For the Hearthstone. PARTED.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITE.

We have paried, aye forever, Broken is the magic tie, Now I wander weary hearted, 'Neath a distant foreign sky; Yet there lingers, fendly lingers, 'Mid the happy scenes of yere, Thoughts that still are eager seeking For the Joys that bloom no more.

We have parted, but thine image, Lavely as the fairest flower, In my heart 1'll fondly treasure, Till the closing of life's hour. Wheresoe'er my footsteps wander, In distant climes and lands afar, Thou wilt be my guardian angel, Still wilt be my guiding star.

We have parted, but entwining (Ness around thy cherished name, Memory wreaths her sweetest flowers, In an endless mystic chain, Time may bear me swilly enward Over life's tempestuous sea,

Over life's tempestuous sea,
) et. amid its wild commetion.
Oft I'll turn and think of thee

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. GRANTLEY IS SUGGESTIVE. The gentlemanly George Darrill went out

when breakfast was over. It was his habit to take a constitutional between the morning meal, and what, in his airy way, he speke of to to his Bow-street friends as tiffin. He was a great man still in his way amones

a certain professional set, with whom he drank bitter beer at the silent hours in the Strand vicinity, and restored his nervous system by sundry drains of something stronger. There is scarcely a more pitable object in this fair cre-ation than a man about town in the early day, before the customary stimulants have done their

"I shall be better able to see Grantley after a stroll," he said, as he passed a slik handkerchief round his hat—an irreproachable hat being one of his gentlemanly points! "and if he should come before I return you will keep him here, and try to see what he wants."

"He will not come before you return," said

Mrs. Darrill, quietly. "You must return before he cones, George, and without too much artificial nerve, mind."

George Durrill muttered semething about not heing dictated to, but there was an undercur-rent of meckness in his tone when he said he would not be longer if he could help it. He liked to keep up a semblance of an authority he had long since resigned, and it deceived no

· I wonder he did not ask you for a little change," observed Theodore, before George Dar-rill was well out of hearing; "he generally does, unless it's Friday, and he knows we are cleared out till treasury time on Saturday

"Speak of him with more respect, Thoodore. You might do that, for my sake; I have suffered enough for both of you, heaven knows."

"I don't see what you suffered for me," said the youth, suffer, or, if you did suffer, it was no fault of mine; besides, you think I for-get how he used to serve me before I was big enough and strong enough to take care of my-self. And I tried to think he was my father," he added, bitterly, "little thinking he had two hundred a year of my own which he was spend-ing."

ing."
The actress turned from him with a sigh. It was part of her punishment, that the son of the was part of her band to love massionately was man she had learned to love passionately was the screet trouble of her life. She could not defend her husband from the young man's sneers. George Darrill had lost the respect of all good men, and thrown away his own. He had descended so low as to borrow money of Theodore and his general conduct was not such as to induce Theodore to treat him with consideration.

Ada was glad when the youth followed her husband's examples and went ont. She was quite aware that he would be found the next few hours at the bar of a tavern, or in the midst of a knot of betting men, but he had grown beyond her control, and it was a relief at least to be rid of him, no matter where he went. She often asked herself, in the moments when she often asked herself, in the moments when she did reflect, who was responsible for the way the boy'sh reprobate had taken. She determined to sot him a better example, and appeal to his affection; but the attempt was too great a tax upon her patience, required too great a change in the liabit which had become necessitous, and so the good resolutions made in the morning. so the good resolutions made in the mo were forgotten till the next, then only remem- him-

bered to be forgotten again.
But for Walter existence would have been very barren to the once popular and still heautiful actress. It was years since her heart had shaped a prayer, till he grow up and gave signs of a true and gentle nature, which she prayed might never change.

He was very quiet and studious. He was fond of books, and had picked up a knowledge of music without assistance, except such as came to him voluntarily from the ladies who visited Mrs. Darrill. The only desire she had left was to save for him, make a fortune for him, and keep him from following in the footsteps of his

"And there is not much I would not do" she thought, as she locked at him this morning, " to save you from George Darrill's wretched ex-. I often thank heaven you are not a with such a parent your late might have beeu even worse than mine.'

Mr. Grantley came in the afternoon, The gentlemanly George had returned with just sufficient artificial nerve to give his manner a defiant He never was entirely at his case with the polished esquire, who was fifteen years his

"I see you have received my letter," said Everard, putting his hat on his cano and his ca ne in a corner, against one of those heavy side-boards generally to be found in furnished apart-ments, where dining-room and drawing-room are combined in one. "I am glad to find you

at home, Mr. George Darrill."

"You mentioned important business, Mr. Grantly, and expressed a wish to see me.

"Yes, I dkl. I want your help on very important and rather serious business—that is, if you are willing to serve a friend—at a price." The gentlemanly George waved his hand, as if such a consideration as price were wide of the

You remember." Everard went on. "that "ubout two years ago, you, madame, wrote, at my suggestion, to Eugene Temple, of Brook-dale, mentioning your relationship to him, asking a little temporary assistance, and omitting the triffing circumstance that, prior to your marriago to his uncle Chreuce, you were mar-

ried to the gentlemanty George. That was at your suggestion too," said Ada,

quietly.

The stage world is so much like the real that

The stage world is so much like the real that her dramatic experience had given her a tolorable insight into character, and she had studied Everard Grantley to advantage.

"Yos, madam, you are right; and he left me to see to it, as he did to all things then; and being a liberal-minded young gentleman he instructed me to make you such an allowance as would meet the case justly."

would meet the case justly."

"And you gave me a cheque for three hundred pounds," said Ada. "I was very grateful for it, Mr. Grantley. I hope you do not think I have forgotten how kind you were."

"I mention it, madam, because it leads up to the more serious topic. I had interested Eugene so deeply ou your behalf that I have no doubt he would have done much more had he not been deterred by a segmile of coverence. He been deterred by a scruple of conseience. He was not quite sure he was spending his own money."

Mr. George Darrill with uneasy visions of having to refund the three hundred advanced to Ada, waited with considerable anxiety to hear what was coming.

"We have heard," said Everard, addressing

himself to the actress chiefly, and keeping his gaze fixed upon her, "that there may be another claimant for Brookdale, You, madam, are aware that Clarence Temple went abroad—how many years ago?"
"Two and twenty."

"Thanks; and in some part of America—Philadelphia, I think—he married Miss Ellon

Ada Darrill drew a deep breath as she said-"Yes! I remember it well."

search, come in contact with the boy you would know him at once."

"How?"
"By the extraordinary resemblance which "By the extraordinary resemblance which the Temples bear to each other—always taking the likeness from the father. Thus, Clarence Temple and his brother, the parent of Eugene, might have been taken for one and the same when apart. Again, Eugene, the present master of Brookdale, and Theodore, the son of Clarence Temple and George Darrill's wife, are singularly alike. This resemblance has run through the temply tor generalions, and depend upon it the family for generations, and depend upon it, find the lawful son of Charence Temple when and where you may he will be so extraordinarily like our Theodore that he might be his

twin brother." "If he is," said Darrill, "it will be very

"It will be more strange if he is not," said Everard, and I think, George Darrill, it would be as well for you to take Theodore with you. The voyage would do him no harm. It would take him away from bad company, give him new ideas, and make him what he really is in one sense, the son of a gentleman. There is not the slightest doubt of his paternity; every tenant on the Brookdale estate would recognise him a a Temple at once, where he by any chance to be seen down there."

And he might have been," Ada said with a gloomy glance at her husband: " better men than George Darrill would have died a hundred times, but he lived to return."

me a long time, but I should surprise you. I daresay, were I to introduce myself in a new character."

"You would have to come a long journey to

surprise me," said the precoclous reprobate, with a coarseness of manner and speech strangely at variance with his graceful figure and proudly featured face. "You don't get over me like you do the governor, so keep your handsome outfit to yourself, or give it somebody who is more fond of being about in a ship than I am."

"But it is absolutely indispensable that you should have the outfit and use it," said Grantley, calmiy. "I am an old friend of your father's, Theodore, and what I am doing now I am doing for your advantage. You would not always like to live on a pattry two hundred a year, would you?"

"Not if I saw a way of getting more."

"And you would not care to work for more?"

"Not if I could get it any other way."

"You are very old for your time of life, Theodore, but you have not yet lost the refreshing frankness of youth—a quality I was scarcely inclined to credit you till now. to the next room, and I will do two tidings for

"What are they?" "I will tell you how to add to your ircome without working for it, and I will tell you who

your father was. The last promise had the effect desired. was part of a solemn compact between Ada and Clarence Temple that the boy's paternity should Ada Darrill drew a deep breath as she said—
"Fate, my dear madam, and it could not have taken a more gentlemantly shape. He is own ideas on the subject, and a dishonourable whot, unfortunately, without cause. Well, a little battered now, I admit, but a couple of vanity had made him assert that he was the

He had feured it would be monotonous

He had feared it would be monotonous at first; but as the tranquil days restored his wearied brain to list healthy tone, he saw how beautiful Prookdale was, with hill, and glen, and waterfall, landscape and sen.

There were the grandgreen heights on every side but one, and where the grand green heights were not, there was the ocean. Sweet as it must have been to see these things in suff-communion—sweet as the repose was to one out of whom hard-world wear never could drive the pactry engrafted in his nature—it was sweeter still to share communion and repose with one who had become all, set his second self—for Julia Temple was to him as fair and pure, as gentle and as sympathetic, as the Egerla for whom Namu place. Numa placed.

"I shall be sorry when my story is finished," "I shall be sorry when my story is finished," he said to Julia. She stole somethares to his cyrle with a book; but the book was rarely read—it was more pleasant to watch the thoughtful face and rapid pen, and know that she alone of all the world had the privilege of penetrating the sacred precinets of the writing-poin. "I shall be some resert full and." shall be very sorry, Julia, and I am getting to the last chapter now." Julia could scarcely understand his regret. To

her, a story fluished was something accom-plished—another monument to the literary fame she was so proud of, and for which he cared

"It will be associated with Brookdale always." to win the associated with Brook date always,"
he went on, as he laid his quilt aside, "by our know, little one, a story is more to its author than what it is to the outside world—a more string of incidents and chapters, with a bit of character here and there." "You mean that it must be read in the spirit

lu which it is written?"

"That were to hope for too much," he smiled,
"It is something to be read at all in these
lays. Stories are like their writers and men in coheral. They get either too much praise or too much blame. But this is not what I meant. Every chapter I have written here is a record of ome pleasant days spent in the dear old place. shall think of Brookdale when I look it

Mr. Drayton furned his face from the lender, serious eyes, and was silent then. His holiday was nearly over, and he bad not the moral courage to fix the date of his departure. The prospect of the return to his dingy Landon

chambers had never seemed so uninviling.

"I have liked those new months away very weetly," he said, after a pause. "The deley for death has had more attraction than I ever found i It before. Certainly I never felt so much lead of the inevitable."

· What is the inevitable, Laurence ?"

• The great metropolls, as the little serilies eall it. The city of toll and dust, heart-nelle, icain-work, false good-fellowship, and petry ided corship—and these things are more nalpable to

corship—and these things are more national to a man without a home than to him who can orget frem by the quiet of his freeside,"

"Why do you not have a home then?"

"Have I the right to inflict myself, with my arratte habits and singularities, upon some poor lit, who might think me a mixture of her ideal Gyron and her ideal Scott. I am at once the most impractical and most methodical of which I like many in 12 tons. men. I like case, indolonce, and luxury to a selfish extent. I have a rooted etestation of poverty, Julia. I have a vagrant disposition, and my work to me when the mood isposition, and my work to me when the mosel con me is more than whe or free of could be, o you can imagine what an odd kind of hus-and I should make."

"You have surely drawn a flattering descrip-

ion of yourself, Laurence," said Julia."

"I know the weak points of my nature, and speak of thom as caudidly as my degrees friend would. Marriage to me would be a serious and a curious undertaking. To begin with, I am

a curious undertaking. To begin with, I am poor."

"Not very poor."

"Poor, if I measure my income by my instincts. I don't suppose I stadl ever make more than seven hundred a year, and that only for a fixed period. Literature is not like business. There is no profit attached to it. No matter how much a man may get for his books it is simply his price, and he never saves. A provident writer is as rare as a blue diamond or a white crow. When I royldence gives lim the power of turning paper into gold, fate makes a hole in his pocket, and keeps it always open. Some men are rich on seven hundred a year some men are rich on seven hundred a year—some men are rich on two; but these are not literary men. My butcher or my grocer saves money, because he pays wages. He has a business, makes profits, and puts so much away. Broad by, he trains a juvenile butcher and gro-cer in the way he should go, and retires in peace to a drawing-room over the shop, or a cottage in the desolate region of Dulwieh, and that man is happy. Life to him means an unstin-ed table, with plenty of beer and grog, and a seat under a cherry tree in his own garden. His singular spoken at such a moment, and in the purpose is achieved. He is—as he would say, presence of him they most concerned.

"Take care of Theodore," he said, " and if anything should happen to him, let mo hear hear hess still goes on; his children are provided for." "Whatever induced you to study the habits of

such peoplo?"
"My dear child, we study everything. The literary man is a surgeon in his way, and a sort of social analyist. He has the whole mental world before him to dissect, and, believe me, between his work and the surgeon's, the surgeon has the best of it; but to return. The writer has the best of it; but to return. The writer has not the greeer's advantage. He leaves no business for his children; when he puts his pen down, work and profit both stop together. Thus if he marry at all he must marry a lady, and unless he marry for money that hady would see her husband a mere ink drudge—scribbling vapid rubbish—to pay the rent, the taxes, and the lattle?

" Is it wise to think of these things?" asked Miss Temple, gently. "would it be a crime for a man to marry for money—that is to say, to marry a girl with money?"

"Not, perhaps, a crime; but to such a man as me it would be an act of folly. It would be against my whole way of thinking. Man is the born bread-winner. He should never be in a "And so, then, you would rather let a woman

break her heart than marry her if she were rich?" said Miss Temple. "I confess the philo-sophy is strange to me. A poor man, marrying a rich girl, might spend her money honourably and wisely. A wealthy man might marry her, and squander the money of both."

and squamer the money of hoth."
"Humph!" said Mr. Drayton to himself. "I wonder who taught you to philosophize, Miss Temple. Your argument admits of too many answers, Julia, so we will let it alone. I shall that the letter work." be in Lundon next week."

" So soon ! "Yes: back to the old haunts, the old people, the man who always wants to bitter with me, and nover by any chance has small change about him; the men—their name is legion—who want to tell me a good thing which they think I can make something out of; and the men who will persist in introducing me to the whole list of their acquaintunce, whicher I like it or not; and in the hurry and turmell of these I fancy I shall often think of Brookdale, and long for these quiet hours with my little Julia."
"I hope you will, Laurence, and come back to
us," said Julia.
"This innocent love," he thought; "this

sweet, sweet confidence-all mine now, and



THE DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

we hear that a child was born—a boy—and { years' travelling and temperate living may resthat boy, the son of Ellen Danvers, would, if tore our George to something of his pristing living, be the master of Brookdale; would hold, in fact, the position which your own hopeful a couple of years in the position which your own hopeful "A couple of years in "You could not surely hope to get through and they sat together for half an hour. There but for the previous contract with our friend

".I know," she said, with a slow upheaving of er breast. "You need not remind me of what her breast.
I have lost."

"Now, since my cousin Eugene heard of the possible existence of this boy, he has been trouble in his mind," Mr. Grantley went on; "he is, ble in his inind," Mr. Grantley went on; "he is, as I have told you, a singularly conscientious man, and were he really satisfied that a legitimate son of his uncle Clarence was in existence he would resign Brookelle to him without a struggle. Mark you, he would require strong proof. Nothing that would not satisfy me would satisfy him, and so, if we find this boy, who, I suppose, would by this time be a young man of twenty, his identity must be established to a certainty."

There was a slow, suggestive deliberation in Granticy's tone and manner which impressed George Darrill and puzzled him. Ada, after looking fixed y at Everard, asked

"Have you quarrelled with your cousin Eu gene, Mr. Grandey

"You have put a leading question, madam,,' he said with a smile. "There is no direct answer to it. I have left Brookdale for the preanswor to it. I have lett igookagie for the pre-sent, and Miss Temple has declined the offer of my hand; but I have scarely quarrelled with her brother. He has not, perhaps, treated me so well as I deserved to be treated. He has in a manner given up my friendship—still we have not quarrelled. I should be sorry to see him lose his home; but as a matter of justice, should I find Clarence Temple's lawful son, it is clearly my duty as a gentleman to lot no affection for my cousin Eugene stand in the way of any help of mine which the rightful heir might require.

George Darrill nodded reflectively, and listen ed with nervous engerness. He looked at his wife—her face expressed acthing he could

"I want you to go to America" Everard went on, "I want you to make the necessary inquiries, Mr. Darrill, and find the sen of Ciarence Temple if you can. It will not boan easy task, I know. It will not be an inexpensive one either; but if you do your work well you shall not be troubled by any considerations Remember, above all touching the expense. things, to keep sober. The future is conce as well as the present; and if through as well as the present; and if through our agency—yours and mine—we find this young man, and establish him in a property worth ar annual seven thousand, we should doubtless, fine him proportionately grateful."

Ada Darrill sat and listened mutely, watching him as if she saw more in his words than the words themselves.

"Go on," she said, as Grantley paused while tarnished pendulum Cupid to the timepiece swung for twenty seconds in dead

"There are difficulties in the way, but you are a man of emergencies, Darrill. Chronco Temple died long since, I believe, and I have reason to think he lived under a feigned name from the time of his marriage. Your course is to follow the history of Miss Danvers from the time she left Philadelphia with her English husband. There is one thing in your favour. Should you by accident, or in the course of your

beauty."

"A couple of years i"

"You could not surely hope to get through your work in less time," said Grantley, in grave deprecation. You have first to find the hoir, then the proof of his identity—nothing must be loft unfinished. I shall be well contented if you bring the air of Brookdale home in two years, with builts notable, proof that he is the son of with indisputable proof that he is the sen of Clarence Temple and Ellen Danvers. You have the most particular point of all them. You

must acquire every atom of information regarding that half and her family as a ground-work to the whole."

"I think," said Darrill, slowly, "I begin to

"I think," said Darrill, slowly, "I begin to see what you require of me."

"There is no doubt you will before I have done. I provide you with everything needful for the journey, Theodore shall have a handsome It and some pocket-money."
Suppose he should refuse to come?"

"He will not refuse. Let me have half an hour's conversation with him, and I think I shall be able to impress upon him the benefit to be derived from the trip. I will give you the rest of my instructions and the funds this evening, adding this one thing more: you must keep a diary from the time you set foot in America, and furnish me with the details of your search, even to the minutest details for a flaw would be atal to the cause of the claimant you are going

to discover. "When are we to be ready to start?

now, with your permission, I have something to say to Mrs. Darrill.' The gentlemnuly George took the hint and his hat together. He stopped to prefer a modest request for a tridling temporary favour—the fayours he required were always trifling and al

yours he required were always training and al-ways temporary. Everand rending the request in his eyes before a word was spoken folded a five pound note and gave it him.

"And now, Mr. Grantley," said Ada, when her husband had gone, "what does this mean?" Though they were alone, he gave the answer in a whisper, and her cheek blanched. He fill-ed a glass with brandy, and she drained it with ed tights with bring, and struggled to her a shudder; but whatever had struggled to her lips to urge against the words he whispered died away under the strong quiet class of his hand,

and the strange controlling power of his gaze.

"Remember," he said, "it is only what might have been after all." "Yes; but the sin," she said. Granticy, it seems too terrible to think of."
He smiled between his teeth, and with his lips
firmly closed. He was a handsome man, but
his face had a curious and deadly expression
when he smiled like that. Grantley, it seems too terrible to think of.

Everard Grantley had expected Theodore would offer a little opposition to the journey, but he was not prepared for the sturdy insolence with which that young gentleman declined to go

on any terms.

"Who are you, I should like to know, that you are going to send me a "fousand miles out of London, whether I like to root?" he said, when Grantley told him what was desired.

"You have got some motive for being so kind and liberal towards me, I should think. Per-

haps you want to get me out of the way in
"On the contrary, my dear young friend,
thore is no one in whose welfare I am more
keenly interested," Everard replied, with imperturbable good temper. "You have known

and they sat together for half an hour. There was a singular clatton in his bearing when the interview ended, but he was as declied as a child to Everard. When the Thursday came, he was oulto ready and eager to take his place on board o vessel for America.

Ada and Mr. Grantley went to the Docks at

he final hour. The slavish love which had grown upon George Darrill for the woman he was leaving behind nearly unmanned him, and she was glad to end the painful scene. She thought how dif-ferent this was to their separation in the years goue by, when he left her with a hurried and impatient kiss, angry at the tears she could not uppress. Retribution in that simple thing came now. There were no tears except those he

wept for hor.

Grantley's last words to him were somewhat

The young man laughed.
"Nothing will happen to me," he answered, unless the change of climate is fatal to my sustitution. I don't think I ought to have constitution. started without medical advice, whon you know how delicate I am.

without loss of time.

Grantley waved an adleu to both. The dock, Grantley waved an adlen to both. The dock, with its uncouth crowd of labouring men, and its busy traffic, was not a pleasant place for leave-taking. Not even the lovers of Mantua could have put any romance into their last impassioned farewell, had it been fated to take place in the midst of hurrying passengers, coils of rope, and thick-voiced sailors, who made such noisy and malodorous accessories to the parting scene in the muddy end of the river near Tower

You have not much to be proud of in your oklest-born, Mrs. Darrill," ho said, as he led her out to the hired brougham in waiting. "Wa

"Surely, Everard Grantley, you might find something gentler to say at such a time as "At such a time! Why, if neither ever re-

turned, you would be the gainer. You have lost an ugly background in the gentlemanly George, and the Atlantic may save our ingenuous Theo-dore from a worse fate." "Still, he is my sou," she said, with a tremor in her voice, " and I could almost pray for his safe return."

" My dear madam, if that will bring him back. pray hy all means. Let his name be remembered in your orisons, whatever they may be. He is more than your son: he is the son of Clarence Tomple, and I would not have him lost for all there is in the ship that is taking him from London. Ours is a very ancient himlly, and every member of it is valuable to me.".

CHAPTER IX.

CLARENCE TEMPLE'S SON.

Margaret's brother had been gone some time before Laurence Drayton could make up his mind to leave the quiet haunt where he was so profoundly happy. That fine old-fushioned house, in the midst of the most picturesque scenery on the southern coast, was such a change from the clubs and chambers of the town-bred man.