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THE HEARTHSTONE

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MIDNIGHT.

Sail on, O silvern moon, through placid plains,
Of cold blue ether, for the world is low—
Still, as Old Time, thy glory comes and wanes,
And bears the secrets of the long ago.

The white tombs glisten on the churchyard rise,
The dim woods sleep in shadows at thy feet;
A silent world beneath thy watch-light lies,
Ere yet the stillness and the morning meet.

Sail on, O stately, silvern moon, until
A reckless world forgets the tranquil night;
And newer sins, and joys, and sorrows fill
A later story for thy morrow's light.

—*Once a Week.*

(*For the Hearthstone.*)

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. Robert Brydon did not return to his boarding-house after he parted with Arthur, but went to the Saint Lawrence Hall and took a room for the night, or rather morning. He was very drunk, but not nearly so bad as Arthur, and he awoke about ten o'clock the next morning, with just a slight headache, and feeling, as he expressed it, "rather seedy." He was too old a campaigner to care much for that, so he took a good cold bath, ordered a "John Collins," imbibed it with evident relish and started for a long walk. He walked his headache off, then had breakfast, and afterwards called at the office of Lubbuck, Lownds & Co. to see if Arthur had come down. The clerk in charge told him that Arthur had not been at the office that morning, and while they were talking together Jessie and Frank came in to say that Arthur was not very well, and would not be at the office all day. Jessie looked very pale and worn, and her eyes showed signs of recent tears. Mr. Brydon politely raised his hat, and Frank elevated her aspiring nose and quietly looked him down. Mr. Brydon had a very fair share of assurance, but the calm, quiet, unflinching stare of Frank's clear grey eyes took all his impudence out of him, and he actually tried as hard as he knew how to blush, as he put his hat on again and turned away. The girls did not stay long, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Brydon addressed himself to the clerk again, saying carelessly:

"Mrs. Austin, I presume?"

"Yes."

"And the lady with her?"

"Her sister, Miss Frank."

"Ah! thanks. Please tell Mr. Austin that Mr. Brydon will call on him at eleven to-morrow morning. Good day."

"Her sister, Miss Frank," soliloquised Mr. Brydon. "That reduces matters a little, two into two hundred thousand goes one hundred thousand times. Very neat, very neat, indeed; and worth looking after. Miss Frank is a fine looking girl too, plenty of bone and lots of muscle, not much beauty to boast of, but a good, healthy-looking girl, and I don't care much about beauty; I must make Austin introduce me; the spec would not be a bad one, and I mean to go in for it. I must think of other matters though, I must not neglect business, and my business at present lies in the epistolatory line."

He strolled back towards the Hall, and on the way stopped at a stationer's and bought a pack of envelopes and a quire of note paper. He then went into the reading-room at the Hall and addressed himself to his task. The letter seemed to be a very particular one, for he thrice tore it up and re-wrote it; at last he seemed satisfied with his efforts; he read the letter over carefully, sealed and directed it, and then went over to the Post Office and mailed it for the States.

* * * * * * * *

Arthur Austin passed a miserable day; Jessie uttered no word of complaint, but her pale face and sad expression reproached him more than any words of her's could have done. He fully realized how foolish and cruel he had been, and firmly determined that he would never yield to temptation again. He attempted no explanation with Jessie, but was even more tender and loving to her all day than usual, as if to offer some sort of mute apology for the pain and sorrow he had caused her on the previous night. He went to business the following morning, not feeling very well yet, but sufficiently recovered to attend to his duties. Punctual to his appointment arrived Mr. Brydon, looking as fresh and bright and as scrupulously clean and polished as usual.

"Ah, dear boy, charmed to see you again. Quite recovered, I hope, from the effects of Wednesday night?"

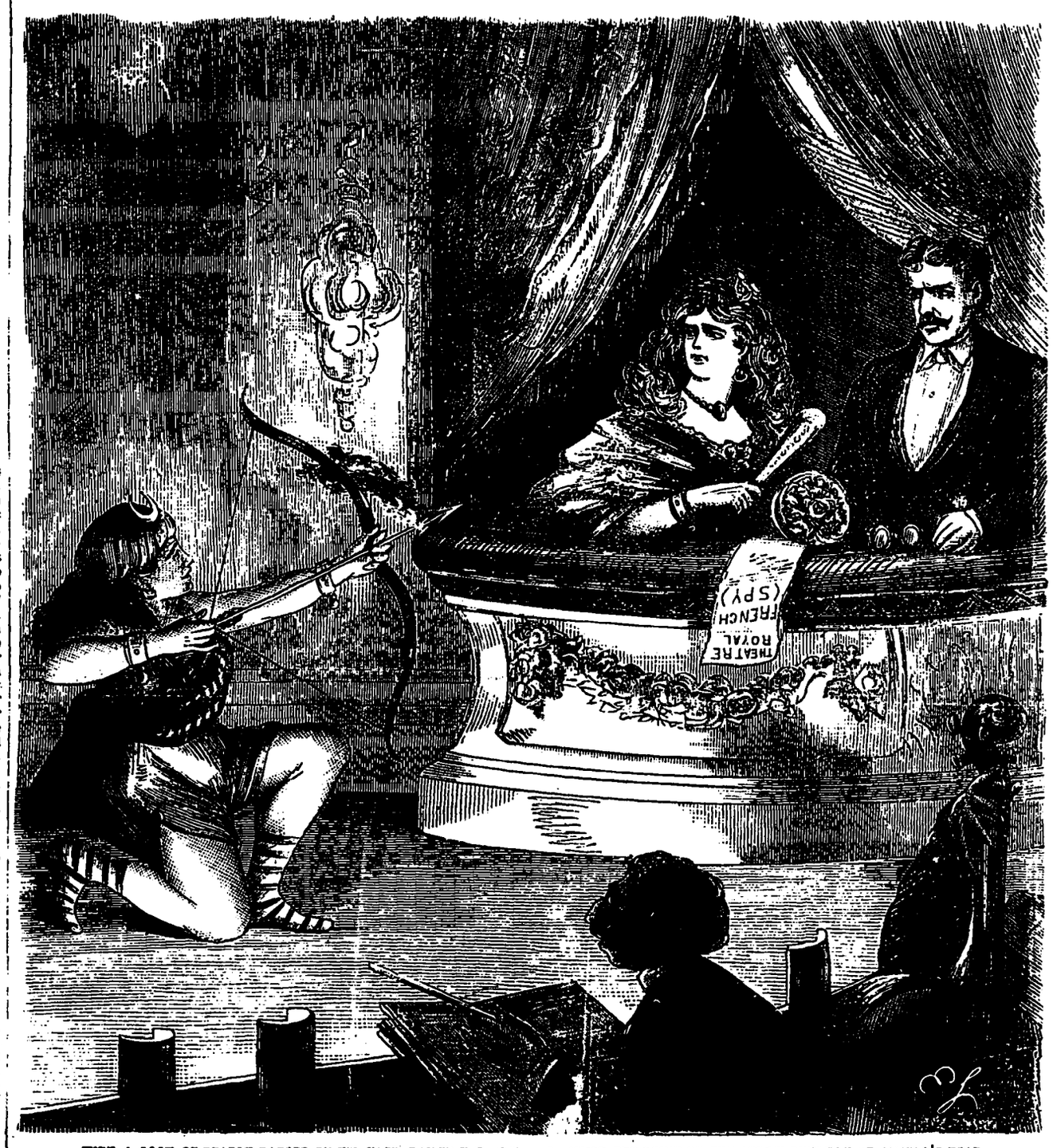
"Nearly so, but not quite. Come into the private office, I want to speak to you."

They entered the private office, and Arthur carefully closed the door. He stood by the table for a few seconds watching his companion, who had seated himself in the large easy chair and was quietly surveying the room, and then said:

"Brydon, we must come to terms."

"Exactly, dear boy, nothing will suit me better."

"I have told you I have very little means of my own. I can make you a small allowance, and I am willing to do it if you will keep my secret until I can find some means to get out of the terrible difficulty I am in. My present salary is eighteen hundred dollars a year; I am willing to allow you fifteen dollars a week, which is as much as I can afford, and is more than you could work for in Montreal."



WITH A LOOK OF DEADLY HATRED ON HER FACE, RAISED HER BOW, AND AIMED THE POINT OF THE ARROW DIRECTLY AT ARTHUR'S HEAD.

"Very liberal, dear boy, very liberal, but I really don't like to accept. You see I asked you to provide for me, but I don't exactly like the idea of being pensioned off. I like to make a show of doing something, even if I don't do it; but, 'pon my word, I feel such a desire for hard work coming over me that I really think I should do something if I had the chance."

"I know of no place that would suit you."

"I do."

"Where?"

"Here. Lubbuck, Lownds & Co. want a book-keeper; behold an excellent one who wants the place; double or single entry, sterling or currency, it's all the same to me. You know, dear boy, that I am competent, and if the duties are too arduous you can help me. As for salary, give me what you yourself received before the late happy little event, and if it does not suffice for my modest bachelor wants, I can borrow from you what I may require. Consider the thing done, dear boy, consider it done."

"I do not like the idea," said Arthur. "I scarcely have the right to employ any additional help during Mr. Lubbuck's absence, especially in the dull season, when I can easily do all the work. Besides, to tell the truth, Brydon, if I have got to buy your silence—as I suppose I must—I don't care to see any more of you than I cannot avoid."

"That's unkind, dear boy; don't let your mind be prejudiced against me. I want to do the square thing; you're up, I'm down; you've got a rich wife, I haven't a red cent to bless myself with; you've got a secret, I know it; let us pull together. Two heads are better than one, and perhaps together we may find a way of disposing of Mrs. Austin, No. 1. Better let me be your friend, dear boy, as I have been since boyhood; think it over well before you decide; I have a special reason for becoming connected, even in an humble way, with the eminent house of Lubbuck, Lownds & Co., and I hope you will not thwart my whim. It gives a man an air of respectability, you know, to be attached to a great house, and I sadly need a little respectability in Montreal."

Arthur sat for a minute or two, thinking. He did not wish to have Brydon in the office with him; but then it may only be for a short time. Cullen must be back in two or three weeks at the latest, and no would then know the truth or falsehood of Brydon's story; if it was false he would simply have to dismiss him; if it was true, he felt sure he could hit on some way by which he could make sufficient of a case against Miss Effie Barron to obtain a divorce from her, and then he would marry Jessie over again. He thought it would be better to have Brydon under his eye, even to be friendly with him, as he may, perhaps, gain from him Effie's present address, or the name under which she acted. He had the power, if he pleased to exercise it, of employing or discharging any one in the office during Mr. Lubbuck's absence; and so, after a slight pause, he said:

"Brydon, I agree with you; it is better that we should be friends. You can take the position of book-keeper to the firm as soon as you please."

"To-morrow morning, dear boy, to-morrow morning."

"Very well; your salary will be eight hundred dollars. I shall expect you, of course, to keep the regular office hours, nine to five, and to make a show of doing your work, even if you are not competent to do it."

"Not competent, dear boy, not competent! I can keep a set of books backwards. Not competent, indeed, it must be a queer set of books Lubbuck, Lownds & Co. keep if I am not competent to keep them."

"Very well then, old fellow, you shall keep them. Everything else satisfactory?"

"Everything except one trifling matter which is scarcely worth mentioning. I should like to be introduced to your charming little wife, and her particularly masculine looking sister. Nothing like cultivating the domestic virtues, dear boy, and you know I always was fond of ladies' society."

"I see no advantage to be gained from your having an acquaintance with my wife."

"But I see considerable advantage to be gained from an acquaintance with her charming sister."

"What! have you designs on Frank? Why, Brydon, you are the most extraordinary chap I ever met. So you want an opportunity to win Miss Frank, and her hundred thousand dollars; well, I don't think there is the least chance for you, but you may try."

"Thanks, dear boy; as to the chance I am somewhat egotistical, and think that when a kindred soul like her's becomes acquainted with a kindred soul like mine, it will be a case of 'Veni, Vidi, Vici,' as we say in the classics."

"Which in your case will mean, 'I came, I saw, I got kicked out.'"

* * * * * * * *

Leave for Cullen to go to New York was easily obtained from the Chief, and the detective accordingly started on his voyage of investigation. He was away for three weeks, during which time he did not write, and Arthur became very anxious to know something of his success. At last one morning he walked into the office very quietly and gave his report. He had been successful and unsuccessful; he had established beyond a doubt that Miss Effie Barron did not die at Savannah at the time her death was reported to have taken place. He had visited Savannah and discovered that there were no such persons as the doctor and undertaker from whom Arthur had received letters; he had made inquiries and found that Miss Barron had been ill—or had pretended to be—but had recovered and left Savannah, it was thought for Charleston; he had gone to Charleston, but could find no trace of her. He next tried New York; the Dramatic Agencies knew nothing of her; she had never been of much importance in the profession, and very little importance was paid to where she might be. One agent thought she was dead, another that she was married and had left the stage. He had inquired at the St. Charles Hotel, where Brydon said he had seen her, but no one knew her by name, or recognised her photograph or description; the proprietor said the photograph resembled a Mrs. Cranston who had boarded at the hotel some two or three months previously, but it could not be her, as her husband was with her and she was much stouter than the photograph appeared to be. Application to the police evolved nothing, and a pathetic advertisement in the *Herald* inviting Effie Barron to communicate with "an old admirer" and hear of "something to her advantage" brought forth no response. Cullen was, therefore, obliged to return very little wiser than he went, except that he had established the truth of Brydon's assertion that Effie Barron had not died at Savannah at the time Arthur Austin supposed she had.

This news was not very satisfactory to Arthur, but he was compelled to be content with it; Cullen had evidently done all in his power, and he must now trust to finding out something from Brydon. That gentleman developed a new quality; he got fond of work; he actually set himself zealously to work, keeping the books and accounts of Lubbuck, Lownds & Co., and being a good accountant, he soon got them well in hand, and managed to make himself tolerably well acquainted with the position, financial standing, resources, &c., of the house. He found out that a large amount of money was kept in the Banks during the winter season, when trade was almost at a stand-still, and that a still larger sum was temporarily invested in stocks and other easily convertible securities. He found, without much trouble, that the amount so invested reached the sum of something like seventy-five thousand dollars, and he used frequently to lie awake at nights thinking about these "available funds," as he used to call them. He was steady and attentive to business, and really assisted Arthur a good deal. They got on very well together, Arthur trying to disarm any suspicion Brydon may have of him, and Brydon endeavoring to dispel any feelings of resentment which Arthur may have against him on account of the rascally trick which had been played on him. The constant strain on Arthur's nerves, the incessant dread of discovery, the fear of Brydon's treachery at any moment, and the uncertainty of his position, operated on him terribly. Never accustomed to exert much self-control, and not naturally possessed of a very strong will, he easily gave way to temptation again, and sought from the use of stimulants to fortify his courage or deaden his sensibilities to the danger of his position. Many and many a night Jessie would wait up for him, and although he seldom came home in as beastly a condition as he was on the first night he met Brydon, still he never came home sober. He became slovenly and untidy in his dress, let his beard grow and took no pains with himself. In his carouses Mr. Brydon was his constant companion; but what was poison to Arthur Austin seemed meat to him, and except an occasional headache and once in a while a little flush in the face, or eyes a trifle bloodshot, he showed no signs of his dissipation, and did his work as well as if he had kept perfectly sober. To be sure he did not drink near so hard as Arthur, who drank with the reckless avidity of a man who wants to drink himself drunk, but still he drank a great deal, and nothing but the excellence of his constitution could have stood it so well. Nothing more was said by him about being introduced to Jessie and Frank, and Arthur thought he had given up the idea, when one evening, about a week after Cullen's return, the sisters called at the office for Arthur, and went into the private office with him. They had not been in there more than two or three minutes when Mr. Brydon wrote on a slip of paper "introduce me," and entering the private office under a pretence of getting a letter signed for the mail, handed it to Arthur, who, after a moment's hesitation, complied, and introduced Mr. Robert Brydon to his wife and sister-in-law.

Mr. Brydon did not stay long in the room; he exchanged a few commonplace remarks with Frank, paid Jessie a little compliment about how pleased he was to see his old friend so happily married, excused himself on the plea of business, and bowed himself out. He had accomplished what he wanted, the ice was broken, and he could cultivate the acquaintance at his leisure. He could be very pleasant and amiable if he pleased, and his easy, rattling style had made him quite a favourite amongst the ladies at one time of his life, and he had no doubt he had enough of the old fascination left to interest Miss Frank. To be sure that independent young lady had not seemed much impressed at first sight, and had slightly elevated her nose—she had a trick of doing it when anything did not please her—but Mr. Brydon did not take that very seriously to heart, his self-conceit being more than sufficient to make him believe that he could easily overcome any little prejudice about "first impressions."

"I did not know you had a new clerk, Arthur," said Jessie, when Brydon left the room; "he seems very gentlemanly, too," she added, as the memory of the compliment Brydon had paid her recurred to her. Jessie had only been married about a month, and any compliment about her marriage still made her blush and feel very happy.

"He's a snob," said blunt Frank, "and I don't like him."

"Oh! Frank; I'm sure he seemed very polite, and quite a gentleman. Who is he, Arthur?"

"I told you his name, darling, Robert Brydon. For the rest he was a schoolmate of mine, and is an old friend."

"There, Frank;" said Jessie, triumphantly; "he is an old friend of Arthur's. How could you call him a snob?"

"Because Arthur isn't a snob, it doesn't prove that none of his schoolfellows or acquaintances are not," said the persistent Frank. Mr. Brydon *may* be a very nice gentleman, but I should never accuse him of it judging from present appearances. But never mind him; come, Arthur, let us go home; dinner will be waiting."

* * * * * * * *

Three months slipped quietly away, and brought nothing very momentous with them. Mr. Brydon showed Arthur a letter dated and postmarked "Patterson, N. J.," which was evidently written by Effie Barron, and addressed to Mr. Brydon, New Orleans, that ingenious gentleman having contrived, through the medium of a friend, to write a letter from New Orleans and receive an answer there, while he quietly remained in Montreal. The letter was a mixture of bad grammar, bad spelling and bad temper; it was written in answer to one from Brydon informing Effie that he had traced Arthur to New Orleans, only to find that he had accepted a five years' engagement in the Fiji Islands, and that he had left for his new home about a month before he, Brydon, had reached the Crescent City. Miss Effie wrote in a very bad humor, abused her "scamp of a husband," as she called Arthur, very liberally, and concluded with a threat which he sincerely hoped she would carry out, namely, that she intended to apply for a divorce on the ground of desertion

and infidelity. This letter reassured Arthur a little, and made him feel somewhat more at his ease, but still he could not overcome entirely his uneasiness with regard to Brydon, and the fear was ever before him that that that gentleman was only playing with him as a cat does with a mouse, in order to prolong his torture and make his ruin more complete. Then the anomalous position in which Jessie was placed was a constant misery to him; a wife in the eyes of the world, and about to become a mother, and yet not married to him. Again and again he tried to tell her, and again and again his courage failed him. Then he thought of writing to Mr. Lubbuck explaining all, and asking him to return, or to get Mr. Lownds to come to Montreal to take charge of the business, and allow him, Arthur, to take Jessie to England, where he thought he could leave her with less scandal than he could do here. But he never wrote the letter; when it came to the point of doing so, he always put it off and allowed himself to drift on, trusting to chance to shield him from discovery and disgrace before Mr. Lubbuck's return.

During these three months Mr. Brydon had been propriety itself. Wonderful to relate, he had not exceeded his salary, had "borrowed" nothing from Arthur, and had attended closely to business. He lived quietly and indulged in no excesses—at least none that were known—except his periodical sprees with Arthur, and altogether behaved himself exceedingly well. His sprees grew less frequent, and he even attempted to dissuade Arthur from his habits of intemperance, which had now grown terribly strong on him, and really did influence him a little; but the habit had become too strong, and nothing but the greatest effort of self-control could stop it now. Mr. Brydon had become a regular and frequent visitor at Mr. Lubbuck's, and, singular to relate, appeared to have made a favorable impression on Miss Frank. She did not call him a snob any more, but confessed that although he was not very refined he was exceedingly polite, and highly entertaining and amusing. He was full of anecdotes and stories, had read a good deal of the light literature of the day, and was rather an agreeable companion. He sympathized deeply with Frank in her medical studies, and actually studied medicine a little, on the sly, to be able to converse with her. He escorted her to church every Sunday evening, and sang the hymns in a very loud voice, very much out of tune. To be sure, he used to go to a well-known French restaurant afterwards and indulge in a game of euchre with any one who was not aware of his extraordinary luck in holding bowers and aces, and drink a good deal of brandy and water, "to wash the taste out of his mouth," as he called it; but nobody but himself knew of that, and he passed as a very quiet, respectable, steady young man.

Miss Frank had not assumed her liking for Brydon at first; in fact, she quietly snubbed and ignored him for about a month, but gradually she had changed her manner towards him, and now treated him politely, and indeed, sometimes very kindly, as if he was an old friend. Mr. Brydon ascribed this change to his own personal powers and agreeable manner, and would have been greatly chagrined had he known the real cause of her altered demeanor towards him. That penetrative young lady had very quickly discovered that there was some private understanding between that talkative young man and her brother-in-law. She noticed that Brydon exercised some sort of authority over Arthur; she knew it was not that authorized by old friendship, for she was convinced Arthur did not really like Brydon, and would have kicked that insinuating young gentleman out of the house had he dared to do so. What then was the secret that bound them together? That there was a secret of some kind Miss Frank was certain, and as she had a natural antipathy to mysteries, she resolved to ferret this one out. She noticed that Arthur's habit of intemperance had commenced only after his acquaintance with Brydon, and also that his whole nature seemed to have changed since his intercourse with that worthy. Frank had not more than the average curiosity of women, but she felt there was something wrong about the secret between Arthur and Brydon; she mistrusted that glib individual, and determined to set her woman's wit to work against him, and in favor of her brother-in-law, whom she really liked and sincerely respected. This was the secret of Miss Frank's changed manner toward Mr. Brydon; but that gentleman, being totally unconscious of it, prided himself on an easy conquest, and already felt that the hundred thousand dollars was secured to him.

Matters went on smoothly for three months, when Mr. Brydon, led away by his self-conceit, made trouble for himself by formally proposing for her hand and hundred thousand dollars.

Frank was thoroughly astonished, and Mr. Brydon had kissed her hand and attempted to press her to his bosom before she had recovered her presence of mind enough to snatch her hand away and tell him not to make a fool of himself.

"Mr. Brydon," she said, "you have perfectly astonished me. What could ever have put into your head a notion that I ever cared for you. I have treated you as Arthur's friend, but nothing more, and any other construction you may have put upon my conduct has been the result of your own self-conceit. I trust you will never recur to this subject again." She bowed haughtily and left the room.

Mr. Brydon in his turn was thoroughly astonished. He had expected an easy victory, and had suffered instead an ignominious defeat. He saw all his brilliant project of getting one hundred thousand dollars vanish in a moment, and his disappointment was very bitter. He appealed to Arthur to interfere, but this Arthur peremptorily declined to do.

"I told you you would have no chance with Frank," he said. You have tried and failed, and I do not intend to interfere. Besides, Frank is her own mistress, and what I could say would probably have very little weight with her. You must manage your own affairs without any assistance from me."

"Very well, my dear boy, I will try, and perhaps I shall succeed."

Although Mr. Brydon tried to speak lightly, he felt his disappointment keenly. He had taken quite a little fancy to Frank, and quite a large fancy to her prospective hundred thousand dollars. In fact, the possession of that had become quite a morbid fancy with him, and he felt as if he had actually been defrauded by Frank out of what properly belonged to him. He was not a man, however, to be defeated by one rebuff, and he set himself to work to find out a way to recover what he considered his lost fortune, and to a man of such great resources for evil as he was, it did not take long for him to devise a plan which he thought would answer his purpose. His plan took an epistolatory form, and again he addressed himself to his correspondent in the States. A few days after he made his first application to Arthur for money; he said he wanted two hundred and fifty dollars for a few days, when he would return it. Arthur gave him the money, but had no idea that it would ever be returned.

* * * * * * * *

It was now the early part of March and the theatre had been closed for several months, when suddenly every dead wall in the city was covered with flaming placards announcing in glaring letters of immense size that Mdlle Seraphine, the great pantomimic and burlesque actress would give six performances commencing on the following Monday in the great sensation drama of "The French Spy." Arthur was a great admirer of the drama and altho' he did not like plays of the French Spy order as a general thing, still it was so long since he had had any opportunity of attending the theatre that he determined to go. He, therefore, engaged a box for the opening night and asked Jessie and Frank to accompany him. On the evening of the performance, however, Miss Frank excused herself on the plea of a headache and remained at home and Jessie and Arthur went to the theatre together. The house was crowded in every part and the piece proceeded smoothly until near the middle of the first act when Mdlle Seraphine makes her *entré* as *Henri St. Aimé* a French soldier. She was a fine looking woman, course, but of great physical development, and her handsome tight fitting uniform displayed her ample figure to great advantage. She came on with the easy self possession of an actress who feels assured that she will be well received by her audience, and she was not disappointed, ringing plaudits greeted her from every part of the audience and she paused near the centre of the stage and, raising her cap, bowed low in acknowledgement of the compliment. As the applause subsided she raised her head and looked with a steady unflinching gaze into the private box where Arthur and Jessie sat. One look at her sent every drop of blood in Arthur's body chilling back to his heart; he sad like one suddenly turned to stone, gazing with a fixed rigid look, and a blanched terror-stricken countenance as one suddenly spell-bound, and unable to remove his eyes from the young French soldier.

Husband and wife looked into each other's faces.

Mdlle Seraphine paused only for a second and then with a scornful, bitter smile she barely touched the brim of her cap, bowed very slightly and turning to the actors went on with the piece. No one had noticed the acting of this small drama, "not set down in the bills," and all were now too intent on the business of the scene to pay any attention to the pallid, horror stricken face in the private box, watching with glaring, wild looking eyes every movement of the voluptuous figure on whom the attention of all was now centered. Even Jessie, did not notice the strange glance exchanged by the actress and Arthur, and it was not for some time that she turned to him to make some remark about the play and noticed his deadly paleness.

"Arthur, darling, what is the matter; are you ill?" she said, laying her hand on his arm.

He started as she spoke and shrunk from her touch as if it stung him.

"No, no," he said in a hoarse, pained voice, "I am not very well; I want some fresh air; I will be back directly." He rose hastily and moved toward the door of the box.

"Let us go home, darling, if you are not well; I don't care to stay."

"No, no; you remain here, I will be back presently." He staggered out like a drunken man and had to support himself by the backs of the seats as he passed out to the entrance door.

He did not return until the second act was nearly completed, and Jessie saw with pain, by his flushed face and unsteady manner, that he had been drinking heavily. He took his seat without a word, and sat sullenly looking at the stage. Mdlle Seraphine noted his return and a strange, hard bitter smile hovered for a moment about her lips and then passed away. She was just coming to one of her most effective "points" and she appeared nerving herself for a great effort.

It may be remembered by some of my readers that one of the most dramatic situations in the French Spy occurs in the second act when the heroine, disguised as the Arab boy *Hamet* shoots a burning arrow over the walls of Algiers to the French forces without. All actresses take great pains with this part of the business and execute it carefully; and Mdlle Seraphine acted the pantomime with more spirit than she had hitherto displayed. She affixed the paper on the arrow, lighted it at the old Sergeant's torch, as is always done, and then advancing to the footlights, fitted the arrow to the string, knelt for a moment on one knee, as if silently engaged in prayer, and reverently kissed the haft of the arrow. But, instead of rising, going to the back of the stage and shooting the arrow off, as all actresses do, she simply turned on one side facing the box Arthur was in, and with a look of deadly hatred on her face raised her bow, and aimed the point of the arrow directly at Arthur's head.

(To be continued.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XIX.—*(Continued.)*

Within a month from this family conference, Mr. and Mrs. James and their two sons departed with bag and baggage, after a farewell visit from the married daughter and her bantlings, who came from Chickfield to weep and lament over this uprooting of her race from the soil that had nourished it. The Chickfield grocer came to fetch his wife home, and gave utterance to ambitious and revolutionary views of his own with reference to the great colony. He had it in him, he avowed, to do great things in a new country: had ideas about mixed teas and the improvement of coffee, in connection with roasted beans; to say nothing of the manipulation of Dorset butter, for which he had a peculiar gift—only to be developed in a wider sphere than Chickfield, where the prejudices and narrow-mindedness of his customers stifled every aspiration of genius.

They went. Rick Redmayne stood upon the pier at Gravesend and saw the great ship fade into a speck on the blue horizon, and felt that on this side of the world he was now alone—with his daughter.

The year had well-nigh come to an end before the yeoman's courage and confidence in himself wore out; but in the dreary December days, after so many futile efforts, so many false hopes, he did at last begin to lose faith in his own power to find his child or his child's seducer, and to cast about him for help. From the first he had kept his own counsel—telling no one his grief, asking no aid from sage adviser by way of friendship or profession. He wanted to keep his daughter's secret inviolate—his daughter's name from the breath of scandal. No one but those of his own household knew the address of his London lodging — a darksome second floor in a street near the Strand—or the nature of the business that detained him in London. He had paid all his debts, and shaken hands with his creditors and thanked them for their forbearance; had seen little more of his Kingsbury friends or acquaintance since his return from Australia. So far as it was possible he held himself aloof from all who had ever known him. Finally, however, after six months wasted in vain endeavours to discover some trace of his lost daughter, the conviction came slowly home to him that his own brave heart and strong arm were not enough for the work he had to do. He went to a solicitor—a man who had arranged some small business matters for him occasionally—and put a case hypothetically, as if in the interest of a friend.

A young woman was missing, had run away from home to be married, and had never been heard of since. What steps should the father take?

Mr. Smoothey, the solicitor—Smoothey and Gabb, Gray's-inn-place—rubbed his chin meditatively.

"How long has the young woman been missing?" he asked.

"Thirteen months."

"A long time. Your friend should have gone to work sooner."

"My friend has been at work for the last six months."

Mr. Smoothey looked at his client sharply from under penthouselike pepper-and-salt-coloured eyebrows, and suspected the real state of the case.

"What has he been doing during that time?" he inquired.

"Looking for his daughter everywhere: in public places, churches, theatres, parks, streets, omnibuses, shops, up and down, here and there, from morning till night, till his body has grown as weary as his heart; day after day, week after week, month after month, without rest or respite."

"Pshaw!" cried the lawyer impatiently. "Your friend might live in one street and his daughter in the next for a twelvemonth, and the two never come across each other. The man must be mad. To look for a girl in London, without any plan or system; why, the proverbial needle in a bottle of hay must be an easy find compared to that. Your friend must be daft, Redmayne."

"He has had enough trouble to make him so," the farmer answered quietly.

"I'm heartily sorry for him. But to go to work in that *ad-captandum* way, instead of getting advice at the outset! In the first place, how does he know that she isn't in New York?"

"He has some reason to suppose that she is in London. The man who is suspected of tempting her away is a man who lives in London."

"But bless my soul, if you—if your friend knows the man who ran away with the girl, he can surely find her by applying to the man."

"The man who is suspected denies any knowledge of my daughter—"

Richard Redmayne stopped suddenly, and reddened to the temples.

"The murder's out," he said. "It's *my* daughter who's missing, Mr. Smoothey. You'll keep my secret, of course. I want to shield her from slander by and by, when I take her home."

"I guessed as much before you'd said half-a-dozen words about the business," remarked the lawyer in a friendly reassuring tone; "your face was too earnest for a man who's talking of a friend's affairs. The more candid you are with me, the better I can help you."

On this Rick Redmayne told his story, as briefly as it could be told, while the lawyer listened, with a grave and not unsympathetic countenance.

"Have you any grounds for supposing that there would be no marriage; that this Mr. Walgry would deceive your daughter?" he asked, when he had heard all.

"Only the fact of my daughter's silence. If—if all had been well, she would have hardly left her father in doubt as to her fate. My poor child knew how well I loved her. And then a man who meant to act honestly would scarcely steal a girl away from her home like that."

"The manner of the business, and the girl's silence, look bad, I admit," replied Mr. Smoothey. "Her letter stated that they were to be married in London, you say—you might give me a copy of that letter, by the way. Have you made any attempt to discover whether such a marriage took place?"

"How could I do that?"

"Advertise for information on the subject, offering a reward to parishes clerks, registrars, and suchlike."

"What! and blazon my girl's dishonour to the world?"

Mr. Smoothey smiled ever so faintly at this—as if the world at large were interested in the fate of a Kentish yeoman's daughter.

"You could hardly advertise without making the girl's name public, certainly," he said; "and that might do her mischief in the future. The written word remains. Put an advertisement in to-morrow's *Times* about Tom, Dick, or Harry, and the odds are five to one it may crop up as evidence against Tom, Dick, or Harry at the other end of the world forty years hence. Upon my word, Mr. Redmayne, I can't see that you have any resource open to you except to put yourself in the hands of one of these private-inquiring people."

"My brother Jim did that, and no good came out of it."

"Never mind what your brother did. I know a man who can help you, if any one can; as sharp a fellow as there is to be found in London. He served his articles with me, and practised as a solicitor for nine years in a small town in the West of England; took to drinking, and went altogether to the bad; then came up to London, and set up as a private inquirer. He drinks still, but has some method in his madness, and can do more work in his own particular line than any other man I ever met with. I'll have him here to meet you, if you like, to-morrow morning, and we can talk the business over together."

"I suppose I can't do better than put myself in your hands," Richard Redmayne said gloomily. "I reckoned upon finding my girl myself; but I'm sick at heart. I feel as if a few months more of this work would make an end of me."

Mr. Smoothey suggested that fathers and daughters are in the hands of Providence, and that things must not be looked at in this manner.

"What!" cried Rick, "do you want me to think that my child and I are like two pieces upon a chessboard, to be moved this way or that, with no power of our own to shape our lives? I tell you, man, I *will* find her, *will* save her, *will* take her from the villain who stole her away from me!"

"May God prosper your endeavours, my good friend!" said the lawyer piously; "but that is hardly a Christian way of looking at the question."

"I have never been a Christian since I came home to England, and found my daughter missing," answered Richard Redmayne.

He met Mr. Kendel, the private inquirer, at Messrs. Smoothey and Gabb's office early next morning. Mr. Kendel was a tall bony man of about forty, with dark close-cut hair, a long red nose, a coal-black eye of fiery brightness, glittering as that of the Ancient Mariner, a clean-shaven visage, a good black coat, and as respectable an appearance as could coexist with the aforesaid red nose; a clever-looking man, in whose hands Richard Redmayne felt himself a very child.

He jotted down two or three memoranda in a little black-bound notebook, and then snapped the snap thereof with the air of a man who saw his way to the end of the business.

"If a marriage took place in London shall have the evidence of it in a week," he said. "If anywhere in England, I pledge myself to know all about it within a fortnight." And on this the council broke up, Mr. Smoothey having done nothing but take snuff and look ineffably wise during the consultation.

At the end of a fortnight Mr. Kendel wrote to Richard Redmayne, stating that to the best of his belief no marriage between Miss Grace Redmayne and any individual whatever had been celebrated within the British dominions since last November twelve-month. He had put the business into good hands on the Continent, and hoped shortly to be able to speak as definitely with regard to any foreign marriage which might or might not have been contracted. In the mean time he was hunting for information about Mr. Walgry, but as yet had not been able to get on the track of any person of that name answering to the description of the suspected party.

Richard flung the letter from him in a rage.

"Easy enough to tell me what he can't find out," he muttered to himself moodily. "Jim was about right; these fellows are no good."

He left Mr. Kendel's letter unanswered, and went on with his own unsystematic wanderings: now in the remotest purlieus of the east, or in the haunts of sailors at Wapping and Ratcliff-highway; now among half-deserted western squares, whose denizens were spending their Christmas holidays at pleasant country houses. He sat in sparsely-filled theatres, indifferent to, nay hardly conscious of, what he saw, but peering into every dusky corner of the house, with the faint hope of seeing the sweet pale face he was looking for.

Christmas came and went. Richard Redmayne heard the joy-bells clamouring from half a hundred London steeples, and that was all. Christmas—O God, how well he remembered Christmas at Brierwood a few years ago, his daughter's face radiant among the holly and mistletoe, the simple pleasures and banquetings, the quiet home joys!

"Shall we ever sit beside that hearth again?" he wondered; "we together, my girl and I?"

"Bitter as this ignorance of his child's fate had been to him, a bitterer knowledge was to come. One bleak morning in January, about five weeks after his introduction to Mr. Kendel, the office-boy from Smoothey and Gabb brought him a brief note, requesting his immediate presence in Gray's-inn-place.

He followed promptly on the heels of the messenger, and was shown straight into Mr. Smoothey's office. The lawyer was standing on his hearth-rug warming himself, with a solemn aspect. Mr. Kendel was seated by the table with a short file of newspapers before him.

"You have got some news for me," Richard Redmayne cried eagerly, going straight up to the private inquirer.

"Do not be in a hurry, my dear Mr. Redmayne," the lawyer said soothingly. "There is news: Kendel has made a discovery, as he supposes; but the fact in question, if it does concern you, is of the saddest nature. I am bound to bid you prepare your mind for the worst."

"My God!" cried Richard Redmayne. "It is the thing I have thought and dreamed of a hundred times. My daughter has destroyed herself!"

"Not so bad as that. Pray sit down; calm yourself. We *may* be mistaken."

"The date is the same," said Kendel gravely. "Miss Redmayne left home on the 11th November."

"Was your daughter a sufferer from heart-disease, Mr. Redmayne?"

"No—certainly not, to my knowledge. But her mother died of it; dropped down dead at four-and-twenty years of age. Why do you beat about the bush? Is my daughter dead?"

"We have some reason to fear as much; but I repeat we may be mistaken. The fact of the two events occurring on the same date might be a mere coincidence. You had better read those paragraphs, Kendel. Let Mr. Redmayne know the worst.

Mr. Kendel turned over the papers, rather nervously. He was accustomed to be employed in painful affairs; but this seemed to him more painful than the common run of family troubles. Richard Redmayne's listening face, white to the lips, told of no common agony.

"It appears," he began in a quiet business-like way, "that Miss Redmayne left her home early on the morning of the 11th November. From that hour to this nothing has been heard of her. Now, having occasion some days ago to look through a file of old newspapers in relation to another case I have on hand, I came upon the notice of an inquest held on a young lady who died suddenly on that day—a young lady whose christian name was Grace, and whose age was nineteen; a young lady who had arrived in the neighbourhood of London from the country, within an hour of her death. Shall I read you the account of the inquest?"

"Yes."

The word came with a strange muffled sound from dry white lips.

Mr. Kendel read first one paragraph, and then two or three others, from different papers. One was more diffuse than the rest, a small weekly paper published at Highgate. This gave a detailed account of the inquest—headed, "Sad and sudden Death of a young Lady,"—and dwelt on the beauty of the deceased with the penny-a-liner's flourish.

"The man called himself Walsh," Richard Redmayne said, at last, "and describes the girl as his sister."

"He would be likely to suppress his real name under such painful circumstances, and to conceal his real relation with the young lady. Mind, I don't say that this poor girl must needs have been your daughter—coincidences are common enough in this life; but the christian name, the age, the date all agree. Even the initial is the same—Walgry, Walsh. Come, Mr. Redmayne, it is a hard thing to trace your daughter's steps only to find the track broken off short by a grave; but not so hard as to find your child as many a man has done, in something worse than the grave."

This was quite a burst of sentiment for Mr Kendel; but his heart, not utterly dried up by alcohol, was touched by the silent grief of the yeoman. That despair, which betrayed itself only by the ghastly change in the man's face, the altered sound of the man's voice, was more awful than any loud expression of sorrow.

"Do you consider this clue worth following up, Mr. Redmayne?"

"Yes, I will follow it, and the murderer of my child afterwards," answered the yeoman.

He sat down at the table by Mr. Kendel's side, and wrote the name of the coroner and some particulars of the inquest in his pocket-book. The private inquirer watched him curiously, wondering a little at the firmness of his hand as he wrote.

"Shall I follow up this affair for you, Mr. Redmayne?" he asked.

"No, I'll do that myself. If—if the girl who died that day was my daughter, I am the likeliest person to find it out; but if I fail, I can fall back upon your professional skill. You shall be paid your own price for what you have done."

"Thank you, sir. I wish with all my heart I could have brought you pleasanter news. Have you any photograph of your daughter, by the way? That would help you to settle the question."

"Yes. I have her portrait," answered Richard Redmayne, touching his breast. He had carried his daughter's picture in his breast-pocket all through his Australian wanderings; only a rustic photographer's image, a small wistful face, which would hardly be taken for the face of a beautiful woman, colour, life, expression so much that made the beauty of the original being wanting in this pale reflection

It was settled, therefore, that Mr. Redmayne should go to Highgate himself, hunt up the coroner, and follow the clue afforded by those newspaper paragraphs as far as it might lead him.

He went, found the coroner, and the doctor who had been called in at Hillside Cottage, when Grace lay dead in her lover's arms. From this latter he obtained a close description of the dead girl—the fair oval face, small nose and mouth, a little mole just under the rounded chin, the reddish-auburn hair.

There was no doubt it was his Grace. He had tracked her to the end of her brief pilgrimage. All his dreams of the future were over; the fair home in which they were to have begun a new life together, all the plans and hopes which had buoyed him up during that weary period of waiting, were done with now. Alas, whatever life they two were to share lay beyond the stars! Upon earth his search had ended.

"Except for the man who murdered her," Rick Redmayne said to himself. "God grant that I may live long enough to be even with him!"

He went to the house in which his darling died. There had been more than one set of tenants since that November day; but the cottage was vacant again, and a board advertising the fact of its emptiness was up in the neat little front garden: "Inquire of Mr. Selby, house-agent, Kentish Town; or within."

Richard Redmayne went in, saw the little drawing-room where she had fallen, struck with death; the pretty bedchamber above where they had laid her in her last quiet slumber. He looked at these things with an anguish beyond tears—beyond passion, or curses even—although deep in his heart there was something bitterer than a curse against her betrayer.

"Perhaps that man Kendel was right," he said to himself, as he stood by the white-curtained bed, on which he could fancy her lying in death's awful stillness with her hands folded on her breast; "perhaps it was better she should die than live to be what that villain meant to make her. Thank God she never was his mistress! thank God death came between them! And yet to have had my girl again—even a faded flower—to have watched the pale face grow bright again; to have made a new life for her in a new world—O God, how sweet that would have been!"

He thought of Bulrush Meads; those fertile slopes and valleys, the silver water-courses and forest background—all their glory gone now. Thought of the place as he had pictured it from the first, with that central figure, the child of his love. Without it what availed those green pictures, those crystal streams? what were they but a desert waste without Grace?

An old woman was taking care of the house, an ancient beldame, with one shoulder higher than the other.

"I helped 'em to lay her out, poor dear!" she mumbled, when Richard questioned her about the young lady who had died suddenly in that house a little more than a year ago. "Such a pretty creetur', with lovely auburn hair down to her waist. I never see her alive, though I was here when the gentleman took the house.

"You saw him, then?" Richard cried eagerly.

"I should think I did. I sor him after she was dead. O, so gashly pale—paler than the corpse a'most, and so orful quiet. Ah, it was a queer set-out altogether! When he took the house, it was for his young wife, he said; when the ingquiss come, it was his sister. Whatever she was, he was precious fond of her. I was in the house till a hour before they came, helping the servants to finish the cleanin' and suchlike; and to see the things as he'd sent in—flowers and hothouse fruit, and partials of all sorts; birds, and a pianer that was a perfeck pictur' only to look at. Yes, whoever she was, he was rare and fond of her."

"May the memory of her cling to him to his dying day," muttered Rick Redmayne, "poison his life, and blight him on his deathbed!"

The crone was too deaf to hear this smothered imprecation. She went on mumbling about the 'sweet young creetur'."

"What was the man like?" Mr. Redmayne asked her presently.

"Mr. Walsh?"

"Yes, Mr. Walsh."

"Rather a handsome man. Tall and straight

and dark—not so young as she was by ten year or more, but a fine-lookin' man."

"Do you know what became of him after the inquest?"

"No more than the babe unborn. He paid a month's rent, packed up all the silk dresses, and slippers, and suchlike, into a big portmenter, had it up on the top of a keb, and rode away with it. The kebman as took him would know where he went—none of us knowed."

"And you don't know where the cabman came from, I suppose?"

"Lord, no, sir; he was fetched promiscuous. Mr. Walsh paid for everythink liberal; paid the cook and 'ousemaid their month, and paid me; paid the undertaker—it were a very genteel funeral: mourning-coach and pair, and feathers on the 'earse; paid everybody, and nobody ast him no questions. But it was a queer set-out for all that; and there must have been somethink to make that pore young creetur' go off dead like that."

"Something," muttered Richard; "yes—only a broken heart. She discovered that she had trusted a villain, and the discovery killed her. The story's plain enough."

"Broken 'art? Yes, pore dear," she whined, "that's nzackly what the 'ousemaid says, while we was a-smoothing out her beautiful hair: "There was somethink as he told her—a somethink as he said to her soon after she came in—as broke her pore 'art;" and that 'ousemaid spoke the gospel truth. It might be a diseased 'art, there's no gainsaying the doctor; but it were a broken one into the bargain."

Two hours later on the same afternoon, when the winter daylight was growing gray and thick, Richard Redmayne stood alone in Hetheridge churchyard: a very quiet resting-place, remote, although within fifteen miles of London, the burial-ground belonging to a village that lay off the main road, away from the beaten tracks of mankind—an unambitious graveyard, where there were no splendid monuments, only an air of supreme repose.

"There will be no stone to mark where she lies, I reckon," Mr. Redmayne said to himself bitterly, as he walked slowly to and fro among the humble headstones. "A man would hardly set up a memorial of his sin."

He was mistaken. Not in a nameless grave did Grace Redmayne slumber. He came at last to a broad slab of polished gray granite, with an inscription in three short lines:

GRACE.

Died November 11th, 18C–, aged 19.

EHEU, EHEU!

Her epitaph could hardly have been briefer: and thus her story closed—with a tombstone.

'I wonder where *he* will be buried when his time comes?" thought Rick Redmayne; "for as there is a God above us, if ever we two meet face to face, I shall kill him!"

And he meant it.

(To be continued.)

IN AFTER-YEARS;

OR,

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

Pounder led the way into a small room on the opposite side of the passage to the one in which he had received Catchem and Sir Richard on their first visit to the asylum.

The room was devoid of furniture, unless a strong deal table and two chairs to match could be considered such; on the table was a large book, a dirty inkstand, and quill pen which was worn almost to the stump.

Putting the lantern on the table, Pounder opened the book, turned over to where the last entry had been made, and counting ten lines therefrom, desired Sir Richard to write the patient's name in full on the eleventh line, on the end of which he kept his own grimy finger until it was done.

Putting his finger in like manner on the corresponding line on the opposite page he said:

"Now write here," put under Dr. Pounder's care for cure by—now your name on the second line, your title and place of abode in London and at your home."

Sir Richard wrote.

"Put under Doctor Pounder's care for cure by Sir Richard Cuninghame, Baronet of Haddon Castle, Scotland, now living at the Angel, in London City."

As Sir Richard finished writing a sense of shame at the deed he had done manifested itself in the hope he almost expressed in words, that no one who had ever known him or his would read the words he had disgraced himself by writing.

Sir Richard was standing stooping over the book as he wrote, with one hand keeping the stiff uneven leaves flat; as he lifted his hand the pages turned of themselves, leaving the book open many pages from the one on which Sir Richard had inscribed his name; Pounder was looking over some papers he held in his hand, and as the leaves of the book settled themselves Sir Richard's eye fell on a name written there,——the name of a patient which made the life blood rush to his heart and his head reel.

Taught by what he had just been writing himself, his eye sought the opposite page—— he would have staggered and fallen had he not leant against the heavy deal table;

As soon as he had power to speak he put his finger on the patient's name and stammered out:

"What, what has become of this patient?"

"Dead, dead," replied Pounder as he closed the book, "many a long year ago."

* * * * *

"Come out here, old boy," said one of the bull-necks to Adam as soon as Sir Richard had left the cab, "hurry up or you'll get no supper, first come first served is the order of the day here."

"I am not hungry," returned Adam civilly he had no wish to quarrel with the prison officials as he believed the men to be; it was not their fault he was sent there and when they knew the truth he had no doubt they would take his part

"That's a common thing with people when they come here," said the man with a hoarse laugh "they seldom eat anything the first day they come, more especially if they come at night as you've done, but don't be alarmed, your appetite will return; it'll be in full force to-*morrow, I would not say*," continued he with a wink to his companion, "but you'll have a keen appetite when you've gobbled all that falls to your share, the digestive organs work well in this place, and the air here gives a keen relish to what folks would turn up their noses at in the crowded city."

"You're a one'er," said his companion "and deserve a better place than to be Pounder's whipper in; what would you say to be made parson to the establishment?"

"Like it first rate, them chaps always get the best grub going and do nothing for it; but them sort would not do for us, Pounder knows a trick worth two of having a black coat round the place, he'd learn more 'n he'd teach here."

They were at the end of the passage which led from the front door where they had entered to the back of the building, one of the men opened a door and pulling Adam in first, both entered shutting it carefully behind them.

The place was lighted by a lamp hung in the middle of the high ceiling, the dim rays of which scarcely served to light the table beneath, at which sat some sixty people of *various ages, and it seemed to Adam as he looked* at them in the dim uncertain light, of very different ranks, although all appeared to indulge in a hopeless melancholy.

The table was long narrow and bare, and at regular distances were placed tin plates, some of which were empty, others had been eaten from, while a few were yet untouched, shewing that the contents consisted of thin stirabout, over which fine lines of molasses had been skillfully drawn in the form of a large S.

Adam sat down on the first empty seat and contemplated the scene before him hardly knowing what to make of it.

His next neighbour was a man of middle age, dressed in clothes made in a primittve sacklike form, and of very course cloth, which to Adam's eye seemed to be the prison garb; the man's face and hands bespoke him a gentleman and his countenance expressed mildness and benevolence; Adam wondered what crime could have brought him to such a place.

The two men who brought Adam into the room walked up and down smoking short black pipes, and conversing with each other, if it could be called conversation, which consisted principally in jeers at the unhappy looking creatures seated on either side of the table, all of whom seemed to be more or less afraid of the two men who Adam of course took to be jailors.

His neighbour sat looking at Adam with a compassionate gaze, and while the two keepers were at the other end of the room asked him, if he knew what place he was in.

"Yes," replied Adam "but I've done nothing worthy of being put here, and I expect when the magistrate hears my story he'll let me out and may be put them in my place who brought me here; my trust is in the Lord who made heaven and earth, and he who delivered Joseph from the prison of the Egyptians can also in His own good time deliver me, and I'll bide His time in patience."

"You think you are in prison?"

"I don't think about it; I'm sure enough I am."

"You are in a prison most surely, but not a prison for criminals."

"What is it for then?"

"This is a mad-house."

"A mad-house," said Adam, doubting if he had heard aright.

"Yes a mad-house but too surely."

"And what did they put me in a mad-house for?" they'll soon find I'm no' mad; they'll no' keep me long here."

"I am not mad," was his neighbour's reply, "but I have been here for ten long years, nor have I any hope of ever being outside these walls until death relieves me of my sufferings."

The keepers were approaching, and the man who was speaking to Adam, turning from him, said in a low voice:

"Don't speak till these men pass by."

They came up, and addressing the man by whom he sat, one of them said in a jeering way, as if they wanted to make fun for themselves:

"Haven't you made up to the new comer yet, Harcourt?"

"I would like to make up to him," replied he, "it's dull enough here."

"That's true," said the keeper as he turned with his companion again to walk down the room; "it's about the dullest place on earth, an' I'm going to shift my camp; if it war'nt that the pay is good I wouldn't have been six month's in it, an' I've been six year; if I stay much longer I believe I'll go mad myself."

"I'm a going too," replied his friend, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but when there's never no play and no work neither but watching them mad uns, it's beastly, an' never a drop o' nothing inside the doors stronger than a pot o' weak beer."

"There's lots o' stuff more'n that inside the doors; I helped to carry into Pounder's room a cask of the real stuff yesterday."

"That stuff won't wet your whistle or mine either; he drinks a lot, Pounder."

"Aye, he goes it pretty heavy o' nights."

The men were out of hearing, and Adam inquired of his companion:

"Why do they keep you here against the law? it's clear against the law."

"Why they keep me here would be a long story to tell; I daresay there will be time to tell it a hundred times over before we die, if it will pay to keep you here all your life."

"Keep me here all my life! they dare'na do that," said Adam, as he thought, "they may keep me here till that wicked old man gets hold of the children, and then my life is of little use to me or any one else."

"They dare do just what they like. Is it your money, think you, they want?"

"All the money I have in the world would na be worth lifting from the foot of the man who put me here."

"Then they want you out of the way; God help you!"

Adam reverently lifted his highland cap from his head as he said:

"Praise be to His holy name; hitherto hath He helped me, and even so will He do unto my life's end. 'When mine enemies compass me about on every side, then will the Lord help me by His right hand and stretched out arm.'"

Harcourt looked at Adam with a quick, searching glance, gazing full into the old man's face, as if he would read there if he were sane or not.

"He has not the look of a madman," thought he, "and yet it must be so; a religious craze, *the worst of all*."

Next day Adam was summoned before Doctor Pounder, who at once asked him:

"Do you know why you are sent here?"

"No, I know nothing about it, but——"

"Enough," said Pounder, lifting his arm with an impatient gesture, as if by voice and action both he would prevent Adam troubling him with unnecessary words, "I'll tell you."

"Your master, Sir Richard Cuninghame, desires you to tell him where you have hid his daughters, two young girls whom you brought to London a few weeks ago. If you tell the truth to-day, this day month you are a free man; every day you keep the secret to yourself you add a year to your imprisonment; if you don't tell the whole truth before the sixth day I will then put you in a cell, where day and night it's pretty much the same, and I'll have you strapped to the floor that you can't move hand or foot, with a few lashes now and then by way of variety."

"Well the young ladies are no' Sir Richard's daughters; they're his son's daughters, an' his son's dead and gone or Sir Richard would'na dare to put a finger on them or me either, forbye putting me into a mad-house. Was this the mad-house Sir Richard was in himself? It's my thought and the thought o' more than me, at he should never hae got out; he's more mad *since he got out than ever he was* before he went in, an' he was bad enough in all conscience then. Did he tell you he tried to kill his grand-children before I took them out of Haddon Castle?"

Accustomed as Pounder was to hear revelations which would not bear the light of day, he was more taken aback by what Adam had said than was his wont; that the story he now heard was the truth, he did not doubt for a moment. Adam's face and voice both betokened truth, and Pounder was a good judge of his fellow men, and in the face of this story he was not a little nonplussed how to proceed.

If Sir Richard had once been the inmate of a mad-house, and since his release had attempted to kill his grand-children, it was not unlikely, nay almost certain, he was a madman still, and the very method in his madness which enabled him to impose himself on others as sane made his case a hopeless one, and he asked himself the grave question:

"Are the lawyer and I both the dupes of a madman? if so, the money in his pocket-book is probably the last he'll ever touch; some morning he'll disappear, either of his own accord or perforce, and who's to pay me for my trouble?"

"How long was Sir Richard in an Asylum?"

"Eighteen years, I think, but mind I dinna say for certain he was there; I'm only telling you what's the talk of the folk round about Haddon Castle."

"How long is it since his return?"

"Off and on, about fifteen or sixteen months. He came back in a hand-clap. I did'na see him when he came first, but them that did told me. He did'na come to the house at the first; he went to the Porter's Lodge, and to the Haddon Arms, a public-house about five miles from the Castle, and on our own land, and when he came he had a grey beard hanging down to his breast, an' the hair of his head as far down on his back, and his clothes were made o' course grey duffle like them that your folks here has. He did'na come near the Castle for six weeks or maybe two months, an' when he came he was as well dressed and as like a gentleman as he was last night, but my heart jumped to my mouth the minute I saw him; I knew he had come for evil, and so it was."

Had Adam then said that Captain Lindsay of the Horse Guards was in Haddon Castle that evening, and that he was now engaged to be married to Miss Anges Cuninghame, Pounder would have hurried him out of his house more quickly than he was brought in.

But if so the work given him to do of the Lord there would have been left undone,—work, the effects of which bore fruit a hundredfold, and opened the doors of light and salvation to a soul then wandering in much tribulation, in doubt and darkness.

"Well," returned Pounder, "you had better tell me where the girls are at any rate; mad or not mad, the man is your master, and has money enough to keep you here all your life. You may know by the bed you slept on and the food you got, it won't cost a king's ransom to pay for you, so you'll as well give them up at once."

"No, I'll never tell where the children are if ye should keep me here all my life on bread and water. I'm an old man, I have served the Lord all my days, an' it's hardly worth my while to enter Satan's service now by giving up the children I have cared for ever since they were born, and that I love better than my life, to that man of Belial."

"Do you think it's the way to serve the Lord to steal away a man's children from him?"

"If he had'na tried to take their life me or another would'na dare to steal them from him," was Adam's reply, given in a quiet tone and with a determined look in the cold blue eye that Pounder well knew augured little hope of his coming to terms until the last extremity of all.

"Take your own mind on't," said Pounder, "only I warn you, you'll have to tell some time, and it's better to do so now than after you've had your flesh pounded to a jelly and your bones rotted with lying in a dark cell below ground, the companion of rats, who may tear you as they will, you'll have no power to move or cry out for help, which would not come to you if you could."

"Your cells or your whips either will never frighten me. You can kill and torture my poor worthless body, but I fear Him far more who can kill the soul, and who, if He thinks meet, can send an angel to open your bolts and bars and set me free; an' if He gives to unworthy me the high honour to follow in the steps of John Balfour and Cameron and dear young Renwick, I will by His grace go through the way they went, singing praise to His name, my watchword to the last, 'Whatsoever other men do, as for me I shall serve the Lord.'"

Pounder looked at the man with almost admiration at the firmness he displayed. He had seen others equally so, but at last, in nearly all cases, they had given in. Some of them had killed themselves, notwithstanding that all precautions had been taken to prevent such a catastrophe. He wondered how it would be with this man, so full of what Pounder called religious fanaticisms; but for the present, until he could see for himself whether Sir Richard was sane or insane, he would take no steps to force the man to a confession, which after all *might* never put one pound into his (Pounder's) pocket.

Ten o'clock brought Sir Richard. Pounder told him that Adam had determinedly refused to disclose the address of the twins, and urged that he should examine the man himself, giving as his reason the habit of obedience which might still assert a hold over the old servant, making him tell his master at once what might be a work of time for another to force from him.

Sir Richard shrunk from meeting Adam. He felt keenly what he would not own to himself, that in his integrity, truth and faithfulness in everything that goes to constitute a true man, one of God's gentlemen, Adam stood exalted high above himself, looked down from a height to which he, Sir Richard Cuninghame, Baronet, could with his low groveling soul scarce look up. He remembered what Adam had said to Catchem the night before, when he refused to hold any communication with himself. He would not risk the chance of hearing this repeated a second time, perhaps in stronger terms. Angry and disturbed by these thoughts, he furtively avoided the steady gaze of Pounder's eye, which, with searching look, carefully examined his face as he returned a decided negative to the suggestion just made

Pounder saw that he was troubled, and asked himself, "Is it because he suspects the man knows he is mad?"

He renewed the subject, pressing it more earnestly than before. It produced more irritation.

Sir Richard rose to depart. Pounder more than feared Adam was right. "I shall try him on another tack," he said mentally; "if he bears up under this dodge all right, it not good-bye to my pay."

"Your servant says you were eighteen years in which you never visited your own Castle."

"He lies foully!" exclaimed Sir Richard, his face betraying fierce anger, but not falsehood. "I was never two years from Haddon in my life. To what purpose do you repeat his words to me or make inquiries of my servant on subjects you have no right to meddle with?"

Pounder was not to be baffled from his purpose.

"I made no *inquiries*; he volunteered the information, and said your dress and appearance, particularly your hair and beard, were peculiar on your first return, when avoiding your own Castle, you chose merely to visit the Porter's Lodge and Wayside Inn."

These words were spoken in a quiet way, but his eye never for a moment relaxed the hold it had on Sir Richard's, which wandered from side to side, and evinced the uneasiness and storm within. Pounder could almost have laid his hand heavily on the man's shoulder, as he had done many and many a time to others, making them almost his slaves, and said "You are mad." But he restrained himself. It would have been a great pleasure for him to do so He was a mad doctor from very choice, and the satisfaction he felt when he saw the poor howling maniac quail beneath his glance he would not exchange for any of the so-called happiness of other men; but at present he deferred the happy moment; he had little doubt it would come, but there were one or two little things he would like to see first in order to guard against a mistake which would be a monstrous one,—a mistake which would make this rich, wicked man his enemy. The signs he wanted were trifling in themselves it is true, a nervous twitching of the thumbs, an almost irrepressible inclination to lift one foot and then the other alternately, a quick motion of the eye from side to side, made without winking,—things small in themselves, but making assurance doubly sure.

To his surprise Sir Richard stood upright, and looking down upon the short stout man before him, said, with a gentlemanly composure which took his listener completely by surprise:

"Doctor Pounder, I will send my lawyer to see you for the future. He will make all arrangements and pay you in full. Such things are not in my way. You and he understand such matters and each other better than a gentleman can."

With the slightest possible bow he was gone, ere Pounder had recovered from the surprise and disappointment occasioned by his cool words and the gentlemanly repose of his manner.

The doctor stood in the doorway of the little room, his hands thrust in his trousers' pockets, his eyes open wide in dumb wonderment, looking after his visitor as he strode with firm step through the passage and entered the cab waiting for him in front of the house.

"Off ye go," said Pounder, speaking at last aloud, a weakness to which he was not at all addicted, "but if ye're what I suppose, there's a good time coming."

Calling to him his bull-dogs, as he familiarly denominated the two keepers, he desired them to take no notice of Adam until further orders, and to see he was provided with number one diet. Number one diet consisted of a cup of coarse tea and toast twice a day, and a pan of meat at dinner, in addition to the poor soup and unwholesome pudding, yclept spotted dick, served to all alike.

There were heavy wooden stools placed against the wall of the house, fastened to the ground with iron clasps, to prevent their being moved by the inmates, who at times were inclined to be boisterous, at times to be merry, and in either mood would break the seats to shivers if it were possible to move them. Seated on one of these, Adam found his friend of the previous evening. On leaving Pounder's audience chamber Adam had sought entrance to the wretched little place called a room he had slept in during the night, in order to seek comfort of his God in prayer and the reading of His word; but it was fast locked, and he was told he could not enter there until he went for the night. It was a miserable hole, bare walls with a few panes of glass at the top of the one fronting the door, meant to give light and air to the place, with no furniture except a small strong bedstead clamped to the floor, on which were placed a straw mattress and horse rug,—no luxurious reading room, but then he would have been in silence and alone, and that for the present was all he desired.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS.

SUMMER DRESSES.

Modistes are busy with toilettes to be worn during midsummer.

Ladies who are tired of flounces will welcome a new style shown among the latest importations. Dress skirts are formed entirely of length-wise bands of insertion alternating with a kilt pleat of the dress material. The pleats and bands of lace extend from the belt down, and a row of lace edges the bottom of the skirt. This is especially handsome in black grenadine. The insertion is the new worsted guipure, and the kilt is two inches wide. The polonaise is plain grenadine bordered with insertion and lace; the sleeves are entirely of insertion and kilt pleat to match the skirt. White pique suits are made in the same way. The insertion bands are open embroidery on cambric, separated by a kilt pleat of corded piqué. The polonaise is cut in Dolly Varden shape, simply of the piqué edged with a band of insertion and a cambric ruffle embroidered. A batiste suit is made similarly with insertion of ecru guipure.

The greenish-gray tints that the French call *nil-de-paris*, or green of gray, promise to supersede the pale ecru buffs of last summer. The new dull shades are found even among the cambrics used for those shirt waists, or box-pleated blouses, that are so comfortable for home and morning wear, with skirts of thicker materials. Last summer these blouses were made of white linen or cambric with stripes of a color or black; the caprice this season is for unglazed cretonnes and linens of dull gray, brown, or slate blue ground, with clusters of three or four line stripes of white. They are made with five box-pleats in front and back, shirt sleeves with deep, square cuff, and a turned-over collar. Some dashing young girls are having cambric costumes and sea-side suits of flannel made with the English sailor shirt, a jaunty blouse, closed in front, but with a sailor collar so widely open around the neck that the garment is put on over the head. It droops low on the hips, showing no belt, and is held in place around the waist by a rubber band run in the belt.

Yoke dresses are again in fashion for young girls and misses. Cashmeres, silks, and grenadines have deep yokes, with the full waists that are so becoming to immature figures.

VARIETIES.

Black lace mittens will be worn this summer. They are considered especially appropriate with Dolly Varden costumes.

The round hat that has taken the popular fancy for city wear has a turned-up coronet front, quite like a bonnet, while the sides and back of the brim are turned down. A rose is perched directly on top of the crown, and a long vine trails behind. Strings convert this hat into a bonnet.

School-girls and young ladies wear rough-and-ready straw hats, shaped like an inverted bowl. The trimming is a band of black velvet, or else a row of ribbon loops drooping down from the centre.

The attractive name of Empress's heroine Blado-o'-Gras has been given to a quaint little straw hat all overgrown with grasses. There *is* something in a name; and this appropriate title will give prestige to the new hat, as that of Dolly Varden did to the polonaise.

Little cap bonnets for children just in short clothes are made of puffs of Swiss muslin separated by bands of needle-worked insertion. There are three puffs crossing the head from ear to ear, and these are gathered into a medallion of needle-work to form a crown. They are lined with blue or rose-colored silk lightly wadded: there are ribbon strings of the same color passed under the chin, and tied in a bow on top of the cap.

A new repped silk as soft as China crape is brought out in all colors for making and trimming bonnets, and is called turquoise silk. The name has no reference to the color, but applies to this peculiar lacklustre fabric. It is much used for piping and pleatings on net crape, and straw bonnets, and also for hats made to match suits. Such hats have the color of the suit for the main part showing inner facings, in contrast, as pale gray hats with rose facings, plum with blue, and black with Nile green.

For midsummer there are many hats of the new colored English crape, with velvet and turquoise bands of a darker shade of the same color.

Sleeveless jackets of ecru guipure lace are worn in the house over black dresses of silk or grenadine.

Sun umbrellas of plum-color, dark blue, and the changeable Venetian silks are much used. These almost invariably have the walking-stick handle, and most ladies provide themselves with the convenient umbrella hook now in fashion for strapping the parasol to the side *à la militaire*. Pongee parasols are still used. Fringe is the favorite trimming. Swiss muslin parasols, lined with colored silk, will be seen later in the season.

California Fruit.—*The Alta Californian* notes that the fruit crops of Pleasant Valley escaped the killing frost which lately visited some less favored portions of the State. No explanation has been published of the causes why this little valley should be exceptionally free from frost, and should promise the earliest fruits, though a careful study of its position would no doubt indicate the nature of its climatic advantages. It has an area of about 6,000 acres, suitable for tillage (one-third bottom and two-thirds sloping and hilly land), and 400 or 500 acres are now in orchards and vineyards, which are the most valuable in the State. The valley is eight miles north of Vacaville, and its course is with the meridian, its water flowing northward to Putah Creek. Our authority adds:

The fruits of Pleasant Valley ripen about 10 days earlier than those of Sacramento and San Joaquin counties, which are next in order, and 20 days before those of Napa and other valleys opening into the bays. The profitable varieties of fruit are the Alexandrian Muscat, Black Hamburg, and Peruvian Rose grapes, Royal apricot, Early Hale, Early Tillotson, and Early York peaches, and the Small Blue fig. The vines are planted six feet apart each way, and the three varieties are equally good bearers when 10 years old, yielding 20 pounds annually to the stock, making 363,000 pounds per acre. The Muscat sells on an average, at wholesale, for six cents, and the *Hamburg and Rose for five, making $2,178 per acre* gross for the first, and $1,815 for the last two. Those varieties begin to reach the market about the 25th of July, and then fetch 25 cents per pound. The only apricot that has a fine flavor and bears regularly in Pleasant Valley is the Royal, which ripens about the 1st of June. The Early Pringle, a Californian seedling, that does not thrive elsewhere, ripens on the 20th of May, but the fruit is small and the yield is irregular. The Moorpark is a week later than the Royal, and less constant in bearing. The apricot trees are planted 18 feet apart, and the Royal yields 100 pounds for each tree, worth 12 cents in the wholesale market, making $2,400 as the gross yield of an acre.

The German Press.—A German newspaper directory, which has just been published, gives a very satisfactory account of the progress of journalism in the last ten years. What is now called the German Empire possessed at the beginning of that period only 1,134 daily papers, while now the number has risen to 1,743. The directory gives the following figures as representing the daily papers of various countries: Germany, 1,743; Austro-Hungary, 268; Switzerland, 252; France, 392; Belgium, 196; the Netherlands, 174; the United Kingdom, 1,253; Denmark, 96; Sweden and Norway, 184; Russia, 160; Italy, 333; Spain, 91; Portugal, 26; the United States, 622; the rest of America, 131; Asia, 57; Africa, 502; Australia, 75. We rather doubt if the figures stated for non-continental countries are strictly correct; if they are, Germany has indeed taken the lead by a great distance. Speaking of the progress of German journalism, the publication remarks that the press has developed most rapidly and most successfully where neither caution money is required from the proprietors nor a newspaper tax is levied. Prussia, the most backward in this respect, has raised its contingent of *journals only from 670 to 961, whereas Bavaria has* added 111 to its 139 of 1862, and Baden has even multiplied its public organs by 150 per cent. Rhenish Prussia is the province most favourable to the journalistic trade, 165 daily papers falling to its share; Brandenburg follows by the aid of Berlin. Mecklenburg, the country reported most inimical to progress, has raised its number of journals from 23 to 51.

A painting was recently discovered at Pompeii portraying a neat, substantial dinner of three courses. An immense dish containing four peacocks stands in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in his claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of grasshoppers. At the bottom of the table are four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is encircled by a sort of German sausage, apparently; and then come a row of yolks of eggs, a row of peaches, melons, and cherries; and lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts.

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

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CONTENTS

$30,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.
(See Eighth Page.)

ON THE STRIKE.

The present may most emphatically be designated the age of strikes; of all the epidemics raging in the world the most contageous seems to be the mania for striking. Day after day the telegraph brings us information of some tradesmen, mechanics, laborers or others having struck, either for shorter hours or for higher wages, and in almost every instance the strikers gain the day; they combine against the employer, threaten to abandon work unless "such and such" terms are agreed to, and, if the employers refuse, they carry out their threat and then get up a procession to show everybody they are right and the employers are wrong. The employers make a show of opposing the demands of the employees, they hold out for a few days—taking care not to hold out long enough to exhaust the funds of the "Union" which has struck—and then they yield to "the force of circumstances," and add the additional wages to the cost of the goods they are manufacturing, so that the rise of wages actually falls on the consumer. Now, "who are the consumers?" some one will ask, "are they not the mechanics, the artisans, the laborers who receive increased wages?" True they are; but the consumers include a wider and larger class than these; every person who "consumes,"—i.e. uses any article of food, or wears any article of clothing, or needs any manufactured work for use is a "consumer." Now as long as the increase of the cost of living is counterbalanced by an increase of wages the workman is not injured. It is doubtful whether he is materially benefited, for it makes very little difference to a man if he receives ten per cent. more wages if his cost of living also increases ten per cent.; but he certainly does not suffer if his wages increase in proportion to his increased expenditure; but, there is a very large class—more than one half of the entire working population—whose wages do not increase, but who find that it makes a wonderful difference to them, with eight or ten hungry mouths to fill, and eight or ten pairs of naked feet to cover, whether a loaf of bread costs ten or eleven cents, or a pair of shoes one dollar or one dollar and ten cents.

We refer, of course, to the men who work upon fixed salaries—poor enough, and near enough to actual starvation price in most instances to please his Satanic Majesty himself,—but who are expected, and required by the laws of society to "keep up an appearance of gentility" which, very frequently, it is almost impossible for them to do. Look at the Dry Goods clerks, Grocer's clerks, Lawyer's clerks, Government clerks, and hundreds of others who receive so much a year; they do not strike, and it is on them that the burthen of these numerous strikes fall. We have no objection to labor receiving an increase of ten, fifteen or even fifty per cent. remuneration, provided it is made universal, and that a few classes are not advanced and a larger class left at its old standard to bear the brunt of the increased cost of living. We do not favor strikes; and we would advise no class to resort to coercion; but we would earnestly desire to impress on the employers of all classes of clerks, or help of any kind receiving a fixed salary, that it is time they realised the fact that the "striking mania" has already greatly enhanced the cost of living, and will undoubtedly continue to do so; and that it is also time they, of their own free will, increased the remuneration of the "fixed salary men," without compelling them to resort to the disagreeable necessity of a strike.

THE TREATY DIFFICULTY.

It unfortunately looks very much, at present, as if the withdrawal of England from the arbitration of the Alabama and other claims, was inevitable; and unless some happy expedient is found, and found quickly, the Treaty of Washington may be regarded as waste paper, and the vexed questions pending between England and America will remain as vexed as ever, with perhaps a little more bitterness on both sides. The case is simply stated; when the English Government gave as its ultimatum that it would retire absolutely from the arbitration unless the claims for indirect damages by the United States were withdrawn, Minister Schenck proposed the drafting of a supplemental treaty providing that neither nation should have any claim on the other for indirect damages, arising from any act of the other during a period of war. This was agreed to by the English Government, and submitted to the President, who—fearing to take the responsibility of accepting or refusing on himself—called in the aid of the Senate, and they finally agreed to the supplementary treaty; but, unfortunately, only after having made amendments which in the opinion of the English Government, changes the meaning and intent of the treaty entirely; and, therefore, the English Government refuses to ratify the Senate's amendments. The American Government on their part refuse to enter into further negotiations and so matters remain at a dead lock. It is possible, but not probable, that a way out of the difficulty may yet be found, as the two Governments are actively corresponding with each other by means of the telegraph; but there seems to be very little hope that the Board of Arbitration will be able to continue the case on 15th inst. as, unless the question of indirect damages is definitely settled before then, England will undoubtedly withdraw from the Treaty. It is really to be regretted that the most advanced plan for the settlement of national differences which has ever been attempted, should have been spoiled by the natural spirit of "humcombe" in the Americans, and the desire of President Grant to make personal political capital out of a question involving the peace and friendship of the two first nations of the earth; and the happiness and prosperity of over eighty millions of English speaking people.

For the Hearthstone.

STROLLING AROUND.

SKETCHES HERE AND THERE.

BY A QUIET STROLLER.

STROLL II.—BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

When a quiet stroller gets tired of strolling around, there are few better places for him to observe human nature than from the auditorium of a theatre; there the stern man unbends his usual gravity; the philosopher is content to be only a man for a little while; the witty man says his smartest things in whispers to his friend, just loud enough to be overheard by the pretty girl behind; and the sentimental young lady sheds floods of sympathetic tears over the misfortunes of the ill-used and much abused heroine.

To one who is content to sit quietly and play the spectator, the scene before the curtain, previous to its rising, is often more interesting than the play. Should the performance be behind time we see impatience depicted in every phase and manner. Let us begin with the parquette, and looking through the house together, see how the audience comport themselves during the ten minutes they have to wait. See that pretty, showy girl in the private box to the left! She shows no signs of impatience, and scarcely seems to care whether the play begins or not; she has only come to the theatre to enjoy a good flirtation with young Fitz Spoon, who sits next to her whispering soft things in her ear, and occasionally giving her hand a gentle squeeze when mamma is looking away. Mamma, good old soul, is thoroughly engaged in looking around the house in search of acquaintances; and papa is so much engaged in the evening paper, that Fitz Spoon has it all his own way, and heartily wishes the play may not begin for an hour.

Very different, however, is the demeanour of most of the audience; impatience in every form is exhibited; watches are consulted again and again; one foot is thrown petulantly over the other, then reversed; the programme is read over and over; some wriggle about in their seats, and some go to sleep; some gaze about the house in an idle, listless manner, and a few—very few—who have been thoughtful enough to bring newspapers sit and read quietly.

The ladies—bless their hearts—fare better than the men; indeed I think they rather like a little delay, it gives them time to settle their flounces to their entire satisfaction, get their Dolly Vardons into the least crushable position, to arrange their bonnets, pull at their gloves, get out their handkerchiefs and perfume the hot, dusty air with delicious odors, and in a dozen ways "fix" themselves. Then they enjoy that delay as it enables them to look about the house and see if any of their acquaintances are present.

In the gallery impatience is more loudly shown; stout gentlemen fan themselves with play-bills or hats, and declare they "can't stand it much longer"; thin gentlemen elevate their lower extremities on the backs of seats and gape lazily; "gay and festive youths," with their coats off on account of the weather, amuse themselves by chewing tobacco, munching apples, or tearing the programme into small pieces and pelting them into the parquette; excitable small boys are making hideous noises by putting their fingers in their mouths and giving vent to sounds resembling an Indian war-whoop, and stamping on the floor with all their might; impatient newsboys are yelling out "hoist the rag"; belated stragglers—some people always are late—are tramping heavily towards their seats, and altogether a babel of sounds is kept up, which almost spoils the overture of the orchestra.

At last "tie-tong" goes the bell, and the curtain slowly rises; the boys in the gallery cry "hush!" "hats off!" "sit down in front!" "take your foot out of my back!" &c., &c., which makes quite a little noise, when some pugilistic looking gentleman generally suggests that if somebody "don't shut up" somebody will "get his nose spread all over his face"; this generally has the desired effect and quiet reigns for a little while. On the rising of the curtain it is generally easy to divide the audience into classes. I shall call them the "old stager," or habitue of the theatre; the "critic," the "sport," the "ladies man," the "sentimental young lady," "the man who applauds," and the "inquisitive man."

The old stager is generally a stout, hearty old gentleman with the snows of many winters resting lightly on his head, and the rosy glow of autumn still blooming in his cheeks; in the spring time of his boyhood he acquired a fondness for the theatre, through the summer of his life he has been a regular attendant, and now, in the winter of his days, he finds delight in taking his grandson to see the same plays which raised his laugh or caused his tears to flow in the long, long ago of his youth. The old stager is not partial to new plays, he calls them "trash," and prefers the old authors and the old actors; he can chat pleasantly to you about the elder Kean and Kemble, remembers when Forrest was only "stock" and Phelps "utility man." He can tell you anecdotes of past celebrities, and will generally finish by saying, "Ah! we shall never see such acting again." He has his favourites too, has the old stager, and on benefit nights he is always on hand to throw a bouquet to the beneficiale, in memory of by-gone days if she be old, or as a stimulus to exertion if she be young. He is not exacting or hard to please, and although he does not particularly like new plays or new actors, he treats both with consideration, and if he does not like a play or an actor he does not violently denounce either, but quietly makes up his mind not to see the piece or the actor again, and he don't.

Quite the reverse of the old stager is the critic; he is always young, sharp, fast and conceited; he fancies himself the Chief Justice of the drama, and dispenses his stringent remarks with no sparing hand. He is Autocrat of the home circle, deals out sharp criticisms over his muffin in the morning, and retails theatrical small-talk with his bread and butter at tea. The critic is self-appointed, in fact an amateur, and has no connection with any newspaper, but is generally training himself to take a "great part" in the literature of the country. The critic is generally accompanied by a friend, to whom he imparts his opinions as the play progresses. As the curtain goes up he places his elbows on the back of the seat before him and gazes steadily at the stage; from that moment until the curtain descends on the first act, nothing diverts his attention from the play. He is always on the *qui vive* for "points;" knows what will happen next, just a little before it occurs; whispers his friend confidentially that such an actor is drunk, or such an actress has forgotten her part; he is quick in forming an opinion, and expressing it pretty freely, and many a good actor has been hissed without cause through the officiousness of the self-appointed critic. He affects the modern drama, and has an idea of becoming a playwright himself; he tolerates Shakespeare, but thinks him "slow." He makes it a point of honor to attend the first performance of a new piece, and generally criticises it pretty severely; he is always sure he has discovered the "plot" at the end of the first act, and makes it a matter of conscience never to applaud anything but a "good point," or a young and pretty actress.

The sport does not express any very decided opinion about the legitimate drama; he merely "drops in" at a theatre for an hour or so, because it is fashionable. He lolls over the back of some fair acquaintance's seat, and talks in audible accents until the curtain rises, then he stands in some conspicuous place until the end of the act, when he goes to take a drink. A sport always requires a drink at the end of each act to sustain him. The sport is partial to comedy, dotes on burlesque, and fairly revels in the horse drama, in which well proportioned females in very scant attire play the male parts. He is addicted to such expressions as "dem fine girl," "stunning leg," and so forth. He delights in spectacular pieces, and thinks the "Black Crook" the finest play ever put on the stage, and believes the more legs a piece has in it the longer it will run.

The ladies man is so called because he seldom visits the theatre unless accompanied by a lady. He always occupies seats in the orchestra stalls, and sometimes indulges in a private box, not because he can see or hear any better, but because, as he says, "A fellow can't take a girl anywhere else, you know." He is perfumed, oiled, and polished up to the last degree of brightness; dresses well, and as he generally selects a pretty, fashionably attired girl to accompany him, tends greatly to make up the brilliant appearance of an audience. The ladies' man is fond of "show" pieces, of the emotional order; he delights in a profusion of "gorgeous scenery," "new and beautiful costumes," and "wonderful stage effects." As masterpieces of composition, he quotes "The Enchantress," "Rosedale," "Ours," "Arrah na Pogue," &c. He contributes much towards successful "runs," as when a play pleases him very much he feels in duty bound to take all his young lady friends to see it.

The sentimental young lady is of doubtful age; she has passed the gushing freshness of girlhood, but still affects its possession. She is always romantic, and heaves gentle sympathetic sighs over the sorrows of that "love of a brigand," who looks so "sweetly melancholy" in his false moustaches; and is highly indignant if any one hints the possibility of said brigand having guzzled too much beer in his dressing-room. The sentimental young lady totally ignores comedy; she thinks it "low and vulgar," only intended to make "common people laugh," and quite unsuited for people of "soul." Her chief delight is in the emotional drama; she weeps copiously over the sorrows of "Camille" or "Mrs. Haller;" she enjoys the griefs of "Lady Isabel" in "East Lynne," and the sobs and gasps of "Leah" meet a responsive echo in the heart of the sentimental young lady.

The débutantes do not form a large or important part of the audience; but here and there, scattered throughout the vast assemblage, you will sometimes catch a glimpse of a bright, earnest, youthful face, beaming with pleasure, mixed with a slight amount of awe and a good deal of wonder, as it gazes for the first time on the glories and marvels of the mimic stage. I remember yet my own first experience, when I thought the kings were all real kings; when the actors and actresses were not mere men and women, but gods and goddesses who graciously condescended to appear before man for his special improvement and edification; and I always take pleasure in watching the face of a youthful debutante while the emotions of wonder, delight and pleasure flit across it for the first time. Ah! youthful debutante, enjoy your dream while you may; all too soon your bright visions will be dispelled, the illusion vanish, and you will learn to think the glitter and glare of a theatre naught but a hollow empty show; and the actors and actresses who now walk before you as gods and goddesses will sink in your estimation to mere men and women, and not very good men and women, perhaps, at that.

The man who applauds is a fraud; he is generally either the husband of some mediocre actress or a personal friend of one of the performers, who gets him a "pass" and he feels in duty bound to return the compliment by indiscriminate applause. We are indebted to the French, I believe, for introducing *claqueurs* into the audience, and we have not much to be thankful for. To be a good *claqueur* requires a man to have large hands and feet, and a loud laugh which will "go off easy." If he has not large feet he can carry a stick. The man who applauds is principally noticeable for his tendency to applaud at the wrong time; just in the middle of a fine speech or a powerfully worked up scene, if the actor or actress happens to pause for a moment to give effect to the next speech, the *claqueur* will clap his hands violently in the immediate vicinity of your ear, giving you the idea that a small discharge of artillery has taken place, and entirely distracting your attention from the scene. The man who applauds is a nuisance, and I never see him without feeling a desire to take him by the ear and lead him out of the theatre.

The inquisitive man is a bore; he generally comes late and annoys the audience by the creaking of his boots as he hurries in in the middle of the first act. He elbows you for room, and distracts your attention by asking innumerable questions: he seldom knows what the play is, and never secures a bill; he laughs loud, and applauds with much vehemence.

As I have already spun out my article longer than I intended I will close with a description of a scene I had with a Yankee bore in the Winter Garden theatre, New York, some years ago. The play was "The Lady of Lyons"—a favorite of mine—and I was enjoying the first act when my attention was distracted by a request to "shove up a little, an' give a fellow a chance," accompanied by a sharp poke in the ribs, and a long specimen of a "Down Easter" crowded past me and squeezed himself into a seat. He was scarcely seated when he commenced:

"Say, stranger, how long hez this har thing been agwine on?"

"Only a few minutes," I replied, not at all disposed to continue the conversation.

"Kind o' guess this is the first act, ain't it?"

A confirmatory nod from me.

"How many acts is thar in this piece, anyhow?"

"Five."

"And how many more pieces is thar?"

"There is no other piece."

"Do tell? well it's a pretty mean show then, anyway. Say! what's the name of this play?"

"The Lady of Lyons."

"An' whose that ole woman thar?"

"Madame Deschapelles," I said taking up a paper and pretending to read.

"An' that gal's her darter, I reckon?"

Affirmative nod from me.

"Kind ov stuck up, an' airish, ain't she? An' who on airth is that queer-looking ole man in the comical shaped hat?"

"Colonel Dumas," I said shortly, for I was fast losing temper.

"A Kernel, is he? wall, I guess he ain't in our army. Oh, say! what's the news in the paper? Just see if thar's anything about my cousin Joe; he gined the 195th Connecticut volunteers as a privut, but I guess he's riz by this time; he comed of a risin' family."

For peace sake I gave him the paper, and he was quiet until the curtain fell on the first act when I began to survey the house through my opera glass.

"Say, Mister! I'll swop with you; you take *my* paper, an' len' me yer spy-glass," I complied, and was greatly amused to see him try to use it; first he tried to pull it out spy-glass fashion, then he put it up to his right eye, and that failing applied it to the left with no better success; then he took a good look over the top of the glass and suddenly put it up to both eyes, but shook his head in dissatisfaction. He next examined it carefully all over, and observing the regulating screw, a smile of triumph stole over his face as he said:

"I kind o' guess that thar skrew has summat to do with the workin of this har consairn?"

I showed him how to regulate the focus and he was quiet some minutes.

"Tarnation!" he suddenly exclaimed, "jist look at that chap blowin' in the brass biler; smash my pumpkins of he ain't as red in the face as a biled lobster, an' ef he don't blow off steam pretty soon he'll bust up as sure as eggs is eggs. Je-mima," he continued pointing with his finger to a lady opposite us "thar's a purty gal; most as good lookin' as my Sal, only my Sal ain't so babyish like. Talkin' ov bodies tho', my Sal kan't be beat on that; we've only been married three years, an' we've got a boy an' a gal, an' Sal says thar'll be another one afore a great while. Ain't she the gal tho' my Sal! why only see how she stuffed my pockets with doughnuts an' apples; har, have an apple," and he politely offered me a fine pippin.

It is all very well for small boys to munch apples in the gallery, but to attempt such a breach of the proprieties in the parquette was more than I could stand, so hastily declining his offer, I rose to find a quieter seat elsewhere.

"You ain't agwine yet, be you? Wall, I don't much wonder for its a mighty poor show. Ef you want to see a real good play, an' plenty ov dancin', you must come to old Connecticut an' see my cousin Josiah act "Hamlet" in Forrest's play of "The Prince of Denmark," in farmer Hornblower's barn; thar's actin' for you, an' no mistake."

Thanking him for his kind offer I hurried away, my only fear being that he might follow me. But no! then he sat with legs carefully crossed, eyes fixed steadily on the stage, an apple in one hand and a doughnut in the other, quietly munching away as unconcernedly as if he sat beside his bloomin' Sal, and perfectly unconscious of the hundreds of eyes which were gazing at him with wonder and amusement.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

SPAIN.—Marshal Serrano grants full pardon to all insurgents who voluntarily surrender to the authorities.——Advices of the 3rd April from the Philippine Islands report that three Spanish gunboats and several coasters were driven ashore on Cuba Island during a hurricane.——The new Spanish Ministry, of which Admiral Topete is the head, has been constituted. It is to be hoped that under its auspices there may be more repose in Spain than there has been for some time recently.——A *Herald's* special from Madrid says the cause of the fall of the Sagasta Ministry is as follows:—On presentation of the budget it was found that $2,000,000 had been diverted from the Colonial to the Interior Department. On being called upon to explain Sagasta said the money was used in secret service. The reply was unsatisfactory, and particulars were demanded. Sagasta finally declared that the money was used by the Police Spy Department, and produced records, to procure which the money was spent. These records consist of letters of politicians and of deputies general, and of reports of their movements. Whether these records are true or false, it is the most wonderful exhibit ever made by any government. Every prominent Spaniard is represented as being involved in the movement in favor of Alfonso Rey. The recent Minister of War is said to be compromised with Carlists, and Zorilla with Internationals. Distinguished Republicans are reported as proposing to plunder the Bank of Spain. Castela only wishing to seize the coin, and Margall urging the seizure of the bullion. Also the King is represented as having no confidence in the capacity and honesty of the Spaniards, and as having asked the advice of his father on the propriety of employing a Prussian General. This remarkable glimpse of parties in their intrigues has had the effect of a political earthquake.

CANADA.—Fearful disasters are reported of the sealing fleet off Labrador and Newfoundland.——Lord Lisgar sails on the 22nd of June, and Lord Dufferin will arrive immediately after.——Mr. Provencher has been appointed Emigration Agent for France and Belgium.——The Archbishop of Quebec has issued a circular against the nine hour movement.——A garrison of twenty men of the Dominion Artillery have arrived from Quebec for duty on St. Helen's Island.——The first lumber raft of the season is on its way from Toronto to Quebec.——The Y. M. C. A. of Toronto will present a free library to the Volunteers at the June camp.——Mr. James Young, who was drowned on the 14th ult. at Terrebonne, was found at Sorel on Sunday.——Four young men of the Pacific Survey were drowned at the mouth of the Montreal River to the north of the Nipissing on 20th ult. The names are E. J. C. Abbott, nephew of Hon. Mr. Abbott, Arthur Hamilton, Ottawa; George Knout, Nova Scotia; and George Rochette.——Mayor Coursol's invitation to Lord Lisgar, on behalf of the Corporation of Montreal, to dinner, has been accepted. The dinner will take place on the 20th inst.——The foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic Church on Wolfe Island was laid on 26th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Horan with the usual ceremonies.——Orders, it is said, have been issued for the Government schooners to proceed to the fishing grounds, with a view to the protection of the fisheries, pending the necessary legislation in the United States for the carrying out of the Washington Treaty.——The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A., at the recent Convocation of Ontario University.

UNITED STATES.—Two mines of the Delaware and Hudson Company have suspended operations in order to reduce the production of coal. The two mines throw out of employment about 700 men and boys, and decrease the production of the Company 3,000 tons per day.——Shoemakers and tailors are on a strike in New-York.——Congress has reduced the tax on tobacco to 24 cents a pound.——Charles Richecker, the California Boy, attempted to ride two hundred miles on horseback in twelve hours at Dexter Park, Chicago, on 28th ult. 172¾ miles were completed in 9 hours and 2 seconds, when the horse jumped a fence, throwing the rider with such force that slight hopes are entertained of his recovery. He would undoubtedly have accomplished the feat but for the accident.——John C. Heenan and Chris O'Connor have arrived at Fortress Monroe. It is understood they came to select the ground for the fight between Jim Mace and Ned O'Baldwin.——A boiler at Froth Gordon & Co's bleaching works, Philadelphia, exploded on 28 ult., causing death to one man and fatally wounding a girl. Five other men were also injured. The boiler was new, and was being experimented on at the time. The engine house was utterly demolished, and the boiler was thrown a great distance.——Twenty thousand immigrants landed at Castle Garden last week, a larger number than any week on record.——James Gordon Bennett is dangerously ill.——The resignation of Secretary Fish is again rumoured——The great wigwam to receive the Philadelphia Convention, on 5th June, has been commenced.

ENGLAND.—The Derby was won by Cremorne, brother to Flurry, who was 2nd, and the Queen's Messenger was third. The crowd was enormous; there was great excitement.——The Atlanta and London crews have agreed upon the 10th of June as the day for the race and 4:30 p.m. as the hour for the start. A new boat, ordered by the Atlantas, is being made by Biffin.——General Greaves, who was present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, is dead.——The Government has determined to pardon the Feninns now remaining in prison, and they will shortly be released from custody.——Baron Dalling and Bulwer, better known as Sir Henry L. Bulwer, brother of Lord Lytton, died on 23th ult., aged 68 years. Sir Henry was Minister to Washington from 1849 to 1852.——Mr. Nolan, M.P. for Galway, has been unseated on the ground of ecclesiastical interference.——An influential meeting was held lately at the Mansion House to express sympathy for the persecuted Jews in Roumania.

CUBA.—The Spanish Casino, the Captain General Talmasseda and the Intendente have telegraphed to Spain, asking the Cortes to take into consideration the financial situation in Cuba at its earliest opportunity.——Gen. Valmasseda issued the following proclamation at Canton del Embarcadero. Insurgents,—Your chiefs showed you my proclamation in which I offer you pardon. I grant until the 30th of May a full pardon to black and white soldiers surrendering with arms, also to heads of families and to chiefs of parties surrendering with their commands, excepting Cespedes, Agramont and other insurgent generals named.

FRANCE.—General Uhlrich, the hero of Strasbourg, has been superannuated.——The trial of Chatean, for setting fire to the Tuileries, terminated with the verdict of guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to be shot.——The French Derby was won by Rovigny.——The Generals who received Napoleon's letter assuming the responsibility of the surrender of Sedan, transmitted it to M. Thiers.——The *Figaro* announces on what it claims to be the best authority that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will shortly be married to M. Rouzaud.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—A *Herald* special from Havana says:—Venezuela advices received *via* St. Thomas state that President Blanco has captured Valencia, and that Salazar, an ex-rebel chieftain, has been captured, court martialed, and shot.

MEXICO.—Congress has approved of the extension of ample facilities to Juarez. The revolution in Yucatan is ended.——News of the capture of Manallon, by Gen. Rocha is fully confirmed.

AUSTRIA.—The Arch-Duchess Sophia, mother of Emperor Francis Joseph, died on 28th ult. from typhoid fever.

A MINIATURE Dead Sea has been discovered in Nevada. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain, the banks shelving down with as much symmetry as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda and salt, to a degree that renders it almost ropy with alimo, and so dense that a person can float on it without effort. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but being of great depth, is thought to be fed by springs far down in the earth.

THE city editor of Jacksonville, Illinois, *Journal*, in writing an obituary of a "highly respectable citizen," says: "He has gone to that undiscovered *bush*." The sorrowing relations of the highly respectable are looking for that man.

BLUE RIBBONS.

LAURA W. LEDYARD.

Oh, the ribbon that tied up my golden hair
Came slipping, sliding, falling down,
As I ran o'er the fields, and my cousin Clare
Sung "Love, for that ribbon I'd give thee a crown."

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back,
And I laughed in his face as I glanced around,
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack!
My bonnie blue ribbon dropped off on the ground.

"I will then, my darling"—he laughed in his joy
Till the woods his gay laughter re-echoed again:
"A forfeit I'll have," said this impudent boy,
As he swung my blue ribbon around on his cane.

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him back:
"You'll have to run fast, Sir, in spite of your charms?"
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack,
I tripped on a stone and fell into his arms!

"I will then, my darling." He bent down his head,
But I pulled all my golden hair over my eyes:
"These sunny-rays dazzle my sight so," he said.
"That I can't find the rosebud, nor tell where it lies.

"But here's a blue ribbon I found on the way:
So I'll tie up the sunbeams and give you a kiss
To pay for my trouble: but frown, or say nay,
And I'll give you another, as hearty as—*this!*"

—*Scribner's for June.*

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER X.

CLARENCE TEMPLE'S SON.

Nearly two years elasped before Everard Grantley went down to Brookdale after the time when Julia Temple refused his love. He wrote to Eugene at long intervals, and the letters were written in a kind and cousinly tone, which showed that there was no enmity on his side. He mentioned Julia frequently, and always with a pained endearment, as if he could not forget her even in the busy world.

"I have done as you desired," he said, at the beginning of the correspondence, "and sent an agent out to see if he can gather any tidings of Uncle Clarence. There is no doubt that the woman of whom we have had to take care told the truth when she said she had tracked him to America, and heard of his marriage to Ellen Danvers. I have seen her since, and she is now quite sane; in fact, there is no reason for keeping her in restraint, and I have at the same time discovered that which places you entirely out of her power.

"Simply, she was the wedded wife of another man when Clarence Temple, in his reckless infatuation, took her to the altar, though she was so far blameless that she believed her husband dead.

"He was a scoundrel throughout the whole wretched business, and he prayed upon her for money when he returned and found she bore a rich man's name. He was the cause of her being cast aside by our erratic uncle, whom she really loved—for these women can and do love—after a strange fashion of her own.

"However, she followed him with the pleasant pertinacity peculiar to the sex, and only gave up the search when she found he had placed the barrier of a lawful wife between them, and that a legitimate child was born. This I have gathered from her by degrees since I had her set at liberty.

"Now, if that child is living, he—it is a son—must, by her account, be nearly twenty years of age, and may come to light at any moment. It would be useless to canvas the question why his father has not named him to the family. We who know what Clarence Temple was cannot wonder at anything he has done or may do.

"Perhaps after all, we are only haunted by a groundless fear; but still it would be only wise of you to take care of the Brookdale revenue for the next few years. Your own debts are rather heavy, I am sorry to say, and I am more deeply involved than I care to think. I am making headway at length, though. I have a secretaryship in a new public company—*entre nous*, I do not advise you to become a shareholder—and this, with other little things, keeps my moderate wants supplied.

"My love to Margaret, and to Julia always. I have a quiet lodging in the region of Bedford-square, and if it is not too far beyond the pale, do not forget me when you come to London."

This letter was followed by a silence of six months, and then Everard wrote again.

"I fear my dear Eugene, my agent has been too successful. He has discovered that your uncle and his wife went down in the City of Dublin. This ship, you may remember, which was missing for a long time, and only given up as lost when a boat bearing its name and pieces of wreck were found; but they had left the child behind them, in care of its grandparents, who are both dead since, and my agent is now endeavouring to find what became of the boy.

"Now, let me make this proposition, and weigh it well. Clarence Temple married Ellen Danvers in his right name; but they never bore it after their wedding-day. He went by hers instead, and the boy, though christened Edward Danvers Temple, was known as Edward Danvers only.

This proceeding on your uncle's part suggests to me that our uncle determined to adhere to his original intention, and never resume the name he so bitterly disgraced. The boy may know what his surname is; but it is more than probable that he knows nothing which would lead him to believe he is connected with the Temples of Brookdale; and so, why not let the inquiry stop? The matter would rest very well as it is. Remember that Clarence Temple nominally resigned his claim to the inheritance, and for a large monetary consideration. The entail was not legally cut off; it is true; but it would be pushing your sense of honour to too fine a point were you to give up possession of your house to a lad, who might, or might not, meet you in a generous spirit."

Eugene's reply to this was brief and simple.

"Make every endeavour to find my cousin Edward, and let him know who and what he is, no matter how he may act. Between two men of our race there must be nothing less than perfect honour. Until he is found, or his death proved, I shall merely hold Brookdale in trust for him."

Mr. Grantley smiled when he received that answer. He was staying at Ada Darrill's house, and he handed her the letter across the table.

"Ingenuous, is it not?" he said. "I believe my gentle cousin will give up that splendid place without a contest. Whereas, if it were my case, I would set every engine of the law at work; either prove the claimant an impostor or make him seem like one."

"Mr. Temple may not resign so easily as you think. He may require the most uncontrovertible proof."

"My dear Mrs. Darrill, he will have it—and a very little will content him. Depend upon it, Edward Danvers Temple will not have much difficulty with Eugene. By the way, it is almost time you got your mourning ready."

"For whom?"

"Poor Theodore! You know how dangerously ill he was by the dear gentlemanly George's last account, and he must be worse by this time. We shall have to prepare ourselves for the worst, and face and bear it with Christian fortitude. I hope Christian fortitude is in your line."

Mrs. Darrill said nothing, but her large eyes spoke volumes. The remnant of her fiery spirit often rebelled against the cold cynical sarcasm of the man who had made himself her master.

"I wonder whether we shall suffer by the change of ownership," Everard went on, "I wonder whether we shall find Edward Danvers Temple as generous as Eugene has been. He ought to be, for he is deeply indebted to us. Yours will be a heavy claim upon him, Madame Ada, for had not the gentlemanly George taken poor Theodore with him, your eldest born would still be here to be the consolation of your declining days. See how poetic the subject makes me—consolation of your declining days—and from me."

"You are not a brave man, Everard Grantley," said Ada Darrill, with a ring of quiet scorn in her voice. "Did it never strike you that a woman finds the bitter burden of her own badness quite heavy enough to bear? A little chivalry is never thrown away, even upon the worst of us."

"So sensitive," he sneered.

"So helpless—heaven forgive me! It is in such times as these I feel so kneely what I am. I have not a single true friend this side of the sky."

The woman was really touched: her eyes had filled slowly with hot tears, and she rose to go. Even Grantley's callous heart was stirred for once.

"I am sorry, Ada," he said, taking her hand, and leading her back to her seat; "it is my wretched failing that I must mock at everything sometimes. Come, don't be angry! You generally pay me back more than word for word."

"If I have been so willing to serve you," she said, softening under the quiet of his tone, "it is because you have always been so kind and respectful. I was the more grateful for that respect for knowing I did not deserve it. But it was your strongest hold upon me, Everard. Once begin to treat me as other men have done, and you will make me your bitter enemy."

The deliberate passionless heat in which the warning was spoken made it too significant to be disregarded.

"And that is not my wish for many reasons," he said, with a smile. "I like your society too well to lose your friendship, Madame Ada. I spend my most pleasant days here. The people you invite are just the people I like. And your own music—your dash, nerve and spirit—make little festivals for me."

The actress was easily pleased. A few kind words could make her forget whole pages of unkindness; and a faint flush of pleasure tinged her cheek as Grantley lifted her hand to his lips, as if unconsciously. He had won her by such trifling bits of gallantry—few men understood the minutiæ of love-making better than he, and it was one of his axioms that to conquer a middle-aged coquette one must be perfectly serious.

"I shall be glad to hear from gentlemanly George he said. "I cannot take the next step till I do."

"When do you expect to hear?"

"Within a month! By poor Theodore's symptoms he will last about three weeks, and George is sure to write at once."

His conjecture proved correct, for within a month—almost to the day—a letter came for Mrs. Darrill, and one for Grantley; both were deeply bordered with black.

Ada's eldest born had died while accompanying her husband on the search of Clarence Temple's son, and so the young man's parting words at parting had taken the shape of sad reality.

"As I foreshadowed in my last two letters," Darrill wrote, "the worst has taken place, and poor Theo. is no more. You cannot tell how deeply I felt his loss, for I was very fond of the wayward fellow, and we had begun to understand each other better while travelling together. The sharpest pang I have to endure is in the reflection that I never did my duty by him. I break the melancholy tidings to my wife by this same post, and I hope to be home soon to console her in her affliction. I am glad to say I shall be home soon, as my mission is accomplished, so far as I am concerned. Slight as was the clue I had, I followed it carefully to the end, assisted by poor Theodore while he was with me; and the result is certain, in one respect. I have found Clarence Temple's son. The rightful heir of Brookdale will be in England very shortly. You do not, I suppose, wish me to give you the details of the long, tedious search. I can tell you everything when we meet. My first care now will be to obtain absolute proofs of the young man's identity, and that will be a work of considerable difficulty. Up to the present, I have succeeded beyond expectation.

"Most important point of all—comprehend and digest this at your leisure, Everard Grantley—there is a youth to be provided for in some way—the real heir, I hear, beyond a doubt. He is every inch a Temple, and bears, as you said he would, a singular resemblance to poor Theodore, but the other, who strange to say, also bears the name of Edward Danvers, and is therefore, presumably, a cousin, is dark as a gipsy. The Danvers are a dark family throughout, with the exception of Clarence Temple's son, and he is as fair as Mr. Eugene or our poor Theo. I think this second Edward must be the son of a John Danvers, brother to Ellen, who settled out West years ago, and sent the boy home to be educated, and you had better provide for him. You had better have him under your own care in England than have him out here in America. He does not know the exact history of his parentage, and, perhaps it is as well he should not, as he might think he was in some way connected with the Temples of Brookdale, and give us more trouble than you would care for."

Every word in that last paragraph was underlined separately, and Grantley scanned it with a sombre brow.

"Yes, I begin to see," he said to himself, after a long, reflective pause, "it is an unlooked-for contingency, but it must be met. It is difficult to plan out a campaign before one knows what ground the enemy will take — circumstances play havoc with the probabilities."

He read the letter to the end then.

"I have contrived to get an introduction to young Danvers," Darrill went on; "I found him living with some distant relatives, and subsisting on a very humble clerkship in a store. He happens to be intelligent and ambitious, and he has a strong desire to visit England. I have promised that he shall return with me.

"Edward Temple—always to be distinguished as a distinct and separate person from Edward Danvers — the youth just mentioned, wishes to know the name of his father's solicitors in London. Send it by return, as he intends to instruct them immediately."

Grantley wrote a letter on the instant, and sent it in time to catch the mail that day.

"Do not lose sight of young Danvers for an instant," he said, "and tell Edward Temple he had better defer proceedings for a few months—till you have arrived here, at all events, and write to him from England.

"The legal gentlemen who acted for Clarence Temple while he was in London are Messrs. Logan and Drake, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. One of the old members of the firm is still in existence.

"Your business is ended, and I want you here. Come by the next packet, bring young Danvers with you, and leave Edward Temple behind. Explain the reasons, and make them clear to him."

As he did not state the reasons which he desired to have explained, he must have left much to the sagacity of the gentlemanly George.

LAURENCE DRAYTON'S RETURN TO BROOKDALE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMING OF A CHANGE.

Mr. Grantley went down to Liverpool to meet the ship in which George Darrill was expected home. The gentlemanly George had asked his friend to take Ada with him, but Everard paid no attention to that. He was too deeply intent on serious business to encumber himself with a travelling companion.

"The devoted George may be as sentimental as he likes when he is here," Everard said, as he prepared for the journey with an extra change of linen and a hybrid garment, in shape between a coat and a dressing-gown, which was popularly supposed to be the correct thing for the rail; "but he must restrain his conjugal ardour till I have seen him. He will not suffer much, I hope, by the cruel delay."

"I have forgotten how to suffer," said Ada Darrill, quietly, "and the return of my husband this day week or this day twelve months hence is a matter of very little interest to me; but, however much you may despise him however much I may, perhaps, despise him, too—he deserves something for his fidelity, and I would go to meet him if it did not interfere with your arrangements."

"It would, my dear madam, but I will tell him all the tender things you say; I will also tell him how charming you look in mourning—crape becomes you so that it would be almost worth your while to be a widow for the sake of wearing it a little longer."

He reached Liverpool within two hours of the time the ship came in, and spent half that period on the landing stage with a cigar for company. He studied, with cool and curious cynicism, the various groups waiting with wistful impatience for friends or relations, and looked with something like contempt on the scenes which ensued when the passengers came ashore.

It was easy to single out Mr. Darrill. He had spent the last hour on board in front of the dressing-glass in his cabin, and he landed as faultless in regard to attire as if he had turned out for a promenade in the Park. He had been lamentably limp and wretched during the greater part of the voyage, and shone rather to disadvantage amongst those whose ruder constitutions enabled them to share the comforts of the captain's room and the saloon, but with his foot upon his native flagstones the gentlemanly George was himself again.

"And where is Ada?" he said, shaking Everard's hand with a warmth in which there was a trace of emotion.

George Darrill could be sentimental without much provocation, and Grantley's was the first face to remind him of home.

"Mrs. Darrill did not come," replied Everard, gazing with interest on George's companion—a dark and handsome young fellow, who kept in the background with a modest reserve not unbecoming his age; "her recent bereavement has scarcely left her equal to the fatigue."

"True; no doubt she felt poor Theo's loss deeply. Let me introduce you to Mr. Danvers, the gentleman of whom I spoke in my letters."

"I am very glad to see Mr. Danvers," said Everard, with a quiet grace and frankness he could put on when he chose. "I have been thinking over what you wrote about, and believe I have already found the very thing we require. I suppose you will not be too ambitious at the outset, Mr. Danvers?"

"I shall be content with anything sir, where I have a chance of making my way."

Mr. Grantley smiled approvingly, and led them into the hotel, where he had engaged rooms for the night. He had ordered a dainty repast, in which tea formed a refreshing element; and when the cloth was cleared, the two men sat down to discuss the voyage over a decanter of wine.

Everard had himself out to please Edward Danvers; and as the latter opened his heart to his new friend, Everard could not help contrasting the ingenuous young American with Theodore, for whom George Darrill wore the deepest of hatbands and the most solemn apparel.

"I don't know what your tastes may be," Grantley said; "whether you have a passion for science or medicine, or care to dabble in the arts; but from what I have heard from Mr. Darrill, I think you would do best at commerce, unless you have a soul above the desk."

The young man smiled.

"My family, on the mother's side, have been store-keepers for more than one generation," he said, "and I hardly know who my father was or is. I have my own way to make, and I do not care how I begin."

"Yours is the right spirit, and you have had the right training," said Everard. "You do not mind hard work, and you will not fall into an error which is very common to an English youth."

"What is the error?"

"Too much self-esteem—a habit of looking at work as if it were a vulgar necessity instead of a noble purpose. They speak of the capitalist who employs them as if he were a common enemy to society, and consider themselves very much too gentlemanly to endure what they are pleased to term wretched drudgery. They despise trade in any shape, though they live by the men who make it."

Edward Danvers wondered how the polished, high-bred gentleman knew so much of trade and its workers.

"I have some shares in a company," Everard went on, "and we want a confidential clerk just now. The salary is small to begin with—one hundred and twenty pounds a year; but a man who did his duty, and studied our interest, would rise to rather more than double that sum in the course of a few years. Mr. Darrill spoke so highly of you that I have used my influence to reserve the situation for you. Is it what you would like?"

"There is nothing I should like better," said Everard, gratefully. "It seems a splendid income to me."

"Well, put yourself in my hands, Mr. Danvers, and I do not think you will regret it. Shall I fill your glass?"

"No, thanks."

"Temperate, I see, and wisely. One of our crying evils here is that our young men dissipate; and if you avoid that pitfall you are certain of success. Do not stand upon ceremony with us, Mr. Danvers. When you are tired——"

"My habits are very simple," said Edward. "I generally study for an hour or so before going to bed. Permit me to thank you, sir, for your kindness."

Grantley gave the young man his hand cordially, and put away the thanks as though gentle philanthropy had been the sole aim and end of his existence.

Danvers retired, much impressed in his favour. He was agreeably surprised to find an English gentleman so entirely free from the proud reserve which he had heard was the prevailing characteristic.

It had never occurred to him to question why Mr. Darrill had taken so much interest in him from the first. At twenty years of age or so, a man is apt to take the world on trust and it is the special privilege of youth to be deceived.

Everard looked at George Darrill gravely through a cloud of smoke when Danvers had said good night.

"I suppose it is the best thing you could have done, as there was no help for it," he said, after a pause "but it is a complication I had not looked for. He does not know much concerning his parentage, you say?"

"Very little indeed. I found him with some home-spun people, who, except that he was a cousin, did not know much about him, and did not care to make inquiries. As for the lad himself, he is the most placid, contented fellow I ever saw. He has no preference between a mutton chop and a dinner *à la Russe*, and his only ambition is a shelf full of books. What do you think of him?"

"He is handsome."

"And like the family?"

"Not much. He has a fine, prepossessing, honest face, but there is very little of the Temple in it. Now, what of Clarence?"

"Lost, beyond a doubt. He took passage, as I told you, in the City of Dublin, and went down with all hands."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite. I saw the entry at the shipping-office."

"In his own name?"

"Yes?"

Grantley looked at him thoughtfully on that reply. He took out a note-book, and turned the leaves slowly, asking questions of George Darrill the while.

"And so we may expect the new claimant within a month," he said, when he had questioned Darrill to the extent of his desire. "He has all the necessary proofs, I suppose—letters and photographs?"

"Everything."

"And is well up in the family history?"

"Yes. From what he has heard his father say, he knows exactly who his relatives are."

"I hope he will behave well to Eugene," Mr. Grantley observed, reflectively. "Brookdale is large enough and rich enough for both, and some generosity on the part of Clarence junior at the outset might save them from litigation. He had much better give ten or twenty thousand freely than have it frittered away on the lawyers."

"Suggest it to him," said Darrill. "No doubt he will give due consideration to any suggestion of yours."

Everard smiled between his teeth.

"It may be as well not to let young Danvers know he is connected with our family," he said. "He is happy enough with his present lot—happier than he would be if he knew anything which might put false ideas into his head. I can conceive nothing so wretched as the position of a proud, high-spirited young man who belongs to the poorer branch of a wealthy race."

* * * * *

The skies were sombre with the tint of autumn when Laurence Drayton went down to Brookdale, after a lengthened absence. He had kept away purposely till he was sent for, fighting with a strong sense of duty against a strong sense of love. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that Julia was a child no longer, and her affection for him put his strength of mind in peril when they were together.

"For it never shall be said," he resolved, "that I did the very thing I have always spoken against and written down. It never shall be said that I married a woman for her money. One of these days, perhaps, when I am rich—and I may be rich, for I have a heavier balance at my banker's now than I ever thought my pen would bring me—I will ask her to be my wife, if some one else does not step in while I am waiting to increase my store."

He would not have gone to Brookdale yet, but Julia had written to him, and the tone of her letter filled him with serious misgiving. Eugene was in trouble—she could not tell what—and she wanted Laurence to see him.

So Mr. Drayton went, with his inseparable friend, the faithful Brutus, who, in defiance of all railway rules and by-laws, would insist upon travelling in the same compartment with his master. The journalist did not encumber himself with much luggage this time. A small carpet-bag, with a roll of foolscap, and a box of quill nibs, was all he burdened himself with.

He was not particularly sorry to find that the Hon. Allen Colburn, with a whole armoury of guns, had been there a week, intent on partridges, and such other game as the Brookdale preserves afforded him. He was just as inane and as good tempered as ever, and just as hopelessly in doubt as to whether he should lay his ladylike person and fortune at the feet of Miss Temple or the stately Margaret—a condition of uncertainty out of which neither tried to help him.

There were no other visitors, and Laurence was the more pleased. He liked to have his friends to himself.

The master of Brookdale gave Laurence a gravely cordial welcome, as he thanked him for coming down; but he was reluctant to touch upon the cause of his palpable preoccupation.

"Yes, I know you see that I am thoughtful about something," he said, "and you perhaps have an idea it is the unacknowledged old affair, but you must wait a day or two, Laurence. I am very glad you are here, for I want you to be with me when Grantley comes."

"It is something which I shall have to know sooner or later," Laurence said, "and I had rather you took me into your confidence before your cousin makes his appearance. Whatever it may be, you know it will be sacred between us two."

"Well, old fellow, you shall hear," said Eugene, with sudden resolution, "for I am virtually absolved from the promise I made Everard. You are prepared for most things, I know, but you are not prepared to hear this: Brookdale is no longer mine!"

"Brookdale is no longer yours!"

And then Laurence Drayton looked at him in mute surprise. This surely was the strangest thing tongue had ever uttered.

"No longer mine," was the quiet, resigned reply. "The claimant, Edward Danvers Temple, son of my uncle Clarence, is on his way home now, and I have had a letter from his lawyers. It seems a mockery to talk of him as coming home, when he never saw a stone of the old place, every inch of which is sacred ground to me."

"The son of your uncle Clarence!" Drayton repeated, reflectively. "What proof does he give that he is the man he represents himself to be, and how does he account for not having made his claim before?"

"I will tell you the whole story," said Eugene, "and you can judge for yourself then. You remember when you were here two years ago, and taxed me with being in some trouble?"

"Yes?"

"About six months before you came, a woman wrote to me for help. She said she was the wife of my uncle Clarence, and from certain things she mentioned there could be no doubt she told the truth to some extent."

"Well?"

"Everard was with me, and I gave the letter into his hands, and he offered to see her for me. He did, and found her a reckless, dissolute woman, lost to every sense of shame, but still, beyond doubt, what she said she was—my uncle's wife, and as such, the mistress of this place. Everard satisfied himself thoroughly on every point, and feeling, as I did, what a disgrace it would be to have such a woman at the head of the family, tried to temporize with her."

"You left it all to him?"

"Entirely. He is a man of the world, and dealt with her better than I should have done,

He told her that while she remained quiet, she should have two hundred a-year; but if she ventured in any way to molest me, he would have her history inquired into, and leave it for a jury to decide whether she was a fit and proper person to be entrusted with such heavy interests as are involved in the management of this estate. It frightened her, for her life had been a bad one, and she concluded to take the money.

"After a time," he went on, while Drayton listened intently," she went into such excess that she went into delirium, and Everard had her put under restraint. *He had persuaded her to adopt* another name, so when in her raving she called herself the rightful heiress of Brookdale no one believed her; in fact, it confirmed the doctors in their conviction of her insanity, and she was placed in a private asylum."

"It was of that you were speaking when I interrupted your conversation?"

"It was. Grantley, who is sensitive about family matters, and will persist in treating you as a stranger, got me to promise him I would not tell you of this, and so I was bound to silence for the time. However, a course of kind and firm treatment brought her to her senses, and in her rational moods, she told him much more of Clarence Temple than we could have learned otherwise."

"What did she tell him?"

"She had hunted for her husband everywhere. He left her, as you have heard, but whether on sufficient grounds or not I do not know. Then it was said she had a husband living when he married her, but this she denied, till Everard found it to be true."

"Then she had no claim upon you after all?"

"None, upon my word, except that she had borne him a child, and her reckless desperate nature made her resolve that if he discarded her he should have no peace with another."

"And so it was revenge and not devotion made her follow him," said Laurence. "I see how you were wrong in dealing with her from the outset; but that is not the question now. What did she tell you of your uncle?"

"He went to America and married a Miss Danvers, a Philadelphian lady, by whom he had a son; and hunting him as she did, always on his track, but never finding him, she discovered that he had sailed for England in the City of Dublin."

"The ship that was lost?"

"It was never heard of or spoken with from the time it left the port, and Clarence Temple and his wife went down with her."

"Was their child with them?"

"No—the child, just of age, has come to light in the person of the claimant, and he knows every circumstance of his birth and parentage so well that there is no doubt as to his identity. I wanted to send out a person, so I entrusted Everard to send an agent out and see if the boy still lived."

"And the agent found him?"

"Yes."

"Strange that he should never have made you known of his existence before."

"I thought so too; but it was explained away. My uncle Clarence never used his own name, and only his wife was aware of it. But before setting sail for England, he appointed a cousin of his wife's as guardian for the child, and left a sealed packet with him, which was not to be opened till the boy became of age, and if he did not live till that time it was to be destroyed."

"Where is that packet now?"

"In the hands of Logan and Blake."

"The claimant's solicitors?"

"Yes."

"Have they told you what it contains?"

"I have copies of the documents, and my uncle's declaration, in which he acknowledges the boy, Clarence Danvers, to be his only legitimate child, and the rightful heir of Brookdale, enjoining him to restore to any such of his relations as may be in possession of the estate the sum of twenty thousand pounds which his father—my grandfather—had advanced to him, on a partial understanding that he would never claim the name or property."

"That he would cut off the entail, in fact."

"It was to have been done on payment of a further sum to the like amount; but the arrangement was never legally carried out. And as my uncle puts in his declaration, he would rather restore the money than sell his son's birthright."

"So at the worst you will have twenty thousand pounds."

"Unfortunately, no," said Eugene, with a sad smile. "That was only to be repaid on condition that the estate should be surrendered free of debt or encumbrance. I have mortgaged it for more than that amount. I shall leave Brookdale a beggar, Laurence. There is nothing left us but the cottage, which belongs to Julia, and the little income settled upon her by her mother."

"But, how, in heaven's name, have you spent the money."

"Why ask me?" he said, with a gesture of impatient sorrow. "I have been the blindest, most dishonourable wretch that ever lived. Three years ago, when you were out of England, I kept a racing-stud, and the harpies of the turf would have drained me to my last shilling had I not seen my madness and their rascality in time."

Laurence Drayton sighed very heavily. Reproaches were useless now; but it was in his heart to say some bitter words of anger when he thought of the wretched change Julia would have to bear.

(To be continued.)

TURKISH ABSTEMIOUSNESS.—Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folk, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air before daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But that is nothing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise to sunset the panting boatman, the heavy-laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink whatever: and at sundown will make up for this abstinence not by a drunken carouse, but by a larger dish of pilau and a longer smoke of Latakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion, but is it not of ours? And *that* religion—an imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship at four in the morning the year round, its indifference to "Infidel" gaze, the heartiness of all its observances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often have I found the shop entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and I have taken up the goods to see if anybody would remonstrate, and laid them down again without anybody's interference. And how often have I watched the thin-clad boatman kneeling in prayer *on the wet sand* or in drizzling rain, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*

Above the point where the Thames water is taken for the use of the inhabitants of London there is a drainage area of more than 3,600 square miles, within the limits of which is found a population of 869,000 human beings.

THE pier on the Brooklyn side of the great suspension bridge in New York has a base measuring 168 by 104 feet, built of Maine granite. The structure has settled evenly, over a quarter of an inch only.

IT has been estimated that during the herring fishing which has just finished, upwards of 240,000,000 of herrings were landed at the fish wharf of Great Yarmouth.

The phrase, "What will Mrs. Grundy Say?" is borrowed from Tom Morton's clever comedy, *Speed the Plough*.

MY NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY.

I know where an old philosopher dwells—
A bearded cynic of wit and sense,
In a broad white tent with curious cells,
On the sunny side of the garden fence.
He passes his days in virtuous ease,
Watching the world with his many eyes;
And perhaps he is sorry when he sees
How his tent entangles the moths and flies.

I have a neighbor, a legal man.
We meet on the sidewalk every day;
He is shrewd to argue, and scheme, and plan,
Is my legal neighbor over the way;
He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much—
But he knows such a vast deal more than I:
We have in our village a dozen such,
Who do no labor—the Lord knows why.

But they eat and drink of the very best,
And the cloth that they wear is soft and fine,
And they have more money than all the rest,
With handsome houses, and plate, and wine.
And I ponder at times, when tired and lame,
How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;
And wonder if we are not to blame
Who have so little, yet pay for all.

Alas, for the workers throughout the land,
Who labor and watch, but wait too long,
Who wear the vigor of brain or hand
In trilling pleasures, and drink, and song!
But my neighbor is one who understands
All social riddles, and he explains
That some must labor with callous hands,
While others may work with tongue and brains.

Though he doesn't make it so very clear,
Why he should fare much better than one
Who does more work in a single year
Than he in all of his life has done!
But he argues me out of all demur,
With logic that fogs my common sense;
And I think of the old philosopher
Whose "shingle" hangs by the garden fence.

—*The Aldine.*

For the Hearthstone.

WINDALE'S SOUVENIR.

BY ISABELLA VELANCY CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. WINDALE HAS A VISITOR AND GOES TO COURT.

"There's no true drop of blood in him—
"If he be sad he wants money."
SHAKESPEARE.

Outside the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Windale in the stately precincts of Belgravia, was drawn up the carriage, waiting for the mistress; the bewigged coachman with a bouquet as large as his own ruddiest face, and the shining bays prancing and champing their silver bits, while a cluster of footmen with prize pink silk calves, hung on behind, enduring as best they might a keen easterly wind, and the equally cutting remarks of a crowd of *gamins* kept in only tolerable order by a lofty policeman in a lofty hat and long, blue cape, who had congregated to "chaff" the footmen, and see "*the lady*" come out presently in her Court dress; for they were as well up on the fact of its being "a drawing room day," as was the Princess of Wales who was to hold the ceremonial in place of her Majesty.

It was a misty day, hesitating between fog and rain, and everything looked its dreariest, at least outside. Within, Mrs. Windale found the day sufficiently genial, for the gray light assumed a rosy tinge as it filtered through the pink silk hangings of her dressing-room windows, and met by the deeper crimson glow, of a gem of a fire, glowing in the shining grate, lighted the spacious apartment, with an illumination more cheerful than any wintry sunlight. Neither was Mrs. Windale subject to "atmospheric influences," and the clear blue of an Italian sky would have had as little effect on her mood as the clinging London fog had at present.

Her maid was putting the finishing touch to her toilette, and she was humming softly to herself as she tried the effect before the mirror, of her sweeping train, and coronet of diamonds and sapphires.

She was still a bride, indeed this was almost her first appearance in public since her return from her wedding tour, and she lingered before the mirror wondering if the world would be as ready to fall down and worship Mrs. Windale as it had been Miss Ogilvie, and the smile deepened round her lips, as at length, gathering up her fan and gloves, she turned to leave the room.

As she descended the wide stairs she met a servant ascending with a salver on which lay a gentleman's card. She lifted it carelessly and looked at it, and still carelessly laid it down again, and passing the domestic, went on down the stairs, while Alphonso coming at a respectful distance behind, and critically eyeing her as she swept on before, inly deckled that "Master "needn't be ashamed of her, for she was a cre- "dit to any house, she was, and exceptin Lady "Weightanstun he didn't think there'd be a "finer woman than Missus'd make her cuchy "*that* day."

At the drawing-room door, the subject of his favorable criticism paused and addressed him. "Tell Thompson to walk the horses up and down for about a quarter of an hour, I will come then," and disappeared over the threshold.

Alphonso lingered an instant with his powdered head close to the door, in the hope of hearing some stray word which might afford a clue as to who the strange gentleman was, for whose sake his mistress risked being late at St. James', but only a low, indistinguishable murmur reached his ear, and with his curiosity unsatisfied he was obliged to proceed with his errand.

Having closed the drawing-room door, Mrs. Windale paused and glanced inquiringly round the apartment, and her black eyes shone in the gloom as they rested on the form of a man standing in one of the windows, absently pulling his mustache, and looking blankly out into the foggy square. At the sound of the closing door he turned quickly to meet the incomer, and eyed her silently and grimly as she stood there, in her snowy robes and glittering jewels.

She came towards him with extended hand, and smiling lips, and her soft, sonorous voice uttered his name in tones of welcome.

"Welcome back from sunny Spain to the land of fogs, Mr. Darwyn," she said, as she laid her hand in his mechanically extended fingers, and leading the way across the room towards the fireplace, she motioned him to a seat on one side of the hearth while with due care of her fresh draperies and flowing train, she seated herself opposite him.

Darwyn was instantly placed at a disadvantage. Knowing that she knew that his presence in her drawing-room was in itself an announcement that his mission, whatever it had been was crowned with success, he yet felt that his triumph was by no means secure. He looked uneasily at her, and though he held what would strip the jewels from her head, and the robes of honor from her rounded limbs, and close the doors of her husband's heart and house against her forever, yet he absolutely felt as there were such a wall of security raised round her by her undaunted bearing, that no shot of his, however well aimed, could make a breach in its defences. But Darwyn was not a man long to succumb to such an idea. He was of the earth earthy, and on such, mental force does not frequently act with much enduring power.

Declining her invitation to be seated with a slight motion of his hand, he leant on the back of the chair, and supporting his chin on his hand, he said:

"I see you are about to pay your respects to Royalty, however I will not detain you long."

"Surely," said Mrs. Windale graciously, "I can bestow a few moments even to-day, on an old friend, I am sorry Mr. Windale is not at home, but at this hour Downing Street claims him as its own. May I trouble you for that fan—thanks."

"Your marriage took place at an earlier date than you anticipated when I left England?" said Darwyn, as he handed her the fan, and he watched her with keen curiosity as with most perfect sangfroid she replied:

"Yes, there were many reasons which made such a step necessary, for you know men in Mr. Windale's position are not always masters of their time. You also altered your plans, for you intended returning from Spain long ere this."

"I found the business on which I went, more complicated than I anticipated," answered Darwyn, and then changing his tone suddenly and entirely he continued. "Now Alaxara let us drop this farce, and I'm sure you will not feel inclined to keep it up when I tell you that Hypolito Donaros is in London."

Mrs. Windale turned as white as the waving ostrich plumes drooping on her shoulders, and the sway of the fan in her jeweled fingers ceased for a second, then in a voice which trembled however slightly she said:

"I do not believe you."

It was extraordinary how completely each had dropped the mask of conventional indifference, not to be resumed again during the interview.

"That is simple nonsense Alaxara," returned Darwyn, "you know I am not a man to make idle assertions on such a subject, I tell you that I found him, and brought him with me to London, and at this moment he is an occupant of my rooms at the club."

She could no longer doubt him, and she looked at him blankly for a second before her natural hardihood came to her aid, then though it cost her a visible effort she said coldly.

"Admitting that such is really the case, will you be kind enough to tell me what interest the circumstance can have for me?"

Darwyn stared at her as she faced him with a countenance as rigid and nearly as pallid as marble, and then he laughed with a kind of amused admiration.

"You're a very clever woman my dear," he said, "but facts are hard enemies sometimes, and it's just possible Windale wouldn't like to know under what circumstances *his wife* and Donaros had met in the past. What do you think?"

Mrs. Windale, as Darwyn had just said, was a very clever woman, and having a good previous knowledge of Darwyn's character, she quietly dropped her *rôle* of defiance, and with perfect ease placed the question at issue, and herself in a new light. She laughed a little hardly.

"He would like it as little as I would," she said, "and besides I really can't see how the information would in any way serve *you*, and I imagine that all this is intended to further your own plans in some manner, and you must know that *my* betrayal would militate fatally against *your* own interests."

Darwyn stroked his long blonde mustache thoughtfully.

"I am glad you don't complicate things by persisting in a denial," he said after a moment's silence, but your last argument doesn't go for much, my prospects *are* as bad as they can be and as I owe that circumstance partly to you, I don't see why at least my revenge should remain ungratified. I tell you plainly, Alaxara, that having secured my proofs, I am determined to bring them forward."

"I tell you, you are a fool," said Mrs. Windale, sharply. "To gratify your foolish love of flirtation you would have ruined my character with Windale, and because I acted on the rule of each one for himself, you turn and blame me for the consequences of your own folly."

It was strange how coarse and hard her voice sounded, and what deep lines showed themselves round her red lips.

Darwyn was roused from his cool witness to something as like visible anger as he ever permitted.

"Come," said he, "you don't give me credit for much discernment. Don't I know that because Ygerne Orkney had once unconsciously won the heart of a man for whom you were scheming, that you hated her, and covertly led her to believe that *I*, whom she was foolish enough to love, was false to her? You, by every act, every sly word, nourished the idea in her breast, until she discarded me, and by so doing, ruined me with my uncle, and I like a blind fool played into your hands."

Mrs. Windale's eyes glittered, as they noted the deepened color of Darwyn's face and the flash of his light blue eyes, at the same time her heart fell like lead under her lace and jewels. She knew how true the accusation was, but she had not given him credit for sufficient discernment to have discovered her motives.

The clock on the chimney piece struck the hour, and with the last stroke she rose from her chair.

"Well," she said, as she gathered her train in shimmering folds on her round white arm, "as revenge is your object I have nothing to say. If your necessities, and no one knows better than I how great they are, had driven you to hold out your present threat as a means of obtaining money from me, I would have known what course to pursue, and it would have been one satisfactory to us both, but as nothing but my betrayal and your own utter ruin will do, I must only bid you do your worst. A desperate woman will often find desperate means of self-defence when driven to bay."

She paused, as though expecting a reply, but he was gazing with frowning brows into the fire. She scanned his face intently, and her lips relaxed into a strange smile, as she observed that an air of indecision had crept over it, but her face was perfectly composed when in a moment he turned sharply towards her.

"I see what you are at," he said, as she stood calmly drawing on her gloves, "you would bribe me to silence."

"You are right," she answered placidly. "With my assistance you could stave off ruin until you could make your peace with your uncle, and once in favor with him, there are other heiresses in the world besides Ygerne Orkney. If you persist in your present idea, you know as well as I do what awaits us both, ruin, ruin, ruin! But I suppose there is little use in appealing even to your own interests in the matter."

Even as she spoke, her mind caught the fact that she had touched the only string which would have responded to her touch, and her heart throbbed with exultation as, with a disturbed air Darwyn rubbed his hand over his forehead, while his suspicious eyes roved over her calm face.

"You always were a great deal cleverer than me," he said; "and, after all, perhaps——"

"I cannot wait another second," she said, knowing full well her point was gained. "Put me in the carriage, and take until Tuesday to think of what I have said. On Tuesday Mr. Windale entertains the Ministers, and I have a reception in the evening at which I hope you will be present, when you can give me your final answer—Peace, or War to the knife."

And so, having put her into the carriage, Darwyn, with his not very astute intellect busily engaged in turning over her implied promise, walked slowly away to the Club, while Mrs. Windale, drawn by the prancing bays, and attended by the pink-calved footmen, drove away to Court, as beautiful, as smiling, and as gorgeously attired as any Princess in a Fairy tale.

CHAPTER IV.

DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES.

"The Jewels
Of many generations of his House."
The Golden Supper.

"What is its saleable value, as nearly as you can decide?" and the speaker laid her delicately gloved hand on a coronet of magnificent diamonds and sapphires, lying on the little green baize covered stand beside her, while her eyes, heavily veiled as they were, turned with an anxious gleam on her companion.

Mr. Allen joined the tips of his white, slender fingers, and removing his glance from the lady to the jewels, replied, as their prismatic rays dazzled his eyes until he winked again,

"Well, Madame, I may venture to assert that if it is your desire to part with the article, we shan't have the least difficulty in obtaining the sum of twenty thousand pounds for it, and if you are in a position to bide your time, nearly double the amount, that is, of course, that on examination *all* the stones prove real."

"You don't understand me," said his visitor, impatiently. "What I wish is that you would remove some of the stones and have them replaced with false. I have no need of so large a sum as you mention, but I must have, say five thousand next week, earlier if possible. I was recommended to come to you for assistance in the affair, and of course you will name your own terms."

Mr. Allen bowed profoundly. He was always in the habit of naming his own terms to such as were driven by necessity to seek his services, but he kept his claws sheathed in velvet, and received as a favor what none dare deny him.

"We can easily meet your views," he said; indeed, I am at this moment looking out for sapphires for a gentleman who is making a collection of gems, and yours will find a ready purchaser. You will have to leave the article here for four-and-twenty hours, at the end of which time you will receive it back apparently intact."

"Very well," said the lady, rising and drawing her heavy cloak around her, "I may return about this time to-morrow?"

"You may, Madame," said Mr. Allen, rising also, and opening a heavy iron door in the wall, he placed the coronet in the safe, and then opening another door covered with innocent looking baize, but in reality formed of plates of impregnable iron, he ushered his visitor into a handsome jeweller's shop, and so into the street, where a cab was in waiting for her, into which, assisted by the polite jeweller, she got and drove away, while he stood in the shop door looking after the vehicle, his weak eyes blinking in the fresh sunlight like those of an elderly owl, surprised by daylight, at a distance from the grim shadows of his ruins.

The cab having disappeared round a corner, Mr. Allen disappeared into the shop, the subdued glitter of which seemed to suit him far better than the golden waves of light without, for even in London the genial old sun holds high carnival sometimes, and people of a secretive and fog-loving disposition are much disturbed thereby, not loving over much the physical illumination that records so little with the murkiness of the chambers of their souls.

"Is Mr. Amos upstairs?" he inquired of one of the gentlemanly young men behind the counter, and being assured that Mr. Amos *was* upstairs, he went back through the iron door, first telling the oldest gentlemanly young man that for the next hour he was to be denied to every one, except Mr. Stonehunter, of Golconda House, or any messenger sent by him.

Having secured the iron door behind him, he called upon Mr. Amos, through a tube, to descend, and presently a little coffee-colored old gentleman appeared in the sanctum shrouded in a leather apron, and curiously spotted and streaked from his grizzled head to his shambling feet, with brilliant colors.

His eyes were habitually cast down, but when he raised them, though small, they were wonderfully bright and piercing; indeed, he bore no little resemblance to some gnome who had emerged from the earth late in life, and rather regretted the change, but despite appearances, he had for ten years worked in a certain gloomy laboratory upstairs, devoting a chemical skill which might, and would have made him famous, to ignoble ends.

To his grimy fingers Mr. Allen committed the coronet, with a few simple directions, and then sitting down, he indited a note to Mr. Stonehunter, of Golconda House, informing him that in the course of a few days he would be able to let him have a few very fine sapphires of the purest kind, which had come into his possession very unexpectedly.

Mr. Allen's mental commentary on the morning's proceedings were somewhat as follows:—

"Think I don't know the Windale Jewels! Why, my dear ma'am, there isn't a stone of any value in the country I don't know the owner of, and your thick veil was of very little use indeed while you carried them with you. I wonder what you want with such a sum though, unknown to your husband. Windale is not the man to screw down his wife to drive her to dishonesty. Gambling, ma'am, I suppose; it's what brings me nine-tenths of my clients. A risky business for both, though." And blinking more than ever, he let down the blind half a foot more to exclude an errant sunbeam that had quivered through the dusty panes into his gloomy sanctum.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Windale, beautiful in clouds of black lace, ornamented with scarlet double poppies and quivering golden wheat ears, was chatting gaily to a newly-arrived ambassador, in whose honor Windale had this evening given one of his most recherché dinners, and Monsieur was much impressed and delighted with Madame's wit and beauty, both of which were to-night especially brilliant, and as Monsieur lounged in one arm of the tête-a-tête sipping the fragrant Mocha, and admiring the exquisite form, leaning back with such indolent grace in the other, he only determined that his friend Windale was, must be, a very happy man, and certainly Madame was happy also.

How clear and untroubled those wonderful black eyes were, and how calm the beauty of those delicate features, and she was evidently watching for her husband's presence in the drawing-room, for at the sound of the opening door her superb head would turn towards it with a glance of expectation.

Monsieur was interested. Married nearly a year, and yet in love. He had heard of such things in pastoral romances, and on the stage, but in real life here was a new experience! And there too was doubtless Monsieur Windale, for at the opening of the door Madame looked up and blushed. But no! it is only a fresh arrival, who is announced by James as Mr. Darwyn, and comes up immediately to his hostess with the air of a friend of the House.

Hum! Has Monsieur the Ambassador really lighted on a new experience after all? He gallantly carries away Madame's coffee-cup, and so vacated his seat in favor of the new-comer, who sinks into it languidly, while the Ambassador watches him from afar, and feels relieved concerning his new experience, when after exchanging a few languid remarks, Mr. Darwyn languidly saunters away, his place being immediately occupied by another man.

Could Monsieur have heard the few words that passed between them he might have had the opportunity of replacing one experience with another.

"Have you procured me that money yet?" said Darwyn, as soon as the Ambassador had retired out of earshot, and Mrs. Windale had answered, toying with her fan.

"You shall have it to-morrow, though I have run a fearful risk in order to get it. I can't go on in this way much longer."

And Darwyn said as he had once before said on the terrace at the Towers.

"As you please-"

CHAPTER V.

CLOSING IN!

"And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanc'd scale, great Nemesis—
Awake!
Thou shalt and must."

BYRON.

"I am bound
"Upon a wheel of fire that mine own tears
"Do scald like molten lead."

SHAKESPEARE.

The first of September found as usual a gay party assembled at the Towers, and not a few of those present there at the opening of this tale, were again within its walls.

Colonel Martin, Miss Architrave, and Darwyn were amongst the guests, indeed it was becoming whispered in society that the attention paid by the latter to Mrs. Windale was rather too pronounced, and certainly of late he had fallen into a trick of haunting her.

He was present at all her parties, lounged away his mornings in her drawing room, and in the Park, and at the Opera, was eternally at her side.

Windale, though loving his wife with more strength and fervor than is common to the general run of mankind, was too deeply immersed in the whirl of Political life, to be much with her, and the world, not knowing the secret lying between them, looked on the constant presence of Darwyn as but the usual result of such a state of affairs.

Perhaps had Mrs. Windale's enemies been enabled to say that her smiles encouraged him, the scandal might have tarnished her fair fame, but it was patent to all that she regarded him with absolute and supreme indifference. She *tolerated him, and that was all, and* a moth be silly enough to flutter eternally round a taper it is foolish to call the flame to account in the matter. Society, bless her! has so ample a cloak of charity wherewith to cover the little short-comings of a woman like Alaxara, and after all have we not said that though, as perhaps was her matronly duty, she did not discourage him, she certainly did not do the reverse.

The Earl had become perfectly furious at Ygerne's dismissal of his nephew, and as he had heard from her own lips her reason for the step, his wrath had fallen undivided, and as yet unappeased on Darwyn, a fact which known in society had for the present ruined the latter's position as an eligible party. Despite Mrs. Windale's most skillful machinations, heiresses and their guardians were shy of him, and though she had secured two for a lengthened stay at the Towers, she felt very hopeless of accomplishing anything by her success.

Strange as it may appear, in a negative manner, Darwyn lent himself to the defeat of her plans. He was very well satisfied to gratify at once his revenge, and his love of freedom by wringing from her every guinea she could obtain, and could Windale have known what a living lie, from the false jewels blazing on her head, to the sole of her faultless foot, his beautiful wife had become, horror and despair would have clutched his warm heart with their skeleton fingers.

Repeated had been her visits to the sanctum of the polite Mr. Allen, but at the last he had told her, that he dared assist her no longer, for nearly every real gem had disappeared from amid her jewels, to be replaced by false, and at any moment detection might ensue.

So she was left to find if she could, some fresh resource, and if such were not possible, to face as best she might, discovery and utter ruin.

It seemed as though Darwyn were insatiable, and what hours of keenest agony were passed by the wretched woman, was alone known to herself, and guessed at with fiendish delight by Darwyn, and one other.

The continual fever of terrible suspense in which she lived, lighted such fires in her eyes, and dyed her cheeks with so vivid a crimson, that those about her were dazzled by her wonderful beauty, and saw no further. Her spirits were brilliant, and she rode, walked, danced, sung, and talked with an untiring energy which led people to say that Mrs. Windale shewed far more "verve" than ever Miss Ogilvie had done, and her husband, happy in her apparent happiness was well content with the love he fondly thought was glorifying his later years, and worshipped as only such men can, his beautiful wife.

Thus things progressed quietly enough for some time as the pleasant vine spreads its green tendrils over the unheard, unseen, but unslumbering volcano, to be presently seered by its unlooked for flames, and buried beneath its tide of burning lava.

One morning Miss Architrave seated in "maiden meditation," in a window looking down from an upper story on the South Terrace, saw Mrs. Windale in a very exquisite walking dress of pale blue cashmere and gold colored satin, pacing up and down beneath her, and though Miss Architrave could only see the top of the small velvet toque with its rich pheasant's wing, the droop of the handsome head proclaimed to her keen eyes that Mrs. Windale was not in very joyous spirits, though an hour or two previously she had been the life of the breakfast party.

Miss Architrave was interested and the better to follow her movements, she quietly pushed out the jalousie, and leaning out within its shelter, she peered down through its bars at her unconscious hostess, who was coming slowly back the length of the terrace accompanied now by Mr. Darwyn who had joined her at the further end, and curious coincidence, his brow was lowering also.

They were conversing earnestly, and though their voices were lowered as though through caution, one or two sentences reached the eager ears above, sharpened as they where by old spite, for had not Alaxara come between her and Windale, and the shaft was rankling yet.

They paused under her very eyes, and through the calm autumn air Darwyn's voice made itself audible.

"I tell you I must have more, and that by to-night."

His tone was brutal and sullen in the extreme, and Mrs. Windale's as she answered him, had lost every echo of its exquisite sweetness.

"I tell you I have but twenty pounds left, I am in debt to my milliner to the extent of eight hundred, and——"

They moved out of hearing again, and Miss Architrave pallid with astonishment, and trembling with curiosity was fain to wait until they again approached her lair, then she caught the broken thread again.

"Would you have me rob him?" Mrs. Windale's voice this time, and then Darwyn's broken by a laugh of mockery such as Ebils might utter in the ear of his victim.

"Why, what else have you been doing since you married him? What a price his jewels would fetch now if he were necessitated to sell them! By the way what a vulgar prejudice that is against *paste*, when even *their owner* can't discover the lie!"

"Hush," entreated Mrs. Windale, in a tone of concentrated agony, "you are mad to speak thus. Oh, sometimes the thought enters my heart that it were better to tell him all, and fly!"

"From his arms to mine? well you are the best judge of that," interrupted Darwyn laughing again," but until you decide finally, pray remember that I have Damros to keep quiet, so——" here the thread dropped, and Miss Architrave whose teeth were chattering like castanets with the intensity of her excitement, thought the minutes hours until they passed again beneath the window.

Darwyn was speaking.

"Then you will bring the five hundred to the old lodge to-night. I know he has it for I saw him draw it from the bank at Blankford yesterday."

"Yes," said Mrs. Windale, "while they are at supper I will come to you, but go now or we may be observed. You may depend upon me." Her voice was singularly calm and quiet, and Darwyn, lounged carelessly away, whistling to a terrier that followed at his heels, while Mrs. Windale stood motionless looking after him, one bare white hand dropped at her side, the *other stealing up and resting over her heart.*

Miss Architrave with a sudden fear of discovery moved away from the window, and when in the course of a few moments she ventured cautiously to look out again, Mrs. Windale was no longer there, and the long terrace lay quiet and deserted in the hazy sunlight.

Miss Architrave was usually spoken of by her medical attendant as "a nervous subject, with a well developed terror of spiders, frogs, et cetera, but there was not a tremor in her wiry frame as she seated herself to consider at leisure how she should possess herself of the secret which lay between Mrs. Windale and Darwyn. Her meditations were long, but at length she arrived at some satisfactory conclusion to judge by the expression of elation on her features, and her manner when she descended to luncheon, was even more buoyant and airy than usual, for though thirty-five summers had passed over her, she still affected an extreme girlishness of demeanor, modified however by a deep tone of sentiment.

Mrs. Windale, still in the blue and gold walking dress was as brilliant as ever, and was eagerly arranging with a group of men the preliminaries of a great archery tournament to be held at the Towers during the coming week, and as usual Darwyn was lounging at her side vouchsafing a *lazy interest* to the subject on the *tapis*, and a much keener to the grouse pie before him.

Miss Architrave managed to place herself directly opposite her hostess and while apparently devoting herself to cold chicken, stole many a sharp glance at the perfect face across the table, and with the new light on the subject she possessed the Honorable Godine read aright the varying scarlet in the creamy cheeks, and the restless brilliancy of the Peruvian eyes.

There was a very false ring in her silvery laugh, as she bowed coquettishly to Colonel Martin, who was rolling out compliments to her, in a voice like that of a bassoon addicted to over-indulgence in turtle and port wine.

"I'd be willing to risk a pony, Mrs. Windale, that you're as good a shot with an arrow, as my friend Windale is with those pretty little toys of his. Jove! it'll be Diana and her nymphs over again."

"You've made a good hit for once Colonel," remarked Darwyn lifting his eyes for an instant from the contemplation of his plate. "Mrs. Windale took the gold bracelet from four counties at the public tournament last year. She can hit the bull's eye at a long range, I can tell you. Eh! what's the matter?" for Windale, to whom a servant had just whispered some intelligence, had risen from his seat at the foot of the table, and with some agitation, was beckoning Darwyn out.

He obeyed the signal, and in a few moments it was known that his *valet*, a dark-browed Spaniard, who had accompanied him from Spain, had been flung from a horse in the stable yard, and was lying dead on the pavement, with his neck broken.

The men made a rush for the stables, and the ladies fainted or went into violent hysterics, according to their different temperaments, with two exceptions, and these were Mrs. Windale, and Miss Architrave.

When the news was made known, the latter who would on ordinary occasions have made the roof ring with her shrieks turned her eager, green eyes on Mrs. Windale, and watched her with lynx-like intensity.

Alaxara turned very white, and then a tide of crimson rushed to her very brow, and then left her pallid as the dead, but with a strange smile fixed in marble lines round her white lips, and without paying the least attention to her agitated guests, she left the room, pausing for an instant at a buffet to pour out and drink a glass of wine.

Miss Architrave followed her, and Alaxara went directly towards the stables, with feet that seemed winged, and cost Miss Architrave, laced in the tightest of corsets, no little difficulty to keep her in sight, and yet not attract her attention.

Before they reached the spot, they encountered the gentlemen slowly returning, with the exception of Windale who had remained behind to give some necessary orders, and Miss Architrave, as Mrs. Windale turned and joined them, heard her whisper as she swept past Darwyn.

"I defy you now."

Darwyn started violently and looked after her with the dark glance of a demon, as she accepted Colonel Martin's proffered arm.

Miss Architrave watched untiringly, and went to bed that night convinced that the contemplated interview at the old lodge, between Mrs. Windale and Darwyn, had not taken place.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS ARCHITRAVE AND NEMESIS ARE SATISFIED.

"His back to earth, his face to Heaven
——he lies, his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate."

The Giaour.

The day was exquisite, *and so was Mrs.* Windale's toilette. The tents fluttered with parti-colored streamers, and the band provided by the officers from the neighboring garrison town discoursed most eloquent music from a grove of laurels. The targets were set upon a broad greensward, as level and smooth as velvet, and more than a hundred guests in addition to those staying at the Towers, strutted to and fro in costumes as brilliant as the autumn flowers gleaming in the parterres, or stood watching the shooting which had been going on for some time.

Among the latter was Miss Architrave, her tall, thin person arrayed in a green silken robe, in which she bore no small resemblance to a gleaming serpent, and more than one remarked, "How very fond of archery Miss Architrave must be! She has never left the neighborhood of the targets!" which was more remarkable, as Miss Architrave did not shoot.

But, perhaps, had the speakers had her incentive to such a course, they might have clung *to it as tenaciously as* she did.

Mrs. Windale was, of course, the presiding genius, ably assisted by Colonel Martin and Darwyn, who acted as *umpires*, distinguished by knots of blue ribbon fastened to the buttonholes of their coats.

As yet the score was nearly equal between Mrs. Windale and a little county beauty, Blanca Holmes, and when luncheon time arrived they were in technical language "ties."

It was a general remark that Mrs. Windale had fallen off in her shooting, shot wildly, and appeared to trust more to chance than skill, and a few "turfy" men who would have wagered as to the probable longevity of their respective *grandmothers*, risked dozens of pairs of gloves on the probable result of the shooting after lunch, the interest of which had centred in the trial of skill between Miss Holmes and Mrs. Windale, and when they returned from the tents to the targets, the partizans of either lady formed a dense ring round them, as near as was permitted, Miss Architrave's glimmering green robes conspicuous among those nearest to the stand, and her keen eyes alert and watchful.

It is not to be supposed that for one instant she had relaxed her espionage over Darwyn and Alaxara, and though her watchfulness had not been as yet crowned with success, she saw that for some reason, during the past week, Mrs. Windale's manner towards Darwyn had altered considerably. It was defiant for a time, but to-day a new change had come, and a dark horror seemed dwelling in her eyes whenever she glanced at him.

It was difficult to read much in his pale insipid face, but he could not control a sparkle of malicious triumph whenever his light eyes met hers, and when her arrows flew wide of the bull's-eye a slow, scornful smile caused the blood to burn more hotly than before in Mrs. Windale's fevered cheeks.

After luncheon, Mrs. Windale's hand was steadier, and her partizans observed to each other with complacency that she was "getting into the swing of the thing, and was safe to win," and the excitement became intense.

Miss Holmes, a resolute little brunette, was no contemptible adversary, and Mrs. Windale was roused by the excitement to strain her powers to the utmost. She would have made a splendid study for an artist as she stood awaiting her turn, her long sweeping dress of Lincoln green velvet falling round her in waves and folds which were the perfection of drapery. The tight fitting jacket was heavily embroidered in dead gold, and her bright hair was secured in massive coils and braids by an emerald-tipped arrow. A green satin Spanish hat, with a waving ostrich feather, completed her rather fanciful costume, and lighted by the soft sunshine, her vivid loveliness was never more striking.

A light quiver was slung over her shoulder by a gold cord, and in her gauntleted hand she held her bow.

She was watching with something like interest Miss Holmes, who was preparing to shoot, and when the arrow struck the target she listened eagerly for the announcement from Darwyn of the result, as it was the last shot but one.

"Mrs. Windale and Miss Holmes ties again," called out Darwyn; "another shot to decide," and as Miss Holmes retreated Mrs. Windale walked slowly to the stand, and took up her position.

The sun was at her back, but she passed her hand over her eyes as though they were dazzled, and more than Miss Architrave noticed how deadly pale she became.

Windale, ever watchful of her, hastened to her side and begged her to discontinue shooting; but with a smile, she answered gaily that she could not forego her last shot.

"I have not done myself justice to-day," she said to Miss Architrave, who had hastened up with smelling salts. "I felt nervous all morning, but I think my hand is steady now," and she laid it lightly on the other's bony wrist."

Miss Architrave shrank under the touch, which even through the kid gauntlet burned like fire, but there was no tremulousness in it, though the same dusky pallor still pervaded cheek and lip.

She turned from Miss Architrave, and placing the arrow, bent the bow and took aim.

The eager eyes of the gay crowd followed the flight of the arrow as it went twanging from the bow, and then there arose a simultaneous cry of horror not to be expressed in words, as a man in dark blue velvet, with fair curling hair and a pale regular face, fell headlong on the sward, the shaft quivering deep in his broad breast.

A dead, awful silence followed the sudden outcry, and from the prostrate man every eye turned back to the woman, who by some fearful mischance, as, with one exception, they all believed, had laid him low.

She was standing perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and the bow lying at her feet. Her husband shook her by the shoulder, but she only turned her gaze mutely on him for a second, and then with the same vacant expression stood passive.

With a glance of despair, Windale motioned Miss Architrave to attend to her, and made his way swiftly to the spot where the *wounded man* lay.

At the sound of his deep voice, tremulous with agitation, the fluttering life revived for an instant, and Darwyn's eyes opened. With a tremendous exertion, he raised himself on his elbow and looked round the crowd of pallid faces.

"I never knew before," he said, in a voice which showed how fast life was ebbing, "what a true alm my wife had. Windale, instead of leaving you a legacy, I must in dying deprive you of a treasure, though, perhaps, now that the only impediment is about to be removed, you will take steps to have your marriage legalized. Open my vest, I can't speak. It was in—Spain. Damros knew. The certificate—had it at my bankers until to-day. I am sorry for you, Windale, but revenge——"

He sank slowly back, caught the arrow, and in a convulsive effort to draw it from the wound, rolled over on the turf—*dead.*

With the utmost calmness, Windale waved back the horrified crowd, and procuring assistance, walked beside the dead man as they bore him to the house, giving as he passed Alaxara, one shuddering glance at her beautiful and guilty face, as she stood alone in the quivering sunlight.

The band, as yet unaware of what had taken *place, was pouring forth the strains of a lively* galop, and the fresh breeze was fluttering the gay streamers of the tents, and Windale closed his eyes for a second, as the very anguish of desolation swept over his soul.

In a few moments more he knew all. He held in his hand the deposition of Damaros, taken on oath, that four years before he had been present at the private marriage of his master with the daughter of General Ogilvie, then travelling in Spain for his health, and since dead, and giving the name of the priest who had united them. There was also a letter in which, though unsigned, Windale too well recognized the writing of Alaxara, defying him to prove their marriage, and advising him to plan out another future for himself, for when too late she found that her ambition would not be gratified by her marriage with Darwyn, who, as we have seen, was totally dependent on his uncle, who would have at once discarded him had he heard of his entanglement with the penniless daughter of a retired officer.

Had any proof been wanting, Miss Architrave's *statement which, sealed with primrose-*colored wax, and written on pink perfumed paper, was handed to him late at night, would have substantiated anything.

Alaxara was not the woman to survive the defeat of her dark scheme, and when they went to seek her in the morning, she lay dead in her velvet robes, in the grey and sullen dawn.

Windale has one souvenir of his brief happiness—the scar in the gold setting of his ominously broken signet ring.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A BALLOON capable of a certain degree of guidance through the agency of a rudder and screw worked by four men, has been constructed at Paris by M. Dupuy de Lôme.

THAT railway axles break less frequently in summer than in winter is shown by the recent report of the German Railway Association, in which it is stated that during the summer half year fifty-five axles broke, while during the winter half seventy-seven broke, although the traffic was less.

THE restoration of the writing on manuscripts charred by fire may, it is said, be accomplished by separating the charred paper into single leaves, im*mersing them in a solution of* nitrate of silver (forty grains to the ounce of water). The operation is to be conducted in a dark room, and when the writing is sufficiently legible the excess of silver solution should be washed out with distilled water and dilute solution of hyposulphite of soda.—*Am. Artisan.*

THE spectrum of hydrogen has been recently made the subject of experiment by Prof. Angstrom; he states that it presents only four lines, and considers that the other spectra that have been given are in error from the presence of impurities. He also examined the spectra of atmospheric air under different degrees of rarefaction, and found that at first it was that of air; then of nitrogen; then of carbonic oxide; and when the exhaustion had reached its utmost limit the spectrum obtained was that of sodium and chlorine.

THE St. Gothard tunnel is now the great engineering project in Europe. The success of the Mt. Cenis tunnel has aroused the fears of Switzerland and Germany regarding the future of the Asiatic trade. In order, therefore, to be on an equal footing in this respect with France, it is proposed to pierce the Alps near St. Gothard Pass. The estimated cost is $6,000,000; the tunnel will be twice as long as the Mt. Cenis, and the rocks are much more difficult to manage, but it is thought that with the experience which has been gained in other works, it can be constructed in a much shorter time than was required for the Mt. Cenis tunnel.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—The *Scientific Press* reports that, in March last, a Detroit druggist, assisted by two gentlemen, resolved to make a number of experiments with regard to spontaneous combustion. They first took a piece of cotton cloth, which had once formed part of a sheet, and which had been used until quite threadbare, and smeared it with boiled linseed oil. An old chest was placed in the loft of a store-room back of the drug store, a piece of zinc over it, another piece under it, and then the chest filled with paper and rags, and this particular piece of cloth placed in the centre. Although the room was not a light one, and the weather cold, in eight days there was such a smell of fire about the trunk, and the chances were so good for a conflagration within it, that the contents were emptied. An examination showed that the fibre of the oilcloth had been untwisted and shrivelled up, and that the rag looked as if it had been held too near a hot blaze. In April, when the rays of the sun were stronger, a pair of painter's overalls, literally covered with paint and oil, were rolled up, a handful of pine-shavings placed inside, and these were placed next to the roof-boards of the loft. The experiment was not a week old when, during one warm afternoon, a smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and he found the overalls burning. During the hot weather of August, a handful of old cotton rags, in which two matches were placed, but which were not smeared with oil or other matter, were shut up in a tin box, and hung up in the loft, a window allowing the afternoon sun to shine directly on the box for several hours. On the fourth day the box was taken down to see how the experiment was progressing, and the contents were found to consist of nothing but a puff of black cinders. The old chest was again filled this time with the contents of a rag-bag, some portion of them being smeared with benzine. The trunk was placed in an outhouse. One day the family came home to find a few ashes marking the place where the trunk stood, while the bricks above and around were badly stained with smoke.

FARM ITEMS.

WAX BEAN.—This snap bean, but recently introduced and not yet generally known, is one of the very best for garden culture. When planted and cared for in the same way, the wax is 10 or 12 days later than the Early Valentine; but in every other respect it is superior to either this or that other excellent variety, the Refugee. The vines grow longer than other kinds of the snap beans, produce more beans of larger size, more brittle, and of better quality. Those who are fond of young snap beans plant seed three or four times during the Spring—say two weeks apart—so as to get a succession for table use. Where it will take four plantings with other kinds, two plantings of the Wax will be found quite enough, because this variety will keep tender just twice as long as the sorts commonly grown for home consumption. The pods of the Wax grow long, thick, tender, and of a waxy yellow color.

TO MAKE A SHEEP OWN A LAMB.—A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*, writes: Sometimes it is desirable to make one sheep own the lamb of another, but often it is a difficult task. An experiment that we tried a few days since proved a perfect success, and was easily conducted; and for the benefit of those who may be similarly situated we communicate it to your columns. One of our sheep lost her lamb. In a few days a yearling dropped a lamb which she did not own, and in fact had no milk for it. We took the lamb immediately after it was dropped and sprinkled it with fine salt and placed it with the sheep that had lost her lamb. As soon as she tasted the salt she commenced licking the lamb, and in a short time was as fond of it as she was of her own. She is now taking the greatest care of her adopted charge.

FERTILIZING CORN.—Here is a hint to corn-growers of some value:

"An intelligent and reliable farmer, who has been for many years making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanted corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of little consequence; no replants whether it is needed or not—or rather he plants two or three weeks after crops are planted, about every fifteenth row each way. He says if the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable, the silk revives and renews, but the tassel does not recover. Thus, for the want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designated. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common to the corn crop, are caused by want of pollen, and that he has known ears to double their size in the second filling."

FARM POULTRY.—Farmers frequently neglect their fowls, not so much from a conviction that they don't pay as because there are so many things to attend to. Yet oftentimes, the labor spent on more pretentious affairs is not as profitable as that devoted to poultry. Of course, much depends on location and the market. A flock of fowls such as is usual on farms, will in most situations, if rightly managed, yield more in value annually (either gross or net) than a good cow. But no farmer expects that a cow can be tended a year and her fodder raised cut, and housed, without considerable work. Fowls, if allowed their freedom, may be managed with much less labor than when they are yarded, but in any case a great deal of time must be spent in raising chickens in sufficient numbers to keep the ranks of the laying stock always filled with birds not old, which is indispensable to success. It must be remembered that eggs are more profitable than table fowls, except in case of early chickens.

BOILING VEGETABLES.—Why should soda be boiled with greens, cabbages, broccoli and turnip greens? Because the oil which all these vegetables contain, more or less, the soda extracts, and leaves the greens sweet and wholesome; but the water is, after boiling the greens with soda, most unwholesome, perhaps poisonous. How wrong, then, it is to eat greens not cooked with soda. A piece of soda, filbert size, is sufficient for a very large saucepan of boiling water. Turnip greens have scarcely any oil in them, but are, nevertheless, much more wholesome for eating when cooked with a little soda. From the seed of cabbage the colza oil is manufactured. Why should turnips be cut across the fibre in rings of less than half an inch in thickness? For three reasons:—First, the turnip need only be peeled very thin, instead of in the usual manner, thickly and wastefully; secondly, by sacrificing them the fibres are cut across, so that however old the turnip is, it is never stringy; thirdly, they require only fourteen minutes to boil in plenty of boiling water and salt, and thus the delicate flavor of the turnip is preserved, also they can be more easily mashed. The thinner the circles of turnip are cut, the quicker they cook and the less fibre they will have.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs. Mix just thick enough so it can be cut.

THE very best way to clean a stained steel knife is to cut a solid potato in two, dip one of the pieces in brick-dust (such as is generally used for knife-cleaning), and rub the blade with it.

MUTTON STEWED WITH PICKLES.—Remove a portion of the fat of a cold roast loin of mutton. Place the mutton in a stewpan, with a cupful of gravy, a sprinkle of cayenne, two teaspoonfuls of pickle vinegar, one of soy, one of mushroom catchup, and a cupful of mixed pickles. *Simmer the whole for an* hour. Skim off the fat, and serve.

SICK HEADACHE.—A wet bandage tied tightly round the head will be found very efficacious in procuring relief from this troublesome ailment. In severe cases eau-de-Cologne may be substituted for water. Tea and coffee should be taken sparingly by sufferers of a susceptible nervous system.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—One cup of sour dried apples soaked over night and chopped fine, simmer two hours in a cup of molasses. Take one cup of sugar, one third of a cup of butter, one-half of a cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cassia, one teaspoonful of cloves, one egg, two cups of flour, beat well together, add the apple, and bake.

THAXTED PUDDING.—Three pints of boiling milk, half a pint of grated bread crumbs, three eggs, butter size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of treacle, a half cup of sugar, a large glass of wine, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a large cup of raisins. Bake three hours in a moderate oven; after the pudding has been in about two hours, stir well, as the raisins sink to the bottom. Bake in an earthen pan.

JEWELLER'S SOLDER.—Hard silver solder is composed of four parts of fine silver and one of copper, made into an alloy and rolled into sheets. It is very difficult of fusion. Soft silver solder is composed of two parts of silver, one part of brass, and a little arsenic, which is added at the last moment in melting the former. It will be understood that these alloys are commonly run into convenient bars or strips for use. Silver solders are used for soldering silver-work, gold, steel and gun-metal. A neater seam is produced with the hard silver solder.

JAVELLE WATER.—For the preparation of Javelle water, take 4 lbs. of Bicarbonate of soda, 1 lb. of chloride of lime; put the soda into an enamelled saucepan over the fire, and add one gallon of boiling water; let it boil from ten to fifteen minutes, then stir in the chloride of lime, avoiding lumps. When cold, the liquid can be kept in a bottle ready for use. Old engravings, woodcuts, and all kinds of printed matter that have turned yellow, are completely restored by being immersed in it only for one minute, without the least injury to the paper, if the precaution is taken to thoroughly wash the article in water containing a little hyposulphite of soda. Undyed linen and cotton goods of all kinds, however soiled or dirty, are rendered snowy white in a very short time by merely placing them in the liquid mentioned.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Health and mirth create beauty.

Humility often gains more than pride.

God cures, and the doctor takes the fee.

He that wants health wants everything.

He who deals with a blockhead has need of much brains.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known and acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.

Franklin once said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse: "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

The waters of sorrow are like the waters of irrigation; the field only wants the sunshine of the spring to bear a glorious crop. But the waters of passion are like the waters of a flood; instead of enriching, they sweep all before them.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness and Activity; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—Disorder.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of the family considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make the inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

Have you a quick temper? A quick temper and a warm heart often go together. Perhaps, however, you are irritable. Irritability, in most cases, is the result of ill-health, especially of a deranged condition of the nervous system. Improve your health, and you will improve your disposition. Besides this, there are some very simple rules by the adoption of which you may control or prevent the manifestations of your irritability. One of these is, whenever you are greatly disturbed or excited, to speak slowly, and in a low voice. As soon as you shall have controlled yourself, under circumstances of provocation, sufficiently to speak several words without raising your voice above its ordinary pitch, you will find that you have obtained a surprising mastery over your feelings also.

THE STRONG POINTS supporting the use of Fellows' Compound of Hypophosphites are, that while it takes immediate hold upon the system, in stimulating the Livor, regulating and strengthening the muscles of the Heart, Stomach, Lungs, &c., it has no debilitating effect: under any circumstances; and while its continued use is marked by the general toning of the system, without producing constipating effects, it may be stopped at any time without the usual disagreeable effect following the discontinuance of some otherwise valuable tonics. These characteristics are particularly valuable to consumptives and other debilitated invalids, and are peculiar to this preparation.

The deepest coal mine in England is at the Rosebridge Colliery, which has attained the depth of 2,500 feet. The Simon Lambert Pit in Belgium reached a depth of 3,489 feet, but the mine is not at present worked.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

NUT-CRACKERS.—Skillalehs.

A NEW pair of kids—Twins.

PAS de Deux—Father of twins.

LONG DIVISION.—Separation for life.

GOING on Circuit.—Taking a turn on the treadmill.

THE Land of Cane—The place where sugar comes from.

TO MAKE JAM TART.—Leave out the sugar when you preserve your plums.

WHY is a water-lily like a whale?—Because both come to the surface to blow.

WHAT is the funniest burglary on record? When the man "burst into a laugh."

SHERIFFS' officers are good-natured fellows after all: they're always happy to serve you.

C. MORTIMER WHISKEY is the name of a Troy musical composer. He sings "Coming through the rye."

A YANKEE journalist who is bald offers a reward of one thousand dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end.

A BACHELOR having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "Anxious Inquirer" solicited information as to the size of said lot.

AN Ohio editor says of himself:—"Sometimes we feel like a vial of pepper-sass, and then again like a molasses jug: never like a tar-barrel."

THE DEVIL'S TRIAL.—There is no need for clergymen, say the opponents of the prize-fight: for every man is by nature his own pet's son (pet-son).

"DON'T you think," asked a conceited fiddler of a critic, "that I can play the violin like Paganini?"—"Yes," said the critic, "or any other ninny."

EVERY thing is liable to the unpleasant vicissitudes of life. Even an oyster, which is one of the most placid of creatures, is liable to get into a stew.

AT THE ASSIZES, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick."—The man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

A WEALTHY Bishop congratulating a poor person on his local situation said: "You have a very fine air here."—"Yes," said the latter: "if I could only live upon as well as in it: I should think so too."

A GENTLEMAN relating to some friends about an accident he had met with from a cab, was asked by a surgeon present if it was near the vertebræ he was hurt. "No sir," was the reply, "it was near Elephant and Castle."

AN ingenious schoolmaam in Iowa punished a boy for kissing the boy girls by making him show how it was done before the whole school. It didn't work well, however, for the idea became altogether too popular at once.

AN Iowa man recently died from swallowing a pocket-knife and injudicious treatment combined. He got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed; but when the doctor gave him opening medicine it killed him.

A LOCAL paper asserts that the dogs of New Orleans have become so habituated to have tin cans attached to their tails, that whenever one of them sees a canister or a kettle lying in the streets, he backs up to it and waits for somebody to tie it on.

"CAROLINE," said a Sunday-school teacher to one of her pupils, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose, as I should be a orphan."

A GERMAN expressman called at a house on Clinton Street, Brooklyn, recently to deliver a box. He rang the bell, and a servant-girl opened the door, when the expressman said: "I have got a schmall box, and if you likes I will carry it up stairs." The girl looked horror-stricken, and slammed, bolted and barred the door in the astonished expressman's face.

"HEAVENLY MAIDS."—Music's devotees seem to have been wonderfully excited by Mdlle. Nilsson in her tour through the United States. Among the out-of-town people who came to hear her was a bevy of girls from Well's Female College at Aurora. Only those who were in the class of vocal music were allowed to be of the party. They desired to be and were presented to the warbler. As they took leave of the object of their admiration they were allected to tears. One pretty girl, evidently "far gone," was heard to exclaim, "I can't see Nilsson, but I kissed her leather trunk!"

A TEACHER in a school that stood on the banks of a river once wished to communicate to his pupils an idea of faith. While he was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small, covered boat hove in sight. Seizing upon the incident for illustration, he exclaimed—"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?" "Yes, sir," replied the scholars. "Well, that is faith," said the teacher. The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, he inquired—"What is faith?" "A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school.

AN Ohio journalist having read a statement to the effect that "Miss Kellogg has a larger repertoire than any other living prima donna," considered it his duty as a champion of truth to write the following: "We do not of course, know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend as far out as either Nilsson's or Patti's. It may have been that her over-skirt was cut too narrow to permit of its being gathered into such a large lump behind, or it may have been that it had been crushed down accidentally, but the fact remains that both of Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—very much to their discredit, we think."

"AGENT IN A NEW LOCATION.—In——dwells a well-known insurance man named Jim Haines. Seated one afternoon in his office with

"Fragrant and serene cigar,
Pressed satisfactorily betwix his lips."

he was greeted by a Quaker man, who asked,

"Is friend James Haines within?"

"I'm Jim Haines," was the gruff reply.

"Art thou agent of the——Insurance Company?"

"I *was* agent."

"Canst thou inform me as to the present condition of the company? Did it lose much by the Chicago fire?"

"All smashed up and gone to——!"

"Thou said thou wert its agent?"

"I did."

"Well, judging by the speech, I think it likely thou will continue to be agent in its new location. Good-morning!"

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

153. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 13 letters:
My 10, 3, 2, a quadruped.
My 5, 6, 10, 13, low.
My 9, 13, a prefix.
My 2, 4, 9, 2, 1, 11, 6, minced meat.
My 7, 1, 9, 13, 7, an insult.
My 12, 3, 2, 9, 4, 11, 6, to pacify.
My 3, 8, 9, 12, 7, to cower.
My whole is the name of a town in Quebec.

Z. M.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 23.

150. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
MARAH	RAVEN	WALES
ALIVE	ALIVE	ADELA
RIVER	VICEN	LEMAN
AVERT	EVENT	ELAND
HERTS	NESTS	SANDS

151.—ENIGMA.—Trunk.

152.—CHARADES.—1. Ap-(Pa)-pa-rat-us. (Apparatus). 2. XI, IX, Six, Shin, His, Pin. (Sphinx).

153. DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Answer, Axolotl, thus:

A
AXE
EXOSE
AXOLOTL
GNOME
ATE
L

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step toward health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No injurious consequences can result from their use. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health, by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopœia of physic, attest this fact—3—22e.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

May 30, 1872.

Market quiet. Wheat closed this morning in Chicago at $1.47¼ for June. Liverpool prices are without change, as per latest cable annexed:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.

	May 30. 11 a. m.		May 29. 1.25 p. m.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Flour	27 6 @	28 0	27 6 @	28 0
Red Wheat	11 9 @	12 00	11 9 @	12 00
Red Winter	12 7 @	00 0	12 7 @	00 0
White	12 10 @	13 00	12 10 @	13 00
Corn	28 3 @	00 0	28 3 @	00 0
Barley	3 8 @	00 0	3 8 @	00 0
Oats	2 9 @	00 0	2 9 @	00 0
Peas	38 0 @	00 0	38 0 @	00 0
Pork	49 6 @	00 0	49 6 @	00 0
Lard	40 0 @	00 0	40 0 @	00 0

Flour.—Per barrel of 196 lbs.—Superior Extra, $6.60; Extra, $6.95 to $7.15; Fancy, $6.60 to $6.75; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers, (Canada Wheat,) $5.40 to $5.50; Strong Bakers' Flour $6.70 to $6.90; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) $0.00 to $0.00; Super City brands (from Western Wheat) nominal. Canada Supers No 2, $5.35 to $5.00. Western Supers, No 2 $0.00 to $0.00. Fine, $5.00 to $5.70; Middlings, $4.70 to $4.90; Pollards, $4.00 to $4.50; Upper Canada Bag Flour, ℔ 100 lbs. $3.00 to $3.15; City bags, (delivered) $3.30 to $3.35.

Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.—Market quiet. A cargo of U. C. Spring on the spot, changed hands last night at $1.50.

Oatmeal, per bbl. of 200 lbs.—Steady at $5.00 for Upper Canada.

Corn, ℔ bushel of 56 lbs.—Dull at 61c to 62c for cargoes.

Peas, ℔ bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 91c to 92½c.

Oats, ℔ bush of 32 lbs.—Firm at 36c to 37c.

Barley, ℔ bush of 48 lbs.—Quotations are 45c to 50c, according to quality.

Butter, per lb.—In limited request at 14c to 19c for new.

Cheese, ℔ lb.—Firm at 14c to 15c for Factory Fine.

Pork, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market firm. New Mess, $15.50; Thin Mess, $14.25 to 14.50.

Ashes, ℔ 100 lbs.—Pots firm. Firsts, $7.40 to $7.45. Pearls firm. Firsts, $9.50; Seconds, $8.50.

Lard, ℔ lb.—Firm at 10c to 10¼c.

"THE HEARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL

Adams	141 Main Street.
Adams	163 " "
Bell	201 Ste. Marie.
Boucher	578 Main
Bennett	192 St. Antoine.
Brennan	19 "
Chapleau	174 Notre Dame.
Clarke	227 St. James.
Clarke	17 St. Antoine.
Chisholm	Bonaventure Depot.
Cockburn	119 Wellington.
Cooke	10 Radegonde.
Collins	503 St. Catherine.
Carvallo	625 " "
Carvallo	418 " "
Carslake	192 Bonaventure.
Dawson & Brothers	St. James.
Dawes	Place D'Armes Sq.
Dorion	456 Ste. Marie.
Dawes	304 " "
Doutre	209 Notre Dame.
Damaratis	280 Ste. Catherine.
Elliott	625 St. Joseph.
Elliott	626 " "
Galt	107 St. Peters Hill
Holland	512 Ste. Marie.
Hills' Library	606 Dorchester.
Humphreys	861 Ste. Catherine.
Kelly	497 Craig.
Kirby	399 Notre Dame.
Lavell	Chaboillez Square.
Lawlor	451 Ste. Marie.
Marc	156 St. Antoine.
McIntosh	679 Craig.
Murray	304 Ste. Catherine
Oppenheimer	489 St. Joseph.
O'Meales	Public Market 912 Ste. Catherine.
O'Mealea	873 " "
Perry	Cor. Main and Craig.
Payette	141 Notre Dame.
Pickup	Francois Xavier.
Pauze	84 Bonaventure.
Proux	584 Ste. Catherine.
Reay	654 Dorchester.
Rae	340 St. Joseph.
Stafford	632 " "
Slack	644 " "
Smith	445 Wellington.
Thibeaudeau	394 Ste. Marie.

The following are our Agents throughout the Dominion and elsewhere who are empowered to receive subscriptions, and from whom back numbers can be had.

Amherstburg	John Brown.
Almonte	O. E. Henderson.
Bangor, Me	Geo. Flowers.
Belleville	Jas. C. Overell.
Boston	Alf. Mullins.
Brockville	F. L. Kincaid.
Brantford	Andrew Hudson.
Bothwell	M. C. Dickson.
Bowmanville	R. & H. O'Flara.
Barrie	James Edwards.
Coburg	J. C. Reynolds.
Cornwall	W. G. Hollister.
Collingwood	N. Morton.
Chatham	J. Morrish.
Chatham	James Holmes.
Clifton	Tunis & Co.
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Kingston	Jno. Henderson.
Kingston	E. M. Stacey.
Lindsay	Stuart Mathias.
Lindsay	R. S. Porter.
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London	Wm. Bryce.
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Peterboro	J. W. Sheridan.
Peterboro	A. B. Kidd.
Port Hope	H. & P. Dobson.
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Paisley	John Kelso.
Quebec	Pierce & Patterson.
Quebec	Ovide Fréchette.
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Winnipeg, Manitoba	R. Simpson.
Worcester, Mass	Ford. Gagnon.

A RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

ALL PRIZES! NO BLANKS!!

THIS IS A BONA-FIDE OFFER WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT.

I offer the following articles, all new and first class, to every one sending me the number of new Subscribers to the HEARTHSTONE indicated opposite each Prize; each name sent must be accompanied by the full price of a year's subscription, Two Dollars.

Prizes.	Number of Subscribers required at $2.00.	The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number.	
Nos.	If you send	You will receive either	Or
1	120	A SINGER Family Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, in a blackwalnut polished *Cabinet* case, with cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, $70.00	A Lady's Watch, with Gold hunting case, superbly enamelled and set with diamonds—a most beautiful jewel and excellent time keeper. Price, $70.00
2	100	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine (GROVER & BAKER Stitch), silver plated, in a beautiful blackwalnut *Cabinet* with drawers, lock, &c. Price, $50.00	A Lady's Watch, in Gold hunting case, beautifully enamelled. Price, $55.00
3	90	A SINGER Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, on iron stand, blackwalnut table, with *Cover*, drawers, lock, &c. Price, $45.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, $45.00
4	80	A SINGER Sewing Machine, same as above described, without cover. Price, $40.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, $40.00
5	70	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] silver plated, blackwalnut table and cover. Price, $35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, enamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, $35.00
6	60	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but not plated. Price, $30.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold and enamelled cover. Price, $30.00
7	50	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but without cover, on blackwalnut table and iron stand. Price, $25.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold chased cover, Price, $25.00
8	30	.....	A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, first-class in every respect. Price, $15.00
9	20	.....	A solid Silver, open faced Watch, good timekeeper. Price, $10.00

When desired, Gentlemen's Watches will be sent instead of Ladies' of the same value and quality.

Every one sending us a club of 5 Subscribers at $2.00, will receive the HEARTHSTONE for one year, and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

All those obtaining prizes are entitled moreover to the HEARTHSTONE, for one year, free.

The Sewing Machines above mentioned are all manufactured in Canada, by Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., Montreal, (with whom a contract has been made for the delivery of as many of each machine as we may require); they are fully equal if not superior to the very finest machines of American manufacture, and represent a value nearly double of the figures above quoted, if the price of the American machines be taken as the standard. All who receive one of these machines will have entire satisfaction with it. The machines all sew with two threads, and do either the lock stitch, or the double loop-stitch, neither of which will rip.

Further, any person entitled to receive a Sewing Machine and desiring one of higher price, can have it by paying the difference to the manufacturers.

The Gold and Silver Watches offered as prizes are all first class and imported for us by a leading house in Montreal, (Messrs. Schwob Bros.) Each watch will be sent, post or express paid, in a neat case; the cases for the Gold Watches of high price being beautifully finished with inlaid woods.

Those who prefer to canvass for cash prizes, that is to say on commission, and compete at the same time for the Grand Premiums mentioned in the next list, may do so: Thus, any one having formed a club of 5 (and receiving in consequence the HEARTHSTONE free) may retain 25 cents out of every subscription collected thence forward, and the remittance of the balance, $1.75, will be counted as a full subscription in the competition. The club of 5 will also be included.

THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

will be given IN ADDITION to the prizes and commissions above mentioned, to the most energetic and successful canvassers.

FIRST GRAND PREMIUM.—For the largest number of new subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872,—BE THAT NUMBER WHAT IT MAY,—ALL HAVE A CHANCE: A Grand Square 7 octave Piano-Forte, rosewood case, rich mouldings, and of the finest tone.....Price, $400.00

SECOND GRAND PREMIUM.—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A Splendid 6 octave double-reed Parlor Organ, C Scale, in Solid Walnut Case, Sunk Panels, Richly Carved, No. 1 Ivory Front Keys, Music Closet, Four Stops, Bourdon, Melodia, Viola, Picolo.....Price, $155.00.

THIRD GRAND PREMIUM.—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A beautiful Single-Reed Parlor Organ, in Solid Walnut Case, Richly Carved, Sunk Panels, No 1 Ivory Front Keys, with Music Closets....Price, $100.00.

FOURTH GRAND PREMIUM.—For the next largest number of subscribers sent by one person before the THIRTY-FIRST DECEMBER 1872: A fine Single Reed Parlor Organ, in Solid Case, Sunk Panels, Elegantly Carved Ornaments, name-board finished in jet and gilt.... Price, $65.00.

It is evident that one person may, not only win a GRAND PREMIUM and ONE of the prizes on the first list, but SEVERAL of the latter; either by working for them successively, or by taking two or more prizes of less value, equivalent to the one represented by the number of subscriptions sent.

Those who prefer canvassing on CASH TERMS ONLY, and who do not wish to compete for the GRAND PREMIUMS, can take advantage of the *club terms* offered elsewhere. These offer more immediate profit, but exclude from obtaining prizes, or competing for the GRAND PREMIUMS. Subscriptions taken for the HEARTHSTONE 1871 and 1872 for three dollars, (including Trumbull's Family Record and the splendid Engraving given to every subscriber for 1872) will be counted as one and a half subscription, in the competition for the prizes and GRAND PREMIUMS.

Send in subscriptions as fast as obtained, so that parties may receive the paper at once. Give the correct name and address of every subscriber. Use Bank drafts, Post Office money orders, or register your letters when remitting; otherwise the money is at your risk.

All subscriptions will be reckoned from the 1st January, and the papers so sent, unless otherwise specified.

All who wish to canvass with greater speed and more success, should remit us $1.00 for a copy of the Presentation Plate.

NO ONE WHO SEES THE ENGRAVING CAN REFUSE to SUBSCRIBE.

In fact, those who have the money should secure at once a number of the Presentation Plate, by sending as many dollars, so that while canvassing, they may close each transaction at once by leaving with the subscriber his copy of the engraving.

The money so received will be placed to your credit on account of your future subscribers, and you will have so much less to remit when sending the names.

Opposite the names of those to whom you have delivered the Presentation Plate, state the fact.

Each competitor will state when first remitting, whether he or she prefers club terms, cash commission, or a prize; also indicate what prize is aimed at, so that as soon as the number of subscribers required is reached, the prize may be sent.

Watches will be sent by Express, or parcel post, prepaid. But the freight or express charges on sewing machines, or musical instruments from the factory to the residence of the winner, by the road and conveyance he will indicate, will be paid by him, and will be the only expense he will have to incur.

GEO. E. DESBARATS,

Publisher and Proprietor of The Hearthstone, The Canadian Illustrated News, L'Opinion Publique, and L'Etendard National,—Illustrated Papers.

Montreal, January 2, 1872.

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