

"I don't expect to do anything," answers Kate, overwhelmed by this dilemma. "In fact, you are like a child," says her aunt. "You have never looked beyond the day. Your uncle may indulge you in this folly, but I see no kindness in doing so, since the time must come when you will be forced to consider your future. If you throw away the brilliant prospects which Miss Brooke offers—and if you knew anything of the world, you would know that they are brilliant—you shall do so understanding fully your responsibility."

"Then you think I ought to go with her?" Kate asks in a subdued voice. The colour has faded out of her cheeks, her eyes are grave. Mrs. Lawrence is right. She has never before considered these things more than a child might. "I certainly think so," her aunt answers. "How anybody could think anything else, passes my comprehension."

So Kate feels that her doom is sealed, and she goes up-stairs in very low spirits to dress for dinner. Marriage to Mr. Proctor, or banishment with Miss Brooke; these are the alternatives before her. Most young ladies would not consider either very terrible; but Kate desires neither the one nor the other, though she decides that the latter possesses the fewest disadvantages. Her heart is heavy as she makes her toilet, and now and then tears rise to her eyes. Mrs. Lawrence meant to speak with kindness, and she was perfectly sincere in saying that she advised Kate as she would have advised one of her own daughters; but her words have torn away the trusting confidence and ignorance which, once gone, can never be replaced; and the girl recognizes, with a sense of startled surprise, her exact position. In the pain inseparable from this knowledge, there is no trace of resentment or wounded pride, none of that self-love which so often veils itself under the name of "sensitiveness." Kate feels that Mrs. Lawrence was right to speak frankly, but, nevertheless, she tastes for the first time that cup of the cares of life, which most of us drain to the dregs before we die—and finds the taste very bitter.

When she goes down, every one observes the change that has come over her, and she is beset by inquiries regarding it.

"What is the matter, Kate?" asks Will, coming up to her after dinner. "You look as if you were on the stool of repentance for all the sins of your life."

"I am sure there are enough of them," answers Kate, with salutary humility. "Will, when is Mr. Proctor coming back?"

"Oh!" cries Will, with an explosive laugh. "Is that it? Poor Proctor!—how delighted he would be if he knew that you felt melancholy on account of his absence!"

"That is not it!" says Kate, with a furious blush. "You are very unkind to tease me when I—I feel badly enough already. I asked because I don't want him to come."

"Then I am sorry to say that you must endure an unpleasant shock," says Will, grinning in a far from sympathetic manner. "He will be here to-morrow—or next day, at farthest. Let me see! I have a letter from him in my pocket, which I received this morning. Here it is!—he writes a fearful list, but, as far as I can make out, that is what he says: 'Shall be with you next Monday if possible. If not possible, expect me, certainly, on Tuesday. Things are very dull here—ahem!—and I have been wishing myself back at Fairfields ever since I came away. Will try to bring the puppy over with me—' Well, I believe that is all which interests you."

"It does not interest me at all," says Kate. "I am only sorry that he is coming."

"Commend me to a woman for gratitude," says Will. "Here is a man who is an absolute idiot about you—upon my word, I believe he would scalp himself if you asked him to do so—and all the thanks he gets is that you are sorry he is coming."

"It does seem mean," Kate admits; "but how can one help it? If you could give him a hint, Will—"

"No," says Will, "I shall do nothing of the kind. I kept him from making a fool of himself when he was here before, but in future you must manage him yourself. To change the subject—do you want to go fox-hunting to-morrow morning?"

"I—don't know," says Kate, hesitating. She does want to go exceedingly; but remembering how positively she refused when urged by Tarleton to do so only a few days before, she is doubtful whether she ought not to refuse now.

"What has come over you?" asks Will. "This is the second time that you have let slip an opportunity to go fox-hunting, and I never knew such a thing to happen before."

Then it occurs to Kate with a sharpness which brings a rush of tears to her eyes, that few, indeed, may be her opportunities hereafter for this most exhilarating of the pleasures of the happy, careless life which has been hers until to-day; so she says, quickly: "I will go—certainly, I will go."

"May I ask where?" inquires Mr. Vaughn, who is approaching at the moment. "Not to any spot where you cannot be followed, I trust."

"Only on a fox-hunt," she answers. "I could be followed there readily enough."

"And will be," he says, smiling. "I am anxious to see you follow the hounds, having already witnessed some of your riding prowess; so I will sacrifice my morning sleep for that pleasure. That is, if I may. You do not object?"

"Oh, no," she replies, with palpable indifference. "If you care to go, there is no reason why you should not. But I thought you did not like hunting?"

"I like it occasionally; but even if I did not, I should like attending you," he says, sinking into a seat by her side.

To his words and his tone, Kate gives as little significance as possible, and her calmness pleases the man who has often seen the flutter of vanity into which many women are thrown by anything that savors of a compliment. "She has no lack of *savoir-faire*," he thinks. "How blood will tell!"

He begins to speak of other things then, for his tact is of that order which never says a word too much, or gives a glance too long. "A very important quality in woman," says a French writer, "is that of never boring her husband." May we add that a very important quality in a suitor is the wisdom to abstain from boring the woman he woos. To avoid boring anybody has been one of the studies of Ashton Vaughn's life; and whatever charges people make against him, they never lay this offence at his door.

He is very punctual the next morning, making his appearance in irreproachable hunting-clothes, while Kate is dispensing coffee in the hall.

"You are in excellent time," she says, handing him a cup, with a smile. "Will has just just announced that Mose and the hounds are ready."

The stars are brilliant when they set forth, and the air so sharp that outer wrappings are necessary. The huntsman rides in front, winding his horn; the dogs troop after, the cavalcade follows—the horses prancing and curvetting as the familiar blast sounds, for a horse accustomed to the chase learns to enjoy it as much as his rider. The party are bound to a well-known rendezvous—an eminence known as Pine-Tree Hill, which forms a central point in the midst of several plantations, Fairfields and Southdale among the number.

"Tarleton and Bryan were to meet us there," says Will, as they approach the place. "I hope they are on hand, for we have no time to lose. Sound your horn, Mose. Let them know we are coming."

Mose accordingly sounds his horn, and a response from the hill, if not "like fairy horns of Elfand blowing," has a music of its own, as it is borne from afar on the fresh morning air. Reaching the rendezvous, they find two or three men and a dozen or more hounds. Salutations are exchanged, the cover where they are most likely to strike a fox agreed upon, and they are about to start again when some one says:

"Hallo! Tarleton is not here yet."

"Can't help it!" says Will. "I wouldn't wait another five minutes for a prince. Look yonder!—day is breaking."

"You are not asked to wait, my good fellow," says Tarleton's voice. "Here I am."

"Eh!—what!—you are there, are you?" says Will. "So much the better. Are all the dogs on hand? Go ahead, Mose!"

Now, starlight, with the faintest possible glimmering of daylight, is not the best light in the world in which to determine identity, so Tarleton has no idea who is the cavalier attending Kate, when he rides up to her side and says:

"I am very glad that you are here. I came hoping to meet you."

The words are nothing, the tone is everything—a tone which would have been significant enough to any one, but which tells Ashton Vaughn more than a volume of speech. Kate's heart thrills, but she answers, carelessly:

"Yes, I am here. It was impossible to resist another hunt. But I have done something more wonderful than come myself—I have brought Mr. Vaughn."

"The bringing was not difficult," says Mr. Vaughn, in his quiet voice. "I would undertake much more difficult tasks to please you."

A duller man than Tarleton would have understood the inference. "To please you"—therefore she had desired his presence. Mignon is rather surprised at the sudden jerk on her bit, as she is wheeled around by her impetuous rider.

"I hope you will enjoy the hunt," that rider says; "but I think we are striking in the wrong direction. I'll go and tell Mr. Lawrence so."

He rides rapidly away, and Kate, with sinking heart, says, rather crossly, to Mr. Vaughn:

"We are lagging dreadfully. Come, let us ride faster!"

They have hardly gone half a mile further, when one of the dogs opens on a trail, and Will cries, in a tone of satisfaction:

"We're all right now; that is Drummer."

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

HONESTY.

The man who said "Honesty is the best policy" was not necessarily honest—nay, the shrewdness of the remark, and the baser impulse of humanity to which he appealed, showed him deficient in that highest element of honesty, honor. As the denunciations from the pulpit against evil doers of eternal punishment, if effective, can make only moral cowards, men who travel the right road, not from the love of doing good, but from craven egotism and base fear; so the man who is led to honesty by a comparative estimate of its financial value with that of an opposite course, is not a worthy specimen of "the noblest work of God." Indeed, a perfectly honest man is one of the "rare birds" of creation. There is no sharp line of demarcation drawn between honesty and dishonesty, and it is very difficult to give a positive definition of it, though a negative one is almost as puzzling. To be honest is not merely paying one's debts: there are perfectly honest people who are unable to do so. The man, who depreciates the goods of another, and induces him to lower his price thereby, is dishonest, though he pay in full. He who exalts the character of his wares unduly, to induce the more inexperienced to purchase, is especially dishonest, though he pray in the public market-place.

And here it is pertinent to remark that much of the advertising in the journals of the day, partakes not only of highly exaggerated claims for the quality and cheapness of the wares so heralded, but affects to take the public into the confidence of the proprietors, and does not stop with ridiculous puffings of the advertiser's wares, but in a distinctly dishonest and offensive way charges rivals indiscriminately with endeavors to defraud the public, in the quality and price of their merchandize. Such conduct is greatly to be reprehended, and a proper rebuke would be a total withdrawal of patronage from so sinister a tradesman.

In any transaction, whether it be the purchase of labor or of merchandize, a full return will be voluntarily made by the possessor of a noble mind, for the truly honest man is the "soul of honor," and would scorn to be the better for the sacrifice of another.

And so trade, though doubtless debasing in its tendency, dulling to the keen edge of honor, may nevertheless be conducted on the highest principles, if those engaged in it will recognize that utter truthfulness is the demand of the public, and that perfect confidence will be the reward. But this should not be the motive impelling men to do right. There is no doubt that a year's sentence in the penitentiary, will deter more men from a positive theft, than the dread of punishment hereafter, else the numberless forms of dishonesty in which they indulge, which hover just this side of a statutory penalty would not be committed.

Men should deal justly, instinctively, and avoid a "shaded" transaction with the same aversion as they would shun an adder, and dread a moral poisoning as keenly as a physical one. The fear of the law and the love of gain, should be put out of sight as elements in the promotion of honesty.—*Quiz*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

IN *Lili* Mme. Judic plays the bugle. She has indeed become an expert player on this instrument, and makes use of it at home instead of a bell. In her hotel in the Rue de Boulogne she has special calls for each plate. When she wants fish she sounds *la ré or la sol*; when she desires a duck she makes a *couac*; for coffee she sounds a series of black notes, and at night when she comes home sleepy "elle fait do do."

THE question is frequently asked:—Is a masked ball at the Opera amusing? The question is difficult to answer. Amusement is hardly a thing that can be bought for a price, and whether a man who goes to the Opera ball will be amused or not depends very much upon himself. The dancing floor is immense, 200 metres long and twenty-five broad; the orchestra is immense, 150 musicians; the illumination is immense; the crowd will probably be immense. But the women, the intrigues, the duchesses *en rupture de blason*? There are none. Years and years ago, it appears from certain historical documents, a gallant *pirot* sometimes had the good fortune to offer a supper to a lady whose social position was superior to that of Mogador or Pomaré, "Queen of Mabilie, Princess of Ranelagh, Grand Duchesse of the Chaumière, by the Grace of the polka, the cancan and other cachuchas." But this was the remote past.

THE indication of buried treasure at Ancona has aroused the authorities of that place to make the most minute researches in the spot pointed out by the documents discovered among the ruins of a house in course of demolition. The documents state that an immense treasure, the contents of a military chest belonging to a French regiment, had been buried in the garden at the rear of the house, and that the workman employed in digging the hole wherein it had been deposited was murdered then and there and his corpse flung into the hole, so that he might never divulge the secret of the hiding-place. The search has brought to light the skeleton of the murdered man, but no trace of the treasure has yet been found. The failure has caused great amusement at Ancona, where the belief exists that upon that favoured shore you could

not dig a foot of ground without finding the bones of some human victim sacrificed at some time or other to the rage, jealousy, or revenge which the Tribunal of Milan has just declared to be pardonable passions of the human mind, and not to be punished even by imprisonment.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is engaged in composing the incidental music to accompany the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre. The scenic preparations for the production of this play are being made with extraordinary care and splendour, and the first performance may be expected in little more than six weeks.

THE proprietor of one of the monthly magazines, not an English one, has performed an act worthy of imitation. Finding the year prosperous, he called together his employés and divided amongst them a thousand pounds. Nor was this all—he wrote friendly letters to the principal contributors begging the acceptance of a cheque, the aggregate of which amounted to £3,000.

It seems to be the general impression that in his next budget the Premier contemplates imposing a probate duty on real estate, and that before long an *ad valorem* tax will be adopted, which will, of course, entirely abolish the present legacy and succession duties. Anyhow, the next financial statement is intended to be a startling one, the propositions of last year having been not only commonplace but weak.

AT Minton's famous works they have orders from the Queen and also from the Prince of Wales. Some cups and saucers are of plain white, of curiously roomy shape, displaying to great advantage the princely feathers. The Princess of Wales is represented by her white cat, to which she is tenderly attached. When her likeness was taken recently, the white cat was introduced. Minton's got a copy of the picture, and have reproduced the cat in pottery with great success.

HUMOROUS.

FOR MUSICAL ENTHUSIASTS.—Strictly speaking, a march is about the only music that can be called sole-stirring.

"WHAT is love?" asks somebody; and somebody replies, "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

HATCHES, matches and dispatches is the pleasant way an English newspaper has of announcing births, marriages and deaths.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. MAPLESON'S season in Chicago was a financial failure, so the *Tribune* reports.

A SON of Salvini, the great Italian actor, will make his appearance in "A Celebrated Case."

THE report that Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry would proceed on a tour in America is quite without foundation.

A DINNER was given on February 11th by the members of the Savage Club, at which the Prince of Wales consented to take the chair.

MADAME PATTI will begin her seven nights of opera at the Germania Theatre, New York, on Thursday, the 23rd.

MR. SIMS REEVES announces concerts of operatic, national and miscellaneous music, at which he will sing.

FERDINAND CARRI, the pianist, and his brother Hermann Carr, the violinist, of New York, gave recently a concert at the Salle Pleyel, Paris.

MIDLE. SARAH BERNHARDT has been engaged to give six performances at Milan during February, and is to receive £200 for each performance.

MR. WILLIAM FARREN, jun., is fast making his way to a very prominent place in his profession, and worthily maintaining the histrionic reputation of his name.

THE Greek play given at Booth's Theatre, New York, last week was witnessed by large audiences at every performance, and the receipts were between nine and ten thousand dollars.

AT Madame Gerster's benefit in New Orleans the charming cantatrice amid a shower of bouquets, was presented with a barp of flowers so large that it took three men to carry it to the stage.

A FRENCHMAN, once giving a description of a fugue, said it was a composition in four parts, where one part rushed in after the other, and where the audience rushed out before any of them rushed in.

RICHTER's production of Wagner and Mozart operas in London promises well. The demand for tickets for the performances in May at Drury Lane is already so great that the number of representations will be increased.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.