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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872. .

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 33.

THROUGH THE CASTLE.

BY MAX.

Through the eld eastle Together went we; Sweet were the edours That came from the sea.

From the high tower
We peered o'er the park;
In the low caverns
We laughed at the dark.

This is the promise
Ile made unto me,—
"Love. I will ever
Prove faithful to thee."

Through the old eastle
I wander again :
Cold are the breezes
Thut come with the rain.

Dead leaves are falling All over the park: Frightened I listen To sounds in the dark.

This is the message Received from the sea-" Drowned"—and his name Written under. Ah mo!

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

DEAD WITNESS

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS, LEPROHON. CHAPTER V .- Continued.

Tremaine made no reply, but walked to the window, now closed, and leaning bis forehead against it, stared blankly forth at the gloomy

blackness outside. The clock strikes. What hour is it? Mid-The clock strikes. What hour is it? Midinight. The perspiration stands in drops upon his forchead. Oh! that she would die. He felt at the moment that if his lips could frame any form of prayer he would petition for that consummation, so as to be freed from the terrors that now hedged him round. The suspense was terrible. No sound still save the ticking of the clock. Ah! there came a soft, rustling sound from the bed. The patient was stirring—waking. Would it be life or death?

Not long did his uncertainty last.

Not long did his uncertainty last. "How do you find yourself, Mrs. Tremaine?

"How do you that yourself, Mrs. Tremaine?"
questioned the attentive nurse.

"Hettor, oh so much better, thank you! The
dreadful pain has left my poor head and my
brain seems so calm and quiet now."

"Mr. Tremaine, come and congratulate your
wife. She is out of danger," said the hard, distinct voice of Miss Radway. He crossed the room to the bed and looked

silently upon its occupant, Then he

"So you really feel much better, Margaret?" "Yes, beyond doubt, though still very weak."
"Well, let us hope that your restoration is the forgrunner of many days of health and strength In the meantime, dear Margaret, as a toker at good feeling which, I trust, may hence forth reign between us, grant the request I have already vainly urged before, and sign this paper."

There was a purse of astonishment, as if at the strangeness of such a request at such a time, and then the sick woman faintly answered: "Never, Roger, so help me Heaven! Firm and immoveable is my determination of neve yielding on that point."
"Do not torment Mrs. Tremaine with such

matters now," interrupted the housekeeper, in cold, sardonic tones.

cold, sardonic tones.

"Listen to me, Margaret; listen to reason!"
hurrledly, almost imploringly, entrented the
husband. "Say you will do it, and I will be
kinder to you and the children than I have ever yet been. For your own sake—the sal little ones you hold so dear, consent! the sake of those

The sick wife slowly but determinedly shook

her head.

"Remember, Margaret, you are entirely in my power—out off from friends, servants, the outside world." "Shame on you. Mr. Tromaine," again inter

posed the faithful nurse; "shame on you for troubling your wife with business details when she is still, one may say, at death's door. Be-sides, has she not clearly told you that she would never sign the paper you are worrying her about? Here, Mrs. Tremaine, is your draft,

it is just the time for taking it."
Unsuspectingly the victim obeyed, and after a few minutes her cyclids drooped and closed in sleep—a heavy drugged sleep. sleep—a heavy drugged sleep.

"Take her up now, Mr. Tremaine. There is no danger of her waking."

He hesitated as if undecided.

Out on you craven!" passionately circulated

his companion. "You have neither the strength nor the spirit of a man!" As if stung by the taunt, he snatched up the

thin, frail form of his wife, round which the housekeeper wrapped the white quilt she had taken from the bed. Then, seizing the lamp, she silently led the way. Softly as two shadows they hurried on through room and corridor descended a staircase, then traversed some mor apartments, as well as another flight of steps that led to the vast cellars underlying the building. At longth the door of the vault was reached—opened, and Tremaine deposited his still insensible burden on a long, oak chest, that formed the most remarkable object in the empty vault. The woman closed the door and set down the lamp.



"Her sleep will not be long, for the potion is not strong. Go now for the will and writing desk. It is the last chance of success."

Long enough he lingered on his mission, so long that Miss Radway glanced more than once anxiously towards the door, but a length it opened and he entered.

"She is stirring now. Hand me the smalling alts beside the lamp. There, she is reviving."
For some moments the distended blue eyes wandered curiously, enquiringly round the shadowy vault, resting on the stone floor, then glaneing at the chest on which she had been placed in a half sitting, half reclining position, her back against the cold. damp wall

"My fever fancies have come back on me again," she sighed, "and with what terrible dis-tinctness. Miss Radway, I could almost swear that we are in a dungeon, and that Mr. Tro-maine is standing against its barred iron door."

"If you did so you would say the truth, Mrs.
Tremaine. We are in the stone vault under
Tremaine Court, and out of this you shall not

remains out of this you said not go forth alive, unless you obey your husband's injunctions and sign the will."

"She has spoken truth, wretched woman!" exclaimed the former, in a loud menacing voice, "See to what a pass your obstinate folly has because the truth."

Slowly she gazed all around the narrow, gloomy cell. A slight shudder run through her

frome, her lips moved in silent prayer, and then she speke calmiy and firmly:
"My answer down here, cut off from all human hope or help, is what it was a short while ago, when I supposed myself within the reach of both. Nover! I call on Heaven to register my vow. Never will I sign it."

"Infutuated, miserable weman, do you know that your life will pay the penalty of your obstinacy?"

"Ob, Roger Tremaine!" she rejoined in a voice of molancholy bitterness. "Has life with you been so happy that I should cling to it? Will its loss not rather be to me a blessed release from sorrow and suffering? All that I could have wished to live for would have been my children, and now that my death will avail them more than my life, how willingly do I yield the latter up for thom."

"You speak without due reflection, Mrs. Tremaine," said the housekeeper. "Think Tremaine," said the housekeeper. "Think how gloomy death will be in this dark vauit, without friend or assistant nigh to moisten

your lips in your parting moments.

will uphold me lovingly in that last awful hour. I leaning against a window frame, staring blankly Ah, it is not death that is to be dreaded; it is at the floor. Passing into the sick room, she the eternity beyond. But even if this were not threw open the windows and let down the long so, who is to assure me," and she fixed a pene-curtains so as to admit air but exclude light, so, who is to assure me," and soo and training glance on Miss Radway, before which that even were I weak enough to sign away

that even were I weak enough to sign away my children's rights the act would avail me aught?" "It would, it would, Margaret! I promise, I swear it!" urged her husband, pressing the per into her hand. "One stroke of this will restore you to sunshine, life, and the children you so dearly love."

"Yes, at the cost of despolling them of the only inheritance that in fature days will lie between them and want. Besides," she added, as a convulsive shiver ran through her frame, "It is no longer in your power to restore me to life and sun-shine. The bringing me down from my sick power to restore me to life and sun-shine. The bringing me down from my sick bed into this death-dump place has struck like ice through my veius, and aiready the grasp of coming dissolution is upon me. I forgive both as I hope to be forgiven, asking only I forgive you be kind to my children, and now either leave me or stay, as you wish, but speak to me no more. The little time that remains must be spent entirely in communion with that God se presence I am hastening.'

Mighty was the lesson given that guilt-stained man and woman in the gloomy vault by this true and humble Christian, but closing their eyes to the light, shutting their ears to that voice thus permitted to appeal so touchingly to their hardened hearts, they swerved not from

Soon Tremalue abruptly pulled open the door and flercely bidding Miss Radway remain where she was, went out. After a long interval, during which the housekeeper moodily watched the calm, entranced features of her companion, whose thoughts seemed now wholly in heaven she bethought herself that the crime she had so duringly planned, so ruthlessly carried into execution, necessitated caution and skilful plotting to ward off suspicion from herself and accom-place; and with the words "I will be buck in an hour with light and food," she left the vault,

locking it behind her.

Anxiously she sped upstairs, fearing that the one formale domestic the house contained might perhaps have entered the sick room during her

then came out, locking the door and putting the key in her pocket. Crossing the hall with the quick, stealthy step peculiar to her, she approached her master, and laying her hand

on his arm, whispered:
"Is there nothing to be planned or done, that ou stand dreaming here?"
He turned angrily on her and retorted, with

bloodshot eves:

"Have i not done enough, curse you, to sink me to hell without your wanting to drag me still deeper down?"

His listener's lip sarcastically curled, excitement is unnecessary. All I want is that you should give me a few moments' hearing. When either doctor, child or servant their appearance, remember we must tell them each the same story. Mrs. Tremaine died at daybreak. She has to be buried without delay and her room door rigidity closed for fear of contagion. You had better shut yourself up in your dressing rooms, as would be natural to a new made widower overwhelmed with leaving me to answer all questions and give directions. I will send to the porter's lodge for directions. I will send to the porter's lodge for Brooks—that fellow Watts left us yesterday morning, sick or pretending to be so—but Brooks will bring my orders to the undertaker, so that there need not be any measuring of the dead, and he will see to arrangement for inter

Tremaine inclined his head and precipitately retreated to his dressing-room, first menacingly whispering: "See that you bring her food, drink and light, all that she may require.'

"Presently. I have some other duties to attend to first."

Taking from an isolated cupboard some powerful disinfectant, she scattered it plentifully through the apartments and halls, then hurried to the servant's chamber and nurried to the servant's chamber and roused her, communicating the mournful intelligence of her mistress's decease. The woman, a truly selfish specimen of her class, after a brief con-ventional expression of regret, quietly but deter-

minedly suld:

"That if she were asked to render any ser perhaps have chered the stok room during nor will be in this dark vaut, absence and discovered that the invalid was no lithout friend or assistant night to moisten longer there. Her tears were groundless. No one was stirring or visible save the master of the house himself, who, still as a statue, stood phatic nod of her head, "that her life was as art, kindly taking the sobbing little one by the

dear to her as that of richer people was to

them."

As you will, Ruth," rejoined Miss Radway, soothingly. "I have neither the right nor the intention of asking you to do anything out of the round of your usual davies, you especially, who have so bravely remained with us when the others have taken flight. I, who have no dread whatever of infection, will render myself the last services to poor Mrs. Tremaine, unless, indeed, you could procure me assistance on so short a notice. I suppose it would be difficult."

"Indeed, Miss, you may say so; for the few women that can be got to attend fever patients

women that can be got to attend fever patients are all as busy as can be; and as to the others, a mint of silver wouldn't tempt them."

"I feared so. "Well, Ruth, do your own part, and you will be doubly paid. Get a cup of tea for poor Mr. Tremaine, who is worn out with grief and watching. Then, when Miss Margaret wakes, break the truth gently to her and bring her to me."

Miss Radway was famigating with great apparent solicitude the rooms adjoining that mysterious closed door, when Ruth appeared at the far end of the corridor leading little Margaret by the hand.

"Oh, take me to poor mamma" sobbed

Margaret by the hand,

"Oh, take no to poor mamma" sobbed
the little one, as she darted towards the housekeeper, and with a confidence she rarely displayed towards the latter personage, hurled
her head in the folds of her dress. "Let me
see her—kiss her once more"

"It will be a sad sight, my child, for poor
mamma is dreadfully altered in appearance
already; still, it seems hard to refuse you a
last look;" and, glaneing towards the closed
door with an irresolute expression, she took the
trembling child by the hand.

"Oh, Miss Radway!" sereamed the cook, in

"Oh, Miss Radway!" sereamed the cook, in accents shrill with terror; "to take that inno-cent child in there would be little short of murder. Why, she'd he down with the lever to-night, that's certain."

The housekneper, who had had, of course, no intention of the sort, and who had, mereover counted on Ruties interference, rejoined with a heavy sigh:

with a heavy sigh:

"Porhaps you are right; but it seems a cruel thing to refuse her. Margaret, my child, go out on the vermuch there, so that when papa wants you, you may be within eath."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in the cook, "the fresh air is the safest place. I wish we could all live in it. And now I'll go down and get breakfast; I was at it when Miss Margaret awoke, so I had to bring her up first. You must want a cup of ten hadly, Miss Radway."

"Well, yes, thank you; but first go to the porter's lodge and send up Brooks to me immediately."

diately."
The man Brooks soon arrived with softly

stepping foot and blanched face, and glanced timorously in the direction of the late Mrs. Tremaine's room, he said in a broken, unsteady

" Poor lady! I'm awful soory for her: for she was good to the poor, and had a kind word for all. But this lan't the only house where there's a collin wanted. Mrs. Payne, the blacksmith's wife, died of the same fever hist, night, and her eidest sou, a likely lad of twenty, is awful bad now. The Symmons family are down with it; and the minister's sister, good old Miss

Brett, is took too."
"Yes, Brooks, the hand of God is heavy upon us; but, I suppose, our sins deserve it. Here, take this purse and go to Brompton. Tell the undertaker to send up a coffin at once—he can guess easily the size—and arrange with him for everything regarding the interment, which Doctor Stewart will probably insist on having as soon as possible. Spare nothing for our dear lady was worthy of every mark of affection or respect which could be shown to her." Well the speaker knew that money liberally

or extravagantly spent was singularly efficacious in disarming criticism, even suspicion; and she was determined to leave nothing undone that could tend towards that object.

A moment after the grinding of carriage wheels on the gravel outside announced an arrivul. "Probably the doctor," thought the woman, and despite her bardibood, a tremor ran through her frame. What if, from curiosity or some other motive, he should ask to look at the dead? Well, she would have to frame some plausible excuse for refusing him. doing so she should excite any suspicions in his mind. Ah! that would be fatal, and must be avoided at any price.

Suddenly Margaret's small pale face appeared at the door opening on the verandah; and a sudden inspiration struck Miss Rudway. Calling the still weeping child to her, she was ongaged apparently in the kindly task of consoling her, when Doctor Stewart entered. "Ah, Doctor, it is all over!" lamented Miss

Radway, raising her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor Mrs. Tremaine awoke about midnight, as you had predicted, dreadfully bad, and sank gradually, till she broathed her last a little beore daybreak."

"I am very, very sorry," and the physician thoughtfully stroked his chin. "There's not a patient on my list I was so anxious to save. To be sure, she was very bad last night, but I had a sort of hope that she'd have pulled through. Is she much altered?" and he looked towards the bedroom door as if half meditating an en-

trance.
"Considerably, sir;" and the woman's heart gave a great bound. Calmly though she contiaued. "Miss Margaret here wanted to go in see her; but I thought such a thing might be

dangerous "Quite right! quite prudent!" was the quick

spoken reply.
"I want to see my mamma. Oh, let me in to see her!" walled the child, with a sudden outburst of possionate grief, the yearning of the morning returning with increased vehemence to that poor little forlorn heart. "Impossible, my child!" said Doctor Stew-

Z



hand, and abandoning at the same time his half tormed design of taking a last look at Mrs. Tre-maine, a thought prompted entirely by scientific exclusity as to whether her countenance would exhibit certain characteristics he had 'usi noted on that of another fever patient who had expired that morning just as he had entered the house. Solicitude for the little Margaret, however, coupled with the recollection of urgent professional calls, decided him on abandoning his purpose, and drawing her with him to the veranduh, he kindly said:

verandah, he kindly said:

"Margarot must not cry so bitterly because
God has taken her dear mamma to heaven.
Run, little one, into the garden; the air of the
house is not good for you. Quick! Miss Radway,
while I think of it I may as well give you a cer-

while I think of it I may as well give you a certificate of death. It will save time."

"Certainly, sir. Here is paper and pen, Will it be better to bury the poor lady soon?"

"Of course; to morrow morning at latest. The danger from contagion is great. How is Mr. Tramaine?"

"Very much cast down, sir, and quite worn."

ont. I shouldn't wonder if he would be sick on

out. I shouldn't wonder it me would be siek on thanks next."
"Quite possible," philosophically rejoined the doctor, with whom Mr. Tremaine was no favorite. "Well, make him take care of himself, for we have too many sick as it is. You are a capital nurse, Misa Radway, worth a dozen of the usual run; and your frame and constitution the usual run; and your frame and constitution seem cast in bronze. On no account let the child enter that infected room. I suppose you have sent for help? That's right. It is very difficult to procure just now. Good morning."

"One great danger the less!" she muttered with a long-drawn breath. "Now for a visit to the vault. She may yet be induced to sign the

juper."
Putting some jelly and light refreshments suitable for an invalid into a basket, with a flask of wine and water, and providing herself with a lamp, as well as the inntern she carried for her own use, she made her way unobserved through the comparatively deserted house to

through the comparatively deserted house to her destination.

As she turned the key in the lock a terrible awe creptover her. What would she see in the want—life or death? The inmate of that dismal abode still lived, though pallid and cold as death itself; but the clasped hands, the fixed, rapt gaze raised heavenward told where heart and thoughts were.

Mrs. Tremaine, I have brought you alamp, well as ford and drink. Will you take any.

as well as food and drink. Will you take any-thing?" and the housekeeper placed her burden

on the stone floor.

• A drink," answered the poor sufferer, whose lips and throat were parched.
"Sign the will then, first!"

A negative movement of the head, slight, ye containing a volume of quiet determination, and the prisoner unestentationsly resumed the devotions interrupted for a moment.

Allowing Mrs. Tremnine to die of actual star. vation coincided neither with the housekeener's valion coincided neither with the housekeeper's own intentions nor with the instructions re-ceived from the master of the house; so, pour-ing out a gobiet of wine and water, she handed it to her hapless mistress. The latter drank it eagerly, mutely, however, refusing all the nour-

" Have you any message, any word, to send

"Have you any message, any word, to send your husband, Mrs. Tremaine?"
"None, save that when we meet before the introf God's justice, I bept I may not be compelled to bear testimony against him."
The words, so awfully solemn in their purport, were spoken softly, as if involuntarily; and Miss Radway, placing the basket close to the capito's hand, hastily wont out. She reached the upper part of the house just in time; for the coffin, with its shining metallic surface and silver mountings, was arriving.

surface and silver mountings, was arriving.
It was deposited in the hall, the housekeeper having first unlocked the closed door us if with the intention of having it carried in there imnediately; but then, sympathizingly noticing he white, frightened faces of the lads who bore

"You seem very much afraid of contagion

ionve the comin then in the hall there."
The messengers thankfully obeyed and retreated, holding in their breath till they were in the open air! for the smell of Miss Radway's disin-

open air! for the smell of Miss Radway's disinfectants was so powerful that it conveyed involuntarily a supposition that the odor of death and disease lurked amid their fumes.

With some difficulty she prevailed on Mr. Tremaine to assist her in carrying the cofful into the bed-room, and placing in it, carefully surrounded by cloths to keep it in position, the heavy mahogany gun-case she had chosen for the parpose. Then the lids were screwed down, a crown of immortelies ind on it, lighted wax tapers placed at the head and foot of the cofful: tapers placed at the head and foot of the coffin and Miss Radway, for the first time, breathed freely within the last twenty-four hours. Whilst she was in the midst of some instrucprecipitately to his room and bolted himself in He found the breakfast tray which the cook bud brought up in desperation, seeing that no one entered the dining-room, where the table had

long previously been prepared.

The day lagged on wearily to the restless woman, who fitted from room to room like some perturbed spirit, now shuddering as it some dark presentiment had suddenly presented itself, then raisidg her head with proud ex-ultant glance as she saw herself already, in

ancy, Mrs. Roger Tremaine.

The morning of the funeral was ushered in by dark, lowering skies and a sharp east wind, and the attendance, in consequence, was small.

As the procession slowly wound from the hall

the housekeeper, concealed behind a ourtain, looked on with eager eyes. How cleverly she had planned and carried it out. How every-thing seemed to have worked for her and her hopes. Little assistance or encouragement, indeed, had she had from Tremaine himself; but would not the title of his wife, which would so soon be hers, indemnify her amply for all. How handsome, how elegant he locked, in his perfectly fitting suit of new sables. All the juneral once over, Mrs. Tremaine really deadthing which could not but soon happen for the sick woman's hold on life was frail as could well be imagined—he would be his olden self

mgain.
Time passed. The servants returned from the inneral; but the master did not. What could be detaining him? How this neglect chafed the haughty spirit of the woman who paced up and down the wide hall, her cheeks ablaze, her lips parched, her eyes lurid with excitement. Summoning the porter to her presence, she despatched him to Brompton to see it he could present a proper to her presence. sence, and designment in the homogeneous to see if he could procure any information concerning his master. The long shadows were falling across sward and meadow when Brooks returnacross sward and meadow when Brooks return-ed; and Miss Radway, who was watching for him with intense auxicity, saw that he held a letter in his hand. Meeting him at the door, she snatched it from him, glanced over its con-tents, and then sank into a chair white to her very lips. The missive was short, and run

MY DEAR MISS RADWAY,-You can easily understand that after all that has happened, Tremaine Court will be insufferable to me for long years to come, so I leave this very day for I have made all necessary arrange ments with Mr. Black, the notary, who will pay you every quarter a sum sufficient for the main-

tenance of yourself and my children. It is my wish that you should all continue to reside at Tremaine Court, though, of course, if this should not prove agreeable to you, I retract the desire at once. Trusting that repose and quiet will restore your strength, that has of late been so cruelly tried, over, with friendly regard, ROGER TREMAINE.

between the clenched teeth. I, I, who have perilled soul and body for your sake, to be thus contemptuously oast aside the instant my tertible task was accomplished! Margaret Tremaine, already you are avenged, for the rage and despair of hell seem burning within my limart."

After an interval spent in florce paroxysms of alternate fury and despair, she ordered round the dog-cart, and getting in, bade the mandrive to Brompton. The information obtainable there was of the most meagre kind. The notary had nothing to tell beyond that Mr. Tremaine had called in at the office and made some arrangements with regard to Trenathe Court in his absence, which arrangements he was ready to communicate at once to her. They proved to be the same in substance as those mentioned in the letter written to herself, the pecuniary provision being of a very liberal anture. He had effected also a sule of some valuable property, which he had parted with at a very low price, for a cash payment. Then he had driven to the nearest radiway station, dis-missed the driver and his vehicle, and emburked

missed the driver and his vehicle, and emburked on some train; but no one knew whither it was bound, north or south.

Burning with wrath, she at length decided on returning to Tremaine Court, and when she came in sight of its ivy-grown gables and turrets, her indignation increased, if possible, in violence, especially as she glanced towards the constraint and compared the terminated for the constraint and compared the terminated for the constraint and compared the terminated for the constraints. east wing and remembered the terrible secret

cast wing and remembered the terrible secret hid away among its foundations.

"To think that he should have abandoned me at such a critical time, when I wanted from him that help of brain and arm which I dare ask from no one clse! Roger Tremaine, falsest son of a false race, thou wilt never prosper henceforth; and if curses were of any avail I would sink thee to the bottomless pit with mine?"

mine!"
The doors and windows of Tremaine Court were all thrown open when she returned, and, on entering and looking round her, the neat housewifely limitacts which she really possessed ande her resolve, despite the moral tempest that raged within her, on seeking to reduce that seene of household chaos to order. She never enquired, never even thought of the hap-less orphaned child who was hid away in some nook of the garden, tasting already the bitter-ness of that neglect and isolation destined to be her portion through so many long years of a shadowed life.

After some time spent in giving directions to the maids who had returned to their posts on hearing that the funeral was over, Miss Radway entered Mrs. Tremaine's room, and, locking herself in, indulged her curiosity and cupidity by a protracted examination of the wardrobe, dressing bursen and lowed case secretive about by a protracted examination of the wardrobe, dressing bureau and jewel case, secreting about her person the larger and most valuable part of the goms, leaving, indeed, only those whose intrinsic value was trifling.

That night, when the household had retired to rest, she took her huntern, refilled her flust, and these descended to the vault. All, she would like now that Margaret Tremaine would live, it the knowledge of the dramations could be.

the knowledge of the circumstance could envenou the life of the man who had so cruelly repaid her devotion; but when she entered and glanced at the white, rigid form still reclining against the wall, with fixed staring eyes that saw not, she knew all such plans or hopes were at an end, and that the soul of her victim had escaped for ever from life's bonds. A shudder shook her from head to foot.

shook her from head to foot.
What was she to do with this tell-tale evidence of crime; this ghastly corpse, sitting there, staring, it seemed, rigidly at her, and waiting to mutely denounce her guilt if human eye should ever look into that vault. A sudden thought struck her. Would it not be best to be the thirt is the level of the their there to express to place it in the long oak chest, there to remain till a time would offer for more effectual con-cealment of it, or till Tremaine should return. In the meantime chest and vault could be care fully looked, and the keys kept in her own pos-session. But how address herself to her awful task? Alone she must do it, and unaided, whilst the villain who had shared in her guilt and reaped most benefit from it was already miles away, enjoying, probably, his new-found liberty,

without giving a thought to her.

Bitter and deep was the anger that welled up from her heart at the thought, but that feeling and all others must give way before the press ing necessity of the stern duty that awaited her.
With rapid, breathless haste she seized the
corpse and laid it full length on the ground; then tossed out the contents of the chest, which consisted chiefly of musty documents and business papers, and piled them carclessly in a corner of the vault. After that she turned to the white figure lying there so still and silent. Were not those rayless, distended eyes really fixed on her, with a dull monnee in their depths? How could she brave their awful stare: how or elrele that rigid form with her arms, feel its jey touch on her check, as it would, perhaps, full forward on her shoulder during her endeavours to place it in its unhallowed tomb? Surely surely, if ever there were an instance in which motion or consciousness could be momentarily restored to the dead this was one.

But Miss Radway was not a woman to be held long in check by supernatural fears of any nature, and resolutely raising the corpse she placed it within the new empty chest. Remembering that she had seen lime lying in an adjoining cellar, left there by masons who had been closing some opening in the wall, she proceeded thither and filled her apron with it. "Now, this will render the task of opening the chest again safer and ensier, she thought, emptying her burden into the drag receptacle. "I should bring more, but I feel all at once unusually faint. I must leave this at once." Closing down the lid, she selzed the key which stood in the clost, locked it, caught up basket and lautern and turned from the vanit, drawing a long breath of relief when she had also locked the heavy door behind her.

The next morning the housekeeper went about her household tasks as usual, but the livid pallor of her cheek seemed to indicate that her deep had not proved either sound or refreshing It was a singular existence on which that guilt-stained, hardened woman now entered. To a certain extent the dream of her later life was realized, and she really was in truth, if not in name, Mistress of Tremaine Court; but oh, how barren, how empty that position proved. Haunted uncessasingly by the rememberance of Tremaine's base ingratitude; hurassed by plans and wishes for revenge; tortured by fears that he would sooner or later arrive with some lovely patrician bride who would rule in Tremaine Court as the first wife had never done then stung by sudden vague fears that her crime might yet come to light to be explated, perhaps, on a scatfold. Surely, surely, her sin bad wrong ht her, as yet, nothing but wreiched-

As time rolled on without bringing any tid ings of the absent master of the house, sudden and desperate resolves at times selzed her to put an ond to her life of isolation and solitude

becoming daily more insupportable.

Among the few suitors who had ever ventured to approach her was a young, good-looking and tolerably educated man, named Stukely, a sort of sub-agent, employed on a neighbouring estate. Tempted by rumours of the comfortable sun the housekeeper had already accumu-lated in bank; dazzled by the position he would hold as temporary master of Tremaine Court; and, willing to ensure, his livelihood without the and, willing to ensure, his livelihood without the penulty of working for it, he assiduously pressed his suit, and the woman, to whom life was growing each day more intolerably dreary, began to listen to him at times with something

News came just about this period through some fox hunting friend of Tremaine's who had met him abroad, that the latter was on the eve of being married to a young heress with whose family he had been travelling in Italy. The affair was settled beyond a doubt, so, at least, testified Mr. Rokeby, the bearer of the intelli-

gence.
The following day ('hristopher Stukely's suit was accepted, and a week after the ill-matched couple were united. Both parties had made a wretched inistake and both soon bitterly regretted it, despite that the new-made bridegroom lived now in Tremaine Court, occupying its best rooms as if he had been the master of it himself. The east wing had been entirely shut up atter Mr. Tremaine's departure and his wife's death, out of regard, the bousekeeper said, to the superstitious feurs of the servants and the diminished numbers of the household. The harsh, repellant nature of the woman Stukely had married, and her imperious, arrogant spirit rendered the stately abode of Tremaine Court as hateful to him as it had once been desirable. More and more frequently be escaped from its precincts, seeking comfort and guiety at the village inn, and mortifying his wife's overweening pride to the very quick; whilst she who had resolved that he should be maned Roger Tremnings sole agent as soon as the latter re-turned from abroad, felt that such a course would do anything but tend towards onsuring him the desired post. Two children were been to the Stukelys

Two children were born to the Stukelys within the first four years of their married life, and a week after the second child had seen the light Christopher Stukely absconded from home, taking with him all the money he could raise, and a portion of his wife's jewels, or rather the jewels she had abstracted from the wardrobe of the late Mrs. Transmina

jewels she had abstracted from the wardrobe of the late Mrs. Tremaine.

The blow pierced that callous heart to the inmost core, and humbled in the dust the head that had carried itself so haughtly. What she suffered as she lay there helpless and absudoned on a sick bed—her flerce nature untained in any degree by the sickness and suffering she had undergone no tongue could tell; but when she at longth rose from it, sterner, more fron-visaged than over, silvery threads mingled, for the first time, with her heavy black tresses. To no one did she complain; to no one open her heart, and that concentrated interse grief and wrath would have gone fir towards destroying either life or reason had she not found a counter-acting and softening influence in the deep love acting and softening influence in the deep love she bore her children. There were three now in Tremaine Court, her own two and the eldest daughter of the house, Margaret. The latter still continued fragile and sickly, but the pre-cious lessons of plot; and christian resignation involvated by her is the first an employed dawn of reason bore precious fruit, and embled her to bear, in meek and patient spirit, not only bodily illness but the harsh sway of the stranger who ruled supreme in her futher's household.

Lillian, the baby daughter, born shortly be-

fore poor Mrs. Tremaine's death, had been put out to nurse at once, and her foster-mother, a respectable farmer's wife, had become so much respectable farmer's wife, had become se much attached to the child that she refused to part with it. Mrs. Stukely willingly consented to the woman's proposal that she should keep her charge till Mr. Tremaine's return, and satisfied all scrupies by paying a small sum monthly for the little Lillian's maintenance. The house keeper's ckiest daughter, Ellen, was a pretty plnk and white creature, excessively vain of her good looks, but gentle and affectionate in character; the youngest however, was a source of constant anxiety and grief to her mother's heart. As if the ery of imposent blood

ther's heart. As if the cry of innocent blood had gone up from the subterranean recesses of Tremaine Court bringing down on that guilty or tremaine court bringing down on that gallty woman's head the vengeance of Him who has threatened to visit the sins of the parents on their children to the third and fourth generation, Dorothy Stukely was from her birth a hopeless idlot, comparatively harmless, but devoid of one ray of intellect.

The cross was a fearful one to the mother's

undisciplined spirit, and us the conviction of her daughter's imbecility forced itself day by day more bitterly stern and misantrophic, till even the solitary servant whom she had retained when the other domestics had all been paid of after Mr. Tremaine's departure, found her harsh rule intolerable.

The lanse of years brought no seftening in. fluences with them to that granite heart, nor did they bring tidings either of her absent husband or her absent master.

One chilly windy March evening that she and the children were taking their evening meal in gloomy silence, the housekeeper feeling un-usually dull and sullen, it being the anniversary of her luckless marriage, a heavy step strod up the stairs—the door was flung widely back and unexpected and unannounced, Roger Tre-maine stood in their midst.

Throwing himself on a chair he moodily surreyed the group, whilst Mrs. Stukely recovering from her first overwhelming surprise rose to her feet and somewhat faltering said

"You are welcome home Mr. Tremaine." "Thank you, Mrs.—Mrs.—they told me your new name at the village as I came along, but I have forgotten it." "Stukely sir."

"Ah well, Mrs. Stukely"—a strong ironical emphasis laid on the name—"please get a tired traveller a cap of tea? Who are these young people may I ask? I think the eldest—and he indicated Margaret with out-stretched finger— is mine, but I do not feel inclined to neknowledge the other two."

"They are mine," replied the housekeeper a vivid red overspreading her sallow cheek, "You are richly dowered, I see!" was the sneering reply. "What is your name?" he asked of Mrs. Stukely's eldest daughter.

"Filen, Sir."
"Yours, little one?" and whilst he spoke his keen gaze shurply scrutinized the youngest. An kilotic grim and stare followed by some uncouth attempt at speech was the only rejoin-

With a slight look of disgust he turned from the child and said: "But it seems to me I had another daughter, a mere infant whou I left. Where is she?" "With her foster mother who could not consent to part with her, alleging that you had placed the child in her keeping and that she

would not give her up till your return."
"Well, Mrs. Stukely, you will please despatch
that cidest girl of yours to a boarding school where youngsters of her age are taken, and the youngest to an asylum. In both cases I will

to-morrow and let her be kept in future here in her own home. She will be a companion for her sister there who looks as if she wanted amuse-ment of some sort, and seems to be it possible more sickly and alling than she over was."

The housekeeper merely bowed her head in

assent to all this, and taking the children with her left the room; notwithstanding her appu-rent outward enimness considerably aglated. What did this sadden unannounced return of the master of Tremaine Court mean? Had

he come back as he went, or was there a proud stately wife waiting in Brompton village till due notice of her arrival had been given to the innrites of her future home, so as to have things prepared for hor reception? Hastily putting the children to bed, she then

assisted in preparing a dainty supper and car-ried it up herself to the dining room. Mr. Tre-maine was buried in deep thought, his eyes fixed gloomity on the floor whon she entered, whilst his travel-stained habiliments and mudcovered boots animounced that he had as yet taken no steps towards removing the tokens of

his long journey.

Whilst the housekeeper poured the tea into the delicate china taken out in honor of the master's return, the latter sarenstically asked: " May I enquire how is that fortunate indivi-

dual Mr. Stukely ""
"I know nothing of him, Mr. Tremnine, since "I know nothing of him, Mr. Tremaine, since he left me whilst I was on a bed of sickness, taking with him all money or jewels of mine that he could get possession of. You will confer a great favor to me by never mentioning his name to me again. And now can I enquire

name to me again. And now can I enquire after the health of the present Mrs. Tremaine?"

"No by——for there is no such person. I went more than once for an helress whilst I was abroad, but signally failed. At one time it was all settled, the girl, young—well horn,—very wealthy, but my ill luck clung to me, and I was filted by the jade. I have returned free as I left, but rathed in pocket, poor—aye poorer than I was the day I married Margaret O'Hal-loran."

"What is all the money that was forwarded

you at different times from the sales of timber and property gone ?" "Every stiver."

"How?" she questioned in a low tone.

"At the rouge et noir tables of Baden-Baden, and other gambling resorts on the continent. I tell you I've led a fast life and a merry one since I left here, and am now come back bankrupt in health and fortune, to do penance in sack cloth and ashes for the remainder of my days,"

"Ah now indeed would have been my time!" thought Mrs. Stukely with a mental pang whose sharpness amounted to agony. "Now indeed, but for the link that binds me, miserable woman that I am, to a low ruftian, I might have seen the one sole bright dream of my life real-ized. Well I acted like a fool and merit a fool's punishment!"

Mr. Tremaine now addressed himself to his Mr. Tremaine now addressed minsen to as supper but ate sparingly and at intervals, like a man pre-occupied by some weighty thought. Twice he tooked up as if about to ask a question, then each time subsided into silence. At length, with evident difficulty he pronounced

"My wife----what of her?" The housekeeper's eyes finshed as the remem-brance of all that she had suffered after Tre-

maine's departure rose upon her recollection and she retorted in an angry though cautious

"This time for you to ask. She died the very day you left home, and I placed the corpse in the oak chest where it will remain till you remove it to some surer spot, or dig a grave for it in the adjoining cellar. Ah, Roger Tremaine! you played a false part, seeking safety at once in flight, and leaving me to contend alone with the dangers and difficulties that followed on her death."

"You were fully equal to the task, Hannah "You were fully equal to the task, Hannah, but let us have done, now and for ever, with recliminations of all sorts. I have returned to Tromaine Court, beggared not only in purse, but in hope, health and all things else. I hate society—I hate my kind. No illusion is left me, nothing to look forward to—nothing to hope for. All I can expect now is perfect, stagnant quiet, and that at least I must have—it will cost nothing. To the visitors who may come say I am from home, to those who refuse to be put off from home, to those who refuse to be put off thus, plainly answer that Mr. Tremaine never receives calls or visits. You will make all pur-chases necessary for the household to save me as much as possible from going abroad, whilst you will also remember that pecuniarily crip-pled as I am, rigid economy is absolutely ne-

cossary."

The plan of life thus laid down was rigidly curried out from the day of Mr. Tremaine's return to that on which we introduced his two daughters to the render, only that Mrs. Stukely's house more flagrant, and the system of peculation she indulged in more daring and unseru-

She undertook to bestow on Lillian and Margaret the elements of a sound English educa tion, a task to which she was fully competent, and both girls, intelligent and quick, profited to a remarkable degree of her instructions. When the time came that these latter coased, Margaret intrally studient continued to educate hereif by a course of reading, judicious and wellchosen, communicating at the same time, in great part, her literary tastes to her younger sister. The library of Tremaine Court was about the most complete department of that strangely ordered household, so that the sisters had always within their reach the works of the best authors, and with these latter they spent many a pleasant hour, shut out as they were from society and the usual amusements of their sex. Deficient in accomplishments, they were certainly far richer in point of mental culture than most girls of their own age. Now for Mrs. Stukely's daughters. The eldest

Now for Aris, student's daugnters. The effect lot the bourding school in which she had passed so many years of her life, a pretty, vain and thoughtless girl. At the early age of sixteen just one month after the close of her school life, and whilst she was still on a visit with a rela-tive of her father's, she contracted a stolen marriage with a handsome dissipated fellow residing in Brampton, a mill wright by trade. Almost from the first days of their union he gave up work and lived on the money with which Mrs. Stukely, for her daughter's sake, liberally fur-nished them. The other girl, Dorothy, remained in the asylum to which she had been sent after Mr. Tremaine's return, her mental malady unabated, but all indulgences that money could procure were at her disposal.

One evil habit that the master of Tremains Court had contracted during his sejourn abroad was that of indulging occasionally in stimu-lants to excess. During the day time such a thing never happened. On Mrs. Stukely's ener-getically remonstrating with him against this vice, and declaring that he was able to control himself at night as well as he did during the

day, he curtly answered:
"If the presence that hunts me at night and
the thoughts that rise and torture me like firies as soon as darkness sets in, visited you also, you night perhaps be driven to the same remedy, or to some other equally desperate."
What amount of remorse troubled Mrs. Stuke-

about her daily duties with the apparent calm ness and self-confidence of one whose conscience was entirely at case.

(To be continued.)

STRIKE THROUGH THE KNOT.

I well remember, years ago, How I. a little lad,
To split a knotty stick essayed
With all the strongth I had.
In vain I hacked about that knot,
And chips flew round the door;
And, wearied, I had down the age,
And thought I'd try no more.

Just then, an old man passing by,
Who chanced to soo my plight.
Cried out aloud, "Hold, hold, my boy!
You have not tried aright:
This backing splinters will not gain
The object you have sought:
But split it through the knot, my boy,
Directly through the knot."

I tried once more, and on the knot Struck hard to make it twain.' Once, twice, thrice, and the stick was split: I dropped my axe again. "And now." quoth he. " by this you sae Just how it is in life:

All the way through you'll find hard knots, And sorrows, care, and strife.

"And, should you only hack at them, Vou'll make but sorry speed;
But, if you strike them manfully, You surely will succeed.
The lives of great men always lead Through many a troubled way;
And would you walk therein, my boy, Remember what I say."

Thus he spoke; and, over since,
I've found his words so true,
That I will give, as I recoved,
The same advice to you.
And, if you head it, you will flad,
As others have I word.
The wisest plan and surest way
Is striking through the knot.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Converght Ac: of 1868.1

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Sir Francis and Lady Clevedon left the Swiss mountains and take cleved at the territory in August, and came to their Kentish home, despurately in love with each other, and altogether a most foolishly devoted couple, as Sibyl Clevedon informed them after a day or two spent in their

"You really do flirt abominably," she said,
"and I don't think I shall be able staud it, if
things are always to go on in this way. My
quistence here will be a perpetual state of doing gooseberry. Don't you think you might find
some eligible person to fall in love with me,
Frank; so that I may set up a rival business?
The present state of affairs is awfully slow."
Not slow for the principals, however to whom

Not slow for the principals, however to whom life just now seemed a summer holiday. The life just now seemed a summer holiday. The young couple certainly made the most of that happy week of perfect liberty which preceded the arrival of their visitors. They wundered in the park all through the sultry summer morning, exploring their territory like a married Robinson Crusce and his wife, 'running about,' as Percy Shelley's wife, called it, when she spoke of herself and her boy-husband in their Welsh cottage. They rode about the surrounding villages, made themselves familiar with the boundaries of the estate, and formed the acquaintance of numerous small tenants and farm labourers, all of whom wanted something done, and took advantage of Sir Francis Clevedon's defenceless state in a ruthless manner. John Wort rated his master soundly for such folly.

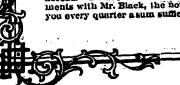
"If you go, giving 'em everything they ask," he said, "you may as well divide your estate among em at once, and go and be a Plymouth Brother. It'll come to the same thing; for er became mere absolute and tyrannical I'm blest if over you'll get sixpence a year out of the property, if you listen to your ten whims and fancies. I never give 'em anything; that's my rule. "Don't you like the place?" I ask, if they come whining to me. "Because if you don't, you've got your remedy next quarter-day. There isn't an acre of land or a quarter-day. There isn't an acre of land or a house on the estate that I couldn't let over your heads three deep; so if you want to better yourselves in some other direction, pray don't stop out of politeness to me." That generally brings them to their senses. But of course, if brings them to their scatter. But of course, it the proprietor goes tampering with the tenants, I'm done. Once give 'em anything, and they'll never leave off asking; and if you begin by giving inches, you'll find yourself let in for ells before you know where you are."

Sir Francis looked penitent, and referred to

a dainty little note-book of Georgie's with a gruesome countenance. I'm afraid I committed myself to a new

chimney or two, and a little improvement in the way of drain pipes, where 1 found the cot-tages hardly as sweet as Breidenbach's shop; and here's a case where I think something inexpensive in the shape of a stable would be an actual charity, for the family have a donkey which lives with them in their common sitting-room — uncomfortable for the donkey, which must find himself hustled about when the family are busy, and perhaps a check on the freedom of conversation; for who can tell what a donkey may or may not understand? My wife pleaded pitcously for the brute. I'm afraid her compassion went to the donkey rather than to the family who were compelled to have him in their parlour. Here's an oven, I see, to which I cortainly did pledge myself, at the request of a woman whose cottage was a perfect model of cleanliness. And if she had an oven she could give her old man a bit of pie for his supper, or a tond-in-the-hole for his dinner. What is a tond-in-the-hole, by the bye? I've heard of vipor broth being given by the Italians to people in extremity, but a toad is a new idea. Come, Wort, be philanthropic, and redeem all my promises without any more grumbling. I dansay I've been a fool, but you see a man does not get married many times in his life, and may be excused a little weakness on ruch an

"Of course, if you say I'm to do these things, pay expenses. Send also for my youngest child by no human being ever know, and she went Sir Francis, I must do them," replied John



pond upon it," answered the delinquent gaily. "You have no idea what a financier I am. Lady Clevedon and I were planning a park to-day — a sequestered nock where we might spend our afternoons when we wanted to be alone, in order that our servants might tell people we were not at home without out-raging their own moral sense. We'll defer the building of our Swiss cottage, and that will balance matters."

"This here feet-shampeter will cost no end of money, I reckon," observed the unappeasable staward, who, conscious of having made the shipwrecked estate sea-worthy by his own exertions, was inclined to consider that he had

a prescriptive right to grumble.
"O, dear no; it will be the simplest thing in the world. Besides, that's out of your jurisdiction, you know, Wort; a mere domestic ex-

"I know that, Sir Francis. I know there nin't many masters as would let me speak that free as I do to you. But, you see, I've worked hard for the property, and it's almost as near and dear to me as if it was an only child; and I don't want to see you ruin yourself, as Sir Lucas did. Shampeters was in his line, you know, sir."

Don't alarm yourself, Wort, I've graduated in the science of economy. Remember what a lived on abroad. And you don't know what a treasure of a wife I have secured. There'll be no extravagance in this household, depend upon it. O, by the way, Wort, if you're not in a hurry this morning, I should like to ask you assert in "

a question."

"My time is your time, Sir Francis."

"Sit down, then, and make yourself comfort-

able. I'll ring for some sherry and soda. I've been looking over the maps of the estate, and the family history, intermarriages of great-un-cles and great-aunts, ramifications of cousins, and so on ; and I find there's a small estate my father got rid of about seven years before I was born, a place I never heard of in my life, called Ravenhurst. It scoms to have been a farm of about three hundred acres, with a house of some importance upon it. I wonder I never heard my father speak of it."

"I don't," said Mr. Worton decisively.

"But why not?"

Does a man ever care to talk about a thing he has parted with ?" asked the steward philo sophically, as he removed the wire from a sodawater bottle. "It's always a sore subject."

"But how did my father come to sell this Ravenhurst estate?" inquired Sir Francis. "Wasn't in the entail."

" No, sir: it was your grandmother's property. She was an heiress, you know, a Miss Blandford, only daughter of Colonel Blandford, who made no end of money in the Canar--what ever that may be-and brought a good deal of land hereabouts." "Humph ! Curious I should never have

heard of the estate. My father's difficulties had begun, I suppose, when he sold it?"

"Well, yes, sir. He didn't sell it without a strong necessity."

"And did his creditors get all the money ?"
"Not the common run of his creditors," replied Mr. Wort, who had a thoughtful air, and indisposed to be communicative. "They didn't touch a penny. It was adebt of honour, which Sir Lucas settled with the price of Ravenhurst."

"Ah, that fatal play! Fox, and that cardplaying set, who made it the fishion for a man to ruin himself, had a great deal to answer for. Who bought the estate ?"

"Mr. Quinlan, a gentleman farmer, whose preperty it joined; but the land was sold again at his death. Rayenhurst has been through other hands since Sir Lucas sold it; seven-and thirty years ago, you see, sir. It belongs to a retired builder now, who has divided it into three small farms, and sold the frontages for building ground.

Sir Francis was satisfied. It was strange, certainly, that his father had never mentioned Ravenhurst, and yet like his father to have avoided an unpleasant topic. He put the sub-ject out of his mind. Ravenhurst was gone ject out of his mind. Ravenhurst was gone from him and his heirs for ever. He had not the insatiable hunger for land which possesses ered, in the Carnatic, that his estate should have been thus lightly disposed of, but it was scarcely a hardship for Sir Francis.

That idle happy week with his young wife seemed the briefest of his existence : one long ride through shadowy woods and sunny green lanes, where the hedges were full of flowers one lazy morning, dreaming under the chest-nuts in the park; one tranquil evening, made inusical by two sweet girlish voices blended in old familiar melodies such as the heart of man

They spent the peaceful evenings of this initiatory week in Georgic's morning room, that very chamber with the oriol window in which Grace Redmayne's girlish form had first been folded in a lover's arms, that room which in Hubert Walgrave's memory held a place assolemn as a mortuary chapel. The furniture had not been changed; the old Indian cabinets lonel Blandford's daughter, the heiress of spoils from the Carnatic, were good enough for Georgic. A new Persian carpet, with new blandford's that dazed Mr. Harcross, as he stood in the threshold of the heavy control of the heavy carpet. window-curtains, and blue silk covers for the antiquated chairs and sofus; a dainty maplewood cottage piano in a snug recess by the tireplace; a huge cage of Australian birds, and a it! The archeology with roses and hoperettly carved ivery frame, containing all the neysuckle, the passion-flowers, the stone basin photographic portraits that had over been taken of Francis Clevedon—from the boy at a last saw it, only shallow stagnant water covergerman University to the Master of Clevedon ed with duck-weed. Poor old neglected place! Park : such trifles as these had sufficed to make the room perfect in the eyes of Georgie.

The fifteenth of August—the day upon which their guests were to arrive-came too swiftly for the wedded lovers.

"Francis, do you know I'm afraid I hate vi-

sitors?" Georgie said, with a solemn face expressive of profound self-abusement, as she stood by her husband's side at an open window in the square parlour in the early summer

"What a horrible confession for the head of a county family! And yet you were anxious that Mrs. Harross should come to you Geor-

Wort, with the sigh of resignation. "It isn't my place to make objections. I suppose you know that you've let yourself in for a couple of hundred pounds, at the least."

"We'll save the money somehow, Wort, depend upon it," answered the delinquent of a century old."

"I don't think it would have disturbed my peace of mind very much Georgie, if that can

peace of mind very much, Georgie, if that enam. Lady Clevedon and I were planning a lamity had occurred. I should love you just Swiss cottage in the loveliest corner of the as well if you had only one faded gown—like Enid. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of put-ting you to the test, as that young lady was tested; or taking a leaf out of the Decam-ron, and making a modern Grisel of you I wonder how you would come through that kind of

" You can't say I'm wanting in fortitude, Frank, when I parted with Pedro for your sake. But don't let's be silly, please. I want to talk very seriously."

"No, you're not, sir; you're staring out of the window with all your might."

"Look at the shadows of the chestnuts, Georgie, and that group of deer; don't you think those are worth staring at?"

"I am all attention."

"Yes, of course; but I want you to talk of the people who are coming to-day. First and foremost, there is Aunt Chowder. I had a trenendous discussion about the rooms with Mrs. Mixer, and 1 really thought we never should cettle things so as not to offend any one. Aunt Chowder is to have the yellow room, with the little dressing-room, which by rights belongs to the blue room; but that we give to a bachelor—Mr. Weston Vallory—and he can do without a dressing-room." a dressing-room."

"Weston Vallory!" exclaimed Sir Francis, ith a wry face. "Did we ask that such?" with a wry face. "Why, Frank, you know you invited him yourself!"

6 I know nothing about it, my dear. A man who is going to be married may be expected to be a little off his head. I suppose I did ask the follow in some expansive moment."

" Don't you like him, dear?" "Do I like cobras, or skunks, or musk-rats or any other unclean things? I should think Weston Vallory was of the musk-rat species; and that if he ran across the bottles in my cel lar, he'd poison the wine inside them : ga sent

" How can you be so unjust, Frank? Mrs. Harcross told me that her cousin is a most good-natured man. He is quite devoted to her."

"Yes; and hates her husband with all the venom of a small nature. I tell you, Georgie, Weston Vallory belongs to the venomous tribes. I was a fool to invite the two men together. However, I suppose in good society one must have people who hate each other. Go on with list, my dear."

"The tapestry-room for the flarerosses," said Georgie, counting on her fingers; "the room the prince slept in for General Cheviot and his ; the oak room for your friend Captain Hardwood; the cedar room for my friends the Miss Stalmans; and one of the best rooms on the top story for your learned friend Mr. M'Gall. I think that's all. Papa is to be with us every day; but he won't sleep away from the Bungalow, you know, if he can possibly help it, for fear there should be a fire in the night, and all the animals should be burnt."

"Like Barnum's Museum," said Sir Francis

Although Georgie was inclined to lament the

advent of her visitors, it was by no means an unpleasant thing to receive them, and to feel the full force of her position as mistress of Clevedon brought home to her by their presence. She did the honours of the old house nobly, escorted her lady guests through the rooms and galleries, showing them the various points of attraction—the family pictures, the billiard-room with the new concert-grand, the billiard-room with its two vast tables, the spa-cious library, sustained in the centre by three massive porphyry columns—a room which had been added by Sir Lucas Clevedon's father. Mr. and Mrs. Harcross were the last to arrive. Their luggage had come down by an early train with the ruck of the visitors, three monster trunks that might have held an Indian outfit, with Mrs. Harcross's name and London address en graved upon a brass plate on each, and a modest portmanteau or two belonging to Mr. Harcross Tuilion had brought these and the inevitable from him and his heirs for ever. He had not travelling-bug, now more gorgeous than of old, the insatiable hunger for land which possesses some men. It was hard upon the poor old Colonel, who had fought, and possibly plundmonogram in pink comi on everything, from Harcross themselves came by an express that porters at all the corners; and our silver covers brought them to Tunbridge late in the afternoon; so that Weston Vallory had been installed some time, and was making himself agreeable at a five-o'clock tea in the garden when his cousin and her husband arrived.

in the garden. She was not a person whose toilet was ever disordered by travelling, and all the puffings and flouncings of her gray silk dress seemed us fresh as when they left the hands of her milliner. So, conscious of her fitness to meet the gaze of society, she begged to be shown at once to the garden, and followed the butler across the great hall and along a passge leading to the garden door, with Hubert

The ak-panelled passage was just a little dark, and a flood of summer sunlight streamed

It was the Garden in which Grace and he had wandered all through that thoughtless summer afternoon. How well he remembered They had trimmed and improved everything, of course, but not with an inexorable hand. The garden still belonged to the old world, the weet-scented flowers still grew in a wild profusion; nor had the form of beds or grassplots been altered. In the midst of his pain, which was of the sharpest, he felt glad to see that the place was so little changed.

Lady Clevedon was pouring out ten in the very arbour where Mr. and Mrs. James Redmayne and Mr. Wort had slppped their milk punch with the old butler and his wife. There vore a few garden seats scattered round the bower, and on one of these Weston Vallory was ie." balancing himself, making himself agreeable "Was 1, I rank? Mrs. Haccross! Well, you after his kind. Sir Francis was absent, plea-

M'Gill, the gentlemen who wrote for all the reviews, looking up from a meditative cup of ten as Mrs. Harcross came along the gravel path, her glistening gray dress and dainty pink houset resplendent in the sunshine. "Is that one of your Kentish friends, Lady Clevedon?"

"No, that is my friend Mrs. Haroross"
"What! the wife of Haroross the barrister? I've met him once or twice. O, here he comes in the background, looking rather fagged. He's said to work as hard as any man in London."

Mr. Harcross performed his share of all the

greetings; gave the ends of his fingers to Wosion, was presented to General Cheviot and so on, and said at all that could have been exhe looked wan and haggard in the sunshine, and was glad to drop into a chair by Georgie's ten-tray presently, after a little talk with the

"You look so tired, Mr. Harcross," Lady Clevedon said compassionately, thinking that her husband might come to look like this some day, worn and weary, and with an air of pre-mature age; "I hope the journey was not very

" No, Augusta did not seem to feel it at all : but I suppose I am growing old and nervous, and that the vibration affects me more than it did a few years ago. I worked rather hard in the season, and since then I have been yacht-ing a little; and I darosay that sort of thing. with a sixty-ton yacht on one's mind, is not so complete a rest as a professional man re-

"I should think not," cried Georgie; " and you have been at the Isle of Wight, yachting. How I envy you your yacht I'
"And how I envy you—"

"What, Mr. Harcross? What can such a successful man as you are find to envy in any

"A great many things. Your youth, to begin with, and the freshness that belongs to it—the power to envy anybody anything. Do you know, I sometimes look round the world, and wonder whether there is anything in it I should

care to have if the mere act of wishing would secure it for me; and the answer is doubtful.

"That means that your life is so full already. You have fame, fortune, a charming wife. Is there anything more you could wish for ?

" Can't you imagine something? Children, for instance—you remember what Wordsworth says about a child? But I don't wish for those, I don't feel myself the sort of man wao ought to have them

He said all this carelessly enough, yet with a certain carnestness beneath that outward lightness. He had been drawn on to speak more unreservedly than his wont by something sympathetic in Georgie's face and manner.
"She is the kind of a woman a man might trust," he said to himself. " I like that firm mouth and rounded chin, which give such character to the sparkling face. I like the tone of her voice and the touch of her hand."

Mrs Harcross had become the centre of a circle by this time : the elderly gray-bearded General prostrating bins, if in the dust before her, stricken down by her beauty; while his wife conversed apart with the eldest Miss Stalman, on the alarming tendencies of the English Church, undisturbed by the pangs of jealousy. The stable clock struck seven while the party were still pleasantly engaged, and the ladies moved off to dress for the eight-o'clock din-ner, leaving the gentlemen to contaminate the first cool zephyrs of evening with the odour of premature eights during the quarter of an hour which they could safely spare from the labours of the toilet.

The first dinner at Clevedon was a success. Cook and housekeeper, butler and subordinates, had nerved themselves for a grand struggle. Now or never the new establishment was to show what it was worth. "Don't talk to me about your Regency dinners, Mr. Moles," the modern butler had said to his ancient brother, in the expansiveness of social intercourse, "What heleganee or hartistical effect could there have been about a dinner in those days, when every blessed think was put upon the

" I don't know about the table, Mr. Mumby, said the ancient butler, with an offended air " Sir Lucas's platto was as fine a sight as you'd wish to lay your eyes on-fourteen feet long, with gadroon edges, and ramping lions for supsneaking way of handing everythink round, you might as well be without 'em, for all the credit they do you. I'm past my time, I dessay, Mr. Mumby, and I'm glad of it, when I see the present low-lived way of doing things. Why, one of our dinners would have made six of yours in Augusta insisted on going to her friend at of our dinners would have made six of yours in once when she heard that Lady Clevedon was solid butcher's meat; and where you've one side-dish in your menew, we had half-a-do-

"I don't know what you mean by sidedishes, Mr. Moles," said the modern domestic we have nothink but hongtrays and hongtray-

The inaugurative dinner was a success, Tristram Moles was allowed to peop into the dining-room before the bauquet, a wan feeble figure amid all that glow of colour and sparkle of glass under the soft light of waxen tapers. Pale as a ghost revisiting the scenes of its earthly joys, he gazed upon the glittering board with a faint approving smile, and confessed that it was nicely arranged.

"I never did hold with flowers on a dinner-

table," he said, shaking his head at the pyramids of rare hothouse blossoms, and the dwarf forest of fern and geranium reflected in the crystal plateau; " but if you must have em, I allow you've arranged 'em tastily. It's all very pretty, Mr. Mumby, like a young ladies counter at a fancy fair; but I'm an old man, and I shall go down to my grave with the opinion that your top and bottom and your six side-dishes is the best decoration for your dinner-table." Thus, with a deprecating shrug and a mournful survey of the frivolous board, Mr. Moles having come like a shadow, so departed.

The dinner, as well as being a success from a gastronomic point of view—there was a par-mesan soufflé towards the end of the feast, which the eldest Miss Stalman, who was gifted with an epicurean taste, dreamt ofcial triumph. The hum and rattle of conversation never ceased; there were no awkward pauses, in which people simultaneously awake to the discovery that no one is talking, till the most audicious member of the circle plunges into the gulf of silence with some inanc re-

santly engaged in showing the stables to his mark, which being gratefully received by host friend, Captain Hardwood.

"What a magnificent woman?" said Mr. the way to pastures new. To-night at Clevedon there were plenty of good talkers. Geno-ral Cheviot and Colonel Davenant helped and sustained each other, yet were judiciously placed far enough apart to have each his auditory, The two Miss Stalmans were of the agree-able-rattle species : could talk croquet or theology, fine art, horses, or hotany with equal fa-cility; could draw out the dullest neighbour and ontangle the coklest cavalier in the meshes of one of those confidential conversations about nothing particular, which, seen from a little distance, look like flirtation of the deepest

(To be continued)

THE WAGERS.

that now connects those cities was not yet con-

There were five passengers in all. Of these one was a short, fit man, with smooth checks and a red face. Though plainly dressed, his clothes were vory good; he had a great number of rings on his ingers, and across his waisteent he wore a thick gold chain, which he was careful to let me see was attached to a handsome watch, on the back of which was a crost in

There was no doubt he was a rich man and that 1, at all events, might have no doubt of it, be informed me that his income exceeded lifty

thousand frances year, and that he bid fair to double it before five years were gone, so prosperous was his business.

I was partly amused and partly disgusted by his loquacity. Why should be have made a confidant of me in particular I don't knew, anless it was that I happened to sit next him. Among other hits of information be gave use. Among other bits of information he gave me to know that this was the first holiday he had in-

know that this was the first holiday he had indulged wimself with for three years.

"Where do you get out?" I inquired.

"At P——," said he.

"But why do you go so far from Marseilles
for a holiday?" I inquired.

"Monsleur," he answered, "I am going to
get married."

get married."

"The dence!" I exclaimed, laughing; "and you call that taking a holiday?"

"Why," said he, "that would depend. If I were going to marry an ugly woman, now, I should call this tour by another name. But, my friend, the lady I am engaged to is an angel, sir; she might have sat for one of Mohammed's hours.

sir; she might have sat for one of Monamines shourds. Here eyes—"
Here he went off into a long account of his mistress's perfections, decorating his fluent description with all number of shrugs, grimnees

nd gesticulations.
"You are a very fortunate man, sir," said I, 'and I wish you joy."

"Yes, and you may wish the indy joy, too, and congratulate hor as well, for give me leave to say it is not every woman who has the luck to meet with a husband who unites to the splendors of wealth the accomplishments of genius and the graces of smothered a laugh. es of courage."

" So you have gentus and courage as well as money?"

ite noided vohemently,

"Without boasting," said he, "I think I may
pride myself on being possessed of all the
qualifications that resommend a man to the

"So long as they are sufficient to recommend you to the listy of your sholes you should be

"They should be sufficient," he replied, "and in my own mind I am persauded that they are sufficient; but, though the young lady is beautiful as an houri, I regret to say that she is rather perverse in her taste, so that for a long time I could hardly make any headway in her affections. Indeed, she was weak-minded enough to avow a preference for a cousin of hers, a young lieutemant—a beggar, sir, and a mighty impudent dog to boot. What she could see in hita I could never tell. I'll allow that his nose is straight, his eyes good, and his teeth white and regular, but what is the use of these things in a man without money?"

"To be sure," said I, drowsily, for the day was warm, and the tendency to sleep was aggravated by my droning companion.
"I'll be perfectly frank with you," he continued. "I concess I don't think she would ever have accepted me had It not been for her father, who is a near me, and is very caper to have who is a poor man, and is very eager to have me for a son-in-law, thinking I shall pay off his dobts. I wish he may get ti! Bah! I've allowed him to think anything he likes, for his thinking costs me nothing, and being anxious to wed the girl, who, I declare to you, is beautiful—" And here he went off again into another long description, which he liberally garnished ns before, with shrugs and grimaces

you don't care about her love "" said

I, sleepily.

"Not a fig!" he answered, "not a fig! I only want her. At my time of life, sir, we know the hypocrisy of love, it is counterfeited. I have a ring at home with a pasto stone in lf. I declare to you it flashes like a diamond, and is thought as costly as the best of the real stones I won. So with love. The counterfelt passes for the real alacty-alac times in the hundred; and, though I'll own I would rather have the real, if I can't get it, I should be just as well satisfied with the sham."

He then branched off into some very cynical remarks on the nature of love, which, however, I am ashamed to say I do not remember, as I fell sound asleep very shortly after he had commenced them.

I was awakened by the diligence stopping at the Golden Lion Inn, in the principal street of

The fat, red-faced babbler, who, it seems, had been awake during the whole journey, and had been boring a mild-looking gentleman who sat opposite him when he had found me asleep, got out, and I followed him.

Ho pulled out his watch, which sparkled most gorgeously as it took the sun's rays, and "A quarter to four, sir. Half an hour after time."

" I'll bet you that it is not," saids gentlemun, with very flerce moustaches, who stood smoking a cigar before the door of the low-roofed apart-

"I should know," retorted the sittle-red-faced man, turning sharply upon him, "for this is one of Leroy's best watches. It cost mo two thousand france." "I'll bet you ten louis that it is not one of

Leroy's watches," said the moustached smoker,

coolly.

The red-faced man shrugged his shoulders and went into the traveller's room, saying to

"Don't dine here. We can do better at a

coft."
"I'll wager you the value of the watch that the watch is worth nothing; and if you win you will receive what you will not that it worth your

while to take," said the gentleman with the monstreles, following us, "I did not address my remarks to you, sir." "I'll bet that you'dld," said the other, with

the most provoking coolness.

The little man, amazed by this persecution, touched his forehead, to signify that the gentleman with the moustaches was mad.

" I'll bet you don't prove that I'm mad," said the other.

There was a pause. They looked like two dogs waiting to be slipped for a fight.

"Upon my word," said the red-faced man,
"I know nothing of this fellow. He is a most impudent ruscal, whoever he is; and I have a good mind to make him march off."

"I'll make you may have the problem of a control of the cont

"I'll make you any bet you like you don't make me march of?" exchained the other, pulling his nonstacke; "and I'll further bet you anything you like that I make you take the roud back to Paris, and that, too, without any

The little man, whose face was now a doop

srimson with rage, blurted out—

" You won't find that a very easy matter, for
I came here to get married,"

" One hundred napoleous you do not marry!"

"Sir, you are an impertment scoundred, and t

will pull your nose."

o Pu make you any bot you like you lie?"

The little man stumped with rage. He glared around him for some moments in silonce, then

"I'll bet you don't shoet me.

"Where can we procure pistels?" exclaimed the red-faced man, breathing short. "The landlerd will accommodate us," anwored the other.

He harried into the house, and reappeared with a box containing a brace of pistols.

I had hitherto treated the affair as a joke. laughing in my sleeve at the red-faced man's rage and the other's cool insolence. But I

thought it was now time to interpose.
"Gentlomen," I began.
But the moustiched man turned upon me

with a frawn "I believe this gentleman to be a coward, sir," said ho; "and if you interfere, I shall con-

clade you are conspiring to prevent him from proving himself a coward."

I said no more, but followed the two men to a lonely spot in the park, where, he clear here was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was

willing to become his second,
I having loaded the pistols, we placed the men.
It was agreed I should give the signal, which was to throw a five-franc place in the air.

My position was a peculiarly disagreeable one. Up to the fast moment I had believed that the whole business was only a rather cruel practical loke on the part of the man with the moustuches; and as my curlosity was excited to fol-low this adventure to its conclusion, I had volunteered to be the red-faced man's second: But it seemed now that one or the other or both

must be killed.

"Sir," said the man with the eigar, turning to me, "I believe Muster Jacques to be an honest man, but though I can votich for his wine, I can't vouch for his pistols. Before that gentle-man and I make a target of one another, be so good as to throw that five-frame piece in the air

to see how my pistol carries."

I did as he desired, and tossed the money about seven yards high.

I heard the report of a pistol, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Ret," said the man with the mousinches,
"that I pieres that leaf, vibrating at the extreinity of yonder bough."

And before the other could answer the trigger

And before the other could answer the trigger was pulled, and the leaf was pierced.

"Ret," sontinued the man, with the most ridioulous coolness, "that I shoot you clean through the pupil of the left eye, and lay you dead, and that you miss me."

The other was white as a ghost.

"I believe you," headd, trembling from head to foot, and throwing his pisted down. "I guess your motives and admire your stratagem, and, as I am not yet prepared to die, shall take my road back again to Marseilles."

In fact, we saw him deposit himself in the imperiale of the diligence.

I turned to the moustached gentleman for an explanation. He invited me to take a glass

an explanation. Ho invited me to take a glass of wine with him in the traveller's room, and with great good humour proceeded to solve the

Ile was a friend of the young lieutenant, and functs as the most deadly shot in France. He had received a letter only the day before from his friend, begging him to come to f---, and help him to carry out a ruse, which, he trusted, would enable him to marry the girl be was passionately in love with.

The moustached gentleman complied, left Paris, and reached be in time to receive from his friend's lips particulars of the stratagem he and the young girl had concerted be-

little red-faced man, as I afterwards heard, on his reaching Marseilles, wrote to the father of his intended bride, apologizing for not having been thic to keep his promise to go down to them. You may believe he took good care not to inform the father of the real reason that had prevented him from paying his duties to

The red-faced man, however, had no intention of breaking off the marriage until accessed one morning in the streets of Marseilles by the moustached gentleman, who asked if he still persisted in his intention to marry the young

persisted in its intention to marry the young lady.

"Certainly," was the roply.

"Then," said the other, "if you want to reach her hand, you will have to mount, first, on my dead body, and secondly, on the dead body of the lieutenaut. Are you prepared to scale those fortresses?"

"Certainly not." "Certainly not."

"Then go home; write to the lady's fath er that circumstances compel you to abundon your promise to wed her. I shall know by the day after to-morrow if that letter has been writton. If yes, I will be your friend, and help you, as I have helped the lientenant, in any honouruble love scheme you may choose to me enter upon; if no, be prepared to meet in

the evening."
The letter was written, and six months after the young lady was married to the lloutenant.

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STAND OR SQUAT?

A rather ridiculous question has agitated diplomatic circles lately; and yet it is not wholly and entirely laughable after all, for it involves a subject for considerable thought. It appears that Mr. Watson, the newly-appointed Charge d'Affaires of our Government at Japan, has been "putting on airs" and dictating to the Mikado of Japan how he, Mr. Watson, should be received at the Japanese Court. The custom of the Court is—as is usual with all Eastern nations—that the Mikado should receive all visitors scated, and the visitor, after the customary obeisance, should likewise seat himself. But Mr. Watson was stiff in the kness, and absolutely refused to "squat" insisting that he should he allowed to stand during the interview; this, of course, the Japanese officials could not consent to, and so matters remained at a dead-lock, and Mr. Watson "wrote home for instructions." How matters would have ended, whether a declaration of war would have followed Mr. Watson's declaration that he would not "squat," or what awful events would have occurred in the event of the Mikado persisting in his determination to "squat," it is impossible to tell, for the Mikado, like a sensible man, as he appears to be, cut the Gordion knot by consenting to stand during the interview, and so the difficulty ended. Now it appears to us rather a checky thing for a man to go into another man's house and dictate to him how he shall behave himself in his own premises, for this is really what Mr. Watson did. Fancy the Japanese Ambassador to England gravely informing Queen Victoria that he could not be presented to her unless she "squatted" to receive him. There is an old saying that when we are in Rome we should do as the Romans do; and surely the Court of Great Britain has enough "forms and ceremonies" of its own to which foreigners are compelled to submit, to allow its representatives to comply with the forms and ceremonics of other courts. Perhaps Mr. Watson may have a wooden leg, or a stiff knee, or a weak back, or some other bodily ailment which prevents the possibility of his squatting; but we think that infirmity should have been discovered before ho was sent to a post where it was known he would be required to "squat." We boast of being the most civilized nation on the earth, and call the Japanese a "semi-barbarous" people; but we think the

Mikado, in avoiding any difficulty over a mere the "civilized" snobbishness of the self-inflated Ambassador; and that the Mikado, by gracefully compromising Mr. Watson's impertinence, rose a whole head and shoulders above the dictatorial representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. We hope Mr. Watson's mission to Japan will be a short one, for if he continues in the spirit he has begun, he will do little to improve the friendly relations now existing between the two nations, and may do much to disrupt them. We hope. however, that he will not be sent from Japan to China; for should he be invited to dine in the presence of the Emperor, he would undoubtedly insist on his using a knife and fork with his sice instead of the traditional chopsticks, and the result might be even more serious—to the Emperor, for he might stick his mouth with the fork—than the "squatting" difficulty in Japan.

QUEBEC CENTRE.

The scene which occurred at the election in Quebec on Monday, 5th inst., was one which recalls the memory of "the dark ages" rather than the enlightenment of the ninetcenth contury, and should cause a feeling of shame to all lovers of fair play and honesty in politicsas far as politics can be honest—that such a disgrace should have been placed on the Province of Quebec. The contest between Messrs. Ross and Cauchon in Quebec Centre was of an unusually bitter nature from the outset, and grave fears of a riot were entertained from an early date, and precautions taken to guard against it : but, unfortunately, the precautions were not sufficient to prevent a conflict between the two factious, and Mr. Cauchon has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been elected-illegally it is alleged-at the sacrifice of three human lives, and the wounding and probably maining for life of twenty more of his fellow townsmen. We condense the following account of the riot from the Quebec

"From the earliest hour the polling booths were filled and wates poiled in favour of both candidates, Messrs. Ross and Cauchon. There was no display of ill-feeling during the morning, and all wont off peaceably, until at about eleven o'clock, when the Cauchou rowdies took pessession of the polls in the suburban districts, and commenced to try to hold their usual carraival of bloodshed and riot "All wont well and quietly until the Cauchon men began to show violence. At about half-past twolve o'clock there was a massing of the Cauchon flighting men in the suburbs. Shortly afterwards the St. John's Ward polling-house, No. I, was taking possession of, and the invading roughs moved into the town towards the Stadacona Hotel."

After describing the entrance of Cauchon's

After describing the entrance of Cauchon's men into town and their meeting with the Ross pasty, the reporter continues :

Ross pasty, the seperter continues:

"A shot of a pistol was fired from Cauehon's men, who extended from St. John to the rear of D'Aiguillon streets, up to St. Genevieve, and down to St. Eustnehe streets. Another followed, and then the battle begun. Revolvers were drawn on both sides, and bang! bang! they went without stop for a quarter of an hour, while stones and rocks flow, and men belabored one and other with sticks and skull crackers whenever they got near one another. The Ross men maintained their ground, and they obtained no advantage until one of the standard-bearers was shot down. The standard bearer was Junes Gundle, a sail maker of Diamond Harbor. Shielding his person carefully by the angle of the English burying ground wall, a ruffian leaned forward so as just to see poor Gandle, took deliberate aim and fired. The builet struck him in the mouth, and he fell and died without a groan. He was picked up and carried into the Police Station just as the Provincial Police charged up the hill in a body, under a shower of bullets and stones. They separated the fighting parties, and by keeping the street, prevented them from joining, and continuing the fight. The Police came along bravely under command of Captains Heigham and Voyer, while Mr. Skoflington lead a detachment through the thickest of the fire. But the fight went on at intervals, and though the Police drew cordons, efforts were made by both parties to break through the lines and reach each other. They rushed around corners howling and shricking, while revolver shots whistled through the streets viciously, and stones flow and dropped on heads over the ground in the most extraordinary manner.

Stones flow and revolvers popped all during the afternoon; now and then some one could be seen to most extraorunary manner.

Stones flow and revolvers popped all during the afternoon; now and then some one could be seen to fall, with a eat or a braise from a stone, or to examine the last hole made in him by a bullet; some poor fellow would fall down under a heavy blow, and be lifted into the house near. So it went on, for hours be lifted into the house near. So it went on, for hours

Three men lost their lives, and over twenty have received wounds from pixel bullets. Those who are bruised with stones are without number; we were unable to obtain their names, and we have not those of the other mon killed besides David Gandle. Of the wounds—one young man is shot in the chest, and the doctor is afraid to touch the bullet for fear it may fail into the lungs. Another has his nose nearly taken off; another is shot in the side, and the wound is dangerous; and another has two bullets in the arm, and may lose it from the shoulder; another has his thigh drilled through; fingers and thumbs are plentifully missing, and one eye has been completely knocked out. We give no names. This is yo means a complete list of casualties; the hespitals have received their full quota of patients, but many have been taken to their homes.

An inquest was hold on the body of John Gandle, and a verdict of wilful murder was brought in by the jury against Jean Lord and other parties unknown; and the jury recommend further strict investigation. At the time of writing (9th inst.) the excitement is still very great, and fears are entertained of an attack on Diamond Harbor by the French Canadians. It is stated that the people of Champlain street refuse to allow the French Canadians to work in the Coves, and it has been resolved by the French Canadians to march up there and take forcible possession of the place. It is feared that bloodshed will be the result.

ABOUT DRUNKENNESS:

"What shall we do with the drunkards?" The question is constantly being asked in this city, and the only answer scems to be "Give them one dollar, or eight days." Year after year the same sad record goes on of thousands institution by a reporter of the N. Y. Tribune,

sound common sense of the "semi-barbarous" arrested for drunkenness; and year after year the number increases instead of showing any matter of form, showed in strong contrast to signs of an abatement of the evil. The following is a statement of the number of arrests for drunkenness yearly for the past five years, which will give some idea of the vast proportions the evil has reached:

Males. Vemales 1867.... 3,913 1.040.... 4.953 1868.... 4,048 1869.... 3,888 1,059 5,107 1,087..... 4,975 1,045..... 5,358 972.... 5.384 1871.... 4,402

It will thus be seen that the number of drunkards has increased from 4,953 in 1867 to 5,384 in 1871, an increase of 431, and when we consider the fact that the troops were here in 1867 and that of the number of arrests for that year there were 117 soldiers, while in 1871 there were only 3 soldiers arrested, the difference between 1867 and 1871 will be swelled to 545, or an increase of drunkenness amongst our citizens of over 11 per cent in the five years from 1867 to 1871. This in spite of the great efforts made by the advocates of temperance and the stringent liquor law which was passed two years ago by the local legislature, has an alarming look; the evil of drunkenness seems to increase the more violent are the means taken to check it. Fine and imprisonment appear to be inadequate to the task of suppressing, or even reducing the evil, would it not. therefore, be well to try some other means? In Paris it used to be the custom to make drunkards sweep the streets every morning, which besides being a punishment was an economical way of keeping the city clean; now poor Paris cannot afford to let her drunkards off without contributing something to the general revenue to pay the war debt, and so drunkards and dogs were put together on the list of " taxable articles," and if a man gets drunk in Paris now he has to pay for it. We do not quite agree with the practice of making drunkards sweep the streets, altho' it would doubtless prove very efficacious in some instances; but it really does appear to be time to take some steps towards trying permanently to reform and reclaim to the general good of society some of these unfortunates who are now drinking themselves into the grave. Foremost amongst these means is a stringent inspection law, requiring all liquor sold in any hotel, bar-room, grocery &c., to be subject to inspection at any time by capable government officers who shall have power to confiscate all bad or impure liquor found on the premises, and prosecute the proprietor for keeping adulterated liquor for sale. If people must drink—and they will drink whatever temperance men may preach to the contrary, notwithstanding-let us at least take care that the stuff they drink is as little hurtful as possible. We venture to say and we think we keep within bounds—that at least one half of the drunkenness in this city is caused not by the quantity but by the quality of the liquor sold; the vile decoctions which are made up and sold as "brandy," "rum," &c., are frequently little better than rank poison, and very little is needed to set the brain whirling, and render a man drunk. We have inspectors of flour and other articles, but we have no inspection of two of the most important articles of our daily life, fresh meat and liquor; while we are careful that a barrel of flour shall contain the right weight and be of the proper quality, we take no care to see that the meat daily exposed for sale is not half putrid, or that the liquor doled out across the counter of the bar is not more than half pure poison. This matter of the inspection of liquor is one which ought to attract ublic attention. If liquor must be sold let is

Another thing which we need very badly in Montreal-or in its immediate vicinity-is an asylum for incbriates, where the victims of drink can be sent with some hope of a reformation taking place. How many fathers and mothers in this city would be thankful for such an institution to which they could send their erring children when first led away by the demon of drink. It apnears to us that such an institution could be built at small cost somewhere in the suburbs of Montreal, say behind the mountain, or at Hochelaga, or Lachine, and be made almost self-supporting, by charging for first and second class inmates, as is done in the New York Asylum; and even if it were not self-supporting, we cannot fancy a better or more suitable manner of applying the money received at the Recorder's Court for fines for drunkenness than York Pickard. to use it in endeavoring to reclaim a few of those addicted to the pernicious habit. The New York Asylum, on Ward's Island, has now been in operation about four years, and the results, so far, have been highly encouraging; the place is not meant as a prison, but more as a school to train the passion for drink into submission, and to arouse in the victim a desire to shake off the hold of the demon and free himself from the baleful influences of an unbridled appetite for strong drink. We give the following account of a recent visit to this

at least be of good quality; and we believe a

law subjecting bar-rooms, groceries, &c., to

the same kind of inspection that bakeries are

now liable would do more towards decreasing

drunkenness than half a dozen prohibitory

which will no doubt prove interesting to many of our readers :-

"The building is a large three story structure with a Mansaud roof. It is built of brick, and has two large wings. On the first floor are the offices, recoption-room, library, and a large dining-room for first-class boarders. In the west wing are sleeping-rooms, 12 by 14 feet, well wing late sleeping-rooms, 12 by 11 teet, won, mrnished and carpated, a reception-room, parlow, and a reading-room. The second class dining-room is in this part of the building. It is 90 by 20 feet and has 16 large windows. The first-class boarders pay \$10 or \$15 a week, according to the roam occupied; the second-class boarders \$5, and others \$2.50. On the second-class west wing are the rooms of the second-class west wing are the rooms of the second-class boardors. The rooms are very large and contain about twenty bods. The mattresses are of straw, and the rooms are well kept. On the second floor in the main building there is a chapel, were both Protestant and Roman Ca-tholic services are held. Rooms for boarders who are willing to pay \$20 a week are on this floor, and in the third story are apartments for poor inebriates. In the basement are cells where violent drunkards are lodge. "The number of patients in the Asykim is

about 40, all but seven being first or second-class boarders. The third-class boarders have work to do in and around the building, and do not as-

sociate with the other patients.

"The aim of the institution seems to be to furnish inebriates with a pleasant home, where they will be beyond the reach of temptation; and hence the buildings and grounds are very attractive, and the social relations of the inmates very agreeable. Patients amuse themselves with billiards, dominoes, and even baseball. The Asylum will accommodate about 250 patients. If a patient enters the Asylum of his own accord, he is at liberty to leave it at alleasure; but if pleased there by Clayds he is pleasure; but if placed there by friends he is subjected to their orders. Inmates often re-turn, one of them having repeated ten times his first visit to the Asykum. About one-half of the patients after dismissal yield to temptation, but reform in the case of the rest, it is hoped, is per-minent. It is estimated that nearly one-half of the patients are victims of domestic unhappiness; and in a large num: of cases the taste for liquor is hereditary. "Within the past four years about 100 women

have occupied rooms in the Asylum. Of these nearly one-third have been ladies moving in the highest circles of society. They were all mid-dle-aged, and nearly all lad been married. Mcdicines are only administered in case of delirium tremens—hydrate of chloral and bromide of potassium being the drugs. The object is to induce sleep, though in many cases the medicines have an opposite effect. During four years only one patient has died of delirium tremens in the Asylum.

THE NEXT PARLIAMENT.

The following is a list of the members elected to the second Parliament of the Dominion, up to 9th inst :--

M Ministerial: (1 Opposition . I Indonendan

M Ministerial; O Oppos	ition; I Inde	pen	deı	ıt.		
LATRO	tro.					
		M.	О.	Ι.		
Brockville	Buell.	0	1	0		
Carleton	Rochester.	1	Ú	U		
Essex	O'Connor,	1	0	0		
Frontenac	Kirkpatrick.	1	0	0		
Grenville, S	Brouse.	0	1	U		
Has ings, W. R	Brown.	1	0	0		
Grenville, S Has ings, W. R Hastings, N. R	Bowell.	1	0	0		
Kingston	Bir John A.					
	Macdonald.	1	0	Ú		
Lanark, S. R	Haggart.	1	Ü	9		
Lanark, N. R	Galbraith.	0	1	0		
Lennox	Cartwright.	0	1	0		
Leeds, N. R	Jones.	1	0	o		
Lincoln	Merritt.	1	0	0		
London	Carling.	1	0	O		
Norfolk, N. R	Charlton.	G	ì	ō		
Northumberland, W.R.	Cockburn.	1	Õ	Ō		
	Currier.	ī	ō	ā		
Ottawa City $\ldots $	Lewis.	ī	ō	ā		
Prescott	Hagar.	ĩ	Õ	0		
Russell	Dr. Grant.	ī	ō	ā		
Simcoe, N. R	Cook.	ō	ĭ	ď		
Simcoe, S. R	W. C. Little.		ô	ō		
York, N	Dodge.	ī	ŏ	ō		
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QUEH. C.						
Argenteuil	Abbott.	1	0	0		
Bellechase	Fournier.	0	1	0		
Chicoutimi	Price.	1	0	0		
Champlain	Ross.	1	0	O		
Compton	Pope.	1	0	0		
Dorchester	Langevin.	1	0	Ú		
Huntingdon	Scriver,	1	0	0		
Joliette	Baby.	1	0	0		
Kamouraska	Pelletier.	0	1	0		
Laval	Bellerose.	1	O	0		
Levis	Blanchet.	1	0	Ú		
Montmagny	Taschereau.	0	1	0		
Montmorency	Langlois.	1	0	0		
Ottawa County	Wright.	1	0	0		
Portneuf	St. Georges.	0	0	1		
Quebec East	Tourangeau.	1	0	0		
Quebec County	Chauveau.	1	0	0		
Quebec Centre	Cauchon.	1	0	0		
Quebcc West	McGreevy.	1	6	0		
St. Maurice	Dr. Lacerte.	1	0	0		
Stanstead	C. C. Colby.	1	0	0		
Sherbrooke	Brooks.	1	0	0		
Terrebonne	Masson.	1	0	0		
Three Rivers	Macdougall.	1	0	0		
Brome	Carter.	1	0	0		
Missisquoi	Baker.	1	0	0		
NEW BRUNSWICK.						
Kent	Renaud.	1	0	0		
2020 1110 111111111111	· Dum ·	7	ň			

St. John, City and Burpee. County Northumberland Mitchell. Queen's Westmoreland Smith.

SEEING GHOSTS .- Did you over see a ghost ? A real live, sociable kind of ghost who will go anywhere and let anybody see him? If you have not we would advise you to get the parlor novelty called "Ghosts Everywhere" sold by McIntosh & Co., Brockville, Ont., and you can have a ghost in every room in the house. There's a pleasant prospect for you! The illusion is an excellent one and will afford considerable amusement during the long winter evenings. See advertisement on eighth page.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

Canada.—The work on the tower of the Parliament buildings is progressing but slowly. The improvements in front of the Parliament grounds, under contrel of Mr. Goodwin, are going on fast.—The Laurosse match between the Knickesbocker and Lausastor Glubs resulted in three straight games for the furner in 45, 27 and 15 minutes respectively.—The department of Public Works is about to call for tenders for the proposed improvements in the harbour accommodation at Montreal.—A most appalling crime was committed by a man named Scott on Saturday last, in the Township of Bodford. It appalling crime was committed by a man named Scott on Saturday last, in the Township of Bodford. It appalling crime was committed by a man named Scott on Saturday last, in the Township of Bodford. It appalls and attacked him with a hay fork, inflicting two wounds on him, from the effect of which he died in about 15 minutes. Hitherto his father carried a defensive weason with him in ease of an assauk by the son, but on this eccasion he was running from him and received a wound in the back. He then turned round and faced his son, upon which he gave him a fatal wound in the chest. The son fled to the village of Parkham and was arrested there. An inquest was held upon the Body of the father by Coroner Cowan, and the jury breught a verdiet of wilful murder against the son. He is new lodged in the county jail, awaising trial at the assizes.—It is stated that Sir John Rose is created a Barnest in recognition of his services to Europe.—Grace Marks, who has been confined in the Penitentiary for shout 25 years, was liberated on 6th inst. and left for the States at once. She is 43 years of age, and looks remarkably well. She has occupied many positions of confidence during her imprisonment.—A Morrell, a Jow pedier, doing business over the Leader office Toronto, was arrested on Saturday morning charged with murdering a girl named Rebecca Moss, a resident of Hamilton, in March last. Information was laid by the mother of the nurdered girl who came from Engla

USITED STATES.—At Long Branch, on 3rd inst. Mr. Bannatyne's Milesian won the ateopic chase. Time, 3m. 521s.—About 800 German Untholies held a meeting at Cincinnation 4th inst. and passed resolutions of indignation at the expulsion of the Jesuits from the German compire, and resolved to sond copies of their resolution to Bismarek.—At New York, on 5th inst., some \$40,000 worth of silks were seized in a shop fitted up as a cigar store. It is believed that the goods were smuggled. No arrests have been made.—The Iowa clevator, the property of Mr. Hugh Maher, was destroyed at Chicago on 5th inst., with 80,000 bushels of grain, mostly corn, valued at about \$70,000. The building was worth, probably, \$25,000. Insured.—Secretary Boutwell antieipates that the reduction in the public debt for August will be over \$1,000,000.—Poter Shaffer was stabbed to the heart on Saturday by Heiarrich Fratick, at Syracuse, N. Y. It is claimed by the murderer that Shaffer insulted his family.—A destructive fire occurred on 6th inst. at Minneapolis, consuming the residences of C. M. Cushing, A. M. Shay and J. Ellis, the Methodist and Episcopal churches, the residence of Dr. Leonard and three others. Loss \$50,000.—The Harad's London despatch says Stanley is invited to dine with Lord Granville and Lady Franklin, and other distinguished

France.—European advices state that the exEmperor Napoleon is about to visit Carlsbad, and
the Austrian Government has sent him a note of
gratification as to his assurance, that he hopes to
avoid any diplomatic explanation as to his presence
in a Bohomian bathing place. —President Thiors
has gone so Troiville, a senside resort in the department of Calvados. —M. Grevy, President of the
National Assembly, to-day announced a recess of
that body until 21th November. —Freshets in the
Garoune and other rivers in the south of France
have caused great destruction of property. —
Thankagiving services for the success of the new loan
wore held in all the churches in Paris.

were held in all the churches in Paris.

SPAIN.—The Imperial newspaper of Madrid, in an article detailing the operations of the Spanish treops in Cuba state the commencement of the insurrection on that island, says: 13,600 rebols have been killed, 70,000 have given in their submission to Spanish anthority, and 10,000 horses, 5,000 arms and 3,000 swords have been captured.——The Correspondencies declares that there is no truth in the Spanish Government would send agents abroad to raise funds.—
The Cabinet has submirted to the King a series of regulations for the abaution of slavery in the Spanish Dominions.——The Carlist prisoners taken during the late insurrection have been sent to the Canaries.

Canaries.

England.—Parliament was prorogued on Saturday 10th inst. at 2 o'clock.—There is some excitement throughout Ireland over a report that gold has been discovered near the town of kinsal.—Soveral ratiway casualties having occurred recently, by which upwards of 20 lives were lost. Parliament has been asked to investigate the causes of the disastera, and inquire into the general management of railroads, with relation to the safety of passengers.—The Right Hon. Lord Hatherley, Lord High Chancellor, has rasigned in consequence of failing syssight.—The total number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool for America, in the month of July, is 17,000.

MEXICO.—Colonel Pedro Valdez, of the Mexican army, crossed the Rio Grande with an armed band and captured Genzales at his ranche, below Eagle Pass, Texas. Valdez carried him prisoner to Mexico. He also took horses from Genzales' ranche.—Revine has signified his intention of accepting the amnesty, on condition that the General Government will remove Garcan. Ayala, and become responsible for all his acts during the revolution.—General Rocha has 7000 men in Montercy and 2000 in Salkillo.

GERMANY.—The Provental correspondent considers the approaching meeting of the Empurors of Germany and Russin and Austria a guarantee of peace for Europe. It adds that it is the purpose of Germany to maintain and strengthen the bonds between Austria and Prussia, for whose friendship shu prepared the way.

TURKEY.—Constantinople advices of the 24th ult. state that the Turkish authorities ordered two agents of the British Bible Society to leave Broussa. Their books were seized, and the sale of all Protestant works is prolibited. The British Embassy at Constantinople is investigating the affair.

ABYSSINIA.—A despatch from Suez reports that two thousand Egyptians are advancing on Abyssinian with a view to conquest. The Abyssinians are marching to meet them, but it is generally thought that Magdala will eventually fall into the hands of the invaders.

RUSSIA.—A despatch from Nischnu Novgorod, dated 7th inst., states that a great conflagration is now raging in that city. A fire broke out in that quarter of the place where the fair is being held, and already destroyed a great quantity of valuable goods.

ITALY.—Liberal candidates are reported successful in nearly all Italian municipal elections.——The Armenian Patriarch Hussoun, expelled from Turkey, has arrived at Romo.

How Spiders Spin.—The spinning apparatus of the spider is truly wonderful. Un the under side of the creature's body are placed four or six little knobs, each not larger than the point of a pin. These are outlets of certain receptacles within the abdomen, where the silk is prepared. When the spider wishes to spin a thread, it preses the knobs, or spinnerets, with one of its legs, and forthwith there issue from each, not one but a thousand fibres, of such exquisite fineness, that it is only when the products of all the spinnerets are united that they become visible to the naked eye. The "thread" of the spider is thus a tiny rope of four or six thousand strands. The twisting into one cord is performed by the hindmost pair of legs, which, like the rest, are furnished with three claws apiece. Using these claws as fingers, the little supprising rapidity. A writer in "Scribner's Monthly" gives an account of the spider's usual manner of spinning and mounting. The insect first extends its thights, shanks, and foot in a right line, and then, elevating its abdomen until it becomes vertical, shouts its thread about six inches from the object on which it was running, it immediately emitted a pretty long line at a right angle with that by which it was suspended. This thread quickly changed from the horizontal to the vertical, carrying the spider along with it. When she had ascended as far above the cobject as she bai dropped below it, she let out the thread by which she had been attached to it, and continued thing smoothly unward until she alighted upon the wall of the room.

" SO THE STORY GOES."

"T'was once upon a summer day— So the story goes— The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray Where the mill-stream flows.

And as the rustic bridge she crossed-So the story goos— Over the rail she stooped, and lost From out her breast a rose.

The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong— So the story goes— And on its waters bore along The caroloss maiden's rose.

The miller's son stood by the bank-He stopped the wheel; and, ere it sank, Caught up the maiden's rose.

Then in his cap he placed the flower— Se the stary goes— Se the story goes—
And boldly to the maiden's bower
lie hied at daylight's close.

" Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried— So the story goes— The maiden blushed, the maiden sighed, "Oh I give me back my rose."

"Two flowers," he said, " so sweet and fair"— So the story goes--"Twore shame to part—one breast should hear Thyself and this red rose."

What more the youth and maiden said, That summer eve, who knows? But he kept the flower and won the maid-So the story goes.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS.

The deep thrill of joy that ran to Margaret's heart at this moment told her she still loved the man. Theirs had been a strange courtship, if, indeed, it could be called a courtship. She could remember now how quietly he accepted her rejection of him, and smiling at her with his proud dark face, told her he would come back for her when he was rich enough, because he knew she loved him.

He had been true to that helief. He gave her

He had been true to that belief. He gave her a simple promise that he would wait for her no matter how long, and he repeated to her, as he walked by her horse's side, how he had worked,

walked by her horse's side, how he had worked, and hoped, and walted. She heard the history of these thirteen years with a tranquil pleasure she had never thought to realise.

"Yes, I have kept my promise," he said, quietly. "I had an instinct that you were true, to me, and I felt sure when I came back I should find you here at Brookdale or near; but I did not think of meeting you as soon. I means to come into the neighbourhood as a stranger, and make inquiries to find out what had become of make inquiries to find out what had become of you, and if I had not found you as you are the whole labour of my life would have been lost."

Her groom stood in the background, woudering, perhaps, who this gentleman could be, or Mr. Fleming might have said more. Miss Grantley's attendant never could have suspected how cruelly he was in the way of these two long-soparated lovers. He kept a discreet watchful-ness upon them, deeply as he was apparently absorbed in the study of hills and landscape.

"Why would you have lost the labour of your

life?" she asked.
"It was for you I worked. It may seem strange to you, Margaret, that I rarely had a doubt or a misgiving till within those last few months. It was not till my task was finished, and my arrangements were made for coming home, that I began to be haunted by a fear that you might

have been taken from me."

Margaret returned his tender smile with one of sympathy. She returned her horse's head wards home, and he walked by her side till towards nome, and new water by her sade the they reached Brookdale. The pace was slow for such a cheerless, wintry day; but it brought them to the stately house before they were

You will see Everard, as you are here," Miss

"You will see Everard, as you are here," Miss Grantley said, "If you can spare the time from other ties. You will not find Brookdale much changed."

They went in together. He thought how little changed she was. These thirteen years, which had made him a bearded man, looking much more than his age, had only changed her from a womanly girl of nineteen into a splendidly developed beautiful woman of two and didly-developed, beautiful woman of two and thirty. He was a man of the world and had travelled well, and he knew that thirty or so is the age at which genulue beauty begins to grow upon a woman

They went in together, and entered the draw-ing-room. Mr. Fleming took Margaret into his arms when he saw they were alone. He had never dured to do this thing before; but he felt that she was his by right of patient love and patient waiting, and he held her in a long and assignate embrace, from which she did not try to escape. He felt her lips tremble under the close and clinging pressure of his. Proud as she was, she could not repress that silent token of

"Our love has stood a long test," said Mr. Fleming. "Our future ought to be happy, Margaret, I wouder what your brother will say to me. There was never much sympathy between us; but I suppose he will be glad to see me here again.'

"Iam sure he will." Alexander was not so sure. Ho had a rather distinct remembrace of Everard's proud treatment of him; for Grantley was reserved and haughty even in his youth, and the diference between the son of a gentleman furmer—a man whose ancestors had, not many generations back, been tillers of the soil-and Margaret, the daughter of Grantley, the diplomatist, was too wide to be bridged over by a marriage. "Whether or not," he said, "you can make

your own choice now. I said I would come back when I was rich enough, and I have realized sufficient for comfort. I cannot give you a home like this, Margaret, but I will try to make you content with your lot."

He told her frankly what his position would be. He had gone out as an emigrant, with a couple of hundred pounds, and taken to agriculture because he understood it. But land was cheup, and there were plenty of facilities for the profitable raising of stock.

Shorn of its romance the incident of travel and

adventure. Alexander Fleming's life had been one of serious, simple hard work; and he had turned his practical knowledge of farming to the best account. He was worth rather more than twelve thousand pounds, he told her in conclusion, and that well invested would, with the help of his own industry, provide them with a

It was not the destiny Margaret had pictured to horself. Her dream of a stately, princely husband, and a home of palatial splendour, had fuded with the fancies of her girlbood, and she

loved Alexander for his solid, sterling strength. she was grateful to him for having come back to reacue her from a fate she had dreaded — a lonely, loveless life. She was a very beautiful woman and she knew that therein lay her dunger. Mon are apt to be awed by very beautiful women—those regal creatures who seem much more unappreachable than they really are.

Juno, with all her statussque hauteur, is apt to be as simple-hearted and impulsively passion able as Hebe, in spite of her dimples and her

hildish innocence. It was not the destiny Margaret had pictured, and some few old dreams faded before the proand prospect of her wedded life; but she felt that there was infinite peace and happiness in store for her. She had rather Mr. Fleming had made his money in some way that gave more scope for sentiment than runs of sheep and herds of oxen. If he had lived in the bush, or gone gold-digging, or hunted bushloss with a rifle, she would have liked it better. He might have given her several reasons why neither of these things would have supplied him with sait and shoe-leather; but he knew nothing of her discontent, though it was scarcely discontent.

"Everard will sneer, I know, at his hard hands and his rugged simplicity," she thought, " or tell me I have not waited for much after all. Everard always spoke of Alec as my friend

the grazier; but I love him, and he is of all men the one to make me happy."

Mr. Grantley extended a very cordial wel-come to Margaret's old lover. There may have been some genuine pleasure for bis sister's sake at the bottom of his warmth.

hon, gentleman, in all simplicity of heart; "black fellows, you know."
"I have seen some few Hottentots," said Mr.

Fleming, with a smile at the utter absurdity of the question.

"What are they like?"

"Very, black, as a rule; not remarkable for good manners." "How do they dress? Not like they do in

pletures, do they ?" "Their dress is extremely unfashionable-you would think so, I fear. Twenty yards of linen would dress a whole family handsomely, and leave something to spare."

Mr. Colburn retired from the conversation.

He thought that the experience of a traveller amongst Hottentets did not make good table

"If an old-fushioned country Christmas has

"If an old-fashioned country Christmas has any attraction for you, you may as well remain," said Grantley to their new visitor.

"Thank you, Mr. Grantley—there is nothing I should more enjoy, and I hope I shall be able to return in time; but I undertook a mission for a friend just before I left America, and it may occupy me for a week or more. It is rather a carling business?" a curious business."

"Four or five years ago I met a man in the colonies, and we became fast friends. I scarcely know why, for he was twenty years my senior, and there is very little in common between us. A reckless, indomitable, iron-willed man he is, ready to grapple with any danger, and earing for no man's opinion. His nature must have been noble at the beginning; but some bitter

believe he has considerable property here if he liked to claim it.

"He seems a misanthropical person, rather," said the gentlemanly George. A sort of Timon

"There may be a little of that spirit in him." "There may be a little of that spirit in min."

"Most ungentlemanly person Timon was," said the Hon Mr. Colburn; "spentall his money and then used bad language to his friends. He invited them to dinner, you know; and had nothing but hot water in the dishes, you know; and because they didn't seem anxious to go in for it, he threw it in their faces, you know; and then he want and lived on grass in a gave like then he went and lived on grass in a cave, like

"I think I have seen the story in Shake-speare," smiled Mr. Fleming. "By the way, Mr. Darrill, a gentleman of your mame is con-cerned in something I have to do."

The gentlemanly George fldgeted uneasily in his chair,

his chair.

"Indeed!"

"My friend Danvers left a child behind him when he sailed in the City of Dublin," Fleming went on, "a little boy. He would be a young man of about twenty now. When Danvers went to Philadelphia for him, he ascertained that he had left for England in company with a gentleman named Darrill, and I have promised to include that centhonn if I can."

to find that gentleman if I can."
That gentleman made blusself a promise that
Mr. Fleming should know nothing of the kind
if he could help it.

"He cannot care so much for the boy after leaving him so long," said Grantley,
... How much he may care depends upon the

MARGARET GRANTLEY PLEADS FOR EUGENE

"I had given you up long since," he said, re-

"I had given you up long since," he said, returning the traveller's hearty grip of the hand; "but Margaret knew better, it seems. I am glad that I was a false prophet, Mr. Fleming." Mr. Fleming was as glad. He thanked Grantley feelingly for his reception. It was the one he valued most, for it placed him at home in the midst of old friends, and few of those he had left helping when he went, from Findersh this left behind when he went from England thirteen years before remained to greet him now. Old associations had died out, old friendships dropped asunder, and he had found it, as he said,

like coming back to the grave of his former life: everything was so changed. "I should like to redeem my promise soon," Mr. Fleming said. "I have waited for Marguret long enough, and if I can satisfy you on the score of circumstances, you will not, I suppose, insist upon much delay ?"

" Margaret is her own mistress, my dear Mr. Fleming. I can only give her choice my approval, and that you have."

This was better that Alexander had expected.

He recollected Everard as a reserved and stately gentleman, who had always kept him some-what at a distance. The change was pleasant to him.

Everurd left, them till luncheon-time. He was careful not to touch upon the alterations which had taken place at Brookdale, and he did the honours so easily that, if Alexander wondered why he acted like the master of the house he kept the wondering to himself. Edwar Danvers Temple did not appear at the table fo y meal. The fright, more than the to which Grantley had subjected him the midday meal. violence, to which Grantley had subjected him had laid him prostrate—shaken his nervous system thoroughly.

"Mr. Temple is indisposed," Margaret said " You will see him in a day or so."
" Not seriously indisposed, I hope?"

"No: he has delicate health generally, and apt to be affected by any sudden change of

The Hon, Mr. Colburn opened his round blue eyes wide. Ho did not know precisely what had happened, but he was not without some suspi-cion, and he knew it was no change of weather which had rendered his best unable to leave his

"Had a deal of travelling, I suppose?" Mr. Colburn hazarded, at a safe venture. been on the Continent; followed the wel

He had travelled in the usual way. He had with much trepidation up the Alps..." Becaus it was the thing, you know," as besald to Fleming a little later; gone to the Holy Land, the condition of which he described as disreputable, and touched at Constantinople, which he said was the dirtiest place in the world. He reckoned himself a very accomplished traveller in-deed, and had quite a collection of guido-books as a matter of proof.

"Yes, I have travelled a little," replied Mr. Fleming, "though by no means to the extent you might infor. I spent the most of my time

"Didn't find the colonial people very fashion. able did you?

"I found them very much like other people. The men work harder, perhaps, than they do here, and have a more independent tone; but the women are just as much slaves to the dre maker as here. There is throughout a more even tone of society, but it is slightly varied, and we have a few imitations of the London —the highest point to which our civiliza

"Did you eversee a Hottontot?" inquired the

trouble or disappointment has warped it. Ho boy himself. It is not his intention to make lost his wife at sea. He told me once that the curse of life was upon him, for no matter what vating his acquaintance, studying his character, the peril might be be was sure to be saved to ute himself."

"Ho loved his wife very dearly, perhaps "Naturally. Though she was not his first love, and his moral character had been by no means free from reproach. He married her in Philadelphia, and started for England in the city of Dublin—the ship that was never heard of,

you may remember.

ou may remember."
"You may remember."
"Yes," said Mr. Grantley, quietly," I do remember. Every soul was lost."
"I said the same words to my friend Danvers, and he smiled in his singularly bitter way. 'Every soul and everyhody but one,' he said to me, 'and the soul of that had been lost long before.' But the one saved was himself."
"Your friend?"

" Your friend ?" " Yes, my friend, Mr. Danvers."

· Is he an Englishman? "Yes. There is some mystery attached to him—Danvers is not his real name. He told mo as much; but he did not tell me what his real name was. He used rather strong and gra-phic language, as all men who have suffered much seem to, and he said he had burled his identity with the pust—burled it with an old man's curse upon it, and he did not care to have it disinterred. He took the name of Dunyers

from his wife."
"What is his Christian name?" "Clarence."

"I know_or did know_a young man named Danvers," said Mr. Grantley, with a cold thrill —part fear, and part desperation—at his heart. "How was your friend saved? I should like

to hear, because, as you are aware, the loss of the City of Dublin excited considerable interest at the time. Advertisements were put in every European newspaper, requesting any one who may have been saved to come forward in be-half of the relations of these who were lost.

"That I remember, too; but the only one who could have given information was Mr. Danvers, and he then, and for some time after-wards preferred to let it be thought he was dead. Ito has been a cynic and a sceptic all his life-time, with a few rure intervals of better feeling; and he was a cynic and a sceptic when I first knew him. He told me he had relations here."

"Here!"

"In England," said Mr. Fleming, surprised a the tone in which the question was uttered. "And he seemed to contemplate with some de gree of pleasure the possible effect his return

"Those family experiments are rarely satisfactory," said Mr. Grantley. has been away long enough to be forgotten, long enough to have had his place filled in the hearts of his old friends, he had better stay away alto gether, or come back as a stranger. Tempsoi is a gentleman whom I do not much admire but I like the philosophy of Enoch Arden. Th man came back, and found that his wife had very naturally taken another husband, and he wont away without making himself known. You think it was a noble piece of self sacrifice, I

"There are a good many Enoch Ardens in the world, Mr. Grantley," said Fleming, with a grave look at Margaret. "He was no fancy portrait, painted by a poet! but it is in no such spirit Mr. Danvers would return. His chief de-light would be in watching the disappointment his return would produce, the hopes it would break, the old cumities it would revive; for I

minself known it first. He will begin by cultiyatting his acquaintance, studying his character,
and seeing what he's worth before he acknowledges him."

"It seems a dangerous experiment," Mr.
Grantley said. "The safest plan is to take one's
friends as we find them, and shut our eyes to
what we do not wish to see. I would commend that advice to families in general and
his hands in particular. When de year experihusbands in particular. When do you expect Mr. Danvers?"

" lly the next vessel, the Egeria. It is ex-

pected on Monday. He stayed behind to make inquiries, but he is sure to come by the Egeria." When luncheon was over Mr. Grunttey left Alexander Fleming to the care of Colburu and the gentlemanly George. He was strangely quiet now; the flerce, feverish restlessness had loft him for a settled, stern resolution. Margaret knew that he would not flinch now from the path he had determined on.

"This is a new complication," he said, be-tween his teeth. The very Fates are against me, Margaret. What but the hand of Fate could have thrown your lover into Clarence

Temple's way ?"
"Are you sure it is Clarence Temple ?"

"Can there be a doubt? Itts character—his adoption of his wife's name—the place he comes from! Yes, he is Clarence Temple, and should he arrive in London, all will be over. You must get Fleming away from here. He knows nothing yet, but he could not remain in ignorance long if we had him in the house."

What pretext can I offer? "That I leave to you. I am sorry for you, Margaret. It would be better had Fleining never returned. He is one more to fight against, and I am hemmed in on every side, Yet"—and he uttered such a bitter outh that his siste shrank from it as from a blow—"I will triumple in the end, or Brookdale shall crumble to a hear It shall be my tomb, and the funeral pyre of those who conquer me."

"Everard!"
"I have played too desperate a game throughout to shrink from the last throw now. My way is clear, in spite of the many perils, and there is no barrier that I will not break or trample on. On Monday the Egoria arrives. Fleming would, perhaps, go to meet his friend. That you must

Tell me why," said Margaret, seeing some-"Tell me why," said Margaret, seeing some-thing deadly and dangerous in his eye. "Our sin is deep enough already, Everard. I cannot help you to commit a crime. Let the work stop even now, before it is too late. There is time for forgiveness, and I will plend for you. I am so changed since this morning," she added, clasping her hands imploringly. "I want to be worthy of this good man's love."

"You would be that at your worst. Do you think, because he has the one merit of fidelity, he has lived the life of a saint? You think it was your memory which kept him faithful. Any bachelor might say the same—in fact, it is a thing which bachelors are fond of saying. worst of the unmarried reprobates who grow saintly would, if you asked him why he never married, bring up a sentimental sigh, and hint at some story of early youth and blighted affec-tion. You are a splendid woman, Margaret well worth the waiting, had such a man waited twice as many years. Ho did not happen to be suited while he was away, so he came back, on the chance of finding you still single. It is only by the law of accident that you and he have not

not have told her so. In his time of trial, ho

was forgetful even of her.
"Everard," she said, gently, "I can see a way now by which you unight retreat, and escape the danger that I feel must come. Even if, by no matter what desperate means, you pass the present crisis, now complications must rise, and you cannot be prepared for all."

"Well, what is your way?"

"Send the Parrills out of the country. They

"send the parrias out of the country. They and the wretched boy who threatened you yesterday are but puppers in your hands. You can dismiss them when you like. You are rich enough without Brookdale. You can explain to finelo Clarence, when he comes, that it was you who had his son brought over here, and that you intended in time to tell him the truth us to his parentage?" his parentage." " But Eugene ?"

"Will forgive you for my sake. I will go to him.'

He shook his bend.

• The stake I have played for is Brookdate," he said, with deliberate emphasis, " and Brookdate shall be mine. There is no alternative, I shall only fall if you desert me. Keep Fleming with you on Monday. Let him hear nothing of the change that has taken place here. I will deal

change that has taken place here. I will deal with Eugene to-day."

"What will you say to him?"

"That which will bring him to any terms, if he sets the value of a pin upon his Hfc."

He took the key of the closed wing from his packet, and went towards the pleture-gallery. There was such fell purpose in his face that Margaret followed him with a terrible fear in her soul. He thought she had stayed behind, and was not aware of her presence till be had, and was not aware of her presence till be had the key in the lock.

Then he felt her hand upon his shoulder, Soft

and slender as that hand was, the resolute grip

made him frown.

• Everard," she said, putting her back against the door, • before you enter here give me your solemn promise that he shall not be harmed. 1 have been faithful to you from first to last. I have had it in my power to set him at liberty many a time, and loving him as I do, it has been hard to see him pine as he has pined in bis captivity. He is dying, I am sure; but for your sake I waited, hoping that in time he would take your terms, and so relieve us of a

heavy burden."

eavy marden."

" He will take my terms,"

" He does not?"

" You shall have an answer after I have seen him."

him."

"I must have an answer now," she said, with determination as deep as his own, "So long as he is safe I will say nothing; but If, in the event of his not complying, your intentions are as dangerous as I think, dismiss them for your own sake. Dearly as I love you—deeply as I ave simed for you-I would denounce you If he were injured."

"You, too, Margaret? You turn against me?"
"You, too, Margaret? You turn against me?"
"Only in this. You have not found me thinch,
end you will not so that be is always safe. Pro-

"Well, if you would rather sacrifice me than bim, be it so?"

"I would sacrifice neither, but save both," "And that," he said, under his breath, as she stood away from the door to let him in, "is im-possible."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INCAPTIVITY.

HE opened the door, and went in. The dull light reflected through the window from the celling of the next room showed him Eugene Tegaple scated at a table with a book before him. Eugene, with a patient, wearled look of resignation in his face, and a drooping, fragile

air, which had grown upon him during the time of his captivity in the closed wing. Everard's heart smote him as he met his cou-sin's gaze. He had made but a poor return to his generous young benefactor for years of kind-ness and affection; but a poor return to the dead man who had left two orphaned children in his and Margaret's care.

and Margarets care.

Nothing worse than this captivity had happened yet. Itapidly as Grantley's ambition to be master of the stately pile and the broad hands that belonged to it had taken him step by step into crime, he shrank, in his darkest hours, from the contomplation of the deal which his evil genius suggested to him as the surest means of safety. Cruel as he had seemed, cruel as he had been, no one had regretted more than he the fatal chance which revealed to Eugene the secret of the cabinet, and rendered the keeping of that secret and him who know it a matter of

immates of the house were concerned. The serinmates of the house were concerned. And som-vants knew nothing that transpired. No one two teograph or his sister, or Everard's valet, but Everard or bis sister, or Everard's valet, over entered the closed wing, and Everard's value

was so thoroughly in his master's power that, no matter what he thought, he dared not speak. He was as glad of a hiding-place as Everari was of an assistant on whom he could depend. There was a warrant out for his apprehension on a charge of forgery, and Everard had pro-mised to get him safely out of the country when his task of watching the captive was done. Everard represented Eugene as a harmless invalid of weak intollect, whose existence was not to be made known to the household.

They had treated Eugene kindly. After that arst terrible hour when he was shut in, Everard I gone to him again, and told him what his

"You know my secret." Grantley had said. unmoved and trangull oven then; " you know the truth, and perhaps can see my purpose, Eu-gene. I never intended you should know either. I wanted to be muster here: but I did not wish to merifice you. Give me your word you will never reveal what you know, or interfere with the arrangements as they stand, and half the entire income shall be yours, and you shall leave on the instant."

But Eugene would not temporize with him. He shrank with a shudder, but with no fear from his cousin, on whose soul there was the stain of blood. He would not give up his hirthright, and leave his father's house to one who had been guilty of so much villainy.

41 never should denounce you" he said "The retribution for the crime which sent that poor fellow to his death I leave to heaven and its ministers of justice; but I will not make torms with a felon. I will not leave Brookdale to you and your ingonuous accomplices.

"I can keep you here till you die," was the reply, "and I shall do so unless I have your solern promise that you will take my terms, and give the public sanction of your presence to appearances here. The boy I brought here is or cousin, though he is not Clarence Temple's lawful son, and he suits my purpose better than the real one would, and I have the real one here in England."

"The legitimate child of Clarence Templo?" "The legitimate child of Clarence Temple and Ellen Danvers. He does not know his father's name, and I am not going to calighten him.

His half-brother suits my purpose better."

"I never thought you could be so great a vil lain l "I am surprised myself sometimes. Such a

been married long since—to some one else."

"I am surprised myself sometimes. Such a perversion of the proprieties is never premedit.





no friend. He loved to cut well, drink, idle his time at gambling, and proy upon his fellow oreatures. I did society a service when I sent him over the cliff into eternity. He died with a the in his throat, for had he not said that he had seen you I should have had no purpose in silencing him."

"That sin will find you out, Everard Grantley. The Creator, who saw all, will not permit the murder of that poor man to go unpunished." "My dear Eugene, you talk like a schoolboy. Men, and women too, are drowned and polsoned. outraged and beaten to death, in dark places and in daylight, and the perpetrators are never discovered. In the last twenty years there have been as many undiscovered murders, and those who did them are, it not dead, still at large, Under certain conditions, properly arranged, putting an objectionable person out of the way is safer and easier than picking a pocket."

Strange as the situation was, Eagene could not help wondering how he had lived so long with this man, and never suspected the awful depths of sin lurking under the quiet polish of

character.

Your promise is all I require," Grantley went on. "Give me that, and I open the door for you. I know that the ultra chivalry of your no you. I saw this desired earth of your nature would make your promise sacred even to me. You know my purpose, I cannot give t up. Except that our positions will be reversed, the circumstances will remain precisely the

Julia's brother looked at him in silence, mea suring his change of escape by a struggle, and he gave it up. It was not for heck of courage; he would have began the light as fearlessly as David went to meet Gollah; but slinging a stone

payer went to meet commit; our singing a some into a giant's brain from a distance is easier work than lighting a man of superior strength and equal courage hand to hand."

"You will not keep me long." he said again, "I shall be folsed before to-morrow, and fauronce Danyton will track me out. Living or dead, he would find me, I am sure."

Grantley left him. It was usaless to offernal.

dead, he would find me, I am sure."

Grantley left him. It was useless to attempt to break that high and leaughty spirit at the outset, so Grantley left him to pender his hopeless chance. He knew something of discipline. He had seen hardened criminals, who had no fear of the lash, and laughed at the hardest of hard labour, subdued in a week by the softery system.

"I do not want to break his heart, or drive him mad, or kill him," Grantley said to himself, as he went out; "but he must accept my terms. I would rather have lost my right hand than be compelled to see him saffer as he will suffer before be gives way. All would have been well had he not opened the cabinet."

The same scene was emuted day after day, with the same result. Eugene's sole reply was that they would not be able to keep him there long, for Laurence Drayton was sure to track him out; and now, as Grantley stood before his captive, be thought how likely Eugene's faith was to be realized. "I have come for the last time Eugene," he

said, breaking the silence. "There have been some scrious complications during the last few days, and your friend Drayton, though he is no nonzer to discovering you then he was a week ago, is giving me considerable trouble. He is coming here on Tuesday with Julia, and you must not be here."
"Will you tell me what you mean?"

"Briefly, and with much regret, you must ac-cept my terms, and leave England for two years at least; and you must promise, as I have said before, never to divulge the secret of that drawer—neverto interfere with what transpires

"I shall never make that promise while I

live," said Eugene.

"You have not thought of the alternative?" "There is no alternative for me."

"There is nonternative for me."
"There is. You must accept my terms, Eugene, or I shall have to kill you. I have an affection for you that is almost love, and I have bitterly regretted that you made a discovery which rendered this step necessary. I would not in-jure you unless matters were driven to such a crisis that it comes to a choice between us. That crisis has come now. One must be sacrificed. unless you take my terms, and it is not in my code of ethics to let that one be myself. You must do what I require."

" Never !" "Then there is nothing but the alternative. It is a terrible one, I admit; but you drive me to it. The contest is so unequal, Eugene, that if I had the time I should be certain of your compliance. I must have your final answer to night, and I hope it will be the one I want. 1 hope you will not force me to dig your grave in the solid limestone of the foundation over which

(To be continued.)

The Carat.—Possibly, many people have speculated upon the precise meaning of the word "carat." It is an imaginary weight, that expresses the ineness of gold, or the proportions of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper or other metal; the weight of four grains, used by jewellers in weighing precious stones or pearls, is sometimes called dummend weight—the carat consisting of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains tray, or seventy-four and one-sixteenth carat grains being equal to seventy-two grains troy. The term of weighing carat derives its name from a beau, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called knara. This bean from the time of its being gathered varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India also, the bean is used as a weight for gens and pearls.

Cumonities or var. Earth.—At the city of Modona, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is due, when the workmen arrive at a discussion of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur live feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts intrough the aperture with great violence, and quickly alls this newly-made well, which continues full, and is offected neither by rains or droughts. But what is most remarkable in this operation are the layous of earth us we descend. At the depth of four-teen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mossic work. Unfor this is found a soft, coay ourth, made up of vegetables, and twonty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and brunches in a perfect state of proservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a large quantity of shells, and this bed is cloven feet thick. Under this vegetables are again found COMPARTIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modons.

THE HOUSE WHERE WE WEBE WED.

BY WILL M. CARLTON.

I've been to the old farm house, good wife,
Where you and I were wed;
Where the leve was born to cur iwe hearts,
That now is cold and dead,
Where a long-kept secret to you I told,
In the beaus of the yellow moon,
And we farged our yows out of love's own gold,
To be broken so soon, was soon, wife!
To be broken so soon, yo seen.

I paysed through all the old rooms, good wife ! I handered on and on:

I fallowed the steps of a flitting ghost—
The ghost of a love that is gone.
He led me out on a vine-wreathed porch.
Where with myrtles I twined your hair;
He sat me down on the old stone step.
And he left me musing there, wife,
He left me musing there.

The sun went down as it used to de,
And sunk in the sea of night:
The two bright stars that we called ours
Came slowly into my sight;
But the one that was mine went under a cloud,
Went under a cloud, alone.
And a tear that I wouldn't have shed for the world
Fell down ou the old gray stone, wife,
Foll down on the old gray stone.

But there be words can ne'er be unsaid,
And deeds can ne'er be undene,
Except, perhaps, in another world,
When our life's once more begun:
And may be some time in the time to come,
When the days and years are sped,
We'll love again, as we used to love,
In the house where we were wed. wife,
In the house where we were wed.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE. BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The forenoon of the Duchess of Theirsould's party Margaret Cominghame entered her sister's dressing-room, looking flushed and measy, a thing very unusual with her. Throw-ing her hat on the soft, on which she had sented herself, she said :

"Agnes, send Matilda away; I want to speak to you alone."

The order was given and the maid retired.
"What is the matter, Margaret?" said her sister; you look as if some sudden misfortune

had happened to you."
"I cannot say that there ought to be anything the matter with me, and I am sure no-thing evil has happened, yet I cannot help feeling very uneasy by something Lady finmit-ton said, or rather asked of me, while we went

out driving this morning."

"What could she say? what did she ask?"

"You are aware she came to ask me to drive very unexpectedly?"

"Yes, I know, Matilda told me after you were gone. I was in the green-house with Arthur while she was here, and did not know of her Ladyship's visit, or I would have come into the house. into the house. I am always sorry when I miss seeing her."

" It is perhaps as well you did not. I have never seen Lady Hamilton look unhappy be-fore, which she certainly did this morning. Ernest De Vere is going to India at once, and perhaps she feels parting from him; but the way in which she looked, and even spoke, seemed to me as if it were something connect-

ed with myself, or perhaps both you and I, which made her feel and look so sad."

"What did she say, Margaret? Do not keep me in suspense; you almost frighten

"I shall tell you as quickly as I can, but it

conceal; no one living except ourselves or Sir Richard could disclose that: it is impos-

"I shall try to tell you all. We were scarce ly scated when she led the conversation to Haddon Castle, asked me if I would like to go back there again, and such questions as she knew how I would answer—everything she said so unlike herself."

" Perhaps she was under the influence of the second sight; you recollect Lady Morton telling us about that."

"I do, but this was no second sight; she was evidently very anxions to know what I knew, and to find out what impression her words made on me, and there was no doubt the feelings she laboured under while speaking to me were very painful to herself. It is that more than her words which tells me so plainly she knows about that terrible man's plainly she knows about that terrible man's captivity. Oh! if I were only permitted to tell her all I knew, how glad I would be. I felf, spoke and looked like a guilty thing as she questioned me, and she believes me such."

"Try and tell me what passed without saying what you yourself think of it."

"She.asked me if over I was in the eastern tower white the old permour was bout. I talk!

tower, where the old armour was kept; I told her I was, and she said, 'Do you know if there is an apartment over the armoury, and unde the roof of the tower?' 'Yes,' I answered there is.' 'Were you ever there?' was the next question. I replied, 'Yes.' 'Was Mrs. Lindsay?' 'Yes,' I said, 'she was.' 'How strange that is,' replied her Ladyship, 'as when snoke to Adam on the subject he told me that from the time Sir Robert, your father, came into possession until he left the house after Sir ltichard's return home, the whole of the castern tower was kept shut, because it was deemed unsafe, and that he, Adam, had never outered the amoury even once after Sir Richard went

"I flid not auswer. I knew we always tower or the from cage. 1---"

thought the same until the day dear papa thought the same until the day dear papa died, but of course I did not say so. 'I have been told,' her Ladyship resumed, 'that in the top of the eastern tower there is an iron cage, which in the dark ages (Haddon Castle is such an old place, and people were so cruel then) they used to keep human beings fastened up like wild beasts. I trust these were wild tales which never actually took place, and were only invented to make irrorsart people. The and invented to make ignorant people ake and shiver with horror when the fleree mouth wind blew round the old Castle on winter nights. I to be daresay it is to such that the old saying of the ages.' country people owes its origin:

Haddon for over, and Haddon for aye, May the wind blaw cauld about Haddon for aye.'

" I did not answer. I tried to look unconcerned, but I had no power to look ether than a guilty creature, trying to hide what I saw but too plainly was well known.

"Lady Hamilton sat looking in my face; I knew she did, but I dared not look up into her eyes. I never felt so before; oh! I hope I shall never feel so again. Those few minutes seemed to me like a long, dark day. At last she said, 'Margaret, will you tell me truly if you and Agnes ever saw the inside of that tower chamber, ever saw the iron cage I spoke fint now?"

of just now?'
"I thought of the love and confidence our "I thought of the love and connuence our dear father reposed in us, and a greater courage than ever I felt in my life came to help me, as I inwardly prayed, 'Almighty Father, if ever the dead come back to earth, let my dear father hear and see me now. My fear left me; I was as composed as if I was telling Adam to bring me a branch from yonder tree. I looked bring me a branch from yonder tree. I looked up in hor face, into her eyes, and said, 'Yes, we have both been in the tower chamber and seen the iron cage you spoke of.'

"I shall never forget the look of sharp pain which passed over her face while I said these

"We wore both silent, but I think God

"We wore both silent, but I think God heard my prayer, and my eye did not quail beneath her sad scarching gaze, nor did my cheek burn, nor my heart beat quick.

"We were at the gate of the villa here, the carriage passed in; still she spoke not. We were close to the steps leading to the verandah, the footman came to open the door of the carriage, Lady Klamilton signed to him to leave it shut, and he went forward and spoke to the it shut, and he went forward and spoke to the coachman. A blackbird flew from a low branch of the fir-tree in front of the verandah, and, perching on the topmost bough, sang loud and clearly. I shall ever remember these little

she said : "" Margaret, will you tell me why Agnes and

you went to that chamber?"
"I answered as fearlessly as I ever answer-

ed my father: 'No, Lady Hamilton, I will not tell that to you nor to any living being.'

"She signed to the footman; he came and opened the door for me to get out."

"'Farewell, Margaret, said she, without taking my hand; 'I go to Scotland to-morrow. It is not likely we shall ever meet again on this green, beautiful earth, which we ourselves make so polluted. May Israel's God give us grace, meet before His throne.

"I would have spoken but I could not. After the carriage began to move I looked in her face. Its expression was one of deep misery, as if she had bidden good-bye for ever to a darling child who went to meet a felon's

"I wish we could tell Lady Hamilton that "I wish we could tell Lady Hamilton that strange story. That it will be a cross and a thorn in our path through life, making us to walk with bowed heads and bleeding feet in ways that for others are moss-grown and strewn with roses, I am as sure as that I believe in the blessed Trinity. Lady Hamilton's good opinion is to me almost as dear as that of my healend?" hasband."

"But we cannot tell Lady Hamilton, Agnes, "I shall tell you as quickly as I can, but it seems such a long story; I can scarcely realize that all could have passed during a two hours drive."

"Margaret, what did she say? Was it anything about Arthur? Tell me at once"

"No, nothing about Arthur; it was all concerning Haddon Castle and Sir Richard. I am almost sure she knows about his having been in that terrible place so long."

"But we cannot tell Lady Hamilton, Agnes, or any one cles; I wish we could. The very fact that we are obliged to conceal it seems to make it half a crime; yet that there was a dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the Mowers and statuary by which she was surrounded Fairy Land. In all that gay, courtly threng there was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief; her sister's cheek, which had become ashen white, resumble place which lad become ashen white, resumble place where the lights above her head like dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the dropping stars, the music a joyful paeon, the make it half a crime; yet that there was a flowers and statuary by which she was surrounded Fairy Land. In all that gay, courtly threng there was not a happier heart than Margaret heard a sigh of relief; her sister's science of desolation and misery, and as he not done so? It is as silent as the grave. His her companion.

"I should like to see it so much. Ferns cheek, which had become ashen white, resumble place so long." Margaret heart a significance of the content of the Papa had to bear his ill-usage, and was cognizant of his evil deeds all his life. Oh, Agnes! however it may appear to others, we know papa was in the right,

"Yes, indeed," replied Agnes, " and not only we, but every one who knew our dear father loved and esteemed him, while no one speaks well of Sir Richard. Those who will not defile their lips or tongues with evil-speaking are silent when he is spoken of, while others, less scrupulous, denounce him unsparingly."

"However our knowledge of Sir Richard's captivity may affect us, of one thing there can be no doubt, papa did what was right and best, and had he lived everything would have been different. He most likely possessed a knowledge of Sir klichard's mania for killing people, and by this means could have confined him in and by this means count have connect him in some less terrible way, even after he escaped; and whatever suffering it may bring on us, I have always been thankful to our Almighty Futher, who know our weakness, and therefore, just at the time it would have fallen to us to care for him, ordered it so that he escaped. You have always, Agues, had a stronger mind and frame than I have, and perhaps you could have kept the promise you made for us both; but to me it would have been death in life to know that any creature was shut out from fresh air and motion in a piace like that, never to walk on the green grass, never to see the trees blossom nor hear the birds sing—oh! I could blossom nor hear the birds sing—on. A country not have borne it; every sweet sound, every pleasant sight would have stung my heart bifferest self-reproach. Whatever with the bitterest self-reproach. Whatever my fate may be, my heart will always find cause to rejoice that I was saved the misery of helping to keep that bud man in his prison

"You are right, Margaret; it would have been a misery by night and day, and one, if it had ended in a week, we could never have forgotten all our life long. Oh! I do so wish we had never seen the room in the eastern

She stopped short: her husband's hands were on her eyes. He had entered through a door connecting her dressing-room with the bedroom. The sofa the sisters sat on was placed so that their backs were towards the door, and they knew not of his entrance until his hands were on his wife's eyes.

"What tower and what Iron care were you wishing you had never seen 7" said Colonel Lindsay, as he half-seated himself on the arm of the sofu; "I thought such things were only to be found in the romances of the middle

He was looking down upon his wife and her sister as they sat beside each other. To his surprise the faces of both expressed great con-

Margaret rose immediately, looking as white and cold as a marble statue, while Agnes' neck and face, even her forehead, were red as a

CHAPTER XIX.

Fair Margarot, and rare Margaret, and Margaret Gin ever ye love another man Ne'er love him as ye've done me. —Old Bullad.

The party which met at the Duke of Their sonald's mansion consisted of the elite of London—the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dauro, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess

of Athole, the Duke and Duchess of Gordon.

the crême de la crême of the English aris

The house was a villa residence at Sydenham, a long, rambling; many-roomed cottage, originally in the Elizabethan style, which had been added to by nearly every Duke of Theirsonald as he succeeded his father for generations back. The addition made by the present Duko was a suite of music and drawing-rooms on the one side leading but conservatories. on the one side, leading into conservatories and termees covering mearly an acre of ground, laid out in broad and smooth walks, so that they formed a delightful retreat from the crowded, heated rooms; and, on the opposite side into a picture gallery, which was esteemed one of the best private collections in London don.

Amid these crowded rooms, filled with the Amid these crowded rooms, filled with the high birth, wealth, and beauty of the land, Margaret Cuninghame shone a star, a pearl, surpassing all compeers. Her white silk dress, with its cloudy gauze covering, unrelieved save by the pearls twisted in her pale brown hair, her beautiful hair, that at times showed fair, at others gold, as the light fell directly down or nalust upon it and which had never things, even to my dying day.

"Lady Hamilton observed the bird, and stooped down her head to look at him. At last down or aslant upon it, and which had never known other form than the wave or curl which nature had bestowed; in that gay assembly she was almost a stranger, and amid the dresses of gold and silver lama, the rich velvet and satin that shone around, she was unmistakeably arrayed in the simplest apparel there, yet Duchess and Peer alike put the same question to each other:

"Who is that beautiful girl?-What grace in every step, -refinement speaking in every feature, in every gesture ; -- such a demure look of maiden modesty over all ;—so different from other girls ;—no aid of dress, and yet such rare grace and loveliness."

The beautiful Duckess of Sutherland, she herself considered the most beautiful women in England, sought an introduction to Margaret. t. Her reuson : "Because she is so beautiful."

Where she was allowed by all to be the most

beautiful, perhaps she was the very happiest girl in those lordly rooms.

Notwithstanding the cloud which had troubled her in the morning, her heart beat high with hope, her face was radient with happiness. The morning with its shower of chill rain was forgotten. Ernest De Vere was by her side, the courtly boy so handsome in his gay seasiet uniform, which he wore by request of the great Duke; his sweet voice speaking of endless love, the lights above her head like

great dismay of Adam, when he brought us into the Forest at Haddon; he feared my arms would get torn by thorns, as they did some-times, and used to beg of me to copy Agnes, who always did as she was bid, and even occa sionally threatened never to bring me to the woods again; and I am ashumed to say I often promised to be still and staid, but nature was too strong; when I came to the deep ferns down my hands and arms would go again."

"Come, then, and I will allow you to bury your arms as deep in the ferns as you like, but I confess I would not like to see them scratch-

ed by thorns. "There would be little fear of thorns in a Fernery, and I am old and cautious now." "I will trust you with the ferns," said Captain De Vere, as Margaret, taking his arm, they walked along towards the conservatory; "and as I know they are not chary of their flowers

They entered the conservatory. The time seemed to fly on angels' wings as, with drooping head, Margaret listened to the sweet words which every woman loves to hear, and hides in her bosom, and will never tell again.

The air of the conservatory was warm and

here, I will get you a bouquet of white roses to

match your dress.

heavy with perfume, and they sought the cool ande of the Fernery.

"My head aches with the perfume of these

flowers. Can you get me some water?" "Do you feel ill?" "Not in the least, but I seem to need fresh

air and water." "You shall have both, the first in an instant

"100 such here under these tall ferns; I will slide back the glass above your head, and the outer air will come in softly through the broad She sut down, and the sweet air of the

autumn night came in, tempered through the beech leaves without and the tall ferns within; "This is delicious," said she, leaning back among the green leuves; "I think the Garden of Eden must have been like this." "Rest here then, like Eve in Paradise, until

them both, to Ernest De Vere as to herself.

were both given, and her voice, low and clear, went out on the midnight air:

"Were I to say I did not love you I would prove myself unworthy of the love you have given me. It is best we should both know the truth; it will help us in the time to come. It is impossible I should ever marry you, but I shall love you while I breathe, as long as I have any being. I can never marry any one; I did not know it was so until to-night, yet it

"Margaret, Margaret, recall those wild

"I rnest; hear me once more. I lovo you dearly, I have never leved another, and I never shall, but it is as easy for you to pluck yonder

grounds. It used to be one of my play places when I was a boy. You know, I believe, that the Duke is my uncle." Ho was gone in search of the water, and Margaret Cuninghame sat with closed eyes,

leaning back in that bower of green beauty, thinking there was never youth as handsome as Ernest De Vere, never maiden so blessed in her love as Margaret Cuninghame.

minutes, as I shall take it from a spring in the

A sound in the trees outside, as the wind stirred their light leaves with a twitter and the stirred their light leaves with a twitter and the rustle peculiar to the beech attracted her at-tention; a second more, she heard Lord Nairu's voice say in an undertone, but so close above her head, as she sat under the opening in the Fernery, that she could not avoid hearing dis-tinctly every word:

"Sir Robert Cuninghame was father to these girls and it was the consult the same are

girls, and it was he, you will observe, who con-lined his father during eighteen years in an iron cage in one of the towers in the man's own Castle.

Margaret felt her head reel, and her eyes become sightless. She grasped the stem of a tree fern; without that support she would have fallen to the ground.

"Most atrocious," replied a voice which she knew was Lord Cromatee's,

"A cage with bars as thick as a man's arm, six fact by six, the two girls——" a rustle of the beech leaves drowned the rest of the sentence.

"A dreadful fate for poor Lindsay," said Lord Cromatee.

"Shocking," replied Lord Nairn; "better he had married the peorest dairy-maid in the land than entail such disgrace upon nimself and his children.

"Oh, horrible!--- another rustle of the beech leaves.

"If Lindsay comes to know it, I should not at any time be surprised to hear that he had shot himself.' "It would be my resource were I in his

place."

place."

"Mrs. Lindsay," — "beautiful woman," —

"young De Vere," — caught in the sister's toils," — came in sentences broken by the beech leaves, through her ear to her heart, as if to still it forever. "Goes to India to-morrow,"-"Will soon forget her,"-" Utter ruin to the poor boy," -

forget her, """ I'tter ruin to the poor boy," "
"A history of crime." ""
"To Scotland in a day or two," "" Poor Lindsay, very sorry for him," "" Easy to avoid them," came in detached sonteness, stalking heast and brain, each one like a funesal knell. Heavy flootstops passed slowly down by the side of the Fernery, the beech leaves rustled and twittered in the night breeze.

Mangaret Cumptomore in the last ten min-

Margaret Cuninghame in the last ten min-utes had passed through a life of woe; hence-

orth to her life was nothing, death all.

She was alone, trying to make her heart beat quietly, but it was impossible. She louged to weep or pray, but it could not be; her very brain seemed warped and wrung; her power of hearing had gone with that last

scathing sentence:
" Easy to avoid them."

Her eyes bad lost their vision; for anything she knew or felt, she might have been sitting on a barren rock, with the waves of the salt sea lapping her feet. Her eyes were wide open, staring; yet fern leaves, beach trees and flowers were gone from her sight. Sight and speech and hearing were dead; yet her mind was never more widely awake, more painfully conscious. All the long, arid, sandy desert of life she must henceforth tread alone was vividly before her,—the drosping aching head, the cross clasped in silence to her weary breast, the sharp flints and thorns piercing her bleeding feet,—all her red roses deal roses.

An arm was round her, a face laid to hers; she knew who it was—who clasped her and Her eyes bad lost their vision; for anything

she knew who it was—who clasped her and laid her head on his breast—she feels his touch and knew it so well, her heart beat in

great wild throbs.
"Margaret, dear Margaret, try to speak." "Margaret, dear Margaret, try to speak."
She hears that, and wonders why he shouts so loud. A great sigh heaves her breast, her eyes are open, she sees and hears him now.

"Margaret, dearest, you are better; try and drink this cool water."

She drank, a long cool draught; how strong "What a fool I was to leave you here alone! You are much better now. Were you fright-

Her breath came softly back, and the great

She tried to move, but her strength had not

He remembered seeing a large ermine cape lying on one of the garden clairs as he had passed through the conservatory. It was the work of a moment to bring it and wrap it round her. The fresh water, the warm fur brought back the blood to her heart. I am better now; take me to Agnes." "You must rest yet awhile."
A few minutes passed. Her strength came

I am strong and well now; we will go. "Margaret, dearest, let me say one word to you. We may not be alone together for years. am under orders for India; we leave with

the morning tide."

He paused; not for a reply; he did not expect one, he did not wish for such. She knew what he was going to say, and she had prayed that strength might be given to

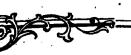
" Margaret, will you be my wife when I come back from India?" Her prayer was answered; grace and strength

"Sit down by me, Ernest, I want to say something you must hear and understand, but which, for my sake, I hope you will not answer. No word could avail to after the flat made in Heaven.

is no less surely true."

words "

bright star from the Henvens as to win Ma I bring you some water. I shall be gone some | garet Cuninghame for your bride.





adulation had become valueless as a grain of saud, light as thistle-down, things of naught.

The Duke of Wellington advanced to meet her. He had been, like all else, attracted by her beauty an hour before, when it was so glowing and radiant, and now, struck by the contrast, her heavy eye, the dark-fringed eye-lid almost resting on her marble cheek, presented to the placid happiness her face hetokened an hour before, augured that her tête-ê-tête with Ernest De Vere was the cause, and he felt annoyed that Lady Hamilton should have asked or he have granted the favor which have asked or he have granted the favor which, by sending her lover to India, would perhaps

requirate them for ever.

To those who knew the great Duke well, i.is nature was one of tenderest kindliness, and at his age happiness assumed proportions which neither fame nor fortune could ever attain. His wealth was boundless, his fame in the batthe field and Senate such us only one in a cicle can beast, yet he could understand the sense of utter loneliness the highest, haughtiest stoop down to when wondering thousands come to bless the heart which has not one to love, and he felt almost guilty as he looked at this heartiful cirl in her young bleom who would beautiful girl, in her young bloom, who would most likely be offered up a sacrifice to Mammon. There were episodes in his own life which, looking back upon, told him that there were hearts that never forgot, young hearts where the sunbeams fall in vain, as on spring-

where the sunbeams fall in vain, as on spring-crushed flowers, never more to smile in glad-ness, the only sweetness life has left to dream of death by the rocks of the lone sea-shore. "De Vere, will you give me your place? Miss Cuninghaue, will you take my arm?"
The exchange was made. The Duke talked of indifferent things as they wandered from room to room, and, approaching the subject by degrees, at last spoke of Ernest De Vere's de-narture with his prejugation that programs. said it was probable the Guards would not be long in India, and it was also very easy, if De Vere wished for such himself, to make a transfer into a home regiment if he did not care for remaining in India, which few young men did

He rescived no answer in words, but he felt the great throis of the unquiet heart, which now and again shook the slight frame, that tried to suppress them but could not. The strong spirit which used to enable her to say I will was now powerless as a child.
in wandering from room to room they enter-

ed a small music apartment, containing only one piano and a harp. Do you ever extemporize?" asked the

"I can play little else, nothing any one would care to hear."

Then sit down and converse to me in sweet We are almost alone in this small room, and the few who are here are too much occupied with each other to hear what you say to me through the keys of the piano, so you may safely tell all you think and feel."

A thorough student and judge of human na-ture, the Duke knew that if she were to extemporise and pour out her feelings in music, this would tend to tranquilize her heart as no

this would tend to trunquilize her heart as nothing else would, and it was with a view to this that he brought her hither.

At first she played some half-hesitating harmonious chords, by degrees mellowing into melody, soft and low, thrilling her listener to the heart as a pathotic cadence reminded him of "Erin go Bragh;" then came a hesitating, half-expressed sorrow, as if she feared the notes would become words under her touch; at last she seemed to lose conscious research. at last she seemed to lose consciousness of the present, she was pouring her soul forth in the wail of the exiled Hebrew by the river of Babylou, Israel mourning for their beloved land,—"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?"—"We wept when we remember the state of th bered Zion."—A sadder, closer sorrow, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me."—"Benjamin, my son, my son, would to God 1 had died for thee."—a cry of anguish—"Search mo, oh God, try me, my thoughts unfold, shew unto me the path of life."—a long low wail of heartbreaking melody, supplication, pleading—"Lord recall our bondage as streams of water in the South."—a solemn strain as if angels spoke—" He gave Egypt for a ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for them,"—" Yea He loved the peoorout. joyful preon-" Oh Grave where is thy victory, oh Death where is thy sting." Exhausted, her hands lay on the keys, while

the sounds of the last grand chords died away in low murmurs.

At first the only listener was the Duke, who had led her to the piano that she might relieve her buildened heart. The power site possessed to thrill the hearts of others, to make them weep and rejoice, was unknown to him as to herself. At first a few listeners would come with soft tread, nearer and nearer; one by on each voice was hushed at the power of melody which stirred their souls to the very depths, until at last all within hearing of the wondrous music formed a circle round the instrument

The last faint murmur died away as if borne on the wind. The Duke touched her arm, and giving her his own, led her out of the circle who were all still too much under the influence of her music even to express their admiration for the talent which enchanted them

Ernest De Vere was not in the circle of entranced listeners round the piano. He stood alone, leaning on the velvet-covered mantelshelf, his soul giving a strong response to every chord, every note.

He had never heard her play, and had never conceived the idea of her possessing a power like this. Each strain of the music seemed to be pouring his own feelings out, revealing them to himself, and when at last the trium phant song of giadness came to the worn heart,

he replied in his soul:
"Even so, Margaret, I also can wait."

(To be continued.)

WATER OF THE DEEP SEA.—An appearates for obtaining water from the depths of the ocean has been invented in Germany. An open vessel of suitable form and size is lowered by means of a rope, and when the desired depth has been reached an electrical current is transmitted through a wire that accompanies the lowering rope, and this current, inducing activity in an electro magnet attached to the apparatus, releases powerful springs, which act upon stop-cocks, thus inclusing the water at any degree of depth. Some useful experiments in the determination of the carbonic acid in sea-water have been made through the agency of this apparatus.

FARM ITEMS.

The rice plantations on the Savannah River are being desoluted by a species of water caterpillar. House raisors say that a few carrons given daily to a horse will render his coat beautifully slock and glossy.

To prevent rate from gnawing harness, mix with the oil applied a little Cayenne popper, say a tea-spoonful to the quart.

spoonful to the quart.

A CONDITION powder, made of three parts salt and one of ashos, and given to horses at the rate of a handful a week, is highly commended by the Turk Field and Farm. If a little sulphur is added to the dose once in a fortnight, there will be no harm done and many evils may be prevented. The prescription is almost es valuable for other domestic animals.

tion is almost es valuable for other domestia animals.

Rahitual costiveness in horses should not be counteracted by purkatives, as they generally increase the ovil; but attention should be paid to the habit itself, and the peculiar tendencies of that should be remedied by occasional brain mashes, tiren food is particularly useful in these cases in Summer, and carrots in Winter. A costive state of the bowels may sometimes be remedied by placing a lump of rock salt within the manger.

A correspance of the bowels and shruhs which have been in constant use for over nine years, and their points are yet perfectly sound. "I take," he says, "common coal tar and bring it to the boiling point in a kettic some ten to twelve inches deep; i then place the lower part of the stake in the boiling tar, immersing it as deeply as the pot will allow. After remaining therein about ten minutes, I take thom out, allowing the surplus tar to drain off, and roll the tarrod portion in sharp sand, covering every part of the tar. After they have become perfectly try I give them another coat of tar, completely covering the samiled part." He keeps the upper part well painted.

The London Horse Rook said: All horses must not be feed in the camerone in the same the same to the feed in the camerone the said.

cring the samled part." He keeps the upper part well painted.

The London Horse Book said: All horses must not be fed in the same proportion, without regard to their nees, their constitutions and their work, because the impropriety of such a practice is self-evident. Yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is no proper nourishment in it. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the howels and skin diseases. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chow and digest it better. Mix chaff with eorn or boans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food linere and digest it better.

ROADS AND FENCE CORNERS.—A correspondent of the Raral New Yorker writes: If there is any one thing which I hate more than another about a farm, it is to have the road walks and fence corners filled with brush and weeds. It is from these places that the Canada thistles and other noxious weeds become scattered over the farm, and who does not know that weeds in roads and walks are a sure mark of sloventiness on the part of the owner? Just mow all the brush and weeds from the fence corners and roadsides; hoe and rake your garden walks, and see what a wonderful change it will make in the general appearance of your place. What a very bad hat is to an otherwise well drossed gontleman, weedy walks and roads are to a good farm or garden. When I was a boy, my father taught me to hoo out my row, which mean to the centre of the road, or close up to the fence, not permitting the weeds and grass to annually encroach upon that portion of the land occupied by crops.

igneroach upon that portion of the land occupied by crops.

To Ascertan the Weight of Live Cathe.—First see that the animal stands square, then, with a string, take his circumference just behind the shoulder-blade, and measure the feet and inches—this is the girth. Then measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock, and direct the string along the back to the forepart of the shoulder-blade, and this will be the length. Then work the figures thus —Nuppose girth of bullock of feet 4 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together make 33 square superficial feet, and these multiplied by 33—the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of eattle measuring less than seren and more than sere feet in girth, 31 is the number pounds to be estimated for each superficial foot. And suppose a small animal to measure 2 feet in girth and 2 feet in length, these multiplied together make 4 feet, which multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when the cattle measure 2 feet in girth and 3 feet; which multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when the cattle measure 4 feet in helps in girth and 3 feet 9 inches in longth, that multiplied together make 6 feet in girth make 44 pounds. Again suppose a calf or sheep, each of the feet in girth make 656 lbs. The dimensions in girth and length of the back of cattle, sheep, calves and hops, taken this way, are as exact and more than 3 feet in girth, make 256 lbs. The dimensions in girth and length of the back of cattle, sheep, calves and hops, taken this way, are as exact as at all necessary for common computation or valuation of stock, and will answer to the four quarters of the animal, sinking the offal. A deduction must be made for animals half fat, of one pound in twenty from those that are fat: and for a copy that has had calves, one pound must be allowed in addition to the one for not being fat upon every iwenty.—Peduce's Land Measurer.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A ROMANTIC white girl of sixteen has joined a roying band of Indians in Marquetto Co., Wisconsin and will not leave them.

True physicians in New York report an alarming increase of cancer in the nose, caused by the practice of warring cyc-glasses that are held to the bridge of the nose by a spring.

Tun arching of the western entrance to the Hoosic Tunnel is composed of 12,000,000 bricks. Six years ago the first brick was laid by Engineer Doane; the last was laid by Engineer Frost on Friday, June 28 1872.

A MAN in Newark, N. J., who lost both of his hunds by a railroad accident, is enabled by artificial hands to maintain his position as a railroad em-ployed. He can lift articles, write, and do many sther surreigner bines.

The inhabitants of Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, have torn up the rails of the new Central Railroad, declaring that the locomotive is the creature of the devil. The mob are said to have been incited to this act of violence by fanatical clergy-

non.

CERTAIN employers of working men in Belgium are trying a novel experiment. Knowing full well the great difficulty in precuring cheap and comfortable accommodations in a great city, they have recently organized a home for their employees, where, for thirty-live cents (American money) a day, each person will be furnished with lodging, four meals a day—one of meat—and have their washing done free.

DISCOVERY OF A STALACTITE CAYE—A correspond-out of the Message of Odessa says that a sploudid stalactite cave has been discovered at the distance of seven vertes from Soukhoum. It is, according to the report, a long serie, of caves and galleries, the whole extending over a longth of about 200 feet; the principal chambers are very lofty, and the stal-actions remarkably beautiful. Some fossil bones, have been found in the caves, and search is now be-ing made for prehistoric arms and other remains. The intelligence that the stock of cuarco or the in-

ing made for prehistoric aris and cher remains.

The intelligence that the stock of guano on the istands near Poru is nearly oxinuated has stimulated inquiries after further supplies of this valuable fortilizer, and it appears that extensive deposits exist in several localities. A Peruvina journal published at Lima says that immense guano bods have been discovered ou the mainland north of Callao, of a quality superior to that found on the celebrated Chinoha Islands. The discovery is the result of an expedition set on foot by Meigs, the great milroad contractor. Another expedition sent to a piace near Pisco, where it was reported there were large deposits, ascraimed that no guano was to be found thore. The beds north of Callao, where it is said that millions upon millions of the fertilizer lie within easy reach, are the ressort of sea lions in immense numbers.

Statistics of the Greman Parliament. The Gard

bers.

Statistics of the German Parliament.—The German periodical Im Neuen Reich gives some interesting details as to the composition of the Reichstag. Of the 378 members of the Assembly 50.9 per cont. are Liberals, and 34.4 are anti-Liberals; the Intermediate German Empire party amount to 9.5, while 4.7 per cent. belong to no party. The Protestants number 252-46.6 per cent., the Catholies 122-32.2, and the Jows 4-1.05 per cent. The professions are represented by 41 Government functionaries—16.2 per cent. 12 provincial and communal functionaries—3.1, 107 jurists—28 9, 3 medical men—0.7, 18 philologers—4.7, 13 theologians—3.4 5 authors—1.3, 20 large anded proprietors—5.2, 80 agriculturists—32.5, agreat contractors—1.5, 10 manufacturers and contractors—2.2, 10 merchants—1.2, 4 officers—1.05, and 14 without profession—3.9 per cent.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Russia Salve.—Take equal parts yellow wax and sweet oil; molt slowly, carefully stirring; when cooling sitir in a small quantity of plycerine. Good for all kinds of wounds, &c.

WARRING.—Mousekeepers will find it a great convenience to have two seeds.

wantage and the second was a se

creansed.

To Com. Frances.—"he ribs are scraped with a bit of glass, cut circularly, in order to render them pliant; and then, by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments, they assume the curly form so much admired.

knife over the flaments, they assume the curly form so much admired.

To Hamper the Hards,—Boil in three quarts of water a pint of horseradish, four ounces of pulvorized alum, and four ounces of rock salt. When the preparation is cool wash the hands in it two or three times a day for a week or ten days.

To Wash Calico.—To prevent calico from fading while washing, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in while hot, and leave it till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washings.

To Prany the Broon.—A well-known physician says that he considers the following prescription for purifying the blood as the best he has ever used; One onne yellow dock, one-half ounce horse-radish, one quart hard cider. Dose, one wine-glass full four times a day.

Stramerry Care.—Prepare a pound cake; mash ripe strawherries, and drain them; spread the fruit evenly on the cake and frost the top; stick large, ripe berries on the cake, before the icing set; sweeten the juice, and serve it with the cake. This is a proper dinner dish, but is good for tea also.

Pinkapple Ick.—One juicy, ripe pineapple peeled and out small, inica and greet seed of one town.

PINEAPPLE ICE.—One julcy, ripe pineapple peeled and out small, juice and grated peel of one lomon, one pint of sugar, one pint of sugar over the pineapple and let I stand an hour. Mash all up together, and strein on the syrup through a hair sieve. Add the water and freeze.

FRITTERS..-Use any kind of fruit or berry, or bonana. Cut the banana in sikes. Flour, water and salt mixed to a thick batter. Best two whites of egas to a stiff froth, and mix with the batter. A little liquor or wine of any kind will improve it. The slices of fruit are dipped into the batter and cooked in hot fat.

in hot fat.

HARD GINGERBERGD.—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, then rub in half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonsful of ginger, and a spoonful of rose-water; work it well; roll out and bake in flat pans in a moderate oven. It will take about hall an hour to bake. This gingerbread will keep good some time.

good some time. good some time.

Potato Rouls.—Boil two pounds of potatoes, puss through a colander or mash them well; add two ounces butter and a pint of mik, a little salt, one gill yeast, and as much flour as will make a soft dough; set them to rise; when light cut them in eakes; let them rise half an hour, and bake. Sweet potatoes make beautiful biscuit, mixed as above.

Scheen Apples.—Right pounds of apples, pared : four pounds sugar; one quart of vinegar; one ounce of stick olimamon; half ounce cloves. Boil the sugar, vinegar and spice together; put in the apples when boiling, and lot them remain until tender (about twenty minutes). Take them out and parthen in ajar. Boil down the syrup until it is thick and pour it over.

and pour it over.

Good Wintewash. — Take clean lumps of well burnt white lime, slackened; add to five gallons a quarter of a pound of whiting or burnt alum putverised, half a pound of well builde paste, and hulf a pound of cleanest glae, dissolved and boiled out in water. This may be put on cold indoors, but hot outside. It will be as beilliant as plaster of Paris, and retain its brilliancy for many years.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Western the state of the contemplation by Mosers. Decinotz, Luider, and Rechieve, the first-montioned gentleman having been a member of the German north polar expedition of 1869-70 on the Hann. They expect to spend several years in the labor, and to proceed first to Calabar, for the purpose of studying its fawns and making collections of all kinds. They do not expect to penetrate far into the interior, but will do what they can in this direction. They intend to have suitable apparatus to enable them to fix their route with procision, and to record the physical phonomena that may present thomselves.

Dugong On.—Attention has been recalled, by the contents of the Queensland Amaze at the International Exhibition, to the medical uses of the dugong oil. They have been declared, remarks the British Medical Journal, by more than one medical practitioner, following Dr. Holt of Brisbane, to possess all the nutritive qualities of cod-liver oil, and to be equally useful in all the forms of tuberculous and wasting diseases which are bonefited by the administration of cod-oil. It is alleged to possess an actually agreeable flavour, to be pleasant as an article of food, and to be accoptable to those whose stomachs reject cod-oil. At a record dinner in the Annexe, the pastry was made with dugong oil, and pronounced excellent. This should make it a valuable neclicine, and one which might, with adventage, be introduced into practical use by prescribing physicians in this country.

country.

Much interest has been excited in the United Much interest has been excited in the United States and England by the movement among the Japanese looking toward the introduction of the English language and its literature into the Japanese empire; and it has even been stated that there is a possibility that our mother-tongue may in time become their national language. The principal difficulty in the way of this desirable consummation lies come their national language. The principal difficulty in the way of this desirable consummation lies in the peculiarities of the English language, and the namber of irregular verbs characterising it, as also the want of uniformity in its pronunciation. The idea has been suggested of forming an improved English language for the benefit of our Oriental friends by making all the verbs regular, and improving the orthography. Should this be carried out, it is not impossible that the reform may be in time adapted by ourselves.

The choice of a new language by the Japanese lies, it is said, between the English and the German, and the selection of the latter is warmly urged by the digmans. Indeed, that language appears to be quite a favorite one in Japan, as attested by the existence of an extensive German book-store there doing a large business, and by the establishment of quite a number of schools for teaching the tongue.

According to the Albany Argus, the shad-hatching

ACCORDING to the Albany Argas, the shad-hatching operations of Mr. Soth Green on the Hudson River during the present season have been extremely successful, an immense number of eggs having been supplied directly by himself or through others to lake Champlain, the Genesco River, and other localities.

cessful, an immense number of eggs having been supplied directly by himself or through others to lake Champlain, the Genesco River, and other localities.

The principal scene of his operations was at what is called Camp Green, about ten miles below Albany, on the western shore of the Hudson. This consisted of three tents, one a dormitory, one a sitting-room, and the thrid a kitchen. Five men have been employed by Mr. Green in the various operations connected with this business—first, in the capture of the shad, which is done by means of a seine about 400 feet long about a mile below the camp, on the rame side of the river. They are usually taken between eight and ten o'clock at night, and, if properly matured, the eggs are stripped from the female into a pan of water, and the nilt subsequently expressed into the same, and the whole stirred together. When this operation is concluded the eggs are carried to the batching ground and placed in the hatching boxes, where they are loft seven or eight days, according to temperature.

The lantching boxes constitute an essential feature of the operation, and are constructed according to a plan patented by Mr. Green. These are made of wood, are nineteen belies long, thirteen inches wide, and ten inches deep, open at the top, and the bottom composed of tarred wire-cloth of twenty meshes to the square inch. Each box has fastened to its sides two wooden floats, holding it in the water at an angle of forty degrees, so as to subject the eggs to the action of a slight tidal current, it being necessary that the eggs should be kept in a genite and conjunous motion until hatched. These boxes are fastened together, one behind another; in rows of live or six, with an anchor at one end of each gang, in order that the boxes was adjust themselves to the tide.

In twenty-four hours after impregnation, with a temperature of 55°, a small yellowish speck is visible in the direction of the stream to find subside the egg, is half an inch tone, with an umbilieal sac attached, which he absorbed

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it. Text is is an immortal flower; a thing that has no-thing to four from circumstances, a post where dan-ger has no power.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over an other man than this, that when the injury hegan o his part, the kindness should begin on ours,

MIND what you are after. Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke or darkness, that that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

and which is worth keeping.

The fact that the word worth, when applied to character, means moral worth, shows that, though men may be dualed by intellectual brilliancy, their real aspect cannot be won without virtue.

Thern, Virtue and Happiness may be distinguished from each other, but they cannot be divided. They subsist by a mutual co-inherence which gives a shadow of divinity even to our human nature.

It is very sweet to be loved—to know that one's coming rejoices the heart and brightens the eyes, and that when we go where we are helved, we scatter light and joy, and make the dark chamber of the soil radiant with sunshine.

EVERYTHISG useful at necessary is champest: watking is the most wholesome exercise, water is the best dirink, and plain foul the most mourishing and healthy diot: even in knowledge, the most useful is the casiest acquired.

It we look only at the principal productions—of a

casiest acquired.

If we look only at the principal production of a poet, and neglect to study himself, his character, and the circumstances with which he had to contend, we full into a sort of atheism, which forgets the Creator and his creation.—Gathe.

and inscreation.—tfacthe.

Fonermas love may fall upon unworthy objects, but how much better this than to have no love. Suppose the rain should say, "It will not fall, there are so many desert places where the sand only soaks up and gives both no verdure." No-dfock rain and sunshine fall upon the just and unjust, the waste places as well as the fruitful. So our love should reach all.

reach all.

The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaint ance, is dead, how sarely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we may have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act or word which, while he was in life, did not seem to us to he unkind at all, now "bites back" as if it were a serpent, and shows us what it really was.

was.

Every industrious man, by his labour manual or mental, depends upon his personal exertions for fortune and fame. Every indolent man depends for subsistence upon the labour of others, upon patrimonial resources, or upon trick and fraud. One adds to the common stock of wealth and human empoyment, the other adds nothing. The last are like the grain-worms, which consume our crops, without rendering any equivalent to society.

The faculty of concentrating the mind on the matter in hand, to the exclusion of all other thines, is one of the travest and most valuable gifts with which a man can be endowed. To commence with a theory, to think it out to its legitimate results, to reduce those results to a concrete form, and, if it be in material science, to proceed to experiment and practice, without diversing in any direction from the purpose, is possible to very few men.

Whateyer may be said concerning chance and

purpose, is possible to very few men.

WHATEVER may be said concerning chance and fortune, there is no chance—no luck, and never was. Mon reap what they sow, get what they carn. Men and things are evened, halanced here. It may seem that many kind actions and loving wishes go unrewarded, and that many a victous life daunts it out triumphant to the end. But this is only seeming. No act can go unrewarded here, because every act carries its reward in itself. No evil life is victorious, it only pretends to be so. The brag is on its lips, but the pain is in its heart.

A fount wife is to a man window streamth and

out, it only pretends to be so. The brag is ou its lips, but the pain is in its heart.

A gond wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a had one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firances, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long embare had influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise raid action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole houd, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds ue rost, and is there met with bad-temper, sullenness, featousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and consure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with ten many who, it might seem, have no coulliets or trials of life; for such is the wife's power.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

196. CHARADE.

My first is an article oftentimes used; My nest, I am sorry to say, is abused; My third is oftimes refused by the fair, And often regretted for c'or and for c'er.

When King Henry the Fifth one day
Was marching from Harfleur to Calais,
He beheld, in martial array,
One hundred thousand horse from Paris,
Drawn up his progress to contest,
Or take him a pris'ner in battle;
But he nobly did his best.
Fought my whole, and the French did baffle.

197. SQUARE WORDS.

1. The name of a common prickly plant, of the class Syngenesia; a scriptural name; a beautiful Greek slave; a German poet of the thirteenth century; un early Greek sophist and rhetorician; a Roman general; the name of a kind of acid; a small plant renowned in soms.

2. A crustaceous animal; resembling the opal; queer quadrupeds; a wild English fruit; an Italian priest and author; a village in Asiatic Russia; to return.

priest and author; a village in Asiatic Kussia; to return.

3. A precious stone resembling the beryl; a small French village; the name of a Saxon princess; an early Swedish writer; a Shaksperian character; a village of Persia; a valuable piece of carbon. LILY FLINTOPE.

198. CHARADE.

A portion of your face my first
Will plainly show when 'tis reversed;
And if my near you will transpose,
A bird of prey it will disclose.
When night cames on, and work is done,
My whole to you is welcome then,
Till, with the morning's glorious sun,
You rise refreshed for work again.
C. W. N.

199. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

From every part of Christendom, 'Gainst Saracous to fight. 'Gainst Saracons to fight,
To Palestine bravo warriors come,
With swords and armour bright.
The lender of this gallant band, Pre-eminent in arms, 'Gainst crescent banners raised his hund, And vain wore Syria's charms.

And vain were specified and the second and the seco

200. CHARADE.

Without my first you could not walk, id est, not very well.
Transpased, my near's a gloomy cave,
Where savigo beasts do dwell.
Correctly together place the two,
A fabulous tale they'll show to you.
C. W. NAMDAC.

201. SQUARE WORDS.

A bird: a city of England; separately; the language of ancient Scaudinavia; to embark in.

2. A Scriptural place; imbecile; an opponent; to
terrify; radiers.

3. To choose; an admirer; each one; the goddess

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 31. 189. Anagham.—Eve. 189. Engha.—Assansa-i-nation. 190. Chanade.--Dogmatic.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE Coming Man-A watter. Tak British Public-A gin-palace. A Laby's Impreention-Lace me tight.

PAYING off a Back Score "Flogging a garotter. WHEN is a clock like a builder?—When it strikes.

A "NEST Hourst MOVEMENT."—From London to
Edinburgh by express,

ommurgin by express.

To A Connessionniest, Postmasters General are enorally buried in a Post-crypt.

Wity is troy-weight like an unconscientious per-or? Because it has no scruples. Wher is better than presence of mind in a railway necion!?--Why, to be altogother absent,

Shakspeare, would never have asked, "What's in an aim?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

As eccentric guntleman in New York has had his house painted black, us a token of grief for the loss of his wife. Jose but.

Jose Buarsos says that opera music don't have any more effect on him than easter oil would on a graven image.

of us as a car-nation.

At Bloomington, Illinois, the home of Judge Davis, the liquor law is dodged by these placards over the saloons: "Admittance ten cents, drinks free."

The Magaron: Staytets, in the opinion of an American paper, should be changed to read. Who dares take this woman? And the groom shall answer. I dare.

dare."

Stata, but active hootblack to a wearer of thire-terms—"Say, hors, le" me black yer hoots? The it for five cents an acre, and warrant it done before sundown."

down."

A swrote looking serious in a chapel in lioston-was asked by the elergyman "if he felt any change, whereupon the tar put his hand in his pocket, and re, lied, "Not a cent!"

re, near, "Not a cent!"

"Is there may danger of the boarconstrictor biting!" asked a visitor of a zoological showe
"Not the least," replied the showning. "He is a r
bite, he swallows his wittles whole."

Manco Rivouris, "Tongue, plenty, but goin (1881) brains, scarce and wanted; check, fall (1942) plack, market bare; thearis, mastendy, price (1881) ating, mostly sold for eash on delivery.

"I wormer where those clouds are going," sigled Flora pensively, as she pointed, with deficate fineer, to the heavy masses that thorted in the sky "I think they are going to thomeer," said her brother.

A MAN endeavoged to find out the aga of a horse by counting his teeth. Those he couldn't see to count, he felt of. He told the door who sewed up his hand that this was a hard world for a laboring

swap sermons."

The Boston Nonday Courier says: "A thrifty citizen who effected an insurance on the life of his wife to the amount of \$10,000, the other day took home a lox of little Maryland plums and enjoyed a whole evening in watching his wife eat them. He eather prise had its reward. Deducting \$250 for tangeral expenses, he is now \$9,702 richer than he was a week new.

A twentions traveller described the difference of society in the metropolis, when compared to the provincial town, in the following language:—"In the country, if you have a leg of mutton for dimer, everybody wishes to know if you have enjoy said with it; whereas, in London, you may have an elephant for lunch, and no one cares a pin about it."

with it; whereas, in London, you may have an elephont for lunch, and no one carge a pin about it."

The city man on the Jacksonville Journal is in
trouble ugain, He wrote for the same issue of his
paper an obituary on "one of our oblest citizens,"
and a notice of the proposed Fourth of July celebration. Ategat one end unixed up so as to state that
the decleased "would in a short time move the pleasure of witnessing the most wonderful display of breworks ever seen." The sorrowing relatives put off
the garb of mourning, and are now boking for the
city man with short clubs.

As instance of rare honesty, and showing how a
dog (American of coarse) may desire to pay his
bourd bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Massachasetts. A lady saw a dog frequently about her
house picking up odd bits which had been thrown
out, and one day she called him in and fed him.
The next day ho came back, and as she opened the
door he walked in and placed an egg on the floor,
when he was again fed. The following day he
brought another egg to pay for his dinner; and on
the fourth day be brought the old hen herself, who
it seems had failed to furnish the required egg (

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

August 7th, 1872. Market firmer. Wheat was quoted 1 to 2e dear in the West this foreneon. Liverpool has advanced 1 to 2d on Red Wheat. The following were the latest telegrams received on Change:—

1.30 p. m. ~ 2.00 p. m. s. d. FLOTE.—The improvement reported by telegraph in the Lighth and Western markets this morning caused a firmer feeling here, and an advance of 5 to 10c per bri was established—t fair amount of hasiness transpiring. Sales of round 10ts include 2,000 bris of a city brand of Super at \$6.25, and 500 bris do at \$6.29. Sales to dealers were 15th by. Foresco ness transpiring. Sales of round 104s include 2,000 bris of a city brand of Super at \$6.25, and 500 bris do at \$6.25, Sales to dealers were 150 bris Extra at \$7.15, 500 do at 7.10, 290 do at \$7.50 do at \$6.39, 100 bris Strong Bakers, at \$7.300 bris Ordinary Camada Super at \$6.22, 50 do at \$7.30 bris 190 bris Western States at \$6.21, 50 No. 2 at \$5.70, 100 bris Fine at \$5.25, 50 do at \$5.20, 100 bris Middlings at \$4.25, and 400 City Bags at \$3.15. Receipts reported by G. T. R. 2,301 bris, by Lachine Canal, 2,427 bris.

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uperior Extra nominal.					
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Canal (fresh ground).					
upers, City brands (We.	stern When	L). 6 2	के रहत है। इस		
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Vestern States, No 2		0 10) to () (0)		
ine					
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ullards					
loper Canada Bag Flour					
ity hage (delivered)		3 1	to 0 00		
WHEAT Market firmer pring brought \$1.40.					

OATMEAN, per bel, of 20 lbs.—Quotations are \$4,-50 for Lower Canada, and \$4.70 to \$4.80 for Upper Canada brands PEAS. & bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet at 82 to

OATS, & bush of 32lbs. - Dull and nominal at 270 to Conx.--Market quiet. Nominal rates are ôfe to

Barlet, Phush of 48 lbs. -- Nominal at 45c to 50c. BUTTER, per lb.—In limited demand at 15 to 17c for low and 7 to 8c for old.

Онекве, № 1b.—Quiet. Holders ask 9;e to 10;e, according toquality. Poss, por bri. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. New Moss. \$15.25 to \$15.50 ; Thin Mess, scarce at \$14.60 to \$14.25.

LARD.-Winter rendered firm at 1010 per lb. Annes, & 1001bs.—Potequiet. Firsts, \$6,6010 \$6.65. Latest sales of Firsts, was at \$3.50.





COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden. Maud, With a brickbut and a stone, Here's the buggest end you ever "saw'd" A gnawin' a chicken hone! Rau like the mischlot. Maud.!! I am here with the beast alone.

Queen cook of the kitchen-garden of cooks? Come hither with poker and broom: With seeding tengen and with frowning looks. And strong arms that sweep the room; Come out old girl, from the cookery-books, And pronounce the creature's doom.

There has fallen a heavy shoe From the window into the yard; Mand has a soft eye blue, But the flings at a cut nwfut hard, And she throws so straight and true. That his visage is generally marred.

The horse-radish neighs... She is near!"
But the onion weeps... She is late!"
And the eat is seized with foreboding fear,
And rushes toward the gate;
But the gallont Mand gets round in his rear,
And mashes him small as fish-bait!

THE MANIAC'S FREAK.

BY MRS. D. P. H.

"Ry-by," Arthur; come home as early as you can;" and with a long, lingering look at the retreating figure of her husband, Cousin Fanny shut the door, and approached the fire, where our petite Cousin Maud and myself were sitting.

"How like lovers you and Arthur are, Fan; it is really a novelfy to see such a couple in this indifferent world," Maud observed languidly, "George would think I was insane, if I should kiss him when he was only going to the club."

Fanny smiled, but there was a tinge of pride in her tones as she answered,

in her tones as she answered,
"We are old-fashioned enough to love each The fashionable little woman opened her

eyes.

6 Is there such a thing as love? I thought it only lived in books, and was too frail for every

day wear."

6 Undoubtedly that is the case, where marriage is simply a bill of sale or stock-exchange; but love has made our romance a pleasant reality."

"Tell us something about it," Maud "sked, with awakened interest.
"About what? You have seen a chapter of our every-day life."

our every-day life."

"Oh, you know what I mean; tell me where you first met Arthur—something about this agreeable love-making," and Maud laughed.

"I am afraid, Irene, that such a recital would bore you," Fanny said, turning to me.

"By no means. I have heard that you had a spice of romance in the affair, but have never learned any of the particulars," I rejoined.

"Well, then, as I see Maud is in carnest, you shall hear something of the manner in which

shall hear something of the manner in which

we were introduced to our present happy life.

"Times were hard with us after father died; our farm was small, you know, and as our famlly consisted of 'girls exclusively,' mother, by dint of saving, could barely keep us together with any show of respectability. Such turning and changing from one to the other, such mending and changing from one to the other, such mending and pledies. I am sure was never suppressed. and eminging from one to the other, such mending and plecing, I am sure was never surprj.sod, if it was ever equaled. I never throw away a bit of lace now, without thinking of the many times that I have darned for hours on a like bit, in the dear old days of the past. We used to say laughingly that all our lace was applique.

"One evening we girls sat looking over the doleful picture, and I surprised them all by saying.

ing,
44 It is of no use to sit still and fold our hands the solution of the state of the state of the control of the safety; I for one shall try to relieve the Little General (we used to eath our heroic mother this) by ridding her of my presence.'

"" What will you do?" they asked, in surprise, for they knew I had no talent for sewing.

"" I shall teach,' I said firmly.

"A short silence followed, and then sister Ida said.

Ida said,

"'If you really mean what you say, and would accept of such a position, you can find a situation in a public school by applying to Mr. Archer. He was asking me yesterday if I knew of any one who would accept of the situation. He said it was a small school, about eight miles from here, called "Still Brook School."

"'Just the thing,' said I. 'I will see Mr. Archer in the morning, and ask him to take me.'

to board me. Now, Mrs. Irving had the largest and the whitest house in the neighborhood, and the said house had the greenest of all green blinds. Mrs. Irving, too, had the prettiest dowers and the only iron fence in the neighborhood. How the people did congratulate me! She had never been known to take a bearder before, and it was really a great compliment to

In spite of my self-pessession-in spite of all my democratic independence of the trilles that make a position, I was awed by the stately appearance of Mrs. Irving's domain, and when her little snarling poodle caught ungrily at my skirt, I felt a cold thrill steal over me. When I pulled the bell and glanced at the forbiddingly closed blinds, I really did wish that I had nover thought of teaching. The door was opened presently, and Mrs. Irving welcomed me to my

· home. · I think I shall like to have you here,' she said, · it has been so very ionely since my niece married and went away. My husband is absent so much that I feel indeed alone.'

"There is, they say, "a skeleton in every house," but really I can't find any here,' I said

that night, as I sought my pillow.

"Her table was certainly worthy of the acceptance of a king, and all the furniture of the house was beautiful, enjoyable and cheerful.

"The next morning, as I came down to breakfast, Mrs. Irving introduced me to an old gentle-

". You will find my Uncle Grey rather eccentric,' she said, as she led me away to the farther part of the room; 'but I am sure you will not notice it too closely. He was disappointed in marriage, and, consequently, women are not liked by him very well.

"As we scated ourselves at the table, I saw that he had once been a very Hercules in size and strength, and that even new he seemed possessed of wonderful physical powers. I knew not why, but I felt a strange dread of him. was something in his dark, plorcing eyes, that spoke of the fire of insanity. Upon inquiry I learned that he had been insane. After that morning, however, he seemed to ignore my presence. He was a very quiet man, and as he seldom spoke to any one, and often remained in his own room for days at a time, I

soon ceused to think of him.

on my way to school, I heard Mrs. Irving's voice in the sitting-room. I was about to bid her 'good morning,' as was my usual custom, when I heard her exclaim— "Oh, Arthur! you are the last man I ex-

"Oh, Arthur! you are the last man I expected to see to-day, and you know you are the best boy in the world to give me such a glad surprise."

"I waited to hear no more, for I knew by those words that Arthur Mariton, her nephew, had returned from Enrope. Scholastic duties detained me until a late hour that day, and it was evening bofore I was introduced to Mr. Mariton. The hours seemed to gilde away like moments as we listened to his experience in the Old World, and it was late hefore we retired. As I reached the landing at the head of the stairs, my light, by a darft of wind from some direction, was blown out. I gained my room in the dark; but just as I was about to enter a cold hand was pressed against mine, and a flerce whisper seemed to come from above—

"Dare to make him love you, and I will kill you?"

"The darkness was so intense that I could

see politing; but I burst open the door, entered, couch. The reptile was probably frightened.

face, but I knew they liked you, and I remembered what was due to my guest."

"" Why bave you brought methere?" I faitered?

" Oh, you are innocent! Don't I know you

om above—
"Hare to make him love you, and I will kill way motion over the ropes, that chilled mo with horror, I know it was a snake. I gave one if the darkness was so intense that I could shrill scream, and tried to fling myself from the

ing seen. You know the sequel. What he means by leaving us here I know not; for it is not easy to read the purposes of a maniac, and I know now, although I had no suspicion of it before, that he is really insane.

"Then he represented himself for ever trusting the major to any other known at the the of

ing the major to any other keeping than that of the asylum.

"If I could only rolense you,' he said, 'I would not care for myself.'
"I did not tell him anything the major had said, for Arthur had never told me he loved me, and I could not, even in this dreadful post-tion, tell him the words of my captor. His

tion, tell him the words of my capter. His thoughts evidently were of some way to relieve me. He tried to break the rope that bound his hands by gnawing it in two with his teeth.

"It will take some time,' he said, hopefully, but must yield at last. We are so far from any human habitation, and the opening of the cave is so concealed, that unless I can free myself there is litte hope of relief for you. His sympathy was so tender for me that I felt the rigor of my confinement become more endurable. He would give me from time to time a glance in which was blended so much anguish for my suffering that it seemed as

anguish for my suffering that it seemed as if his pain was even greater than my own.

"An hoar or more passed in this manner, when we heard voices and footsteps hastily approaching.

proaching.

"Again the huge form darkened the opening, and this time the maniac was accompanied by Mr. Blyn, a near neighbor of ours, a clergyman. Mr. Blyn was a man of slight form, one whom ill health prevented en-gaging in active duties, and he had therefore taken up his re-sidence at Still Brook to recu-perate his health.

perate his health.
"The light bad blinded his eyes, so that he was unable to see anything in our prison-

house.

"Where is Mr. Mariton?
This is a bad place for a wounded
ann, I can see nothing
hore. You said he was wounded

nore. You said he was wounded in the region of the heart; let us hurry or it will be too late. We must get out of this."

"'Not yet, my little man!"
and the maniac's laugh had a metallic ring. 'My Arthur is wounded in the heart, but you can cure him come along "and can cure him, come along and he dragged Mr. Blyn toward the place of our helpless captivity. He quickly struck a light, and as the clergyman's gaze rested upon us he uttered an exclam-ation of horror. "'You see what I want,' he

"You see what I want,' he cried, 'you must marry this couple.'
"Not if they are unwilling,' said Mr. Blyn, firmly.
"Taking a revolver from his pocket, he said, 'Then you shall die"
"'Well," was the firm answer. 'I do not think I have many months to live, anyway, and a little less does not frighten me." me."
"Again the terrible laugh

"Again the terrible laugh rang out as he exclaimed, 'Then you shall have the 'little less !' and he raised the pistol. "'Hold, Uncle Grey!' ex-claimed Arthur, for the first time speaking; 'wait a mo-ment;' turning to me he said hostity.

hastily.
""Will you not save Mr.
Blyn's life? I have loved you
ever since I first saw you. Can

you love me well enough to marry me now?"

"Yes!' I said in a voice so low that he had to bend toward me to catch the whisper.
"We are willing, and glad
to have you perform the cere-

mony, Mr. Blyn; so you may put up your pistol, Uncle Grey,' said Arthur, in a cheerful tone of volce, but unbind us first.'
"'Not at all,' he said, with bright gleaming eyes. 'No more tricks with Major Grey. Dolly—

eyes. 'No more tricks with Major Grey. Dolly-face would fool you as she fooled me; don't you see, my boy?' patting Arthur's shoulder. 'Go on, Dominy, we'll keep her in her cage till Ar-thur can claim her. You've only one witness, but he's big enough for two.'
"I was half conscious of hearing something

saying 'yes,' once or twice. The maniac had freed Arthur, but kept one hand on his relative's shoulder, saying, 'In a moment, my, boy, she may be free.' I was conscious that after a few fords we were pronounced man and

then darkness came over me.
"For weeks everything was a blank "Exposure, from the damp vault, added to my fright, produced a dangerous fever, from which I did not recover till after a long period of suffering. Arthur was my constant watcher and it was only through his tender care, added to the kindness of Mrs. Irving, that I was

"In the meantime, Major Grey had become so hopelessly insane, that he had been carried

We had been out walking one afternoon, "We had been our warring one broaden, and the exercise had given a tinge of color, for the first time, to my chocks. Arthur quickly noted the favorable change, and drawing nearer to me, as we sat on a rustic seat in the garden,

" (I shall want my little wife now_but I do not feel as if we were married yet; do you?"
"'No,' I replied.

"And seeing my quick rejoinder, and half frightened look, he laughed, and said: "Don't be afraid of me, little one; you are so timid, that had it not been for the frenk of that maniac, I should have had some trouble in winning you. But the die is cast now, and I shall make you love me. Mrs. Irving planned that your people visit us to-morrow; and I have

decided that we shall be married againtime, in the good old English way. See, here i "I examined the massive gold circlet—and, as he replaced it in his pocket, he said. "'After the ring has been put on this little, fair finger, I think it will seem to you as if you

were really my wife.'
"Arthur took me to my city home, in a few days after—and for the first time I knew that he was wealthy. I had never given it a thought be fore. We had little time for courtship before mar-

ringe, and so we are lovers yet.

"But I must go and see if baby is all right, for there is no nurse like a mother, you know;" and, excusing herself, she left us to think of her

ory. Maud sighed as she gazed into the glowing "Well, all are not expected to have every-

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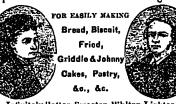
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THE FIRST BEAM OF MORNING.

ceived. "Arthur and I soon became warm friends. I could see that Mrs. Irving was pleased. Every day she became more thoughtful of my wants and I could not help wishing that my five months' school would last forever. But there was something in Major Grey's eye, as I found it fixed on mine, that I did not like; something o vindictive that it made me shudder. were centred upon Arthur. I gave these glancos

but little heed. Weeks wont by. Whenever Mr. Mariton and I were alone together, it always seemed to me as if I could feel a third presence, and often an indefinable sense of evil seemed hanging

"I was detained at the school-house one afternoon until dusk, marking out my monthly report. The task was over at last, and I started on my way home, I was obliged to pass a woody country, but I know it to be a quiet neighborhood, and therefore felt no foar. distribution of Mrs. Irving and Mr. Mariton, and wondering if they had returned from the neighboring town, which I knew they had visited that afternoon, when suddenly a dark form seemed to loom up before me. I felt my-self clasped up in a pair of strong arms and borne swiftly away into the deep wood. Fear made the dumb for a moment, then a covering was placed over my mouth; my wrists were clasped by a vice-like grip, but still my captor hurried on. I knew that I was being carried deeper and deeper into an almost impenetrable woodland. I felt my breath coming fainter and fainter, until at length I was unconscious of everything around me. I was aroused by a violent shake, and an opening my eyes I saw the huge form of Major Grey bending over me. His eyes gleamed with on exultant fire, and he said, with a flendish laugh. See! your boudoir! I glanced around me, and saw that I was in a sort of cave. It looked as if it had been of nature's forming, but I could see that the work of men had been recent. There was a rustle chair made of green boughs, a couch of the same rude

construction, and on this was placed a small mattress and blankets.

""You don't even thank me,' he said with a

and locked myself in my room. I was almost dead with fright, but I re-lighted my lump as quickly as possible.

"What could it have been?" I questioned. I knew that I was the only inmate in that part of the house, and I tried to persuade myself that it was a dream. Still, the pressure on my hand seemed so real. All night long the terrible whisner rang in my cars, and I sleet little.

The I heard something fall to the earth. A chilliness like death stole over me, the blood in my voins seemed to be turned to ice. Hours of agony went by. Ages, to me, rolled away, and then I saw a gray stroak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was Saturday, and I thought with a feeling of horror, when the present it is that Mrs. I vine might lime and the lines like death stole over me, the blood in my voins seemed to be turned to ice. Hours of agony went by. Ages, to me, rolled away, and then I saw a gray stroak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was Saturday, and I thought with a feeling of horror, the lines like death stole over me, the blood in my voins seemed to be turned to ice. Hours of agony went by. Ages, to me, rolled away, and then I saw a gray stroak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was Saturday, and I thought with a feeling of horror, the lines like death stole over me, the blood in my voins seemed to be turned to be turned to be agony went by. Ages, to me, rolled away, and then I saw a gray stroak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I of any one who would accept of the situation. He said it was a small school, about eight miles from here, called "Still Brook School."

"Just the thing," said I. 'I will see Mr. Archer in the morning, and ask him to jake me."

"The preliminaries were soon finished, and I was one and I see the pressure on my hand seemed so real. All night long the terrible whisper rang in my cars, and I slept little.

"The preliminaries were soon finished, and I was one about my heavy eyes, asking if I wore ill.

"The preliminaries were soon finished, and I was the only inmate in that part of the house, and I tried to persuade myself that I saw a gray streak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was saw that I was underly and I thought with a feeling of herror, that Mrs. Irving might imagine I had gone home in her absence to town. Gradually I made out in her absence to town. Gradually I made out when the about my heavy eyes, asking if I wore ill.

"Only a headache,' I replied, and looked at her uncle. But Major Grey quietly sipped his coffee, as if he had not a regard for anything else in the world, and the more I thought of it, the more I reflected that I must have been developed when the largest in the only inmate in that part of the house, and I tried to persuade myself that I saw a gray streak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was saw a seried as the opinion, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was saw a gray streak at the opening of my prison, and I knew it was day. I knew that I should not be missed from school, as it was saw a seried as the opinion, and I knew it was day. I knew that I was the only in the about my heavy eyes, asking if I wore ill.

"Only a headache,' I replied, and looked at her uncle. But Major Grey quietly sipped his the features of my prison, and I knew it was day.

I knew that I was underground, for I could see that the ope

"I had no wish for food or drink. I was de-terred from feeling the need of any by my fear of snakes, and the awful loneliness of the place "At last a hand parted the vines, and I saw Major Grey descending through the opening. His gigantic dimensions seemed greater than ever as he approached me, and I closed my eyes, feign-

ing sleep.
"'It is a pretty dolly face,' he murmured,
"'It is a pretty dolly face,' he murmured, and I wish I had killed her before Arthur learned to love it. But the poor boy will grieve himself to death over her. He can't bear it as I have borne it. I'll make her marry him; and then, if she is not good to him, I will cut and disfigure these pretty features until no one else will care for her. Yes, I'll make her marry

At that moment the vines were torn rudely

away, and Arthur descended.

"Majoy Grey uttered an oath.

"Oh, Miss Weber! are you here?" I heard Arthur exclaim; but before I had time to reply, I saw Major Grey spring upon him. They rolled over and over, writhed in each other's grasp, but Arthur's strength at last gave out in the struggle with the terrible maniac, and I say the fiend produce a long rope from his pocket, and bindihim hand and foot. I was too frightened. and too ill, to ery out. The maniac then tenderly stroked Mr. Marlton's hair, and said Poor Arthur ! did you not know it was in vain to struggle with mo? Then turning, he ran swiftly up the steps and disappeared. Mr. Mar. ton raised himself on one elbow and looked around; it was evident his eyes were not yet

discovered my presence. discovered my presence.

""Mr. Marlton, are you hurt?" I asked. 'Oh,
Fanny! are you here? Where are you? I
can't see you, it is so dark.' I told him of my
position, and, guided by the sound of my voice, he drew himself with much difficulty nearer to me. Then I briefly told him the story of my capture, and of the horrors of the long day and

gn... " But how did you find me?" I asked. "At first, we thought your people must have come for you while we were away. Aunt Irynore my presence. He was a very quiet man, and as he seldom spoke to any one, and often mained in his own room for days at a time, I low leady. Do you know that I have made a carpet of moss for your delicate feet? I would not have taken so much spains for you, deliy ward the wood, and I followed him without be-

accustomed to the darkness, and he had not

embers and said. thing they could wish, I suppose.'