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CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Rich is he whose keen discerning
Lends him in the "narrow way";
Spending less than he is earning,
Ho's ready for the "rainy day."
He has wealth of thought and feeling,
Honor is his guiding star,
And the devil's merry prancing
Scars the imp's in blue afar.

Duty calls on him to labor,
With his hands or with his head,
And he will not scorn his neighbor
Who does not earn his daily bread.
Roses grow on thorns of duty,
Sweet odors rise from noble deeds;
Industry sows life with beauty,
Indolence with noxious weeds.

Tolling over written pages,
Standing at the printer's case,
Whistling while he curbs his wages,
Not a shadow on his face:
Master of the situation,
Not the slave of any class,
Can you find in all the nation
A more independent man?

He loathes the cup of dissipation,
And he wastes no time in strikes;
He utters not in altercation,
His pet likes and his dislikes.
Step by step, he grandly rises
On the ladder rounds of trust;
While idlers starve like the prizes,
Labor lifts him from the dust.

Upright, firm, and fast,
Winning confidence the while;
Apprentice, journeyman and master,
Comrade crown him with their smile.
He has capital in labor,
Of the hand and of the brain,
And he covets not his neighbor,
And he covets not his gain.

He scorns not the man that's richer
Than the sun-burnt and son of toil;
He finds a brother in the ditcher,
And the man who owns the soil.
He knows not his bright to-morrow;
The perils of the questers,
Come not with clouds and rain of sorrow;
His home is Heaven in miniature.

For the Hearthstone.

MY REPORTER.

A STORY OF AN ELOPEMENT.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

Girls, did you ever have an adventure with a real reporter; one of those meddlesome people who are always finding out something about somebody and publishing it? Well, I did once, and I'll tell you how it happened. It was when Fanny got married, you know—but of course you don't know, or what would be the use of my telling you; so I'll "begin at the beginning" and tell you the whole story.

Frank Rainforth was my father's clerk; he was head clerk or something, and held a responsible position in the office, but somehow papa did not like him much, and always spoke of him as a wild young man who set a bad example to the younger lads in the office, although he was very smart at business and paid great attention to his duties. But papa said he drank, and played billiards, and carried on all sorts of wild games at night, although he was very steady and attended to business during the day.

Papa used often to talk to mamma about the young men in the office and that's how Fan and I first heard of Frank. Of course we had seen him occasionally when we used to go to the office for papa, but we had never paid any special attention to him until after we heard how wicked he was, then, of course, we took more interest in him, as I believe girls always do when they ought not to. He was just splendid. He had such curly brown hair and such a love of a little moustache; I almost fell in love with him myself, and I believe I should if Fan hadn't; but she did and that ended my fancy. It was a long time before we got to know him; and I used to notice him taking a sly look at us out of the corner of his eye when we went to the office, but he was looking at me, but he wasn't, he was looking at Fan and falling in love with her—so he said afterwards—and wondering how he could manage to get introduced to her without papa knowing anything about it; for he knew papa would never permit his forming an acquaintance with us. I am afraid papa was quite right about Frank, he was a bad boy; but we girls never thought of that then.

One day Fan and I were out sleigh riding when just as we got opposite the Scotch Church on Beaver Hall Hill a little boy threw a snowball at one of the horses and he shied, and before we knew what had happened the horses had started as hard as they could run down the hill, and just as we got by the St. James' Hotel the sleigh struck against a lamp post and was upset throwing Fan and I and the coachman out on the sidewalk. Fan was not hurt, but I got a cut on the forehead—I've got the mark yet—and was quite stunned. When I recovered I found someone helping me into the St. James' Hotel; it was Frank, he had been passing at the time, saw the accident and came to our assistance. He was over so kind and got us a sleigh to take us home and promised to tell papa about the accident; which he did.

While we were in the Hotel a queer looking man with long hair, and a little book in his hand, came running in in a great hurry, and began asking all sorts of questions, and writing down the answers as fast as he could in the little book; I did not pay much attention at the time, but I remembered afterwards that he took Frank aside and they talked together for a few minutes, and then Frank asked him something, and he said he "didn't care if he did";



FRANK ASKED HIM SOMETHING, AND HE SAID "HE LON T CARE IF HE DID."

and then they went out through a little door into another room, and when Frank came back I could smell cloves very strong. The man with the book didn't come back; but wasn't I mad that evening when papa brought home the *Evening Boomshell* and there was a long account of the accident, written all full of stories, saying that "the horses came tearing down the hill, with the young ladies screaming," while we didn't scream at all; and that Frank "rushed into the street stopped the horses and caught the elder of the young ladies"—that was me—"in his arms just in time to prevent her brains being dashed out against the lamp post," which was a great bit for Frank never caught me in his arms at all and I did not fall anywhere near the lamp post.

Papa was so angry about the paragraph in the *Boomshell* that I believe he was mad at us for being thrown out; he declared Frank had told the reporter what to write, and just wanted to get credit for doing us a great service when he had not done anything at all; and desired us not to speak to Frank and said that he would thank him for us.

I could not say anything, for I remembered the queer man with the little book, and the smell of cloves afterwards; and I felt sure papa was right; somehow papa was always right, he had a way of saying such disagreeable things, but then they were always true, and that made them more provoking. We saw Frank at Church the next Sunday, and he bowed to us when papa wasn't looking; I was so angry with him for telling that reporter such stories that I would not turn his bow, but Fan did and I caught them three or four times during the sermon exchanging glances; oh, I saw them although, no one else did, for papa was asleep in his corner of the pew, and mamma was looking so intently at Dr. Bellowell that she did not notice.

About a week after that there was a ball at the St. Lawrence Hall and Fan and I went with mamma; papa had a touch of gout and had to stay at home. To our great surprise we met Frank there, and the great deceitful thing made friends with uncle Tom, and actually got that old simpleton to introduce him to mamma and to us. Of course mamma had to thank him for helping us, and he was so pleasant and agreeable that mamma took quite a fancy to him; and said she thought papa judged him too harshly;

but papa knew him better than we did. Fanny danced with him twice, and when he was bidding her good-night I am sure he squeezed her hand for I saw her blush. I wouldn't dance or shake hands with him, for I had not forgotten the stories he had told that horrible reporter. The next day Fan could talk of nothing but Frank, and how nice and good he was. Poor little thing, she was not quite eighteen and had never been in love before; but I was nearly two years older and had had more experience; I told Fan she was a foolish little thing and would live to repent her folly, but she didn't mind me—who ever did that was in love with a bad man?

After that Frank managed to meet us several times when neither papa and mamma was us; and at last Fan used to make appointments to meet him on Sherbrooke Street in the afternoon, when he could get away from the office on some pretence or other about business. Of course, I went with her, poor little thing she was so madly in love I could not bear to thwart her; and then I had changed my opinion of Frank and liked him ever so much now, and thought papa very unkind to speak of him as he did. Twice Frank brought up a friend with him whom he introduced to us as an acquaintance from the States, Mr. Thornton Murray. He was ever so nice and could talk, talk, talk away, telling such funny stories and keeping me laughing all the while. He was very good looking too, and used to dress so nicely that I liked to walk down Sherbrooke Street with him, and have all the girls turn to look at us. Frank would always manage to get a little ahead of us with Fan; and Mr. Murray and I would stroll behind, he—for a wonder where I am concerned—doing most of the talking, and I half killing myself with laughing at the funny remarks he would make about people. It was only twice that he came up with Frank; he was to have come again but Frank met us without him, and said he had been called away suddenly to Quebec on business. That afternoon a terrible thing occurred; as we were walking along together who should come driving up but papa, in a sleigh with another gentleman; I thought papa had burst a blood vessel, he turned so black in the face, when he saw us, and he looked as if he could kill Frank. I thought I should die when papa stopped the sleigh and told us

to get in, I was so frightened. Papa never said a word to Frank, but just looked at him for a minute, and told the coachman to drive on, leaving poor Frank standing there in the street looking the very picture of despair.

I never shall forget that night; oh! how papa did scold. I never had any idea he could get in such a passion; I was too much frightened to say anything, but Fan showed more spirit than I ever thought she had. She flew right out and told papa she loved Frank, and meant to marry him; and she didn't care whether he gave his consent or not. Then there was an awful scene, I thought papa would go crazy; he swore a terrible big oath—I had never heard papa swear before, but she should never see Frank again, and that if she did he should cast her off for ever, and never recognize her as a daughter again. Then mamma went into hysterics and oh! there was such a time. Papa took good care to prevent our meeting Frank again, for we found next day we were just as good as prisoners, we were not allowed to go out without mamma, and we were not allowed to receive any letters without papa or mamma seeing them. This went on for a week, and Fan got so sullen and cross I hardly knew her for the same girl; still we heard nothing of Frank, and did not even know whether he was still at the office, or whether papa had driven him out of the country as he had threatened he would. One day we were doing some shopping at Morgan's with mamma, when a little news-boy came in crying out, "Here you are, *Morning Herald*!" and came close up to us. I saw Fan start and flush up very suddenly, and then put something in her pocket, and it flashed across me in a moment that she had got a letter from Frank.

I was right, Fan had got a letter from Frank; she showed it to me that night; and Oh! it was beautifully written and covered all over with great blots where the poor fellow's tears had fallen on the paper—so Fan said, but I don't believe a word of it now, and think he just sprinkled some water on the paper to make it look like tears. He said his heart was breaking; that he had left the office, and intended soon to leave the country and go to the States; but he knew he should die unless Fan went with him. He begged ever so hard of Fan to see him, and finally had the audacity to propose that we should let him into the house at night after every one

was asleep. Of course, I would not hear of such a thing; but Fan begged so hard to be allowed to see Frank that at last I consented to help her to see him just once, but it should be in the evening before papa came home to dinner, and while mamma was dressing. We could then manage to slip out into the grounds for a few minutes without being noticed. Fan wrote to tell Frank, and the next evening he came and talked to Fan for about ten minutes. Fan was almost crazy, and I was not much better, for I thought papa was behaving horribly, and I determined to help Fan all I could.

It was all agreed that Fan should run away with Frank, and that they should go to the States and get married; I wanted to go with them, but Frank thought it would be better for them to go alone. Then Frank said, Fan ought to be disguised, or she may be recognised and both of them stopped. It was finally settled that Frank should send a suit of boy's clothes to the office—don't you see a millinery box so that you might think it was a new dress and bring it home. The engagement was planned to take place on Friday—It was then Monday night—Frank was to come for Fan about nine o'clock, and he was to drive across to House's Point that night and take the train for New York next morning. I don't know how we passed the next four days; I never was in such a constant state of excitement in my life, and it is wonderful that mamma never suspected anything. Fan's disguise arrived all right, and when she had got it on she made the loveliest boy you ever saw; with short curly hair—Frank's hair was jet black—a comely little short jacket, the other things of course, a long coat overcoat, a muffler, and a great fur cap coming down over her ears. She was a perfect picture, and I would have defied anyone to have recognised her. At last it was all over; Fan walked bravely out of our room, down the passage and out of the servants' entry, without being noticed by anyone, and was met by Frank in the grounds and they went away together, leaving me, with a penitent letter from Fan to papa, to stand the brunt of the discovery next day, and try to make peace for them.

I never slept a wink all night, and could scarcely contain myself in my room next morning until the breakfast bell rang. Just as soon as I heard that I ran down stairs, and put Fan's letter near papa's plate so that he might see it as soon as he sat down. That was a terrible morning; just as quick as papa read Fan's note he came over to me, looking as if he meant to kill me, and he took me by the shoulders and gave me such a shaking as I never had before in my life.

"So, Miss," he said, "this is some of your work, is it? Well I wish your happy pair joy, for they will have nothing else to live on. Never will I see or have anything to do with either of them again. I swear it by—"

I sobbed; I couldn't help it, and so prevented papa swearing that great big oath I knew he was going to use. He did not say anything more, but went back to his seat and made a pretence of eating his breakfast, but I could see that he never swallowed a mouthful and his face looked so pained and care worn, all in a minute, that I began to feel sorry and frightened at what had been done, and wonder how it would all end. Mamma, of course, had hysterics, she always did when anything unusual occurred, and had to be taken to her bed. Before papa left the house he came and stood by my chair and said, very solemnly and gravely;

"Miss, I don't think I have been a harsh or unkind father to you and Fan; you were all I had to work for in the world and I have toiled early and late for twenty years for your sakes. I tried to prevent Fan committing this folly, but in her self will she has outwitted her father, and must now reap the result of her error. That fellow has only married her on speculation; and it shall prove a bad one. Miss, I have only one daughter now, don't you deceive me too. Confound the thing," he continued, "it will all get into the papers and make a fine dish of scandal."

When papa had gone, I sat at the window feeling very sad and lonely and beginning to find out when it was too late that I had indeed done a very foolish thing. It was about noon when I heard a ring at the servants' bell, and looking out, saw that horrid man with the black look and long hair talking to one of the chambermaids.

How on earth had he found it out so soon? I called the girl in and told her not to answer any questions from strangers. That miserable man kept hanging about the house trying to question the servants, and at last I got so much annoyed that I called John, the coachman and ordered him to turn that horrid man out.

The man hadn't been gone more than half an hour, when a cab drove up to the door and out of it jumped Mr. Murray. I was so glad to see him; he had always said that Frank and he were very intimate, and I thought he had perhaps telegraphed Mr. Murray that Fan and he were safe.

This proved to be the case, for the minute I asked Mr. Murray if he had got telegram from Frank from House's Point, he said yes, and Frank had asked him to call on me and let me know they were safe.

Mr. Murray was just as nice as ever. He told me he had been in Quebec for two or three weeks, and did not know what had happened, until he returned, on the night of the elopement, and got a letter from Frank bidding him goodbye for a while, and telling him that Fan was going with him to New York. He offered to show me the telegram from Frank, but found he had forgotten it at his office. He said and chattered away for about half an hour; he spoke so kindly of Frank, who he said was an old schoolmate, that I quite took a fancy to him and thought him nicer than ever. I told him the