CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

God bless our wide Dominion,
Our fathers' chosen land;
And bind in lasting union
Each ocean's distant strand.
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

O bless our wide Dominion,
True freedom's fairest scene;
Defend our people's union,
God save our Empire's Queen!

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be Thou her Shield and Sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honor
Her children's deeds attest.

O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's nurture,
Her's are the conquering hours,
No foeman's stroke shall hurt her,
"This Canada of ours."

O bless, etc.

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine.
They tracked the floods and fountains,
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
The glorious Prairie land.

O bless, etc.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make Thou our nation strong;
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong!
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way,
'Tis ours to keep their stations
And lead the van to-day.

O bless, etc.

Inheritors of glory,
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
Shall onward victory bear.
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win, or fighting die!

O bless, etc.

FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

"And was it her own money she sent me, or where did she get it? Has she the open sesame to your father's purse? If so, you had better apply to her, when in need," Josey said; and in a sudden spasm of fear lest in some way Rossie should become a victim of the greed he was beginning dimly to comprehend, he told the story of the hair, but withheld the name of Beatrice, from a feeling that he would rather Josephine should not know of his acquaintance with her.

"What do you think of a girl who could do so generous a thing as that for a great lout like me?" he asked, and Josephine replied, "I think she was a little goose! Catch me parting with my hair; though I am glad she did it, as it relieved you, and was of great benefit to Joe Fleming."

She laughed lightly, but Everard was disgusted and indignant at her utter want of appreciation of the sacrifice which few girls would have made. She saw the shadow on his face, and, suspecting the cause, changed her tactics, and became greatly interested in Rosamond, and said that she must be a generous, self-denying little thing, and she wished Everard would allow her to write to her in her own proper character as his wife. But to this he would not consent. He was not deceived by this change in her manner. He knew Josey had expressed her real sentiments at first and there was in his heart a constantly increasing sense of disappointment and loss of something, he scarcely knew what. Nor could all Josephine's wiles and witcheries lift the shadows from his face, and make him feel just as he used to do when he sat alone in the little parlor with her at his side. She was very charming in her brown silk, which fitted her admirably, and Beatrice herself could not have been softer and sweeter. and gentler than she tried to be; but there was something lacking and though Everard put his arm around her slender waist, and her golden hair was pillowed on his shoulder, his heart beat with heavy throbs of pain as he spoke of her last letter to him, in which she had asked for more money. It had been his intention to give her all he had, and bid her make it last the year, but he had changed his mind suddenly, and handed her only twenty dollars, and told her it was by mere chance that he was fortunate enough to have so much to give her, and that he hoped she would do the best she could with it; for, though he would gladly give her ten times the amount, if he could, the thing was impossible.

She thanked him graciously, and said she meant to be very economical, only things did cost so much, and as Mrs. Forrest, she felt that she must dress better than Josephine Fleming had done. If he said so she would take in sewing, or even washing, if he liked,—anything to show him she really meant to please him. He vetoed the washing and the sewing, of course, and then, as he heard the rattling of dishes in the adjoining room, he hastened to say that he was to leave on the half-past seven train, so as to reach Amherst that night. There was a passionate protest, and a pretty, pouting declaration that he did not care for her any more, and then she allowed herself to be comforted, and felt really relieved when she remembered Captain Sparks and his engagement for eight o'clock. There were waffles for supper,—Everard's favorites,—and Josephine sat by him and buttered them for him, and made his tea, and helped him to peaches and cream, and between times studied the face which baffled and puzzled her so, with its new expression, born of remorse and harrowing unrest. She had married a boy whom she thought to mould so easily, but she found him now a man, for whom she felt a little awe and fear, and there was something of real timidity and shyness in her manner when at last she said good-by to him, and watched him through the darkness as he went rapidly from her to the train which was to take him on his way to Amherst.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

It is not my intention to linger over the incidents of the next two years, or more than glance at the Forrest House, where Rosamond Hastings laughed, and played, and romped, gaining each day health and strength, and girlish beauty, but retaining always the same straightforward, generous, self-denying, truthful character which made her a favorite with every one. To Everard she was literally a good angel, and never was a son watched more carefully by an anxious mother than she watched and guarded him. She wrote him letters of advice and sage counsel such as a grandmother of seventy might have written, and which frequently had in them some word of warning against bad associates in general, and Joe Fleming in particular. She knew he had not broken with Joe altogether, for he told her so, and more than once in his sore need he had taken the money she never failed to send him when her quarterly allowance was paid. But for the rest, he was manfully keeping to the pledge which she had drawn for him to sign. Only once in all the two years had he ventured to ask his father for more money than that close-dealing man chose to give him, and the storm of anger which that request had evoked determined him never to repeat the act. He sent his father's letter to Josephine, that she, too, might understand how difficult it was for him to supply her constantly increasing wants, and for a time the effect was good; but an inordinate fondness for dress was one of Josey's weaknesses, and having once indulged it to a certain extent she could not readily deny herself, especially as she felt she had a right to a part, at least, of the Forrest money. So she wrote to Everard again and again, sometimes for five dollars, sometimes for ten, or twenty, and when she found that sooner or later it came she ventured to ask for more, and at last demanded fifty dollars, which she needed for furs, as her old ones were worn out. Then Everard sold the little diamond pin his mother had given him, and parted with it almost without a pang, he was getting so accustomed to these things. He had long before parted with his best suit of clothes, and from the most exquisitely dressed young man in the college he was fast becoming the plainest, and was getting the reputation of penuriousness in everything. His first-class boarding house was exchanged for a third-rate club, where the poorest young men lived; he wrote articles for the magazines and sold them for whatever he could get, and once, when the janitor was sick for a week, he took his place, and earned a few dollars with which to swell the amount he found it necessary to keep on hand for the woman who sported a handsomer wardrobe than the greatest lady in Holburton.

Of course the world must have some explanation for this, or the girl's reputation be ruined forever. And Josey made the explanation and said a distant relative of her father's had died in Ireland, and left her a few pounds to do with as she liked. And in this story there was a semblance of truth, for a maiden aunt, who for years had lived in Portrush, on the northern coast of Ireland, and taken lodgers during the summer season, did die and leave to her grandnieces in America the sum of fifty pounds, which was ostensibly divided between Agnes and Josephine, though the latter had the greater share, and immediately appeared on the street in an expensive velvet sack, which attracted much attention and elicited a great many remarks from those who were watching the career of the young girl. She was not popular, for with her fine dress she had also put on all sorts of airs, and her manner was haughty and offensive in the extreme, while her flirtations with gentlemen were so marked as to make her notorious as a heartless and unprincipled coquette. Captain Sparks had laid himself and his immense fortune at her feet, only, of course, to be refused; but she had told him so sweetly, with tears in her liquid blue eyes, that he was not more than half convinced that she meant it, and dangled still in her train of hangers-on. Dr. Matthewson, too, was there frequently, and people had good reasons for thinking him the favored one, judging from the familiar relations in which they seemed to stand to each other. Once in a great while Everard himself went over to Holburton, but he never stopped more than a few hours at the most, and was seldom seen in the street with Josephine, who was supposed to have lost her hold on him,—and so in fact she had; all his fancied love for her was dead, and her beauty never moved him now, or made his pulses quicken one whit faster than their wont. She was his wife, and he accepted the fact, and resolved to make the best of it, but the future held nothing bright in store for him. On the contrary, he shrank from it with a kind of nervous terror, and felt no throb of joy when his college days drew near their close and he knew that he stood first in his class, and should graduate with every possible honor. He had worked hard for that, but it was more to please Beatrice and Rosamond than for any good to himself that he had studied early and late, and made himself what he was. They were coming on from Rothsay with his father to see him graduated, and hear his valedictory, for that honor was awarded him, and he had engaged rooms for them at a private house where he knew they would be more comfortable than at the hotel. Rossie was all eagerness and excitement, and wrote frequently to Everard, telling him once that if Joe Fleming was there to not let him know who she was, but to be sure to point him out to her, as she had a great desire to see a real gambler and blackleg. She had recently applied this last term to Joe Fleming, and Everard smiled when he read the letter, but felt a great pang of fear lest Josephine should thrust herself upon the notice of his father and Beatrice. He had given her no hint that her presence would be agreeable to him, but he knew she did not need it, and was not at all disappointed when he received a note from her saying that she was coming down to see him graduate, but should not trouble him more then she could help, as a friend who lived about a mile from town had asked her to spend a few days with her, and be present at the exercises. She should, of course, expect him to call and pay her any little attention which he consistently could.

It was long since Josephine had attempted anything like love-making with Everard, for she felt that he understood her perfectly now, and had no respect whatever for her. He had found her a sham, just as Rossie had said she was, and had accepted his fate with a bitterness and remorse such as few men of his age had ever experienced. He did not believe in her at all, and whenever he was with her, and met the soft, pleading glance of the eyes which had once so fascinated and bewitched him he only felt indignant and disgusted, for he knew how false it all was, and that the eyes which looked so beseechingly up to him would the next hour rest as lovingly upon Dr. Matthewson, or Captain Sparks, or any other man whom she deemed worthy of her notice. Once, when he was in Holburton, he accidentally discovered that the washing and ironing, with which Agnes seemed always busy, were done to pay the music bills and sundry other expenses, for which he had sent the money, and in his surprise he asked a few leading questions and learned more than he had dreamed of. As the worm will turn when trodden up, so Agnes, who chanced to be smarting under some fresh indignity imposed upon her, turned upon her tyrant and told many things which, for Everard's peace of mind, would have been better unsaid, for she dwelt mostly upon Josey's free-and-easy manner with the gentlemen who came to the house to call, or chanced to be boarding there.

"I don't mean she does anything bad," she said, "anything you could sue for if you wanted to, but she just makes eyes at them, and leads them on, and gets them all dangling on her string, and wants to be their sister, and all that sort of stuff, and when the fools offer themselves, as some of them do, she rises up on her tip-toes and wonders how they could presume to do such a thing, as she had never meant to encourage them,—she was simply their friend; and, if you'll believe it, they mostly stick to her just the same, and the sister business goes on, and she a married woman! I'm sorry for you, Mr. Forrest!"

And oh, how sorry he was for himself, and how after this revelation he shrank from the gay butterfly which flitted around him so gracefully, and treated him to the eyes of which Agnes had spoken so significantly. And still there was no open rupture between the two, no words of recrimination or reproach on either side. He was always courteous and polite, though cold as the polar sea; while she was sweetness itself, and only the expression of her face told occasionally that she fully realized the situation, and knew just how she stood with him. But he was her husband, and as such would one day be known to the world, and she was far prouder of him now in his character as a man than she had been when she took him, a boy; and she meant to see him on the stage in Amherst, and compel him to pay her some attention which should mark her as an object of preference. She knew he did not wish to have her there, but she did not care for that, and wrote to him her intention to be present at the commencement, and her wish that he should pay her some attention.

The old, weary, hopeless look, which had become habitual to his face, deepened in intensity as Everard read the note, and then began to calculate the chances of a meeting between his friends and Josey. He was very morbid about this secret, which he had kept so long that it seemed to him now that he never could divulge it, even if sure that his father's bitter anger would not follow. And he did not wish Beatrice and Rossie to see his wife, if he could help it, and perhaps he could. There would be a great crowd in the church; they could not see her there; and, as Mrs. Everets lived more than a mile from town, they might not meet her at all unless at the reception given by the president, and to this Josey would hardly be invited. So he breathed a little more freely, and completed his arrangements for his family, and wrote a line to Josey, saying he would call upon her at Mrs. Everets when she came, but should be so very busy that he could not be with her a great deal.

To Rosamond he wrote quite differently, and told her how glad he was that she was coming, and how much he hoped she would enjoy the trip, and that there was the coziest, prettiest room imaginable waiting for her in one of the pleasantest houses in town. And Rossie was crazy with delight and anticipation, and scarcely slept a wink the night before they started. And still she was very bright, and fresh, and pretty, in her suit of Holland linen, and never was journey more enjoyed than she enjoyed hers, seeing everything, and appreciating everything, and declaring that she was not a whit tired when at last they reached Amherst, and found Everard waiting for them.

CHAPTER XII.

COMMENCEMENT.

It was nearly a year since they had seen Everard, and Bee and Rossie were struck at once with the great change in his personal appearance, while even the judge noticed how thin and pale he was, but attributed it naturally to hard study. Fresh air and exercise at home would soon make that all right, he thought, and so dismissed it from his mind. But Beatrice and Rosamond both saw more than the thin face, which had grown so pale and troubled. They saw that Everard's hat was the same worn the year before when he was home; saw that his pants were shining about the knees, and his coat shining and worn about the sleeves, while his boots were carefully patched. Once he had been the best and most fashionably-dressed young man in college, but he was far from that now, though he was scrupulously neat and clean, and looked every whit a gentleman as he walked with the young ladies down the shaded street, and tried to seem natural, and answer gayly to Beatrice's light badinage and Rossie's quaint remarks. But it was up-hill business, for how could he be happy when he knew that Josey would soon be watching for him, and expecting him to pass a part of the evening, at least, with her? What if she should take it into her head to come to town and hunt him up, and find him there with his friends? What could he say or do, and what would they think of her? It made him faint and sick just to imagine Beatrice weighing Josephine as she would weigh her, and discovering more than the enormity of cotton lace and dollar jewellery, while Rossie,—he could not define to himself why he shrank so nervously from having her clear, honest eyes scan Josephine Fleming, as he knew they would do.

After tea was over, Everard took his father through the town and introduced him to some of the professors, and then, as the twilight began to fall, asked to be excused a short time, as he had an engagement to call upon a friend; so his father returned alone to his lodgings, and Everard started on a rapid walk towards Mrs. Everts'. He did not know the lady personally, but he knew where she lived, and was soon at her gate, where he paused a moment in some surprise at the sounds of talking and laughter which greeted his ears. The parlor was lighted up, and through the open windows he caught a glimpse of Josephine, fair and lovely, in pure white, with only a bit of honeysuckle at her throat and in her hair, which fell like a golden shower upon her neck, and gave her a very youthful appearance. Gathered around her were four young men, juniors and sophomores, each striving for the preference, and each saying some soft thing to her, at which she laughed so prettily and coquettishly that their zeal and admiration were increased tenfold.

"How did these puppies know her?" Everard asked himself, as he leaned against the gate; then he remembered having heard that one of them had spent a little time in Holburton, and probably he was in the habit of going there occasionally, and had taken the others with him.

At all events she seemed to know them well, and they were in the full tide of flattery and mirth when his ring broke the spell, and he was ushered into the parlor.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" Josey exclaimed, coming gracefully forward, and giving him both her hands, an act which was noted by the juniors and sophomores, and mentally resented.

What business had that grave, dignified Forrest there, and why should Miss Fleming greet him so cordially, and where did she know him anyway? They had heard he was very wealthy, and that he once was very fast and wild, but something had changed him entirely, and transformed him into a sober, reticent, and, as they believed, very proud and stingy young man, whose perfectly correct behaviour was a living rebuke to themselves. He was not popular with their set and they showed it in their faces, and pulled at their cravats, and fingered the bouquets in their button-holes, and stood round awkwardly, while he talked with Josey, and asked her of her journey, and her mother and Agnes, and answered her questions about the exercises the next day, and the best place for her to sit.

"Oh, we will arrange that; we will see that you have a good seat," the juniors and sophomores echoed in the chorus; and with a slight sneer, perceptible to Josey, on his face, Everard said to her: "I do not see that there is any chance for me to offer you any attention, you seem so well provided for."

Josey bit her lip with vexation, for though she was delighted to have so many admirers at her side, she would far rather have been cared for particularly by this husband of whom she was beginning to be a good deal afraid. He was so greatly changed that she could not understand him at all, or guess what was passing in his mind, and when at last he rose to go she said to him almost beseechingly:

"I hope I shall see you to-morrow."

"Possibly, though I shall be very busy," was his reply; and just then one of the juniors said to him:

"By the way, Forrest, who is that fine-looking, elderly gentleman I saw with you this evening? Your father?"

"Yes, my father," Everard replied, feeling a desire to throttle the young man, and glancing involuntarily at Josephine, over whom a curious change had come.

There was a blood-red spot on her cheeks, and an unnatural glitter in her eyes, and she said to the quartette around her:

"Excuse me a moment. I have just thought of something which I particularly wish to say to Mr. Forrest."

The next moment she stood in the hall with him, and was saying to him rapidly and excitedly:—"Your father is here, and you did not tell me. I don't like it. I wish to see him,—wish him to see me, and you must introduce me at the reception. I intend to be there."

"Very well," was all Everard said, but he felt as if a band of iron was drawn around his heart as he went back to Beatrice and Rossie, who were waiting for him, and who noticed at once the worried look upon his face, and wondered a little at it.

Had anything happened to disquiet him, that he should seem so absent-minded and disturbed? Rossie was the first to reach a solution of the mystery, and when, at his request, Beatrice seated herself at the piano and began to play, she stole up to him, and whispered very low, "Have you seen Joe Fleming to-night?"

"Yes," was the reply, and Rossie's wise little nod said plainly, "I guessed as much."

In her mind every trouble or perplexity which came to Everard had something to do with the mysterious Joe Fleming, though in what way she could not guess. She only knew that it was so, and she felt an increased desire to see this *bete noir* of Mr. Everard's.

"And perhaps I shall have a chance to-morrow night at the reception. It will be just like his impudence to be there," she thought, when at last she laid her tired head upon her pillow.

Rossie was very pale and haggard when she came down to breakfast the next mornig. She was accustomed to the headache, and knew that one was coming on, but she fought the pain back bravely, for she could not miss the valedictory.

It was comparatively early when she and Beatrice entered the church, which, even at that hour, was densely packed. But good seats were found for them, and Rossie sat all through the exercises and listened breathlessly to Mr. Everard's oration, and threw him a bouquet, and wondered who the beautiful lady was who stood on tiptoe to cheer him, and who seemed so desirous that her bouquet of pansies and rose geraniums should reach him in safety. Beatrice did not see the lady but she saw the bouquet of pansies which fell at Everard's feet, where he seemed disposed to let it lie, until a boy picked it up and handed it to him. It was very pretty, and the pansies showed well against the background of green, but Beatrice little guessed how faint and sick the young man felt as he held them with the flowers Rossie had thrown. These he had picked up himself, and smiled pleasantly upon the young girl, whose pride and satisfaction shone in her brilliant eyes, and whose face was almost as white as the dress she wore. For Rossie was growing sick very fast, and when the exercises were over could not even wait to speak to Everard, but hurried with Beatrice to her room, where she went directly to bed.

The reception was given up, but Rossie saw Everard a moment and told him how proud she was of him, and how fine she thought his valedictory.

Everard's spirits were much lighter now than they had been in the morning, but when he remembered what had lightened them, he felt himself a very brute and monster, for it was nothing less than the sight of Rossie's pale, sick face, and the knowing that she would not attend the reception, or Beatrice either, for the latter insisted upon staying with the girl, and said she was only too glad to do so, for she did not care for the people she should meet, and would much rather remain at home with Rossie.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RECEPTION.

It was a rather stupid affair, with a great many more gentlemen than ladies. Indeed, there were but very few of the latter present, and these mostly the wives and daughters of the professors, with any guest who chanced to be visiting them, so that when Josephine entered the room in her flowing robes of white, with her beautiful hair falling down her back, she created a great sensation. How she obtained an invitation to the reception would be difficult to tell, but obtained it she had, and had spent hours over her dress, which was a masterpiece of grace and girlish simplicity. It was white tarletan, which fitted her perfectly, and left bare just enough of her neck and arms to be becoming. Clusters of pansies looped up the overdress, and formed her shoulder-knots, while a bunch of the same flowers mingled with sweet mignonette was fastened at her throat, and around her neck was a delicate chain of gold from which was suspended a turquoise locket, set with a few small pearls. Everything about her, though not costly, was in perfect taste, and she looked so charming, so fresh and lovely, when she entered the hot parlor, accompanied by one of the seniors, who was her escort, that the guests held their breath for a moment to look at her; then the gentlemen who knew her—and there were a dozen or more of them—pressed eagerly forward, each ambitious to pay her some attention.

Everard was standing by his father and the president when she came in, and at the sight of her, smiling sweetly and bearing herself so royally, he felt for an instant a thrill of something like pride in her. But when he remembered that this beauty, and grace, and sweetness was all there was of the woman; that her manner was studied, even to the smile on her lips, and the expression of her eyes, he turned from her with a feeling of disgust, but glanced nervously at his father to see what effect she would have upon him. Judge Forrest saw her, and stopped a moment in the midst of something he was saying to the president to look at her; then, moved by one of those unaccountable prejudices which one sometimes takes against a stranger without knowing why, he turned his back and resumed his interrupted conversation, and so he did not see young Allen her attendant, when he presented her to Everard as one whom she had never met.

There was a comical gleam in Josey's eyes, and Everard's face was scarlet as he said:

"I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Fleming, I believe."

Seeing an opening in the crowd, Allen tried to pass on; but Josey had no intention of leaving that locality, and, as soon as she could, she disengaged herself from him, and standing close to Everard, said, in a low tone:

"Present me to your father."

He had no alternative but to obey, and in a few moments Josey's great blue eyes were looking up coyly and deferentially at the stern old Judge, and, a few moments later, her arm was linked in his, and he was leading her toward an open window where it was cooler, and the crowd was not so great. She had complained that it was warm and close, and asked the Judge if he would mind taking her near the conservatory, where it must be more comfortable.

And so the judge gave her his arm and piloted her to the window, where she got between him and the people and compelled him to stand and listen, while she talked in her most flattering strain, telling him how glad she was to meet him, she had heard so much of him from his son, who sometimes visited at her mother's, and how much he was like what she had fancied him to be from Everard's description, only so much more youthful looking.

If there was anything the judge detested it was for an old man to look younger than his years. It was in some sense a living lie, he thought, and he abominated anything like deception. So when Josephine spoke of his youthful appearance, he answered gruffly, "I am sixty, and look every day of it. If I thought I didn't, I'd proclaim it aloud, for I hate deception of every kind."

"Yes, I should know you did, and there we agree perfectly," Josephine replied, and she leaned a little more heavily upon his arm, and made what Agnes called her eyes at him, and asked him to hold her fan while she buttoned her glove, and asked him about Charleston as it was before the war, and wished that she could have seen it in all its glory.

"Do you know," and she spoke very low and looked straight up into his face, "it is very naughty in me, I admit, but at heart I believe I'm a bit of a rebel, and though, of course, I was very young when the war broke out, and didn't quite know what it was about, I secretly sympathized with you Southerners, and held a little jubilee by myself when I heard of a Southern victory. Do you think me a traitor?" and she smiled sweetly into the face which never relaxed a muscle, but was cold and frigid as ice.

Judge Forrest was, to his heart's core, a Southerner, and had sympathized with his people during the rebellion, because they were his people; but had he been born North he would have been just as strong a Federal as he was a Confederate, so, instead of thinking more highly of Miss Josey for her rebel sentiments, he thought the less of her, and answered rebukingly, "Young woman, I do not quite believe you know all the word traitor implies; if you did, you wouldn't voluntarily apply it to yourself."

"No, perhaps not. I'm a foolish, silly girl, I know," Josey answered him humbly, while great tears swam in her blue eyes, but produced no effect upon the judge.

Indeed, he scarcely saw them, he was so intent upon ridding himself of this piece of affectation and vulgarity, as he mentally pronounced her, and it was all in vain that she practiced upon him the little coquetries which she was wont to play off on other men with more or less success. He did not care for her innocence, nor her pretty pretence of ignorance of the world, nor timidity nor shyness, nor love of books and poetry, nor admiration of himself, for she tried all these, one after another, and felt herself growing angry with this man who stood so unmoved before her and seemed only anxious to get away. She had made no impression on him whatever, at least no good impression, and she knew it, and resolved upon one final effort. He might be reached through his son, and so she mentioned Everard, and complimented his oration, and told how high he stood in the estimation of the professors, and what an exemplary young man he was, and ended by saying, "You must be very proud of him, are you not?"

Here was a direct question, but the Judge did not answer it. There was beginning to dawn upon him a suspicion that this girl, whose flippant manner he so much disliked, was more interested in his son than in himself, and if so, possibly, his son was interested in her. At all events he meant to know the extent of their acquaintance, and instead of answering her question, he asked:

"Have you known my son long?"

Josey thought the truth would answer better than equivocation, and she told him that Everard had boarded with her mother a few weeks three years ago.

"You remember," she said, "he spent his long vacation east, and a part of it in Holburton, where we live. Perhaps you may have heard him speak of my mother. She knew your wife well, and was at your wedding, though you would not remember her, of course, among so many strangers."

The Judge did not remember her, nor could he recall the name as one which he had ever heard, but he did not think of doubting Josey's word, and never suspected that, though her mother had been present at his bridal, it was as a former servant in the Bigelow family; he only knew that if she had been the most intimate friend of his wife, he did not like her daughter, and he greeted with rapture the young man who at last appeared and took her off his hands. Her attempt at familiarity with him had failed, and she felt intensely chagrined, and mortified, and disappointed, for she began to understand how difficult it would be for Everard to confess his marriage, and to fear the consequence if he did. A tolerably skilful reader of human nature, she saw what kind of man Judge Forrest was, and felt that Everard had not misrepresented him. She saw, too, that he had conceived a dislike to herself, and for the first time began to dread the result should he know that she was his daughter-in-law. Disinheritance of Everard might follow, and then farewell to her dream of wealth, and luxury, and position. It is true the latter would be hers to a certain extent, for the wife of Everard Forrest would always take precedence of Josephine Fleming, but Josey liked what money would bring her better than position, and perhaps it would be well to keep quiet a while longer, provided her rapidly increasing wants were supplied. In this conclusion she was greatly strengthened when, the morning following the reception, Everard came for a few moments to see her and escort her to the train, for she was to leave that morning for home.

Between Everard and his father there had been a little conversation concerning Miss Josey, and not very complimentary to her either.

"Who was that bold, brazen-faced girl you introduced me to?" the judge had asked, and Everard replied:

"Do you mean that blonde in white? That is Miss Fleming from Holburton. She is called very beautiful."

"Umph! looks well enough, for that matter, but I do not like her. She is quite too forward, and familiar, and affected. There's nothing real about her, but her brass and vulgarity. And you boarded there, it seems, and knew her well?" the judge said, testily, and Everard stammered out that he did board with Mrs. Fleming, and had found Josephine a very agreeable young lady.

He must say so much in defence of the girl who was his wife, but it seemed to vex his father, who began to lose his temper, and said he should think very little of a young man who could find anything agreeable in that girl!

"Why, she has no modesty or womanly delicacy at all, or she would not try to attract as she does with her eyes, and her hands, and her fan, and her naked arms, and the Lord only knows what. You are no son of mine if you can find pleasure in the society of such women as she represents. Why, she is as unlike Beatrice and Rossie as darkness is unlike daylight."

This was the Judge's verdict, and Everard felt his chain cutting deeper and deeper as he thought how impossible it was for him to acknowledge the marriage now. He did not sleep at all that night, and the morning found him pale, and haggard, and spiritless, as he walked down the road in the direction of Mrs. Everts'. Josey was waiting for him and ready for the train. She had not told any of her numerous admirers that she expected to leave that morning, as she wished to see Everard alone. She was neither pale, or fagged, nor tired looking, though she, too, had passed a sleepless night, but her complexion was just as soft, and creamy, and smooth, and her eyes just as bright and melting as she welcomed her husband, and laying her hand on his, said to him:

"You are going with your father, I suppose. How long before I can come too?"

There was a sudden lifting of his hand to his head as if he had been struck, and Everard staggered a little back from her, as he replied:

"Come to Forrest House? I don't know. I am afraid that will never be while father lives."

"Yes, I saw he took a great dislike to me, and probably he has been airing his opinion of me to you," she said, tartly; then, as Everard did not speak, she continued: "Tell me what he said of me."

"Why should he say anything of you to me? He knows nothing," Everard asked, and Josephine replied:

"I don't know why. I only know he has; so, out with it. I insist upon knowing the worst. What did he say?"

There was a hard ring in her voice, which Agnes knew well, but which Everard had never heard before, and a look in her eyes before which he quailed; and, after a moment, during which she twice repeated:

"Tell me what he said," he answered her:

"I would rather not, for I have no wish to wound you unnecessarily, and what father said was not complimentary."

"I know that. I knew that he hated me, but I insist upon knowing just what he said and all he said," cried Josey passionately, for she who seldom lost her temper except with Agnes was beginning to lose it now.

"If you will insist I must tell you, I suppose," Everard said, "but remember that father's prejudices are sometimes unfounded."

He meant to soften it to her as much as possible, but he told her the truth, and Josey was conscious of a keener pang of mortification than she had ever felt before. She had meant to win the Judge, just as she won all men when she tried, but she had failed utterly. He disliked and despised her, and if he knew she was his son's wife he might go to any length to be rid of her, even to the attempting a divorce. Once, when sorely pressed, Agnes had suggested that idea as something which might occur to Everard, and said:

"You know that under the circumstances he could get one easily."

Josephine knew that he could, too, but she had faith in Everard. He would not bring this publicity upon himself and her; but his father was quite another sort of person. She was afraid of him, and of what he might do if roused to action as a knowledge of the marriage would rouse him. He must not know of it at present, and though she had intended to make Everard acknowledge her as soon as he was graduated and settled at home, she changed her mind suddenly, and was almost as anxious to keep the secret as Everard himself.

"I am greatly obliged to your father for his opinion of me," she said, when she could command herself to speak. "He is the first man I ever failed to please when I really tried to do so, and I did try hard to make an impression, but it was all a waste of words; he is drier and stiffer than an old powder-horn. I don't like your father, Everard, and I am free to say so, though, of course, I mean no blame to you. I am glad I have met him, for I understand the situation perfectly, and I know just how you shrink from letting him know our secret. I hoped that you would take me home as soon as you were settled at your law studies in your father's office, but I am convinced that to announce your marriage with me at present would be disastrous to your future; so we must wait still longer, hoping that something will turn up."

She spoke very cheerfully, and her hand was on Everard's, and her eyes were wearing their sweetest expression as she added:

"But you will write to me often, won't you, and try to love me again as you did before that night, which I wish had never been for your sake, because I know you are sorry."

He did not say he was not; he did not say anything, but the shadow lifted from his face, and his heart gave a great bound when he heard from her own lips that she should not urge her claim upon him at once. He had feared this with such fear as a freed slave has of a return to his chains, and now that he was to have a little longer respite, he felt so happy and grateful withal that when she said to him:

"I wish you'd kiss me once for the sake of the old time;" he stooped and kissed her twice, and let her golden head rest against his bosom, where she laid it for a moment, but he felt no throb of love for this woman who was his wife. That was dead, and he could not rekindle it, but he could be kind to her, and do his duty to her, and he talked with her of his future, and said he meant to go to work at something at once, and hoped to become a regular contributor to a magazine which paid well, and he seemed so bright and cheerful that Josey flattered herself that she had touched him again. Nothing could have been further from the truth, though he was very polite to her and went with her to the station, where she was immediately surrounded by a bevy of students who were there also to take the train, and who, in their eagerness to serve her, left Everard far in the background.

The fact that young Forrest, who from the fastest, wildest young man in the college had become the soberest, most reserved, and, as they fancied, most aristocratic member of his class, had attended Miss Fleming to the train, did not in the least lessen her in the estimation of the students who gathered around her so quickly. Indeed, it increased her importance, and she knew it, and felt a great pride in the tall, handsome, dignified man who stood and saw one take her satchel, another her shawl, and another her umbrella, while he who alone had a right to render her these attentions looked on silently. Whatever he thought he gave no sign, and his face was just as grave as ever when at last he said good-bye and walked away.

"Did you come up here to see that girl off?" was said close to his ear, in a voice and tone he knew so well, just as he left the depot, and turning suddenly, he saw his father, with an unmistakable look of displeasure on his face.

The judge was taking his morning stroll, and had sauntered to the station just in time to see the long curls he remembered so well float out of the car window, and to see the fluttering of the handkerchief Josephine was waving at his son.

"Yes, father, I came to see her off. There was no one else to do it, and I know her so well. her mother was very kind to me."

"Umph! I've no doubt of it. Such people always are kind to young men like you," the judge said, contemptuously; "but I won't have it; I tell you, I won't!" That girl is just as full of tricks as she can hold, and is never so happy as when she has twenty or more fools dangling after her. She will marry the one with the most money, of course, but it must not be you; remember that. I believe I'd turn you out of doors."

Just then they met one of the professors, and that changed the conversation, which did not particularly tend to raise Everard's spirits, as he went to the house where Beatrice and Rosamond were stopping. Still, he felt a great burden gone when he remembered that of her own free will Josephine had decided that their secret must be kept for a while longer, and something of his own self came back to him as he thought of months, if not a whole year, of freedom with Beatrice and Rossie, at the old home in Rothsay.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO MONTHS.

Of the every-day life of the three young people, Beatrice, Everard and Rosamond, I wish to say a few words before hurrying on to the tragedy which cast so dark a shadow over them all. But there was no sign of the storm now in the rose-tinted sky, and Everard never forgot that bright summer and autumn which followed his return from college,—when he was so happy in the society of Beatrice and Rossie. It is true he never forgot that he was bound fast, with no hope of ever being free, but here in Rothsay, miles and miles away from the chain which bound him, it did not hurt so much or seem quite so hard to bear.

Josephine was not very troublesome; in fact, she had only written to him twice, and then she did not ask for money, and seemed quite as anxious as himself that their secret should be kept from his father until some way was found to reconcile him to it. Possibly her reticence on the subject of money arose from the fact that he sent her fifty dollars in his first letter written after his return to Rothsay. This large sum he had got together by the most rigid economy in his own expenses, and by the interest on a few shares of railroad stock which a relative had left to him as her godson. This stock for a time had been good for nothing, but recently it had risen in value, so that a dividend had been declared, and Everard had sent the first proceeds to Josephine; but his boyish love was dead, and he did not try to resuscitate it, or build another love where that had been; he was content with the present as it was. His father, who was very kind to him, and seemed trying to make amends for his former severity and harshness, had said he was not to enter the office to study till October. Looking in his boy's face, he had seen something which he mistook for weariness, and too close application to books, and he said, "You do not seem quite well. Your mother's family were not strong; so rest till October. Have a good time with Rossie and Bee, and you will be better fitted to bone down to work when the time for it comes."

This was a great deal for Judge Forrest to say, but he felt very indulgent toward his son, who had graduated with so much honor, and who seemed to be wholly upright and steady; and in a fit of wonderful generosity he went so far as to present him with a fine mustang, as a fitting match to Beatrice's fleet riding-horse. This was just what Everard wanted, and he and Miss Belknap rode miles and miles together over the fine roads and through the beautiful country in the vicinity of Rothsay. Rosamond sometimes accompanied them, but she was not fond of riding, and old Bobtail, the gray mare, sent her up so high, and seemed so out of place beside Bee's shining black pony, and Everard's white-face mustang, that she preferred remaining at home; and so the two were left to themselves, and people talked knowingly of what was sure to be, and hinted it to Rosamond, who never contradicted them, but by her manner gave credence to the story. She believed implicitly that Beatrice was coming to be mistress of the Forrest House, and was very happy in the prospect, for next to Mr. Everard she liked Bee Belknap better than any person in the world. Many were the castles she built of the time when Everard should bring his bride home. Since Mrs. Forrest's death so many rooms had been shut up, and the house had seemed so lonely and almost dreary, especially in the winter, but with Bee there all would be changed, and Rossie even indulged in the hope that possibly the furniture in her own little room might be replaced by better, or at least added to. The Judge, too, watched matters with an immense amount of satisfaction. Years ago he had settled it that Everard would marry Bee, and he was sure of it now. That girl with the yellow hair, as he always called Josephine to himself, was not anything to his son, as he had once feared she might be. Everard could never stoop to her; Everard would marry Bee, and it might as well take place at once; there was no need to wait, and just as soon as his son was established in the office he meant to speak to him, and if it were not already settled it should be, and Christmas was the time fixed in his own mind as a fitting season for the bridal festivities. He would fill the house with guests all through the holidays, and when they were gone the young couple might journey as far as Washington, or even Florida, if they liked. Then in the spring Bee could fit up the south side of the house as expensively as she chose, and Rossie should have the large corner room next his own on the north side, thus leaving the newly married pair as much to themselves as possible.

And so the wires were being laid, and Everard stepped over and around them all unconsciously, and took the good the gods provided for him, whether in the shape of Beatrice, or Rosamond, or his father's uniform kindness toward him; and the September days went by, and October came, and found him a student at last in his father's office, where he bent every energy to mastering the law and gaining his profession. There were no more long rides with Beatrice, and his mustang chafed and fretted and grew unmanageable for want of exercise. There were no more strolls in the leafy woods with Rossie, who gathered the nuts, and ferns, and grasses alone, and rarely had Everard's society except at meal-time, when she managed to post him with regard to all the details of her quiet, every-day life. She was reading Chateaubriand's "Atala" in French, and found it rather stupid; or she was learning a new piece of music she knew he would like; or old Blue had six new kittens in his trunk up in the garret, and she wished him to go and see them.

Everard was always interested in what interested Rosamond, and on no one did his glance rest so kindly as on this little old-fashioned girl, in whom there seemed to be no guile; but he had no leisure time to give her. It was his plan to get his profession as soon as possible, and then, taking Josephine, go to some new place in the far West, where he could grow up with the town, and perhaps be comparatively independent and happy. But his future had been ordered otherwise, and suddenly, without a note of warning, his house of cards came down, and buried him in its ruins.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMIC BUDGET.

—The Chicago *Tribune* thinks that the on who invented sleep did not furnish babies with enough of it.

—Many a man will confess to chills and fever who will not acknowledge that his mother-in-law has arrived for her annual six weeks' visit.

—When you have convinced an actor that any other actor can act for shucks you have won such a victory that dead-head tickets are nowhere.

—Gladstone is said to be the equal of Peel, Burke or Pitt. Anyhow he will Peel-off and try to Burke Beaconsfield into the Pitt of oblivion.

—The Mayor of San Francisco won't even pay the doctor who dug the bullet out of him, and the doctor feels like shooting them back in.

—The main reason why women have no luck in fishing is because they can't get anywhere where there isn't some other woman to criticise or gossip with.

—A New Jersey colored man, whose wife had left him, said: "She would come back if I frowed her some sugar; but I ain't frowin' no sugar, do you heah?"

—Seven New York *Herald* editors made up a pool of $2,000 and invested it in coal mine stocks. In thirty-six hours seven editors were dead-broke and ripping mad.

—The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said:—"Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does it mos' skeer us to death."

—The price of theatrical tickets in the palmy days of Rome was fifteen cents for the best, and the play lasted five hours. Just think how the stage has degenerated!

—Detroit *Free Press*: If Lucan, Ontario, is a fair sample of Canada, it is to be hoped for the fame of the United States that the Dominion will never be annexed.

—A Syracuse dentist has a large mirror before his operating chair in order that patients can see the expression of their faces as the tooth begins to start at the roots.

—Ohio men go out to milk, walk off into the twilight, and are seen no more forever. Perhaps the cows eat 'em up.—*Detroit Free Press*. Or the water drowns them.

—An Italian being accused of marrying five wives was asked by the Judge why he wedded so many. "In order to meet with a good one, if possible," the fellow replied.

—Miss Stoneman claims to be the first female ever voting in New York State. She can neither sew, knit, bake or patch, and it was well enough to make a man of her.

—A weather prophet says that in Europe, at least, there will be a fine summer, a hot autumn and another warm winter; but it is rather early to knit Christmas stockings.

—Theodore Tilton was asked by a New Hampshire woman if he really thought Beecher was guilty, and he evaded the question in a way that made her hair stand up.

—A Baltimore school teacher believes that pupils should have a hearty laugh at least twice per day, and she therefore manages to fall down that often to produce the incentive.

—All the rock
There is in rye
Is in the drinker's
E-y-e, eye.

—A man who began to read a paragraph about the manufacture of artificial diamonds the other day, dashed the paper down, saying he had enough of those blasted gem-puzzles.

—Wealthy cad: "Look here, bring me dinner, old man. The best you've got." Restaurateur: "Diner a la Carte, M'sieu?" Cad: "Cart be hanged! Dinner *a ler carriage!*"

—The way a London woman identified her stolen parrot was by bringing her husband into court and scolding him. The bird soon called out: "Oh! I wish you were dead, old woman!"

THE BRUCE MURDER.

Startling Story of Abraham Davis' Crime—Three Indians Slaughtered in Cold Blood.

At Osgoode Hall, on Friday, before Chief Justice Hagarty, application was made for bail in the case of Abraham Davis, who was indicted at the Walkerton Assizes for the murder of three Indians at Cape Hurd, in the county of Bruce, January, 1874. His Lordship refused to interfere, without the consent of the Crown. The informant in the case is George Nelson, who is a son-in-law of the prisoner, and the story he tells is a most startling one. Condensed from the papers produced in court and stripped of its legal phraseology, the information is to the following effect:

Nelson, who is a laborer, at present living at Southampton, is married to the prisoner's daughter, and lived with his father-in-law. In January, 1874, the latter and Nelson went to Cape Hurd for the purpose of burning wreckage which had drifted upon the beach, for the sake of the wrought iron nails which it contained. Cape Hurd is about three miles distant from the place where the prisoner lived. On the day they went to the beach, they both stayed out all night, sheltering themselves in a structure of boards which they erected, and protecting themselves from the coldness of the night by a fire which they kindled. While they were engaged in building the fire three Indians came to where they were. One of them spoke to Nelson, and shook hands with him and the prisoner. While Nelson was speaking to the Indians, Davis took up his rifle, a double barrelled one, and sat down beside the fire. The Indians withdrew a short distance and built a fire for themselves. Davis and Nelson then completed their camp and ate some lunch which they had brought with them. After the repast, Davis told Nelson that these Indians had stolen some lumber from him, and that his son was going to shoot them, but was deterred from doing so by Davis, who feared that the Indians would turn upon them and kill them all. He said further that he always intended to have satisfaction out of them for stealing the lumber, and that he wouldn't get a better chance than was presented that night. There would be no danger in destroying them, as he would tie up the sail and rudder, put the bodies in, and send them adrift upon the lake. Until Davis drew his attention to it, Nelson had not noticed a boat drawn up upon the beach. He had not seen any boat with the Indians, as they had come to camp on foot. Davis tapped his rifle and remarked, "There's the lady that is good for two of them, and we're good for the other one with the axe." Then he made threats against the lives of several others whom he mentioned, because they had offended him in various ways. He worked himself into such a passion that he trembled and foamed at the mouth. He remained this way for a couple of hours, when he said, "Are you going to help me kill these beggars?" Nelson tried to persuade him not to carry out his design, but he took Nelson by the collar and dragged him out of the camp. Nelson tried to free himself, but Davis threatened to hit him with the axe, and fearing that the threat would be carried into execution, he went along quietly. Nelson again tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but as he was speaking Davis raised his rifle and fired. Two Indians were lying sleeping by the fire, and as the rifle was discharged they threw up their hands and feet. The third one jumped up and was making towards the boat, when Davis fired the second barrel. The Indian did not fall until he reached the boat, when he leaned across its bow. The night was very dark, and as Davis ran towards the wounded man, with his gun clubbed, he fell, and dropping the rifle, could not recover it on account of the darkness. He got up, ran towards the fire, where there were two oars. He grasped one of the oars, and going to the boat, he struck the Indian on the side of the head and felled him. Davis then carried the bodies to the beach and placed them in the boat. He then put a lot of stones in her and shoved her afloat. When she was well afloat he struck her side with an axe and shoved her as far on the water as he could. Nelson could hear the water gurgling in through the hole Davis had made in her. Then he came back, and hunting up his rifle, loaded it, and asked if Nelson would ever tell on him. Not receiving any answer, he raised the gun, and pointing it at Nelson's head made him promise that he would never tell any one of the occurrence. "If people didn't know you were around here, I'd shoot you too." Both men then returned to camp, and Davis again began frothing at the mouth. They went home in the morning, and Nelson lived with his father-in-law until the spring, when he was ordered out of doors. Nelson did not inform upon Davis until last winter. He says that a constable named Belrose who was concerned in a trial in which Davis was charged with making threats, came to him and told him if he did not tell all he knew about Davis he would be arrested. Nelson then laid the information before a justice at Walkerton.

HOT AND COLD.

A Story That Mr. Wm. Paterson Doesn't Tell.

(Brantford Telegram.)

Among the railway travellers eating dinner at a hotel in Belleville the other day was a fellow who swallowed meat, potatoes and bread as if he had been a week without eating.

A second cup of coffee was brought to him and in his hurry he picked it up and took a large swallow. It was considerably hotter than pepper, and in his excitement he opened his mouth and shot the liquid across the table against a young man's shirt bosom.

"Gosh — whoop — hot — beg pardon—blazes!" he exclaimed, reaching for the water.

"You are a hog, sir!" replied the young man," a regular hog."

"I am, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I've got bristles?"

"Yes you have."

"And I grunt?"

"Yes."

"Stranger," said the man, as he reached across the table after another slapjack, "stranger, I'm not a hog—I'm only an M.P. bound for Ottawa."

—It is said by some one who is a careful observer of human nature that the difference between a man and a woman is to the last degree radical. It is shown in every experience of life. When, for instance, a man is driven to the verge of despair, his natural impulse is to shut himself up alone in his chamber and tear his hair. If, on the other hand, the same sad fortune overtakes a woman, she at once takes a firm hold of her husband's heir. It is this fact which leads some one to say that the smoothness of her husband's crown is the sure criterion of the wife's misfortunes.

ELECTRICITY.—The medical faculty have at last been induced to admit the power of electricity for the treatment of disease. The success of Edison's Electric Belts is a striking example.