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VOLUME III.

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No. 44.

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together. Till the day was almost done, And then, at its close, an angel Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together. He touched their cyclids with balm. And their last breath floated upward Like the close of a summer psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen, mystical road, That leads to the Beautiful City, Whose builder and maker is God,

Perhaps, in that miracle country. They will give her lost youth back. And the flowers of a vanished spring Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters Shall restore his manhood's prime. And eternal years shall measure The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them— The wrinkles and silver harr— Made sacred to us by the kisses The angel imprinted there—

We'll hid away in the mendow, When the sun is low in the west. Where the moonbeams cannot find them, Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone, With its age and date arise O'er the two who are old no longer-In their Father's house in the skies.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY MRS, CAROLINE EARLE.

"I cannot write any more," said a letter from one of my most esteemed correspondents. "The soul of my life has fied, only the gaunt skeleton of existence remains to me. There is no more poetry, no more art, no more inspiration for me

My little Ellen is dead."

"But," I wrote in reply, "you are young yet, such despair is unnatural. Twenty-five years cannot have exhausted all the sources of hap-piness, of contentment."

piness, of contentment."
"No," she wrote, "happiness still dwells in
the universe for others; but my heart is consumed, blackened with fire, withered."
I knew it was impossible that such feelings
should be lasting. Youthful hearts, buoyant by
nature and replete with excellencies, are fertile
in everything but despair. But a change of in everything but despair. But a change of scene, of association, was very necessary to Au-relia. My next letter contained a pressing in-vitation for her to spend the winter with me. At first she resolutely declined; but when, at Michaelmas, I made a journey to Coverdate on purpose to bring her home with me, her good aunt joined her entreaties to mire, and the result was, Aurelia yielded passively, and suffered herself to be brought away.

I anticipated a double pleasure in presenting Aurelia Desmond to my friends—for, in spite of her protestations, I was determined that she should be so introduced. Over and beyond the benefit which, I felt sure she would derive from the companionship of a small circle of refined and cultivated, yet mostly original minds, I prophesied a pleasant surprise to more than one of them, in contemplating the purity and simplicity of character which made the yo so charming; and I innocently plotted that the delicate film of mystery which I would weave about her should brighten the charm,

Aurelia had been an orphan from infancy, Her mother had been of Quaker parentage, and Her mother had been of Quaker parentage, and left her infant, with her dying breath, to the care of her only sister, a member of the order of Friends. By Aurella's marriage with one of the world's people, she had forfeited the religious sympathy of the congregation; but after the death of her idolized husband, she had been re instated in their favour, though she had never conformed herself wholly to their rules of dress and speech. Of course, even at the death of her only child, little Ellen, she wore no mourning; and the fact, together with the Quaker-like simplicity which made her like always to be addressed by her first name, determined me to conceal as much as possible of her former his tory from her new acquaintances. It was partly for her own benefit, too, that I arranged this little plot; since the purpose of her visit would doubtless, be the more effectually gained if she could be spared all those condolences and ex sympathy which the knowledge of pressions of sympathy which the knowledge of her desolate condition would naturally call

Familiar as I was with the pure and noble qualities of her mind, her stately and statuesque eauty, heightened, perhaps, by that dignity which a great grief always imposes, impro me deeply, and a tender attachment sprang up

She was introduced to my friends only as Anrelia Desmond; and they, appreciating the simple dignity of the appellation, pronounced it with such deep respect that its plainness could possibly have been offensive to the most

I confess that my anticipations of Aurelia were not at first perfectly realized. She cer-tainly attracted as much attention as I could have desired, for the charm of her beauty and intelligence, heightoned by the mournful res which displayed so perfectly her abstraction of soul and deep acquaintance with sorrow, made her everywhere an object of profound interest. But she herself was little affected by this attention. No cloquence or brilliancy of manne could attract her outward from the intrenched citadel of her sorrowful thoughts; no piquancy of wit or repartee could waken more than the faintest smile about her beautiful mouth; no delicacy of sympathy, or unspoken appreciation of her unknown grief, could melt her from her high reserve and make her even by sighs com-



AURELIA VISITS MR. RAYKOND'S STUDIO

failing me, there was but one left,

"Aurelia," I said, one bright winter morning,
the us go and pay a visit. A friend of mine has
just finished a beautiful pleture, at least he considers it his masterpiece, and invites my inspection. It will be a pleasure to you to accompany
me. I am sure." me, I am sure."

"Yes," she replied, simply, "I like pictures. I hope it is a landscape, with fine trees, mellow distance, and a blue thread of a river crossing

the foreground. I shall see then if he has clothed his stones with the right kind of moss, and tinted the petuls of his blossoms correctly."

It was the first time I had known her to show so much interest. I was encouraged. I watched her as she deliberately completed her tollet, by tying the soft satin how under her tollet, by tying the soft satin bow under her chin, arranging the rich sable furs, drawing on the delicate gloves, taking up the faintly perfumed handkerchief, and the pretty must, and saying quietly, "Now I am ready."

It was impossible, I thought, not to love one so pure, so sorrowful, so sweet.

"He was your thoughtful to thee "the rate" as

"It was very thoughful in thee," she said, as we walked along—using her preity Quaker speech, as she sometimes did in confidential moment-" to screen me from comment and inquiry by withholding my story from thy friends. Sometimes, indeed, I feel that I am lending myself to deception; but dost not thou think it an

innocent one?"
"Certainly," I replied. "I think it perfectly justifiable under the circumstances."

"And yet I have thought that, if it were discovered, it might lend an unpleasant seeming to our conduct. Dost thou think there is danger?" "Scarcely," I replied. "At least the probability is so remote, if it exists at all, that it isn't worth while to discuss it at present. By-and-by we may perhaps, feel justified in ourselves mak-ing the revelation. Father Time is dealing ten-derly with you. I think, Aurelia."

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Is it kind or cruel in him," she said, "to steal the sting from our sorrows? When I can no longer nurse my grief, the last moments of my happiness will have passed away."

"Ah!" I said, "the bitter fruits, like the sweet, have their seasons of bloom, maturity, and deem. In place of your assipated will grow

and decay. In place of your asphodel will grow up spring violets by-and-by."

She only sighed and shook her head. We had reached the studio, and were entering. At this noment my friend Mr. Raymond was engaged; so we amused ourselves, for a time, with naintings hung on the walls, the little sketches, balf-finished, which were turned—their backs towards us—against the ceiling, but which I knew pretty well how to draw forth and exhibit

a proper light.
Yet, while thus entertaining Aurelia, I was not so much admiring the pictures as studying, by side glances, the strange lady with whom Mr. Raymond was talking. She was a very striking person; there was that about her which not only arrested, but riveted my attention. The influence by which my eyes seemed perpetually to turn to her, from whatever station I assumed, reminded me of the ancient arts of fascination nd witchery; and I wondered if she exerted ing over the chair in which she sat to catch her nurmured tones. Hardly-Raymond was a man of many experiences and much penetra-

Finally she rose, shook out her dainty flounces with a silken touch, all the while that her full expressive eyes were turned upon Raymond, and having given him her hand in a warm, impressive manner that was full of art, salled slowly down the room. As she passed us, I no-ticed that her eye fell upon Aurelia. There was s quick, and, it seemed to me, malignant glance of recognition, a slight and haughty stoop of the proud form, and she passed on with an added touch of hauteur in her manner. I looked at striking not to be readily apprehended. It was

sided, leaving only a faint trace of rose in either cheek, which added inexpressibly to her lovellness. I could see by Raymond's eye, as I introduced my friend, that he was struck by her appearance; and I purposely engaged them in conversation; that they might gain some insight into each other's natures before we commenced speaking of strictly artistic matters. Then I questioned Raymond about the sketches at which we had been looking; and thus it was, perhaps, fifteen minutes before the chief pur-pose of our visit was broached, and by that time Aurelia's composure was perfectly restored.

Raymond led us at once to the centre of the room where, in the full light of the sky-window, stood an easel covered with a cloth. The cov-ering was carefully drawn aside, and the next moment there was revealed to us simply the head of a little girl of three years. It was ex-quisite in outline and colouring, and the expres-sion was life-like; thoughtful, serious, tender almost beyond words, yet childlike withal. Indulged in a flood of rapturous exclamations. but, turning to Aurelia, I saw that her eyes were suffused with tears, and, in another instant, I beard her softly murmuring, "My child—my

Raymond was gazing upon her with a deeply

penetrating glance.
"Am I mistaken," he asked of mc, in a whisper, as Aurelia's preoccupation shielded her from the inquiry, "or is this Mrs. Desmond, the widow of my old friend, Harry?"

But Aurelia's quick ear caught the sound, she blushed crimson; and, extending her hand with the artlessness of a child, exclaimed, "You knew my husband? Ah! then you will be the friend of his wife, and retrain from exposing her to the sharp comments of the world. No one knows my history here but Mrs. Earle."

Raymond readily assured her of his discretion. and, thinking to divert her attention from the embarrassing topic, asked her opinion of the

"It is perfect. So like my own little Ellen, too. Ah! Mr. Raymond, I should have thought only a mother's heart could have nourished such an inspiration."

Raymond blushed at the rather embarrassing

compliment. "We artists," he said, "see beauty in all its forms. We gaze upon young children, perhaps, more tenderly than even some maternal eyes since where shall we catch glimpses of divine beauty, perfect and unveiled, if not in the hu-man soul fresh from its mother's presence, and unstained as yet by contact with the world? The child is to the man what the clear mountains spring is to the turbulent and roaring river."

That visit to Raymond's studio proved the

turning point in Aurelia's history. Raymond come afterwards often to see us, and by his subtle, yet gentle knowledge of human nature, aided, perhaps, by his thorough knowledge of her antecedents, succoeded in that in which so many had failed. He begulled Aurelia of her grief, and by his graphic powers of conversation, he touched the only chord in her heart which grief had not had power to unstring. Already I be-gan to build up the most gorgeous air-castles for

my two friends, rosy as the lines of sunset.

I had never inquired of Aurelia concerning her acquaintance with the lady whom he had met in Raymond's studio, thinking that it perhaps be an unpleasant topic. But, sitting one day in her room, a sketch dropped

municative. I felt that my resources were fast falling me, there was but one left,

"Aurella," I said, one bright winter morning, get us go and pay a visit. A friend of mine has just finished a beautiful picture, at least he considers it his master-piece, and invites my inspection. It will be a pleasure to you to accompany me. I am sure?"

Aurella; her usually pale face wis overspread to the modification of dowing robes, heavy fur man tite, nodding plumes, and dainty mult; but the face which the bonnet encircled was not that of the handsome woman we had seen at Raymond, was approaching, however, and I touched her arm to recall her to self-command.

The movement was effectual. The flush subsided, leaving only a faint trace of rose in either. mond's, but the ugly and distorted head of a scrpent, while dimly through the length of the figure I could trace the scaly, scrpentine evolu-tions and stinging tall, which formed the proper continuation of that adious head. It was a strange conception to come from the brain of

my magnanimous and high-souled friend. "Dost thou see her—dost thou not see her?" exclaimed Aurelia, one day, running into my room, with eyes distended, and hair flowing like

followed the direction of her eager hand and, looking out, saw that same elegant lady enter-

ing the gate. "I cannot meet her," said Aurelia. "She would sting me so, with her sharp tongue, that I should die of her venom. Go thou down, my I should die of her venom. Go thou down, my dear friend, and say I am preoccupied—ill—anything that is not too gross a deception—that I may escape her. You will see that I am not merely a coward, when you meet her snaky eye and listen to her begulling accents."

The servant had already admitted her; so there were not already to the company of the servant was a statement of the servant and servant of the servant in the servant in the servant is servant in the servant

there was no alternative but to comply with Aurelia's request. I stepped to my dressing-room to add a hasty touch to my tollet, and, turning, met the servant with a card, which turning, met the servant with a card, which Aurelia had sent to me from the guest below. It was a neat, elegant missive, with this name.—

"MIS. HAROLD MOUNTJOY."

"Not altogether. With some weak, or narrow, or idlosyneratic natures it may be so. But

A new light dawned upon me as I read that name; and whatever tremors I may have felt, after Aurelia's excited description, they vanishfelt sure that whatever game she might play, I knew a secret art by which, if necessary, to

Mrs. Mountjoy rose, as I entered, as if about to greet warmly an old friend. Upon seeing a stranger, a slight change passed quickly over her countenance, and she bowed coldly in answer to my salutation.

"Mrs. Desmond desires to be excused," I said. coolly; for I was quite willing our visitres understand that her presence was unwelcome She labours under a slight indisposition, which will prevent her seeing any guests this morn-

ing. "Indeed," replied Mrs. Mountjoy. "I regret it extremely, I assure you. It is some years since I have met Mrs. Desmond, and it would give me great pleasure to renew her acquaintance. Please to present my compliments to her, and say that, since I am so unfortunate this morning, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling again. I heard of her presence here through our mutual friend, Mr. Raymond; and, indeed, I have been greatly stimulated to persevere in my earnest resolve to renew our friendship by that gentleman's enthusiastic description of her. delently charming; but I can readily believe that time has only matured her leveliness.

I had not heard the hiss of the serpent once throughout all this long speech. Her voice was honeyed sweetness; but at the conclusion I perceived distinctly the snake-like glitter of her cye.

" Mrs. Desmond is, indeed, a very lovely woman," I said, simply; "quite worthy the friend-ship and esteem of the noblest. She is in peculiar affliction, however, at present, and sees very little society.

Indeed! I thought her quite gay, and I have admired her resolution in so effectually concealing the deep grief which the death of her little daughter must have caused her. I may add that Miss Leslie and myself were rivals in from her portfolio. My eye rested upon it only our girlhood. Please say to her, with my rea moment—for she immediately stooped and gards, that I consider it a particularly good for replaced it—but its characteristics were too tune to me that this opportunity for renewing our acquaintance occurs at a time when my

happy marriage and her touching grief render the indulgence of the old jealousy, which I had certainly reason to indulge in then, afterly absurd. Tell her that I promise good behaviour for the future, if she will but admit me on the , list of her friends,"

I confess I was more than surprised at such T contess I was more than surprised at such importunity from Mrs. Harold Mountjoy. Her husband was old, wealthy, and gentle; her position, as aleader of fashion, at present an envisible noc, however menviably attained. Why she should so especially care, unless for some sinister motive, to renew her acquaintance with Aurella, who moved in so entirely different a sphere, I did not at first see clearly. But in an instant I remembered her carnest and impressive manner, as she bade Raymond adieu, that morning, and a great light illumined my uvind, I was more than ever determined that Mrs. Mountly should not succeed in this peridelous

scheme of hers.

But Raymond! And here a doubt entered my mind which I had once or twice before entertained. He was a man of noble intellect, of a quick perception of right or wrong; but of the strength of his moral principles. I had then and even now entertained a suspicton. If Mrs. Ha-rold Mountjoy, with her instituating graces, her artful faseluations, and the strong bribe of her powerful patronage, should throw herself too much in his way, how far would be yield him-self to her influence, and, while be thought blusself accepting of her homage to his intellect, become In reality the victim of her machina-tions? For several reasons the question was an interesting one to me.

Raymond called that evening. Aurelia happened to be up-stairs at the time, writing a let-ter; so that I enjoyed the wished-for opportu-uity of a *tite-ù-tite* with him.

"A friend of yours called here to-day," I said,
who, it seems, is also an old acquaintance of Aurelia's—Mrs. Mountloy. She is an interesting character ; do tell me about her."

Raymond smiled the peculiar smile of a man of the world.

"Yes. She and Aurelia were rivals once, I

think. That is, after Harry's engagement with Miss Leslie, he met Mrs. Mountjoy. That was before her merdage, and she was near breaking of the match. What a Schemer she is! And yet I like her!"

"What is it that you like in her?"
"Her smartness, her cuming, her utter incapacity of being sincere make her exceedingly amusing, I assure you. So she called on Aurelia, lid she ?"

"Yes. Expressed a great admiration for her, and a strong desire to renew the old acquaint-ance; told me of your entegies, and of her en-tire credence of them. Attrella wouldn't see her. Do you know, Mr. Raymond, I suspect the wonan of sinister designs upon you?"

Raymond smiled, and then, for a moment.

wked serious.

"I can tell you," he said, " what I dare not "I can tell you," he said, "what I dare not tell Aurelia, that she herself has been my salvation. I met Mrs. Mountjoy in society, in the most casual way in the world. The result was an acquaintance, which time, her acts, and my indifference to consequences were fast ripening into an intimacy. I do not know what her object was, nor do I care. It might have been simply the pleasant sensation which such natures undoubtedly feel in the exercise of their poculiar nower. At any rate, her sighs, her peculiar power. At any rate, her sighs, her enger questions, her half-condences were doing their work, when Aurelle's noble countenance and pure, childlike heart, awoke me, by a sense of contrast, to my danger. What do you think about second marriages, my friend? Do you Intent

for the woman with the large heart and overflowing sympathies of Aurella, it is different. Undoubtedly, she will never forget her Harry: but in the years which are to come, I doubt not she may be won to bestow equal, or even deeper, tenderness upon another. And why not? Her nature is deepening day by day."

"And that other would be the happiest man

"If you think so, persevere, and win the orize."

Raymond's declaration, which followed but a short time after the above conversation, took Aurelia quite by surprise. I was not disapointed—nor, I think, was he—that she gave him an unqualified refusal.

He told her his story; confessed the weakness of which he had been guilty; showed her her power, not so much to sway him from any course which he had deliberately chosen, as by pure associations to influence his choice; pleaded his earnest love and reverence for her, and then left the case in her hands.

"Such assurance," said Aurelia, with a smile, to make even his faults plead for him ! "At least it proves his sincerity," I said. " A courtship based upon such candour is free many dangers.'

"I cannot forget," she said, "that that sweet picture once lay warm and pure at his heart. I know he must, at the core, be tender and true. am willing to be, may I am proud and happy been a wife once; and it is over-I cannot be ugain."

It was nearly Spring, and Aurelia returned to her quiet home. Mr. Raymond came often to see me, and I knew that he had not forgotten Aurelia. Mr. Harold Mountjoy died that Spring, and left his widow free in the exercise of her peculiar talents. She frequented Raymond's studio more than ever, but to no effect. Her pell once broken. Raymond was too cleansighted to be caught again.

Aurelia wrote frequently, and I saw by her letters that her home was not to her what it had once been.

"I am haunted," she wrote to me in the carly autumn. "I walk out in the woods, and the mellow sunshine mocks me with the loss of lov-ing smiles; the winds, whispering in the

branches, remind me of my baby's sweet tones and a yellow leaf that dropped once upon my forchead made me start—I thought it was her gentle touch; even the birds are happy in the exercise of all their gentle, loving nature. I only on left desolate. I have told you more than I meant to, but not more than my heart often impels me to think."

ompels me to think."
Of course. I had no right to tell Raymond all this; but I did say to him one day, "You are looking worn. Why don't you spend one of these glorious October days in the country? Run down with my love to Aurelia, and an invitation to come back and spend the winter with me." "I'll go," he said. "It will be the best medefine for me."

When he came back, his countenance was radiant with Joy.
"Are you well paid for going?" I asked him.

"Amply. She would give me no promise, but I left a ring upon her singer. Ah I she is a

When the spring came again, I went down to Aurelia's wedding. She is a happy wife and mother now; the light of her home; the everyday blessing and inspiration of a circle of warm and true friends.

warm and true friends.

"Ah!" she said to me, the other day, "nature plans wisely and well. Two are stronger for life's duties than one, meeter for life's pleasures. And for that discipline, which all souls need, in tenderness, and thoughtfulness, and charity, there is nothing like a happy marriage, with its year-by-year growth of experience in

Mrs. Harold Mountjoy cuts Raymond and his wife. She lives on her lonely, selfish, intriguing life, in the midst of her sphendour, bearing a bit-ter, restless, and eraving heart. Who, then, among our readers, would wish to be a serpent for the sake of shining in glittering scales !

SISTERS AND LOVERS. DEUTSCHES STILL-LEBEN.

'Tra-la-la l Der Doctor der ist da.'

How merrily sounded the voice of my sister How merrily sounded the voice of my sister Julia, as thus singing she danced into the room, "Now, Fraulein Vanda, there he is. I have sent tor him, and I am very ill indeed—dying! Ah, me! I have—what ache? Make haste! I hear him on the stairs. What ache, I say? on, there! the pain in my chest, my heart, my arm. Ah, me! I am fainting."
Bright sister Julia threw herself into the

causeuse, and put on a miserable face, Just as two gentlemen entered the room. • Doctor, doctor! I am so very bad—quite exhausted. It is I who have sent for you. Ah,

me!" But as Julia raised her moist downcast eyes

she saw before her our house doctor, and-a fine

sac saw before her our noise doctor, and—a fine tall officer, in tall regimentals.

She sprang up. "I didn't send for a military nurse into the bargain, Doctor Berg. Why in the world do you introduce soldiers into a sick indy's chamber?"
"Very sick, Fraulein Julia?" said the doctor,

laughing.
"Dying! But surely the military nurse has

"And a big one. Allow me, young ladies. beg to introduce to you my uncle, Major Schnell, a brave soldier, of the soldier's line; can go back to the Seven, the Thirty, and any years' war—to the squabbles of all the German Em perors—aye, to the Crusades. Ladies, Major schnell belongs to a line of fighters for glory and love; only the latter my worthy uncle has not yet tried, for he is still unmarried. Have I

The major stood before us, blushing and confused. I did not know why, but looking at him turned me giddy. Surely I knew nothing of him that his face should affect me, but it did, honest and good as It was.

" Fraulein Vanda, how are you this morning, since the supposed patient appears to have re-covered herself?" So said Dr. Berg, as he covered herself?" So said Dr. Berg, as he came gently up to me, tooking deep into my eyes, and as Julia and the major were in hila-rious conversation, adding softly, "No message for me, Vanda, when Julia sent?"

"Why, doctor, did you want a message would you not come without it?" 4 Vanda, you are always severe: no smile for

me? Come, will you go into the grounds, say to the lake? I want to say something to you. The two will follow us."

We went. From the castle steps such a beautiful scene lay before us. At the back rose the dusky mountains, not high enough to look formidable, but gently sloping down towards the lake, that spread at our right away into the tree-clad hilly distance. On the mountain top, at the opposite shore, the tail, gaunt ruins of over which the morning sun ancient times, over which the morning sun threw a golden shifting light: before us the road planted with cherry trees, and to our left the fields, with the young waving corn; the birds every now and then winging up from the green bindes, the hares rustling through them, and the grasshoppers chirping sweetly their happy early summer song. We lived in Saxon Switcarly summer song. We lived in Saxon Switzerland, as it is called; beautiful was the situazerind, as it is defined; condition was the state tion of our estate, kindly the people that dwelt around it, and life seemed to smile on us girls, motherless though we were.

Dr. Berg and I went on, turning to the right towards the thick foliage of the lake scenery.

" Now, Vanda, serious again?" " I shall be serious if you call me so." It maketh my

heart glad to see you smile, for I never hear you laugh like Julia." No, I could not. Remember, doctor, she is

seventeen, and I am twenty-three "And, pray, should we not laugh at twenty-ree?" I am twenty-four."

" A man at twenty-four is as young as a girl

I don't think so," said the doctor, with a uliar accent. Somehow I did not like the peculiar accent. emark; it stung me. I began to hang behind a little, for Dr. Berg, to whom I was secretly betrothed, had all at once forgotten what he meant to say so particularly. We dawdled along in silence. The others came up, Julia ra-diant with joy and happiness at being, I sup-pose, in existence; the major tired almost with laughing at her sallies. He was carrying his laughing at her sallies. He was carrying his arms full of all sorts of trophics they had gathered on the way. Suddenly I found myself by the major's side, and saw Julia in front of me with Dr. Berg, talking briskly, looking at him archly now and then, he bending down to her in return. I did not like it, why I knew not, and

my eyes got a little, just a little, moist.

"Tell me something about that ruin, Frau said a sonorous voice next to me. I had

forgotten the major.

"Oh, there is an old, old story clinging to it, about medieval times and the Saxon wars; but the castle is said to have come to rain for a lady's sake."

"She lilted her lover; he joined the freebooters, and then she sat weeping on the top, day after day, lastly casting herself into the lake and leaving a curse on the walls. No one ever cared to live there, and the place crumbled to its present state.

We talked on, gravely, about the beauty of the scenery, the many historical memories of the neighbourhood, and finally a little about our-selves. Every now and then my eyes wandered to the two before us. Suddenly I saw them no more; they had disappeared in the road round the mountain. I turned again glddy, and leant against a tree. Below me was the still blue lake, the eye of the earth, as Heine called it, speaking so softly to my anxious heart. Anxious, I knew not why, for was Dr. Berg not my own choice, and had he not always been the same considerate man, the same pleasing friend? Did my soul ask for more? When he meant to be passionate I had drawn back, as if feared it was not real-it would not last.

" Are you ill, Fraulein?" "Oh, no," I gasped.

"On, no," I gaspeed

"But you look ill: you are pale, what is it?"

I just remembered that a strong arm set me
down on the grass under the tree, that a quick step ran and brought me water from the lake in a soldier's cap, and that a broad man's hand wet-ted my cold temples with it. I revived; "Thank you," I said faintly, and looking up, I found two such honest blue eyes fixed upon my face, that I coloured and turned away. Steps were approaching; the two evidently

missed us, and were coming back,

"What is it, Vanda? quick, tell me;" said Dr. Berg, as he bent solicitously over me. "Nothing, thank you," I answered, coldly.

"Sister darling, are you ill?" How pule you look!" Julia added, her face flushing crimson, her eyes, swimming with some superabundant

feeling of happiness.
"No, thank you, I am quite well;" and, giddy as I was, I managed to rise, and, taking the major's proffered arm, walked homeward, the two silently following us.

We were alone again, Julia and I; the gon-tlemen had taken a light lunch, and Dr. Berg and I had parted, not as between, that I'r. Berg and I had parted, not as between, but as mere acquaintances. I knew I was jealous, and jealous of my sister Julia. Julia sat dreaming away the afternoon, till she started off and ran by herself back the same way we had gone in the morning. It was quite dusk when she returned. The next day brought us some letters one from our father, telling us that he would come on the morrow, and bring with him our young brother from the Military Academy, the other addressed to me by the major. I give my letter as I had it :-

ADORED FRAULEIN,—I am a plain man and soldier; you must, therefore, forgive many words. I have never felt myself in love before, but I am in love, bachelor of forty as I am, with but I am in love, detended of lorly as I am, with your sensible, kind face. Will you have me? I will watch day and night for your smallest wish; I will bend my soul to yours; I will chase care from your angelic countenance; and I will kiss your sweet, soft hands daily, hourly, to show you I am your devoted, constant lover Pray, consent to be mine, and I will harry home to prepare, and come back for you in a month.

" Your humble servant,
" Augustus Schnell,
" Major in the Hussars."

I was very angry; it seemed treacherous to me that Dr. Berg should not even by a word have mentioned his position towards me. We had been betrothed for a few months; Julia had not been at home then, but had returned during the last few weeks, and ever since, mat-ters had not gone smoothly between the doctor and myself. But this offer of the uncle, while my heart I know well, was solely given to the nephew, vexed me exceedingly. Red and angry as I seldom was, I held the letter in my hand, when we heard some one drive up; it was Dr. Berg himself. The moment he entered, I at-tacked him: "Do I owe this to you, Dr. Berg? Could you not have avoided it?"

He read the letter. "Poor uncle!" he said,
he deserves a better fate than he will get. I'll send the letter back, Vanda. Don't be offended: in honest man's proflered love need give no of-

But I was not pacified, and flounced out of the

But I was not pacified, and flounced out of the room. Well bred as I was, I could have boxed the doctor's ears; since I could not do that, I went to my room, and had a good cry.

I would not see the doctor again, though he apparently remained some hours to see me. Julia kept him company. I almost began to hate my sister. What right had she to speak to my betrothed? What right? Perhaps a sister's, whispered conscience. Fudge and nonsense! I knew no sisterly love dictated her solicitude. solicitude.

My father came with my brother; there was

high glee between Julia and him.

How beautiful you are getting, Julia; really you will be the boile in Dresden next winter. You, Vanda, look pale and elderly. What grieves you? Don't you get mopish. Let's be off, Julia; ake your hat, and come along to the ruin." I looked after them-elderly, indeed, I appear-

I bated both my brother and my My father noticed my depression of spirits, and asked me the cause. I had no cause to give, and grew sulky. I spoke little; the evil spirit of jealousy was grawing and grawing at my heart. Dr. Berg came not for a couple of days he who had ever been so attentive, who is missed a day in presenting me with some of his affection-flowers, music, new books, or naments, or something else—he neither called nor wrote, and I was getting uneasy, for my nature was true and faithful; no frivolous pursuits had been mine, and with all the strength of an earnest spirit I clung to the doctor. Would be give me up? Had be forgotten his vow? Was I really getting elderly "-oh! horrid thought! Had he begun to love Julia? I sat at the window that overlooked the lake,

the tears falling fast into my lap. It seemed so dark in the world without that cheery voice of br. Bergasking "Fraulein Vanda, It was not a lover's question, but we heute ?' had always understood its deeper meaning Whilst I sat so I heard my brother run up into

You are crying, Vanda. Oh. do come with me; I'll show you something that will make you die laughing. I shau't say what. Now do He dragged me with him, without bonnet or

shawl, along the path to the mountains, round the base, up towards the ruin.

" Make haste, we might miss it; it is such a surprise, and such a bit of fun."

So we rather ran up than walked the steep

winding road, till we came into the thicker wood, and got close to the ruin. I thought I heard voices. "Flish! Vanda, or we shall dis-turb them." Now I did hear voices. Good heavens! it was the Doctor and Julia! I almost lay down flat on the ground, regardless of my any down must in the ground, regarding as a fact, and the foliage I could see them. He had his arm round her waist; he pleuded impassionately for his great love, which, try as he would, he could not subdue. He said that I should know that the had a public better that I would for all; that I had a noble nature, that I would for give and consent to the change, and that Julia would then honestly become his. He pleaded and urged, till Julia, balf a wayward child still, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried. This was too much for him. He took her into was too much for mile. To took fier thio his arms; he held her there in a close embrace; he showered kisses on hor! I could bear no more. My brother whispered: "Ain't it a jolly

bit of fun? Come away now," and haif dragged

me off, for my limbs tottered under me.

"Are you sorry for them, Vanda?" said George; "don't you think papa will consent?" But speech was beyond me; I moved my lips

without producing a sound.

"Gan't be jealous, Vanda; you know you are
too old-looking for him? Did you want him?"
George did not know we had been betrothed.

I answered not; I managed to get home, and went shivering to my own room, where I meant to think; think-oh, think-I could not think. Only one thing appeared necessary; to be the first in cutting the knot that tied us. So, shaking as if with ague, I wrote the following

" DEAR DOCTOR BERG,—I have considered our relative position, and I wish to annul our betrothal; my father, who, with my sister, alone knows it, will consent. The few tokens you gave me you might think me rude to return, so I will keep thom in remembrance.

" Yours truly,

This note I sent off by messenger to the doctor's house in the next town, and then I laid my weary head on my pillow, unable to harbour

even an idea. Dask closed in: my mind was still in a state of aberration; when a soft footstep approached my bed, and my sister's voice said:

"Vanda,—to, Vanda, tell me—did you know anything? He has just ridden here furiously; his horse is steaming with heat. Vanda, he has had your letter; do you .mean it-do you give

The ract girl—her words gave me courage "Yes, Julia; I never could be happy with

"May I, sister? If you do not love him, may

"If you like, Julia." 4 Oh, Vanda, thank you—thank you; I shall ran and tell him. We love each other so dearly, but we were afraid of you; we were afraid you might be attached to him, as you were be-trothed, and you might feel it. Oh, I had not the courage to refuse his love; Vanda, sister, the courage to refuse his love; Vanda, sister, pardon a poor wayward girl. I played at first with him, like a child, till little by little there erept into my heart the great, big, enormous love; and when he said all those wild things to me—that I had, with my childish ways, drawn him into the meshes, that he adored me like a goddess—then I could not say "Nay." Vanda, do say you forgive me."

I murmured something, and begged to be left alone; away she flew, to tell the doctor of my

I constrained my feelings; I hid my sorrow; I even looked upon their happiness, Still, every day came some token of the doctor's regard for me; but Julia was surrounded with care, covered with presents, delited, lifted into the clouds. My father shook his head, looked at me, kissed me tenderly, and whispered, "It is best so, Vanda; you were not young enough." What had youth to do with my feelings? Sometimes I could have run to the doctor, and begged him on my knees to give me back even his mode-rate affection, and to let me show him my great, deep love — a love great enough to re-nounce him—when I found another would make him happier. Then I opened my eyes. Oh, had I allowed his passionate nature free playhad I been less reserved — perhaps he would have loved me mere. At that moment, Julia's elegant form and radiant fice appeared opposite

"Tral—la—la ! Der doctor der ist da-"

she sang, as she ran downstairs to receive him the old days, till be came up, she ran to meet him with her glowing nature.

The doctor had never pressed our marriage, but he pressed theirs; my father objected, on account of Julia's age, the doctor was obstinate. Three months, and no more, would be wait; she must be his entirely, or he might lose

I helped to prepare all the handsome trons seau, for my father was well off, and our family was of good standing. I was even bridesmuid with my cousins and the doctor's sister. I kissed Julia as she went away after the ceremony; I gave my trembling hand to her husband, who looked at me honestly, with quivering lips, and

ionked at me nonestly, with quivering fips, and kissed my hand respectfully.

"Vanda," he said, "I could not have made you happy. I wanted that affection you could or would not give me." And then I had done

my duty. "Father dear," I said to him that evening, "you will allow me to leave you now? I could not see them returned married. That I cannot boar, so I shall accent my aunt's invitation. and go home with my cousins. Ernestine, the oldest, will stay and take care of you."

My father drew me to him. "Vanda, why didst thou not tell me? Didst thou care for

I hid them, for the first time my face on his shoulder, and wept, wept, wept, for my lost life and lost happiness. "Poor child! I am very sorry." He pressed

me close to him, and sat by me, quite stilly, till I had wept enough. He dried my tears and stroked my hair. "Go with them, Vanda; it will be best. I should break my heart to see you grieve, and so would they."

" Hush, father ! no one knows that but you."

We came to the fortress town, where my cousins lived. A new life opened to me here. The close regulated society of a whole corps of married officers' families received me, and the eter nal round of visits and small social entertain ments would not allow me to think. first week we went to an officers' ball. I objected to go, as I knew I was becoming almost plain so little animation was in n.y face; but they would not hear of it. We entered the brilliant ly-lit rooms, we sat down. I looked round, and pposite to me stood Major Schnell. I could no help it—I bowed and smiled. He started, looked, and was by my side in an instant. Ah, that was love I could see: the tall, manly form was leaning towards me with such empressement as the doctor never had shown. My vanity was flattered, I felt my colour rise, I felt my tongue I stood up, and we danced the thet galop." The major was an excellent dancer, and I heard people say, "How handsome a couple! How well they suit each other!" for

was tall and slim too.

Dear major, to have seen him, who would have denied him the pleasure of a few smiles and kindly words? Ife looked at me earnestly after the dance : " Fraulein Vanda, you were very eruel once; you thought me abrupt. I heard from Berg; but he did not say you refused me."

"Did the doctor not tell you that"-

"Oh nothing; it does not matter;" for I found that the doctor had not told his uncle we had been betrothed at the time of his first pro

posal.

We danced again and again, till people whispered and smiled, and we had to leave off; but the major positively said that he would not al-low me to dance with anyone else. When cloaks were taken and adjeus offered, he whispered-

"Fraulcin Vanda, I must see you myself to-morrow morning." I looked at him and nodded. At home that night I had to bear all the teaz-ing of my cousins. "Really, Vanda, you are changed; never knew you could dance like that; never thought you half as handsome as you are. Why, you made quite a sensation. You are really much younger looking at night. What elorious bary you have got, and such a What glorious hair you have got, and such a sweet smile. Why, you have turned our good dear Major Schnell's head, and no wonder cither.'

I slent soundly that night: it was so delight ful to know someone cared for you, after all that miserable, lonely time someone who would show you real interest: further I dreamt not yet-bu there was no resting on won laurels with the major. He came the next morning. He asked, he pleaded, he implored; he told me he had loved me devotedly from the first moment he saw me; he said I was getting more beautiful, I was his star, he could look up to me; and I

I was his star, he could look up to me; and I dare not refuse him, or put him off again.

I know I never answered, for that dead love would still come up; but whether I said anything or not, I found myself in strong arms, showers of kleses on my face, my hair and a ring on my finger.

"Be a soldler's bride, Vanda?"

Then that word touched me. I laid my hand on his arms; I looked straight at him. "Will you be faithful?"

"Vanda, child, I could not be otherwise. I have never professed love before," To him I was a child, for him I was not el-

derly looking, I glanced up into the glass, Well, I looked another being, and, hiding my face, I It was a stormy time, for the major would

not leave me. My father consented at once. My trouseau was prepared; I went home, the mafor followed, and in a few weeks we were married; but not at home. A still small voice said, "Keep away, for the major's sake." So my aunt gave us the wedding, and we started on a

iong tour. When a good man loves his new wife, he is evidently inclined to spoil her, and the majordid his best to do it. He was moderately rich, but Grosus could not have been more generous.

"His Vanda, his wife, his own." I heard it all day, and for very thankfutness I had to caress him and be grateful that he had not allowed God's love to die in my heart, and left meadost.

thors have to die in my neart, artiert metriost, ione woman all the days of my Ho. Only such strong affection as his—an affection that would not be denied—could have saved me.

We saw Italy from north to south, and returned home in a twelve-month, going straight to my fathers' estate. I heard that Julia held her first-born in her arms, and that the doctor was wild with joy. The morning after our arrival I rode over with the major to the doctor's house. I entered softly my sister's room; she had just dozed, and looked up so fresh and lovely from her white pillow in her casy chair. When she saw me, and glanced then at her babe, her face was dyed crimson.

"Vanda, dearest sister, you have come at last?" Her small, pretty hand was extended to me. "Why, how changed you are, Vanda; you

look as young again."

My vanity was soothed; my heart was satisfied. I need not be jealous, for I was happy

too.
"Julia, it is best as it is." I kissed her tenderly, sisterly; and then I took the babe and held it up to me, as if I too could love it, though It was theirs.

The doctor had entered unperceived; he looked at the scene, came up to me, took me and

ed at the scene, came up to me, took me and the child in his arms, and kissed me there straight before his wife. I thought be had never kissed me so warmly as his betrothed.

"God bless you, Vanda; you have brighten-at the only black spot in our life. God bless you, sister!"

"May I?" The major put in his face. "Oh!"

he said, and came nearer; "kissing my wife, Doctor, I am jealous—very jealous. I allow kissing to no one."

The doctor looked at us both; he smiled. He went with his uncle into the window embrasure, and whispered a few words to him. The major turned to me : "Vanda, you should have told me that; I thought I was the first. Poor fool!" he added, bitterly; "as if such a woman had taken me for the first."

I went up to him and looked at him: "Augustus, do you love me?"
"I could not otherwise; it has grown into

my nature."

"Four love saved me—saved us all; and your love has made me a thousand times happier than I could ever have been had I followed the dictates of my own stubborn heart." I was not given to long speeches, so I put my hands up to him, took his bearded face into them, and looked the downright, wifely, happy, satisfied look into his honest blue eyes. It was enough. "I understand," he said; "I won you for me

and for yourself. Those two at the other end had forgotten us they were deeply intent on their child's beauty. We contemplated them, the doctor looked at me, scrutinised me I thought, till I blushed then he came over to the major and whispered something about another first-born to be pre-pared for — some time hence; and the major, who had as yet known nothing, for he was blind in his love, took me right up in his arms. and cried "Hurrah !"

" Tral-la-la! Der doctor der ist da-" joined my sister, faintly and joyously. Dark Rive.

NON-PUNCTUALITY OF THE FAIR SEX

No lady is ever punctual; no lady ever yet

had there motest idea of the doration of five minutes, or an hour, or any other longer or shorter space of time. Indeed, the supreme indifference of women in a matter which men are taught to regard as of vital importance, at once stamps the superior sex as above and beyond the control of more conventional rules. Men's actions are governed by time; it is the most important element which enters into business calculations The wild rush of the locomotive is governed and its safety assured by attention to time. Time for the male animal denotes the position of a ship upon the ocean, or it tells the traveller his path in the trackless desert. But a woman isalways above the vulgar aids which are found indispenable by the mere animal man. Time never enters into her calculations, or occupies a single moment of her thoughts. She is always late when she keeps an appointment; she devotes precious hours to dressing, and wil day lose a train for the sake of putting or ssing, and will any The odd thing is that she never thinks of the irritation which she causes by her disregard for the rules of punctuality. A gentleman who grumbles because he has had to wait an while the fair object of his affections is put ting on her bonnet is "a brute." Time passes with wonderful quickness while one is displaying her ribbons before the glass or trying the effects of colour or the grace of fold of some new addition to her wardrobe. We are oulte willing to allow that the fault of non-punctuality, if it be indeed a fault, is one of a very venial character. The aberrations of the fevenial character. The aberrations of the fe-minine mind, like the movements of the

spheres, admit of some approach to calculation: and although the most experienced observer may sometimes fall to tell what portion of her may sometimes fall to tell what portion of her orbit a lady may occupy at any given hour of the day, he may make a pretty accurate guess sometimes by the aid of the useful rule of consometimes by the aid of the useful rarie of coa-traries. An allowance of an hour or two to ad-mit of the fair coinct coming to her right place in the social firmament in the evening will issually be a sufficient margin, provided she has not particular reasons for being very much be-hind. You may always predict with absolute certainty that she will be quite ready to go to the theatre when the play is half over, and that you will blunder with her into the concert-room just in time to disconcert or annoy the finest so-prane on the platform. If the reader has ever had the plassing of gains showing with the had the pleasure of going shopping with his wife or sweetheart, he will understand what we mean. You are always dressed and ready a few minutes after the fund expedition has been arranged, and you stroll about the room, killing time as best you may, until the lady appears. It is useless to read, for she has promised to be ready in a moment; you will not write that note which ought to have been despatched to Jones by last night's post, there would not be time to scrawl half a dozen lines. You kick faire to scrawl hair a dozen lines. You kick your heels, and swing your umbrella, until the fatal truth breaks upon you that you have su-critical the best portion of an hour. When the fair one appears she always has to put her gloves on in the lobby while you stand with the door hair open in your hand, and if you grumble about delay, she projects that she has not been the delay, she protests that she has not been five minutes over her tollette. The best part of the moving is gone before you step out of doors; but the worst portion of the business is to come. You sit in agonies in the draper's shop while your companion, apparently in pursuance of some profoundly wise principle, is giving the ussistant all the trouble she can. Silks and rib-bons are tossed in pleturesque confusion on the counter, and as the heap grows larger the fair one finds it proportionately more difficult to make up her mind. You expect every minute that the unhappy assistant will lose his patience, and begin to tear his hair from sheer vexation, or that the proprietor will vote you both a nul-sance, and request you to leave the shop. The purchase, when it is made, seems shamefully disproportioned to the trouble which has been given, and you leave the establishment with the conviction that you have sacrificed a morning and contributed to sour the temper of an amiable draper's shopman, and all for the sake of a roll of ribbon or a half-dozen bandkerchiefs. Perhaps you have some business of your own to attend to, and you find yourself, at the appointed time, a mile or two from the place. Your companion you find is terribly excited by the various bonnet-shops which you pass in your walk; you are continually stopping, and are compelled to utter a number of meaningless adjectives in praise of the gens of fashion which are exhibited behind the plate-glass. You, of course, are hopelessly late for your own appointments, and the delay has disarranged your business for a whole day. But no argument of yours can convince your fair companion that time is of vast importance in mundanc affilies. She regards people who are constantly consulting their watches as old fogies, and those arrangements of which depend upon punctuality as relies of a barbarism which will wholly disappear when she and her sisters take the vulgar affairs of life into their own hands. Oddly chough the structural shead shead. enough, the strong-minded sisterhood display quite as much contempt for time as their weaker and charming rivals. A woman of business will make an engagement at eleven and keep it at three. She will prograstinate until the oppor-tunity for concluding a transaction has gone by; and, wonder of wonders! If she be as plain as a Gorgon, she will talk for hours of the fashions, and of such trifles as the best style of trimming for her new dress. As it is quito useless to expect any reformation on the part of woman in reference to punctuality, we would recommend all newly-married men to adopt the scientific method, and study the diurnal aberrations of their better halves. There is sometimes a method in madness, and law may be evolved out of the apparently hopeless chaes of the workings of nature. The course of the domestic orbit must first be studied, and the position and place of the fair one noted in every portion of her daily path. Exceptional affairs, such as theatres, dinners, balls, and kindred matters, require special study, but when the law has been evolved out of the chaos, it may be possible for the when out of the chaos, it may be possible for the wise spouse to indicate, at any hour of the day, the probable place of the fair one.—Civilian.

SHINGLES AND SERMONS.

Ministerial remuneration in the early days of th great West was on the worldly basis of all other matters. As an illustration, we give the case of Rev. Jacob Patch, years ago of Northern Indiana. No purer, simpler-minded man than he. Thoroughly educated in literary and theological colleges under New England influences, he soon adapted himself to his new work of aiding in Christianizing the West. After a few years' residence in the land of prairie and forest he began the building of a house for himself. His way of paying for shingles might be new to Mr. Beecher, but was too true with our pioneer clergy. The good people near the Hog Creek school house (a true name) having a shingle machine, and using its products for their legal currency, and desiring the services of Mr. P., contracted with him to have him deliver them a certain number of sermons at the price of a bunch (1999) of shingles for a sermon. The (1000) of shingles for a sermon. preaching and shingles were respectively furnished to the mutual satisfaction of the high contracting parties. In completing the house half a bunch extra was required. In delivering his farewell sermon, after relating the good that had been done, and speaking of their pleasant relations as pastor and people, he alluded to their contract, and gave an account which showed the balance of one half-bunch in their favor unpaid for. "And now, my dear brothers and sisters," said he, "I am not owing you for enough shingles to come to a sermon, but, Pro-vidence permitting, I will come over to you at an early day and hold a prayer-meeting!" And he did. The currency for change was satisfac-

No Organ or Thought or Action can be employed without assistance of the blood, and no organ can be employed safely or with impunity without a supply of healthy blood. With healthy blood the ercisul organs bocome well developed, whether they be muscular or intellectual. By the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites the blood is speedily vitalized and purified, and so made capable of producing a round mind and a sound body. "Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way, either as ministers or those who study closely, will find in the Syrup the material to build them up and the tonic to keep them there."—Dr. Clay.

The Life of the Body is the blood, and the blood is the lever which regulates our spirits and constitution. If we persist in keeping our Blood pure we discharge a dolt we owe nature, and are invariably rewarded for our trouble and expense.

It is useless to expostulate on the many advantaces of sound health, and if you are now in questof the precious Gift, you are strongly recommended to procure a supply of the Great Shoshonces Remedy and Pills and take as directed.



THE WHIP OF THE SKY.

Woary with travel, charmed with home,
The youth salutes New-England's air;
Nor notes, within the axure dome,
A vigilant, menacing figure there,
Whose thouged hand swings
A whip which sings:
"Stop, step, step," sings the whip of the sky;
"Hurry up, move along, you can if you try!"

Remembering Come's languid side,
Where, pulsing from the citren deep,
The nightingale's seriel tide
Floats through the day, repose and sleep,
Reclined in groves,
A voice reproves.
"Step, step, atep," erneks the whip of the sky;
"Harry up, jump along, rest when you die!"

Slavo of electric will, which strips
From him the bliss of caseful hours;
And bids, as from a tyrent's lies.
Rost, quiet, fly, as useless flowers,
Ho wrings his heart
To make him smart.
"Stop, stop, stop," snaps the whip of the sky;
"Hurry up, race along, rest when you die !"

He maddens in the breathless race,

Nor misses splender, place, or pelf;
And only loses in the chase

The hunted lord of all—himself.

His gain is loss,
His treasure dross.

**Stop. step, stop," mocks the whip of the say:
"Hurry up, limp along, rest when you die li"

With care he burthens all his soul;
Heaped unots curve his willing back:
Submissive to that heree control,
He heeds at hist the sky-whip's crack.
Till at the grave,
No more a slove—
"Rest, rest, rest," sighs the whip of the sky?
"Hear, you, haste no more, rest when you die!"

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon-

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

" He's dead, and it can't matter now. You've done your worst. Nothing would have wrung the admission out of me if he were still alive. I did suspect him of taking Grace away, and taxed him with it, as I fold you long ago. He denied it—I fold you the truth ween I said that--but I never believed his denial, There was no one cise. She was not a girl to have two lovers, and I had seen those two together one day at Clevedon. But he was such a steadyone day at the vention. But he was such a steady-going fellow, and I thought he might be trust-ed. I'd known him from a boy, and had never known any harm of him; and there were cir-cumstances in his life, family matters, that made me pity him. Upon my soul, Rick, I don't think I could have been more sorry for what happened if Gracey had been my own daughter. But, O, old friend, for God's sake say there was no meaning in your wild talk just now. It was not you who fired that gun last night,-Joseph Flood's gun. How should you have come by it?"

"The fellow was loafing about the park with it late last night. I thought that he was up to mischief, somehow, and I followed him a bit, and saw him hide his gun in that old summerhouse. It was within reach of my arm when I saw him coming along the avenue, with the moonlight full upon his face. The devil put it in my way, handy."

"You must have been mad when you did

"Not any madder than I am now. It may have been a wild kind of justice, but I meant it for justice."

Wort groaned once more, and sat down

npon the raggedest of the office stools, in blank dismal despair.

"What do you mean by coming here to tell me this, Richard Redmayne?" he inquired help-lessly. "A pretty pickle you put me in. There's that poor innocent young man in the lock-up hard by ; as an honest man, it would be ity to inform against you."

And do means ?- Maidstone fail for the next six weeks, to be tried for your life at the next assizes, and to be hung. O, Rick, Rick, to think that any man of your name should come to such an end as that !"

Richard Redmayne shrugged his shoulders, with a gesture that was nonchalant enough,

with a gosture that was noncranant enough, but accompanied by a faint sigh, "It's hard lines," he said; "Heaven knows I've tried to keep that name honest. When I was in debt hereabouts, I felt as if I was scorehed through and through with a red-hot branding-iron, because no Redmayne of Brierwood had ever owed money he couldn't pay before my time. I worked hard, and wiped ti distain. But I suppose, when I'm dead and gone, the world will think worse of this busi-And yet, John Wort, I'm not sorry that I killed him. I was sorry enough, ready to blow out my brains, when I'd thought I'd shot the wrong man. But, by the heaven above me, I do not repent of having killed my daughter's destroyer!

"Good God, Richard, what a hardened con-

science you must have "I don't know anything about my consci-once, but I know I've been hardening my heart against that man for the last three years, and it wasn't likely I should deal over-gently with him when his time came. I hunted for him as well as I could; but I'm not good at that kind of hunting, and when I failed in that I thought I'd wait. There's a fate in these things. Providence would throw him in my path sooner or later; the world is hardly wide enough to hide a man from the just wrath of his enemy. So I bided my time quietly enough, but never parted with the hope that I should find him before I died. And when chance did throw him across my path, what would you have had me do ?" asked Richard Redmayne, with a sardonic laugh. "Civilly tell him who I was, I suppose, and ask him to apologise for having broken my heart. No. I have dreamt of our meeting often enough, and all my dreams were coloured with blood. Why, I have felt my grip upon his lying throat many a time, and have seen his false face change and darken as my

"You have nursed your hatred until it has grown into a monomania, Richard. You could hardly have been answerable for what you did

"I was answerable; and I am ready to answer to God and man."

"" Vengeance is mine," murmured the steward. 'Don't seek to justify your sin in the eyes of God, Richard, but try to obtain His pardon. I don't want to preach a sermon to you; it's hard enough to be placed in such a situation as yours, and I don't believe there ever way a year more to be pitted. Lonk say ever was a man more to be pitied. I only say this—don't take pride in a stubborn heart,

Richard. It's wiser to own yourself a sinner."
"I'll think of squaring this account by and by," answered the other in his reckless way; that can stand over. I want to set matter right about that young man they've sent to prison. I want to take my burden on my own shoulders."

M. Wort leant his clows on his desk buried his face in his hands, and cogitated profoundly; while Richard Redmayne coolly refilled his pipe, and lighted it at the office

What was he to do? Give this man into the custody of the patrol from Tunbridge who nightly perambulated the peaceful shades of Kingsbury—pass him on to the jail where Joseph Flood now lay in durance? Do this with the certainty—or something very close to certainty—that he was landing his old friend

over to a shameful doom? John Wort felt as if he could not do this thing.

Was there no way of escape? No way by which Richard R dmayne could get clear of, and yet release young Flood from his present peril? Might be not draw up a full confession of his guilt, get his signature attested by some one who should not know the real nature of the docum nt, and then start for Australia, leaving his confession behind him? That would surely excultate Joseph Flood, and yet leave the guilty man a chance of life and leave the guilty man a chance of life and liberty. Mr. Wort was a man who respected the law and all its mysteries, but it did not appear to him that the world in general would be any better for the hanging of litchard Redmayne. He had also a just appreciation of the penalties to which an accessory after the fact would be liable; but he faccied he might suggest his friend's escape without inspects of the second second. curring these. There was no money involved in the transaction, nor need the world over kn w that he was cognisant of Richard Red-

mayne's crime. "Look here, Rick," he said at last. "There's no one can think worse of what you've done than I do; but I know more of what's gone before than the rest of the world, and I won't

be the mun to hand you over to the hangman."
And then Mr. Wort went on to suggest, very clearly and concisely, that line of conduct which it seemed to him Richard might safely

"If they hunt you down at last," he said in conclusion,—"and they'll hardly do that, for you can get a good start of them—why, you'll have had a run for your life anybow."

" No," said the farmer quietly, " I've done the deed, and I'll stand by it. It doesn't seem half so had to me to stand in the dock now that I know I killed the right man. I'll face the world, John Wort, and let the world know how a man can punish the destroyer of his child. By heavens, if there were more such rough-and-ready justice in the world, there would be less villany. The law's a big machine that only moves in a certain groove. Let a man steer clear of that, and he may be as big a scoundrel as he pleases."

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Give myself over to the police as soon as I leave this office. I thought you would have been in a hurry to do it for me; but as you're not, I suppose I must do it myself."

There was farther parley after this, but Mr. Wort's arguments were of no avail. Richard Redmayn went out into the summer night, and walked along the Tunbridge road till he met the patrol, to whom he told his story

The man was at first incredulous. He knew Mr. Redmayne by sight, and had heard people talk of the strange secluded life he led at Brierwood. The poor fellow was a little off his head, no doubt, thought the policeman; but finding the poor fellow very resolute, he suggested that they should proceed forthwith "I came here on purpose to give myself in suggested that they should proceed forthwith to Clevedon—Sir Francis was a justice of the peace—and that Mr. Redmayne should there repeat his extraordinary statement.

It was late when they arrived at Clevedon but Sir Francis was still in his study, with a London detective for his companion. This man had only arrived an hour before, his services not having been available at the moment the telegram arrived; and to this man Sir Francis had been reliting all that Georgie had told him about Richard Red-

'A curious story," remarke I Mr. Winch, the detective, coolly; "and it certainly does seem at the first glimpse to have a bearing on the ase. Yet it hardly comes to much when taken against the evidence of the gun, which blood owns to; and of that girl he's been keeping company with, who, from what I can hear of the inquest, seems to have done him no end of harm with her hysteries, and her tilk about his jealousy, and being afraid of him, and so on. It does not appear, from anything you tell me, that this Redmayne threatened violence towards you while under that delusion about the miniature; and unless he had threatened, the rest comes to nothing?

"A man may mean a good deal without threatening," said Sir Francis; "and you see in this case there has been a wrong done, and there was a strong motive. Lady Clevedor said the man had a desperate air, like a man who was capable of any rash act."

"But how did he come by your groom' gun? How do you get over the gun, sir? "I leave that problem for you to solve. All I can say is, that I know this Flood to good fellow; he's been with me only a twelvemonth, certainly, but I know some altogether for Mr. Vallory, and although he thing of his disposition, and he came to me was sincerely attached to his daughter, he with an excellent character from a gentleman would gladly have deputed the task to Weston,

to be an assassin The Bronet and Mr. Winch were still dis-lengthy journey, although they travelled cussing the details of the case, when a servant express, and shot the stations swift as a

added to the detective.

sarcastic air; "no doubt you'll have plenty of sorely put to it to shape even the tritest con-mare's nests brought you by the local police." solutory sentence.

The job was a good one, and the accomplished Winch did not wish the local police to cut the ground from under his feet by any

abnormal sharpness and activity.
Richard Redmayne walked first into the room, alone, unshackled, with his he d more creet than he had curried it for a long time; a noble specimen of the English yeoman class, with someting of the free grace of some wild forest creature in his bearing, which was even more noble than the sturdy British ruggedness. He was a handsome man still, in spite of the change and ruin that had come upon him; and as he stood calmly facing Sir Francis in the lamplight, with only the table between them the Baronet thought that he had never beheld a more striking figure.

He guessed at once that this man must be

Richard Redmayne.

The policeman told his story briefly, but with a good many "he says," and "I says," to carry him through it.

"And as you was the nearest magistrate, Sir Francis, and concerned in this business, as one may say, begging your pardon, Sir Francis, I thought as how I'd better bring him along here; and if you see any grounds for believing this 'cre rum start, why, you could make out a warrant and commit him. I could get a cart and drive him over to Tunbridge for to-night, and he can go on to Maidstone to-morrow; leastways, if you think there's any truth in his story.

"I have reason to know that his story is perfectly true," said Sir Francis, filling in the warrant as he spoke, "Aboninable as his crime is, I am glad that he has at loss thad give himself up, rather than let an innocent

man suffer for his wickedness,"

"Yes, Sir Francis," replied the policeman, looking at Richard Redmayne with a lonient countenance; "and I hope as how tent, and the fack of him and his having farmed their own land for the list three hundred year, will

whi hand for the list three himself year, will stand in his faviour with the judge and jury."

The guilty man hinself spoke not a word, but stood quietly waiting to be handed on upon the next stage of that brief journey which was to convey him to the gallows.

"I should be glad if you would repeat the

stat ment which you made just now to the officer, Mr. Redmayne, here, in the presence of

The man obeyed, unhesitatingly, telling his story in the plainest words, with no attempt to extenuate his conduct.

"A lead business from beginning to end," said Sir Francis, with a sigh, "You can memove your prisoner, officer. My people will accommodate you with a conveyance, and you can take a groom to Tunbridge with you, if you want one.

"Better let me go, Sir Francis," interposed Mr. Winch. "I'm better up to this kind of business then a groom; I rose from the ranks myself, sergeant.

Not a word more was said. The information was made out and the warrant granted. Richard Redmayne waited with Mr. Winch in a lobby adjoining the housekeeper's room, white a dog-cart was being got ready for his speedy transport to Tunbridge. They drove at a smart pace through the moonlit country, every inch whereof was so familiar to the prisoner. He sat beside the driver with folded arms, silently watching the landscape as it sped past him; as if, looking on hill and valley, coppice and hedgerow, for the last time, he would fun have printed every feature of the scene upon his memory, as a picture which he might keep in his mind to brighten the gloom of his narrow cell.

Fear he had none, nor remorse, as yet; but he had a vague feeling that it was sad to turn his back upon so fair a world; to lose the glory of summer sunshine and the freshness of summer winds for ever.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

THEY carried all that remained of Hubert Harcross back to Mastodon-crescent—secretly, under cover of night, as befitted so solemn a transit. They set up the ponderous treble coffin on trestles, in that darksome den behind the dining-room, which was filled for the most part with law-books and parliamentary reports; the dismal onamber where the dead man had

maids which fells upon western London out of high, the lower panes of plate glass obscured the season. They brought him home and laid a him in this darkened study, there to wait the final journey to the Vallory vault at Kensalgreen, a grim square stone edifice, nearly as large as a modern villa, with an iron door of an Egyptian design that was eminently sug-

gestive of mummies. Mrs. Harcross came home the day after this midnight journey. Georgie and Sir Francis had done their uttermost to persuade her to remain at Clevedon, but in vain.

"You are very kind to wish it, but I would rather be with him," she said pitconsly; as if there were indeed as much companionship between herself and that cley-cold corpse as there had been when those two were hving man and wife.

Georgie would have gone to London to stay with her, but this offer too Mrs. Harcross

"Indeed, I would rather be alone; nothing can make my loss any less or make me think of it any less.

Her father had arrived at Clevedon by this time, having speal thither as swiftly as his gout would suffer him to speed; and under her father's escort, Mrs. Harcross left Clevedon Hall to return to that splendid mansion which and been the cheerless home of her brief

It was a dreary journey and a dreary business near here. No, I cannot believe Joseph Flood who was languishing to be useful, and deeply wounded by his cousin's refusal to see him announced that a policeman, accompanied by falling star. Augusta sat silent, with slow another person, wished to see Sir Francis.

"Bring them in immediately," said Sir and then. Once or twice Mr. Vallory made another person, wished to see Sir Francis.

"Bring them in immediately," said Sir Francis. "Some new evidence, I suppose," he some feeble attempt to comfort; but the dead ded to the detective.
"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Winch, with a under the category of happy releases, he was

Across the dull agony of Augusta's grief Across the duri agony of Augusto States shot the sting of a sharper anguish—the biting pain of remorse. True that she had loved the dead man as deeply after her own nature as wife ever level husband, but she had not the less cheated him of his due, locked her love in her own breast, starved him with cold words and disdainful looks, kept him at arm'slength as it were, lest in coming too near he should discover that she was a very woman at

best,
S'e had cheated him; that was the cruel truth which came home to her now. She had been proud of him, but had never acknowledged her pride; had paid him none of that tender tribute of praise and even sweet-savoured flattery which loving women give to their husbands, the humble flowers of speech which strew the path matrimonial, as village children scatter their blossoms before the feet of bridegroom and bride. Every m n is more or less godlike in his own estimation, and the world must seem cold to that unappreciated hero for whom no altar fire burns at home. Hubert Harcross had been made to do without such domestic homage. If he came home to Mastodon-crescent glowing with a professional victory, and in a moment of expansion communicated the particulars of his success, no rapture beamed in the eyes of his wife, no sympathetic word encouraged him to dilate upon his triumph; he was only told that that odious court had made him late for dinner, or that he had only half an hour to dress if he meant to keep his engagement in Portmansquare,

She remembered these trifles, and many other details of her married life, to-day as she travelled swiftly towards that worse than empty house where her dead husband was lying. She remembered that interview in the picture-gallery at Clevedon Hall, when he had told her the secret of his life; remembered with a bitter pang how she had refrained from any expression of pity for him, and thought only of herself, and compassionated only berself, as if the great wrong done to him had been only a wrong against her. It was a bitter thing to reckon these small injustices, these petty slights, now, when the victim of them had passed beyond the reach of apology or atonement. Down to the grave must she carry this burden of a great debt; further than the grave she could not look. She was a religious woman, in a church-going, strictly onforming sense, but she was not spiritual enough to be able to say, "We shall meet in a fair far-off land, where he will read my heart

and forgive me!" Very stately was the funeral which for one brief hour enlivened the emptiness of Mastodon-crescent. All that can be done by sable plumes and costly trappings, by solemn-visaged mutes and inky-hued Flemish horses. monrning-coaches and close-shuttered Augusta Harcross could not be dissuaded from accompanying her husband in that last journey. She went with her father in the first of the mourning-toaches, silent, asly pale, but tearless. She stood beside the vault of the Vallorys, and saw the massived oaken coffin deposited in its stony niche, and looked it the conty place beside it where she wints. at the empty place beside it, where she might lie when her time should come

And so ended the story of her married life She went home desolate to that abode of horrors, a spacious and splendid mansion where "love, domestic love no longer nestles;" went home to find the blinds drawn up, open windows admitting the summer air, the rooms and balconies bright with flowers; a smirking pretence that there had been no such thing as

A strange fancy seized her when she had soft her father home to Aeropolis-square to nurse his go a, and had thus got rid of his clumsy attempts at consolation—a fancy for looking at the dead man's rooms on the third floor, the very thought whereof in this day of remorse had been one of her small tortures, Those third-floor rooms were one of the many trivial slights she had put upon him, one of the little ways by which she had suffered him and the household to know that he was only a econdary personage in that establishment.

She went up the servants' staircase, a roomy

staircase enough, for everything in this stuctly district was built on wide lines, but of a somewhat chilling aspect, the stairs covered with thooseloth, the walls painted a dingy drab, hardly have run such a risk as to keep them." been wont to spend solitary hours in the stillest watch of the night

They brought him home stealthily, when Matodon-crescent was wrapped in sleep—that sleep of care-tikers and lonely house-maids which falls mon western Land, we went up to the spacious chamber which is head so rarely entered during her husband's plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. She thought of all the maids which falls mon western Land, we want up to the spacious chamber which she had so rarely entered during her husband's plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. She thought of all the maids which falls mon western Land, we want up to the spacious chamber which she had so rarely entered during her husband's plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. She thought of all the spacious chamber which she had so rarely entered during her husband's plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. She thought of all the spacious chamber which she had so rarely entered during her husband's plumed and painted fans, such a heap of unworn finery discarded, had a look of luxury and recklessness. by the stone cornice outside them. There was plenty of light, but the windows revealed of summer sky, no glimpse of verdant park or cheerful squares. The room was large and bare. Mr. Harcross had repudiated all finery. A huge metal bath occupied one end, with all its works and pipes exposed like a skeleton clock. There was a barren desert of floor-cloth a low wide mahogany wardrobe, full of long parrow drawers (for the presiding genius of the tailoring art has discovered that to hang a coat is destruction); one cushionless oak armchair stood before the dressing-table, a chair of the severest school of upholstery, such a chair as Canute the Dane may have sat in when ho put his flatterers to the blush on the edge of Southampton Water; two grim rows of boots on a stand masked the fireplace, half a dozen railway time-tables and a legal almanae adorned the space above the mantelpiece; picture, or bronze, or bust, or object of luxury

Augusta scated herself in the arm-chair, and lacked round the room drearily. For how many conventional dinner-parties, for how many joyless receptions, Hubert Harcross had dressed himself in this room! How often and rest! How often had he gone up to that room to dress, feeling like a slave at a wheel, grinding on for over l

It was not possible that Augusta could fully comprehend how joyless this life of fashionable pleasure had been to him; but she did know that she had often insisted on his going out when he would rather have remained at home, that she had squared his days and hours by the rule and compass of her particular world, that she had never let him live his own life.

Very bitter is the memory of such small juries when the victim of them lies dead.

Her eyes wandered slowly about the room that was so strange to her. The sparsely-furnished chamber had no strong individuality of its own; it was not a room which even hinted at the history of its last occupant. there were no scattered evidence of his favourite pursuits, no traces of his presence. It was a room entirely without litter, and it is litter which most bespeaks the character of the tenant. You may read the history of a household on a dusthcap sometimes better than in the bric-a-base of a carefully arranged drawing-

"The room is like himself," Augusta thought; " it tells nothing of his life.

On one side of the fire-place there were three or four trunks and portmantenus, one iron-clamped box, much larger than the rest, a shabby much-battered receptable, decorated with the distigured labels of various railway companies, the very box in which Hubert Walgrave had carried his books to Brierwood. On this massive chest Augusta's eyes lingered

thoughtfully.
"I daresny he kept his papers in that," she said to herself-" old letters, secrets perhaps; a man who told so little must have lad secrets."

She took a bunch of keys from her pocket, and looked at them with a faint and bitter smile; the dead man's keys, on a ring with his name and address engraved upon it, each key

distinguished by a neat ivory label. distinguished by a next (vory label.

"If he had any secrets, they are all in my power now," she thought. "Or was that one secret of his birth the only thing he ever kept from me? Whatever papers he has left, I had better examine and burn them. I don't want all the world to know my husband's history. She moved a couple of empty portmante us which surmounted the iron-clamped box, and

then knelt down before it and opened it. There were no papers in that capacious chest. Only a tangle of unmade silk dresses and cashinere shawls, French slippers, ivory-backed hair-brushes, daintily curved by the cunning hand of some Chinese artism, tans.

cuming name of some Chinese arrism, his, scent-bottles, packets of primrose and favender gloves—the things Mr. Walguave had bought years ago for Grace Redmayne.

Mrs. Harcross dragged these objects out of the chest one by one, at arm's length, as if the they mean? None of them had been used. They were tumbled and injured from rough packing, but all unworn. No scrap of paper, no vestige of letter or memorandum, helped to solve the mystery. There was nothing but this confusion of woman's clothing, a multiple of delicate and costly objects crammed pell-

mell into a big box. Having cast them forth in this way, Mrs. broughams, was done to do honour to the dead. Harcross was presently obliged to put them back again. It would never do for the prymereyes of Tullion or of any domestic in that house to rest upon those inscrutable silks and slippers and cashmeres and hair-brushes. She thrust them back into the chest, leaving them if possible in a worse condition than the state in which she had found them, put down the lid hastily, and locked and double-locked the receptacle. Then with a little wailing cry she clasped her hands across her brow, and sat, fixed as Niobe, upon the ground beside that

box.

"They must have belonged to some one he loved," she said to herself. "What other reason could be have had for keeping them?" Her quick eye had told her that the things were of modern fashion, made within the last few years; things that could not by any possibility have belonged to his mother, who had died more than thirly years ago. She could not comfort herself with that idea, as

she might have done otherwise,
"That pale apple-green was in fashion the
summer before my marriage," she said to
herself, thinking of one of the delicate fabries which she had stuffed refertlessly into the box. "Bouffante made me a cross of that very shade for a garden-party."

This was the bitterest pang of all, See ould have forgiven the dead man for loving her with a measured affection, but not for

windows on this story had been designed with and recklessness. She thought of all the a view to external effect; the sills were breast stories she had heard from worldly-wise high, the lower panes of plate glass obscured matrons of bijon villas in the shades of Fulham or St. John's Wood, and it seemed to her that these things must have been part of nothing of the outer world, only three patches | the belongings of such a villa. The thought led her into a labyrinth of painful speculations. The last idea that could have entered her imagination was that only for a village maiden, tender and pure and true, had these fineries been chosen.

(To be continued.)

KITE-FLYING IN PEKING .-The Marquis do Beauvoir, in his recent book of travel, Around he World, tells us that the old men of Pekine often beseen holding the string of an enormous and funtastic kite, or winged dragon, or eagle, eighteen or twenty feet in spread, which they guide defily through the crowded streets of the city, enlivening the time with salies of native wit. Attached to the kite is sometimes an in-visible Æolian apparatus, which imitates with the most informal noise the song of birds, or the human voice. The fall of a pigeon from contact with one of these strings explained to our author the mystery of the sonorous waves of harmony which he had for days heard soaring through the air and rising into the higher atmospheric regions. The pigeon carried across how often had he mounted that cheerless stair and put on the regulation costume, when it would have suited his humour so much better to dine at home and to dawdle away a lazy evening after his own pleasure, sleeping a little, reading a little, enjoying the rare privilege of hundred thousand absurd fancies of the discharge of Confucius, our traveller learnt that the content of Confucius our traveller learnt the content of Confucius our traveller learnt the content of Confucius our traveller learnt to the content of the content of Confucius our traveller learnt to the content of the content the feathers of his tall, at their root, a charming or these harps is to preserve the hapless pigeons from the talons of the vultures which circle in flocks round the battlements.

Tonic Wash for the Hair.—When the hair is falling off, the following tonic wash will be foun ivery useful: Take half a fluid ounce of tincture organine, one drachim of bicarbonate of ammonia, and five and a half ounces of rose water; first dissolve the ammonia in water, then add the tincture. Apply it gonly to the roots of the hair twice a week or oftener, if found to be beneficial.

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS. Publisher and Proprietor.

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In an early number next month, we will commence the publication of another story of Montreal life, which will be entitled,

HARD TO BEAT.

The story is replete with incident, and conto be interesting. It is from the pen of

MR. J. A. PHILLIPS,

Author of 6 From Bad to Worse," &c.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The grand "World's Fair" to be held in the Austrian capital will open on 1st May, 1873, and close on 31st October following. Vienna is now ringing with sounds of preparation; the exhibition building will be unusually large, a much greater space being devoted to exhibitors than at any former exhibition; the guarantee fund is ample; and the Government seems determined to spare no effort to make the Vienua Exhibition as great, a success as either of its predecessors, if not greater. Our Minister of Agriculture has lately issued a notice to intending Canadian Exhibitors, calling their attention to the programm: of the Exhibition, and quoting the rules to be observed; as the time left for preparation is comparatively short those parties who intend representing Canadian progress would do well to lose no time in communicating with the Minister of Agricul_ ture, so as to be in time to obtain an allotment of what space they desire. We hope to see Canadian industries well represented at Vienna. We do not so much care for an Exhibition of what our mountains and forests produce. woods and metals; but we should like a good show made of our arts and industries. We may not take many prizes, our samples may not compare favourably with older manufacturing nations; but the mere fact of our showing that Wedding Days," by Eliza Wood, is far above the we have large and good factories, that we produce for ourselves many articles which are usually looked on as wholly of European man a quaint and witty sketch. Gol. T. W. Higgin-pufacture, would do us good. Canada is too son contributes an admirable critical paper on nufacture, would do us good. Canada is too often regarded as a country of only forests and ice, where civilization is yet in its infancy, and arts and manufactures almost unknown. In many parts of the world it is looked on as a land composed entirely of "back-woods" with here and there a small settlement. The idea that we have large towns, flourishing factories. terprising people, is rarely recognized; and kinds of Angles. it is to assist in counteracting this impression that we hope to see the department of arts and manufactures well represented. In cottons, woollens, fancy goods, agricultural implements, carriages, agricultural produce &c., &c., we can make a respectable show, as our own Provincial Exhibitions fully prove, and it is in these departments we hope to see a good representation made at Vienna.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

"Nothing is more acceptable to a sick room than a newspaper, and nothing more thoroughly relieves the tedium of convalescence. It is better than a book, as its contents are more varied, more entertaining, and the articles generally long enough to interest without tiring. Every one who has had any experience in hospitals knows with what avidity newspapers are seized on by the patients, and what a boon a good big bundle of them is to the slowly recovering patients. We don't think the public ever gives the matter any consideration, or there would be more presents of old newspapers, periodicals, magazines, &c., made to our hospi- | annum.

pitals and charitable institutions than are made at present. We say old papers, because. to the sufferers penned up in a hospital yest rday's news appears almost as good as to-day's, and answers very nearly the same purpose, and last week's periodical has not lost its freshness to them; and then old newspapers are, comparatively speaking, such useless things to the wners that they can very well afford to part with them to others who possess no facilities for obtaining them for themselves. Old files of English or Canadian papers which have been used and east aside for lighting fires, or consigned to the waste paper basket would tend to dissipate the ennui of many a sick bed, and cheer and amuse many a drooping heart. The trouble involved in taking them to the hospitals would be very little and the gratification felt at the knowledge of the pleasure we have afforded others would amply repay the triffing inconvenience we may be put to. We believe very few people have ever thought of this matter, but now attention has been called to it we hope to see many a little package of papers and magazines find its way into the hospitals for the benefit

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We must ask the competitors for the prizes offered by us for stories to have a little patience. We had a very large resnouse to our ticipated. As we are unable to devote our whole time to reading it will take us some time. yet to get through, but we think a jouple of weeks more will smile. As soon as the reading is completed we will publish the titles of the stories which have gained prizes, and will and will be bandsomely illustrated by our by forwarding stamps. In writing to have manuscript returned correspondents will please writing to the Editor to know the fate of their said, stories will oblige us by accepting this as a general answer for the present, and may rest assured that we will make the awards with as little loss of time as possible.

LITERARY ITEMS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. New York: Scribner

The November number contains the first chan ters of Dr. J. G. Holland's new novel, "Arthur Bonnicastic." It will be a New England story in autoblographical form.—In the opening chapter the hero describes a notable event of his child-hood, and introduces the rewler to some curious characters. The exquisite design by Miss Hallock, which stands at the head of the installment, is itself a story and a poem. Dr. Holland's editorial contributions to the present number are more extensive than usual. In "Topics of the Time" be discusses "Père Hyacinthe's Marriage," which he strongly defends, "Civil Service Reform," "Prayers and Pills," "The Outsiders," and "The Power of the Affirmation." mative." The first article of the number is profusely illustrated paper by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, on "Northern Russia and St. Petersburg." E. W. Sturdy, an officer in the U.S. Navy describes most vividly "The Earthounks at Arica," and the Illustrations to this article are superb. An interesting feature of this number is a group of five poems by five colebrated women poets, Christina G. Rossetti, H. H., Cella Thaxter, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and average magazine story of the day, and contains passages of remarkable originality and power; and Hiram Rich's "Tictom Deficit" is "Hawthorne's Last Bequest," Moncure D. Conway tells about "The Demons of the Shadow,' and Edward King, of the Boston Journal, gos sips very pleasantly about "The Coming Man." in a paper on "An Expedition with Stanley."
The Old Cabinot contents are "The Little Man
of Destiny," "Is he Honest?" and "The Song
of a Rose." There is practical information and entertaining writing in the Departments of Nature and Science, Home and Society, and Culture and Progress, and the number

THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE. By Brovet Maj.-Gen'i W. B. Hazen, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers, Montreal: Dawson Bros. Svo. Cloth; pp. 408. \$2.00.

General Hazen has evidently studied, with great care, the different army systems of Germany and France, and, although his predice-tions are evidently in favour of Germany, he gives us a very fair statement of the existing state of both armies previous to the war, as well as his experiences during the war. From the termination of the contest he draws the conclusion that his opinion of the superiority of the German system is correct, which, cer-tainly, is very feasible. The book is full of valuable information, evidently the result of long research and actual investigation, and, "War Histories" so common now-a-days, when o much inaccuracy and nonsense creep into what is styled history, but what is really only rehash of correspondents' letters and telegraphic eports. The book is well worth the reading and is written in a pleasant, agreeable style.

To-DAY. Philadelphia : MacLean, Stoddart & Co. We have received the first number of this paper, edited by Dr. Dio Lowis. It is a well made-up paper of sixteen pages; contains the initial chapters of two serials, and a quantity of good reading matter. Dr. Lewis' "Five Minute Chats" promise to be interesting, and the new comer has an amount of dash and style about it which looks like success. Terms, \$2.00 per

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE THIMBLE,—The name of this little in-strument was originally derived from the words "thumb" and "bell," being at first thumble, and afterwards thimble. It is of Chinese invention, and was introduced into England about the year 1695, by John Lotting, who came from Holland, and commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, pur-suing it with great profit and success. For-merly iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, sliver and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture tin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. In Paris, gold thimbles are manufactured to a barge extent. Thin sheet iron is cut into disks of about two inches diameter. These, being heated to a red beat, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them the proper shape. It is then trimmed, polished and indented around the outer surface with a and indented around the outer surface with a number of little holes by means of a small wheel. It is converted into steel by the pro-cess of cementation, tempered, scoured, and brought to a bine color. A thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel man-del. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then fluished and ready

A MAS who has lately visited the grand pyra-mid of Cheops, wading in the sand fourteen hun-dred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before the had made its circuit, gives a trite illustration of its vast buik. He says, that taking one hundred city churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the Tyramid. Take another handered and throw the material in the hollow square, and it would not be full; pile all offers, receiving upwards of sixty stories of the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, various lengths making the task of reading a still great work of man. One layor of bricks worch honour and heavier one than we had an was long since removed to Cairo for building the control of the structure wound not be something. purposes, and enough remains to supply the domains of a city of half a million people for a century to come, if permitted to use it with perfect freedom. Cheops was built two thou sand one hun-fret and twenty-three years be-fore the Christian era.

Amonust the thousand and one superstitions which some people are always worrying about. the story is replete with incident, and contains several local sketches which cannot fail communicate with the authors, as well as the ing. All sorts of evils are supposed to attend to be interesting. It is from the pen of authors of stories which do not gain a prize but it the bri-te who rashly enters the authors in which we may still wish to use. All rejected this unlucky month. Apropos of this a "Down East" editor tells a story of a young damsel in manuscript will be kept three months, during this neighbourhood who was woold and won by which time the author may have it returned a smart descendant of Uncle Sam, and the youth proposed May as a good time for the wed-ding. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying, " Well, make give the name of the story, together with nom anxious to necommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hestrated, east down her eyes, and writing to the Editor to know the fate of their said, with a blush, "Wouldn't April do as

As a literary curiosity the following stanza is given, in which "e" is the only vowel used:
"Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be;
The sorpent groots her when she seeks the tree.
Serone she sees the speckled tempter erepr:
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep—
Yet endless protect ever fresh profers:
Perverts her senses, revels when she orrs,
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents; she fell
Then, deep revenged, resceks the nother hell!"

"Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim, Whilst birds in wild swift vigils circling skin; Light winds in sighing sluk, till, rising bright, Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light." This is how he did it; but his lady-love don't understand it: A Montana lover discovered that his "dearest and best," somehow or other, "learned to love another," and that the sald "another" wasn't averse. The first didn't get angry and force a dose of lead into his rival's vitals, nor tickle his ribs with the "weapon of Bowle." No, but he manipulated a successful "corner" on him—that is, he gave him fifty deliars to withdraw his attentions from the aforesaid "dearest and best," and now she is at less to know why that nice young follow. a loss to know why that nice young fellow

don't come around any more and talk sweetly

New York is going into a new business. Hitherto it has been thought sufficient to send interior in this begin thought summer to send interioration to foreign countries, but New York lately exported an entire church, which is intended to be erected in the small town of Ancon. Peru, a fashionable watering place for the in-habitants of Lima. The church is built entirely of fron, is 135 feet long by 65 feet wide, and cost \$150,000. It has a belfry, steeple, vestry and altar, and is quite complete, needing only to be put together.

THE milkmen of Rio Janeiro seem to be a wonderfully honest race for milkmen; and they have an ingenious way of delivering the mill which certainly defies adulteration. is taken about on legs instead of wheels, and has a tail and horns; in fact the cow herself is taken around and milked for each customer's benefit, thus ensuring the "cow Juice"-aour American friends sometimes call the lacteal -being in as pure a condition as the cow herself knows how to make it.

THE old difficulty of not finding a policeman when you want blin seems to have been met and overcome in London, where there are now over two hundred places where a policeman can always be found. The men are indepen nearest stations, information being sent there as soon as a man is called from his post, and another despatched to take his place.

Ir is a curious historical fact that during the three hundred and fifty years the Tuilories has been a royal dwelling, no French monarch has died within its walls. Another curious fact is that since 1588 every French sovereign who has made the Tulleries his abode has been compelled, at some time or other, to quit the shelter of its roof.

FIFTKEN miles is a long stretch for a bridge yet that is the length of the one constructed over the Tensaw and Mobile rivers, on the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad. It has ten draws. The bridge itself is of wood, but the supports are iron cylinders. The structure costs \$1,500,000, and has been three years in the course of construction. By a recent invention an additional protection

against fraud is given to the drawers of checks and drafts. A new style of colored paper, of a delicate French gray shade, is so prepared that figures once made upon it can not be erased o chemically removed without leaving a mark that would lead to immediate detection.

THE French Prince Imperial has grown into n tall, lank follow, with swarthy comploxion, hair parted in the middle, and an unprepossess ing phiz. But there are in his face certain elements of strength. He grows more and more like his mother, but doesn't resemble the old gentleman a particle.

THOUSANDS of bushels of apples will be left to rot on the ground in the orchards of western

Massachusetts, this autumn. In some town the firmers are offering elder at one dollar and fifty cents per barrel, and it is difficult to find purchasers sufficient to exhaust half the apples

THE process of embalming Mazzini's body is continued, notwithstanding carnest remon-strances from all quarters, and the often expressed wish of Mazzini himself that he should he buried privately. An appeal has been made to Caribaldi to interfere, apparently without

WE have heard a good deal about "celestial music," but in future the Celestials are to have the music of civilization, an enterprising London firm having sent a magnificent grand plane as a wedding present to the new Empress of China.

MADAME De Staël, said, "If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

ONE of the amusements of an Illinois plente was to place a silver dollar in a plate, covering if with molasses to the depth of an inch, and then let the boys try and take out the dollar with their teeth.

ALESSANDRO D'Angelis, a noble Roman, and a professor of bathing, has spent ten hours a day in the water, during the summer, for the past twenty-five years. And yet he is not happy,

THE POWER OF PLANTS.

Alluding to the law which impels nature, however built al, to put forth a constantly re-newed effort to resume sway over all portions of the earth, Hearth and Home incidentally

bulging had appeared, and unformeath was found the source of the mischief—a common part-ball. Had we not seen this, we should have found it difficult to believe that a more fungues, the tissues of which are so soft that they can be crushed by the fingers, could exercise such a won terful force."

A tree is mentioned which, gaining footbold in the slight cleft of a rock of many tons weight, has, by gradual force of development, separated the huge mass involve distinct parts. It is certainly strange that a tree, in its beginning mere soft pulp, should be able to accomplish more than the combined power of 10,000 men. The remark of an observing friend is quoted to the called that, should the City of New York be sud lenly depopulated, it would, in less than ten years, become an impenetrable thicket Silver Poplar, and these would undermine and bring to the ground the most noble buildings of which we boast. Not only the higher but the lower forms of vegetation are ever ready to engage in the work of destroying our "enduring monuments." In tropical elimates, vegetation most rapidly resumes its reign when not opposed by the constant warfare of man, and in our more temperate regions plant life, though more slowly, but not less surely, is in constant opposition to exclusive human occupation of any portion of earth's surface.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—The jury in the case of Thomas Cullen, on trial for murdering Josoph MoWilliams at Chicago, have returned a verdet of guilty. Sontenced to penitentiary for life.—The sums which the Assembly man Fields is charged with robbing the city of New York of, through a Legislative Act, foots up to \$183,009. No cline yot to his whereabouts,—A World's Washington special says that it is well known that Prostident Grant has been desirous of adopting more stringent measures for protecting American interests in Cuba: and now that the troubles with Groat Britain are adjusted, a different policy towards Cuba is to be decided upon and pursued.—A. M. Daniels, brother to the former American Minister, resident of Turin, is about to begin the publication of a daity Euclish paper at Rome.—Mrs. Greeley is reported dying. Her husband has been constantly at her bed-side.—Between six and seven thousand Alsatians have arrived at New York since January. Many more are coming, owing to the German occupation of their country.—An attempt was made to wreck a train of eight coaches on the New York and Harlom Railroad, between Melrose and Morrisania, on Saturday night, by blocking a cross tio on the track. A reward of \$1.000 is offered by the Company for the perpetators.—A whole batch of new indictments against the Rine parties is expected this week. against the Ring parties is expected this wook.

Work has been commenced on three divisions of the Texas Pacific Raifroad, from Dallas east, from Snerman east, and from Longview west. The company's office at Marshal has been completed, and work in the shops there has been commenced.—A Washington special says that it is stated at the Treasury Department that the policy of Mr. Boutwell is not to issue one dollar of the 44 millions reserve, although it has been decided that he has the right to do so if he chooses.—Fire caught on the night of 23rd aft, in the drapery of the Chapel of Our Lady in St. John's Catholic Church, at Orange, N. J., of which the Rey. Father Hickey is pastor. Loss \$150,000 in the Armed.—The Right Rey. Michael O'Cannor, for norly Bishop of Pittsburg, died on 18th ultimo at Woodstock College, near Baltimore.

CANADA.—Licut Governor Archibald, of Manitoba against the Ring parties is expected this week.

for norly Bishop of Philsburg, died on 18th ultimo at Woodstock College, near Baltimore.

Canada.—Lient Governor Archibald, of Manitoba, accompanied by Mr. Henri Bouthillier, his private secretary, has arrived in Ottawa on a visit.—A sportsama, who has been sixty miles up the Madawaska, reports the lakes frozen and three feet of snow on the ground in that part of the country.—A number of old and infirm members of the Civil Service will be placed on the superannanted list in January.—The Montreal and Western Union Telegraph Companies are both pushing their lines to completion along the Intercolonial Ballway from Amberst to Truro—The Reformatory Prison at St. Vincent de Paul, near Montreal, will be converted into a penitentiary for the Province of Quebec shortly after the let of January next, when about 200 convicts now confined in the Kingston Penitentiary will be removed to the new institution.—The Postmaster-General has reduced the rate of letter postage between Canada and Newfoundland from 121 cents to Geonks, and all other postage to delice the postage between Canada and Newfoundland from 122 cents to Geonks, and all other postage to delice postage between Canada and Newfoundland from 122 cents to Geonks, and all other postage to delice and part of the Truro magnificent pile of buildings to be erected for the Ottawa University are having plans propared for a magnificent pile of buildings to be erected for the purposes of the institution on the site of the present University.—The new buildings will oost fully \$190,000,—Conterfeit 50 cent pieces are in circulation.—Rev. Patrice Lacombe's dictionary and grammar of the Croe Indian languages, which has been engaged on for many years, is about to be published. The Government will take a number of copies for distribution in the North West.—The Intercolonial road will be onen for traffic between the circulation.—Rev. Patrice Lacombe's dictionary and grammar of the Croe Indian languages, which has been engaged on for many years, is about to be published. The Governme omoor. Inc necess. ande for that purposo.

ENGLAND.—Rev. Mr. Purchas, a prominent frituatist of Brighton, who was tried and condemned last year, by an ecclesiastical council of the established church, died on 10th uit.—The London Board of Public Works voted almost unanimously in favour of removing the tolls on the Whorloo and other toll-bridges across the Thames River. A conference with the Government for carrying out the measures will shortly be held.—The written document in the San Juan Arbitration has aire dy been given by the jurists, to whom the case was submitted; it only

wants the signature of the Emperor. It decides in favor of the United States, and of making Canal De Harot the boundary. The cause of d hay in communicating the judgment is the large meeting in favor of intrince is on foot, the object of which is to se modify the Emperor's judgment as to cause the Arbitration to become a failure.—A large meeting in favor of amnesty to the Fenian prisoners was held on 23 ult. in Manchoster, at which Isane Butt, M. P., leader of the Irish Home Rule party, was the principal leader. Mr. Butt, in the course of his remarks, and that Ireland never could welcome Gladstone to her soil unless the annesty to her sons was made complete. Had also apoke in terms of vigorous consure of the treatment accorded the prisoners, who, he alleges, have suffered, during their confinement, gross crucities at the hands of the gaolers.—Alderman Sir Sydney Waterlow proposes that a tribunal of commerce be established in London.—The Australian telegraphline is completed, and communication is new open between London and Molbourne.—Pho appointment of Roundell Palmer as Lord Chanceller is gazetted.—The gallery of a circus at Sheffield gave way on night of 21st ult, while filled with spectators, and was precipitated on the heads of those below. Thirty persons were injured by the accident, and in the panic which ensued.

Prances Prince Napoleon has appealed to the

or only. Thirty persons were injured by the accident, and in the panic which ensued.

France.—Prince Napoleon has appealed to the Procureur Général of France for redress against the Muister of the Interior, the Protect of Police, and others who took part in his expulsion from France. The appeal is made in accordance with the provisions of the Penal Code.—The Government has resolved to support in the approximations of the Panal Code.—The Government of the Assembly a motion for the appointment of a commission to investigate the acts of the Ollivier and Palikao Cabinets, preparatory to the impenchanent of the Imporial Minister on the charge of having provoked wir with Prussin.—Pha Count de Chambort has written a letter protesting against the establishment of the Republic as a perananent form of Government. He says the momarchy alone can save France, and there is no difference between a party of violence which promises peace to men while it declares war on Gol, and those prodent means.

Letters from Communist prisoners in Castic Oleron are published, complaining of ill-treatment and hard-hips.—Phe specie in the Bank of France has increased 7.50,000 france during the past week.

of the earth, Hearth and Hime incidentally clies several examples illustrating the almost marvelous force a growing plant or tree can manifest. Here is one of them:

A neighbor was at much pains to lay an asplicit walk in the most perfect manner. The walk of coal-tar and gravel was a complete success, and apparently as hard as stone. What was his dismay to find one morning a sudden bulge in the walk of which he was so proud!
He attributed it to imperfect workmanship; but the next morning the cause of the distingument revealed itself. A place of the walk, several inches across, was scaled off, where the former bulging had appeared, and unclementh was found the source of the mischief—a community path.

Several force and one work of reance and manner that past week last inches across, was scaled off, where the former bulging had appeared, and unclementh was found the source of the mischief—a community path.

Seven.—A bill has been introduced in the Cortex for the Cortex for the Cortex for the Cortex for the purpose of the distinguished for aid to avenge their death.

an embassy to Yeddo for aid to avenge their death.

SAIN. A bill has been introduced in the Cortes abolishing the nearity of death for a direct ofference and its passed its jest reading.—Pacins argents who example for the troops and about 30 were captured without the shocking of blood, as they offered no further resist nee. The remainder have disappeared in the mountains.—Meetings have darly been held in several Spanish powiners, at which resolutions were adopted demanding the abolition of the conscription system.—Petitions have been presented to the Government to enter into negatiations with the Government of Great Britain for the cassion of Gibraltar to Spain.

Cana.—The correspondents of the Havans javanch.

Great Britain for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain.

Cona.—The correspondents of the Havann journals in heater an excited state of affairs at Porto Rico, and a distortioned between the fiberals and conservatives is thought probable.—Fire insurgents under Dinz attacked the village of Cono. one league from Manzanillo. The fighting was severe, but a reinforcement of Citalans arrived, and the insurgents were compelled to retire. Six rabols and three Spaniards were killed.—Another body of Diaz's forces made an attack upon Lasat, but it proved unsuccessful.—It is bulieved that the eight manufacturers will be compelled at an early date to grant operatives a further increase of salary.

Sourd August —A naw line of steamships from

Sourst America.—A now line of steamships, from Valnaraise to Europe, is to be started, flying the Unilian flag. —A riot took place at San Diego, between artillerymen and police. One policeman killed and many wounded. The ringleaders were arrested. ——The attitude of Custa Rica towards Nicaragua on the boundary question is not considered conciliatory. —The new President of Panama was inaugurated on the 1st ult.

MEXICO.—The political situation is improving, and it is thought the administration of Levio de Tejada will be successful.—The primary elections took place on the lith ult. Levio de Tejada's nomination was unopposed, and the result will probably be decided in time for him to enter upon the regular term of office, which is the first of December.

RESSIA.—Official advices report the discovery of a conspiracy in the Caucasus for the overthrow of Russian authority in that province of the Empire. A general risins of the tribes was intended, but the leaders who contemplated the revolt were secured and thrown into prison. Quiet now prevails.

Paussia.—The Prussian Diet re-assembled on 22nd alt. The budget was presented, and the receipts from all sources for the year 1873 are estimated at \$151,913.4.56, and the total expenditures at the same sum. The revenue of 1873 is expected to exceed that of this year by \$19,000,000.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

The weather during the past week has, for the most part, been pleasant and warm, although a slight fall of rain eccurred early on Monday morning, followed, by an overcust sky throughout the remainder of the day; but the nights are always frosty. The providence of an epidemic among the horses has somewhat interfered with the transportation of goods through the city; but it is understood that the discuss is being quickly dispolled. The vessels of the long-expected fall fleet are at last arriving in large numbers, and bustling activity provails upon the wharves.

Bread-tails market closes quiet and easier, with a decline of 5c to 10c on Supers for the week; Wheat quiet. Provisions.—Pork dull; Butter inactive; Cheese quiet but firm. Ashes.—Pots steady and Pearls casior.

fourls easier.
Subjoined are the latest market reports from

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Figure Superior Extra, nominal, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$6.80 to \$7.00; Faney, \$6.30 to \$6.40; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat), \$5.90 to \$5.95; Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat,) \$5.90 to \$5.95; Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat,) \$5.90 to \$5.95; Strong Bakers, \$5.00 to 6.15; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$6.00 to \$5.95; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$5.95 to \$6.00; Canada Supers, No.2, \$5.75 to \$5.80; Western States, No.2, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.00 to \$5.00; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$1.00; Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$7.00 lbs., \$2.75 to \$2.85; Olty bags, (delivered), \$3.20 to \$3.25.

Wheat.—Market quiet: 6 cars of U. C. Spring brought \$1.35.

UATMEAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5.—15 for Upper Canada.

PEAS, \$7.00 to \$1.00; Pollards, \$7.00 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.75 to \$5.—15 for Upper Canada.

PEAS, \$7.00 to \$1.00; Pollards, \$7.00; Pollards, \$7

to 51c.

BARLEY.—Nominal at 50c to 55c, for new.
BUTTER, por lb.—Market quiet. Fair dairy Western. 14je to 15je; good to choice do, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, nominal.

CHEKER, # lb.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine 11c to 11je; Finest new 12c to 12je.

PORR, per brl. of 200 1bs.—Market dull; New Mess, \$17.00. Thin Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.00.

LAID.—Quiet at 11je to 11je per pound.

ASHER.—Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$5.60 to \$6.65.

Pearls quiet. Firsts, \$8.60 to \$8.65.

IN BONDAGE.

BY MAX.

Ambition entered in my heart. And took hor sent as on a throne: She held her place, she kept her part. And claimed the kingdom for her own: And day and night she asked of me To how to her on bended knee.

She lured me first with winning smiles, She reigned with east and debomair, I could not free me of her wiles, She was so beautiful and fair: When ence she feigned to go, I laid My hand on hers and so she stayed.

She stayed and I cried out "'tis well,"
And counted her my dearest prize—
Forgetting why the angels fell
So long ago from Paradise;
While my enchantress sat in state,
Saying "Thou shalt be rich and great."

Her voice was music in my ear.
I did whate'er she hade me do;
First willingly and all sincere,
Because my task was wholly new:
I did not know that she would be
A very tyrant unto me.

The lovely summer came and went, And still she reigned upon her throne, Till nearly all my strength was spent, And I would fain be left alone; But my enchantress held her part, And kept the place within my heart.

And kept the place, aye, many a day, And made me bow the knee to her; Till Phy chanced to pass tant way, And saw my sorrow and despair; Then bringing help she came to me, And left me not till I was free.

Free to pursue my lowly way.
To love as I had loved before;
To sleep by night, to toil by day.
And give from out my humble store.
O life! O love! how fair to me,
All things are grown now I am free.

THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES"

CHAPTER IX .-- Continued.

Phoebe was afraid of Jabez Rourko-very much afraid of him, since that little scene in the fields, when he had shown his teeth. She had, up to then, treated him as a sort of

loutish lover—a sort of Caliban—to be flirted with when it took her fancy so to do. She had taken him up when it pleased her, and dropped him again with very little cere-

mony; but now she began to be afraid that she had made a great mistake in the character of her plaything. She had hitherto taken him to be a stupid

iont; but he was, withat, a dangerous lout—morose, savage, revengeful; capable indeed of acts of violence which awhile ago she would not have believed to be possible.

Yes, this ugly face, which forced itself unbidden upon her attention, caused her some con-

siderable uneasiness.

How must he be disposed of?

Of course, his threats and been but empty

She was certain of that. He never dare lay

a finger upon her.

And yet, somehow, although she was so posi-

tive upon this point, she did not feel at all com-

The Ill-conditioned blacksmith had throughout the day been skulking round and about the "Blue Dragon;" and when Percy Hardwicke, overnight, had been unusing himself by playing a game at skittles with some roystering horse-dealer stopping at the inn, the blacksmith had made himself very officious in picking up the pins, and had been very thankful and obsequious for such stray halfpence as were thrown him by the fine gentleman thus disporting

himself.
He was a very tine gentleman, indeed, in the estimation of such as frequented the hostelry where he had taken up his abode. "Who is he?"

"Where does he come from?"

"What's he call himself?"
These were the questions which the admiring

rustles asked one another.

There was no very satisfactory information obtainable upon any of these hints; and even the best-informed—there are always some perlage, the wisest in the smallest, of course-were obliged to contess, when pressed upon the sub-ject, that they knew nothing at all about it. But what was known was this:

" He's a mighty fine gentleman!

" He must be somebody !" Oh, that's certain-sure !"

"Any one could tell that, with half an eye, at the first glance !"

By this they meant money, of course, not impudence; though, for that matter, the new arrival had plenty of the latter, and to spare.

He was a great favourite before he had re-

mained there very long, because he was very liberal, and willingly stood treat to all who would drink at his expense; and you may be euro that he found very little trouble in eather. n crowd of persons who were that

way of thinking.

There soon collected a number of hangers-on who engerly watched for his coming, laid in wait for him, and sponged upon him at every

A body guard of mercenary vagabonds fol-lowed him about, and kept their eye fixed upon him, ready to obey his wishes in the slightest He had a somewhat imperative style of address, which was not a little insulting; but they

with this very contentedly, and were willing to take his kicks in the hopes of receiving a share of his halfpence.

He was greaty admired, too, by good Mrs. Miles, who was never weary of singing his

Praises.
What were pretty Phobe's sentiments respecting him we know already; and Mr. Miles, who was a mild man, very henpecked and humble, was in duty bound to admire what his good indy admired, and ask no questions, or form no opinion of his own upon the subject. Percy Hardwicke, then, having shown that

he was a man of money, soon found the "Blue a very comfortable inn, and had little to desire in a small way that was not provided for him.

He made up his mind to stop for a time, any-how, until he was weary of his flirtation with

"If I ran away with her," he thought, "there would be a great bother about it. I suppose. But then, surely, she is worth a little trouble and vexation."

He was thus reflecting, when, having con-oluded his morning meal, he stood by the inn

door, gazing idiy down the quiet street, which lay basking in the sun, very still and drowsy-

looking.
Raising his oyes, he saw a gloomy visage seawing at him from the tap-room window.

It was the face of the blacksmith, who, catching his eye, made a rough sort of bow.

"Come here, Orson," said Mr. Hardwicke, "I want to speak to you."

The man came slouching heavily forth, and stood cringing hofore him, milling his forelock.

stood cringing before him, pulling his forelock. "What an ill-looking beggar you are," said Hardwicke, candidly. "Do you ever wash

"When I've time," replied the other. "That's not often, I should thluk, by the look

"My trade's a dirty one, sir."

"Trade, ch? What may that be?"
"I'm a blacksmith."
"Yes, yes, so I've heard; but you never seem to be at work." "There is not much work in these parts."
"Not much, I suppose. A deadly, lively sort

'You're right there, master."

"" Your native village, I presume?"
184 I don't know, I'm sure. It's the first place

recollect, any how."
"Parents live here?"

"No; I can't say who it is for, I am sure; some person or other at the inn. My wife wanted it delivered to him.

"Allow me to take it?"

"No, no! You are coming home with me to have lunch." "I am afraid I cannot do that, as I have made an engagement for this afternoon.

"What, found some friend?"
"Ye-yes. Made an acquaintance, that is."
"I wish you could have thrown it over,"
said Jerroid, though it must be confessed that he did not persist very carnestly in the invita-

tion.

Percy Hardwicke would not be persuaded, and after a few brief sentences on either side. he turned to depart.
"If you will kindly take this letter, and it

will not trouble you," said the Captain. "I did not know that my wife wanted to send any not know that my was wanted to send any message, or, of course, I would have taken it when I wont at first. But as I was coming back, I met the girl carrying the letter, and asked where she was going. I suppose it is of vital importance," he said, with a smile, "for she wrote it directly I was gone, and sent it im-I am glad to hear that she was well enough

to sit up and write," said Hardwicke, to whom only a few moments before Jerroid had been

and also that Jerrold was very much vexed at , sible before he delivered over the epistle with hearing of the circumstance, as the trees had which he had been entrusted, been associated with many of his earliest and . How, though, was this info happiest recollections,
It would, indeed, have been a cruci thing to

have them cut down without there was some pressing necessity for so doing.

Perhaps, after all though, the man was mis-

"Are you quite positive?" he asked.
"Positive of what, sir?"
"That those trees were not struck by lightning ?"

equite, sir,"

e Now, be quite sure, for I have a most particular reason for wishing to know."

"I would stake my life on it, sir." Jerrold turned away without another word. There could be no doubt on the matter.

For some reason or other, Eleanor had told

CHAPTER X.

UPON THE BRINK OF A DISCOVERY.

Percy Hardwicke, upon his way back to the Blue Dragon, turned over and over in his hand the letter with which Edward Jerrold had entrusted him.



ON THE BRINK OF A DISCOVERY.

"Most probably, my friend," replied the smil-ing gentleman; "only I'm surprised they don't come for you, now you've grown up so promis-

The grimy giant scowled at the speaker somewhat menacingly for a moment, as though he seemed to be upon the point of resenting the insulting manner in which he was ad-But he quickly enough swallowed his indig-

nution, and grinned and cringed as before.

"You wouldn't be sorry to leave this little village, I presume, my grimy friend?"

"I shouldn't shed many tears, master!" "You don't like it, then?"
"I hate it!"
"Ah! I suppose you think it very strange that

I should stop here for pleasure?" The lout made no reply, but scowled darkly at

him, as before. Perhaps he could have given a zery shrewd guess at the motive which promptyery shreat guess at the montry which pomple ed the fine gentleman to honour the little vil-lage with his presence, and yet he refrained from making any suggestion upon the subject for reasons of his own. Meanwhile, Percy Hardwicke was thinking to

himself: though the subject of his thoughts he his companion "If you wouldn't take offence, master," said

Rourke, tugging at his forclock.

"I beg your pardon, master; but it at any time you should chance upon-

"If you knew any one as wanted a servant, sir, to travel anywhere. I shouldn't care how

would pay for dressing in livery, you would. Pilphink of it, my unwashed aspirant, if I hear of any one in want of a pretty page; and now I've had enough of your society, so go back to your forge, or stay, here's a shilling; go and fuddle yourself instead, that will be better." The blacksmith took the proffered coin which

the gentleman flung to him, as he might have flung a bone to a dog, and slouched away to the

Hardwicke looked after him admiringly. "If I should ever require the services of any unprincipled scoundrel, I shall know where to lay my hands upon him," he thought. "If I do carry away that pretty little girl, my friend, the unwashed miscreant, will be the very man to assist me—the very man!"

Perhaps not! Percy Hardwicke had not the vaguest notion what were the lour's sentiments upon this subject, or perhaps he would have felt

rather uneasy in his company.

He supposed that he had found the very tool for the purpose; and in the meantime went on very happily planning his little villantes, and

smiling sweetly to himself.

He took a stroll down the vilinge street, and was absent from the inn about half an hour On his return, he learnt, considerably to his an noyance, that Edward Jerrold had called almost

directly he had gone out. "If I had only been in," he thought, "It would have saved me the trouble of going there. I must go now, I suppose, to make a morning call, and ask how that funciful wife of his is

With this intention, he set out across the fields: but when within sight of Jerrold's house

he met the Captain returning to the village.
Some few words were exchanged, and Peres Hardwicke had made some polite inquiries re specting the health of the lady, when Jerrold said, "By the by, I was on my way to your inn with—with this letter."

As he spoke, Hardwicke perceived for the first time that he held a letter in his hand. "For me?" asked Percy.

The Know nought about 'em, master. The giving an account of his wife's fliness, wherein tramps left me. I'm told, because, I suppose, I he represented that she could not raise her wasn't worth carrying any farther."

ings.
The worthy Captain, who, until then, had never noticed anything curious in these rather

controllectory circumstances, felt rather confused, and looked even more so.

of daresay she had written it before," he stammered; and then twisting the letter over and over, continued, "I wonder who she wants to write to at a public-house. However, if you will be so kind—"

The stating randomn was only too delicity.

will be so kind—"

The smiling gentleman was only too delighted, and straightway departed.

"Pour fool?" he said to himself, as begianced back at the house. "He's het her do just what she likes. She seems to twist him round her finger any way she chooses. I don't know how it is, but upon my word I would willingly give a good round sum for the sake of getting up a little discord in that worthy household. And if she was not a dreadful douly provinchal, I should feel half inclined to yenture on a mild should feel built inclined to venture on a mild diritation. By the way, I wonder what she is like? How was it I did not look at her portrait when I was there the other evening? I suppose

The Captain, on his way back to the house, certainly did think more of the little circum-

have mentioned her desire to send a letter when he was going to the inn.

seemed to imply some sort of attempt at

How, again, was it that his wife should write to some one at a public-house? And what was it about?

It was altogether very odd, indood; and again did a feeling of gathering uneasiness creep over Of course, there were a hundred and one rea-

yet he felt somewhat uncomfortable, in spite of his efforts not to do so Somehow, during the last two or three days so many odd elreumstances had occurred, all of which might probably have been explained

with the greatest ease, but yet were not explain ed, and left a rather unpleasant impression behind them. Thoughts such as these I have described ran through his brain, and puzzled and vexed him more than would be readily believed.

But he was doomed to greater vexation still, Falling into conversation with an old labouring man, who, recognising him, bade him good day, they began to talk about various matters connected with the sea, for the labourer had at

one time been a sail**or.** "You have storms on land, too, now and then," said Jerrold; "even down in such a sheltered nook as this.'

"A storm here, sir ?" repeated the man, in "Yes, you had a bad thunder storm, had you

not, some time ago? Why, the lightning struck those great trees at the corner of the

The man smiled incredulously.

"When, sir?" he asked.
"I don't know when, but it did occur, did it

"Not as I've heard of," said the man, was one that helped to cut them down. They were as the a piece of timber as you could well wish to see, but they were not injured in the

Jerrold listoned in amazement. Could be be dreaming? Did be hear aright! He felt quite positive that Eleanor had told him that the reason why the trees had been

felled was that they had been struck by lightning.
The reader will recollect this circumstance

With one of his blandest smiles, he read the aperscription, "Mr. Slider," it said,

a Slider," he repeated to himself. - I have heard the name, I fancy, but I can't exactly say who it belongs to. One of those lazy, horsy-looking fellows hanging about the inn-yard, and carousing in the tap-room. Slider, Slider, I am certain I ought to know him."

He could not however settle it in his satis-

He could not, however, settle it to his satisfaction, as he walked along, pondering upon the

subject.
"It is rather strange, though," he thought, "It is rather strange, though," he though,
e that she should write to one of those fellows
at the in. What can it be about? I'll find out
which the fellow is, and have a good look at
him before I give him the letter. If I were
only to light upon some little bit of scandal.
But, no, I am afraid there is no such luck."
He walked on at a more rapid pace, and soon

reached the han door.

There he found Miles ready, as usual, to ac-

cord him a gracious welcome. Hardwicke began chatting about the tine weather and the number of guests at the inc.
"Was that Mr. Slider I was playing with last night?" he asked.

o I forget, sir. Ah, though, I remember, but I don't know the gentleman's name. Mr. Slider is in the parlour. He wears a white hat."

parlour ?" said Hardwicke. "I want to sit and rest awhile. A white hat! What incident connected with

when he heard the words, He found a rather shabby-looking gentleman

seated before the fire, whose but had evidently done him good service, for it was weather stained and indented in several places. Hardwicke took a sent in the corner and ob-

erved the stranger quietly.

He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, tall and well-made, but with anything but

pleasing east of countenance. The expression of his eyes was anything but a good one, and they were a great deal too close save that of the face of the speaker whom their

owner addressed. was cut very square, and was ornamented by a dirty beard of several days' growth.

He had a very ugly sear, too, crossing his nose, with the beauty of the outline of which it had very seriously interfered. No, he was not a nice-holding gentleman, this Mr. Slider; and there was written on his face, in unmistakable characters, blackguard

and thief. He was very slangily attired, and with a great affectation of smartness; but he was,

withal, very dirty and squalid.

Percy Hardwicke had plenty of time to notice all these particulars, for Mr. Silder was deeply engaged with the Sporting Life, and did not turn his eyes towards the new-comer, after one brief glance of scrutiny.

"Why on earth can Jerrold's wife want to write to that fellow?" Hardwicke asked him-self, and could find no roady answer to the query. self, and could find no roady answer to the query, "Perinps," he thought, "she may want to buy a dog of him. He looks to be something in the dog-stealing way, or a horse coper, or does the pickpockets or cut-throats, when professionally engaged? It would be rather hard to tell what is his particular line, but it's something felonious, that's certain."

The object of his thoughts was putling at a

The object of his thoughts was putling at a large cigar. His dirty lingers were ornamented with showy, but not too costly jewellery.

"I wonder whether he owes a long bill?" thought Hardwicks. He held the letter in his hands, but he hesitated about giving it. He felt extraordinarily ourious about his disreputable acquaintane and resolved upon finding out as much as posHow, though, was this information to be ob-tained?

Perhaps the best way to begin with was to

make a few more enquiries of the landlady, and then delicately to question Mr. Slider himself, and see how their statements agreed.

With this intention he left the room, and went to the bar to purchase some cigars. He was a very ingenious gentleman, and so very easily brought the conversation round to

the desired point.

of didn't know that gentleman was Mr. Slider," he said. of thought it was the name of
another gentleman."

"That is Mr. Slider, sir, I believe,"

"That is Mr. Slider, sir, I believe,"

"He wasn't here yesterday, was he?"

"He was away at the fair, sir, I believe,"

"Something in the horsey way, I suppose?"

"Most gents are down this way, sir. I don't know what he calls himself, I'm sure. He doesn't eem to do nuch."

" Not a favourite of yours, Mrs. Miles?"

Persons who keep an Inn, sir, have no right to likes and dislikes," "No, no; you mustn't talk about them, at

any rates sexcept among friends,"

"To be sure, sir, I know you would not repent what I said,"

"My dear madam!"

"I don't half like that Mr. Slider, then, sir, if

you must know the truth, and I'm not over com-fortable about it; but, then, Mr. Miles is so onsy about everything, and is really no more use in the house than a child unborn—"Made rather a long stay, I presume ?" said

Hardwicke,

"We have been some time, certainly, sit,

"We alway been some time, certainly, sit,

"the colour of his money; but without seeing the colour of his money; but then, I'm sure, I've no right to say anything, only I really don't like the book of Mr. Slider,"

6 How long has he been here?" o It's more than a fortnight now."

o Is suppose he has friends in the neighbour

**I suppose he knows somehody, such as they are. I beyor heard of any body having seen him with anyone unless it was "Yes, Mrs. Miles."

"Yes, Mrs. Miles,"
"Some one said they met him in company with some well-dressed female one night, on the fields leading to the valley; but, then they weren't quite sure that it was him after all,"
"In the fields, was it?" asked thardwicke, with gathering interest, "You don't know who the female was, though, I suppose,"
"No, sir; a stranger, I believe. Any how, she had on a thick vell, and though the party who told me tried all what she could to eather a glimpse of her face, or hear her voice, she containot succeed."

"And so you don't know what trade or too.

*** Saccount**

** And so you don't know what trade or profession he is?**

"I have no idea, sir," " Captain Jerrold's house is down in the valley you speak of is it not?"
"Yes, sir."
"I thought that was the valley you mean;

and that reminds me I must godown and make another inquiry respecting Mrs. Jerrold." "I beg your pardon, sir, but is anything the

"She is seriously III, I believe." "She is seriously iii, I believe."
"I am very sorry to lear ii, I am sure. She is a very nice buly. One of the kindest-hearted and most churitable; but you know her, sir?"
"I have never seen her,"
"She is as good as she is beautiful, and that is marked and the seed.

snying a good daal too,"
" Heautiful, ch?" How old is she?" Beauliful, ch? How out is sne?"
 Quite a girl; twenty-two at most,"
 You don't mean that? Dear me, I had formed quite another idea respecting her,"
 Has Captain Jerrold never spoken of her.

"Oh, yes of course. But he never said whether she was old or young, or pretty or

"It was a love match, sir, I believe," conti-"It was a love match, sir, I believe," conti-mod the landhaly, "They met one another somewhere at the seaside. Mrs. Jerrald was an orphan, living with an elderly aunt. She had no family, and very few friends, I believe, and they lived very quietly. The country families herenbouts are very proud and exclusive, and so....."

"So what?" "So that may be why they have shown her the cold shoulder to some extent, though how they could find in their hearts to do so puzzles

"Very good looking, is she," said Hardwicke,

musing, "and tall?" "About the middle height, sir."

"Soft volce?" Very soft and musical," Hardwicke turned away, having learnt all

that he could from this quarter.

When he returned to the parlour, he found Mr. Slider had finished his newspaper, and was

smoking hard at his eigar.

· Fine day," sald Hardwicke.

Very tidy, sir," replied Mr. Slider.

"At the fair yesterday?"
"Yes --- an hour or so." Dealing?

"No-pleasure,"
"I went there myself to try and pick up a mag, but couldn't flud anything to my fancy," said Hardwicke, "Pack of screws all I saw," replied Slider,
"Pretty country about these parts. Pro stay-

ing here for a few days, and have been much taken by it." "Yes, its pretty enough," said Silder, glaneing

out of the window. "No judge myself of that sort of thing." • You came more for field sports, I dare say, than landscapes."

"Don't care for either." "Waste of time."

"You must find it rather dull work then, I should think, sir, down here." "I do," replied Slider, "but Pm obliged to stop for a time." ach, I beg your pardon. On onsiness of course."

"On my private business," replied Silder, and with those words walked out of the room, thus

cutting short the conversation. "He owes his bill, and is waiting for a remit-bring," thought Hardwicke, "that is the reason of his long stay. And now about this letter. Ought he to have it."

Decidedly he ought to have had it long ago,

yet Mr. Hardwicke still kept it in his possession. He had put it away in his pocket, but now he brought it out and looked attentively at its su-

" Mr. Slider." These two words alone were written on the

"I'd give five pounds to know what was in side," thought Hardwicke, as he twisted the letter over and over between his fingers.

But he need not have given half the sum, for he had only-He was alone. Nobody was looking.

No one was near to interrupt him. Who would be the wiser? Could he not say

no dropped the lotter if any question was ever raised. " I'll do it." he said.

Then, without any further hesitation, he broke the seal.







C. APTER XI.

PERCY HARDWICKE'S PLOT.

"Now for the mystery !" said Hardwicke. He drew a long breath, as he tore open the envelope.

Then for a moment paused and listened again, for he fancied that he heard a slight rattling of the handle of the room door,

But no, it was a fulse alarm. There was no danger of interruption, and, indeed, if there had been, what was there to be afraid of?

But conscience makes cowards of us all, and the smiling gentleman was very pale, and trem-bled slightly, in spite of his efforts to appear But a moment's reflection caused him to laugh

at his fears, and taking the letter from its cover he spread it before him, and set himself steadily to its perusal.

It had been evidently written in great haste, and it was smeared and blotted as though the writer had no time to walt until it got dry before it was folded and directed.

The words which it contained were these:—

"In mercy's name, go! Leave an address where I can send to you,
"Do not be afraid that I will not send, You ought to know by this time that I shall not fall to keep my word after what I have suffered for your sake.

"But in mercy's name, leave the village, or all shall be discovered, and I shall be ruined.

Percy Hardwicke slowly perused this strange opistle, then again read it, then folded it, re-placed it in its envelope, and put it away in a

place of safefy.

After this he made several draws at his eigar, which had gone out unbeeded, it it again, let it out again, puffed at it after it was extin-

guished, then flung it from him into the fire-He rose to his feet, and, walking to the win-

dow, stared out into the village street, the gambols in which of a plethoric plg appeared most deeply to interest him.

Not for very long, however. He came back and stood before the fireplace, over which hung a dusty aluminac that seemed to afford him matter for deep contempation, and reduction matter for deep contemptation and reflection for several minutes. Again he turned away, and this time paced the room.

Then coming to a halt once more in front of the open window, he broke in a smile of even greater benignity than was usual with him, "I wouldn't have missed that letter for nity

pounds!" said he. "No, not for fifty at the very least; and only to think what a very near chance I had of losing it altogether. There was a mo-ment when I was actually on the point of giving it away."

He became suddenly serious, as the thought

of such a calamity occurred to him.
"I had my saspicions," he continued, after a brief pause; "but one likes more than a suspicion "I had my suspicions," he continued, after a brief pause; "but one likes more than a suspicion to go upon, if it's anything more serious than hanging a pick-pocket. Of course I knew how it would be, and of course I supposed that this letter would throw some sort of light upon the letter would throw some sort of light upon the affair; but who on earth could have imagined that it would be such a letter—such a damping proof of—I must have another look at it!"

Again he drew it forth from his pocket, and

read it with a chuckle of intense satisfaction.
Indeed, though, as a rule, anything but an impressionable or impulsive person, Percy Hardwicke upon this occasion could not refrain from pressing to his lips this toll-tale opistic, which had afforded him so much satisfaction.

"There are boobles," said he, "who collect and treasure up the autographs of dead men who have made a name in the world, who would not give me a penny for this paper, when I would give the contents of all their museums for it, and yet think it cheaply purchased."

At the conclusion of this somewhat extravagait sollioney, chancing to look up, he saw the eyes of Rourke, the blacksmith, fixed upon him, and drew back from the window with some slight confusion.

"Curse that fellow!" he muttered. "He is "Ourse that lenow!" he muttered. "He is for everlastingly peoping and prying round some corner. It's very sure I should not be able to carry off pretty Miss Phoebe without taking him as an accomplice. What an ill-looking vagabond he is, though! I should be almost afraid of the fellow, if he were not such a heavy-headed, blundering idiot! Pretty little Pheebe! I am not quite sure that there is not higher game to aim at than a publican's daughter, pretty though she

Rourke was still secwling out from his ambush, wondering to himself what letter that was his rival was reading, and fancying, of course, that it was some epistle of an amatory nature which he had received from the faithless

It is probable that if ready limitering diot, prison. as he chose to designate him, and had known what thoughts were rankling in his mind, the knowledge thereof might have led him very seriously to consider what was the best course to pursue, and whether it would not have been the advisable course to turn his back for ever upon the village and its immates, instead of fluttering round a flame which, in the end, was doomed to prove fatal to him.

He had other and more important matters, though, according to his estimation of them, to occupy his attention.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself, continuing his reflections upon the subject of the "Suppose I wait until she recovers from this indisposition, and then seek an interview. Then if there is any truth in the statements which this woman here makes about her beat ty, the knowledge that I possess must place her

Another reflection, however, very soon occur.

Would be be able to see her?

Jerrold had said something about change of air. She might go away before he was successful in obtaining an interview. If she were bent upon not seeing him, it would

be easy enough to avoid him.

"And she does not want to see me, I am cortain-though why

That was a question which must be answered upon some future occasion.

Why, on earth, could she desire to avoid him?

Upon the first night of his arrival she could have known that he was coming, unless some-how, by the way, she had enught a glimpse of him in her husband's commany The second evening, though, there could be no alstake. Jerrold had told him that her sudden

illness came on just after he had pointed out Hardwicke's approaching figure.

"Does she know me?" Hardwicke asked him-

seli. "If so, I must know her. Though, how is it she is afreld to meet me? It ought to be the other way. There are several women whom rather avoid if they are still alive. which I sincerely trust the majority are not!
Ah, I have it now! She must be some one
whose back history will not hear looking into!
Some one who knows I know all about her, and
is afraid I shall tell this poor fool, Jerrold, her
secrets! Well, she shan't hoodwink me, at any rate, however easily she may have deceived my sen-faring friend!'

However he was to act one thing was most of the day before.

necessary, did he wish successfully to carry out his schemes, and that was, the employment of the greatest possible caution.

hat was the first step? Hardwicke ordered another clear, and under is soothing influence, a great idea occurred to

He rang the bell, and ordered pen, ink, and paper, then sat down and wrote to his friend Edward Jerrold.

"My dearn Jerron," he wrote, "Some busi-ness will oblige me to go away for a few days, perhaps a week. When I return, I will take my clunnes of seeing you. Trusting that Mrs. Jer-rold will soon recover from her indisposition, 1 am, with best compliments to her and to you,

yours very truly, PERCY HARDWICKE," After having re-read this epistle, he smiled at himself in the glass with extreme-self-satisfaction, ordered dinner at six, and went out for a

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

BY DEXTER SMITH.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to linger where sunbouns must fide, Where, on all boanty, death's lineers are laid; Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet, Weary with parting and never to meet. Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore; Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin. Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in : Joyans as birds, when the morning is bright, When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their

Work with sowing and nover to reap.
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street: Loved ones have whispered that some one is

blest.—
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss.—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
the more departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Adam went to arouse the servants, that the last office for the dead might be performed.

The dead laid out in the guise of the deadthe white sheet on bed and floor and wall the candles lit at the feet of him who could

not see them. Ere he ascended to the chamber of death Adam opened the Hall door to breathe for a few minutes in the sweet morning air. The oak of Haddon lay prostrate on the ground, its roots pointing up to the grey morning sky, its leafess head resting on the stone steps leading to

the Castle door.

It was late in the afternoon before Mr. Alexander Waddell, the now head of the firm arrived at Haddon Castle.

Adam informed him of all that had happened previous to the demise of Sir Richard, deliver-ing to him the letter written by the doctor and signed by Sir Richard, the key of the secret cupboard and also that of the desk containing the money which Catchem would have appro-priated to himself if he could. It was then that Adam for the first time thought of Catchem, who had as he fancied been a prisoner in the armoury since the day before without tasting food; it was impossible to send to Haddon Village for a policeman as Adam had intended, simply because Frazer's services were required in his master's sick room, consequently he could

not be spared to go so far as Haddon Village.
Adam told Mr. Waddell of the prisoner in the armoury, at the same time saying: that he was sure if Sir Richard had been still in life he would have considered the punishment the high he had received from the faithless man had already undergone, imprisoned in a cold room without a bed or food for such a long it is probable that if Percy Hardwicke could time, sufficient without now sending him to

Mr. Waddell knew nothing whatever of Catchem : concluding he was some hanger on, or poor friend whose honesty was not proof against the temptation of a within his reach which he fancied no one ex cept himself knew was in the house; and at once adopted Adam's view of the case

had better release the fellow," said Mr. Waddell, "but before you do so, I will go with you to the armoury and have a look at both him and it.'

Although Mr. Waddell was ignorant of Sir Richard's residence in the tower chamber he had heard of the place itself from his father, and wished to ascertain for himself if there really was such a chamber.

On opening the armoury door to Adam's great surprise Catchem was not to be seen, Mr. Waddell at once looked round for the entrance to the staircase leading to the care chamber and seeing the open panel pointed it out to Adam, suggesting the expedience as the stairemed quite dark of obtaining a lantern, in order to make a search for the escaped prisoner; a light was soon brought. A Mr. Waddell accompanied by Adam ascending the stone soon discovered the chamber with Catchem quite worn out with the exertion of keeping the rats at bay during the night, and faint from hunger, crouching in one corner of the cage, his bloodshot eyes fixed on the hole into which he saw the last rat run long after

"Come out of that," said Adam addressing the poor wretch, who had no more power to come out than if he had been tied hand and

"Ye'er going to get your liberty from this gentleman here that's come frac Aberdeen where I was going to send ye to the jail; but he says if ye give your solemn promise never to try to steal either men or siller he'll let ye off this time; but mind what I say, I would na like to be in your skin if ye ever fall into his

land for foul play again."

Mr. Waddell fairly stared at the long speech Adam had put into his mouth without leave asked or given, and rather at a loss what he meant by coupling stealing men with his offence

Catchem merely replied by a groan, pointing to the bars of the cage. They understood him and tried in vain to open or find any fastening or door; each bar was exactly the counterpart of the others, nothing to give them any clue to where the cage opened or shut. All efforts were vain, and it was at last judged best to send to Haddon Village for a blacksmith to open it by force; a supply of food and water was brought to Catchem who modestly request ed a glass of brandy to infuse warmth and life into his chilled flesh and sore bones Ere Mr. Waddell could answer Adam re-

olied : "No, no, ye'll get no brandy here, ye'er bad enough ye dinna need brandy to make ye worse

than ye are." Catchem gave him a half scared look, he could not comprehend how in some unaccountable way Adam who had been an object of al-most implacable batted to Sir Richard, no sooner made his appearance in the sick man's room than he was almost as if by magic not only restored to favour but to all appearance made virtually master in the Castle, holding the position Catchem had desired for himself. He knew he was recognized as the one who helped to place the old man in Pounder's power, and he feared Adam's turn was come to be si-

Mr. Waddell inquired how the door had been shut upon him; he described his inadvertancy in pulling the strip of deerskin from the knob and its instantly having been drawn up into

the place where the bars met in the centre.

"Try if you can't get up to it, and again pull
it down by your own weight," said Mr. Wad-

"I have been trying it at intervals as long

"I have been trying it at intervals as long as the light lasted last night, and I was at it to day until all my bones ached with the falls I have got in trying to reach it."

"Tut man," said,Mr. Waddell "you have not tried much, if I were in there I think I would not sit so contented as you do, if only for putting down that know I could get out it was been as the content of the put in the part of the content of the country of the content ting down that knob I could get out, it may be night before a blacksmith can be got from Haddon Village.

"It will be all that," said Adam " Frazer is off for John Longman, to come and bide here till after the funeral, the Castle o' Haddon canna be left wionly me and another to serve all the gentles that'll be coming and going for eight days to come; Frazer is no very elever about ais ermads, and John Longman is very drech of drawing, forbye that his wife ill no let him off without two or three clean shirts, and this is only Wednesday, they may be washed but they're no ironed that's sure enough; and if we pit that and that together, if six o'clock sees them at the Castle it's more than I think an' none o' them will be willing to go to Haddon Village after dark on a winter's night for the sake o'a whipper in like that; puir body if he has to bide here till to-morrow's morning he'll be in cauld quarters, but if it's sae I'll bring up a blanket from one o' the servants beds to him."

"Oh, I can never pass another night here," howled Catchem; "I'll be devoured by rats." " The rats!" exclaimed Adam, looking round as if he expected to see them running about his feet. "That's nonsense; what for would rats

come here?" "I don't know what they come for," said Catchem; " but they were here in such num-bers hast night that I was obliged to climb the bars of the cage as high as I could reach, and even then to take off my neckerchief to beat them off with. I'll be devoured alive if I am left another night here."

" I'll give you a candle and that'll keep them off," said Adam, who did not believe there was a rat in the place except in the imagination of the lawyer.
"Try again to pull the knob down; that's

your best chance to escape both rats and cold," said Mr. Waddell, who pitied the man and thought that by exerting himself he could certainly pull down the knob. He himself, being a man of six feet in height, measured Catchem's powers by what he thought would be his own if in the same predicament.

Catchem raised himself from the crouching position he had held since the departure of the ing the night, and hanging to the cross bars of the cage, together with the cold, had numbed and stiffened his joints so, that he could with taking a spring and so catching hold of it, he had little hope of the poor worn-out looking

creature accomplishing his desire.

Catchem bent himself down, almost knees and head meeting each other, and then with all the strength he had left sprung up towards the top of the cage, continuing this three or four times until at last he came sprawling down flat on his back in the middle of the cage, the dust flying about in clouds and almost stifling himself and the two spectators of his fell. Catchem gave a wild howl as he fell. uttering some scarcely audible imprecations on Scotland and the Scotch. Mr. Waddell, who had been highly tickled by the several attempts Catchem made to reach the knob, now fairly roured with laughter, which so exasperated the fallen Catchem that he sprang up and rushed to the side of the cage in which Mr. Waddle stood, indulging in a flood of invectives against Adam, screaming at the extreme pitch of his voice

"May I be kept and guarded!" exclaimed Adam, who saw nothing either to laugh or swear at in Catchem's fall, it being a very matter-of-fact thing in his eyes, and was shocked beyond measure at any sort of noise occurring in the house where his dead master lay. "May I be kept and guarded, such a noise to be kicked up in Haddon Castle and the dead lights burning for the Laird. Haud your whisht you ill-faured thief loon that ye are. If I hear another word out o' your crocked mouth I'll give you neither food nor drink for ither twenty-four hours, and that'll maybe gair

ye keep a quiet tongue in your head." Catchem was silenced at once. He remembered how determinedly Adam had kept to his word when being less so would have been manifestly to his worldly advantage; and now, when he was master of the situation, he doubtd not he would put his threat in execution. Catchem was already ravenous with hunger, and had no desire to gratify his temper at the expense of his appetite.

Mr. Waddell was as fully alive to the indecorum of a noise in the house where the dead lay as Adam was, although he did not view it in the same serious light as the old man did. Adam cyidently thinking the whole affair, Mr. Waddell's and try to open it. I ought to have got some laughter as well as Catchem's oaths, not only instrument for the purpose before leaving the

followed Adam down the staircase, said, as if in palliation of his ill-timed mirth:

"That poor wretch, in his attempts to reach the knob, reminded me so much of scenes I have seen in my boyhood at the circus that it

was impossible to control my laughter."

"I well believe that, Mr. Waddell; but there's an excuse for foolish bairns laughing at a merryman that grown men wouldna like to be evened to them. There's a time for all things, as the wise man said, a time to weep and a time to laugh; but when there's a dead corpse in the house, and the dead man was the master only two or three hours since, it seems to me that the laughing going on above his head can only be compared to what the Scripture speaks o' when they tell o' the laughter

that's like the crackling o' thorns under a pot."
"Yes, Adam, the laughter of fools, that's what the wise man of old called it, ch?" said Mr. Waddell, good-humouredly; "you are in the right, it is not seemly to have mirth in the house of mourning. However, the dead cannot hear it, and there are no living relations of Sir Richard within many a mile of the old Castle."

"Ye're right there, Mr. Waddell. There's nane o' Sir Richard's sin to mourn for him, and I'm afraid it will only be strangers that will go with him to the mausoleum yonder; but his auld servant man, Adam Johnston, will keep order and decency in the house till the burial is past, as was done for both his father and his

They were now in the armoury; and Mr. Waddell, fearful that Adam would carry out his threat of making Catchem prolong his fast, "You'll send that poor creature some

food and a sup of tea, won't you, Adam?"
"Oh, aye; I'll send Frazer up wi' some bread and beef and a drink o' water, but I send nae kickshaws or delicacies o' tea or the like o' that to such a ne'er-do-weel as him. I have me liberty o' conscience to waste the mercies

on the like o' him " As there will be no necessity for any further notice of Catchem, it will be well to let the reader know what ultimately became of him. He was not released from the cage until he had been there four days in worse than durance vile, it being that time ere a blacksmith could be procured. When at last he was liberated, Adam accompanied him to the servants' hall where he saw the lawyer cat a very hearty, though plain, dinner of Scotch broth and bread and then giving him in charge to John Longman, requested the latter not to lose sight him until he was on the other side of the Castle gate, saying to Catchem by way of goodbye, as she stood in the postern to see him off, Gang ye're ways hame to London, Mr. Catman, and try to have less o' the cat and mair o' the man about ye for the time to come."

Mr. Catchem did go home to London, to find that nearly the whole of his ill-gotten gains, which he had placed in the hands of Sir John Paul, had been swallowed up in the ruin which came to all who had money in that bad man's hands, who now, after thirty years have passed away, is still wearing out his life in toil and exile, as a slight expiation not only of the wrong he has done, not only to such evil-doers as Catchem, but the wrong he did to hundreds of poor widows and orphans whose means were placed in his hands.

Catchem then tried to get into the old way of business in which he had scraped together enough to keep himself and cheat his clerk in the old time before he met Sir Richard; but the story of his doings in sending Adam to Pounder's mad-house had got abroad. name was in the newspaper notices, N C. Catchem, Cecil Street, Strand, in full, and those who had known him fought shy of him. They knew, to use Mr. Hopkins' graphic expression when speaking to his son-in-law, Mr. George Cox, of his first instructor in Law, "that he was a bad lot, and it was best to keep the locksmith's fingers between their silver and him," and somehow he was unable now to find dupes as he did ten years before. Perhaps it may have been in consequence of his nose having become somewhat swollen and red, or it may have been that his clothes were poor now, and he had lost the jaunty air he used to have which imposed on people and made them fancy he was what he represented himself to be, a lawdifficulty stand upright. He was a small man ver in good practice among the upper classes, at best; and although Mr. Waddell still urged He still haunts the old places in the Strand and him to try if possible to reach the knob by the streets branching off from it; and when Mr George Cox, who is now Factor for Lord home and knowing it not.

Cranstonn on his Devonshire estates, comes up Are we not all doing the like, walking about to London for a few days, he is sure to meet a slipshod, almost hatless, dissipated-looking fellow, who has the effrontery to claim acquaintance on the score of Mr. George having been his articled clerk and to whom the good-netured clerk, forgetting the past, lends five shillings, which goes for brandy as soon as it is in the possession of the poor useless drunkard. who now lost to all feeling, has no wish left but to satisfy the cravings of his appetite for strong drink, and entertains his acquaintances with anecdotes invented for the occasion, of his old friend Sir Rich ard Cuninghame, and hints that before Sir Richard's death Lord Cranstonn, the Morton family, Sir Arthur Lindsay, and even the great Duke himself, were on the list of his acquaintances, to whose houses he was always welcome. His pot companions occasionally stared in wonder at the downful he had experienced, sometimes told him he lied, according to their own credulity or the quantity of liquor they had imbibed. We must now go back to the day on which

Lady Hamilton had her last interview with

Immediately upon leaving the Castle, Lady Hamilton, instead of entering her carriage, signed to her conchman to come down from his seat on the box. The man was an old and faithful servant of the family, and one who The man was an old and was as able to judge of the sign she went to seek, as her Ladyship herself.

'Tell Morrison to attend to the horses, and come with me, Andrews. I am the mausoleum of the Cuninghames. I am going to The man did as he was desired, giving the

footman strict injunctions with regard to the left hand horse, and wondering what his Lady could have to do in the vicinity of the Haddon mausoleum, followed her in silence.

On their arrival at their destination Lady Hamilton gave the key to Andrews, desiring him to open the door. This done she entered, at once finding the coffin, covered with serge, it being the only one not lowered down into

"Remove the cover of that coffin, Andrews.

indecorous but absolutely sinful; and as he Castle. If you cannot succeed without, you must return to procure one."

While she was yet speaking the serge pall was thrown aside and the deal coffin unscrewed, showing a leaden one of elaborate and costly

make inside. "Do you think you can open that coffin, Andrews? I fear this will be a work of time."

" No, my Lady," replied her servant, answering the latter part of her Ladyship's speech; "it will not take many minutes to open this coffin; it is Sir Robert Cuninghame's. Adam took me to see the body after it was placed in this coffin and showed me how it was to be closed. It was made to open and shut that the young ladies might open it if they would like to see their father. It was to please Miss Margaret it was made this way."

The clasps were soon undone, the lead coffin opened, and Lady Hamilton herself then removed the muslin laid across the face.

The dead man looked as if he had not been dead a day. His hands were crossed on his breast, in one of which was a piece of wallflower, easily distinguishable as such. dead face bore every lineament, the very expression of her husband's face as she had seen it while he lay asleep. She remembered the last time she had looked on that still, cold face, then only a few hours dead, and the sudden start it gave her then. It was a sore trial that, for the poor mother thus to meet her baby boy whom for forty-four years she had thought upon as being in the care of the angels of God. Verily, so he was; the Angels of God are round about us all the time, although the wise men of the nineteenth century know better than to believe in the cloud of witnesses; the ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation, whom righteous Paul, taught by the Holy Spirit, spoke and wrote of. It was a sore trial; but she had steeled her

heart to go through it. She had suffered much in the long ago; the Lord had given her grace and strength then, He would do so now. Even

this must be borne.

"Andrews, whose face is that?"

"It is Sir Robert Cuninghame's face, my Lady; but I know well what's passing in your mind. When I saw him lying in his coffin up at the Castle twelve years since, I thought I had never se n a face so like Sir William Hamilton's."

" Andrews, that face was never on a Cuning-

hame." "Who could be be, my Lady? He's twenty years too young to be Sir William."

Lady Hamilton answered not, but lifting the

right arm of the body she folded back the shirt sleeve which covered it, and behold, there was the Hamilton leaf in the thick of thearm nine or ten inches below the shoulder, a W. surrounded by dots on one side of the leaf, an H. surrounded by dots on the other, both W. and If, made by the man who now looked with bewildered ey s on the mark that was on Sir William Hamilton's heir at his birth, and the marks he himself had put to please the child, and received a severe rebuke from his master for so doing.

" My Lady," said the man with distended eyes, looking from the marks on the arm to the dead face, and in a voice almost choked with emotion, "that's little Master Willie!"

emotion, "that's little Master Willie!"
Lady Hamilton, win closed eyes, laid her face down on the dead face, so cold, so dear, overcome by contending emotions—love stronger than death—grief that would have its way—praise to dod for his saving mercy in the dread past that might have been so bitter, so bitter, but that He, the Holy One of Israel, set Microsel to watch the street by the first larger than the street of the street of the street of the set of the street of the st His angel to watch the steps of her child;— and amid the tears that fell like rain she raised her face to Heaven, and with clasped hands exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath

mercy ever!" Next day a small funeral cortège entered the gate of Haddon Castle, the foremost among whom was Lady Hamilton in her mourning coach, which had not been us d since the death of her daughter, thirty-seven years before.

The lead coffin containing the body of Lady

Hamilton's son was lifted out from the pine box it had been placed in by Sir Richard's orders, and put in a rosewood shell brought from Aberdeen for the purpose. The body was brought to Inchdrewer, and

there lay in state for the time given to relatives to mourn their dead. A strange coming back to his home for the boy who went out to play in the woods so full of life and beauty forty-four years before, spending his life in sight of his

in sight of our spirits' home that is so near, and

knowing it not, because our eyes are holden and

we deem it so very far off, because we see it not with those eyes of thesh that are so dim, and our faith is so weak we fear to pierce through the gloom which s ems to surround and separate us from the dim beyond.

On the same day as that appointed for Sir Richard Cuninghame's funeral, Lady Hamilton's son, Sir William Hamilton, was placed in the mausoleom of his fathers. Lady Hamilton

knew not it was the day of Sic Richard's fune-

ral she had appointed for that of her son.

she had known it, she would not have had it The appointed day came, and the Hall in Inclidrewer Castle where the body was laid out in state was so crowded with guests from all parts of the country that the drawing-room and ibrary had to be thrown open to receive them. The dining-rooms were laid for a hundred people, and yet the tables had to be relaid sev-

eral times as the guests came pouring in. Sir William Hamilton and his wife Rosabelle St. Clair were Inid side by side with his sister Margaret Hamilton, who, but for the mercy of Him who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, and who knoweth the end from the beginning,

would have been her brother's bride. The remains of Sir Richard Cuninghame were followed to the tomb by his lawyer, his tenantr , and old Adam Johnston. Everything was conducted decently and in order, yet no man shed a tear, none heaved a sigh, none sorrowed for their Lord and master who las lonely there, save a large Newfoundland dog, the playmate of his little dead son, who, when the so-called mourners had departed and the mausoleum door was shut, lay down on the stone step outside, refusing to be taken from the spot where he knew they had laid his master; and when the short winter day faded into twilight and the night came out with her " pale light of stars," the dog rose, and looking up to the heavens with loud cries told his sor-

row to the cold, reluking moon, Adam did not perform his promise of going back to his own cottage there to spend a few weeks with his sister and her family. The old



man would fain have gone, but it was not, as he himself said, in the line of duty for him to do so then. He longed to rest once more among his own people, but he could not, not

Mr. Waddell had taken possession of Haddon Castle in the name of Agnes Cuninghame, widow of Colonel Arthur Lindsay, and of Beldorne Hall in the name of Margaret Cuninghame. He did not know then what in a few days became the talk of the country side, that the late Sir Robert Cuninghame was in reality not a Cuninghame but a Hamilton, the lost son of Lady Hamilton; and that, therefore, his children had no right to Haddon Castle or any other of the Cuninghame estates; but in the same breath came the tidings that Colonel Lindsay was alive and had been at Inchdrewer only a short time previous. This being the only a short time previous. This being the case, he had resolved to leave the possession as he had made it until he could communicate with Colonel Lindsay,

nainted with the fact of Colonel Lindsay's having escaped the fate of the other passen-gers of the i''-starred "Sword," he asked Adam for the address of Mrs. Lindsay and her sister that he might write to them on the subject of their accession to the property of Haddon. Adam's reply was suggestive of the character of the man, cautions by nature, faithful unto

death.

"No, Mr. Waddell, I canna give you my mistress's address, but I'll go mysel and bring a letter to her, and it I'm living and well, she'll get your letter at the longest two days after it would be to hand by the post. The ste uner frae Aberdeen runs winter and summer now. I'll go to London by it, and in twentyfour hours after I reach London, God willin', I'll deliver your letter."

Does Mrs. Lindsay live in London?"

: " I'm na going to say where she bides, or where she donna bide. I might as well give you her address at once as tell you where she doesna bide. Ye would na be the clever chield folk say ye are if ye hadna the place she does bide in before ye was done o' questioning me."

"But suppose, Adam, that the steamer was

lost on the way to London and you lost with her, how could I find your mistress's address then? There may be such a thing as being too faithful "

Adam thought for a second or two. His mistress had changed her name, and had no doubt left Southampton and afterwards London in order the better to conceal their place of abode. He had no idea for what reason, our cases was the desire of the ladies it should be so, that was enough for him; he certainly would never divulge the secret they wished to keep.

" On the other hand," he mentally said, anything were to happen to me, and Mr. Wad-dell ken naething about their being at Eaton Sutton, or calling themselves by the name of their poor grandmother, the young Lady o' Coll ngwood, they might lay out of their property for many a lang year and day."

No," thought he, still continuing his mental review of what might be in case of his death happening so inopportunely, "that would never do. We must not only wait the Lord's time, but we must be prepared for it. I see what I'll do." And then speaking to Mr. Waddell, he said:

"If ye dinna hear frac the ladies themselves or me in the course o' ten days, ye'll get their address in a sealed letter that I'll give to a trusty hand to bring to you in Aberdeen."

"Well, Adam, I suppose I must rest contented to wait your time. But when will you

Adam consulted his watch, a huge gold re-peater given him as a joint gift by Mrs. Lindsny and her sister after his release from Pounder's, and which, together with its sea's and gold chain, he always kept concelled from view in an outside polket of his vest.

"It's already eleven o'clock, and the corch for Aberdeen will pass the Haddon Arms at one precisely, so I'll take Frazer with me and set off in the dog-cart, and Frazer will bring it back again before two o'clock."

I would go along with you, Adam ; but I have all the tenantry to see, use all speed, and don't forget the scaled letter "

Adam wrote Mrs. Lindsay's address as fol-Adam wrote Mrs, Lindsay's address as 101-lows: "Mrs, Lindsay, care Mrs, Farquharson, at Mrs, Churchill's lodgings, Eaton Sutton, England," and folding up the sheet on which it was written, so ded and addressed it to Mr. Waddell, giving it to John Lougman, with was unique to the did not hear to the control in impactions if he did not hear to the control in the world at times (this is taking the ascetic view of life), still, on the whole, perhaps, one would get as much good by pleasanter means; and, taken at the best, the experiment is not worth trying.—Queen. strict injunctions, if he did not hear to the con- is not worth trying .- Queen. trary before ten days, to go to Aberdeen and deliver the letter in person to the lawyer, instructing him that it was of importance it should not be delivered before then. Longman faithfully promised to do as he was requested, and in another hour Adam had bidden a hasty good-bye to Haddon Castle, in hopes to return and end his days where the most of them were

| To be continued.]

WORRYING.

Personal habits offer an immense field for the worrier, and one out of which there is no way of escape; for if you give up one thing for th sake of peace and to be left alone, another will be attacked; and supposing you play the game of renunciation for an experiment, you will not and yourself better off at the end. After hav-ing let yourself be worried out of your bi-weekly whist club, say the lament will then be that you do nothing wherewith to amuse yourself in the evening; or when you yourself, if you are the negres sor, have worried your daughter to give more time to painting than to music, and less time to books than to either, in a few years you will be heard making it a grievance that Amanda never sings or plays to you now, though you have spent quite a little fortune on her musical education, and what a thousand pities it is she never reads a serious book, and knows nothing of English classical literature.

It must be confessed, if reluctantly, that, between men and women, the latter are tween men and women, the atter are the greater adepts in the art of worrying, and that men are more often the victims than the aggressors. Tobacco and wine, whist and billiards, hunting and shooting, are all favourite occasions for the exercise of the feminine worrying talent, when it exists; and we have known women who have made the Times newspaper and a harmless if not very elevated liking for novels sources of such incessant worry against their husbands, that, to our way of thinking, life was not worth having under the circum-stances. It nover enters into their calculations, bless them! that they have no more right to interfere with the pleasures or pursuits of others, for whose training they are not responsible, and whon those pleasures or pursuits do neither them nor any weaker creature harm, than they

have to fall foul of a rose-tree for bearing thorns not tendrils, or to be angry because gooseberries are less luseious than grapes. Each human being has an absolute right to his own existence in all its bearings, provided he respects the boundaries and the bearings of others; and it s the meanest kind of tyranny to interfere in habits or enjoyments for the mere sake of worrying, and because we choose to set our face against their. Take the question of smoking, which perhaps more than any other has caused dissension between men and women, the one indulging, the other objecting, and neither refraining for the sake of the other. Of course we know all that can be said on the subject. From the woman comes the complaints of a torrid odour which she detests; of a disagreeable habit which makes him personally unplea-sant to her, and sometimes of an unnecessary expense, where money is not too plentiful; and almost always that of unhealthiness, which, however, is an argument that does not run on four logs—we doubt if it has even three—indi-vidual experience below distinctly conceed to vidual experience being distinctly opposed to it, and even medical testimony divided. To these spear-points the man offers the broad defence of lking—of the conviction that it does him good —of the universal instinct for some such gentle sedative traceable through all ages and all races of the pain and damage it would be to him were he to forego his long-cherished indulgence and, seeing that, as a mere balance of forces, his liking is so much greater than his disliking can possibly be, he thinks himself justified in retaining his pipe, notwithstanding her objec-tions, and in the teeth of her worrying. So the controversy goes on from year to year, if the worrled is as persistent as the worrier; but, as worried is as persistent as the worrier; but, as constant dropping will hollow the hardest stone, and as most men come home for peace, not way, nine times out of ten the poor beleaguered smoker gives way so far as to take his pipe in a meck and apologetic manner; and sometimes, in a secret and underhand manner; and some times, but rarely—and we are glad that it is rarely—he drops the habit altogether, and the worrier stands triumphant on the fragments of the broken meerschaum. And then she looks round for something else to attack, and fluds it. Children are often the objects of an Immense

amount of worry. Resilience is one of the blessed qualities of youth, and without it in-deed many a young creature would be worried into a mere nonentity, just a degree removed from imbecility. Imbued with the belief, quite wholesome and legitimate as a belief, that their primary duty is to bend the twig the way they wish the tree to incline, parents of the way they wish the tree to incline, parents of the worrying kind never have their flugers off that unhappy twig of theirs whose inclination is not quite to their liking. If they had a nervous child to manipulate, with a tendency to gauche and fidgety ways, instead of leaving the thing alone as a role with their agent pathway. quite to their liking. If they had a nervous child to manipulate, with a tendency to gauche and flagity ways, instead of leaving the thing alone as a rule, with just a good-natured reminder now and again, made in a pleasant, heartsome manner, the worrier is always at the poor little victims, to the invariable result of increasing what he or she is sacking to correct. The nervous little fellow becomes more self-conscious still, more timid, more fearful of doing wrong, more hopeless of doing right. Were his arms elike the sails of a windmill, as his disgusted mother says fretfully, last year? This year the sweep is whier, and their whole action more angular and irregular. Did he jump about as if he was galvanized, or as if he had the beginning of St. Vitus's dance, when he, was fourteen? At fifteen this galvante battery is notleeably enlarged, and the edance broken through, all from the fatal habit of worrying which his father, or his mother, or be broken through, all from the fatal habit of worrying which his father, or his mother, of both, have adopted as the best means at their caclident, which, by wise neglect, would have adopted away as it had sprung up. Indeed, these old tricks of manner are often produced by worrying, just as decelt, and lil-temper, and recklessness, and sulkiness are produced by worrying, and the ruln of a fine nature, and the gnawing away by slow degrees of all power, and worrying, just as decelt, and lil-temper, and recklessness, and sulkiness are produced by worrying, and the ruin of a fine nature, and the destruction of a noble individuality, and the grawing away by slow degrees of all power, and courage, and manificess. One wonders how the courage, and manificess. One wonders how the pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of the pear young things hear it, for the worrier is of the young things hear it, for the worrier is of the young things hear it, for the world hear young the young things hear it, for the world hear young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied to the young things hear it is a supplied the matter of that, one may well wonder how anyone bears it—shut up with it within the four walls of home. Like a perpetual headache, like a grambling tooth, like a smoky chimney, like a thorn in the flesh, or any other thing that causes a perpetual current of discountries. fort, the worrying housemate is a blister to be fort, the worrying housemate is a blister to be borne with what of courage and patience the grace of God and the good gift of nature may allow. But one does not choose to live with blisters, and one would not naturally care to be Serve it with cream. borne with what of courage and patience the grace of God and the good gift of nature may considered as a blister for one's own part; so that, although it may be good for one's soul to be a little worried at times (this is taking the ascetic view of life), still, on the whole, perhaps, one would get as much good by pleasanter.

Serve it with cream.

Giscoeragea.—One cup of molasses; one of bailtimy water; one spoonful of galactus: a pint of flour; piece of butter the size of a batternut. Put the salcratus, ginger, butter and molasses and molasses to gother, pour on the water and stir in the flour quickly.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

How to Fasten Rubber to Wood and Metal.—A cement, which fastens alike well to rubber and to metal or wood, is prepared by a solution of shellae in ammonia. This is best made by soaking pulverized gum shellae in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, when a slimy mass is obtained, which in three or four weeks will become liquid without the use of hot water. This softens the rubber, and becomes, after volatilization of the ammonia, hard and impermeable to gases and fluids.

to gases and fluids.

PLATING WITH ZING.—According to Botteer, copper and brass may be given a firmly adherent coating of zing: Finely divided zing is placed in a non-metallic vessel and covered with a concentrated solution of sal-aumoniac. This is heated to boiling and the articles of copper or brass, previously cleaned, are then introduced. A few minutes suffice to produce a firm and brilliant coating. The powdered zing is propared by first melting the zing and then pouring the molten metal into a mortar and triturating it until it splidities.

The height of the rays of the Angel Product.

until it splidifies.

The height of the rays of the Aurora Borenlis has been a subject of investigation during the present year at the observatory of Breslau, in Prussia. Particularly enreful study was unde of the aurora of February 4th, by Galle and Reimann, who made independent observations. The results indicate that the nean attitude of the auroral rays is fity-five geographical miles above the surface of the earth, but its probable that they are also developed at a height of forty miles, which is regarded as practically the limit of the atmesshere. Though the magnitude of the rays was not determined, these observers believe them to have an average length of forty miles.

In response to an application by the Royal Society

them to have an average length of forty miles.

In response to an application by the Royal Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the English Government is now fitting out an expedition for the circumavization of the globe and the physical exploration of the deep sen in all the great occunic areas. The ship "Challenger" has been designated for the purpose, and Captain Nares will command her. Prof. Wyville Thompson has obtained three years leave of absence from the University of Edinburgh, in order that he may are a scientific director of the expedition. He will be accompanied by a staff of qualified assistants. The date of departure will probably be some time in November.

of about fifty miles per second, and the other moving away, although more slowly than the five first mentioned.

M. Togetmoier, the nighest living authority in re-M. Togetmoier, the highest living authority in regard to pigeons, attributes the "homing" finulty, as it is termed, in certain species of those birds, not to instinct, but to observation. They have to be trained as carriers from stace to stage, or they invariably get bot; and in a fog or in the dark they cannot be made to fly. According to Dr. R. J. Lac, who writes about the sight of birds in the Proceedings of the Royal Novicty, the objection that no pigeon can possibly see two hundred miles about M. Togetmoier's theory—is in direct opposition to aeromatical experience, as the distinguished balloonist, Mr. Glaisher, can verify.

As amountants for the destruction of insects and

Glaisher, can verify.

An apparatus for the destruction of insects and other like peets, called a vermin asphyxiator, was recently exhibited in London under elementaneos which are described as particularly enjoyable. Mr. Frank Buckland, the naturalist, assembled a considerable number of friends to see the experiments, which were performed upon various creatures confined in a glass case, to which was attached a tube communicating with the asphyxiator. Two snakes, which he capboyed as subjects, and which it took the most powerful vapor lifteen minutes to kill, are said to have "coiled levindy sound his hand as he put thom in." The Poll Moll Gaistic well says, "With the exception of the abides, snakes, weevils and rats, every one expressed the greatest satisfaction with the properties of the asphyxiator."

FARM ITEMS.

Pour Yield of Crops.—The average yield of crops, according to the cansas returns, is only about fourteen dollars per acre for all the land in cultivation in the United States. This is a poor showing, and shows the great need for improvement in our agriculture.

How Hata Praces Core.—A batcher doing a large business has stated that the stock he buys generally passes through four or live hands before it reaches him and after it leaves the farmer or fonder. This will explain why the farmer gets five cents per pound, and the man who buys a steak pays twenty-five.

USE THE ROLLER.—A coarse, tumpy soil is not ta-vorable to a successful wheat crop.—It requires a compact yet well-palverized soil. This may be made to some extent by rolling: in fact, this is the only re-source now, at this season of the year.—A tolling given to the young whost will compact the soil about the roots, and tend to give them a hold sufficient to resist a good deal of freezing and thawing. Wert, Provinces Register, Plays can it be avocated.

resist a good deal of freezing and thawing.

Well-Flavorer Bertia.—How can it be expected that butter of good theore can be produced from pastures fool with every strong-davored weed? From early spring, when partic abounds, up to fall, when the Golden-rod and Ragweed cover the pastures and meadows, cows rarely get a bite of grass or clover free from admixture with weeds. And when it is known that these strong and often disagreeable flavors concentrate in the milk, and that every impurity in the milk seems to concentrate in the butter, how can it then be otherwise than that the great bulk of butter coming to market should be poor in quality, and moorer still in producible returns to the farmers? Here is the strongest argument for clean pastures and meadows, and such farming as will raise feed and not weeds.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

NUTMEGS.—It will interest good housewives to know that the best nutmegs should be nearly round, heavy, and weigh on an average a quarter of an output.

Wexpage Biscurrs.—Rub four ounces of butter well into cicht onnees of thorr, add six onnees of lonf sugar, the yelks of two cars, the white of one. Boll the paste thin, and cut with a wine-glass or tin-outter. Egg over the tops of each with the remaining white, and sift on white sugar. Bake in a warm oven.

and sift on white sugar. Bake in a warm oven.

To Char Franss.—Too many persons cuffer extremely from telons on the flagor. These afflictions are not only very painful, but frequently occasion permanent criphing of the member affected. The following simple prescription is recommended as a care for the distressing ailment: Take common rocksalt, such as is used for salting pork or beef, dry in an oven, then pound line and mix with spirits of turpentine, equal parts. Put it on a cloth and wrap round the parts affected, and as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured—the felon will be dead. It will do no harm to try it.

How to MAKE TOMATE FIGS.—Pour boiling water

How to MAKE TOMATO Figs.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins : then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days: then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no scun rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim manin. After the third time, they are fit to dry, if the weather is good: if not, let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack then down in small wooden boxes, with time white sugar between each layer. Tomatoes propared in this manner will keep for years.

Cheap And Wholesome PORLESS.—Take a jar with

pared in this manner will keep for years.

CHEAP AND WHOLESOME PICKLES.—Take a jar with a close lid or bung, and half fill it with the best vinegar, then, as spare vegetables of any description come to hand, such as small beans, cauliflowers, radish-pods, young oncumbers, onlons, &c., throw them in, taking care, as the jar fills, that there is sufficient vinegar to cover the vegetables. When enerly full, add mustard seeds, bruised gincer, shallots, whole pepper, &c., to taste. The down tightly and place the jar in a vessel of water over the fire, or in a slow oven, until the articles are sufficiently soft to suit the palate. In this manner good, wholesome pickles can be made at only the expense of the vinegar and soice, and with the least possible amount of trouble. Of course, if the various kinds of vegetables are wished to be kept distinct, such may be done.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.—Let me recommend two

has been designated for the purpose, and Captain Nares will command her. Prof. Wyville Thompson has obtained three years' leave of absence from the University of Edinburgh, in order that he may not as scientific director of the expedition. He will be accompanied by a staff of qualified assistants. The date of departure will probably be some time in November.

An interesting discovery about the chief stars in the well-known constellation. Urea Major, or the Great Bear, is announced as having been made by Dr. William fluggins, who read a most important paper on the motion of some stars toward or from the earth, at a regent meeting of the Rayal Astronomical Scalety. It appears from this that five stars of the soven in that constellation are receding from the soven in that constellation are receding from the area of about thirty miles per second, each; while the remaining two are diverging from each other, one approaching the earth with a speed

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The longest canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles of country and alougside forty-two cities. It was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

The most ancient manuscripts are written with-

the most menorit manuscripts are wriften with-our necents, stops, or separation between the words; nor was it till after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between the words. The Duke of Sutherland, who is constructing at his own cost the Sutherland and Caithness Railway, is a practical engineer, and often mounts the loco-motive and drives his own ears up and down the line.

Sweden is rich in queens, having three—Queen-dowager Jusephine, mother of the late and present king, Queen-dowager Wilhelmina, wife of the late King Charles, and Queen Sophie, wife of the present king.

king.

A smouth a public character has just died in Paris

—a blind beggar named Martin—who for the last
thirty years has been a prominent object upon the
bridges and honlewards of the city. His constant
occupation was carring the betters of the alphaber
out of wood with a little knife. His work was done
with great delicacy and much rich orn mentation,
and was specially remarkable as, having been blind
from birth, he had never seen a letter or anything
else. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

It is the plan of the Swedish North Pola Expedi-

from birth, he had never seen a letter or anything else. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

It is the plan of the Swedish North Pole Expedition to winter on the northermost isles of Spitz borgen, whonce, by the aid of rein heer sle iges, an ice journey poleward will be attempted. The chief of the expedition is accompanied by two physicians, a naturalist, an Italian naval officer, a first mate, two ougineers, len picked scamen and four Lapusfor attending the reindeer, from forty to lifty of which, with 390 sacks of reindeer moss, and other necessaries for an aratic winter, have been transported by steamer to the designated winter-quarters. Also a house for the use of the party in winter while at the Seven Isles.

Is zer, the celebrated pinnist, fell in love with a jeweller's daughter. A Pragne journal thus describes the couriship: "One morning the jeweller coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, 'How do you like my daughter?' 'She is an angel?' What do you think of marriage?' I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it.' 'What would you say to a fortune of three million france?' I would willingly accept it.' 'Well, we understand each other; my daughter plenses you, you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law.' 'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week.' PLEASURES TO COME.—Among the inventions for which patonts have recently been obtained in the

ready—be my son-in-law." With all my heart." The marriage was celebrated the following week."

Pleasures to Come.—Among the inventions for which patents have recently been obtained in the United States are the following: A device for attaching buttons to clothing with a screwdriver; an attaching buttons to clothing with a screwdriver; an attaching buttons to clothing with a screwdriver; an attaching to to make the strings may be touched incidently by a peckel movement, and sounds similar to violin or guitar obtained; a child's carriage, so arranged that when the handles are dropped a pawl stops the whoels and arrests motion at once, and when grasped the pawl is released; a pensul sharpener that also operates as a handle for stumps of lead pensuls; breastpins and carriage, with tabes to hold artificial flowers; an apparatus for drawing on boats, consisting of a strap passing round the hody below the waist, having at each end a hook foemand the boot-turs; a medical compound for the small-pox, composed of salteetre, gum, camphor, and charcoal; a bounguet-holder of soft metal, that, after filling with flowers and water, may be closed at the top; a lady's comb, passed into the back hair in the usual manner, and the leaves allowed to overlap and press upon the chignon, a spring serving not only to retain the ornament in place but the chignon also; a head-light for loconotives, with an adjustable number placed in front of the light, and also with a movable coloured screen to be operated by the engineer; a toy brunk, in which an automaton banker stands to receive money, and, when a spring is disengaged, he turns round, the door is shut, and the money is deposited in the back part of the bank.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nonony is more like an honest man than a thorough

Wir is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages. or ages.

Do not choose your friend by his look; handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

In communicating ideas to other minds be simple, natural, concise, and carnest. Dox't believe the man who talks most, for mewing eats are very seldom good mousers.

Do not be so fond of compliments: remember thank you, pussy, and thank you pussy," killed

LOCALN the philosopher was asked who had given him his first principle of wisdom. "The blind." he replied, "who do not move a step in advance till they have made sure of the ground with their stick."

INDUSTRY may be considered as the purse, and frugality as its strings, which should rather be tied with a how than a double knot, that the contents may not be too difficult of necess for reasonable pur-

Is literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and there are a neglicence and graceness that disgast, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

That person has the greatest honour and purest morals who is ready to par-lon all mistakes in other people, as if he himself offended duly, and at the same time so vigorously abstains from all appear-ance of evil as if he forgave nobody.

tionship. Where trust does not exist there can only be a life more appalling than the grave.

Faw have sufficient respect for habit—the case with which it may be formed—the difficulty with which it can be broken—the magical power with which it smoothes the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the alluroments of the world. THE everlasting God, who sitteth at the head and

the evertaging cod. Who sitted at the head and top of universal dominion, makes himself the servant of the very least and lowest of His creatures Should we, then, be too proud to help each other? Should we scorn to lead our help, our influence, or sympathy, to the least of our brothers? How despicable must such a disposition in us look to (iod)—

World Process.

Ward Brecher.

Illow would it do for us to say to-day some of the things we intend to say in our last illness? Honor bright! are you not saving up several fine, generous, eatheric little speeches to be made on your deathbed; all the scenery set, full company on the stage, grand final tableau? Ten chances to one you'll forget them thou; or have a rattling in your throat that will shake them out of shape. Forth with them now like mon—My dear hoy, you have been the light and comfort of my life:" "My dear girl, without you I would have been nothing in this world."

When the Roman Emperor said "I have 'out a

you I would have been nothing in this world."

When the Roman Emperor said "I have lost a day." he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said the reason why he bent the Austrians was that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the colebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He despatched a flag to the Austrians with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians foll into the source: for a few moments the thunders of the battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and while amusing the enemy with mock nogotiations, re-arranged his line of hattle changed his front, and in a few moments was ready to renounce the force of discussion for the arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeate of the world often turned on five minutes. Men loiter, time flies, and all the great interests of life are speeding on with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Lone division-Separation for life. Too late for the fair—An old bachelor. Just two words to the wise—Remain so. THE best style of writing is righting wrong. A METEOROLOGICAL hybrid-the Autumnal Equine

It is said that the washerwomen are getting up a wring." Tuzzk is one thing that can always be found-that is fault.

WHEN are the eyes not eyes? -- when the wind makes them water, Ax Indiana farmer has purchased the "Cardiff giant" for a gate-post.

To make a rich jum—crowd fifty fashionable dressed ladies into a street car. Witten are the most inclancholy trees ?-- the weeping-willow and the pine-apple.

Why is the folling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite? — Because it is a solema sound by a thoughtless tongue.

BASE-BALL is of much greater antiquity than is supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was " put out on a fly."

A PANORAMA of the Chicago fire is criticised by a Southern paper, as bearing a strong resemblance to a second-hand bed-quilt.

A NORTH Carolina paper gravely remarks that "three-cent water-melons have brought the cone within the reach of the poorest family in Wilmington."

A PHYSICIAN, boasting at a dinner that he cured his own hams, one of his guests replied ... "Well, doctor, I would sooner be your ham than your patient,"

A Mew costume for sea bathers has been invented: it is of India rubber, and is quite waterproof. Bath-ing in such a costume must, be highly enjoyable and beneficial!

As Iowa patriarch maned Vollame, aged eighty-two, a happy again because he is a father. The last is one of a series of thirty small Vollames he has is sued at regular intervals.

As intelligent German, on his first visit to an American church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, and whispered to the collector: "I don't got main papers, and can't vote."

PARABOAICAL, BUT TREE.
A carpenter's duty is plane.
A cobbler for food sells his solo:
The harber who me'er crossed the main
Still passes from poll to poll.

Atta passes from poil to poul.
Attar before going to head, cal two pig's feet and a
cold angle pig. In less than an hour you will soc a
stacke larger than a hawsset, devouring lights blue
harred culdren which have just escaped from a
monster with sorrel eyes and a red hot overcont.

monster with sorrel cyss and a root not overcont.

At New Orleans, recently, a man jumped into the river with the intention of committing suicide. He however, changed his mind, swam ashoro and scrain bled up a dock, whome he vowe I with much interest the efforts of the police and citizens to recover his hode.

Ty the Central District Court at Worcester, the other day, a man named Paradise failed to respond as a witness, and was defaulted, the Court remarking in a low voice, "That's Paradise lost," to which the Clerk answered, as he filled out a copies, "Yes, but he "I be Paradise regained before might."

Ma. Surin is fond of making quotations; but he gets things mixed sometimes, as for instance; "O, woman, in our hours of ease.

Lucertain, coy, and hard to please;"
"But, seen two off, familiar with her face, Woffirst endure, then pitty, then conbrace."

Wo first endure, then pity, then embrace."

FROM A COMPETHIVE EXAM, Q. Give what you know about Papyars? A. He was a King of Egypt, who established a paper enrrowey instead of the sheeps' heads which had up till that time been passing for money. This was issued by the Nile Bank, and on the reverse side were the word. Ex Nilo.

CHARLES LAME one afternoon, in returning from a dimer-party, book his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stort gentleman subsequently booked in and politely asked. "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be. Sir, with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of pie dof, the basiness for me."

Now that the cool nights are coming on, people are thinking about fixing up their frontgates. They say there is no use trying to keep, them in repair as long as the evening; are favorable to out-ide contring. One of the wants of this age is a gate-hinge that will bear the weight of a young couple without straining—the gate-hinge—not the young couple.

A cotype mage - not the young comple.

A cotypey merchant went to Chicago a few days also to purchase a bill of goods. The last that was heard of him he was in his room, surrounded by seventeen drammers, who had crawled through the transoon, while an energetic reporter was below stairs pumping the clerk for the age of the unfortunate man and the probable circumstances of his family.

A Verter Former of the general contents of the contents of

A YANGE Entron who was pestered with "contributions in verse" from a persistent rhymster till hapatience gave out, wode to his correspondent thus: "If you don't stop sending are your stonoy postry, I'll print a piece of it some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweetheart's father." The pootical fountain was spontaneously dried up.

As communicative graphed and the most guarded and the communicative graphed and the found. On the midge arking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up and with much emphasis said: "Your Honor, he's gone," "Gone, gone!" said the judge, where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This is the most guarded answer on record.

As Oregon paper speaks of the women is its vicinity as follows: So far as we know there is not a woman in Coos county who cares a straw about the female suffrage business, which seems to concern so many people elsewhere. The fact that the increase of children in the county in the last year was over four hundred and fifty may explain the reason why they don't care to vote—being otherwise employed.

ness that diagnst, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

That person has the greatest honour and purest morals who is ready to par-lon all mistakes in other people, as if he himself offended daily, and at the same time so vicorously abstains from all appearance of evil as if he forgave nobody.

Muttal confidence is the very breath of life, the source of the purest happiness; it binds hearts closer, and weaves fresh charms for the ties of relationship. Where trust does not exist, there can only be a life more appalling than the grave.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

246. -Panota.—I am a question. Behead me, and any second answers. Then cut off my tail, and I am a personal pronoun. And my whole is my west. Boy Block.

26. ENIGMA.

No hands, no feet. I possess, yet 'fis true That eyes are oft likened to me: In men dandy you surely will view. In stones oft my form you may see.

In stones oft my form you.

I rise in the air with others I know;
Though no mouth I possess, yet I'm fain
To devour what I touch, I trow.
Now my form to my readers is plain.
C. HERMINGS.

26. CHARADE.

My dest is an utterance breathed in a sigh. When pain or affliction assails:
My second too often enforces the cry,
Where licence unbridled prevails: My third in his revels the row's sustains,
Whilst thousands for lack of it fail;
And my foorth of my third fashions baubles and
chains,
And gewgaws in endless detail

And gewgaws in enginess accountilly whole is the name of a genius renowned. For history, drama, and verse,
Nor did minstrelsy sweeter than his e'er resound. From the lyres of the land of the Erse.
W. McG.

20. SHAKSPEREAN REBUS.

DE. SHARSPEREAN REBUS.

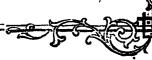
A character in the Two licutemen of Vecome; a character in the You Like It (initial and mad reversed); a character in leaves Lollour Lost; a character in the Merry Wives of Window; a title of honour bolonging to a great many of Shakspere's historical characters; the name of a priest found in the second part of King Heavy VI.; and a character in the Taming of the Sheve. The initia's and index (with above exception) give the names of two of Shakspere's plays.

R. T. B.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 42. 23. Anagrammatical Borquet.—Gentian, Carmation, Geranium, Sweet Briar, Eglantine, Harobell, Primrose, Balm.

29. Exigna.-A pledge. 240. NUMERICAL CHARADE. - Man, mill, mint, million. Ann, mation. - LLEMINATION.

241. Geographical Rebus. - Bristol. Ebro. Rough. Lapland, Ildetonso, Nankin.-Berlin. London.





A REMINISCENCE OF TROY.

FROM THE SCHOLIAST.

It was the ninth year of the Trojan war.—
A tedions pull at best:
A lot of as were sitting by the shore,—
Tydides, Phocas, Castor, and the rest,—
Sono whittling shingles, and some stringing bows,
And cutting up our friends, and cutting up our foes

Down from the tents above there came a man. Who took a camp-stool by Tydides' side. He joined our talk, and, pointing to the pan. Upon the embers where our pork was fried. Said he would eat the onions and the leeks. Int that fried pork was fool not fit for Greeks.

"Look at the mon of Thobes," he said, " and then Look at those covards in the plains below: You see how soe the are the ox-fed men; You see how sheepish mutton-caters grow. Stick to this vegetable food of mine: Men who ent pork, grant, root, and sleep, like swine."

Some laughed, and some grew mad, and some grew

The pork was hissing; but his point was clear.
Still no one answered him, till Nestor said.
One inference that I would draw is here;
You vegetarians, who thus educate us,
Thus far have turned out very small pointoes." From OLD AND NEW for October.

BORROWING A GIRL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I suppose you never had any housekeeping troubles, Mrs. Marble," said her friend Mrs. Brown, newly married and newly awakened to the depth of kitchen woes. "You know so much about everything, that I suppose it don't make much difference to you whether the cook goes away or not."

"It is not so hard to get through with a dinner

"It isn't so hard to get through with a dinner as it might be for you," said Mrs. Marble; "but there was a time when I was as ignorant of there was a time when I was as ignorant of housekeeping affairs as a kitten. Theodore was twenty-one and I was seventeen when we were married. I had never even seen anything cooked, for I had lost my mother in infancy, and had been actually brought up at a fashionable boarding-school, and our whole reliance was placed upon our one servant Anne, an excellent cook, with a dreadful temper, who had been hired at an intelligence office in New York by a mutual friend the day before we set up housekeeping. It was a good way out of town. housekeeping. It was a good way out of town, but trains ran regularly, and our friends came out very often to tea or dinner. I always told Anne to 'get something niee,' and she always did, and pretty bills we had to pay certainly, although we had no idea how ridiculous they were until long afferward.

were until long afterward.

"I poured the tea, and Theo, helped the dishes, and our girl and boy friends were delighted with the 'cunning little home,' and decarred they should marry as soon as possible, for the sake of having one like it. And we sang and chatted, and took pleasant walks, and enjoyed our company very much; and Anne, as I said before, provided for us, "But that was a very different sort of thing

from having Theo.'s nunts come to see us. They had both been angry with him for marry-ing so yould, and Aunt Martha had choory-ertain Miss Stibbs for his future wife, and was very much provoked that he had not chosen her also. But they had made up their minds to be reconciled at last, and had sent word that they would come to tea on Friday after-

"Friday always was an unlucky day, and when Theodoro said, as he kissed me good-bye before running away to eatch the train, 'Tell Anne to have a very nice supper,' I fet that a heavy responsibility rested upon me at that a heavy responsibility rested upon me at last. Apart from the fact that it was nice to be friends with relatives, all Theodore's expectations were from Miss Martha Dicks, his mother's sister, who was a very economical old maiden lady, who dressed very shabbily, and was worth ever so many hundred thousands. And his father's sister, Mrs. Agatha Dwight, though a very extravagant, dressy, dashing woman, who always overspent her income, had a good deal of influence, and was an important friend. I had never seen either of

come, had a good deal of inhuence, and was an important friend. I had never seen either of them, though I had Aunt Agatha's photograph, and an old black 'profile' of Aunt Martha. "I'm so glad it isn't a dinner, I said to myself. Tea is always an easy meal, and my china and table linen are unexceptionable; so I have no fear of making a failure. And down stairs I went to consult Anne, the only servant of the establishment, who, to my consternation, demanded her wages, her mouth being up, and took her departure, because the house was so overrun with company, leaving me with all the work of the house on my hands, and no- bosom thing wintever provided for tea. We lived in a little out-of-town place. There was no baker or confectioner anywhere to be found; no grocer who sold preserves or canned fruit not a dainty to be purchased. Everything must be made by the housekeeper, or her assistants: and I. alas, fresh from a fashionable boarding-school, knew nothing about cooking. I had never even made the tea.

I sat down to comfort myself by crying, and was succeeding magnificently, when a goodnatured voice at my ear cried: Dear me! what's the matter?'

I looked up. There stood my good-natured fut neighbour, Mrs. Wills, who often ran in for a chat, or to borrow a paper. Her rosy face was a pleasant thing to look at just then and I told her all my troubles. Her rosy

"That's the worst of living here, hours away from any kind of stores," said Mrs. Willis. "Now, if this was New York, I'd run to an intelligence and get you some kind of a cook in two hours. As it is, let's see. Why, I guess I can let you have my Minty this afternoon. She's just from the South. She can cook, but don't let her set your tea-table; she'll get it all askew, and break all the dishes into the bar gain; but she can cook, and that's your present bother. I'll send her over at twelve o'clock.
Come and take dinner with me, and you can bring her home with you. I shan't have any company this afternoon, or if I have I can man-

"Oh, you are too good, Mrs. Willis," said I. "You'd do as much for me. I know," said my neighbor. "Mind you come and take pot-luck with me at twelve," and off she went.

Greatly relieved. I swent, dusted, rubbed and polished my glasses and my silver, counted my thest mpkins, and laid out my best tablecloth. And hot and weary, went over to my neighbor's house, glad enough to rest and eat

When it was over, Minty was summoned.
"Now, Minty," said Mrs. Willis, "I'm going to lend you to Mrs. Marble this afternoon, and you are to cook things for tea for her, just as nice as you can. She's going to have some very great company, indeed—very rich ladies—and she'll die of slame if things ain't cooked as well

Here Mrs. Willis winked at me over Minty's

shoulder. "So mind; don't disgrace us all, and yourself "No'm," said Minty. "Ef it's possible, I'll please de hidy. I'll try my best. Ef she give out de things. I'll cook 'em like my white folks always had 'em, or any way she gives Minty. turcetions."
This with a long drawl, and much shaking of

the head.

"I know you'll do very nicely," I said.

"And I'm very much obliged to Mrs. Willis, and to you too."

And away I went, followed by my new as-

sistant.

We had hardly got to work when tinkle, tinkle went the hell.

"Oh," said I, "I'll have to run and dress. You open the door, Minty."

"Yas, 'm," said Minty.

And as I stood before my glass, looking despairingly at the hair which failed to crimp,

because of heat and perspiration, she brought me Mrs. Dwight's cord. "Only one lady"" said 1. "Mighty the elligant lady!" said Minty.

"And, Minty, I can't come out again for more than a moment. Do do the best you can."

"Let it cool," I gasped, "and I'll try to slice

I tup, and put it in the cake basket."

I could have scolded or wept, or both; but
Minty was not my Minty. She belonged to Mrs.
Willis. She was, so to speak, the "gift horse,"
in whose mouth one may not look.

"Got de butter, and got some salmon," said Minty. "Nuffin but dem plums to cock now. Missy make ten herself?"
"Yes," said I. "Now don't burn the plums, Minty."

"I never burnt nuffin," said Minty, offended. No white folks nober 'cuse me of dat." "I fear Miss Martha Dicks is not coming." I

said, after an hour of talk about nothing, "There is only one train more this afternoon," "Just like her to disappoint you," said Mrs. Dwight. "My dear, the colored person again." "Well, Minty ?" said I.

"Please come here," said Minty.
"What is it now?" I asked, with a dreadful

"Says I, 'I won't neither. She's got compa ny—real first-class white folks. No time for talkin' to no low class poor trash now.'
"And I jest shuis the gate; and says she:

"'No more'n I expected!' and total herself off." "What did she look like?" said Aunt Aga-

tha

tha.

"Little and squeeny eyes," said Minty. "Ole green dress, and ole black shawl, and mighty queer bunnit, and kind of a bag in her hand."

"It's Martha Dicks," said Mrs. Dwight bursting into a laugh. "Oh, it is the best thing!"

It was Aunt Martha, and the fact made Mrs. Dwight quite amiable for the rest of the evening; but Aunt Martha never forgave us, and left all her fortune to an alms-house. And I unall her fortune to an alms-house. And I understand that an exaggerated account of my supper circulated in Mrs. Dwight's family fo

It was very hard, when Mrs. Willis asked me, "How did Minty do?" to reply sweetly, "Oh, vory well, thank you."

Robinson Chusok's Island.—At a distance of

a solitary banishment of four years, gathered the material for Defoc's "Robinson Crusoc." This is land, little thought of by the inhabitants of the Chillan constand, has lately become of some interest by the fact that in December, 1869, it was eeded to a society of Germans, under the guidance of Robert Weinham, an

of Robert Wehrham, an engineer from Saxony, Germany, for the purpose of colonization. The entrepreneur of this expedition, Robert Wehrham, left Germany several years since, passed several years in England, served as major through the war of the Republic against secession, and was subsequently engaged as engineer with the Coropaseo Rail in South America. He and his society. rica. He and his society, about 60 or 70 individuals have taken possession of the Island, which is de-scribed as being a most fertile and lovely spot. They found there count-less herds of wild goats; some 30 half-wild horses and 30 donkeys, the latter animals proving to be ex-ceedingly shy. They brought with them cows and other cattle, swine, numerous fowls, and all the various kinds of agricultural implements, with boats and fishing appara-tus, to engage in different pursuits and occupations The grotto, made famous as Robinson's abode, situated in a spacious valley, covered with large fields of wild turnips—a desirable food for swine—has been assigned to the hopeful young Chilian gentleman, to whom the charge of the poreine part of the society's stock has been entrusted, and that he and his profifes are doing very ated in a spacious valley.

his protepts are doing very well in their new quar-ters. Juan Fernandez is one of the stations where

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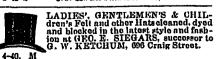
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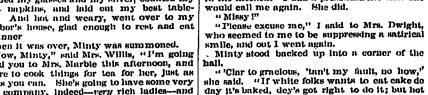
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dny it's baked, dey's got right to do it; but hot cake don't turn out good, no how."
"Out with it, Minty," said I. "What has happened?"
"Hottom done come clar off dat cake," said

Yas'm," said Minty.

said I

run an' get some."

It is a trying thing to a young wife to be in-troduced to her husband's relations, and to in-troduce one's self is worse. I trembled so that I could hardly fasten my bracelets or button

my basque; and finally, red and flustored, with not a sign of crimp in my hair, I hurried down

stairs to offer my greetings to Mrs. Dwight, whom I found to be a very large, fat, handsome lady, in gorgeous attire, with diamonds on her fingers, and diamonds in her ears and on her

"I am so glad to see any of Theo.'s relatious,"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dwight. "Thank you.

suppose you'll have the gratification of seeing Martin Dicks after a while. I presume she'll come in that rag of a black silk, and her old gray shawl. Such ostentation, for a rich woman to dress so! Nothing clse, Mrs. Theodore, I assure you. Has had charity offered her in the

streets. I'm told, on account of her forlors ap

"No butter in the tub? What shall we do.

"Has butter at de store," said Minty, "I'll

I gave her a dollar, and went back to the par-

lor. Butter was forty cents a pound, and the tub had been half full. It was a loss for young

housekeepers; but nothing mattered just then, if I could but please Theo.'s aunt.

Oh, if I had but dared to ask her what she

saw in me to stare at in such a mystified man-

I talked constantly, as in duty bound. I men

tioned the weather. I alluded to the cars, the neighbors, the news, the Rev. Mr. Pulsett's ser-mons, but all the time my heart was with Minty

in the kitchen. I had a presentiment that she

Minty I hurrled to the kitchen. The "bottom" of

look, of which I was fully conscious, but in the

THE LAME BOY'S OFFERING.

look, of which I was fully conscious, but in the finitest whisper of a voice.

"Reckoned I'd ask you whether I should dish 'em up, or throw away dem plum resarves," said Minty. "Dey's filied full of glass."

"Good heavons!" said I.

"I's jest holdin' dat ar glass dish, dis are way, over de kettle," said Minty, "and dishin' of de hot resarves into um wid dat yar wooden spoon, and click it goes, smashed to frizzles, straight into de hull bilin. I an't nuffin but a sarvent. I don't take sponserbility. I jes comes to white

"Oh, good gracious," said I. "Can't you get the glass out?"

"Oh, good gracious," said I. "Can't you get the glass out?"

"Kin try," said Minty. "Dish 'em, then," I said, in desperation. "It's

half-past five o'clock." Then I made the ten after Anne's receipt, only a little stronger, to be sure that it was good, set out the dishes, and hurried back just in time to see Theo. shake hands with Aunt

had, in the hurry and auxiety of the moment, tucked all the back breadths of my overskirt into the back of my basque, and buttoned it up

"I'm so relieved," said Aunt Dwight faintly, as I pulled it down. "I've been wondering all fternoon whether it really was a hump "Ten is ready, Missy," said Minty, at the

"Glass in the preserves!" cried Theo.

tha, and pushed her chair back from the table.
"Missy," said Minty, "kin I go now? You done with me?

Minty. "Speck she'll come and say I sassed her. When I was gwine for butter, dar comes to de gate some kind of old white trash. Says

"'Missy Marble live here?"

pearance. She is Theodoro's mother's sister I am his father's." "I admire handsome dress very much," said "I'm sorry not to see Aunt Martha," he said. Then he looked at me.
"Kitty," he whispered, "I think Jyour dress I, with a view to propitiation.
"It shows proper respect for one's self," said
Mrs. Dwight. "I wouldn't be seen in public is somehow wrong," I rushed to the glass. I think the most cold-hearted of my lady readers will pity me when they hear that on the occasion of my first inwith Martha Dicks. My dear, somebody wants I looked behind me. There was Minty telegraphing me with a rolling-pin. I went out.
"Missy," said Minty, in an awful whisper,
"what's I gwine to do 'bout butter?" troduction to my husband's fashionable aunt I

I led the way to the dining-room. On the table stood the feast. It did not look so badly. I filled the cups. "The bread isn't on," said Theo.

"The bread shift on," said Inco.
"The bread, Minty," said I.
"White folks," said Minty solemnly. "I clar to gracious I done forget dat bread altogether. If it hadn't been for getting the glass in dem resarves, I meant to make you two kinds o' hot bread."

[Glober in the preserves !" cried Theo.

"Isn't the ten rather strong?" I asked, to change the subject. "It has tanned my tongue," said Aunt Aga.

"Yes, you can go, Minty," said I.
"And fore I goes I'll just mention," said
linty. "Speck she'll come and say I sassed

"Says I, 'She do.'
"Says she, 'Show me in.'