Listowel Standard.

VOL. II.—NO. 49. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. JAN. 2, 1880. HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

HOLMBY HOUSE.

"Oh! I know what I know," proceeded Faith, with increased agitation and alarming volubility. "I know where you were spending the day yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that! I know why you leave your work in the morning, and the dinner stands till it's cold, and the horse is kept out all day, and comes home in a muck of sweat; and it's 'where's the sergeant?' and 'has anybody seen Hugh?' and 'Mistress Faith, can you tell what's become of Dymocke?' all over the house. But I answer them, 'I've nothing to do with Dymocke; Dymocke don't belong to me. Doubtless he's gone to see his friends in the neighborhood; and he knows his own ways best.' Oh! I don't want to pry upon you, sergeant; it's nothing to me when you come and go; and no doubt, as I said before, she's a good girl, and a comely; and got a bit of money too; for her sister that married Will Jenkins she's gone and quarrelled with her father; and the brother, you know, he's in hiding; and they're a bad lot altogether, all but her; and I hope you'll be happy, Sergeant Dymocke; and you've my best wishes; and (sob) prayers (sob), for all that's come and gone yet (sob), Hugh!"

To say that Dymocke was astonished, stupefied, at his wits' end, is but a weak mode of expressing his utter discomfiture; the old soldier was completely routed, front, flanks, and rear, disarmed and taken prisoner, he was utterly at the mercy of his conqueror.

"It's not much to ask," pursued Faith, her cheeks flushing, and her bosom heaving as she wept out her plaint; "it's not much to ask, and I should like to have back the broken sixpence, and the silver buckles, and the—the—bit of sweet majoram I gave you yesterday was a fortnight, if it's only for a keepsake and a remembrance when you're married, Hugh, and you and me are separated for ever!"

With these desponding words the disconsolate damsel buried her face in her apron and moaned aloud.

What a brute he felt himself! how completely she had put him in the wrong—how his conscience smote him, innocent as he was concerning the miller's daughter, for many little instances of inattention and neglect towards his affianced bride, who was now so unselfishly giving him up, with such evident distress. How his heart yearned towards her now, weeping there in her rustic beauty, and he pitied her, *pitied* her, whilst all the time, with his boasted sagacity and experience, he was as helpless as a baby in the little witch's hands.

"Don't ye take on so, Faith," he said, attempting an awkward caress, from which she snatched herself indignantly away, "don't ye take on so. I never went near the miller's daughter, Faith—I tell ye I didn't, as I'm a living man!"

"Oh! it's nothing to me, sergeant, whether you did or whether you didn't," returned the lady, looking up for an instant, and incontinently hiding her face in her apron for a fresh burst of grief. "It's all over between you and me now, Hugh, for evermore!"

"Never say such a word, my dear," returned Dymocke, waxing considerably alarmed, as the possibility of her being in earnest occurred to him, and the horrid suspicion dawned on his mind that this might be a ruse to get rid of him in favor of the comely yeoman, after all; "and if you come to that, lass, you weren't so true to your colors yourself yesterday, that you need to turn the tables this way upon me."

She had led him to the point now. Then he was jealous, as she intended he should be, and she had got him sure.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Sergeant Dymocke," answered Mistress Faith, demurely, sobbing at longer intervals, and drying her eyes while she spoke. "If you allude to my conversation with one of his blessed Majesty's servants yesterday, I answer you that it was in the presence of yourself and all my lord's servants; and if it hadn't been, I'm accountable to no one. A poor lone woman like me can't be too careful, I know; a poor lone woman that's got nobody to defend her character, speak up for her, or take care of her, and that's lost her best friend, that quarrels with her whether she will or no. Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

The action was very nearly over now. Another flood of tears, brought up like a skilful general's reserve, in the nick of time, turned the tide of affairs, and nothing was left for the sergeant but to surrender at discretion.

"It's your own fault if it be so," whispered Hugh, with that peculiarly sheepish expression which prevades the male biped's countenance when he so far humiliates himself as to make a *bona fide* proposal. "If you'll say the word Faith, say it now, for indeed I love you, and I'll never be easy till you're my wife, and that's the truth."

But Faith wouldn't say the word at once, nor indeed could she be brought to put a period to her admirer's sufferings, in which, like a very woman, she found a morbid and inexplicable gratification, until she had well-nigh worried him into a withdrawal of his offer, when she said it in a great hurry, and sealed her submission with a kiss.

On the subsequent festivities held both in the parlor and the hall—for Sir Giles drank the bride's health in a bumper, and the ladies of the family thought nothing too good to present to their favorite on the happy occasion of her marriage—it is not our province to enlarge. In compliance with the maxium that "happy's the wooing that's not long in doing," the nuptials took place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, and a prettier or a happier-looking bride than Faith never knelt before the altar.

The sergeant, however, betrayed a scared and somewhat startled appearance, as that of one who is not completely convinced of his own identity, bearing his part nevertheless as a bridegroom bravely and jauntily enough.

At his own private opinion of the catastrophe we can but guess by a remark which he was overheard to address to himself immediately after his acceptance by the pretty waiting-maid, and her consequent departure to acquaint her mistress.

"You've done it now, old lad," observed the sergeant, shaking his head, and speaking in a deliberate, reflective, and somewhat sarcastic tone. "What is to be must be, I suppose, and all things turn out for the best. But there's no question about it—*you've—done—it—now!*"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"YES OR NO."

Old Sir Giles never refused his daughter anything now. He had always been an indulgent parent, but it seemed that of late years Grace had more than ever wound herself round his heart. The old Cavalier was getting sadly broken and altered of late. Day by day his frame became more bent and more attenuated; the eye that used to gleam so bright was waxing dim and uncertain; the voice that had rung out so clear and cheerful above the tramp of squadrons and the din of battle, now shook and quivered with the slightest exertion, and the once muscular hand that used to close so vigorously on sword and bridle-rein, had wasted down, thin, white and fragile like a girl's. The spirit alone was unaltered—bold, resolute and unyielding as of old; the stanch Cavalier drank the King's health as unshrinkingly every night as was his wont; and lacked opportunity only to lead the King's troops into action as undauntedly as ever. Ay, although too feeble to sit upright in a saddle, he had waved them on to certain death from a sick man's litter. It is glorious to think how the spirit outlives the clay. But with Grace it seemed as if he could not be tender and gentle enough. Whether it was an instinctive feeling that his child was not happy, or an inward presentiment that they must soon take leave of each other in this world, something seemed to prompt him to lavish all the affection of his warm old heart on his darling, and bade him grant her all she asked, and anticipate her lightest wish while it was yet in his power. Thus it befel that to Grace's unexpected proposal, "Father, may I write in your name to bid General Effingham to the Hall?" he answered feebly in the affirmative, and the young lady found herself in consequence sitting down for the first time in her life to pen a formal letter to the Parliamentary General.

Now this invitation, albeit unnatural and unexpected enough, scarcely did as much violence to Sir Giles's feelings as might have been supposed. Years before, at Oxford, he had imbibed a strong personal liking for George Effingham; and although the latter's desertion of his colors had been a grievous offence to the loyal old Cavalier, he could not but respect the successful and distinguished soldier, who had won such laurels on the side he had espoused too late; he could not forget that he owed his life to Effingham on the fatal field of Naseby, nor could he be insensible to the many kindnesses conferred upon him and his by the General since he had entered upon his high command at Northampton. It was bitter, truly, thus to be beholden to at renegade, and a Roundhead to boot; but then the rebel, though a political enemy, was a personal friend, and it was doubtless pleasant to be except from the fine, penalties, domiciliary visits, and other inconveniences to which those Cavaliers were liable who were not so fortunate as to possess a protector on the winning side. So Sir Giles answered in the affirmative, though a little testily, considering it was Grace to whom he spoke.

"As thou wilt, wench, as thou wilt. Let him come and see the two poor old cripples, an' he choose. Vaux is a-bed, and I'm little better, but the time has been that he's ridden alongside of us in buff and steel, the renegade. 'Slife, he's seen us front, and flanks, and rear, and all," laughed the old knight, grimly, reverting to the defeats at Marston Moor and Naseby. "Let him come and have a look at us, now we're laid upon the shelf and he's got the sun on his own side o' the hedge, with a murrain to it! But write him a civil cartel, Gracy, too, for we're beholden to the black-muzzled varlet, Roundhead though he be."

And thus it came to pass that Grace sat alone in the great hall at Boughton, with her color coming and going, and her heart beating a very quick march the while George Effingham's orderly led his horse from the door, and the General himself walked into her presence, trembling in every limb, and in a state of nervous alarm sufficiently contemptible for a man who could face a battery without wincing. The usual ceremonious observances were gone through. Grace presented a cold cheek to her visitor's salute as she bade him welcome. And the latter dropped the hand extended to him as if it were some poisonous reptile, instead of the very treasure on earth for which he would have given every drop of blood in his body. They did not speak much of the weather, but according to the custom of the time, the gentleman made the most minute and circumstantial inquiries as to the state of health enjoyed by each separate member of her family, and the lady answered categorically, and by rule. Then there was a dead silence, very awkward, very painful, apparently interminable. Grace began almost to wish he hadn't come.

She broke it at last with an effort.

"I have to thank you, General Effingham, for so promptly attending to my request. Were you not surprised to receive my letter?" she added, with an attempt to lapse into a more playful vein.

Geroge muttered something unintelligible in reply. He was no carpet-knight, our honest friend, and the last man on earth to help a lady either out of or into a difficulty.

She was obliged to go on unassisted. It was not so formidable as she fancied, now that the ice was broken, and she had recovered the alarm of hearing her own voice.

"I can count upon you as a friend, General," she said, one of her frank, cordial smiles lighting up the whole of her pretty face; "and I am about to put your friendship to the test. You can do me a kindness that will make me the happiest girl in the world—can I depend upon you? I you promise me, I *know* I can."

He colored with a swarthy glow of pleasure. This frank feeling accorded well with his honest earnest nature.

"I am a plain soldier, Mistress Grace," he replied; "I would give my life to serve you, and you know it."

Grace's head began to turn. Now for it—she must plead with her lover to save one whom he could not but consider his rival, and perhaps the effort would cost the mediator all that makes life most valuable. Well, she was in deep water now, and must sink or swim. She struck out boldly at once.

"Do you know that your old comrade, Humphrey Bosville, is a prisoner in London on a charge of high treason?"

He had not heard a word of it. He was grieved beyond measure. Bosville was so devoted, so persevering, had been so staunch to the Royal cause, had been concerned in every plot and every scheme, had been pardoned once by the Parliament. It would go hard with him this time—he was very, very sorry to hear of it.

"And that is exactly what I ask you to prevent," she broke in. "I have sent for you that I might implore you to save him. George Effingham, you are the only man alive that I would ask to do so much. Grant me my desire as freely and frankly as I entreat it of you."

It was exactly the way to take him. Had she beat about the bush and *finessed* and coquetted with him, he would probably have refused her sternly, although such a refusal would have forbidden him ever to see her again. He would have set up some objection of duty or principle, and hardened himself to resistance, even against her, but he was not proof against this open-hearted, confiding, sisterly kind of treatment, and had she asked him to ride to London incontinently, and beard Cromwell to his face, he must have yielded on the spot. Where had Grace acquired her knowledge of human nature? Surely it is by intuition that women thus readily detect and take advantage of our most assailable points. They need no Vauban to tell them that "a fortress is no stronger than its weakest part," but direct their attack unhesitatingly where the wall is lowest, and carry everything before them by a *coup de main*.

George saw all the difficulties in his path plainly enough. He knew that to ask for his old comrade's life would subject him to much suspicion and misrepresentation on the part of his colleagues. Like all successful men he had no lack of rivals, and now that the fighting was over it had already begun to be whispered that the converted Cavalier was but a luke-warm partisan after all, nay, the fanatics averred that he was, alas! but a "whited sepulchre," and little better than a "Malignant" in his heart. Cromwell indeed, whose religious enthusiasm was strongly dashed with political far-sightedness, knew his valor, and to Cromwell he trusted; but he could not conceal from himself that he was about to stake on one throw the whole of that influence and position he had so ardently coveted, and which it had cost him such strenuous and unceasing efforts to attain.

But Gerge's was a generous nature, and the instant he had determined to make the sacrifice for the woman he loved, he had resolved that she should be the last person to learn its value and importance.

"Is it to save my old friend's life, Mistress Grace," he said, "that you think it necessary thus to entreat me? I should indeed be grateful to you for informing me of his danger. I will lose no time in making every exertion on his behalf, ay, even should I have to give my life for his. I only wish you had proposed to me some more unwelcome taks that I might have shown you how ready I am to comply with your every wish."

He spoke with a playful, for him, even with a courtly air. He marked the glistening eye and the flush of pleasure with which she listened, nor did he wince for a moment, and though his lip trembled a little, the brave face was as firm as marble.

Did he think he could blind her? Could he believe she did not calculate his danger, and appreciate his unselfishness? Did he not feel how her woman-nature must respond to a generosity so akin to its own? If ever you would win her, George Effingham, open your arms now, and take her to your heart!

The tears were coming to his eyes, but he drove them back with a strong effort, as, seeing she was too much moved to speak, he proceeded—

"I will bring him back to you without a hair of his head being harmed, Mistress Grace. Perhaps in happier days you will both think kindly of the renegade Cavalier."

She put her hand in his, smiling sweetly through her tears.

"Do this," she murmured, "and ask me what you will in recompense."

He was too proud to understand.

"There is not a moment to be lost," he said; "make my excuses to Sir Giles and good Lord Vaux, that I must take my leave without waiting on them. Farewell, Mistress Grace; fear nor. Farewell!"

Without another word, without even touching her hand, he made a profound obeisance and left the room.

Grace's knees were knocking together, and she shook in every limb. She sank into Sir Giles's huge arm-chair, and there she sat and pondered the momentous question that some day or another presents itself in every woman's heart. "How noble" thought Grace, "how generous, how chivalrous, and how good! Never to show that he was conferring a kindness, never to place me under the sense of an obligation; and all the time he is willing to give up his fame and his command and his position; nay, a dearer, fonder future still, and for my sake." Grace blushed up to her temples though she was alone. "This is indeed true affection—the affection I have heard of and dreamt of; that I never thought any one would be found to feel for me. For me!—what am I that that brave, determined goodly man should thus be at the disposal of my lightest word?" Grace went to the end of the hall, peeped in the glass, and sat down again, apparently a little more satisfied and composed. "If their positions were reversed, would Humphrey have acted so? I trow not. Has he the firmness and the energy and the strength of mind of this one? Oh! Why did I not love George Effingham instead? Stay! do I not love him now? Shame, shame!—and I almost told him so. And perhaps he sees how wavering and unworthy I am, and despises me after all." Grace sat back in her chair, in a most unenviable frame of mind—provoked with the past, impatient of the present, and undecided as to the future. George stepped calmly along the terrace, with the sad composure of a man who has nothing more to fear on earth. He had long known it must come to this at last; had long anticipated the moment when the frail cobwebs of self-deception which weave themselves insensibly around the human heart must be swept away in a breath, when the vain imitation of Hope that had beguiled its loneliness must be surrendered once for all; and he accepted his lot with a proud, quiet hesitation. At least he would make her happy, ay, though it cost him every treasure he had in the world; and when he could bear it he would see her again, and in her welfare should be his reward.

The rustle of a lady's dress behind him caused him to start and stop. Could she have followed him for one more last word? Could his self sacrifice have touched and softened her? No; as he turned his head it was Mary Cave that hurried up to him with trembling steps, and accosted him in the faltering accents of extreme anxiety and distress.

She was so altered he hardly knew her. She whose manner used to be so composed and queenly, dashed it may be with a little too much self-confidence and assumption, was now nervous and pre occupied; apparently humbled in her own estimation, and abrupt, almost incoherent, in her address. She had lost her rich color, too, and there lines on the brow he remembered so smooth and fair; while the soft blue eyes that formerly laughed and sparkled, and softened all at once, had grown fixed and dilated, even fierce in their expression.

"One word with you, General Effingham," she said, without waiting to go through any of the common forms of salutation; "have you seen Mistress Allonby?"

He answered in the affirmative with a bow. She seemed to know it, for she scarcely waited for a reply.

"You have heard it all," she hurried on, speaking very fast and energetically, with a certain action of the hand and wrist that was habitual to her, but never (and this was so unlike her), never looking her companion in the face. "Grace has made no subterfuge, no concealment; she has told you everything—everything? And you are going to London immediately?—this very day? You will not lose an instant? He will be saved, General Effingham—don't you think he will?"

"I shall be on the road before the sun goes down," he replied courteously, affecting to ignore her agitation; "I have already promised Mistress Allonby that I will leave no stone unturned to save Humphrey Bosville. I think I can answer for his life being spared."

She could not help it; she burst into tears. Alas! they come easier every time, and she had so often cause to weep now! But it relieved her, and after this display of weakness she relapsed into something of her old air of composure and superiority.

"He is a very dear friend," she said, the color gradually stealing over her pale face; "a very dear friend to us all. You will command Grace's eternal gratitude, and Sir Giles's and Lord Vaux's—and mine."

He was only too happy to serve them, he said; and he, too, valued Humphrey as much as any of them—so brave, so kindly; above all, so gentle and true-hearted.

"Hush!" she stopped him, quite eagerly, the while she laid her hand in his with a frank, cordial pressure, but her face worked as though she would fain burst out crying once more. "There is not a moment to lose; I must detain you no longer. There is one thing more I had to say. You will see him; you will tell him how anxious we all have been for him, and you will give him this packet yourself," she drew it from her bosom as she spoke, "and you will entrust it to no other hand but his own. It is only a matter of—of—business," she faltered out, "but I wish it to arrive safe at its destination. Thank you—God bless you."

She would not have been a woman had she not reserved this one little bit of concealment. Effingham must not know, no one must ever know, how she had loved Humphrey Bosville. The packet was but a matter of *business*—business, forsooth!—exchange and barter, and dead loss and utter bankruptcy; but none must fathom it. They are all alike; reeling from a death-blow they can find a moment to dispose their draperies decently, nay, even tastefully, around them. And whilst on the subject of drapery we may remark that even in the deepest affliction they preserve no slight regard to the amenities of dress. Though Mary's heart was breaking, her robe was not disordered, neither was her hair out of curl.

As Effingham ordered out his horses and betook himself to the saddle, he little thought how he had created so deep an interest in the two gentle hearts he left behind him. Grace was already studiously comparing him with a previous idol, a comparison which generally argues the dethronement of the prior image from its pedestal in the female breast; and Mary, of all people, could most thoroughly enter into his feelings, pity his loneliness, and appreciate his self-sacrifice.

Humphrey's case was indeed one of extreme peril. Heavily manacled, and committed to Newgate like a common malefactor, his only prospect of release was when he should be brought before the Parliament and placed on trial for his life. Scant mercy, too, could he expect from that conscientious assemblage. A confirmed Malignant, a brave and zealous officer, an adherent of the Queen; lastly—setting at naught his previous pardon—an emissary from the French Court to the imprisoned King, nothing was wanting to prove him guilty of high treason against the majesty of the Commons House of Parliament by law assembled, nothing but an extraordinary reversal of the usual sentence could prevent his paying the extreme penalty attached to that heinous offence.

In vain he pleaded the innocence of the letters with which he was charged; in vain he urged that they contained a simple application to his Majesty from the Prince, his son, for permission to accompany the Duke of Orleans to the wars. In vain he pleaded his own position as a mere domestic functionary attached to the person of the Queen. His well-known character for loyalty and reckless daring, accompanied by his steady refusal to sign his name to a written statement embodying the above explanations, utterly nullified all that could be said in his defence, and left him nothing to anticipate but an adverse verdict, a short shrift, and a speedy end.

It was evident, however, that some strong influence was at work below the surface in favor of the Royalist prisoner. Powerful debates in the House of Commons itself urged the policy of clemency, and the antecedents of the culprit, as arguments for a mitigated sentence, if not a free acquittal. Shrewd lawyers reserved points of law in his behalf. One eminent patriot boldly expressed his admiration of such devoted constancy even in an enemy; and although the case was too clear to admit of doubt, and Lenthall (the Mr. Speaker of the day) was compelled to do his duty and commit the prisoner for trial on the capital charge, he was not even then abandoned by friends, who must indeed have felt themselves secure to make such exertions in his behalf.

On his return to Newgate from Westminster, the coach in which he sat was curiously enough upset. Two of his guards appeared strangely stupefied, a third was drunk, and the fourth, slipping a note into his hand, bade him run for his life the while he extricated the horses and rated the driver soundly for their misfortune. Perhaps Humphrey was not so surprised as he might have been, had he not previously held an interview with Effingham in his prison, whose writing he recognized in the slip of paper in his hand. Its contents were short and pithy:

"Keep quiet and in hiding," it said, "for a few months. You will be purposely overlooked, but remain where you are not known, and above all—keep still."

There was no signature, but Humphrey wisely tore it into shreds as he made his escape through the increasing darkness.

And now Effingham was anticipating his reward. As he journeyed rapidly back to Northampton, riding post, and urging the good horse beneath him to their swiftest pace, he was thinking of Grace's grateful smile when he should assure her that her lover had been saved by his exertions; and his own gratification, in which indeed there was no inconsiderable leaven of pain, at her delight.

He was to see her just once again—that once which, contrary to the rules of ari[illegible]metic, is multiplied by itself into so m[illegible] many times—to witness her happiness with his own eyes, and feel that henceforth he was never so much as to think of her again. For this he had worked and fawned, cajoled and promised, intrigued and threatened; done constant violence to his stern, true nature, and lost that position with his party which it had cost him so much to attain. And for this he would have done as much and twice as much again, because, you see, he was going to have his reward.

How even this consolation was denied him, we must detail in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WELCOME HOME."

There was hurrying to and fro in the old house at Boughton; a hushed confusion seemed to pervade the establishment, and though the servants rushed here and there in aimless anxiety, everything was done as noiselessly as possible, and they did not even venture to express in words that which their scared faces and white lips told only too well.

Horses had been saddled hastily, and ridden off at speed in search of medical assistance. With the strange piteous earnestness to do something which pervades us helpless mortals when we feel that nothing can avail, mounted messengers had been dispatched in needless repetition. There was little to be done but to wait for the leech and summon fortitude to endure his confirmation of their worst fears. The sick man said himself there was no hope. He seemed less affected than any in the household by the recent catastrophe.

Sir Giles was down under a mortal stroke. He preserved his senses and his speech; the rest of the man was a mere helpless shell; but his mind was as vigorous as ever, and the old knight's courage had not given way even now—no, not an inch.

He had often looked on death before, and fronted him in the field, spurring his good horse against him, with a jest on his lips, and told him that he feared him not to his face. He had seen all he had loved best on earth fast in the skeleton's embrace, and he had not quailed even then. Would he shrink from him now? Pshaw! let him do his worst.

We have said it before, and we say it again, that the mind which has never prepared itself for the great change is usually incapable of doing so when that change is actually present. Far be it from us to aver that it is ever too late whilst there is life; we only remark that it seems ill-advised to make no preparation for a long, what if it be an endless journey? till the foot is actually in the stirrup.

Grace was weeping by his bedside, her hand in his, her face turned to him to hide the big drops that coursed each other down her cheeks. Poor Gracy! Many a true friend loves you well, many a heart leaps to the glance of your kind eye, and warms to your gentle voice; but where will you find an affection so constant, so unwavering, so regardless of self, so patient of ingratitude, as his who lies gasping there on his death-bed? Where will you find another love that shall be always willing to give everything and receive nothing? that shall pour on you its unceasing stores of care and tenderness, nor ask even for a word of thanks in return?

"I've been a kind old father to thee, lass," said the dying man, "and thou'st been a rare daughter to me; but I must leave thee now."

What could Grace do but bow her head down upon the poor thin hand she held, and weep as if her heart would break?

He folded the pretty head to his bosom as he used to do when she was a little child, stroking the hair down, and fondling and consoling her.

"Don't ye cry so, my darling," said the old warrior. "What! Gracey, little woman, cheer up! 'tis not for long, lass, not for long."

She seemed to be the dying one of the two. She lay motionless, her head buried in his breast. She was praying for him to his Father and hers.

He was still for a time. Conscious of his failing powers, he was gathering himself, as it were, for an effort. When he spoke again she looked up astonished at his strength of voice.

"Is Mary here?" he asked—"Mary Cave? bid her come round here. God bless thee, Mistress Mary."

She had been sitting afar off at the window, quietly waiting, as was her custom, till she could be of use. She came to the bedside now, and put her arm round Grace, and looked down upon the helpless knight with a calm, sad face. The greater grief absorbs the less, and constant pain will make callous the most sensitive nature. Poor Mary! two short years ago she would hardly have stood so composed and statue-like at good Sir Giles's deathbed.

"Care for her, sweet Mistress Mary," he resumed, with something of his old energy of voice and manner; "take charge of my pretty one when I am gone. I thought sometimes to see her married to yon good lad, him that rode the sorrel horse so fairly—my memory fails me now, I think—how call you him? Ay, I thought to have seen her married and all; but she's young, very young yet. I am failing fast, Mistress Mary; don't ye speak to Gracey about it; she loves her old father, and it might disturb the child; but I'm not for long here. I know not if my senses may be spared me. I must speak out whilst I can. Gracey, are you there. Where is Gracey?"

She was close to him still, pressing her wet cheek to his.

"Here, father," she whispered, "dear father;" and her voice seemed to revive him for the time.

"Mary will take care of thee, my little lass," he said feebly stretching his hand to hers, and trying to place it in that of her friend. "Thou wilt not leave her, Mary; never leave her till she's married to some good man—not a rebel, Gracey, never a rebel, for the old father's sake. I loved that bold lad well; why doth he never come to see us now? Kiss me, Gracey. I shall see thee again, my child. God forgive my sins! I have never sinned by thee. I shall see thee again, and thy mother too. God bless thee, Gracey!"

He sank into a stupor. The leech had not arrived yet. Something told their hearts that all the leechcraft on earth would be of no avail, and the two women sat noiselessly weeping in the silence of the death-chamber.

He spoke again after a while; but his eyes shone with a strange brightness, and the indescribable change was on him—the change which we cannot but instinctively acknowledge, and which pervades the dying, like a gleam of pale light from the land beyond the grave.

He spoke of the old times now. Anon he was charging once more at the head of his brigade on Naseby field; the tramp of squadrons and the rattle of small arms were in his ears, and Effingham's steel-headed pikes lowered grimly in his front. Alas! the battle shout was but a hoarse laboring whisper, yet the two pale listeners could recognize the tactics of an action and the stirring old war-cry, "God and Queen Mary! For the King! for the King!

Then he prayed for his Sovereign, fervently, loyally, prayed that he might recover his power and his throne, intermingling short pithy phrases from the ritual of his church, and expressing himself proud, happy, privileged that he might die for his King.

Yet a thread of consciousness seemed to run through these fitful wanderings of departing reason. It was pitiful to hear him urge on his fancied retainers to ease his saddle and curb his good horse tighter, as he flew his hawk once more in the green meadows under the summer sky.

"He was getting infirm," he said, "and the days were long at this time of the year; but it was evening at last, and he was glad, for he was tired, very tired. It would be dark before they got home. It was very dark even now."

There was a dead silence. The startled women thought he was gone; but he breathed yet, though very faintly, and with parted lips. His eyes were closed, but he was wandering still. He called to his hawk, his horse, and his hounds. He must see Gracey, too, he said, "before he took his boots off"—"She was very little, surely, very little to run alone;" and he spoke fondly and tenderly to another Grace—a Grace that had been treasured up many a long year in the depths of his stout old heart, a Grace that would almost weary expecting him, even in heaven—that was surely waiting for him [illegible] other side.

[illegible]ed his eyes once more, but they [illegible]lessly around, fixing themselves at last feebly upon his daughter. Grace felt to her heart's core that his last look was one of consciousness upon her—that he knew her even while that look was glazing into death—that the "God bless thee, Gracey!" which he gasped out with his last breath, was the same old fond familiar farewell with which he was always used to depart upon a journey.

So he went upon his way, and surely when he reached the promised land he found a fond face there, waiting to welcome him home.

Ere the surgeon arrived in hot haste there was nothing left on earth of the stout old Cavalier but a goodly war-worn frame, a fixed marble face, smooth and placid, renovated, as it were, to the sculptured beauty of its prime. He shook his head as he acknowledged himself to be too late, and left the mourners to the sacred indulgence of their grief. Grace Allonby wept in her friend's arms, clinging to her in her distress with the helpless abandonment of a child, and Mary, roused from her own sorrows by the necessity for exertion, soothed her gently and pitifully like a mother. Lord Vaux was by this time a helpless invalid, and both women felt they had at last lost their only protector, as well as their best and kindest friend.

"You must never leave me, Mary," sobbed out Grace again and again, as a fresh burst of grief broke wildly forth, "never leave me now, for I have but you in the world."

It was a goodly funeral with which they did honor to the brave old Cavalier. Many a stout yeoman came from far and near to see him laid in his last resting-place, and told, not without pride, as he quaffed the ale which ever flowed freely on such occasions, how he had charged to the old knight's battle-cry at Naseby, or followed him through serried columns and levelled pikes at Edgehill or Roundway-down. Not a brave heart within three counties but when he heard of Sir Giles's death said, "God rest him! he was a bold one." The King himself, the harassed, care-worn Charles, wrote a letter of condolence with his own royal hand to the daughter of his faithful servant; and Prince Rupert, pining in exile, vowed that "the last of the real old Cavaliers was buried with Sir Giles."

But better than troopers' admiration, prince's approval, and king's autograph, there was more than one poor friendless widow that came with her orphans in her hand, whilst the turf was fresh and ere the stone was up, to weep over the grave of her kind friend and benefactor. Epitaphs may lie, monuments may crumble, deeds of arms and mortal fame may pass away, but the [illegible]rs of the widow and the fatherless are [illegible]ed up as a lasting memorial in a certain stronghold, where 'neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WESTMINSTER HALL."

"Wrap thy cloak well round thee, Gracey; the wind strikes chill to the very marrow." It was Mary Cave who spoke, and suiting the action to the word, drew with a tender hand the folds of a large dark mantle round the form of her companion.

Grace shivered from head to foot, her teeth chattered, and she tottered as she walked, supported by her friend, who, faithful to the trust he left her, seemed to take a maternal charge of Sir Giles's orphan daughter.

"I never thought they would have dared to do it," observed Mary, pursuing the train of her own reflections, "but it has come at last. He was brought from Windsor last night. I saw him myself by torchlight as he descended from the coach—so altered, Grace, so altered, in a short eighteen months!"

The expression of Grace's countenance was as that of one who sees some horrible deed of sacrilege committed, which the witness is powerless to prevent. She hurried on nervously, and without answering a word.

More than a year had elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapter—a year of trouble and anxiety to the nation—a year of sorrow and seclusion to these two hapless mourners. Lord Vaux, whose failing health had long been a subject for alarm, seemed utterly unable to recover the shock occasioned by his old friend's death. His kinswomen had brought him to the capital in search of the best medical assistance, and the two Royalist ladies were naturally anxious to be near the centre of those desperate measures which agitated the politics of the day. A powerful hand, too, seemed to protect this Malignant family. They came and went unquestioned where they would, and were free from the annoyances to which so many of their friends were subjected. It is possible that Grace may have been able to guess the shield which guarded her; but if so, gratitude did but add another painful ingredient to the total of her sufferings. Her father's kind old face was ever before her eyes as she saw it last, and the dying whisper, "not a rebel, Gracey, never a rebel, for the old father's sake!" seemed to ring in her ears day and night.

She shivered again as she drew the dark heavy folds tight around her; it was so cold—so bitter cold.

A keen black frost, very different from his gladsome brother who comes sparkling down upon us, his stiff crisp raiment glittering with diamonds in the sunshine, bound the shrinking earth in a churlish embrace. A cutting north-easter, sweeping over her surface in fitful gusts, whirled up clouds of dust that stung and irritated the unprotected face like pin-points, and a dull leaden sky, against which the leafless trees of the Mall seemed to wave their skeleton branches as it were in mockery, lowered over all. London wore her blackest, her most forbidding look, and the pinnacles and spires of proud old Westminster frowned hard and threatening in the dense cold atmosphere.

Yet people were standing about in groups, whispering with suppressed though eager gestures; others waiting patiently, as if for some show or pageant. As is usual in a crowd, the women slightly predominated, yet was there but little sarcastic questioning and shrill reply, while the gambols of the London urchin—a race never on any public occasion to be sought in vain—failed to excite more than a transient smile in the grave and preoccupied multitude.

As Mary and Grace passed rapidly on they heard many an ominous whisper and broken phrase respecting the great event which was thus collecting the agitated citizens. Strange improbable rumors flew from lip to lip; hints of impossible combinations and contradictory circumstances obtained implicit credence. Here a sedate-looking personage assured his auditors that "his Majesty was never firmer on the throne; that he was coming in state to Westminster to open his faithful Parliament in person; that the Lords at Windsor, the greatest personages in the kingdom, served him daily on their knees; and that he knew this to be a fact, he who now spoke to them at the present time, for his sister's son, a gardener by trade, had the King's own commands for the sowing of certain Spanish melons at Wimbledon. And it is likely," added the orator, looking up to the gloomy sky, "that his Majesty would be sowing melons, especially Spanish ones, and in this weather too, unless he felt confident of seeing them ripen?" "God bless him!" he would have added, but he caught the scowl of a wild fanatical-looking personage glaring so fiercely at him that the words died upon his lips.

Then a little dirty man, a cobbler by trade, something of a demagogue by profession, and a drunkard by choice, gave it as his own pinion, with much unnecessary circumlocution, that "Charles," as he called him, was about to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his Parliament. "Do we not know," said the little man, brandishing aloft a pair of much-begrimed hands, and steadying his whole person by fixing his lack-lustre eye on a quiet individual in the crowd, who thus found himself, much to his annoyance, an object of considerable interest—"do we not know that the people, under God, are the original of all just power? that the Commons chosen by and representing us" (the little man smote his shabby breast violently with his dirty hands) "are the fountain of all power and authority, so that what the Commons declared law is law and nothing but law? and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the King and the House of Peers be not had thereunto!"

The little man had got the last clause of the Parliament proclamation carefully by rote, and used the same for his peroration with considerable skill, much to the delight of his auditors, who very generally expressed themselves satisfied with the soundness of his reasoning and the correctness of his principles.

But still, amongst all the conflicting reports alluded to, all the different opinions expressed by this motley assemblage, not a whisper was breathed as to the dreadful event which was really impending, not a suspicion seemed to exist even amongst the strongest partisans of the Parliament, that the people of England would exact the penalty of a king's blood.

It was only the well-educated and the far-seeing—those, in fact, who might be said to be behind the scenes—that could anticipate the worst; those who knew that the Commons had declared themselves independent of the Lords, that a commission had already been nominated for the trial of Charles Stuart on the charge of high treason, and that out of the hundred and thirty-five members appointed, scarce eighty consented to act, might indeed acknowledge the signs of the coming storm—the blast that was so soon to level the loftiest head in England with the dust.

As the hour of neon approached the crowd thickened considerably, and as it drew into its vortex more and more of the lowest rabble, the feeling against the King seemed to gain greater strength. Coach after coach rolled by, bearing the magnates of the country to the important scene in Westminister Hall, and as these were mostly well known to the populace, it might be remarked that such as were suspected even of a leaning toward royalty were assailed with groans and execrations, sometimes even with missiles of a more injurious nature, whilst those whose levelling principles were beyond doubt received a perfect ovation of cheers and congratulations, sometimes ridiculously personal, but always intended to be complimentary in the highest degree.

Amongst the rest one equipage in particular aroused a perfect tumult of applause; it was the coach of General Fairfax, containing his lady, seated alone in all the pomp of her native dignity and her robes of state. Like every successsful man for the moment, Fairfax was at that period an immense favorite with the mob, and they clustered around the carriage that conveyed his wife with coarse and boisterous expressions of good will. The face inside was a study of strong suppressed feeling. Sitting there in the majesty of her beauty, she could scarce restrain the overpowering sentiments of hatred and contempt with which she regarded those who now surrounded her with such demonstrations of affection. The blood of the Veres boiled within her as she thought of her husband's forfeited loyalty, and the scene from which she had persuaded him to be absent, but to which she was herself hurrying. Her face turned red and white by turns, she bit her lip and clenched her hand as she bid her coachman lash his horses recklessly and drive on. Like the proud Tarquin's prouder wife, she would scarce have stopped had a human form been down beneath her feet.

Jostled by the crowd, notwithstanding her haughty step and imperious gestures, Mary could scarce make her way, and Grace's visible agitation increasing more and more, rendered her position one of peculiar annoyance and discomfort.

They narrowly escaped being run over by the rapidly approaching carriage, but as it passed so close that its wheels brushed Mary's garments, a well-known face appeared at the window, a familiar voice she had not heard for many a year called to the coachman to stop, and Lady Fairfax bade them enter and come with her, in her usual accents of command.

"Mary Cave! I thought it was you," she exclaimed. "What are you doing amongst this *canaille*? Jump in, and your friend too. Let us see the end of this shameful business in Westminster Hall."

The unconscious *canaille* gave her ladyship and friends three hearty cheers as they drove off.

Under such protection as that of Lady Fairfax, with whom Mary had been intimate in girlhood's brighter days, the two ladies found no difficulty in obtaining access to the Hall.

Seats had been apportioned, and what were even then termed "boxes," partitioned off for the wives and families of the chief actors to witness the proceedings, and one of the principal of these had been reserved for the lady of the powerful Parliamentary General.

It was an awful and a solemn scene which burst upon the sight of our two devoted royalists as they entered. The King's trial was about to commence, and already had the commissioners taken their seats, with more than the usual pomp of form and ceremony. The stern and able Bradshaw, he whose sense of duty has earned him an unenviable immortality under the title of "The Regicide," stood erect as President, supported by his assessors, Lisle and Say, skilful lawyers both, and bold uncompromising men.

All heads were turned, all eyes directed towards the bar, at which was set a velvet chair of state. This inanimate object seemed to excite universal interest. It was to receive the royal prisoner, but it was still empty.

Anon the vague murmer that pervades all large assemblies increased audibly, and (a certain stir was apparent at the far end of the Hall; then succeeded the deep hush of intense expectation, and many a heart heard nothing but its own thick beating, as it strained for a forward glimpse of but a few hours.

A sedan-chair was carried slowly up the Hall; many uncovered as it passed them; one or two voices were even heard to murmur a blessing. But that chair contained Charles Stuart, and his judges sat doggedly with their hats on, neither rising nor showing the slightest mark of respect to their unfortunate Sovereign.

When the King reached the bar he alighted, and without removing his hat, seated himself at once in the chair appointed for him; but presently rising again, looked sternly about him, at the president, at the court, at the people in the galleries; his nerve was as unshaken as it had ever been in the presence of physical danger. He was at bay now, and he was every inch a king.

But he was altered, sadly altered too. Mary's heart sank within her as she traced the furrows that suffering and anxiety had ploughed in those royal lineaments, for which she had all her life been taught to cherish an affectionate veneration. His well knit figure was firm and upright as ever; nor were his locks, though slightly tinged with grey, much thinner than of old; but his features were sharpened, and his eyes hollowed, as if he had been suffering acute physical pain; while the doomed expression that had always been the chief characteristic of his face, had deepened to an intensity of melancholy that it was piteous to look upon.

When Bradshaw spoke, however, his features hardened into defiance once more.

Silence was proclaimed, and a whisper might have been heard from one end to the other of that vast hall. Then the clerk, in a sonorous and business-like voice, read over the ordinance for the King's trial, a formal document, couched in terms of legal obscurity. When the ceremony was concluded, the list of commissioners was called over by the same functionary, those present answering to their names.

"John Bradshaw!"

"Here," replied the President, in a loud undaunted voice, looking sternly at the King, who returned his glance with a haughty and contemptuous frown.

"Thomas Fairfax!"

There was no response. A stir pervaded the hall as men turned and stared, and whispered to their neighbors with eager, anxious faces.

Again the clerk called in a loud voice, "Thomas Fairfax!"

"He has more wit than to be here," was answered, in distinct confident tones; but though Bradshaw bent his brows in anger, and the commissioners made hasty inquiries, and gave peremptory orders to their officials to secure the offender, it was not easy, in the increasing confusion, to assertain whence the bold reply had come.

It originated, however, a murmur and a disturbance which it took some minutes to quell. Signs of disapprobation were swamped by a strong inclination to applaud; and it was evident that a powerful feeling in favor of the royal prisoner existed even in the very court in which he was to be tried.

The impeachment was then read over, accusing the monarch of "designs to erect to himself an illimited and tyrannical power, to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; of high treason in respect of the levying war against the present Parliament, and the people therein represented;" as denoted by his appearance at York and Beverley with a guard; by the setting up of the standard at Nottingham; by the battle of Edgehill; and so on in order enumerating the different battles at which the King had been present. The document then went on to say, that he had caused the death of thousands of free-born people; that after his forces had been defeated, and himself made prisoner, he had stirred up insurrection in the country, and given a commission to the prince, his son, to raise a new war against the Parliament; and that, "as he was the author and contriver of these unnatural, cruel and bloody wars, so was he therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolation, damage and mischief to the nation which had been committed in the said wars, or been occasioned thereby; and that he was therefore impeached for the said treasons and crimes, as a tyrant, traitor and murderer, and a public implacable enemy to the Commonwealth, on behalf of the good people of England."

The King had sat perfectly silent and composed during the reading of the above strangely-worded impeachment save that at the terms "tyrant and traitor" as applied to himself, he had smiled contemptuously in the faces of the court. He raised his head, however, as the clerk paused to take breath after enunciating the last paragraph, and seemed about to make some objection or remark, but was arrested in the act, for the same female voice that had already interrupted the proceedings of the court, now rose once more, distinct and forcible through the hush of the attentive audience.

"The good people of England!" it exclaimed, in clear mocking tones. "No! nor one hundredth part of them!"

Great was the disturbance that ensued; several members rose hurriedly from their seats, and a tumultuous rush in the body of the hall added to the general confusion. Some even thought a rescue was impending; and a few of the more timorous were already glancing about for a speedy egress. Colonel Hacker who commanded the guard of musketeers, and to whom was confided the custody of the King's person, who gave orders to fire into the box whence these sounds of disapproval had arised; and the stern soldiers had already levelled their muskets to obey this unmilitary command. Lady Fairfax rose undauntedly and faced their muzzles with a bold imperious brow. Mary too rushed to the front to share the danger of her friend. Grace, trembling and weeping, shrank behind them, half paralyzed with fear. For a few moments all was breathless confusion; but a voice, that even in her terror the frightened girl recognized only too plainly, was heard to exclaim, in loud reproving tones, "Shame! shame! Recover your arms! Cowards! would you fire upon your countrywomen?" and George Effingham, in his uniform as a general of the Parliament, struck up the barrels of the muskets, and threatened to put Hacker under immediate arrest.

An usher of the court, however, came round to the box occupied by Lady Fairfax and endeavored to prevail upon her to withdraw. It was only under a promise that she would remain tranquil, extorted from her by the entreaties of her companions, that she was permitted to remain. With clenched hands and angry brow she sat out the remainder of the proceedings.

When order was once more restored, Mr. Cook, the Attorney-General, being about to speak, the King laid the long amber-headed cane which he usually carried, upon his shoulder, and bade him "hold;" but the Lord President requiring him to proceed, his Majesty folded his arms, and bending his brows fixedly upon him, listened attentively to a summary of the charges against him, which was now repeated.

His Majesty then required to know by what authority he was brought hither.

"I have," said Charles, "a trust committed to me by God by old and lawful descent; I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority; therefore, resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

A Tragical Scene in Daudet's New Novel of "Les Rois En Exile."

(From the Literary World.)

Christian gradually falls lower and lower; he finds his companions among doubtful characters, and involves himself in financial difficulties which only the noble generosity of an old general, whom he had once driven from his kingdom, prevents from reducing him to abject poverty. He sells the decoration which had hitherto been the pride of great nobles, and the "cross of Illyria" becomes the property of any bourgeois who is able to pay the price. Frederique protests, threatens, pleads—all in vain. At length the Dalmation assembly announces that if Christian will abjure his claim to the throne, his estates will be made over into his control. After some hesitation he signs the document, but is descovered by the Queen in the very act. Then follows a scene of great dramatic effect. To the remonstrances of Frederique the King turns a deaf ear. She hastens from the room and returns leading the little Leopold.

"Frederique, without a word, dragged the child to the feet of Christian I., and suddenly kneeling, plsced him before her, clasping his little hands in her own. 'The King will not listen to me; perhaps he will listen to you, Zara. Come, say after me—my father.' The timid voice repeated: 'My father — my father—my King, I conjure you—do not rob your child, do not take from him the crown which he should one day wear. Remember that it is yours alone; that it comes from above; that it comes from God, who for 600 years has given it into the care of the house of Illyria. God wills that I be King, father—it is my heritage, my own, you have no right to take it away from me.' The little prince accompanied the eager murmur with the imploring glances of one at prayer; but Christian turned away his head, shrugged his shoulders, and raging, although seemingly calm, muttered between his teeth, 'Wildness—unseemly—turn the child's head.' Then he walked to the door. With one bound the queen stood before him, glanced at the table which no longer held the parchment, and knew, with a blush of shame, that the act of infamy had been signed: 'Christian!' He continued to advance. She stepped forward as if to follow, then suddenly exclaimed: 'Very well! so be it.' He paused and beheld her upright before the open window, her feet upon the narrow stone coping, one arm clasping her child and the other uplifted in menace toward the departing figure of the king. The moonlight streamed in over the group.

"'To the king of the opera, the queen of the tragedy!' she said, in a grave and terrible voice: 'Burn instantly what you have just signed, take oath upon the cross that you will never again attempt such a deed—or your race is ended, broken. Your wife and child there—below upon the pavement.' And in her words, her lovely form leaning out into space, there was such determination that the terrified king sprang forward to hold her back: 'Frederique!' At his father's cry, and the trembling of the arm which upheld him, the child—even then without the window—thought that all was over and that they were to die. He had not a word, not a murmur, since he was to depart in his mother's embrace. He simply clasped his little hands about the queen's neck, and turning his head toward her flowing hair, closed his beautiful eyes in dread of the fall. Christian resisted no further. The resignation, the courage of the infant-king, who already comprehended his future role so well, even to die!—his heart was beating rapidly. He threw the document which he held upon the table and sank sobbing into a chair. Frederique, still defiant, read it through from the first line to the signature, then held it to a candle burning it to her fingers, cast the blackened fragments upon the table, and went away to place her son in bed—her son who already slept in his heroic attitude of a suicide."

GOULD AND GARRISON.

The largest Cash sale to any One Man ever Consummated.

A correspondent of a Boston paper gives the following account of the manner of Jay Gould's purchase of the Missouri Pacific, avouching that his information comes from inside sources and is perfectly trustworthy. The story needs some such assurance; and it would be the more credible if the name of "inside" party were given. The correspondent says:

When Gould paid $3,800,000 to Commodore Garrison for his interest in the Missouri Pacific Railroad, it was spread broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the world that he gave the Commodore his individual check for the money. This is an error, as the sequel will show. Gould had never approached Commodore Garrison on the subject of purchasing his (Garrison's) interest in the road, neither had the Commodore any idea of disposing of it. He argued that it was all right, and he gave it only its natural business attention. But one evening, several weeks since, Jay Gould with some friends was in the Windsor Hotel, on Upper Fifth avenue, New York, and one of Commodore Garrison's sons chanced to be there also. Gould saw the young man, and in a jocular way said to him: "Look here, Garrison, would your father take $1,500,000 cash for his entire Missouri Pacific stock?" The inquiry naturally enough took young Garrison by surprise, but, thinking perhaps Gould might be jesting, he quickly replied, "Well, Mr. Gould, father might take $1,800,000." Here the conversation on the matter stopped. Young Mr. Garrison, when he got home, told his father what a query Gould had put to him at the Windsor Hotel, as also telling him his reply. The Commodore paid no more attention to it. Next day about noon Gould made his appearance at the Commodore's office. "See here," said Gould, "Garrison, will you take $1,800,000 cash for your Missouri Pacific railroad stock?"

"Well," replied the Commodore, "I might have yesterday, but to-day I ask $500,000 more than that for it." "You do, do you? Well, good day, Mr. Garrison." Gould turned to walk out, when the Commodore said: "Look here, Gould, it is $2,300,000 I ask for that stock to day, to-morrow it will be $2,800,000, the next day it will be $3,300,000, and every day it will increase in price just $500,000."

"All right, Garrison, good day," replied Gould, and out of the office he went.

Sure enough, the next day Gould came again to the Commodore's office and asked the Commodore what he would take for the stock.

"Two million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould; it has gone up $500,000 since yesterday," replied Garrison.

Gould went out. The next day Gould came again. The price was then $3,300,000. The next day in came Gould again. From his manner the Commodore thought he meant business. However, the Commodore kept quiet. Gould asked:

"How much for that stock to-day?"

Garrison replied: "Three million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould."

"I will take it, Garrison; it is a sale. Here is my check for the money. Give me a bill and receipt; pass over the whole business—it's mine," replied Gould.

The Commodore looked at Gould, and the two millionaires stared at each other for a moment, when Garrison said: "I don't want your check, Mr. Gould; I want gold, cash."

"All right; come over to the sub-treasury." So Gould and Garrison started. At the sub-treasury Gould paid Garrison $3,800,000 cash in gold certificates, and the sale was completed. This is the history of this great sale, which is considered the largest cash sale to any one man ever consummated.

THE TELEPHONE IN A NEW ROLE.

The following letter relating to new experiments with the telephone was lately received by Mr. Edison:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec., 1879.

MR. T. A. EDISON:

MY DEAR SIR,—During my stay here I have learned a most curious and useful application of the telephone. Captain John E. Greer, a most able officer of the Ordnance Department, United States Army, states as follows:—"Hitherto the accurate determination of flight of small-arm projectiles has been practically impossible at long range, owing to our inability to see them strike, even when firing over water. The discovery of the telephone has opened up to us a simple as well as a novel means of obtaining the time desired, and has also afforded us the means of verifying the formulas by which these times were formerly deduced. In these experiments two telephones provided with Blake transmitters (a form of Edison's carbon telephone) were used. One was placed within a few feet of the gun and left open to receive and transmit the sound of the discharge. The other was in the shelter-proof, which was about thirty feet in front of the right edge of the target. A stop watch, beating fourths of a second, was used in connection with it. The telephone being at the ear, the instant the sound of the discharge was received at the target the watch was started, and on the bullet striking was stopped. A mean of a large number of observations, which rarely differed more than a quarter to half of a second from each other, gave the time of flight. Of course there is a slight delay in starting the watch, but this is neutralized by a similar one in stopping it. The time given may therefore be accepted as strictly correct. It is worthy of notice that the times vary on different days, being shortened by a rear and lengthened by a head wind. The velocity of sound may be readily obtained with the telephone in the same manner. The time for the sound of the discharge passing through the air was always shown by the watch, but as it was not desirable for any purpose to stop the watch until the bullet reached the target these times were not taken. This so far as I am aware, is the first attempt to utilize the telephone in experiments of this nature." Thinking this would prove of interest I have copied and send you the above. Very truly, yours,

C. B. NORTON.

—He was about leaving her. The ormolu (or something) clock on the Parisian marble mantel had just rung eleven on the silver bell. The fire crackled in the burning grate. It was a very impressive scene. "My darling," said he, "when shall I look again into the blue depths of your eyes?" and he put both arms around her. "Come at the earliest possible moment, my king," said she. Then he drew her toward him, hugged her just a little, and a kiss broke softly on the air. The sumptuous appartment was just flooded with bliss when on the quiet scene, as he clasped her to his heart, there rang out a sound like the crack of a rifle, and he felt something under his right arm. "Oh, je-whittacker?" he yelled, as he rushed out doors. "I've broke her rib, by jingo," and he streaked it down street, while there floated after him a pleading voice—"O, my heart's idol, come back! It was only a corset bone!" But he was gone.

—Belfast, Me., can boast of a boy of nine who a year or two ago pushed a little girl into a bonfire and caused her death. Subsequently he caused the death of his own father by the simple process of tying a string across a path, over which the old gentleman fell. He died. This precocious child would make an excellent playmate for Jesse Pomeroy.

—In the poorhouse of Saginaw county Mich., there was an old man who for many years had been in the emyloy of the Hudson Bay Company. Alone and friendless, he hoped for a speedy termination of his wretched existence; but life, when it was least wanted, would not depart. He grew to be 102 years of age, and then committed suicide in a pigsty at the almshouse.

—The smartest Newfoundland dog yet discovered lives at Haverhill, Mass. He meets the newsboy at the gate every morning and carries his master's paper into the house; that is, he did so till the other day, when his master stopped taking the paper. The next morning the dog noticed the boy passing on the other side without leaving the newspaper, went over and took the whole bundle from him and carried them into the house.