

charge would never hold out for three miles more the distance yet to be accomplished before they would reach his nephew's farm, so laying down his shepherd's plaid under the shade of a wide spreading beech tree, he made the girls sit down to rest, while he went in search of a cart to convey them on their way.

He desired them to be sure not to leave the place until he came back, and taking a cross road leading up among the hills was soon lost to sight.

The night was unusually calm and mild, and wrapped up in Adam's plaid the twin girls sat patiently awaiting his arrival, forming plans for their future, in all of which a meeting with Lady Hamilton was calculated on, as the first and most desirable object of attainment.

During the few weeks they had passed at Inchdrewer, they had conceived a fondness for the Lady of the Castle, which could only be accounted for by the tie of blood which bound them to her, and of which unfortunately, both parties were ignorant; their affection was returned with interest, a day seldom passed in which they were absent from Lady Hamilton's thoughts, and as surely as her hour of prayer came round, they, their well being, spiritual and temporal were brought with her to the foot-stool of God.

They had rested more than half an hour, and were beginning to long for Adam's return when the sound of horses' feet galloping, and wheels running at a rapid rate, struck upon their ears; and an open carriage and pair, containing three men came with a sudden whirl from the cross road by which Adam had departed, and just as it passed the part of the high road opposite to where they sat, one of the forewheels fell off, and the occupants of the carriage were thrown to the ground, the vehicle falling almost above them.

The girls clung to each other in speechless fear, as they saw by the moonlight, that two of the persons thrown out of the carriage, were Sir Richard Cunningham and his groom!

"Curse the thing!" said the former, examining the injury done to the carriage, and the cause of the overthrow, "I believe we will have to walk the rest of the way."

"No, Sir," said the groom to whom his master addressed himself—"If yourself and Doctor Simpson, will give me your help, I will soon make all right enough to carry you to the Castle, it is only the lunch pail that has fallen out, and I can easily put it in fast enough to stand for such a short distance."

The whole three busied themselves in getting the carriage into a proper position and placing the wheel; it was at length fastened so that the groom said it would be quite safe to start with.

The girls gave themselves up for lost; Margaret laid her hand on her sister's hip, crouching low on the ground as if she would bury herself out of sight of him, she had so much cause to dread, Agnes folding the shepherd's plaid more closely over her head; they were so near, that they could distinguish easily each of the men were; Sir Richard's back was now towards the place where they sat, but when he turned to enter the phaeton, they knew he could not avoid seeing them.

He was too anxious to be on his way to occupy himself with any thing else, and all were again seated in the phaeton; Sir Richard who was driving, had the reins in his hands, when the Doctor pointed out, what he supposed to be a woman and a girl sitting under the beech tree, saying;

"The poor creature, she is probably benighted, and has been sitting there all night!" laying his hand on Sir Richard's arm, so as to stop him from driving on.

"What is that to me?" was the ungracious reply, given in a surly hurried tone, as he endeavoured to throw off the Doctor's hand, which still prevented his driving.

"I am not bound to hold converse with all the old beggar women, who choose to be abroad in the night."

"Perhaps you are not, but I am" replied the Doctor in a determined tone "one life is as precious in my sight as another, and I go not with you until your servant ascertains why the woman is there, and if need be, you give her a lift as far as your porter's Lodge, where she can pass the night."

Sir Richard was at the Doctor's mercy, there was no other to be found within a circuit of twenty miles, and he had left his child in convulsions; he would not turn his head to look in the direction of the object they talked of, but said in a voice hoarse with anger.

"Go Cummings, and offer the woman a lift, if she wishes to come."

The girls sat intently listening to all that was said, the Doctor's kindly words piercing like barbed arrows; a cold perspiration streamed from every pore in Agnes's body, as the groom jumped down from the back seat of the phaeton and came towards them, she felt there was a bare hour between the present free air beneath the blessed firmament of heaven, and the breathless tower chamber with its shut up iron shutters.

The only shadow of escape lay in flight; she shook Margaret, attempting to rise, alas! the poor girl lay fainting in her sister's lap!

A low moan as of dying lips came from the heart of the forlorn, helpless girl, none on earth could save them now, her tongue was powerless to frame a spoken word, but her guardian angel carried the petition of her soul to God.

"Lord save us, we perish."

The man was close to where they sat, he spoke some words, she heard them not; she was almost as unconscious as the cold pale face resting on her knee, he lifted up the plaid which covered her head, and shuddered her face; "You here!" exclaimed the man in accents of horrified surprise as he saw in the pale beseeching face upturned to his own, the well-known lineaments of his master's grandchild!

(To be continued.)

A SWISS HERMIT.—An extraordinary person was buried a few days ago at Aigoutath, four score years of age. This man, named J. L. Heinsor, had lived for more than 60 years a solitary life in a goat-stable, far removed from every human habitation. His dormitory was carpeted with goat-skins, the floor for these small cattle served him for a bed, and his nutriment consisted almost entirely of bread and goats' milk. He refused as superstitious the conveniences of life which were offered to him on all sides in his advanced old age, and up to his last breath he maintained the full use of his reasoning faculties, and, at the same time, his mode of life more than frugal.

FRAN UNDER WATER.—This singular phenomenon is caused by placing a quantity of pulverized chlorate of potash in an empty tumbler; put a few chips of phosphorus on the chlorate of potash. Now fill the tumbler with water, and pass a small quantity of sulphuric acid through a glass tube, on the phosphorus in the tumbler, which will at once take fire and burn with great splendor.

"PAPA!" "MAMMA!"

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Papa!" "Mamma!"—O, the sweetness,
In the married sense and sound!
As when first the early people
Had their love by children crowned;
First heard that cooing music
Mingled with the morning breeze,
While the little feet went anemal
Rosily nestled on their knees!

"Papa!" "Mamma!"—O, that sweetness
Is as sacred as sublime!
As when first it laughed and prattled
In the purreries of Time!
Yet the little eyes beam on us;
Yet the little lips press ours;
Fathers, mothers, all of Eden
Is not lost—we've blossomed bowers.

"Papa!" "Mamma!"—O, the sweetness
In the thrill of every sound,
Prophecy in the completeness
Of all things in Heaven found
By the soul with deathless splendor.
On the Great Sir's star-ined seal—
Papas, mammas, sons and daughters,
Blessed in immortality!

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY ADELPH'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ON DUTY.

Everybody knows Acropolis-square and the region to which it belongs—the region amidst which has of late arisen the Albert Hall, but where at this remote period the Albert Hall was not; only the glittering fabric of the Horticultural Society's great conservatory, and an arid waste, whereon the Exhibition of 1862 had lately stood. Acropolis-square is a splendid quadrangle of palatial residences, whose windows look out upon a geometrically-arranged garden, where small detachments of the juvenile aristocracy, not yet 'out,' play croquet in the warm June noontide, or in the dewy twilight, when mamma and the elder girls have driven off to halls of dazzling light, and the governesses are off duty.

Acropolis-square, in the height of the London season—when there are carriages waiting at half the doors, and awnings hung out over half the balconies, and a wealth of flowers everywhere, and pretty girls mounting for their canter in the Row, and a general flutter of gaiety and animation pervading the very atmosphere—is bright and pleasant enough; but at its best it has all the faults of New London. Every house is the facsimile of its neighbour; there is none of that individuality of architecture which gives a charm to the more sombre mansions of the old-fashioned squares—Grosvenor and Portman and Cavendish; not a break in the line of porches, not the difference of a mullion in the long range of windows; and instead of the deep mellow hue of that red brick, which so admirably harmonizes with the gray background of an English sky, the perpetual gloom of a dark drab stucco.

The city of Babylon, when her evil days had fallen upon her, was not drearier than Acropolis-square at the end of August; or so Hubert Walgrave thought, as a lioness, with irrevocable rattle, whisked him round a corner, and into that solemn quadrangle of stucco palaces, from whose drab fronts the gay striped awnings had vanished and the flowers departed, and where no 'click' of croquet-ball sounded on the burnt-up grass in the enclosure.

Mr. Vallory's house was one of the most perfectly appointed in the square. It was not possible to give an individual character to any one of those stucco mansions; but so far as the perfection of hearth-stoning and window-cleaning could go, the character of Mr. Vallory's mansion was respectability, solidity, a gravity of aspect that suggested wealth. The dining-room curtains, of which the respectful passer-by caught a glimpse, were of the deepest and darkest shade of claret—no gaudy obtrusive crimson or ruby—and of a material so thick that the massive folds seemed hewn out of stone. The shutters to the dining-room windows were dark oak, relieved by the narrowest possible heading of gold. Even the draperies that shrouded the French casements of the drawing-room were a dark green silk damask; and the only ornaments visible from the outside were bronze statuettes, and monster vases of purple-and-gold Oriental china. The muslins, and laces, and chintzes, and rose-coloured linings which gladdened the eye in neighbouring houses had no place here.

A footman in a dark chocolate livery, and with his hair powdered, admitted Mr. Walgrave to the hall, which was adorned with a black marble stove like a tomb, an ecclesiastical brass lamp, and had altogether a sepulchral look, as of a mortuary chapel. The man gave a faintly supercilious glance at the departing hansom—Mr. Vallory had so few cabs in his visiting list—before he ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room.

"Is Miss Vallory at home?"

"Yes, sir; Miss Vallory returned from her drive half an hour ago."

The drawing-room was quite empty, however; and the footman departed in quest of Miss Vallory's maid, to whom to communicate the arrival of a visitor for her mistress—whereby Miss Vallory had to wait about ten minutes for the information. The drawing-room was empty—a howling wilderness of gorged furniture, opening by means of a vast archway into a smaller desert, where a grand piano stood in the centre of a barren waste of Axminster carpet. Everything in the two rooms was of the solid school—no nonsense about it—and everything was costly to the last degree. Ebony cabinets, decorated with clusters of fruit, in cornelian and agate, Hercules and the Bull in bronze, on a stand of verde antique. No cups and saucers, no Dresden delectables, no Chelsea shepherdesses, no photograph albums; but a pair of carved-oak stands for engravings, supporting elephantine portfolios of Albert Durer's and Rembrandt's etchings, and early impressions from plates of Hogarth's own engraving. There were a few choice pictures, small and modern; things that had been among the gems of their year in the Academy; just enough to show that neither taste nor wealth was wanting for the collection of a gallery. There was an exquisite group in white marble,

forming the centre of a vast green satin ottoman; but of *bric-a-brac* there was none. The filler found no dainty rubbish, no costly trifles scattered on every side to amuse an empty quarter of an hour. After he had examined the half dozen or so of pictures, he could only pace the Axminster, contemplative of the geometrical design in various shades of green, or gaze dreamily from one of the windows at the drab palaces on the other side of the square.

Hubert Walgrave paced the room and looked about the room thoughtfully as he walked. It seemed larger to him than it had ever appeared before, after that shady parlour at Brierwood, with its low ceiling and heavy oaken beams, dark brown panelling and humble furniture. In such rooms as this he might hope to live all his life, and to enjoy all the distinction which such surroundings give—without Grace Redmayne. The picture of his future life, with all the advantages of wealth and influence which his marriage was to bring him, had always been very agreeable to him. He was scarcely the kind of man to be fasciated by that other picture of love in a cottage. And yet today, face to face with Hercules and the Bull, his vagabond fancy, taking its own road in spite of him, shaped the vision of a life with Grace in some trim suburban villa—a hard-working life, with desperate odds against success, only the woman he loved for his wife, and domestic happiness.

"It isn't as if I hadn't even some kind of position already," he said to himself, "to say nothing of having a decent income of my own. And yet, what would my chances be with old Vallory dead against me? That man could crumple me up like a bit of waste paper. To do him a deadly wrong would be certain ruin. And what would be left me then? To drag miserably upon the outskirts of my profession, and live upon three hundred a year; no house in Mayfair; no villa between Strawberry-hill and Chertsey; no crack club—I couldn't afford even that tranquil haven for man's misfortune; no Eton for my boys; no Hanoverian governess for my girls; no yacht, no stable, no social status. Only Grace's sweet face growing pinched and worn with petty cares and daily worries; a herd of children in a ten-roomed house; a maid-of-all-work to cook my dinner; summonses for unpaid poor-rates on every mantel-piece; the water-supply cut off with a dismal regularity once a quarter. Who doesn't know every detail of the sordid picture? Pshaw! Why, were I even inclined to sacrifice myself—and I am not—it would be no kindness to Grace to consummate my own extinction by a such a step."

There was a strange wavering of the balance; but the scale always turned ultimately on the same side—the side of worldly wisdom. True as the needle to the pole was the mind of Hubert Walgrave to the one fact that he must needs succeed in life—succeed in the popular acceptance of the word—win money and honour; make a name for himself, in short.

"Other men can afford to take life lightly," he said to himself; "to ruin themselves even, in a gentlemanly way. They start from an elevation; and it takes a long time going down hill. I begin at the bottom, and am bound to climb. Essex could trifle with opportunities which were of vital importance to Raleigh. Yet they both ended the same way, by the bye, the triller and the deep thinker."

A door opened with the resonance of a door in a cathedral, and a rustle of silken fabric announced the approach of Miss Vallory.

Augusta Vallory, sole daughter of the house and heart of Mr. William Vallory, solicitor, of Harcross, Vallory, and Vallory, Austin Friars, was not a woman to be criticised lightly, with a brief sentence or two. She was eminently handsome—tall, beyond the common height of women, with sloping shoulders and a willowy waist; a long slim throat, crowned with a head that was almost classic in form, a face about which there could be scarcely two opinions.

She was a brunette; her eyes the darkest hazel, cold and clear; her hair as nearly black as English hair ever is; her complexion faultless; a skin which never lacked exactly the right tints of crimson and creamy white—a complexion so perfect, that if Miss Vallory had an enemy of her own sex, that enemy might have suggested *vinaigre de rouge* and *blanc Roati*; a delicate aquiline nose, thin lips—just a shade too thin perhaps—a finely modelled chin, and flashing white teeth, that gave life and light to her face. The forehead was somewhat low and narrow; and, perfect as the eyelashes and eyebrows might be, the eyes themselves had a certain metallic brilliancy, which was too much like the brightness of a deep-hued topaz or a cat's eye.

She was dressed superbly; indeed, dress with Miss Vallory was the most important business of life. She had never had occasion to give herself much trouble on any other subject; and to dress magnificently was at once an occupation and an amusement. To be striking, original, out of the common, was her chief aim. She did not affect the every-day-pinks and blues and mauves of her acquaintance, but, with the aid of a French milliner, devised more artistic combinations—rich browns and fawns and dead-end tints, rare shades of gray, relieved by splashes of vivid colour—laces which a dowager duchess might have sighed for. Miss Vallory did not see any reason why the married of her sex should alone be privileged to wear gorgeous apparel. Rich silks and heavy laces became her splendid beauty better than the muslins and gauzes of the *demoiselle à marier*.

To-day she wore a fawn-coloured silk dress, with a train that swept the carpet for upwards of a yard behind her—a corded fawn-coloured silk high to the throat, without a vestige of trimming on body or sleeves, but a wide crimson sash tied in a loose knot on one side of the slender waist. The tight sleeves, the narrow collar became her to admiration. A doubtful complexion would have been made excusable by the colour; every defect in an imperfect figure would have been rendered doubly obvious by the fashion of the dress. Miss Vallory wore it in the insolence or her beauty, as if she would have said, "Imitate me if you dare!"

The lovers shook hands, kissed each other even, in a business-like way.

"Why, Hubert, how well you are looking!" said Miss Vallory. "I expected to see you still an invalid."

"Well, no, my dear Augusta; there must come an end to everything. I went into the country to complete my cure; and I think I may venture to say that I am cured."

Mr. Walgrave's tone grew graver with those last words. He was thinking of another disease than that for which the London physician had treated him, wondering whether he

were really on the high road to recovery from that more fatal fever.

"I need not tell you how well you are looking," he went on gaily; "that is your normal state."

"Ems was horrid," exclaimed Miss Vallory. "I was immensely glad to come away. How did you like your farmhouse? It must have been rather dreary work, I should think."

"Yes; it did become rather dreary work—

at the last."

"You liked it very well at first?" then inquired the young lady, with a slight elevation of the faultless eyebrows. She was not particularly sentimental; but she would have preferred to be told that he had found existence odious without her.

"No; it was not at all bad—for a week or so. The place is old-fashioned and picturesque, the country round about magnificent. There were plenty of chub, too; and there was a pike I very much wanted to catch. I shall go in for him again next year, I daresay."

"I have never been able to comprehend what any man can find to interest him in fishing."

"It has long been my hopeless endeavour to discover what any woman can have to say to her milliner for an hour and a half a stretch," answered Mr. Walgrave coolly.

Augusta Vallory smiled—a cold hard smile. "I suppose you have found it rather tiresome when I have kept you waiting at Madame Bonfante's," she said carelessly; "but there are some things one cannot decide in a hurry; and Bonfante is too busy, or too grand, to come to me."

"What an unfathomable science dress is! That gown you have on now, for instance," surveying her critically, "does not seem very elaborate. I should think you might make it yourself."

"No doubt, if I had been apprenticed to a dressmaker. Unfortunately, papa omitted that branch of instruction from his programme for my education. Madame Bonfante cut this dress herself. The train is a new style, that was only introduced three weeks ago by the Empress of the French."

"Good heavens! and I did not recognise the novelty when you came into the room. What a barbarian I am! But, do you know, I have seen women who made their own dresses—when I was a boy."

"I cannot help it, my dear Hubert, if you have lived amongst curious people."

She was thinking of Grace Redmayne as he had seen her one Saturday afternoon seated under the cedar, running the seams of a blue-and-white muslin dress which she was to wear at church next morning, and in which, to his eyes, she had seemed fairer than a wood nymph. Yet Miss Vallory was much handsomer than Grace, even without the adventitious aid of dress—much handsomer, but not so lovely.

"I have come to ask if I may stay to dinner," said Mr. Walgrave, seated comfortably on the great green satin ottoman, with Miss Vallory by his side—not ridiculously near him in any lacadanical plighted-lover-like fashion, but four or five feet away, with a flowing river of fawn-coloured silk between them. "You see, I am in regulation costume."

"Papa will be very glad. We have not told anyone we are in town; and indeed I don't suppose there is a creature we know in London. You will enliven him a little."

"And papa's daughter?"

"O, of course; you know I am always pleased to see you. Half-past six. If you are very good I won't change my dress for dinner, and we can have a comfortable gossip instead."

"I mean to be unexampled in goodness. But under ordinary circumstances—with no one you know in town—would you really put on something more splendid than that orange-tawny gown, for the sole occasion of the butler?"

"I dress for papa, and because I am in the habit of doing so, I suppose."

"If women had only a regulation costume like ours—black silk, and a white muslin tie—what an amount of envy and heart-burning might be avoided! And it would give the handsome ones a fair start—weight for age, as it were—instead of the present system of handicapping."

"I don't in the least understand what you mean, Hubert. Imagine girls in society dressed in black, like the young women in a barber-dasher's shop!"

"Yes, that's an objection. Yet we submit to apparel ourselves like butlers. However, being so perfect as you are it is foolishness to wish you otherwise. And now tell me all your news. I longish to hear what you have been doing."

This was an agreeable easy going manner of concealing the fact that Mr. Walgrave had nothing particular to say. The woman who was to be his wife was handsome, accomplished, well versed in all worldly knowledge; yet they met after eight weeks' severance and he had nothing to say to her. He could only lean lazily back upon the ottoman, and admire her with cold critical eyes. Time had been when he fancied himself in love with her. He could never have won so rich a prize without some earnestness of intention on his own part, without some reality of feeling; but whatever force the passion had possessed was all expended, it was gone utterly. He looked at her to-day, and told himself that she was one of the handsomest women in London, and that he cared for her no more than if she had been a statue.

She was very handsome; but so is a face in a picture. He had seen many faces on canvas that had more life, and light, and soul in them than had ever glorified hers. His heart had been so nearly her own, but she had wrought no spell to hold it. What had she ever given him, except her cold business-like consent to be his wife, at some vaguely defined future period, when its prospects and position should be completely satisfactory to her father? What had she ever given him—what tears, or fond looks from soft beseeching eyes, or little clinging touches of a tremulous white hand—what evidence that he was nearer or dearer to her than any other obliging person in her visiting list? Did he not know only too well that in her mind this lower world began and ended with Augusta Vallory—that nothing in the universe had any meaning for her except so far as it affected herself? One night when she had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home they brought her warrior dead," Mr. Walgrave said to her as he leant across the piano.

"If you had been the lady, Augusta, what a nuisance you would have considered the funeral!"

"Funerals are very dreadful," she answered with a shudder.

"And they might as well have buried her

warrior where he fell. If I ever come to grief in the hunting-field, I will make an arrangement beforehand that they carry me straight to the nearest village deathhouse, and leave me there till the end."

CHAPTER XII.

HARCROSS AND VALLORY.

William Vallory, of Harcross and Vallory, was one of the wealthiest attorneys in the city of London. The house had been established for something over a century, and the very name of the firm meant all that was most solid and expensive in legal machinery. The chief clerks at Vallory's—the name of Harcross was nowadays only a fiction, for the last Harcross slept the sleep of wealth and respectability in a splendid mansion at Kensington—the very clerks at Vallory's were full-blown lawyers, whose salaries gave them larger incomes than they could hope to earn by practising on their own account. The appearance of the house was like that of a bank, solemn and strong; with outer offices and inner offices; long passages, where the footfall was muffled by kauputkins; Mr. Vallory's room, spacious and lofty, a magnificent apartment, which might have been built for a board-room, and Mr. Weston Vallory's room; Mr. Smith's room, Mr. Jones's room, Mr. Thompson's room. Weston Vallory attended to common law, and had an outer chamber thronged with anxious clients. Economy of labour had been studied in all the arrangements. In the hall there was a large mahogany tablet inscribed with the names of the heads of the firm, and chief clerks, and against every name a sliding label, with the magic word *In*, or the depressing announcement *Out*. The whole edifice was pervaded with gutta-percha tubing, and information of the most private character could be conveyed to far-off rooms in a stage whisper. There were humble clients who never got any farther than Mr. Thompson's; and indeed to all common clay the head of the house was as invisible as the Mikado of Japan.

In the Bankruptcy Court there was no such power existent as Harcross and Vallory. Commissioners quailed before them, and judges themselves deferred to the Olympian power of William Vallory. The bankruptcy—falling for half a million or so, the firm only undertook great cases—who could confide himself to Harcross and Vallory was tenderly led through the desolating paths of insolvency, and brought forth from the dark valley at last with a reputation white as the undriven snow. Under the Vallory treatment a man's creditors became the offenders; inasmuch as they did, by a licentious system of credit, lure him to his ruin. Half-a-million in the pound, in the hands of Harcross and Vallory went farther than seven-and-sixpence administered by a meaner house.

They were great in chancery business, and kept a printing-press perpetually at work upon Bills of Complaint, or Answers. The light of their countenance was as the sunshine to young barristers, and even Queen's counsel bowed down and worshipped them. They never allowed a client to lift his finger, in a legal way, without counsel's opinion. They were altogether expensive, famous, and respectable. To have Harcross and Vallory for one's family solicitors was in itself a stamp of respectability.

They were reputed to be enormously rich, or rather William Vallory, in whose person the firm now centred, was so reputed. Weston Vallory, his nephew was a very junior partner, taking a seventh share or so of the profits; a bachelor of about thirty, who rode a good horse; had a trim little villa at Norwood, and lived altogether in the odour of respectability. Not to be respectable would have entailed certain banishment from those solemn halls and stony corridors in Great Winchester-street.

Stephen Harcross, Augusta Vallory's godfather, had died a wealthy old bachelor, and left the bulk of his fortune, which was for the chief part in stock and shares of divers kinds, to his goddaughter—having lived at variance with his own flesh and blood, and being considerably impressed by the beauty, accomplishments, and general merits of that young lady. Whereby it came to pass that Miss Vallory, besides having splendid expectations from her father, was already possessor of a clear three thousand per annum. What her father might have to leave was an open question. He lived at the rate of five thousand a year; but was supposed to be making at least eight, and Augusta was his only child.

It was, of course, a wonderful stroke of fortune for such a man as Hubert Walgrave, to become the accepted suitor of Augusta Vallory. The thing had come about simply enough. Her father had taken him by the hand three or four years before; had been pleased with him, and had invited him a good deal to Acropolis-square, and to a villa at Ryde, where the Vallorys spent some part of every summer—invited him in all unconsciousness of any danger in such an acquaintance. He had naturally rather lofty notions upon the subject of his daughter's matrimonial prospects. He was in no hurry for her to marry; would, so far as his own selfish desires went, have infinitely preferred that she should remain unmarried during his lifetime. But she was a beauty and an heiress, and he told himself that she must inevitably marry, and could hardly fail to marry well. He had vague visions of a coronet. It would be pleasant to read his daughter's name in the *Pearage* before he died. All such ideas were put to flight, however, when Miss Vallory coolly announced to him one morning that Mr. Walgrave had proposed to her on the previous night, and that with her father's approval she meant to marry him; not without her father's approval, she was much too well-brought-up a young woman to conceive the possibility of any such rebellion. But on the other hand, if she were not allowed to marry Hubert Walgrave, she would certainly marry no one else.

(To be continued.)

DEAD HEAVENS.—Railroads occasionally complain of dead-heads, but no institution suffers so much from it as the press. A sensible writer says: "The press endures the affliction of dead-heads from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. The press is expected to yield its interests; it is required to give strength to the weak eye to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover infirmities, hide wickedness and wink at quacks, bolster up dull authors and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men, and if it looks for pay or reward it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no great interest under the heavens that is expected to give so much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press."