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The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1872.

No. 4. CONTENTS.

- POOR MISS FISCH. By Wilkie Collins. Chaps. XLIV.
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A FIERY BLAST. By THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

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Want of Union.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Pilbury Portfolio. By Rev. H. P. Darnell.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

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Two Women.—Old Farmer Grey Gets Photographed.—Win and Wear.

NEWS ITEMS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. FAIRM ITEMS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. GEMS OF THOUGHT. WIT AND HUMOUR. HEARTHSTONE SPHINX. MARKET REPORT.

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BACK NUMBERS.

In answer to constant inquiries we would again state that every number of our paper is stereotype and we can therefore furnish back numbers from the commencement of any story at any time. A quantity of the numbers with the early portions of Poor Miss Fisch and Castaway are on hand and can be forwarded at every short notice.

WANT OF UNION.

There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any calm, dispassionate, thinking man that, although Canada has begun to take her place in the list of nations, yet her progress is by no means so rapid as her peculiar advantages and steadily increasing population should guarantee. This is, also, but little doubt that this absence of rapid advance is the principally to one great want, the want of Union. The Act of Confederation has drawn the Provinces together, after a fashion, but really it has only touched the skin of the matter and has left the real heart of the difficulty intact and unassailed; and the real heart of the difficulty is this: a want of Union on the part of the people in Canada in working together for the good of Canada. There is really little or no effort made for the permanent and prospective advantage of Canada as a nation; there are many "make-shifts," both in Governmental policy and in social economy, but there is no broad comprehensive plan for the consolidation and unification of Canada as a nation, great and independent; able to take her place with other nations and besting of a population—as other nations can—proud of the fact of their being "Canadians," and glorying in the land of their birth and adoption.

It was unpatriotic, because it was anti-Canadian, that in the taking of the last census, under Mr. Dunkin's administration, no one was allowed to announce himself as "a Canadian," pure and simple, but had to classify himself as of "British," "French," "Irish," "Scottish," or other origin, as the case might be. This keeping up of old world feelings, old world memories, old world glories, and—as a matter of course—old world grievances and national antipathies, is the fundamental cause of the want of rapid progress in Canada. We are too little Canadian and too much isolated colonies of English, Irish, Scotch, or French settlers.

We heartily coincide with the thrilling lines of Sir Walter Scott:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said: 'This is my own, my native land, Whose soul has never within him burned, As toward home his steps he turned, From wandering on a foreign strand?"

But we do not coincide with them in the spirit in which they are usually accepted. We believe in a man being proud of the land of his birth, the land of his adoption, the land which furnishes his daily bread. The man who leaves England, Scotland, Ireland, France, or any other country, to come to Canada, does so for what reason? "To do good to Canada?" Not a bit of it; in nine cases out of ten he comes to Canada either because his own country cannot support him or does not want him. Well and good; we do not object to this class of emigrants in the least, we want them and would be glad to see more of them come; but we do object that after they have come to Canada, poor, needy, disgraced, perhaps, and unable to return to their native land, they should bring up their children to despise and belittle the land which has given them food and shelter, and, in many instances, afforded them the opportunity of rising from beggary to wealth; we object to the system of keeping alive in their own thoughts and drilling into the minds of their children constant stories of the majesty of England, the wonders of Scotland, the glories of Ireland, or the beauties of France; we object to the fostering and reproducing in this country of grievances which originated in other countries, in another hemisphere, centuries ago; we object to perpetuating in this country sectional differences and national hatreds and dislikes

which had their origin under different circumstances in other climes years and years ago.

We Canadians owe a higher and better duty to our children than this; we owe rather to be free and frank with them; to point out to them what advantages we ourselves have gained in the land of our adoption and to teach them to be proud of the land of their birth. Canada too much resembles, in social feeling, a penal settlement; many Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen and Frenchmen who come here seem to be impressed with the idea that they have been "sent out" for so many years; that they have no positive interest in the country farther than to make as much money as they can out of it in as short a time as possible and then return to "Merry England," "Bonnie Scotland," "Old Ireland" or "La Belle France" as the case may be; now this is a very serious mistake, for very few emigrants who come to Canada ever return to the land of their birth for more than a flying visit, and perhaps not for that; this country is not "El Dorado" and fortunes are not made in a day; it takes years of patient toil and honest labor to acquire competence, but the result is almost sure if the effort is persisted in; and during the accumulation of competence the emigrant forms social ties here, becomes used to the country and the people he meets and usually, in ten or fifteen years, is more thoroughly at home here than he would be in his own native village.

Yet this same emigrant will use part of his wealth to perpetuate the memory of the land of his birth, and will invest five cents in a fire cracker to discharge, or five dollars in a flag to display on Dominion Day; he will teach his children to observe St. Georges Day, or St. Patrick's Day or St. Andrew's Day and will revel in the glories of the past on that occasion, but he will not teach the child by either example or precept to show honor and respect to the country to which he owes his prosperity and in which the child was born. There are Englishmen in Canada who won't admit that the sun shines as brightly here as it does "at home," and as for the moon—it's not the same sort of moon at all; we have even known a Londoner brag of the London fog, and glory in it as a sort of great national victory saying, with infinite relish "you don't have any fog like that in this country." An Irishman will just as readily tell you that "ther perlaties in this country are not upul to ther spuds in Old Ireland," quite forgetting that in his native land "spuds" were often scarce with him and therefore tasted the sweeter and it was only after he came to Canada that he could afford to have "perlaties" all the time with meat and other luxuries and so became a connoisseur.

The press is to a great extent to blame for this unnational feeling. We have English, French, Irish and Scotch papers printed in Canada, but the genuine Canadian journals, devoted to the interests of Canada and the unification of the people do not exercise the influence they should. Too much stress is laid on foreign affairs and too much consideration given to European and American politics and events; if more attention were paid to Canada and Canadian affairs by the daily press, our papers would be more readable in England and elsewhere and would be more read and impart a better opinion of the country and the people, than the rehash of American telegrams, and reproductions of American and English papers which now constitute the staple of the daily press, can ever give. We need badly more unity of feeling in Canada, less fanning of old flames of ill-feeling, less clamminess, and a better appreciation of the fact that Canada is at the present time virtually an independent nation and that the time may come when she will be compelled to vote a census to choose her own style and form of Government and to take her place amongst the nations of the earth, trusting to her own strength for support. For this prospect in the future as well as for the sake of harmony and progress in the present, prejudices and old ill-feelings should be left behind in the lands we come from and we should, while kindly remembering the land of our birth, also remember the land of our adoption and rear our children to be proud of that land—Canada—and not engender a feeling of trying to "hang on" to the coat tails of another nationality by claiming to be English, Scotch, Irish, or French; teach them to be proud to embrace all in the one sentence "I am a Canadian."

Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND has again made an earnest effort to stock the Thames with salmon and trout, by turning into that river a considerable number of young fish, reared in artificial breeding places. The Fish and Game Gazette is doubtful of the success of the project, in large rivers undertakings of the sort have usually failed.

TOBACCO, KARCH, ETC.—A recently published work entitled "First Help in Accidents," speaks of these complaints, as follows:

"It is a bad practice to put cotton wool, soaked in lanolin or chloroform into the ear for the relief of toothache. It is true that it may sometimes prove effectual, and procure a night's rest, for the connection between the tooth and the ear is very close. But let it be borne in mind that the ear is far too delicate and valuable an organ to be used as a medium for the application of strong remedies for disorders of the teeth, and that both lanolin and chloroform, more especially the latter, are powerful irritants, and that such applications are always accompanied with risk. The tooth should be looked after for themselves, by some competent dentist; and if toothache springs to the ear, this is another reason why they should be attended to at once; for prolonged pain in the head, arising from the teeth, may itself induce the hearing. In earache everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should on no account be put in; but warm fomentations should be applied, with copious ventilation externally, if the pain does not soon subside."

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—Small pox is still very prevalent in Montreal, 23 deaths occurred last week; the corporation has issued a compulsory order with regard to vaccination, and the public vaccinators are kept very busy.—The dining kiln at Douglas's saw mill Montreal was destroyed by fire on 24th inst. The fire spread to other portions of the building and was only stayed by the timely intervention of the fire engine. Loss about \$25,000, not covered by insurance.—The nominations for the municipal elections in Montreal will take on 10th proximo. Mayor Couriel has consented to a nomination and will be re-elected without opposition. In some of the wards the contest is expected to be very close and exciting.—A true bill of manslaughter has been found against Transcambion, the manager of the Dominion Ins. Co., in connection with the election in Ottawa County. The trial commenced at Aylmer on 23rd inst, prisoner being defended by Mr. Chapman M. P. P.—A law society has been formed at Fort Gary and Attorney General H. J. Clark elected President.—The reports of emigration agents lead to the belief that there will be a great influx of emigrants next year, especially from Wiltshire and other agricultural districts. It is reported that a quantity of great value have been discovered at Poase River, N. W. T.—The anniversary meeting of the Quebec Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society will shortly be held at Quebec, and the results of the Government Railways in Nov. 1871 were for December amounted to \$2,000, an increase of nearly \$3,000 over December 1870.—A grand fancy dress ball was given at Ottawa on 19th inst. The Dominion Ins. Co. was invited and some of the members attended but were refused admission on account of their not being in fancy dress. This caused a great deal of ill feeling, the Dominion indignantly resenting the insult offered it.—Thos. Bennett, brother-in-law of the Hon. George Brown, has been nominated by the Reform Convention to represent North York in the Dominion Legislature. About 7 o'clock p.m. on 23rd inst. the roof of the Drill shed, Montreal, fell in with a loud crash; fortunately no one was injured although the Band of the Prince of Wales's Rifles was practicing at the time in an adjoining room. The building was erected in 1868 at an expense of \$70,000 and covered nearly two acres of ground. The roof—the wood of which was very great—was made with segmental struts and was supposed to be very strong. It is thought that the sudden change from mild to severe weather which took place in the afternoon so contracted the struts that they snapped and so left no support for the rafters.

INTERNATIONAL.—The Gentiles and liberal Mormons are strongly opposed to the admission of Utah as a State of the Union.—A riot occurred in the Court room at Charleston, Ala. on 23rd inst. in the course of which seven pistol shots were fired four of which struck Mr. C. dangerously wounded him.—The Tammany Society is to be reorganized and such men as Ex-Mayor Havermyer will probably be elected in place of Tweed, Sweeney & Co.—It has been reported that the "Irish" emigrants amount to over \$15,000,000.—Mr. Paulin, Editor of the Charleston, S. C. News was assaulted on 23rd inst. in the street by a negro member of the League and was severely wounded. A revolver and shot glass, wounding him dangerously. He then surrendered himself.—The gas works in Richmond Va. exploded on the night of 22nd inst. destroying about \$15,000 worth of property. No lives were lost.—A boiler explosion at New York last summer has recovered \$30,000 damages. There are 108 more suits pending against the Company.—Several deaths have been caused by the explosion of a boiler lately built by the police in New York.—Caucasian ex-Russian minister left for Europe on 23rd inst.—There were 203 deaths from small pox in Philadelphia on 23rd inst.—Charles A. Leach, a dentist at Lakeville, Mass., whilst laboring under an attack of delirium tremens on 23rd inst. shot Thomas Bump, John Capless, Daniel Swift and W. Conab. The two first are thought to be mortally wounded.—The body of a man who was killed at San Francisco and has been received in the usual manner.—The N. Y. Herald has been getting up a sensation story that the Grand Duke Alexis has been married since he was in a Russian lady with whom he was in love in his own country, but his union with whom was opposed by his father.—The steamer John of the Williams and Fulton line was lost off the coast of Cuba on 23rd inst. The crew and passengers supposed to be safe.—The Massachusetts Delegation have sent a delegation to Congress petitioning against the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty. The claim is that the States government is not entitled to be indemnified for the loss they would sustain by allowing Canadian fishermen to enter their markets duty free.—The Herald's London special says the U. S. expedition was at Koroak on January 15th, and prepared to start for Aba Anmod, to strike the Nile near the fifth cataract in eight days. If they find no water by that route, they will take four arduous marches and fifty canoes. It is learned that the English steamer is well and near Kharطوم. The English surveyors in Sudan have nearly finished their labors. The Herald's expedition has received great assistance from the Khedive's officials and the States government is preparing to start for the Nile, which were dismantled after the war, in a state of defense; forty guns of heavy calibre being about to be mounted on them.—The U. S. troops are in a state of semi-stagnation between the negro and white factions in the Legislature. Gen. Emery has been telegraphed to hold the U. S. troops in readiness to suppress any riot, but none has as yet taken place. Shops are shut and business generally suspended.—Edward Fisk, who is the murderer of Fisk is reported to be looking very much distressed and nervous; his hair is turning grey, his appetite is failing and he has changed several times of late.—Miss Carrie Swaine is acting Adjutant General of Kansas.

FRANCE.—The Assembly on 19th inst. voted, 370 to 276 against taxing raw material unless other taxes are levied on the finished revenue. President Thiers construed this into a vote of want of confidence in the Government and tendered his resignation on 20th. The Assembly by an almost unanimous vote declined to accept it. Thiers was appointed a committee to wait on Thiers and persuade him to withdraw it. He said he was discouraged and worn out; that he could not change his opinions and that he looked for conflicts between the Legislature and the Executive. Thiers and his colleagues were sent to the Chamber of Deputies. After great persuasion he consented to withdraw his resignation, but in future will not take part in the debates except on matters of special interest.—It is probable that the tobacco monopoly will be ceded for a number of years to the Rothschilds and other bankers who will agree to pay off the war indemnity.

It is reported that Mr. Gray, President of the Assembly will be chosen Vice President of the French Republic.—The trial of the prisoners for the murder of the hostages in Paris during the "Reign of the Commune" has terminated, and their sentences pronounced. The following were condemned to death, and three of the other prisoners are sentenced to banishment to the penal colony of Cayenne for terms as follows: Francois for life; Jacques Fortin, for 20 years; and Benjamin for 10 years.—The trial of the prisoners for the murder of the hostages in Paris during the "Reign of the Commune" has terminated, and their sentences pronounced. The following were condemned to death, and three of the other prisoners are sentenced to banishment to the penal colony of Cayenne for terms as follows: Francois for life; Jacques Fortin, for 20 years; and Benjamin for 10 years.—The trial of the prisoners for the murder of the hostages in Paris during the "Reign of the Commune" has terminated, and their sentences pronounced. The following were condemned to death, and three of the other prisoners are sentenced to banishment to the penal colony of Cayenne for terms as follows: Francois for life; Jacques Fortin, for 20 years; and Benjamin for 10 years.

SPAIN.—Senator Zorrilla has been elected President of the Cortes defeating the ministerial candidate Senator Herrera.—Expartero has reconsidered his resignation in the case of Prince Vergara and now accepts the honor.

RUSSIA.—John Stuart Mill has declined to preside at the meeting to be held in support of Sir Charles Dilke at Free Mason's Tavern.—A terrible explosion occurred in a carriage factory in Greenwich on 18th inst. The clothing of a large number of the girls employed in the factory took fire, and they rushed shrieking through the town into the surrounding marshes, in hopes of quenching the flames. The factory was totally destroyed. No lives were lost.—Edward Fisk, liberal candidate for Parliament for the County of Kerry, Ireland, was violently assaulted by a mob on 20th inst.—Rev. John Selby Watson, the wife murderer, has been granted a license to run the omnibus company. The excitement in the County of Kerry, Ireland, is very great; the priesthood are threatened by the multitude who are combining to force the Home Rule Bill on the electors.—Mr. Bright has written to the O'Donoghue, condemning home rule.

GERMANY.—The German Ministry has instituted a Military School at Metz.—The Prussian refusal to interfere in concert with the other European Governments to suppress the International Societies. The National German Gazette says relations have been friendly between Germany and France on a more friendly footing. The difficulty between the two countries has been settled, owing to the conciliatory behaviour of Brazil.

MEXICO.—The reports continue to be conflicting as usual and but little can be known except that it is in a state of anarchy. Government reports show several victories over the rebels and report the revolution as

virtually at an end; but on the other hand reports from revolutionary sources, represent the Government of Juarez as being in a most desperate condition. Diaz has not been crushed at Orizaba as represented by Government account, while Escobedo has declared in favor of Lerdo. A battle is reported to be going on between the revolutionists under Quiroga and the Government troops, commanded by Cortina, with the chances in favor of the former.

INDIA.—The dangerous revolt of the Kookahs has been suppressed. At the first signs of trouble troops were dispatched from Delhi. They marched direct to the headquarters of the rebels, whom they met in large force, and completely defeated, killing 150 and taking several hundred prisoners. The rebels dispersed, and the country is now perfectly tranquil.

RUSSIA.—The Budget which has been submitted by the Minister of Finance to the country, shows that during the year the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by 400,000 rubles.

CAPT. OR DON HOPE.—Rich discoveries of diamonds have been made in the Cape Colony, two of them weighing 1000 carats each.—The President of the Transvaal Republic has resigned, and the acting President disavows his acts because he exceeded his powers.

JAVA.—Despatches from Batavia report heavy floods in the Island of Java, which have done considerable damage to the crops.

CUBA.—Great demonstrations of joy were shown at Valmesta being retained as Captain-General of Cuba. He is now on a tour of inspection.—The summer palace of the Viceroy has been placed at the disposal of the Duke of Alcazar, who is preparing to sail for Spain on Monday. Crowds of people were on the pier to take leave of him.—The new cemetery will receive the title of Columbus, and the remains of Columbus, which were deposited in the Catholic cemetery, will be transferred to our future day to the new cemetery, and placed in a grand monument to be erected to his memory.

AUSTRIA.—The Committee of the Reichsrath to which the subject was referred has recommended the ratification of the trade mark convention between Austria and the United States.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

Can you afford to work hard all day, and read study, or court the vagaries of society nearly all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on premature disease, decay, and old age?

Can you afford to read the print with a poor light in a dull room, where the motion disturbs the proper focus of vision, thus weakening your eyes so as nearly to deprive you of the power to use them either in reading or in the daily duties of life? Even though you do not have an oculist to pay, you may be obliged to wear glasses ten or fifteen years sooner than you otherwise would. Can you afford thus to spoil your eyes to save a little time?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia. In a few years at most, to scourge and haunt, and make you miserable for years, or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich and highly-seasoned food, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, or apoplexy, in the middle of life almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the fool's motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to keep your brain boiling hot, in reading sensational novels, thus unbalancing and rendering morbid your mental and physical constitution?

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses, keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expenses?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to fifty dollars a month, and injuring your nervous system, and perverting your whole constitution, and thereby transmitting to your children a weakened constitution, thus making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to indulge in habits of speculation, gambling, and other tricky and mean modes of making money?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your morals, your health, your just respectability, and your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole world, and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford, for the sake of momentary amusement, to waste your youthful preparatory years, when by study you should become a scholar, or by industry either a tradesman or a useful artisan?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love for display?

Can you afford to be tricky and thereby defraud your employer of the just services you owe him, even though you do get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, faithful, temperate, courteous, and in all respects correct?

Pupils in schools sometimes fancy they are doing a smart thing by deceiving the teacher, that they may play instead of study. Apprentices often neglect their duty for fun and amusement, and fail to learn their trade, which is a life-long damage to them. Many people do wrong knowingly, and thus mar their moral nature and make themselves feel mean, unworthy, and despicable; and, because the world don't know it, they think they have done the right thing. But they carry the moral seed of wrong-doing through life. Can you afford to have any motto adverse to the old adage, that "Honesty is the best policy?"

Reader, stop and consider whether what you are doing, or what you propose to do, will pay; whether you can afford to do it. "Time is money" do not throw it away, but make every day and every hour tell either for your growth, health, or profit.—Phrenological Journal.

THE CHIEF AT HOME.

Our front page illustration this week shows the wild Indian, his general and more domesticated steed. The Chief in full dress, with his ornate leggings and head-dress of feathers, has evidently been attending some ceremony, possibly attending a Council of Six to which his white brothers, and is now relating the result of his mission to other chiefs of his tribe; and probably relating to them some of the wonders he has seen in the strange city he has visited. His wife is present to greet him, and the "purpose" smiles out its welcome from its perch on its mother's back. The picture is sublimed in its tone, and altogether different from the generality of Indian pictures, which show the Indian in his worst character, as an incarnate fiend, slaughtering or scalping some unfortunate victim.

WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINE.—The slow expression "where the woodbine twine," is now so common in the States and to a small extent in this country, originated with the late Jim Fisk at the time of his investigation into the cause of the gold bubble in Wall Street in September, 1869. Fisk was asked what had become of all the money the clique were supposed to have made, and answered that it had "gone where the woodbine twine." When asked to explain what he meant by that he said that when he was a peddler he noticed that the woodbine twined around the water-spout, he, therefore, meant that the plunder had gone "up the spout."

TWO WOMEN.

She held him in her bare, brown arm, His baby face her own beside— His red lips smiling daintily— His dark eyes, startled, opened wide. So like a high born heir he looked, In royal pride of babyhood; His mother, but a gipsy tramp, That by the village fountain stood.

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POOR MISS FINCH: A DOMESTIC STORY. By WILKIE COLLINS. PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER LXIV. LUCILLA'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

September 31st.—I mark this day as one of the saddest days of my life. Oscar has shown Madame Pratolungo to me, in her true colours. He has reasoned out this miserable matter with a plainness which it is impossible for me to resist. I have thrown away my love and confidence on a false woman: there is no sense of honour, no feeling of gratitude or delicacy in her nature. And I once thought her—it sickens me to recall it! I will see her no more.

[Note.—Did it ever occur to you to be obliged to copy out, with your own hand, this sort of opinion of your character? I can recommend the sensation produced as something quite new, and the temptation to add a line or two on your own account to be as nearly as possible beyond moral resistance.—P.]

Oscar and I met at the stairs, at eleven o'clock, as we had arranged.

He took me to the west pier. At that hour of the morning (excepting a few sailors who paid no heed to us) the place was a solitude. It was one of the loveliest days of the season. When we were tired of pacing to and fro, we could sit down under the mellow sunshine, and enjoy the balmy sea air. In that pure light with all those lovely colours about us, there was something, to my mind, horribly and shamefully out of place in the talk that suggested us—talk that still turned, hour after hour, on nothing but plots and lies, cruelty, ingratitude, and deceit!

I managed to ask my first question so as to make him enter on the subject at once—without wasting time in phrases to prepare me for what was to come.

"When my aunt mentioned that letter at dinner, yesterday," I said, "I fancied that you knew something about it. Was I right?"

"Very nearly right," he answered. "I can't say I knew anything about it. I only suspected that it was the production of an enemy of yours and mine."

"Not Madame Pratolungo?"

"Yes, Madame Pratolungo."

I disagreed with him at the outset. Madame Pratolungo and my aunt had quarrelled about politics. Any correspondence between them—a confidential correspondence especially—seemed to be one of the most unlikely things that could take place. I asked Oscar if he could guess what the letter contained, and why it was not to be given to me until Grosse reported that I was quite cured.

"I can't guess at the contents—I can only guess at the object of the letter," he said.

"What is it?"

"The object which she has had in view from the first—to place every possible obstacle in the way of my marrying you."

"What interest could she have in doing that?"

"My brother's interest."

"Forgive me, Oscar. I cannot believe it of her."

We were walking, while these words were passing between us. When I said that, he stopped, and looked at me very earnestly.

"You believed it of her, when you answered my letter," he said.

I admitted that.

"I believed your letter," I replied; "and I shared your opinion of her as long as she was in the same house with me. Her presence fed my anger and my horror of her in some way that I can't account for. Now she was left me now I have time to think—there is something in her absence that pleads for her, and tortures me with doubts if I have done right. I can't explain it—I don't understand it. I only know that so it is."

He still looked at me more and more attentively.

"Your good opinion of her must have been very firmly rooted to assert itself in this obstinate manner," he said. "What can she have done to deserve it?"

If I had looked back through all my old recollections of her, and had recalled them one by one, it would only have ended in making me cry. And yet, I felt that I ought to stand up for her as long as I could. I managed to meet the difficulty in this way.

"I will tell you what she did," I said, "after I received your letter. Fortunately for me, she was not very well that morning; and she breakfasted in bed. I had plenty of time to compose myself, and to caution Zillah (who read your letter to me), before we met for the first time that day. On the previous day I had felt hurt and offended with her for the manner in which she accounted for your absence from Brownlow. I thought she was not treating me with the same confidence which I should have placed in her, if our positions had been reversed. When I next saw her, having your warn-

ing in my mind, I made my excuses, and said what I thought she would expect me to say, under the circumstances. In my excitement and my wretchedness, I dare say I over-acted my part. At any rate, I roused the suspicion in her that something was wrong. She not only asked me if any thing had happened, she went the length of saying, in so many words, that she thought she saw a change in me. I stopped it there, by declaring that I did not understand her. She must have seen that I was not telling the truth; she must have known as well as I knew that I was concealing something from her. For all that not one word more escaped her lips. A proud de icacy—I saw it as plainly in her face, as I now see you—a proud delicacy silenced her; she looked wounded and hurt. I have been thinking of that look, since I have been here. I have asked myself (what did not occur to me at the time) if a false woman, who knew herself to be guilty, would have behaved in that way? Surely a false woman would have set her wits against mine, and have tried to lead me into betraying to her what discoveries I had really made? Oscar! that delicate silence, that wounded look, will plead for her when I think of her in her absence! I can not feel as satisfied as I once did, that she is the abominable creature you declare her to be. I know you are incapable of deceiving me—I know you believe what you say. But is it not possible that appearances have misled you? Can you really be sure that you have not made some dreadful mistake?"

let us—if we can—agree on one unanswerable fact. Which of us two brothers was her favourite, from the first?"

About that, there could be no doubt. I admitted at once that Nugent was her favourite. And more than this I remembered accusing her myself of never having done justice to Oscar from the first.

[Note.—See the sixteenth chapter and Madame Pratolungo's remark, warning you that you would hear of this circumstance again.]

Oscar went on. "Bear that in mind," he said. "And now let us get to the time when we were assembled in your sitting-room, to discuss the subject of the operation on your eyes. The question before us, as I remember it, was this. Were you to marry me, before the operation? Or were you to keep me waiting until the operation had been performed, and the cure was complete? How did Madame Pratolungo decide on that occasion? She decided against my interests; she encouraged you to delay our marriage."

I persisted in defending her. "She did that out of sympathy with me," I said.

He surprised me by again accepting my view of the matter, without attempting to dispute it.

"We will say she did it out of sympathy with you," he proceeded. "Whatever her motives might be, the result was the same. My marriage to you was indefinitely put off; and Madame Pratolungo voted for that delay."

"Is that my writing?" he asked.

It was his writing. I had seen enough of his letters since the recovery of my sight to feel sure of that.

"Read it!" he said; "and judge for yourself."

[Note.—You have made your acquaintance with this letter already, in my thirty-second chapter. I had said these foolish words to Oscar (as you will find in my record of the time), under the influence of a natural indignation, which any other woman with a spark of spirit in her would have felt in my place. Instead of personally remonstrating with me, Oscar had (as usual) gone home, and written me a letter of expostulation. Having, on my side, had time to cool—and feeling the absurdity of our exchanging letters when we were within a few minutes' walk of each other—I had gone straight to Brownlow, on receiving the letter; first crumpling it up, and (as I supposed) throwing it into the fire. After personally setting myself right with Oscar, I had returned to the rectory; and had there heard that Nugent had been to see me in my absence, had waited a little while alone in the sitting-room, and had gone away again. When I tell you that the letter which he was now showing to Lucilla, was that same letter of Oscar's which I had (as I believed, destroyed, you will not wonder that I had thrown it into the fender instead of into the fire; and that I failed to see it in the fender on my return, simply because Nugent had taken it away with him! The particulars are described in greater detail in the chapter to which I have referred; the letter itself being there inserted at full length. However, I will save you the trouble of looking back. I know how you hate trouble; by transcribing literally what I had written in the Journal. The original letter is crumpled on the page; I will copy it from the page a second time. Am I not good to you? What author by profession would do as much for you as this? I am proud I am praising myself; but let Lucilla proceed.

I took the letter from him, and read it. At my request, he has permitted me to keep it. The letter is my justification for thinking of Madame Pratolungo, as I now think of her, I place it here, before I write another line in my Journal.

"MADAME PRATOLUNGO. You have distressed and pained me more than I can say. There are faults, and serious ones, on my side, I know. I heartily beg your pardon for anything that I may have said or done to offend you. I cannot submit to your hard verdict on me. If you know how I adore Lucilla, you would make allowances for me;—you would understand me better than you do. I cannot get your last cruel words out of my ears. I cannot meet you again without some explanation of them. You stabbed me to the earth, when you said this evening that I had been a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry my brother instead of marrying me. I hope you did not really mean that? Will you please write and tell me whether you did or not." "OSCAR."

My first proceeding, after reading those lines, was of course to put my arm again in his, and to draw him as close to me as close could be. My second proceeding followed in due time. I asked, naturally, for Madame Pratolungo's answer to that most affectionate and most touching letter.

"I have no answer to show you," he said.

"I never had it?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Madame Pratolungo never answered my letter."

I made him repeat that—once, twice. Was it not incredible that such an appeal could be made to any woman not utterly depraved—and be left unnoticed? Twice he reiterated the same answer. Twice he declared on his honour that not a line of reply had been returned to him. She was then utterly depraved? No! there was a last excuse left that justice and aid friendship might still make for her. I made it.

"There is but one explanation of her conduct," I said. "She never received the letter. Where did you send it to?"

"To the rectory."

"Who took it?"

"My own servant."

"He may have lost it on the way, and have been afraid to tell you. Or the servant at the rectory may have forgotten to deliver it."

Oscar shook his head. "Quite impossible! I know Madame Pratolungo received the letter."

"How?"

"I found it crumpled up in a corner, inside the fender, in your sitting-room at the rectory."

"Had it been opened?"

"It had been opened. She had received it; she had read it; and she had not thrown quite far enough to throw it into the fire. Now, Lucilla! is Madame Pratolungo an injured woman? and am I a man who has slandered her?"

There was another public sent, a few paces distant from us. I could stand no longer—I went away by myself and sat down. A dull sensation possessed me. I could neither speak, nor cry. There I sat in silence; slowly wringing my hands in my lap, and feeling the last ties that still bound me to the once-loved friend of former days, falling away one after the other, and leaving us parted for life.

He followed me, and stood over me—he summed her up in stern quiet tones, which carried conviction into my mind, and made me feel ashamed of myself for having ever regretted her.

"Look back for the last time, Lucilla, at what this woman has said and done. You will find that the idea of your marrying Nugent is,

under one form or another, always present to her mind. Present alike when she forgets herself, and speaks in a rage—or when she reflects, and acts with a purpose. At one time, she tells you that you would have fallen in love with my brother, if you had seen him first. Another time, she stands by while my brother persuading me to you, and never interferes to stop it. On a third occasion, she sees that you are offended with me; and triumphs so cruelly in seeing it, that she tells me to my face, your prospect would have been a much happier one, if you had been engaged to marry my brother instead of me. She is asked in writing, civilly and kindly asked, to explain what she means by these abominable words. She has had time to reflect since she spoke them; and what does she do? Does she answer me? No! she contemptuously tosses my letter into the fire-place. Ad to these plain-facts what you yourself had observed. Nugent has all her admiration; Nugent is her favourite; from the first she has always disliked and wronged me. Add to this, again, that Nugent (as I know for certain) privately confessed to her that he was himself in love with you. Look at all these circumstances—and what plain conclusion follows? I ask you once more—Is Madame Pratolungo a slandered woman? or am I (I) in warning you to beware of her?"

What could I do but own that he was right? It was due to him, and due to me, to close my heart to her, from that moment when Oscar sat down by me, and took my hand.

"After my experience in the past," he went on softly, "can you wonder that I feel what she may do in the future? Has no such thing happened as the parting of the lovers by treachery which has secretly determined their confidence in each other?"

Is Madame Pratolungo not clever enough and unscrupulous enough to undermine our confidence, and to turn against us, to the work of poisoning the minds of which she already possesses at her tool? How do we know that she is not in communication with my brother at this hour?"

I stopped him there. "I could not endure it," you have seen your brother," I said. "You have told me that you and he understand each other. What have you to dread after that?"

"I have to dread Madame Pratolungo's influence, and my brother's infatuation for you," he answered. "The promises which he has honestly made to me, are promises which I cannot depend on when my luck is turned, and when Madame Pratolungo may be with him in my absence. Something under the surface is going on already! I don't like that mysterious letter, which is only to be shown to you on certain conditions. I don't like your father's silence. He has had time to answer your letter. Has he done it? He has had time to answer my postscript. Has he done it?"

Those were awkward questions. He had certainly left both our letters unanswered;—thus far, still, the next post might bring his reply. I persisted in taking this view; and I said so to Oscar. He persisted just as obstinately on his side.

"Suppose we go on to the end of the week," he said; "and still no letter from your father comes for you, or for me? Will you admit then, that his silence is suspicious?"

"I will admit that his silence shows a sad want of proper consideration for you," I replied.

"And there you will stop? You won't see (what I see) the influence of Madame Pratolungo making itself felt at the rectory, and poisoning your father's mind against our marriage?"

He was pressing me rather hardily. I did my best, however, to tell him honestly what was passing in my mind.

"I can see," I said, "that Madame Pratolungo has behaved most cruelly to you. And I believe, after what you have told me, that she would rejoice if I broke my engagement, and married your brother. But I can not understand that she is not enough to be actually plotting to make me do it. Nobody knows better than she does how faithfully I love you, and how hopeless it would be to attempt to make me marry another man. Would the stupidest woman living, who looked at you two brothers (knowing what she knows), be stupid enough to do what you suspect Madame Pratolungo of doing?"

I thought this unanswerable. He had his reply for it ready, for all that.

"If you had seen more of the world, Lucilla," he said, "you would know that true love like yours is a mystery to a woman like Madame Pratolungo. She doesn't believe in it—she doesn't understand it. She knows herself to be capable of breaking any engagement, if the circumstances encouraged her—and she estimates your folly by her knowledge of her own nature. There is nothing in her experience of you, or in her knowledge of your brother's disfigurement, to discourage such a woman from scheming to part us. She has seen for herself—that you have already told me—that you have got over your first aversion to him. She knows that women as charming as you are, have over and over again married men far more personally repulsive than my brother. Lucilla! something which is not to be out-argued, and not to be contradicted, tells me that her return to England will be fatal to my hopes, if that return finds you and me with no closer tie between us than the tie that binds us now. Are these fanciful apprehensions unworthy of a man? My darling! worthy or not worthy, you ought to make allowances for them. They are apprehensions inspired by my love for you!"

Under those circumstances I could make every allowance for him; and I said so. He moved near to me; and put his arm round me.

"Are we not engaged to each other to be man and wife?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Are we not both of age, and both free to do as we like?"

"Yes."

"Would you relieve me from the anxieties under which I am suffering, if you could?"

"You know I would!"

"You can relieve me."

"How?"

"By giving me a husband's claim to you, Lucilla—by consenting to marry me in London, in a fortnight's time."

I started back, and looked at him in amazement. For the moment, I was incapable of answering in any other way than that.

"I ask you to do nothing unworthy of you," he said. "I have spoken to a relative of mine



EDWARD HUGHES. "I HAVE SOMETHING, MY YOUNG GENTLEMEN, THAT I MAY WANT TO SAY TO YOU."

Without answering me, he suddenly stopped at a seat under the stone parapet of the pier, and signed to me to sit down by him. I obeyed. Instead of looking at me, he kept his head turned away; looking out over the sea. I could not make him out. He perplexed—he almost alarmed me.

"Have I offended you," I asked.

He turned towards me again, as abruptly as he had turned away. His eyes wandered; his face was pale.

"You are a good generous creature," he said in a confused hasty way. "Let us talk of something else."

"No!" I answered. I am to deeply interested in knowing the truth to talk of anything else."

His colour changed again at that. His face flushed; he gave a heavy sigh as one does sometimes, when one is making a great effort.

"You will have it?" he said.

"I will have it!"

He rose again. The nearer he was to telling me all that he had kept concealed from me thus far, the harder it seemed to be to him to say the first words.

"Do you mind walking on again," he asked.

I silently rose on my side, and put my arm in his. We walked on slowly towards the end of the pier. Arrived there, he stood still, and spoke those hard first words—looking out over the broad blue waters: still not looking at me.

"I won't ask you to take anything for granted, on my assertion only," he began. "The woman's own words, the woman's own actions, shall prove her guilty. How I first came to suspect her—how I afterwards found my suspicions confirmed—I refrain from telling you for this reason, that I am determined not to use my influence to shape your views to mine. Carry your memory back to the time I have already mentioned in my letter—the time when she betrayed herself to you in the rectory garden. Is it true that she said you would have fallen in love with my brother, if you had met him first instead of me?"

"It is true that she said it," I answered. "At a moment," I added, "when her temper had got the better of her—and when mine had got the better of me."

"Advance the hour a little," he went on, "to time when she followed you to Brownlow. Was she still out of temper, when she made her excuses to you?"

"No."

"Did she interfere, when Nugent took advantage of your blindness to make you believe you were talking to me?"

"No."

"Was she out of temper then?"

"I still defended her. She might well have been angry," I said. "She had made her excuses to me in the kindest manner; and I had received them with the most unparadonable rudeness."

My defence produced no effect on him. He summed it up coolly so far. "She compared me disadvantageously with my brother; and she allowed my brother to persuade me in speaking to you, without interfering to stop it. In both these cases, her temper excuses and accounts for her conduct. Very good. We may or may not differ so far. Before we go further,

"And your brother," I added, "took the other side, and tried to persuade me to marry you first. How can you reconcile that with what you have told me?"

He interposed before I could say more. "Don't bring my brother into the inquiry," he said. "My brother, at that time, could still behave like an honourable man, and sacrifice his own feelings to his duty to me. Let us strictly confine ourselves, for the present, to what Madame Pratolungo said and did. And let us advance again to a few minutes later on the same day, when our little domestic debate had ended. My brother was the first to go. Then, you retired, and left Madame Pratolungo and me alone in the room. Do you remember?"

I remember perfectly.

"You had bitterly disappointed me," I said.

"You had shown no sympathy with my eagerness to be restored to the blessing of sight. You made objections and started difficulties. I recollect speaking to you with some of the bitterness that I felt—blaming you for not believing in my future as I believed in it, and hoping as I hoped—and then leaving you," and locking myself up in my own room."

In those terms, I satisfied him that my memory of the events of that day was as clear as his own. He listened without making any remark, and went on when I had done.

"Madame Pratolungo shared your hard opinion of me, on that occasion," he proceeded; "and expressed it in infinitely stronger terms. She betrayed herself to you in the rectory garden. She betrayed herself to me, after you had left us together in the sitting-room. Her hasty temper again, beyond all doubt! I quite agree with you. What she said to me in your absence, she would never have said if she had been mistress of herself."

I began to feel a little startled. "How is it that you now tell me of this for the first time?" I said. "Were you afraid of distressing me?"

"I was afraid of losing you," he answered.

Hitherto, I had kept my arm in his. I drew it out now. If his reply meant anything, it meant that he had once thought me capable of breaking faith with him. He saw that I was hurt.

"Remember," he said, "that I had unhappily offended you that day, and that you have not heard yet what Madame Pratolungo had the audacity to say to me under those circumstances."

"What did she say to you?"

"This—It would have been a happier prospect for Lucilla, if she had been going to marry your brother, instead of marrying you." I repeat literally: those were the words.

I could no more believe it of her than I could have believed it of myself.

"Are you really sure?" I asked him. "Can she have said anything so cruel to you as that?"

Instead of answering me, he took his pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat, searched in it—and produced a morsel of folded and crumpled paper. He opened the paper, and showed me some writing inside.

living near London—a married lady—whose house is open to you in the interval before our wedding day. In a fortnight from the time when I get the license, we can be married. Write home by all means to prevent them from feeling anxious about you. Tell them that you are safe and happy, and under responsible and respectable care—but say no more. As long as it is possible for Madame Patolingo to make his chief business, conceal the place in which you are living. The instant we are married reveal everything. Let all your friends—let all the world know that we are man and wife!

His arm trembled round me; his face flushed deep; his eyes glared at me. Some women, in my place, might have been offended; others might have been flattered. As for me—I can trust the secret to these pages—I was frightened.

"Is it an engagement that you are proposing to me?" I asked.

"An engagement?" he repeated. "Between two engaged people who have only themselves to think of?"

"I have my father to think of; and my aunt to think of," I said. "You are proposing to me to run away from them, and to keep in hiding from them?"

"I am asking you to pay a fortnight's visit at the house of a married lady—and to keep the knowledge of that visit from the ears of the worst enemy you have, until you have become my wife," he answered. "Is there anything so very terrible in my request that you should turn pale at it, and look at me in that frightened way? Have I not courted you with your father's consent? Am I not your promised husband? Are we not free to do as we please?"

"There is no ally no reason—if it could be done—why we should not be married tomorrow. And you still hesitate? Lucilla! Lucilla! you force me to own the doubt that has made me miserable ever since I have been here. You need as changed towards me as you were? Do you really no longer love me as you once loved me in the days that are gone?"

He rose, and walked away a few paces, leaning over the parapet with his head in his hands.

I sat alone, not knowing what to say or do. The many scenes in me that he had reason to complain of, my treating him coldly, was not to be dismissed from my mind by any effort that I could make. He had no right to expect me to take the step which he had proposed—there were objections to it which any woman would have felt in my place. Still, though I was satisfied of this, there was an obstinate something in me which would take his part. It could not have been my conscience surely which said to me—There was a time when his entreaties would have prevailed on you; there was a time when you would not have hesitated as you are hesitating now?

Whatever the influence was, it moved me to rise from my seat, and to join him at the parapet.

"You cannot expect me to decide on such a serious matter as this at once," I said. "Will you give me a little time to think?"

"You are your own mistress," he rejoined bitterly. "Why ask me to give you time? You can take any time you please—you can do as you like."

"I will give you the end of the week," I went on. "Let me be sure that my father persists in not answering either your letter or mine. Though I am my own mistress, nothing but his silence can justify me in going away secretly, and being married to you by a stranger. Don't press me, Oscar? It isn't very long to the end of the week."

Something seemed to startle him—something in my voice perhaps which told him that I was really distressed. He looked round at me quickly, and caught me with the tears in my eyes.

"Don't cry, for God's sake!" he said. "It shall be as you wish. Take your time. We will say no more about it till the end of the week."

He kissed me in a hurried, startled way, and gave me his arm to go back.

"Grosse is coming to-day," he continued. "He mustn't see you looking as you are looking now. You must rest and compose yourself. Come home!"

I went back with him, feeling—oh, so sad and sore at heart! My last faint hope of a renewal of my once-pleasant intimacy with Madame Patolingo was at an end. She stood revealed to me now as a woman whom I ought never to have known—a woman with whom I could never again exchange a friendly word. I had lost the companion with whom I had once been so happy; and I had gained and disappointed Oscar. My life has never looked so wretched and so worthless to me as it looked to-day on the pier at Ramsgate.

He left me at the door, with a gentle encouraging pressure of my hand.

"I will call again, later," he said; "and hear what Grosse's report of you is, before he goes back to London. Rest, Lucilla—rest and compose yourself!"

A heavy foot-step sounded suddenly behind us as he spoke. We both turned round. Time had slipped by more rapidly than we had thought. There stood Herr Grosse, just arrived on foot from the railway station.

His first look at me seemed to startle and disappoint him. His eyes stared into mine through his spectacles, with an expression of surprise and anxiety which I had never seen in them before. Then he turned his head, and looked at Oscar with a sudden change—a change unpleasantly suggestive (to my fancy) of anger or distrust. Not a word fell from his lips. Oscar was left to break the awkward silence. He spoke to Grosse.

"I won't disturb you and your patient now," he said. "I will come back in an hour's time."

"Not you will come in along with me, if please. I have something, my young gentlemen, that I may wish to say to you." He spoke with a frown on his bushy eyebrows, and pointed in a very peremptory manner to the house-door.

Oscar rang the bell. At the same moment my aunt, hearing us outside, appeared on the balcony above the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Grosse," she said. "I hope you find Lucilla looking her best. Only yesterday, I expressed my opinion that she was quite well again."

Grosse took off his hat sulkily to my aunt, and looked back again at me—looked so hard and so long, that he began to confuse me.

"Your aunt's opinions is not my opinions," he growled, close at my ear. "I don't like the look of you, Miss. Go in!"

The servant was waiting for us at the open door. I went in without making any answer. Grosse waited to see Oscar enter the house before him. Oscar's face darkened as he joined me in the hall. He looked half angry, half confused. Grosse pushed himself roughly between us, and gave me his arm. I went upstairs with him, wondering what it all meant.

(To be continued.)

OLD FARMER GREY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picture of me and my hold woman here. Just as we be, if you please, sir—winkles, gray hairs, and all! We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty years.

But we've got some boys to be proud of—straight an' handsome an' tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July. Tom wrote me? Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since for—So we'll give to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I—

Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elsha, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

I guess you've heard of Elsha,—he preaches in Middletown. I'm a Methodist, myself, but he's 'Plasped he says. Don't you think it makes much difference, only as wears around?

An' I don't like to be called 'old' and 'set' while I call the 'Popish' waze.

But he's good for I brought him up; and Tom and Harry 'n' Zay. They're mechanics down to the city, an' don't forget neither 'n' me.

They'll give to the fat of the land, if we'll only come their way!

And Jenny and Kate are peartly off, for they married 'n' a you see.

Well, but that's a cur's fix, sir! Do you screw it in the head?

I've been of this photography, and I reckon it's a scary work.

Do you take the pictures by lightning?—La, yes; 'n' the neighbors said: It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible, old woman, what 'd you do?

Just sit on the other side of me, 'n' I'll take hold of your hand.

That's the way we've courted, mister, if it's all the same to you!

And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the land of the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.

Taint over! In say! What the work is done? Je, hink! we've got our piccers took; and we might eighty year old!

There an' I many couple in our town, of our age, that that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on!

For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart.

We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John went wrong, an' I love him off; 'n' it almost broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me.

Will think of John when the roost come home. Would I forget him, young sir?

He was only a boy, and I was a fool for bein' so hard on you see!

If I could sit him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old hair?

Nathan! That's the way! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey? Old woman look here! there's Tom in that face—I'm hie if the chin is n't his!

CHAPTER VII. "OH! WHAT A GOODLY OUTSIDE FALSEHOOD HATH!"

On reaching the Castle Lady Coleraine ran at once to her father's room. But the slight which greeted her on opening the door she stood transfixed on the threshold.

Lord Shannon was seated on his bed in his shirt-sleeves, between two footmen, who watched every movement he made. His face was white as death, with a livid blotch on each cheek. His eyes rolled in their sockets, and a certain gleam issued from his lips. The expression of his countenance was terrifying. Large drops of perspiration rolled off his forehead, and yet, fearful shivers shook his whole frame.

From time to time a spasm of pain threw him into violent contortions, interrupting for a moment his fierce gesticulations and incoherent language.

Strange to say, he at once recognized his daughter.

"Ah! you are come at last," he cried. "I have been waiting for you."

Lady Mary still stood on the threshold, unable to move, and hardly able to speak.

"Gone to Heaven?" she stammered. "What is the matter, father?"

Lord Shannon broke out in a loud, unnatural laugh.

"Ha! ha! I told him, don't you see? I knew that would be the end of it. You don't believe me, eh? Well, I saw him, the villain. I ought to know him I think, for the last month I have had his infernal figure before my eyes every moment. It never leaves me; no, it never leaves me," and for a moment he became querulous.

"Yes," he continued, with renewed violence, "I saw him, I was striding in the chestnut avenue, thinking of him, of course, when suddenly he appeared—just in front of me—stretching out his hands, as if to stop me. 'Come,' he said, 'or me and John me.' He had a gun with him, and took aim at me and fired."

Here Lord Shannon relapsed into a half-stupor silence. Lady Mary took advantage of the momentary quiet to approach. Fixing on him a cold steady gaze, such as is supposed to daunt lunatics and wild beasts alike, she seized his arm and shook it roughly.

"You are wandering, father," she said in a stern voice. "Do you see that you are the victim of an illusion? It is utterly impossible that you could have seen—the man you think you did?"

She knew well enough when her father meant, but in the presence of others she dared not repeat his name.

Lord Shannon continued, in a broken voice. "Is it possible that I have been dreaming? But no. It was certainly Mosley I saw. I am sure of it. And the proof is that he mentioned a circumstance that occurred when we were young. He saved me one day from drowning—the risk of his own life. And this is how I have repaid him. Yes, that is what he said. It was certainly him. I must have seen him. He said too, 'A dead man, I am a dead man,' and with a dreadful wail he fell back upon the pillow and threw the sheet over his face. As he lay there, perfectly still, his features just traceable under the cloth, he bore a ghastly resemblance to a corpse laid out for burial. The servants evidently thought that his last words had come true, and that he was actually dead."

Lady Mary was the only one in the room who preserved her *sangfroid*. Without the slightest exhibition of emotion, she turned to Lord Shannon's wife, and in her accustomed haughty tone asked him if her father had really been wounded.

The man replied, with far more emotion than this unworldly daughter had shown, that he had found a small wound on the side of his lordship's head, and two small holes in his hat—sufficient evidence that he had been fired at.

"And so they dared to attempt to kill my father," murmured Lady Mary. "How shall I find out who it was?"

The wretch ventured to suggest that it was the fellow Ryan, who is always looting about the grounds.

"No, it cannot be Ryan," returned her ladyship, who had sufficient evidence of Ryan's innocence in this matter.

Still the servant had his doubts. There was not a greater villain in the country; just the one to do a thing of this kind.

But Lady Mary persisted in asserting the poacher's innocence, of which she felt fully convinced, and the arrival of the doctor broke up the conversation.

Covering the patient's face with some difficulty, so lightly was the sheet clenched, he examined it closely for some minutes. Then abruptly turning to the attendants he ordered tea for the head, leeches, and mustard poultices for the feet. Then hastily scribbling a prescription on a leaf torn from his note-book, he handed it to one of the men, bidding him ride at once to Coleraine and get the medicine made up.

The examination over, Lady Mary stepped forward.

"Well, doctor?"

The man of medicine hesitated, then said emphatically.

"I have seen people get over this sort of thing."

"Poor comfort for me. But it mattered but little to Lady Coleraine. Whether her father lived or died she cared not. With dry eyes and an unmoved heart she watched the different phases of this awful disease, the most terrible of all to which mankind is subject.

But nevertheless, though she felt no emotion at the sight of her suffering father, she displayed enough of genuine grief to give her the character of a model daughter.

This was a part of her general policy. She comprehended that if she wanted to make her husband appear in the wrong, she must win the good opinion of the people living round and build up a reputation entirely different to that she had hitherto borne. Here was an occasion, and she was not slow to seize it.

Never was there a daughter more devoted to her father than Lady Coleraine. Wonderful were the reports spread at Coleraine and in the villages of her unwearied attention and tenderness. Day and night she was by her father's bedside. It was even said to persuade her to take an hour's rest, and when she did consent she slept, still by the sick-bed, in an arm-chair, ready to awake at the patient's slightest cry or movement.

But while she remained shut up in her father's room, playing her self-imposed rôle of sick-nurse, her thoughts were invariably centred on Ryan. How was he getting on at Coleraine? Was he fulfilling his promise? And the more she thought the slower time seemed to pass.

orough's return from London he does all the business. From morning till night he is hard at work. In the morning writing letters, in the afternoon seeing those who have business with him. He doesn't seem to be the same man. You know how proud and stuck-up he used to be. Well, now he's built-up well-met with everybody. He never goes out.

Ryan, stopped, having exhausted his budget. Lady Mary made no answer immediately. She had a question to put of which she felt ashamed. At last she spoke, turning her head aside to hide her face, hurrying with shame and confusion.

"Could he possibly have a mistress?"

Ryan burst out laughing.

"That's what's the matter?" he cried with a coarse familiarity that shocked her. "You're thinking of that scoundrel Mosley's daughter, that shameless hussy Annie, eh?"

"Yes, I do mean Annie Mosley."

"Well, she's neither to be seen nor heard from. She must have eloped with her other lover, young Somerville."

"That cannot be. You must be mistaken."

"Oh! I don't know. The only one of the Mosleys in this neighbourhood is John, who lives like the vanguard he is, supporting himself by thieving. Day and night he wanders about in the woods, gun in hand. He is awful to look at, as thin as a skeleton, and his eyes are like red-hot coals. If he were to meet me one of these days I should be settled pretty quick."

Lady Coleraine turned pale. It must have been young Mosley that had shot at her father.

"Well," she returned after a pause, "I am convinced that Annie Mosley is in the neighbourhood—probably at Coleraine. I must find her, and find her I will. In the meantime see what you can do, and meet me here on Monday."

When Monday came Ryan had no news. He certainly had done his best to please his patroness, but his fear of Geoghegan and John Shovel had prevented him extending his search as far as he would have liked. Moreover no one in the county would have given him any information respecting Annie Mosley.

Time after time did the two conspirators meet, but Ryan's answer to Lady Coleraine's impatient "Well?" was always the same, "Nothing."

Still Lady Mary did not despair of success. Her jealousy sustained her through every disappointment. She had persuaded herself that Annie had stolen away her husband's love, and that the pair were enjoying their guilty bliss in the neighbourhood.

At last she triumphed. One afternoon on reaching the rendezvous she found Ryan in a wonderfully good humour.

"Good news," he cried, as soon as he saw her, "we've got the job at last."

Lady Mary listened with frigid rage as Ryan related the story of Curcoran's bequest, considerably supplemented and embellished by the village gossip, with whom it had been the prevailing topic for weeks past. In conclusion he added, in a tone of disgust.

"She might at least have waited till the next week before taking possession. If each one of her lovers gives her ten shillings, she'll be rich as a queen, and will be able to buy up Shannon and St. Killian's both."

These last words increased Lady Mary's anger.

"And this is the wretch!" she cried bitterly, "that has robbed me of my husband's heart. For a creature like that he has abandoned me. But you are sure, Ryan, that what you tell me is correct?"

"As sure as that I am standing here."

"Who told you all this?"

"It's the talk of the whole village. Besides, I've got eyes. I went to Curcoran's house last night and peeped through the window, and saw Annie herself."

"Whereabouts is the house?"

"Who can you know the house? Just this side of the river?"

"Oh! yes, I know where it is. Have you ever been in the house?"

"Hundreds of times, when Curcoran was alive."

"Well! you must give me the topography of the place."

"Give you the—which?" said Ryan, opening his eyes in astonishment.

"I mean that you must tell me how the house lies, how it is built, how the garden is laid out, and so on."

"That's it, is it? Well, the house stands all alone, about a hundred and fifty yards from the road. There's a small garden in front, and a larger one, with a low hedge round it, behind. On the left hand side there are a few trees and a stream of water that runs into the river."

Here Ryan stopped short. With an inquisitive leer and a wink he asked:

pointments were they not a profitable source of amusement to him. As it was, his reports were invariably correct, for he no longer took the trouble of watching Lord Coleraine. At last a little game was discovered!

One day, on his starting positively that Lord Coleraine had not left Coleraine, Lady Mary interrupted him.

"Ryan," she said, looking him straight in the face, "either you are deceiving me, or you are a fool. Lord Coleraine and Annie Mosley were walking together for twenty minutes on the market place at Portsmouth yesterday."

(To be continued.)

A FIERY BLAST.

Not often—no oftener than is necessary. You see it has to be a special affair; the engines at the pumping stations have to be kept going hard so as to lower the sewage, and fine weather has to be chosen, for the sewers are risky enough without having danger to run from floods.

They're built, you see, of the finest and best bricks to be had, and buried below the streets you have some of the neatest brickwork in London. The object was to get bricks of the smoothest and finest, so that when built into a great tunnel or pipe, there should be no stay to the water running easily through.

My first journey through the sewers was after this fashion: notice had come down that about four miles were to be inspected—four miles sounds a good deal, but there are two thousand miles under London—and preparations were made. First, men were sent to open all the iron traps over the ways down, one of which there is about every five or six hundred yards, so as to ventilate the sewers, and the pumps having been kept well going all day, we started early the next morning, with shovel and lantern, for the spot, where we were to go down.

Now full half had not been down before, and there was a great deal of laughing going on as we put on the India-rubber dresses fitting tight up to wrist and neck, and with a great lode of cover over one's head and face what a danger came about which I'm going to tell you. When we stood there ready in our big boots, though, I saw great stout, six-foot men turn as white and queer as could be.

"Take a nip of brandy each, my men," says the foreman, "and light your pipes as well as your lanterns. We may as well be jolly over our job."

There was plenty of brandy handed round, and I saw that a good drop was ready to be taken down.

"Dutch courage," I says to myself, and then I too began to feel a bit uncomfortable; for the grating was sood, and I was looking down a square well with foot-holes stuck in the wall, and on asking one of the men how far it was down, he told me it was sixty feet.

Sixty feet! I didn't say anything, but I thought, A walk of four miles through a great drain all that distance below the surface! I told you I saw some men look queer! I know I felt so.

"Now then, all ready?" says the foreman. "You go first, Smith," he says, speaking to an old hand, and stopping back himself—not to keep from taking the lead, but, as I saw at once, to see that none of his men turned tail and snuffed off so early in the job.

Judging from the unwilling way in which some of the men crept down through their iron trap one at a time, like the demons and imps at a theatre, I don't think there's a doubt about five or six of them having meant to slip off; but the foreman was right, and came down first.

I know my first feeling as I stepped off the first run into a bit of black mud, was one of wanting to go back, and that feeling grew stronger as, almost pushed forward by the next man, I waded out of the entrance into the sewer, and stood with the water up to my middle, striking cold through my India-rubber clothes, and pressing against me as if to sweep me down right away to the river. The place was far all the world like a great cellar stretching out into darkness, our lanterns glimmering and glancing on the black water that so-and-so go soodly whirling about, and the faces of the men about me looked yellow and ghastly, as they all clustered together for safety like sheep in a strange fold.

"Now, my lads," the foreman says, in a cheery voice, "there's nothing to be afraid of, without, like little children, you don't like being in the dark, so on we go."

On we did go, very slowly, with two or three of the old hands in front, and the foreman at the rear; the men who had made a bit of a laugh about being in the dark, talking all the same in a low whisper that sounded very hollow and queer.

I don't know whether I'm weaker than other men, but somehow, at every step I took, with the water bearing against me and pressing me on, there was a cool feeling of sear creeping over me, and I kept on thinking, think, about all sorts of things that I should have felt better if I'd been free of. First I got thinking about rain; suppose it should rain and the gullies run fast, the water would rise quickly, and we should all be swept away.

I got the better of that by remembering the side entrances, out of which we could easily get.

Then there was another horrible thought came to worry me, and as it was something putting it all into my mind, so as to torture me, there came at the same time the recollection of my wife and little ones, and I wondered what would become of them if we should be all overcome and suffocated by the bad gases that floated about over the water.

I started just then at our foreman's voice, for it was evident that some one had not only been thinking the same, but speaking about it, for the foreman says—

"And suppose there was gas about; we had the doors all open to ventilate the place."

The man gave a sort of grunt, and we went slowly splashing on, our lights flashing about in a dull yellow way. Now we were halted to use our spades at the mouth of some drain, where there seemed to be a little collection of sediment; and again at another place, where we could feel that there was mud under our feet; but it was soon sent sweeping down, for the smooth, fine brick of which the tunnels were made kept back but little refuse.

If we could have been kept on busily at work, but as it was, nothing would have happened; but the man gave a sort of grunt, and we went slowly splashing on, our lights flashing about in a dull yellow way. Now we were halted to use our spades at the mouth of some drain, where there seemed to be a little collection of sediment; and again at another place, where we could feel that there was mud under our feet; but it was soon sent sweeping down, for the smooth, fine brick of which the tunnels were made kept back but little refuse.

I believe that nothing would have happened; but as it was, nothing would have happened; but the man gave a sort of grunt, and we went slowly splashing on, our lights flashing about in a dull yellow way. Now we were halted to use our spades at the mouth of some drain, where there seemed to be a little collection of sediment; and again at another place, where we could feel that there was mud under our feet; but it was soon sent sweeping down, for the smooth, fine brick of which the tunnels were made kept back but little refuse.

Then we sat off again, one less in number, and for the life of me I couldn't help wishing that I had gone up as well, and thinking about what that man's fate would have been if he had been alone. I felt a cold shudder go through me, as

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