# THE HEARTHSTONE.

hast stage of existence unpleasantly obvious to those who were not going to cut him-his vulgar savouriness refined just a little by the perfinne of a cherry-tart. There was an unwonted bustle too, and aunt Hannah was darting about the passages flushed and samppish, superinten-ding the movements of "the girl," who came along with her eyes fixed, and her breathing stertorous; and a dishe grasped convulsively in her clumsy hands.

This Sunday-afternoon tea-time was wont to be the very quietest hour in all the course of life at Brierwood uncle James dozing over his newspaper; aunt Haunah dispensing the teacups, with an open Bible before her; the two young men crunching lettuces audibly, like rabbits, and consuming great wedges of breadand-butter, afraic to talk much, lest they should be accused of profaneness and Sabbath-breaking. How many such a summer Sunday after-noon Grace had endured, sitting by the open window, turning the leaves of her hymn-book idly, and looking at a stray flower shut in between the pages here and there, to mark the place of a lacourite hymn: "Sun of my soul," and "Jerusalem the golden!" Not unhappy afternoons, only blank and empty, in which ner soul had longed for the wings of some strong sea-bird, that she might fly across the world

and join her father in his rough colonial life.
So to Grace Redmayne the little bustle at tendant upon the stranger's dinner, even poor Sarah's scured face, and nunt Hannah's pishness, were not unplensant. This confusion was something out of the beaten track; she forgot that it was an affliction to have a lodger. Aunt Hannah came in to tea presently, grumbling at the ways of people who wanted their dinner when other people were thinking of their supper.

6-1 daresay Mr. Walgrave would dine early on Sunday, if you asked him, aunt," Grace said, while Mrs. James was pouring out the tea "He seems very good-natured."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! what do you know about his good-nature? Seems, indeed! You've only seen him through a window; how can you tell what he seems?

saw him this afternoon, coming home from church. He spoke to me, and walked with me, a little, and he was very pleasant."

Mrs. James looked thoughtful, not to say displeased. She had Mr. Wort's warranty for the lodger's steadiness; nor was Wr. Walgrave in the first flush of youth, or distinguished by that debonair manner with which women are apt to associate the idea of danger. Still it would not do for him to be dancing attendance upon Richard Redmayne's daughter. No faniliar acquaintance between those two could be permitted.

"How far did he walk with you, pray?" Mrs James inquired severely.

Grace blushed. It was the most foolish thing in the world, of course, since she had not the slightest cause for blushing; but to be taxed so stermy about such a trifle brought the hot blood

into the fair young face.

"He overtook me at the stile, and came home through the fields." "He walked all the way home with you,

then. What do you mean by "a little"?"

"I couldn't help his walking beside me, aunt, and talking a little, if he pleased. I couldn't be rude to him, when he was so respectful—just as if I had been a lady of his own

"I don't know how your father would like our taking up with strangers," said aunt

Hannah. "I don't know how my father would like your taking lodgers," answered Grace. And Mrs. James quailed for a moment with a guilty sense that, in her economic arrangement, she had taken a step which Richard Reamayne-as proud a man as ever trod that Kentish soilwould have considered an outrage upon his

race. "Come, come!" exclaimed uncle James "you two women are always squabbling. Where's the harm, if the lass gave a civil answer when the gentleman spoke to her? You wouldn't have her run away from him as if he was a dragon going to eat her. I like a girl that can speak up bold and frank. The gentleman's a gentleman; we've got John Wort's word for that; he wouldn't offer to bring any

"He'd no call to follow Grace home from church," said aunt Hannah, subdued but not si-

du't follow me, aunt," cried Grace indignantly; "what can put such notions into your head? He was at church, and I was at church, and we had to come home the same

"Ah!" sighed the matron, "I suppose you know best; but you don't go to afternoon back sow't Sunday."

The object of this discussion came saunter ing up to the open window presently, socially sed, and began a friendly conversation with James Redmayne about the aspect of the country, and such homely matters as might be supposed to interest the agricultural mind we drew back into a corner of the room, and opened her hymn-book; but though she did honestly try to read some of the sweet familiar verses, her car was distracted by the languid voice of the stranger-a voice so unlike common Kentish voices.

It was the family custom to spend Sunday evening, and every idle evening, more or less in the garden; and of course the stranger's advent was not entirely to change the common course of things. James Redmayne took his pipe and tobacco-jar; the young men carried a table and chairs under the cedar; and presently they were all sitting there in the usual fashion, only with Mr. Walgrave hovering near them doubtfully, still talking agriculture with

Fetch Mr. Walgry a arm-chair, Charley," James said to his son; "perhaps he'd like to smoke his cigar among us, in a homely way." "I should like nothing better," said Mr. Wal-

grave; "not an arm-chair though Charley; any May I really smoke my cigar Redmayne? You won't object to an extra

Mrs. James glanced at the flower-border, with some vague idea about groundsel or shepherd's-

"Lord bless you! exclaimed her husband; "she don't mind tobacker; she's used to it, like the cels. Sit down and make yourself at home; and if you ever drink anything as vulgar as hollands-and-water, 1 can offer you the

"You're in one of them blessed rifle-corpses, suppose," said Mr. James, to his nicee's

6 I beg your pardon, no; I mean to say that I am allowed to take nothing stronger than sherry and sodn-water."

"That's what I call cat-lap," remarked the farmer; and again Grace blushed. That Tun-bridge Wells education of hers had made her sensitive about these trifles.

Mr. Wallgrave took his seat among them, and lighted his eigar.

"I am very glad to make myself at home in your pleasant family circle," he said; "for, in spite of all that has been said about solitude in the midst of a crowd, and that kind of thing, I think a man who finds himself amongst green fields best knows the value of his fellow-man's

The sun went down behind a screen of lime and sycamore, and all the western sky changed from gold to crimson and from crimson to purple, while Mr. Walgrave sat smoking and talking under the old cedar; Grace scated a little way off, on the other side of her cousin Char-ley's ponderous figure. Little by fittle the conversation drifted away from agriculture, and also from James Redmayne, who could not keep a very tight hold upon any discourse soaving above crops and markets, or humble local politics. Little by little the talk became entirely between Mr. Walgrave and Grace, the girl answering shyly now and then, and at in-tervals hazarding some timid utterance of her own thoughts.

It was aunt Hannah's invariable practice to indulge herself with a nap on Sunday evening. On every other evening than Sunday she was brisk and active, vigilant and wakeful to the last, although on every other day she got through three times the amount of work. But the Sunday work, the church-going, and the best-bonnet wearing, the Bible reading, and the general state and ceremony of the day, con-duced to slumber, and it was as much as aunt Hannah could do to keep her eyes open for half an hour after tea. To night, Mr Waleraye's an hour after tea. To night Mr. Walgrave's quiet talk, with intervals of silence every now and then, as he smoked his eigar meditatively, wat hing the transient glories of the sky, had a peculiarly soothing effect; and Mrs. James, who had intended to keep a sharp eye upon her nicce and the lodger, slumbered sweetly, with her hard-working hands crossed upon her smart silk apron, and her cap ever and anon nodding

They had it all to themselves, Grace and the stranger Wandering alone in some primeval forest, they could scarcely have been more

lonely,

Mr. Walgrave compared this evening with many other Sunday evenings which he had spent of late years, since he had begun to be a successful man—a man of some mark in his particular line : Sunday evenings with friends who were 'at home' on that evening; Sunday evenings in the spacious drawing-rooms of Acropolis-square, cultivened by Bach and Handel; Sunday evenings in faster company at Richmond or Greenwhich, with the same dinners, the same wines, the same kind of talk for over and over. How much pleasanter it was to sit under the cedar, in that rosescented old garden, while uncle James and aunt Hannah snored peacefully, and a sweet girlish face looked at him out of the summer dusk! Man is by nature egotistical. It was pleasant to talk so freely of himself, and his own feelings, and fancies, with an instinctive consciousness that he was admired and underderstood; to be the central figure in the group, and not one of a herd. He did not take the trouble to analyse his sensations just yet; but by and by, when the Redmayne family had wished him good-night and retired, carrying their belongings with them like a gipsy camp, -by and by, in the summer silence, when he walked alone under the stars, smoking his final igar, he told himself that he had never in his

life been happier.

"Arcadian," he said to himself, " but soothing. I suppose, after all, that really is happito rest from labour, to turn one's back upon this crowded world and all its complications and artificialities; to live one's own life for a little, without ulterior object of any kind. What a pretty girl that is ! And so intelligent too; with a nature so much above her sur-roundings! A pity; some day she will find this farmhouse life too narrow for her—the hulk-

ing farmer-husband too dull and uncouth."

He thought of Grace Redmayne a good deal as he smoked that last meditative eigar-first because she was really the only person worth thinking about at Baierwood; and secondly, because he had been surprised to find so bright a creature in such a place. He thought of her, and compared her with other women he had known, not at all to the advantage of those others. And later in the night he had strange dreams, in which Grace Redmayne's image ap-peared amidst the wildest confusion of places and circumstances—a sweet young face, lily-fair, a bright young head crowned with hedge-

(To be continued.)

## FAMILY FEUDS: A SEQUEL TO

WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of

Emile Gaboriau. CHAPTER XIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

One day, a week before the departure of Land and Ludy Coleraine for town, a scene took place between her hulyship and Miss Macariney; which resulted in a very material alteration of the relatious between the slighted, builled, and generally ill-treated poor relation and her haugh-

ty nices.
Ever slace the night of poor Annie Mosley's out one or two feelers, to ascertain exactly her think. Well, I repeat, unless you submit your-position with her rich relation, and as these little attempts at feeling the ground had had all the whole story of the murder at the the wished-for results, she had made up her Rench." mind, and was only awaiting a favourable op-

lands; but I have to preserve a strict regi- | London, and leaving Miss Macartney in charge

Now the poor lady objected strongly to being left alone at the Castle, and she said so. At other times she would have lowed submissively to her niece's will, but now the spirit of rebellion was strong within her, so she kicked hard against the pricks,

"You surely do not mean, Mary, to leave me

all alone in this big place?"

"You will not be alone. There are the servants. And besides, remember that you will be mistress of the house, and they will all he at your service. I am sure you ought to be very grateful to me for thinking so much of your comfort. But that is always the way, the more

you do for people the less they are satisfied.

"I am not ungrateful," replied the elder huly, for a moment evineing an inclination to fall back into her old humility; "but I could not remain here with your father. It is horrible, even now when the house is full, to hear hin shricking and shouting, but what would it be h an empty house 💯

"Then what may your plans be," asked Lady Coleraine, with the slightest touch of irony in her tone, "since you do not intend templing at Shandon ?!

" I thought-I hoped-that you would take

me with you."

"To London! Why, you must be mad, aunt, to think of such a thing. What on earth would

you do in London ?"

"Take me with you, Mary. For pity's sake do not leave me here to die of terror," "Hupossible, my dear aunt, I don't know what on earth can have put this wild scheme into your head. It is sheer madness in you to entertain such an idea.'

"But, Mary, it will kill me to live here alone. It will be enough to drive me mad to think that I am alone with a madman in this immense

Here Lady Mary became freezingly polite. "My dear aunt," she said, with a smile that dded to the bitterness of the Irony intended, "I should be extremely sorry in any way to curtail your liberty of action. I hope you un-derstand this. You are entirely your own mis-tress, and if the air of Shandon disagrees with on, or you find the Castle overwhelmingly timmense" for your comfort and peace of mind, you are perfectly free to leave, and to take up your residence wherever you may find more

suitable quarters."

The blow was a cruel one, well-aimed, and It told, but the result was very different from what Lady Mary had expected.

Miss Macartney became excessively pale. For a moment she was silent, nerving herself for the supreme effort.

me supreme enort.

"Then you mean to say," she said at last, and a gleam of malice shot from her eyes as she spoke, "you mean to say that you magnanimously give me, your relation, leave to choose between dying of terror at Shandon and dying of starvation on the streets. Thank you, my dear nices, I am extremely obliged to you for this expression of your kindness. It is only what I expected from you who have always shown yourself so dutiful, so considerate, so for-

bearing, with your poor, dependent relation."

As she raised her head, malignantly hissing out her words, she reminded one irresistibly of a

serpent preparing to strike.

But I have already made up my mind, and I shall take the liberty of ignoring your permission in my future actions. I begged you to take me with you, and you replied with an Insulting But I have borne long enough with your refusals and your insults, Lady Mary Coleraine, and I warn you that I will bear with them no longer. Be careful in the future how you treat me; be careful how you speak to me, for I am a dangerous woman. You have tried my patience long enough, God knows. Hitherto I have been at your beek and bidding, worse treated than your servants. 1, I repeat, who after all am of the same blood as yourself, have een obliged to put up with insolence from you that no paid servant in your father's house would have borne with one instant. But now my turn has come. You say that I shall not go to London with you. I say that I will! She stopped for a moment to gain breath; then

"You want to know what I want to do in London, what business I, poor old Aunt Macartney, have in society. I will tell you what I want, and what business I have. I intend leading an easy life in my old age. I intend compensating for my youth, spent in poverty, and for later days spent in misery with you. I intend doing as you do, going where you go. In a word,

I intend being your companion, your equal, and when it suits me, your mistress?" While Miss Macariney was thus giving full yent to her long-repressed indignation and rancour, Lady Mary stood in mute amazement, listening with a feeling of conscious guilt to her aunt's tirade of abuse. When the good buty had tinished, she asked, in a voice far more subdued

than was her wont;
"I don't understand you, nunt.

" You don't understand me?" returned Miss you to understand that from the night when you made me, against my will, your accomplice in a vile crime, everything between us must be equal. I am involved in the danger, and I in-tend being included in the pleasures. Have you ever thought what would be the consequences were your crime discovered? Ha! you have And you try to drown the thought in a round of pleasure and galety. And do you imagine that I neverthink, and that I do not want to get rid of that thought as well as you? Of course I do, and for that reason I will go to London with you. You will go to court; I will be presented you. You will go to coart; I will be presented too. You will go out into society; I will accom-pany you. You will go to the opera; I will go with you. Now do you understand?" By this time Lady Mary had recovered her self-

possession. She saw the trap that was laid for her, but she thought she could avoid it. So she put on a bold face, and spoke with infinite cool-

ness and insouclance.

"And suppose I were to say 'no'?"

"But you will not say 'no'."
"And why not, pray "
"Because I would take care that you did

" Which means that you would inform against

"Not at all, my dear. Old as I am, I am not such a fool. All I should gain by such a step would be to put myself in danger. No, I cer-tainly would not inform against you. I should billily would not inform against you. I should merely relate to your husband the whole story of the night we spent at the Reach. Do you remember your husband's first visit since the evening when he left you? Of course you the evening when he left you? Of course you do. You remember what he said about Annie murder, Miss Macartney had understood that Mosley's murder? You remember his telling she had a hold upon her nicee, and had determined to profit thereby. She had already put that murder? You see I know more than you

This last shaft told. Lady Mary was raising The desired opportunity offered itself when one day Lady Colemine graciously announced submitted to any degradation sooner than let Thanks; there is nothing better than hol- her intention of starting the following week for the dreadful story, in which she played so con-

spicuous a part, come to her husband's ears,

So she at once yielded at discretion.

"My dear annt," she said, insinuatingly
had I suspected [that you had set your mind so much upon accompanying us to London, i should certainly have offered no opposition However, as it is, we shall be only too happy to have your company. I am only sorry that I should have irritated you to such an extent that you should be driven to campley threats against me. But for that, I trust you will pardon me. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that you have been a little unjust to me. If you have been unhappy in our house, why did you not let me know? I am sure my only desire has been to make you as comfortable as I could. But let bygones he bygones, will you not, aunt?" and crossing the room (Lady Mary, with a show of tenderness, Rissed her dear relation, whom (an hour ago she would have driven into the streets for the increst little peccadillo.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### TRACKED!

On arriving in London, Lord and Lady Coleraine took up their quarters at Claridge's, the family mansion at Kensington being at present inder the hands of the painters and plasterers,

undergoing a thorough renovation.

Lady Coleraine had looked forward with eager anticipation to this visit to London, but once the first novelty had worn off she found that life in London was not all that she had pletured to herself. Town was just emptying, the weather was villatious, Lord Coleraine was seldom at home, and her ladyship was finally obliged to acknowledge to herself that she was bored to death.

But one day an event occurred which disagreeably relieved the monotony of her daily life, She was lying upon a sofa, dreamily listening to Miss Macariney who was reading aloud the last fashionable novel, when a footman knocked at the door and announced that a young man was below who wished to see her ladyship.

Her ladyship expressed her surprise and sent the man down again to ask the visitor's name. The footman returned and said the young man had given his name as Ryan,

The effect of this aumouncement was electrical, Lady Coleraine storted up from the sofa, her face as white as the handkerchief she held in

"Ryan!" she excialmed with frembling lips. Ryan! what can be want here She had a very good susplcion of what he

man, "that I refuse to see him, and it will be useless for him to make any further attempt to

ee me."
The man bowed and was leaving the room, when she stopped him. She saw her danger and knew that she must submit. "On second thoughts I will see him. Show

him up, please." When the man left the room the two women, too astonished and alarmed to move, sat some moments looking a teach other in consternation, Lady Mary first spoke,

"It most be one of that wreich Ryan's sons,"
"I suppose so," said Miss Macartney with a
thiver, "But what can be want? Suppose be knows the story of that Reach business. Good

gracious! what will become of us?"

"Do not be so foolish, aunt. How could be know anything—unless," she added hesitatingly his father lived long enough to tell him, but that is hardly likely. It may ease, pluck up your courage, it is of no use making a fuss until you know what is the matter, and in ten minutes we shall know the worst."

(To be continued.)

## FARM ITEMS.

Extra attention and food given cows when dry,

A WRITER in the Country Gentleman says entile will kill fruit trees if allowed to rub them with their necks. Porsistent trampling the soil over the roots compact it so much as to render it impervious to air, without which the roots cannot perform their proper functions and the tree consequently dies.

There is an association in Vermont, we learn from the Cultivator. for the purpose of breeding horses. They began business last March by buying a farm of 423 seres, at \$15 per acre, and a month later some stallions, mares, and colts. A large stock farm de-voted to breeding draft horses, breeding up to the best standards, would pay well.

best standards, would pay well.

Greasing of Horses' Free.—I had an excellent opportunity of observing the effect of greasing the feet whilst working in a shop where horses were shoul for a large undertaker's establishment. The treatment of the horses by the horse-shour was the same as that of hundreds of other horses shoul at the same shop: but the feet of the funeral horses were greased every time they went out, to make them nice and black; and as the fruits of this practice the hoofs almost coased growing. They were exceedingly dry and brittle. The sole was not hard and glossy, as feet are after paring, but of a dry nature, and could in many cases be easily crumbled down by the fingers.—Car. Canata Farmer.

cases be easily crambled down by the flingers.—Cor. Canata Farmer.

PREPARING MEAL FOR FOWLS.—Dough for poultry is commonly made too thin. Many young chickens that might live if fed rationally, die because obliged to swallow more water with their grain than they need. In case of grown fowls, giving meal too wet will not, of course, pr. ve fatal, but they will thrive botter if it is mixed so stiff as to cramble. The food is moistened and partly macerated while in the crop by secretions from the glunds. It passes next, a little at a time, into the promodification, a pouch formed by the expansion of the passage between the crop and the gizzard. In this organ additional digestice inices are secreted, as well as in the gizzard and further on. Now, when the grain contains too made water before it is fed, the solvents prepared by the directive organs are diluted and impaired. In all minimals, when healthy, thirst is regulated with wonderful nicety by the needs of the system. Hence, if constantly supplied with water, separate from their food, they will drink only what is necessary, and in mixing dough it is better to be on the safe side.—Microu and Former.

The United States census bareau has prepared the

Tur United States census bureau has prepared the following table, which shows the value of farm profollowing table, which shows the value of farm products in each State, exclusive of live stock, for the year ending June 1, 1870. It is the first table of the

Acut engine at		tris the aist titute of the
kind ever compiled with any degree of accuracy :-		
Alabama	\$66,532,810	Virginia \$51,074,801
Arkansas	40,051,943	Michigan 81,508,623
California	49,856,024	Minner of a 33,426,400
Connecticut	24.482.150	Mississippi 73,137,950
Delaware	8.471,667	Missouri 103,025,759
Florida	8,900,476	Nebraska 8,001,782
Georgia	80,310,338	Nevada 1,059,713
Illinois	210,800,585	N. Hampshire 22 473.547
Indiana	122,914,308	Now Jersey 42,725,198
lown	114.386,414	New York 253,559,453
Kanens	27,630,651	North Carolina 57,845,940
Kentucky	87,477,374	Ohio 198 286,007
Lonisiana	51,707,524	Oregon 7,122,780
Maine	33 470,044	Pennsylvania 183,946,027
Maryland	35-344-927	Rhode Igland 4.761.093
Mannchunetts	32,192,378	S. Carolina 41,999,402
Теннолис	84,472,947	W. Virginia 23,379,662
Texas	49,187,170	Wisconsin 78.027.032
Vormont	34,617.027	Dist. Columbia 3,019,517
TERRITORIES.		
Arizona	2,077,968	New Mexico 1,995,000
Culurado	2,335,106	Utah 1.973,142
Dakota	495,657	Washington 2,111,902
Idaho	A:17,757	Wyoming 1,042,760
Montana	1,676,660	Total U. S. \$2,415,000,000

The people who live on the banks of the Mississip-The people was two tree marks of the subject of a flood, which is likely to take place in the Spring, when the heavy snows of the mountains and hills to the west shall melt and some down in torrents. The last great inundation in that region occurred in 1814.

### WIT AND HUMOUR.

A FIERY STEED-Horse-radish.

A LEADING article "A locomotive, QUEEN of spades "A gardener's wife,

FARMERS sow wheat; their wives sew tares. INTERVIEWING reporters should wear pumps. FORCED politeness-Bowing to circumstance

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it ams down.

Way should artists take small-pox. Because it's ketching. Goon musicians excente their music; the had ones murder it.

Eriquirre.-If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt.

This cheapest, longest, and swiftest conveyance A train of thought. A QUESTION for spiritualists—Are low spirits less than medium sighs?

Wity is a water-lify like a whale?-- Because both come to the surface to blow.

Ir may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of loth wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make

A Potateman, fond of reading, told a friend that for musement when off duty, he often "took up" a

As old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of many of them being converted.

CONVOREM for married men - Why is a wife like a newspaper? Because every man should have one without borrowing his neighbor's.

Cruna was once asked by one of his brother indges, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig ?" "Nothing but the head," was the raply.

A Latting girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth exclaimed, "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-tood teeth like yours."

As advertisement in an old number of the Vecton

As advertisement in an old number of the Vernon Visitor, published years ago, says; "Wanted a man who fears the Lord and weighs two hundred pounds." A Negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said, "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's do color of de black folks."

"1) is easy enough," said a witty Irish or ator, " to repeal the union of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters, and they become United Kingdoms at once."

Josas says he first methis wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, married her in a storm, lived his subsequent married life in a storm, and buried her in pleasant weather.

Is a recent trial in a French court, the public prosecutor arose and said, as a witness came on the stand, "I wish to remark to the court that this witness is entitled to entire confidence, as he has not had time to consult his lawyer."

A Stranger to a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a commun; when I mape I insert a reconcion; and when I want a chow of tobacco, I make a " aph."

The houseville downed, referring to the first had somehody is going to build a horse of Booke Island ninety-two feet long and sixty the type coveresses astonishment that the authorities could be permit anybody to put the State all ander one roof in that way." A larrice girl remarked to her manma, on going to bed: "I nm not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma. "I was a little afraid once, when I wont into the pantry in the dark to get a tart." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I could not find the farts."

"Boy, where's the State of Matrimony?" "Its one of the United States. It is bounded by hogeing and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, bromsticks, and staying out into o' mahs. It was discovered by Adam and Evo, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise."

"Colonkie W——is a fine looking man," said 'Jenkins,
"Yes." said Noggins, "I was taken on him

once."

"You! why you are as ugly as a stump lence."

"I can't help that; I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by it sheriff."

A NEW PRINCESS OF ORANGE,-The French papers A New Princess of Charles, the French papers amounce the interring of the doughter of the late Emperor Souldings to a grocer Looslabet by mone, who lives on the road between Paris and Voicennes. The incongraity of a grocer's working a princess is to same extent removed when we learn that the holy's name is Marinalado. We suppose she supplied her own marings usual. own marriage peal.

own marringe poul.

Miss P——, inst from the interior, was looking for a situation in New York, and she saw an adversement in which an admirable opportunity was offered to one who was willing to undertake light housekeeping. So Miss P—— wrote to the advertiser, asking where the light-house was, and how high it was, and whether she would have to keep the lamps borning all through the awful storms, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sandays.

way of getting to shore on Sundays.

Due you hear of that chap who attended the sale of a hotel at a town in Ohio? He hadn't a cent in his pocket, but he stood up and hid holdly. "Twenty eight thousand dolfars." It was knotled down to him: and when the question was asked; "who is the per chaser?" this audacious scamp replied; "The Pennsylvania Raifrond." Of course he was not in person required to put up the money from an baperial hyperlike that, whereby he was able, in the correct of a couple of days, to sell the whole to mother party for \$5.000, and clear the difference. The country is now full of scamps buying hotels for the Pennsylvania Raifroad.

## THE HEARTHSTONE SPHENX

## 109. RIDDLE.

I have no head, and a tail I lack. But off have arms, and legs, and back; I inhabit the palace, the favera, the cot--'l'is a begarly residence where I am not, I is a monarch were present (I tell you no fishe), I still should be placed at the head of the table.

## 110. ENIGMA.

By me extended commuree reigns, And rolls from shore to shore: I mark the poles in azure plains, Nor dread the tempest's rour.

Relying on my friendly nid, The sailor smiles serene; Where clouds the thuc expanse o'crspread, And suns arise in vain.

Yet mean my form and low my birth, No gaudy tints I show: Drawn from my fertile mother earth, Tarough purging fires I go.

Till fashion'd by the artist's skill

He ties the marringe-chains. When I my destined ends fulfil, And long my love remains. 111. CHARADE

My first, creation's ornament, Ere sin assumed its power, And devastation harl'd around In that eventful hour. Thou sluggard, hasto to imitate My account in her ways. And let not thy dull heart become My chole throughout thy days.

H. S. B.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 8. 11.LUBTHATED REBUS.-A light heart lives long. 102. DIAMOND PUZZER-Australia.



104. REBUS-Fritz.



