A reasoning mind, a soul proud and true

That will conquer and suffer, will dare and will do.

Oh woman, true woman!

The fountain of all that is human.

If this were the phase universal we might
Then hall the millenium with perfect delight,
But alas! woman's nature is mazalhely strange.
It is false, and it's frait and much given to change.
One moment all sunshine, and the next is all
showers:
Now a servant of God, and anon the Dark Powers,
Now tender asplicy, then cruel as fate.
And wreaks on her own sex most virulent hate.

If they surpass her in person or mind
And are trace to man than she is to her kind,
flus smiles for betrayer and score for betray'd,
Crushes down to the lowest poor sorrowing maid.
The prude and the shrow, and the slattern prove
flow little they knew of onnobling love,
But in every rule exceptions are found.
And to this rate of woman exceptions abound,
And while man has a wife or youth has a mother
They'll ayow that the vices are found in some one:

(For the Mourthstone.)

FROM BAD TO WORSE

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued. OUT OF THE THEATRE.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted Mr. Brydon from : front seat in the pit, bringing his hands to-gether with a mighty clap like a young can-non; "never saw anything ther. Splendid!"

Mdlle. Scraphine started at the sudden noise her hands trembled, and the arrow, uncon-solously released, buried itself harmlessly in the walnacotting of the proscenium. She stilled a half-uttered curse, and turned angrily up the stage. In a moment, however, she recovered her soft-possession, and drawing the arrow from its position she continued the business of the place, apparently suffering only from the inter-ference of Mr. Brydon. That gentleman did not find his position a comfortable one; the audience evidently looked on him as an evildisposed person, who had multifously spoiled a very fine situation, and there were many friend-ly suggestions to "punch his head," "put him out," &c., but Mr. Brydon saved anybody the trouble of putting him out by quietly leaving the theatre and going round to the stage cutrance. As he went up the narrow, dark alley leading to the dressing rooms he thought to

A near squeak, by Jove! One second more and that she-devil would have driven that arrow through the dear boy's head, and I should have lost my fortune. No, no, Miss Eitle, I am very fond of you, and you can have the pleasure of shooting the dear boy if you particularly desire it; but not until I have done with him, and provided the necessary funds for both of us to spoud the remainder of our days in virtuous ease and comfort."

went behind the scenes like one accus tomed to the place, and having the right of entrie; and waited at the wing until Mdile. Seraphine had finished her "grand broadsword combat," and the act was over; he then fol-lowed that young lady to her dressing room, and carefully closing the door, had a long and

earnest conversation with her.

Arthur scarcely noticed the pointing of the arrow at him, in fact he was too drunk to notice anything, and even if he had he would have wished that the arrow had sped on its way, and he had been relieved of all his difficulties by death. Jessie, however, noticed the strange action of the actress, and the wonderfully vengeful expression which came over her face at the moment she levelled the arrow, and she was greatly terrified. She thought the actress was mud, and Arthur had in some unknown manner excited her resentment—no suspicion of the truth occurred to her:-and her first thought was to get Arthur away before the next set commenced. Arthur, however, refused to go, and they sat while the archestra was playing, Jessie trying to get Arthur away and he obstantely refusing to go, he could not tell why.

There was a long wait and the orchestra had to fill in another piece: the audience was getting impatient and expressed their displeasure freely; there was considerable excitement be hind the scenes; the actors were all ready, the scene all set, but the "star" was still in her



41 AM VERY SORET FOR IT, MR. AUSTIM, BUT I HAVE ORDERS TO ARREST TOU. YOU ARE MY PRISONED."

dressing room, and the prompter could not induce her to come out and continue the pic A very stormy scene was being enacted in that dressing room between Mille. Scraphine and Mr. Brydon; but, Mr. Brydon won; and the result of his victory was that before the ordina-tra had finished the "Overture to Tampa" for the second time, Mille. Scraphine had written a note and despatched the call-boy to the front with it; the note was addressed to Arthur Austin, and this is what it contained:

ARTHUR AUSTIN,-Your legal wife wants to see you to-night after the performance. You will find her in room — St. Lawrence Hall; mind you come or look out for trouble.

The audience were at last appeased, the cur tain commensed to rise, and almost at the same time the note was delivered to Arthur; he glanced at it—intuitively guessing its limport—and then said hurrically to Jessie: "Let us go home; I am sick of this trash, I

am sure you must be."

Jessie was only too glad to go and get her husband home before he could have an opportunity to drink any more; they thereup the box at once, and when Mdlie. Scraphine made her first entrance in the third act she

found the box empty.

When Arthur reached home he simply open ed the door for Jessie to enter and told her to go in, that he had to meet Brydon on some business and would be back in an hour; she tried hard to get him to remain at home, and not go out again at that late hour; but he was obstinate, and slamming the door behind her, went back to his cab and ordered the driver t

take him to the St. Lawrence Hull. Miss Frank had her own peculiar reason for having a headache, and not being able to go to the theatre, and the following note, written by her, might chuckdute matters a little:

"DEAR CHARLIE,—

Como and see me about eight, or halfpast, to-night, sure; something special to say

FRANK."

It might be as well to recall to my renders emory the fact of the existence of such a per-

son as Mr. Charles Benson, to whom the above note was addressed, and who had quite a note was addressed, and who had quite a Mr. Benson had been suffering a great deal daring the past few months; all the jealousy, ill-will, malice prepense, &c., &c.—It wasn't much with him—had been surred up by "the soundaious way Frank was carrying on with that fellow Brydon,"—I quote his own words,—and he had openly cut Frank, and he was ready at any moment to "punch Mr. Brydon's nose"—his werds again—at the slightest provocation. The receipt of Miss Frank's note pleased bun great y, but he was wary and careful; he reall oved Frank—he had only found that out since Brydon's appearance on the scene-and he meant to win her if he could; but, he did not like to exhibit any signs of heste, und, fore, he waited until almost nine o'clock befor

he replied in person to Frank's note. "You're a pretty fellow!" said Miss Frank, as soon as he entered; here I have waited half un hour for you. Why didn't you come at the proper time?"

"I was afraid I might interrupt a pleasant tête-d-tête;" Mr. Benson said this with what he considered a cuttingly surcastic intonution; but Miss Frank did not seem to be at all impressed by it; she simply shook her head and said: "Oh, Charlle! I did want some one with

brains so much, and I am so sorry to find you are such a fool !" "That's very complimentary; but really, I did not wish to intrude on your-weil youryour friend, Mr. Brydon, Ly coming too early."

This was another attempt at sarcasm, but

somehow Mr. Benson felt that he was not succeeding at surcasm on this occasion. Frank rose very quietly, and laying her hand

on Mr. Benson's arm, said:
"Charlie, you and I have been friends, almost from childhood; I am in a trouble, and I thought you would help me; but, if you talk that way there is no use my telling you what I want you

"What do you want me to do, Frank ? "I want you to watch Robert Brydon; I want you to haunt him like his shadow. I want you to find out what secret there is between him and Arthur, and to know something of the man's past life." Her manner had grown very carnest, and she clutched his arm with convulsive aree as she timehed.

"Well, that's coo!, Frank; you press me.ra ther too hard when you ask me to watch your lover, and find out something of his past life for you."

"Your lover." "Charlie Benson, I never thought you were such a fool; what that thing Brydon be a love of mine; you ought to be ashumed of yourself.

" But don't you-"No, I don't. I have tried to get into this man's confidence because I suspected he had some secret power over Arthur, and I wanted to find out what it was, so that I might protect Arthur from a bad man; but you men are all fools, Brydon must needs think I was in love with him, and he has proposed and I have rejected him; and, of course, I cannot watch him myself now, so I want you to do it for me."

"You have rejected him!"

"You have rejected him!"

"Yes, I didn't mean to tell you, but as I have said it I suppose there is no great harm done.'
Mr. Benson made no answer in words, but he Mr. Benson made no answer tu words, but he indulged in the most extraordinary action he had ever ventured on with Miss Frank; he had known her for several years, but had always kept at a respectful distance; now he suddenly caught her in his arms and once or twice kissed her three or four times. I am almost aslumed to say that Miss Frank seemed to like it, and didn't struggle a bit. The next half hour was passed in that imbecile condition which lovers always think indispensable to a first confession of their mutual love. Miss Frank was the first to recover her self-possession and come buck to the matter she had been discussing.

"So you sue. Charlie dear. I want you to get intimate with Brydon, to find out who he asso-clates with, and if possible solve the mystery which binds him so closely to Arthur."

"Well, Frank, I'll try; but 'pon my word I'd rather punch the fellow's head than shake hands with him; but as you wish it, and it is for Arthur's sake, I shall sultivate Mr. Brydon very extensively; and he had better look out for

CHAPTER VII.

OUT OF THE HONEST WAY.

in the act of imbibling, momentarily suspended in her right hand. She looked for a moment at her visitor, finished the spirits, and then

o So you have come, you villain; I supposed you would, you knew it would be best for you?" Arthur paused for a moment and looked ir-Arthur paused for a moment and locked fi-tently at her before replying; drunk as he was he could not but be struck at the great change in her appearance from what it had been four years before. On the stage he had not noticed it; but now, face to face, the false color of the rouge glowing on her check, only lent intensity to the yellow, unhealthy color of the dabby skin; the line lines of India ink under the eye assess inthe line lines of India ink under the eye asness in-tended to impart brillingly to the eyes on y-served to show the dark circles under them, and to throw a, in strong releif the glassy, llimi b-expression of the eyes themselves. The fine y-vounded form lost all its symetry when released from its tight lacing and showed only an un-sightly mass of bloated humanity. The rich, sensuous lips, which looked so lovely and kiss-able from the front of the theatre, were smeared with executions and the numeral color of gin able from the front of the theatre, were smeared with vermillion, and the pangent eder of gin drove away all ideas of grace or beauty from them. Arthur saw her as she was, a drunken, besetted creature, without one spark of true womanhood about her; given ever to the demon of drink and abandoning herself freely to all evil passions; he saw her and even to his druncen mind came a feeling of repugnance, and he wendered if it could be possible that he had ever fancied be loved this creature. He did not passe long, but advancing one step nearer to her sail: her sull:

"What do you want with me?"
"That's a pretty question for a husband to sk the wife he has deserted for four years. ask the wife he has deserted for four years. What do I want with you? I want you to support me as your wife, as you ought to do; I want you to put away that baby-faced doll you had with you to hight; I want you to go back to the States with me, and live with me as my husband—I love you so much;" she said this with great passion, and she threw all the bitterest contempt and scorn she was capable of intitude has few words: "I would have you! know, Arthur Austin, that I chaim you us me husband, and I don't mean to allow any wome to take my place, unless I please that she shouland I don't please that yellow haired chil and I don't please that yellow haired chi: should do it."

"I thought you were dend, Effic."
"And was glad to think so, no doubt?"
"God only knows how thankful I was at m.

supposed release."

"No doubt; but you're not released, and i don't mean that you shall be yet owhile. I shal live a long time you may depend on it. I mean to, just to spite you."

Why did you send for me?"

"I want to make arrangements with you." "What to linke arrangements with you."

"What arrangements? God knows," ne crid in the bitterness of his spirit, "the miserable plot of Brydon and yourself has born enough wretched fruit already. The pair of you laid a very pretty snair for me, I unconsciously walked into it; I am eaught. Now I know both of you well enough to know that you did not go to so such trouble and pains without hone of ultimuch trouble and pains without hope of ulti-

want my old allowance renewed and the same right you have taken yourself to marry

"I cannot pay you the money; I am not able to afford K."

"Mr. Arthur Austin, I close my engagement here on Saturday night, unless I have my first quarter sallowance, five hundreddollar, paid mo before three o'clock on Friday, I will have you arrested for bigany before ten o'clock on Satur-

day. Do as you please, what I say, I mean."
"Suppose I comply with your demands, what
guarantee have I that they will suffee; and that rou will cease to annov me?"

"No guarantee but my word; you ought to know that I can keep it when I please. Do you remember when you tried to shake me off by ciniming a divorce? Do you remember that I wore then to be even with you? I am even with you now. You had better accept the terms I offer you, and these are the terms; if you pay me two thousand dollars a year for five years quarterly in advance payable at any place I please to name, I will swear not to molest you in any way for that time; I to enjoy mysolf any way I please and you to possess your tow-headed darling. At the end of that time I shall do as I please. Accept or refuse as you see fit, it is six of one, and half a dezen of the other to

"Suppose I accept; what guarantee have I against Brydon?

" Rob will go with me ?" 6 What 2"

"I will take care," said Miss Effic, guarding her speech more closely, "that Mr. Brydon does not annoy you."

"You speak very confidently about Mr. Bry-"I do. I know some of his secrets. You can

depend on it that I can make him do what I promise he will do. Do you accept my terms?" "Give me a few days to think them ever."

"I will give you until twelve o'clock on Wed-Will that suit you ?"

"Good-night."

Mr. Brydon dld not sleep the sleep "model young man" he pretended to he, that night; lu fact he tossed about for a long time without sleeping at all. He "reviewed the whole position," us he called it, and came to the "Has Mille Seraphine returned from the line selected Montreal as a good place to hang up theatre yet?" asked Arthur Austin of the pointe clerk of the St. Lawrence Hall.

"Has Liu his present mood he would have greatly preferred Parls, or some quiet examin

