

would have left the cottage, or have proved to Jack Pegden that it was possible for him to be less choice in his doings than had been suggested by his rough banter. But revenge constrained him to silence.

"Well, who is this fellow, and what do you wish me to do with him?" the smuggler continued, without regarding the silence of the baronet.

"I wish to have him pressed and sent aboard a man-o'-war."

"Phew! how mild! and so make a French cannon ball do the work of an English bullet? To kidnap men for His Majesty's service will be grand work for the skipper of the *Nancy*, and I imagine will be a virtue to cover a multitude of smuggling sins."

"It is no new work to you."

"Perhaps not; but who is the fellow you wish to be nabbed?"

"A reptile who bears the name of Charles Freeman."

"Pray what has he done to offend you? A more decent fellow than he never walked the shores of England, and so was his father."

"No matter for his reputation, nor that of his ancestors, he is in my way, and will you take him out of it?"

"I think not. Had he been a boat officer, or coast-guard, you were desirous to get rid of; I should have no objection to assisting you, and should feel that in doing so I was serving my country in getting rid of such fellows, and without the trouble of sending them aboard a man-o'-war. But I don't like to touch the innocent."

Sir Harry looked steadily into the face of the man to see if he were sincere; but he maintained such control over his features as to defy the effort.

"You are somewhat choice in making your engagements to-night," replied the baronet.

"I intend to straighten my crooked ways."

"You will have to become melted down again before your shape is changed. I should have thought the losses you lately met with would increase your hunger."

"And, devil-like, you meant to take advantage of my necessities to tempt me to do evil."

"Bah! tempt you? I do evil."

"I tell you what it is, had I not of late been unfortunate I would not for a minute have listened to you in this matter."

"I daresay not; but what is at one time a vice by a change of circumstances becomes a virtue."

"I know nothing of such things; I only know I don't like the job."

"It may not be pleasant, but we cannot always make a choice in the matter of our employment. Here is a hundred guineas and they belong to you if you will send that fellow off that I may never see him again. Jethro is ready to act with you in the matter, and the sooner the thing can be done the better."

"And is Jethro to share the hundred guineas?"

"No; they shall be yours when the work is done."

As the baronet spoke he held up the purse so as to show the precious metal shining through it, and in the hope the sight of the money would excite still further the cupidity of the smuggler. In this he was not mistaken, for the thought of making this treasure his own narrowed considerably the objection he had, or pretended to have, to the work.

"I don't believe there would be half the wrong in the world if it were not for the devil," replied the smuggler; "he comes along and finds a fellow out of luck, and taking advantage of his circumstances tempts him to destroy himself under the feeling that it will bring him to his former position. Begging your pardon, Sir Harry, but if you ain't the old un your ways are a good deal like his."

"Capital!" exclaimed the baronet, affecting to laugh at the remark of the smuggler, but in reality laughing at the progress he was making. "Then you will undertake the job?"

"I have not said so."

"True; but a hundred guineas is no mean offer."

"Neither is it a little thing to rob a young fellow of his liberty, especially one having a mother whose happiness is dependent on him."

"Ah! ah!" shouted the baronet. "Hear him, Jethro; Jack is sentimental to-night."

The gypsy, who up to this point had sat upon an empty keg maintaining the strictest silence, now replied,

"He is; and it is well that it should sometimes be so."

"This thing appears contagious; have you too caught the weakness?"

"Not in the slightest, Sir Harry; I have no sympathy with you house-dwellers, and whether one of them is sent to sea or remains ashore is nothing to me. All of you hate us to a man, and we return the compliment when we have the opportunity, especially when it is made our interest to do so. This I know, that a gypsy wouldn't act so toward his fellow."

"Do you mean to say I'm worse than a gypsy," enquired the smuggler indignantly.

"I don't mean to say anything of the kind. Your bones and sinews are your own, and it is for you to employ them in the best market you can get for them. You Englishmen glory in this freedom."

"Before I'd be bound by anybody I'd sell myself to prove that I was free."

"Just so; but in this case you will not have to sell yourself, but only to put some one else aside."

"Yes; and I'm not afraid to do it either."

"Who ever thought of Jack Pegden being afraid?"

"Still, this is an awkward job, Jethro, and I don't half like it."

"Like it! I should think you don't; yet you are not afraid to engage in it."

"When you catch Jack Pegden afraid do you chalk it up?"

"You see then, Sir Harry, that the skipper of the *Nancy* is not afraid to engage in the work you desire him to perform; but pardon me when I assert that your proposal is weak, and simply ridiculous. It is not for a gypsy to place his judgment in opposition to that of his superiors, or I would show to you that your plan is not worth a straw."

"How is that?" eagerly enquired the smuggler who now began to be alarmed lest the hundred guineas should elude his grasp.

"Just in this way. There could be no difficulty in getting Charles Freeman aboard a man-o'-war, nor any great wrong in doing such an act seeing the King's enemies must be fought by some one, but the difficulty would be to keep him there."

"Why?"

"A poor man can be forced into the King's service, and kept there; but the man of money can readily make a bridge of gold which would reach from the side of the ship to the land."

"That's true; I never thought of that."

"To put Charles Freeman on board a King's ship to-night, would be to see him ashore tomorrow, and with the law in his hand to chastise you for getting him pressed."

"It's all up, Sir Harry," said the smuggler, looking as rueful now that the hundred guineas were not likely to come into his possession as he was coy to secure them when the same appeared certain.

"No," replied the gypsy, "it is only to change the plan."

The hope of the hundred guineas again arose in the smuggler's mind as he heard the latter sentence. His blunt intellect which could appreciate blows better than cunning, and shooting down a man rather than the scheming required to spirit him away, began to entertain a high opinion of the capabilities of the gypsy.

"Tell us what the plan is?" he eagerly enquired, as the hope of the hundred guineas arose still stronger within him.

"I shouldn't like to place my judgment as being superior to a house-dweller," replied the gypsy.

"Nonsense, go on."

"Well, in my humble opinion, and the opinion of a gypsy is not of great worth, it would be better that our friend Pegden, who serves the French Government far more than he does his own, and who can enter a French port at pleasure, should engage with some person over the water to hold Charles Freeman a prisoner as a madman it is dangerous to have at large."

On hearing this proposition Jack Pegden stretched his eyes and mouth to their fullest extent in surprise, and was silent. The eyes of the gypsy twinkled with a cunning glee as he watched the effect of his proposal on the mind of the smuggler, and being satisfied that what he saw was but a prelude to finally commanding the services of the man he proceeded,

"Let Jack take another voyage, and when in France seek out some one to whom Charles Freeman can be entrusted, and on returning the game can be ensnared, taken over the water, and kept there as long as it is convenient, or until death, frequently more merciful than man, release him from confinement without permitting him to return to his friends."

"That is a good plan, Jethro," exclaimed Sir Harry, who had been sitting in silence as though a stranger to this new design; but in reality it was the only plan that either of them had considered practicable; the former being used simply to excite the cupidity of the smuggler, and to prepare him to act. From the high esteem in which Charles Freeman was held in the district a preliminary plan of the kind introduced was considered by the plotters to be essential to ultimate success. They had but little doubt but the smuggler shared the common feeling, and that unless his love of gain could be first excited by proposing to him an easy design it was more than probable that the severer measure would arouse his resistance, which even his greed for gain might not be able to subdue. Having, therefore, obtained his willingness to work under the first proposal it was thought that he might then be led on further by increasing the bribe. It was then after the baronet had approved the plan that unsolicited he offered another hundred guineas to be shared among such as should aid in successfully reducing it to practice.

"What do you say, Jack, to this latter plan?" enquired Sir Harry.

"It is well arranged, but I like it worse than the other."

"I daresay you do, but the reward is higher."

"Yes, but what about the first hundred?"

"As the leader in the work they will be your own the rest you can share among such as you employ."

"I don't like the scheme, Sir Harry, in truth I do not; but, still, as you are mixed up in the affair it will be going to the devil in respectable company, a great thing with some persons."

"Am I to understand that you will undertake the job?"

"I suppose I must do so; it is my fate, eh, Jethro? But as I am badly off, I suppose you'll tip."

"How much?"

"Not less than fifty."

"Agreed!" The sight of the well-filled purse aroused the avarice of the smuggler, who felt

on seeing the shining metal that he would throw the baronet himself into the sea to obtain that wealth. Grasping the money with the eagerness with which the hungry vulture seizes his prey, he pocketed the cash and replied,

"Thanks, Sir Harry. Sold again?"

This latter sentence caused the baronet to fix his keen and piercing gaze on the speaker, that if possible he might ascertain the true meaning of the words, and learn to whom they had reference. This scrutiny was observed by him, who replied, "It is all right!" and then indulged in an outburst of laughter at the apprehension his words had excited.

"I shall now leave the matter in your hands," said the baronet, addressing the skipper; "and when the affair is ended the rest of the money will be paid you."

"Is Jethro to help me?"

"When everything is made ready across the channel then go to Jethro; but I will pay him."

"All right!" As the smuggler uttered these words the baronet and the gypsy took their departure.

Jack Pegden was not happy in this engagement. The ill luck he had lately suffered from, and the sight of the gold the baronet produced, had aroused within him that greed for gain which characterized him, and rendered him the lawless wretch he was; but still he was not satisfied with himself, and that he might soothe his rugged spirit chafed by reflection, and drown his unhappy feelings, he drew from a corner cupboard a small keg of brandy, and commenced to swallow large potations of the spirit.

Having drawn his chair toward the grate, and lighting his pipe, the smuggler sat gazing at the bars in a state of half stupidity. There was no distinct thought in his mind; he was in a kind of stupor, his brain was filled with ideas, but they were so jumbled together, and mixed in such strange confusion that one could not be distinguished from another. Sitting in this way for some time, reflection at length began to disentangle and separate the confused mass, and having done so poured into his mind feelings far from pleasant. What he felt at that moment brought his clenched fist with violence to the table, and just as he was about to lift another glass of brandy to his lips, the convulsive sobs of a crying child were heard by him. This sound made him start from his seat, and listening again he found the voice proceeding from the stairs. Quickly he opened the door, and his little daughter stood before him.

"What is the matter with you that you sit there crying?" enquired the smuggler.

"I feel so ill, father; my head is so bad."

"Is your head bad, Sally?"

"It is," and as the child spoke her sickly aspect told that she was telling the truth.

Seeing her condition Jack Pegden folded her in his arms, and as she nestled her head on his bosom she inquired,

"Who were the men with you?"

"Why do you wish to know? You cannot understand their business."

Folding his child closer to his bosom he rocked her to and fro, until the gentle agitation caused her to sink into a profound slumber. Sitting alone in that midnight hour, and nursing the babe whose form seemed too ethereal for a long residence in the society of mortals, the smuggler passed in review the scenes of his life. Memory carried him over the long period of fifty years, and during all that distance there was no incident came to the surface which afforded him delight. Guilt stained every page in the book of his remembrance, and he felt condemned. This unhappiness, as he looked on the child in his arms, caused him to feel that he would gladly at that moment have had his own childhood renewed, that he might start afresh on life's journey. To repent and reform, appeared to him impossible, although the sleeping babe, as she lay nestling on his breast, seemed to be Heaven's messenger whispering in her gentle respiration the word—return.

Rising to carry his child upstairs, the chink of the guineas in his pocket quickly dissipated all serious thoughts from his mind, and rattling the precious metal in his hand, he felt again happy in the present, and careless for the future in the fascination of the ringing gold.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

SELF-INDULGENCE.—Do not become self-indulgent. Do not talk about leaving to the young the tasks of life, or about getting out of their way. Get out of nobody's way, and, above all, do not stand in your own way. Do not step out of the ranks—that is, do not step out of sympathy with the spirit of the age in which you live. Love the young; be young yourself; keep in the line of sympathy and feeling with those who are young. Rejoice with them. Live with them.

SOLID GROUND.—Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it." "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice.

THE GENTLEMAN.—It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman.

It is best to learn this rule early and practise it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take it all back in bitterness of heart when he does you an unexpected favour. It is not wise to treat any one brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers he has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he will look down upon you. There is a certain self-hood in every one which should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not mere conventional rule, it is not simply a social regulation; it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard for others. One who did not fail here was never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

ALCOHOL AS A FOOD.—The question whether alcohol is a food is one which has been obscured by numerous misstatements and fallacies. It has been discussed on chemical and physiological grounds, and by the light of experience. Chemically, it is a fact that alcohol contains no nitrogen; the body requires nitrogen for its nutrition; hence it is stated that alcohol cannot support life alone. But this is also true of starch and oil, two of our chief food ingredients. If alcohol is burnt up in the body, it does act to some extent as a food. Some physiologists have stated that all the alcohol taken passes out of the body again unchanged. This, if true, would show that it is not a food; but further experiments have shown that only a very small quantity of the alcohol does pass out unaltered—the greater part is burnt up in the body. Certain observations on persons in old age or disease show that life can be supported for a long time on a diet which contains little but pure spirits and water, in these cases the alcohol evidently acting as a food.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is alleged that lovely woman doesn't stoop to folly so often since the pull-back came in.

A BRIDE may wear a very plainly-made dress at her wedding, but she wants to have it put in the papers.

It takes a butcher only thirty days to learn how to sell bones with the meat, while it takes a husband a lifetime to learn how to buy 'em separately.

"WHAT a woman can do," is the title of an article in an exchange, but what we want to know is, what a woman can't do when she makes up her mind.

THE patient boy went to a neighbour's for sour milk. "I haven't any but sweet," said the woman. "Then I'll wait till it sours," said he, pulling out his marbles.

A WESTERN sleeping-car was recently entertained with the sight of a man beating his wife. Some men have the rare faculty of making themselves at home anywhere.

A LADY one day wrote to her absent husband the following letter, which may be quoted as a model in its way: "I write to you because I have nothing to do; I end because I have nothing to say."

BOSTON has a wealthy lady who contributes \$40,000 per annum for the support of kindergarten schools in the city and its vicinity, some thirty in number—so it was stated in a recent lecture on educational matters.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying with much pleasantry: "Go your way, poor children; I have done you mischief enough already without taking your money."

"I WONDER where Ichabod can be this evening. It's after nine o'clock now," said Mrs. Smiley as she shaded her eyes with her hand against the window-pane. "Gone on some mercenary errand or other I believe. He's a real good charitable soul and it's just like him."

"I SHALL know better next time," said Mrs. Keepupwiththestyle. "That hateful milliner told me the hat was something new, and there were four hats just like it in church; but I might have known better. I saw the new moon over my left shoulder. Of course, I'd be unlucky."

"WELL, Ethel, dear," said an uncle to his little five-year-old niece, "if you like your new toy come and put your arms around my neck and give me a kiss." The little maiden complied, but as she did so she remarked, "Oh, uncle, how I do spoil you!"

AUNT: "How is it, Willie, that you so often come and see me, and that Tommy never comes?" WILLIE: "Ma says I am such a Turk at home that she is glad to get rid of me." AUNT: "And why are you such a Turk at home?" WILLIE: "Because ma sends me here and you always give me plum cake and biscuits."

A boy arose one winter morn.
And came to breakfast rather late.
Yet raised a fuss because there was
No nice pancake upon his plate.
His father took him on his knee,
Raised his hand out through the air,
And when the boy got loose from him
He hid his spunkache in the chair.

A SHORT time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He parted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stable-man told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought about the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in the front, but he's awful wild behind."

2 lovers sat beneath the shade.
And 1 unt the other said:
"How 14 8 that you be?
Have smiled upon this suit of mine:
If 5 a heart it palps for you—
Thy voice is mud melody—
Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say, O nymph, wilt marry me?"
Then lisped she soft: "Why, 13ly!"

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quick rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the ne plus unum of medicines.