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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

TERMS, \ \\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 18.

For the Hearthstone. CHANGING.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH

I have stood beside the streamlet,
Sparkling in the light of day,
Watching how the little wavelets
Floated one by one away,
I have listened to its music,
Echoing sweetly o'er the plain,
Till it changed to notes of saddess,
Kading in a mournful strain.

I have seen the rosy sunbeams,
Softly o'er the meadows play,
Till the gloomy shades of evening
Blotted out each golden ray.
I have leved a tender flower
Sweetly blooming by my side,
But, alas, unwisely cherished,
For it faded, drooped and died.

I have seen the form of manhood Growing up from childhood's hour, Full of vigor, strength and action, Full of ide and mental power. I have seen it bowed and trembling Like a reed before the blast, And I've seen it cold and lifeless, Mingling with the dust at last.

Thus w'ere changing, ever changing On the shifting sands of time:
Scarce we catch the morning echoes, fre we hear the evenings chane.
Passing onward, swiftly onward,
Through our life's contful day,
Till the silver ord is broken,
And we pass from earth away.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Not so long and wide the world is, Not so rude and rough the way is. But my wrath shall over take you. And my vongeance shall attain you!

As Margaret left the room Sir Richard runs the bell, and on the appearance of the servant ordered Adam to be sent to him

"When was Sir William Hamilton drowned and where?"

"Eighteen years ago," was the reply, "in the Mediterranean Sea."

" Have you got my room ready for my reception?

"Yes sir, there is a good fire in the dressing room, and everything is arranged as far as i could, I had no key to your valise, and it locked, but I have placed toilet requisites up. your table."
"Have breakfast at eight, let the coachman

see that the carriage and harness, are in good order, I will pay a visit in the forenoon."

Adam bowed low in reply, and has he de-cended to his own apartment said, speaking to himself, in which pastime the old man frequently indulged,

ronders will never ces was my master for nineteen years before he went abroad, and I never knew him to pay a visit in all that time; I always blamed the lonesome life she lead for my poor Lady's death, poor thing, her eyes were red with crying half the time?" half the time."

It was well poor Sir Robert died before the old Laird came home, it would have been a changed house to him, but I dare say it will be that to us all."

He approached the winding staircase which led up to the bedrooms, and looking up con-

"I'm afraid it will be as bad times with the poor children up there, as ever it was with their father, and Lord help them if it is, as I think it will be: them that never shed a tear. I wish some of the princes at are so rife in story books would come and steal them both away in a carriage with flying horses; Captain Lindsay

i'll never get Miss Agnes that's sure enough. As Adam left the drawing room, Sir Richard followed him, and carefully putting the catch on the door, lay down at full length on the crimson satin sofa, examined the appointments of the room with a critical eye, the tables sofas, and chairs were the same that he had left there when he saw it last, but the covers of all were new, and of the costlicat kind, new curtains, piano, and harp, fine pictures, statues and mirrors, the last reaching from floor to

ceiling. " My money has been flying at a brisk rate: "My money has ocen nying at a Drisk rate; well perhaps it is as well, Isabel Douglas is a widow, and if I can only persuade her to be a wife, she can spend as she pleases, I know her taste for the beautiful, and I would not like her to see bare walls when she enters my house for the first time; she enters my house" repeated he with a deep sigh. "Oh if I were only sure that she would enter it, I would forget the past, and determine to be the Lord Bountiful of the County for all time, what has my money ever been to me; it was to gain pos-session of this that I was shut up like a ma-

niac for eighteen years."
His conscience told him, that it was the hate he had fostered in the breast of the child he stole, that had shut him up, but even to him-



THE PANEL LEADING TO THE TOWER CELL WAS OPEN.

here again, surrounded by luxury, I would not | bride, although half a century had passed over | man on the subject, and bind him down to sehave given to myself, and provided Isabel Douglas will only share it with me it may be doubled or tripled any day she likes."

He rose and taking from the side table a couple of silver candelabra filled with wax candles, he placed them on each side of a large mirror, and stepping back a few paces surveyed himself therein; the reflection he saw there was to him a pleasing one.

"I have to thank my jailor for giving me eighteen years instead of taking them from e, I have a better face and a stronger frame at fifty five than I had twenty years ago, my face once red and bloated, now so white and firm of flesh, will tell her that the vice she hated is dead; would to God I had kept my promise to her and given up for her sake, what I learned to hate in loneliness and misery. To think that William Hamilton has been dead all the time I was in that prison, well perhaps it is better as it is, she would most surely have spurned me then, drunkard as I was, and now I could not drink if I would there is no fear of my breaking my vow now. Oh! that she had sufficient love for me to ask for such a vow now."

He paced the apartment with long strides, going going from end to end, and ever as he approached the windows, watching the lights in distant Inchdrewer, on its rocky height, until they went out one by one, and the dark night lamps were lost in the distance.

The man was excited beyond what he had ever felt before; the causes were obvious, mas-ter in his own castle for the first time in eighteen years, come back to find the dilapi-dated old house he had last seen with its old fushioned faded furniture, transformed into what seemed to him almost a fairy palace. Yet above all that luxury like a plague spot in a green easis, was the terrible prison cell where he had spent in loneliness, impoten wrath, and also often in hunger, thirst, and cold the best years of his manhood; and now what made his heart beat with accelerated pace, and his check, with its more than fifty years burn with the blush or youth, was the knowledge that she who had been a dream to him stole, that had shut him up, but even to him-self he would not acknowledge this, not then. "But away with such thoughts, I am master determined to try once more to win her for his

her head as well as his own.

He felt no need of rest, far less sleep, and taking a taper from one of the tables in the hall, he wandered through the rooms and corridors, so well known with their old memories, yet so new and strange to him who'es carliest footstops had been taken among them; each familiar place was walked over, and looked at, all had been visited except one, he would go to the armory, but not to the chamber under the roof, no: in the state his nerves were now in, he could not go there, he opened the armory door, and looked in, only looked in, now was there he felt he could not enter; did his eyes deceive him?-the panel leading to the tower cell was open i—how was this?—in coming out he had closed it carefully: it was no door that could open of itself, moved by something in the wall above or below,—but a panel closing, which he, knowing where to look for had difficulty in finding; it could not have been opened by Robert Cuninghame, he lay dying the night Sir Richard made his esca-

po, no one cise knew the secret of the spring. He stood for several minutes in the doorway half holding the candle above his head, so that he might the better pierce the darkness of the large lofty room, his eyes staring at the open panel; there was no mistake, the panel was wide open, his limbs trembled under him with fear; slamming the door of the armory, and rushing down the staircase lending to the main building, he stayed not his footsteps un-til within the precints of the lower drawing room, where surrounded with light and warmth he could reason as to what could have caused

the opening of the panel. was now anxious to conceal the story of his life during the last eighteen years, he was well aware it would not place him in a digni-fied position in the eyes of his fellow men, or increase the chance of his obtaining Lady Hamilton for his wife; its being known now could not punish the jailor, he was beyond that, there was therefore every motive for conceal

sured him that he would never be suffered to perish from hunger, and he feared that at the last Adam had been trusted with the secret of cresy; on the morrow with light and sunshine, he would himself close the panel.

He sought his room to rest not to sleep, the morning had already begun to fill the air and woods, with the songs of birds, the hum of insects, and he lay down with half shut eyes, on his velvet curtained bed, to dream the dream

of youth.

To the surprise of the twin girls, they were received by Sir Richard at breakfast, with a suavity they had not the evening previous thought him capable of exercising. This was thought him capable of exercising. This was a matter of policy on his part, he knew they were favorites with the Lady he would fain make his wife, and if he could win her to love him, he was willing to conceal or conquer if possible, the hatred he felt for the father's chil-

Breakfast over, Sir Richard summoned Adam

to the Library.
"Adam," he began, "I wish to know when you were last in the armory?" he put the question in the tone and manner, that would imply it was one of little moment.

Adam considered for a moment, and, then answered.

"I cannot tell you Sir, but it must have been before you went abroad : Sir Robert locked the armory after your departure, keeping the key himself, he considered the whole of the castern tower, in an unsafe state, none of the apartments are ever used."

The answer was most satisfactory; so far, whoever left the panel open, it was not Adam.
"Were there any of the other servants more in Sir Robert's confidence than yourself?

"Oh no," a ready and decided answer. "Under Sir Robert I ruled everything outside and inside the Castle, when absent for a day, I, in his place attended the young ladies in their walks and drives."

"Tell the coachman to get the carriage in readiness, with his best horses, and his best harness.

Adam bowed and was gone; after his departure, Sir Richard took his way to the armory; seen in the daylight it bore witness to the truth of Adam's testimony, the armory on the walls, everything in and about the place, was last Adam had been trusted with the secret of covered with dust and cobwebs, only from the the eastern tower; he would speak to the old door to the sliding panel there was a narrow

path, shewing that there at least a human foot had passed and repassed while everywhere elsedust reigned supreme.

"I must have been mistaken," soliloquized e, "in the hurry of my flight I must have fan-

cled I shut the panel, there is no other way of accounting for its being open."

With the broad daylight came a feeling o contempt for the nervous excitement which made him leave the place so quickly the previous evening, he smiled when he thought of the fear which then prevented him, not only from examining the cage, but also impelled his footsteps in leaving the armory, and gaining the inhabited part of the house.

"Strange effect" said he mentally, "that fear produced upon me, instead of making mo brave in self defence, I verily believe a child could then, have again shut me up in that horrible enge."
He entered the panel staircase, and ascend-

ed to the low apartment, so long his woeful abiding place. Even before putting his foot on its floor, he beheld with dismay, the lantern which had fallen from the lands of the girls, also the food and water they had brought; there indeed was convincing proof that some one must have been in the spartment since his flight; everything else was untouched, the box with the biscuits, the foul water in the bottom of the flagon, he so often that last day tried to drink, and could not; the skins, the shepperd's plaid, the string he had made from one of the skins, and try to hang himself by; all exactly as he had last seen them. The lantern he picked up, it was such an one as was used by the grooms in visiting the stable at night the sight of that lantern almost turned him from his pur-

pose of going to Inchdrewer,
On the side of the cage furthest from the staircase, was a platter of dried up food, and a ilagon of water. Some one else knew the secret of the cage in the eastern tower, yet who could

that one be?——
"I have heard," thought he, of dying men who sumoning all their strength, achieved by an almost superhuman effort in the last hour of their originals. their existence, what they could not do for days, or even weeks previous; most likely ho has come to tell me, I must die of starvation, that this was the last food he could ever bring and in his dread at finding his victim gone, with the horrible conviction forced upon him that his captive was free, was now his master, would come back soon to consign him to prison walls, and hard labour for life,—his light fell from his hands, he went back to his bed to die," This explanation was the one which appeared most reasonable and suited him best, and he thought over it until he convinced himself it

might be the right one.
He descended the staircase, shut the panel and closing the armory door departed.

It was with mingled feelings of hope and

doubt that Sir Richard Cuninghame scated in his handsome carriage, attended by a conch-man, and servant in livery approached Inchdrewer Castle, and as he was ushered into the presence of the Lady whose favor he came to seek, the latter feeling greatly predominated. As he entered the drawing room where Lady

Hamilton was scated, he heard a light ringing lauch he knew full well, and as he heard his bounding pulse told him, that it had still the power to thrill his heart to its inmost core as in the old time.

The Lady was scated at a table with writing materials before her, two or three little children playing at her feet; some piquant remark made by one of whom had drawn forth the laugh, that reminded her guest so forcibly of his love.

The Lady held out her hand to him as he entered saying pleasantly, and with no more sur-prise in her accents than if she had seen him vesterday.

"How do you do Sir Richard Cuninghame; I am very happy to see you."

He took her offered hand, and its touch sent

a second and a sharper thrill to his heart, but as he looked on the Lady, a feeling of disuppointment arose, she was certainly very different from her bright youthful looking sister, whose lithe figure, and graceful movements Sir Richard expected to see in Lady Hamilton. The Lady who half rose to greet him, would have appeared to the veriest stranger a middle aged woman, graceful and dignified to be sure; grace and dignity were the birthright of her race, and she could not lose them, but the graceful billowy motion of youth was gone for ever, in its place had come the heavy sweep of the shore bound wave.

The face was still one of great beauty, the eyes and hair had lost nothing of the lustre, by aid of which they had fuscinated the young heart of Richard Cuninghame, and held it in sure keeping so many long years, but the eyes had a dreamy look, as if seeking for something they never hoped to find, and the bright hair was folded in heavy braids away under the pure white coif appropriate to widow-hood, the gau-zy scarf like ends of which, fell like a veil over the black velvet dress that suited well the large figure, and dignified air of the wearer, the lily on her face was fair as in her youth, but it was the white of alabaster, not of a flower, the rose leaf had fied for ever.
"Pray be seated" continued the Lady in tones

of sure welcome, which at once reassured and gave confidence to her guest. "I was so pleased when Lady Morton informed me of your arrival, so well timed and so unexpected; your grandchildren are sweet as well as beautiful





girls, and will I am sure make your home a

happy one."
Sir Richard replied with the suavity, which to him became a second nature in the presence of Lady Hamilton, and he thanked her for the kindness she had shown to the twin girls whom he chose to denominate children; he by no means cared for the patriarchal character of

You have no doubt seen and learned so much in your long wanderings, that you will make us poor stay at homes court your society,

the wonders you have seen in flood and field."

Here was the opportunity he had sought, but the children were in the room, and if they had not been, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; as she spoke and smiled she was every moment becoming more and more like the Isabel Douglas he so loved and longed to see, and with the likeness to her old self, came the con-viction, stinging like a barbed arrow, that with

him she would never wed.
"I dont know," continued the Lady, "if your daughter Agnes has had time to tell you, that she is with the approval of her father, the affianced bride of Arthur Lindsay, whom you saw with my sister last night at Haddon Castle, he has only his sword, no land nor gold, but he is

of noble blood, good and true,"
"No," replied Sir Richard, "I was not aware
of any such engagement, and to tell the truth, I look upon such an arrangement, as very pre-mature, the girl is a mere child, she has only essed her fifteenth year by a few months, her judgment is not sufficiently formed to enable her to decide upon the man who is to make or mar her happiness for life."

"You are right so far," returned Lady Hamilton," yet I have known a marriage formed at even that early age a most blessed one," as she spoke her dark eyelashes fell on her cheek now whitened to marble, while her lips became scarlet, and trembled with ill suppressed emo-

"If they are sincerely attached to each other," replied the gentleman, "it will be no punishment for them to wait a year or two; unless something unlooked for occurs, I will of course sanction an engagement approved by her fa-ther; as to his means, that is a matter of little consequence, Agnes will have enough for

The glance of Lady Hamilton's eye, and her flashing cheek told him, that his last remarks had made a favourable impression on his hearer, they were alone, he would follow it up, her white cheek, her dreamy eyes seemed to tell him he would be unsuccessful, but he must try, it was a cust for the happiness he had once thrown away, and which he would now give worlds if they were his, to possess once more.
Alas, alas, on her flat was hanging the hap-

piness or misery of more than one.

Ite approached the low fauteuil where she sat, and leading on the velvet covered mantel shelf, looked down on her with eyes so full of love and admiration, that had she but raised her eyes, his tale was told without speech.

Sir Richard Cuninghame was a handsome man for his age, gentlemanly, even courtly withal, and that he could woo and win, Isabel Douglas need not be told.

"Lady Hamilton," said he, " will you for one half hour accord to me the liberty to call you by your Christian name?"
"No, Sir Richard," was the quick reply.

"No, Sir Menard," was the quick reply.

"To what end would old people like you and
I address each other as we did in our childhood. The name William Hamilton gave me
when I was his bride is the sweetest I have ever known, dear to ear and heart. There are troubled waters flowing round my Christian mane, young as I was when I resigned it, that never came near the name of Hamilton. Call me by that name; I have borne it for nearly

Fool that he was not to have stopped there but he was a gold worshipper, and he read the heart of the pure woman before him from his own standpoint,

" Perhaps I am telling you what you already know, when I say that within the last thirty years my lands have stretched their border down to the sea; the gold I could count by hundreds previous to my uncle's, Sir John Baldwin's, death, I can count by thousands now; one of the finest houses in Aberdeen is mine by the same inheritance for nineteen years back, and I am able to furnish it in velvet and gold, should she whom I love desire it ask you to look on my face and frame."

As he spoke, he bent over her, and endea-roured to take her hand in his, but instantly her chair was pushed back, and her hand crossed on her bosom; his courage nearly failed him, but again he thought of his wealth, his lands and gold, he was reassured and he went

" Lady Hamilton, I have come here for the second time, to ask you to be mistress of Haddon Castle, to spend my gold for me. It will be all your own; you can do what seemeth good to you with it all, no one to say, "What

She never looked for this, and for the moment she was so astonished she could not an-

Her silence seemed to him the consent he would give soul and body to buy, and putting his hand on her shoulder, so lightly as scarcely to touch it, and yet that light touch thrilled to his very heart, he said in a voice tremulous emotion

" Isabel, I have loved you with an undying love since I was sixteen years old, I have kissed the moss you sat upon, embraced the tree you leant against, the fiend who watches for the souls of men alone made me the wretch you cast from you; while I plighted my vows to another, your image came between me and my bride at God's Altar, and in those eighteer years men thought me dead, I sat in solitude and wee, thinking and draming alone of Isa-bel. I have not intruded doo carly on your sorrow; you have had eighteen long years to mourn your dead. You can make me a good man or a fiend, a blessing or a curse."

He stopped speaking, and knelt with clasped

hands before her, awaiting the words which

were to speak his doom.

" Richard Cuninghame, your words have made me a more solrowful woman than ever thought to be in this world again; but I could not marry you were you to offer me the wealth of the Indies; I tore your image from my heart in the deep green forest of Invermalden, my tears falfing down like rain; none but my Guardian Angel and myself knows what it cost me in my early girlhood ere I was myself again, and He to whom the record of my tears was brought document, in Mr. Gillman's remarkably neat are prefly well certain to make a stir in the rest was tolerably easy. He knew Mrs. East the well decimally easy. He knew Mrs. East the well certain to make a stir in the rest was tolerably easy. He knew Mrs. East the well certain to make a stir in the rest was tolerably easy. He knew Mrs. East the well certain to make a stir in the rest was tolerably easy. He knew Mrs. Delastint party years before, gave me William Hamilton in your stead. I penmanship, informing the world that a basic matter? Mr. Delabole is one of the eleverest dixense passionate anture, and had little Back into Dovor, and on to the heights, whonce

loved him in life, I love him in death; we have never parted, and we never shall. William Hamilton is as verily my husband to-day, this very hour, as he was when he last clasped my hand in his, I could not, if I would, be your

It was answered, he rose to his feet, and drawing himself up to his full height, he stood for several seconds looking down upon her with a withering stare, as if he would annihilate her where she sat; she saw, and met his gaze with a feeling half sorrow, half sur-

"Lady Hamilton, farowell, when we meet again, you will sue to me, and I shall do even as I have been done by."

He was gone, and the gentle Lady he left re-tired to her dormitory to give thanks and praise to God, who in her youth had saved her from becoming the wife of Richard Cuninghame; and to pray carnestly for the poor man who

never prayed for himself.

The glory of the setting sun shone on mountain peak and rocky height around the old Castle, shining on the tree tops like burnished gold, and lighting up the tall, spire of the mansoleum where the forefathers of Sir William Hamilton slept the quiet sleep God gives to the holy dead; Margaret Hamilton was laid there in her young beauty, and it was her mother's wont at sunset to go out on the balcony attached to her boudoir to look at the place where her dead child lay, ere the shades of evening had wrapt it round. The evening of the day on which Sir Rich-

ard Cuninghame paid her his last visit she sought the balcony at the usual hour, but her thoughts were concentrated on her husband, and looking towards the mausoleum her feelings shaped themselves into words, as if he who slept so soundly beneath the waves of the Mediterranean Sea could hear her and com-prehend what she said while she stood gazing

on the burial place of his forefathers.

"No, William Hamilton, not to be Queen of England would I forego my right to clusp your hand, and touch your hair in the high heavens, far better I love your memory, your sea-wet hair, than Sir Richard Cuninghame and all his lands as they stretch from the hills to the sca: nay more, far more, the sweet memory of thee and thine I love better, better far, than all my kith and kin-

She leaned on the balustrade, and pressed her hands on her eyes, as if she would shut out the dazzling glory of the setting sun; the hours passed on, but she knew it not;—Isabel Douglas was a happy girl again, wandering under the spreading saugh trees on the shore of Loch Lomond, her hands clasped in handsome William Hamilton's, while with down-cast eyes she listened to the sweet old words that are new every time they are spoken, she heard the ripple of the waters as they came low and light on the golden sands at her feet and her lover's voice went out on the silent air soft and clear.
"I have neither holdings or land in store to

give my love, but Isabel, you shall share with me in my father's halls what my fathers have shared with their loves. I cannot deck thee with gems of pomp and pride, but you shall wear in your own bright hair the bluebell on the mountain top, and your step on the hill shall be as stately and free as the bride of a chieftain's should.

A hand laid on her arm, and Lady Morton's voice pronouncing the word "Isabel" recalled her to her present world; she raised her eyes; the stars were coming out in the dark sky.

(To be continued.)

CASTAWAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECK-ED IN PORT," &C., &C.

BOOK 111. CHAPTER XIV.

Things were very bad indeed in the City. Discount was almost as impossible as credit, and the number of iron safes that were pointed at as containing "securities, sir, worth five-and-twenty thousand pounds, upon which, I give you my word, I cannot ruise five hundred," was ous journals were unanimous in stating that the money-market had a "downward tendency." Consols were lower than they had been within ten years; French rentes were nowhere; and at the Turkish and Egyptian scrip, in which a good deal of light and innocent gambling had recently taken place, men shook their heads omin county. The sensation of the week had been the collapse of the Great Discount Company, which two years before had been formed, on the li-nuted-liability principle out of the old-fashioned house of Reddle and Wryneaux, a firm whose word was at any time good for a million. Whether old Mr. Reddle quietly withdrew all working order, instead of leaving it in, as he promised; whether young Mr. Wryneaux not mere ly drow out his own money, but a great quanti belonging to other people; whether it was through simple mismanagement or base fraud no one knew, but the company came to a smash, and hundreds of families were plunged

into ruin. Then the panic began in carnest. When no ple unconnected with the City heard that the house of Reddle and Wryneiux (no one ever spoke of the company) had failed, they almost began to doubt the stability of the Bank of Eng-gland. Everybody wanted to withdraw every-thing from anywhere where it might be deposited. There were "runs" on private banks which had stood the test of the various influnces on the money-market during a century and which now nobly responded to the call : th partners sitting in conclave in the private par-lour, and calmly smiling at the eagerness of the mad crowd of customers, who were waving their cheques at the counter. All the telegraph clerks in the country were sending off messages com-moneing with the words, "Sell at once," and the stock-brokers were nearly worried out of heir lives by the multiplicity of the commissions thus forced upon them.

In this state of affidrs one would have im-

agined thet the shareholders and others interested in the success of the Terra del Fuegos name would have fall some little disquietude; doubtless they did; but any of them taking the trouble to make a journey into the City would have had their speculations speedily set at rest, for the forty-eight hours' notice which Garcia had guaranteed to his principals had expired, and arriving at the office the next morning the gentiemanly clerks found on the closed shutters a

ness was temporarily susponded," and referring ness was temporarily suspended," and referring inquisitive applicants to some accountants' office close by. The gentlemanly clerks were not very much surprised at what they learned; they had been to a certain extent behind the scenes, and were always anticipating some catastrophe; they knew moreover that when the panic was ended they would have little difficulty in getting as good and more reliable situations, and turned away in tolerable happiness to entoy turned away in tolerable happiness to enjoy

turned away in tolerable happiness to enjoy their unwonted holiday.

Not so the public, who came down with a swoop directly the news got wind, and hung about the doors, and read the written placard over and over again, and consulted with other in the hopes of hitting upon some method of regalning a portion of the money, out of which, as there are also with the money, out of which, as they one and all fiercely declared, they had been swindled. Some of them were weak enough to go off to the accountants' office indicated on placard, where they found themselves confront. od by two very pert clerks, who told them all they knew of the business was, that the books of the company had been handed over to them for inspection, and that a report would be issued as soon as the necessary investigation had been made; they denied all personal knowledge of the directors or officers of the company, and said, as was the truth, that was the first time in which their firm had ever been employed in matters relating to the Terra del Fuegos milee. So the public departed in a crestfallen condition from the accountants' chambers and went back and loafed about in front of the offices again, deriving some feeble comfort from talking to fresh-comers, and explaining to them the hope ess state of the investment in which they had a common interest.

But the other directors, who, whatever doubt they may have felt as the continuance of the prosperity of the company, had risked their capital not merely for the sake of the high in-terest which it produced, but with the firm conviction, that long before the first rumblings of the approaching earth-quake were generally felt, they would have such warning as would enable them to withdraw their ventures in safety, were wild with rage and disappointment. How the news had spread, in what mysterious fushion the flery cross had been sent round, no one could the flery cross had been sent round, no one could tell; but by twolve o'clock several of the men, whose names had been prominent on the direction of the Terra del Fuegos mine, were met together in the board-room of the Friendly Grasp Insurance Offlee, the use of which had been temporarily accorded to them by the actuary, to whom most of them were personally known. There was Lord 'tallabrophy, red-headed, and red-faced, chuckling, stammering, and uttering interiectional outbs, but yet with a certain air interjectional oaths, but yet with a certain air of breeding about him which did not full to tell, or orecang arout him which dathot land tell even on his excited colleagues; there was the Honourable Pounce Dossetor, for the first time since his marriage with Miss Swank, grateful that her trustees had invested her money in the product of a capital income, and left him only a few thousands to fool away; there was Siz Cannock Chase, not attending much to what was going on, but busied in rending a report from his steward, hinting at the existence of more coal on his Stuffordshire property; and there, too, were Mr. Bolckoffiand Mr. Parkinson, who beyond all others, were savage at the turn which affairs had taken - the former sat at the long board table, white with rage and silent, apparently immersed in certain calculations which he was making on the sheet of blotting-paper before him, while the latter strode up and down the room, speaking now to one man then to an-other, and from time to time using such lan-guage as his view never could have expected would have issued from the lips of that meek

would have issued from the fips of that meek and virtuous churchwarden.

"Well, gentleman," at last said Sir Cannock Chase, having finished the steward's report, and deriving some gleam of satisfaction therefrom, "It is no use wasting any more time in these desultory discussions; the question is, can anything be done? If so, let us decide what it is to be, if you let us decide what it is to be; if not, let us clear out of this, as I imagine we all of us have plenty of other things to attend to."

"We must put a bold face on the matter," said Mr. Dossetor, whose stake was small, and whose income was good; "we must stand to

"Shitand to our gons!" cried Mr. Bolekoff, looking off the blotting-paper, and taking his dirty fingers out of his mouth and waving them in the air. "How can I shiand to my gon mit-out do ten thousand pounds von vhich I have

a Then your gun was—he, he—a ten thousand pounder, Bolckoff ?? chuckled Lord Ballabrophy. "Vere is de chairman? vere is de general manager?" cried Mr. Bolckoff, with more gesti-

culation.
"If you knew that, Mr. Bolckoff," said Mr. Dossetor, "you might have a chance of getting back a portion of your ten thousand pounds. trouble to make inquiries in this matter; there is no doubt, I suppose, that Delabole and Vane have levanted ?"

"About Delabole not the slightest in the world," hissed Parkinson from between his deaming teeth. "I went round to his rooms in Pleandilly this morning, directly I heard this news. The hall-porter at the chambers told me news. The hall-porter at the chambers told me that Mr. Delabole had gone away in a cab last night, taking two portnanteaus with him. He took no servants, but went alone. The cabman was directed to drive to King's Cross, but that was, of course, merely a blind; no doubt by this time," snarled Mr. Parkinson, dashing his hand upon the mantlepiece against which he was leaning, "he is safe across the Channel, with our plunder in his trunk."

Do you think he has carried off much?" isked Sir Cannock Chose.

"Everything that he could lay his hands on," replied Parkinson. Mr. Belekoff uttered a loud group and buried

his dirty timeers in his stubbly grey hair.

"When I say everything," said Parkinson, not heeding the interruption, "I mean everything that is at the same time valuable and portable. His rooms—for I made an excuse to go up there to write a letter—are in much their state, and on inquiry at his stables. found that his brougham and borses are still there; though we shall doubtless discover that they have been made away with for their full value. But, by what I learn from two or three brokers who were employed by him, he must have sold out every scrap he held in every company with which he was connected, and realised

"But if auf der Confinent man muss den Polizel telegraphiren und hef ihm cote and sent back," sald Mr. Bolckoff, nodding his head vehemently.

vehemently.

"Ah, to be sure!" said Lord Ballabrophy,
"one could send after him—he, he—Pollaky,
don't you know? and that sort of thing."

"Do you imagine," said Mr. Parkinson, quietly,
"that it would be politic in us to invite legal
interference in our affinirs? I will put it as deligately as possible but don't you that the tellicately as possible, but don't you think that in any investigation which might take place, certain revelations might be made—as for instance, to the allot ment and manipulation of shares which might be more amusing to the outside public than to ourselves? Don't you (black we and bester leave it to that outside public, who of men, and would be the less scrupulous if provoked. Don't you think we had better leave him alone ?"

"Cartainly, most decidedly," said Sir Cannock

"Cartainly most decidedly," said Sir Cannock Chase, adding in muttered tones, as he looked across the table at Mr. Bolckoff, "Dam stoopid foreigner!" With both of which sentiments the company assembled seemed generally to

But Mr. Bolckoft was not to be put down by clamour. "But of Fane," he cried, "you have told me nights of Fane!"

"Mr. Vane left London three days ago," said Mr. Parkiuson. "It was stated at the last board meeting that he required a few days' absence, and so ar everything was regular. It was understood that he was going into the country on business connected with his

mnrriage."
"Ach Gott I dat will now be durchgefallen,"
"Ach Gott I dat will now be durchgefallen," cried Mr. Bolckoff. "Ven Fane had made die Pendixenseiner frau, then could I my lost money have picked out of her fortune."

"That's a contingency that is now scarcely likely to occur, Mr. Bolckoff," said Parkinson. "When Vane hears the news of the smash here, he will doubtless postpone his marriage until he has settled his affairs in such a way as to render Mrs. Bendixen's fortune unavailable by his creditors. I went to his rooms too, but found he had not been back since he originally started. It is probable, therefore, that, confidential as were the relations between him and he chairman, our friend Mr. Delabole kept him

When Philip Vane found that Sir Geoffry Heriot, whom he had hitherto looked upon as likely to recover speedily from the attack made upon him, was actually dead, when the sudden thought shot through his brain that he was a numberer, the shock was to work for the was a murderer, the shock was too much for him and murderer, the shock was too much for him, and as we have seen, he fell senseless, coming to himself only to find that his crime was shrewdly suspected by Delabole, and to hear the few short bitter phruses in which his quondam accomplice severed the connexion between them, and expressed his horror at the deed which had been committed. Raising himself on his arm, Vane nade an impotent attempt to delay Mr. Dela-bole's departure, to implore him to be silont and secret, and to listen to such feeble explanation as could be offered; but his voice falled him, and ere he could renew the effort, he heard the slamming of the door, and knew that he was

Alone! and yet not alone. Rising to his feet, and staggering to a chair, Philip Vane saw before him the pallid cheeks and blood-stained features of the old man; saw the eyes closing, and the thin wiry figure slipping from his grasp; heard again the moan, the last sound he had heard in that accursed place. He tried to shut it all out from him, but it rose persistently before his view. He started from his sent, and attempted to proceed with the packing of his portnanteau, but found himself ever and anon pausing in the midst of his work, and recalling some incident or occurrence of the previous twenty-four hours. The mud on his trousers and books, which belabole had noticed—he must have got that in crossing the plantation and the lawn. The lawn! He sprang up in guilty terror as he reflected that, with the coming morning light, the track of his footmarks are ross the lawn would be revealed. The boots and trousers must be destroyed; he would inke heard in that accursed place. He tried to shut and trousers must be destroyed; he would take them with him in his flight, and get rid of them on the first opportunity. In his flight! whither was that flight to be directed? His plans must be all changed now; the necessity for immediate escape was infinitely more urgent than it had been before, and the chances of obtaining funds less possible. He had relied on obtaining a temporary loan from Delabole, but that, of course, was no longer to be thought of, and the funds which he had at command were hardy sufficient for his tunned lists wents. were barely sufficient for his immediate wants

were barely sufficient for his immediate wants. Nevertheless he must fly, and at once. The dawning light showed him that a new day had begun, before the end of which the murder would probably have beed fully discussed, all evidence possible to bear upon it duly sifted, suspicion rightly or wrongly directed, and all the muchinery of justice for the detection and the arrest of the criminal set in motion. The problem of his fate would be solved by the next four-and-twenty hours; if before they had passed away he could contrive—following the route four-and-twenty hours; if before they had passed away he could contrive—following the route indicated by Delabole—to be well on the road to Bordeaux, with Spain, his ultimate destination, almost within his reach, he was saved. If not—What is that noise in his ears, as of tumbling table and smashing glass? There it all floats before him again; the book-covered walls, the large easy-chair, the shaded lump, and the feasile fleure with the blood-statued and the fragile figure with the blood-state Will it never cease to haunt him? It fades—it has gone.

Now he can bring himself once more to think what steps it is absolutely necessary he should take at once. Money: he must have money: and he must divest his mind of all this unreal funtasy, which from time to time surges up into it; he must shut out that horrible vision, which from time to time unmans him, and must make use of that common sense on which he us bitherto relied, and which has never has hitherto relied, and which has hever yet, falled him when anything of real importance was to be brought about. Money, where to get money for his immediate want, that must be his first determination. Now if he were only confident of his power over Mrs. Hendixen, the course was clear. The time at which a clue to identification of Sir Geoffry's murdere might be given would depend entirely on Madge; and if he judged her rightly, he was tolerably safe in her hands. The recollection of the tle till existing between them; the remembrane of the old days, which now seemed so far dis-tant, and which he knew—for his wife had often told him so—were surrounded by a halo of ro-mance in hereyes; more than all, as he thought her horror while denouncing the murderer, to have at the same time to proclaim him as her husband—for all these reasons her lips would be sealed. No one could tell whether, in the hurry and confusion, sho had recognised the man who lad sprung past her and hurled her to the ground; and from what he knew of Madge, she was just the woman to avail herself of such a pleu as this, and to leave the direction of sus-picion to other circumstances. There was no other evidence which he need fear, save Madge. His visit to Springside was entirely unknown and the fact of the proximate smashing-up of the Torra del Fuegos Mining Company, just an-nounced to him by Delabole, instead of being, is it would have been at any other time, source of rage and lamentation, was regarded by him as rather advantageous than otherwise, imaximuch as it provided a sufficient excuse for the immediate flight which was absolutely ne-

Now as to his power over Mrs. Bendixen From what he knew, he believed it to be suffi-elent to induce her to brave all the frowns of society, and to run away with him, provided he had sufficient excuse for asking her to consent to such a step. That excuse again he finds in the ruin of the mine. If he could only see her it would not be difficult to tell her a previously planned story, in which he could represent himself as the victim of misplaced confidence in Delabole, and by which her sympa-thics could be proused. That once done, the rest was tolerably easy. He knew Mrs. Len-

doubt about being able to mould it to his will; but to achieve that result he must see her, and out to achieve that result he must see her, and there was the difficulty. But one idea occurred to him. He must leave town at once by the very first train which would take him to Dover, and there was no reason why she should not come to him there, and give him an interview before he started for France. If he could induce her to do this, he relied upon himself for carrying out all that he desired.

He flighted marking his postmentage to

rying out all that he desired.

He inished packing his portmanteau, in which he placed the trousors and boots which he had worn on the provious evening, and wrapping his dressing-gown round him, seated himself at the writing-table. Instantly, between him and the paper which he placed before him, rose the dread figure of the old man as he had last been seen in life, and it required all Vane's nerve to keep himself in the chair and stolidly and doggedly go through his appointed task, even then his writing was weak and trailing, and nothing like his ordinary firm round hand. He noticed this, but thought it not inconsistent with the anxiety under which he had explained to his correspondent he was suffering, and which induced him to implore her to come to hover by the first train after the receipt of the which induced him to implore her to come to Lover by the first train after the receipt of the note, and to meet him on the pier. When he had sealed this letter, he walked to the window and threw open the shutters. It was already morning; the outlines of the opposite houses stood out grey and dim in the early light, and the black London sparrows were testituding bilthely on the conventure of the control of th were twittering bilthely on the covered way. He had ascertained that the first train for Dover left soon after six, and had made up his mind to go by that. One starting a little later, it is true, would have reached Dover soon after; but Vane's chief anxiety was to be out of London, and though he wight large on the reach he and though he might linger on the road, he would be tolerably safe from recognition. Looking at his watch he found that he would not have too much time to get to the station; and after a little deliberation as to whether he should or should not enlist the services of the gate-por-ter to carry his portmantenu, he determined to lo so, and walking out, roused that functionary or so, and waiting out, reased that functionary from his slumbers, and brought him to the rooms. The man seemed half askeep, but brightened up sufficiently to drink a glass of spirits which vane presented to him, and then hore off the portmanteau on his shoulders. The one cab which was making the Piccadilly pavement echo with its horse's feet was then secured and in it. Vane deep off to be relieved.

cured, and in it Vane drove off to the railway.
When he arrived at the station he alighted from the cab, but before dismissing the driver he handed him the letter which he had written he handed lim the letter which he had written to Mrs. Bendixen, and giving, a handsome gratuity, bade him take it at once to its address. He was harrying into the booking-office, when he found the way temporarily blocked by a little procession of mea, who were conveying huge bundles of newspapers from the ponderons red vans in which they had arrived, to the starting train. The newspapers! He had forgotten them, by this time the story of the murder must have arrived in town, and those newspapers were arrived in town, and these newspapers were about to sprend it broadcast through the country and the world; what was known about it, what was conjectured, it was all important that he should know, and yet he felt half afraid to satisfy himself.

He took his ticket, and made his way through the crook his ticket, and made his way invoking the crowd of passengers—who were mostly of the poorer class, for the train was tardy and cheap—to the book-stall. The bundles of newspapers had already arrived there, and the smart young men behind the counter were opening and sorting them and slapping them down with refreshing whom: refreshing vigour. As Vane approached, he saw one of these young men select two or three contents-placards from one of the bundles, and after shaking them out and perusing them himafter shaking them out and perusing them himself, proceed to hang them up in front of the counter. "Murder at Springside"—there it was in large type, it caught Philip Vane's eyes instantly. He saw nothing else; the rest of the bill was a blank to him. "Murder at Springside"—why were the lotters printed in red, why —Stendy! Now his head was reeling, and unless he could put more control over himself he

He stendied himself with an effort, walked to the stall and purchased a newspaper, which he placed in his pocket, and hurried to the train. There was no difficulty in securing a first-class carriage to himself, and bidding the guard lock the door, he throw himself into one of the furthest seats, and drawing his travelling cap over his eyes, buried his face in the upturned collar of his coat, and did not move until the train was fulrly in motion; then he took the paper hands, and soon read as follows:

"Murder at Springside (by telegraph)—Sir Geoffry Heriot, K.C.B., was murdered last night at his residence, Wheateroft, near this city. The person apprehended and charged with the commission of the crime is a discarded son of the heard to vow vengeance on his father. Circumstantial evidence against him is very strong. Greatest excitement prevails in the city and the neighbourhood."
"My luck again!" cried Vane, bringing his

hand down upon the arm of the carriage. "The arrest of this man gives me another twenty-four hours to the good, and when I have once seen Esther, and arranged with her to join me abroad, I may saap my fingers at them. "The person apprehended and charged with the commission of the crime;" by Jove, thou, Madge must be loyal to me after all, or she would have denounced me at once, and never have allowed this man—whoever he may be—to be taken in-to custody,"

to custedly."

He threw the paper down, and for the rest of the journey remained buried in thought. The train leitered along, stopping at every little station, where porters came up and roared unintelligibly, where jolly Keutish yeomen, and redelecked Keutish bases, looked in through the window at the sollingy traveller, muffled in his wraps, who never looked up or took heed of aught that was passing around him. Now Folkestone, and then glimpses of the sea, calm and smooth and placid as a lake, with the sun, a great red globe of fire, shining down upon it. Now Dover, and Philip Vane has his portmantent taken to the cloak-room; for he has been reflecting during the journey, and decided, as he cannot cross over till the night boat, and as it is essential that he should not be seen at the Lord Warden, or any other of the places in the town where he is known, he must lolter about until the time for his interview with Mrs. Bendixen on the pier, and afterwards get some refreshment at a third-rate tavern.

Three hours at least must clapse before Mrs.

Bendixen could arrive at Dover, even if she rose immediately on the receipt of her letter, and started by the next train: three long hours to be got through somehow. Under other circumstances he could have employed them well enough; he could have found friends staying at the hotels, could have watched the arrival and leparture of the boats, or amused himself in a thousand ways. But now he must keep out of the chance of observation, and notwithstanding the comparative security which he felt since reading the newspaper paragraph, that horrible scene kept ever rising before his mind. He walked out to River—a pretty little village in the neighbourhood, which he recollected having

THE HEARTHSTONE.

he saw a light thin vapour, like a filmy veil, rise from the surface of the sea, and gradually approach the town, which it finally enwrapped, completely hiding it from his view. Back into the town again, where the streets were telerably empty, the promenaders in ving been driven in by the damp mist. There was a small knot, however, collected before a window in the high-street. Philip Vane, looking the saw that it was a newspany review, and the up, saw that it was a newspaper office, and that the people were reading copies of the intest te-legrams, written on filmsy paper, and stuck in the window. There were two or three slips side by side: mechanically he ran his eyes over them—the state of the money-market and the price of slocks, the dissolution of the Spanish ortes, the resignation of the Austrian Premier the verdict and damages in a breech-of-promise case. What is this on the last sheet, which evidently has the greatest attraction for the bystanders? Philip Vane pushes among them

" The Springside Murder.—Strong rumours are prevalent of testimony conclusive as to the in-nocence of accused. Mr. L. Moss is here, engaged for the defence. The housekeeper has recovered, and will give evitence.

As Philip Vane's eyes lighted on these last

As Philip Vane's eyes lighted on these last words, the writing became indistinct; he recied heavily to one side, and would have fullen, but for the strong arm of a friendly beatman, who caught hold of him, propped him up, and asked him what was the matter. Philip Vane muttered something — that he was not well, that the mist had affected him.

"No harm in that, master," said the boatman, "it is but a sea fog; gets down your throat and makes all damp and uncomfortable, but no real harm in it. Coming on thick though now, ain't it? Won't be able to see your hands

now, ain't it? Won't beable to see your hand, before your face soon—getting pitch dark, that it is; and yet belike three mile out at sea it is as clear as noon-day."

"Let us clear it out of our throats with a dram," said Vane, for he felt the necessity of some such support; and he and the boatman went into the nearest tavern, and swallowed

each a glass of brandy.
When they came out the bootman bade his companion good-day, avowing that the darkness of the fog had spolled any chance of his getting a job, and that he should go home; while Vanc made his way towards the pier. In the broad made his way towards the pier. In the broad open space before him, just by the commencement of the pier, the air was lighter, and it seemed as though the mist were clearing off; this effect, however, was but momentary, and as Vane ascended the steps a black mass of vapour, thicker and denser than ever, came stealing stiently from the sea like a moving well.

The half-dozen promenaders who had been the half-dozen promematers who had been tempted out again by the momentary gleam of sunshine, and were now hurrying back, gazed with curlosity at the man about to face such weather, and some of the young ladies fittered as Philip passed. Black and blacker still. He heard the rough voice of the coast-guardsman, addressing him as "mate," and bld him be carroul, low he stopped, but he carlo not have been supported. addressing him as "mate," and our nim be careful how he stepped, but he could not distinguish his frame. Below him he heard the volces of two or three sailors in the steamer along-lide the pier, and could just make out the outline of her paddle-box and her funnel; still he press-

ed on.

"The housekeeper has recovered and will give evidence." That must be Madge, he thought, that must be the position she was filling at Wheateroft, that was how she was brought into frequent communication with Drage, the parson. "Would recover and give evidence." Recover ! then she must have been ill, or hurt, or frightened, and that was how the dead man's son had been given into custody unknown to son had been given into custody unknown to her. "Would give evidence!" That connected with the rumours of testimony to establish the innocence of the accused, means that Madge will state what she was, and give the name of the man whom she recognised as the murderer. No time to be lost, then. This interview with Esther Bendixen once rightly settled—What's Esther Hendixen once rightly settled—What's that 7 a huge block of stone, an iron crane, a windlass and—gently new, this must be the end of the pier where the works are yet in progress. Dark just here; let him ereep along the side of the wall, let him—The next instant he had caught his foot and stumbled, and was nighting with the calm placid water below. He was a swimmer, and coming to the surface again, had but little fear; three strokes brought him to the great wall of maganry sink in the him to the great wall of masonry sunk in the sea, but it was cold, and smooth, and slippery. with shining weeds which broke away under his hands. No chance for hand-hold or foot-hold hands. No chance for hand-hold or foot-hold cither, no power of seeing aught more than half-dozen feet in front of him. He shouted, but his voice fell flat and muffled on the heavy air, and he knew that his shouts could not be heard. He struggled again, but he was overweighted with his clothes, and his strength was failing. Let him keep his head now and make one more trial; again the cold smooth wall and the trailing yielding seaweed; then a conviction of the impossibility to fight much more, a few struggles, and one piercing cry.

CHAPTER XIV

AT LAST.

Iwo months have clapsed since the date of the proceeding last recorded, and the newspapers, for lack of something more exciting, have begun to chronicle the movements of the barometer, and the prospects of a severe winter. If, however, throughout England the elimate were as it is in Torquay this bright sun y morning, the weather prophets would be considerably out in their calculations, and the disappointment of the school-boys and the cutiers, who were looking forward to a three weeks' skating season, would be intense, for here the air is soft and balmy, the sun bright and hot—so hot, that the gentleman toiling slowly up the hill stops just opposite the club, and unbuttons his long great-coat, and lifts his but to let the sea-breeze cool his forehead. Then reinvigorated, he proceeds, though his step is still slow, and his breathing somewhat laboured; his destination is, how-ever, close at hand. Through the trim and pretty garden he approaches a villa, perched on a green mound and overhanging the groen mound that overlanging the sen, and a young lady, who has been apparently watching for hisarrival from the window, meets him at the hall with outstretched hands, and with a

face bright with pleasure,
"You are come at last, Mr. Drage," she said. You may be certain I come as soon as I could," said the rector, bending down, and kiss-ing her forehead; "but it took some time to settle my father's affilirs, and put matters in train for disposing of his share of the business to his partner. However, all that required my personal superintendence is now at an end, and I have escaped from London. And Margaret?"

"Still progressing slowly, but surely. You will find her grontly changed in appearance, dear Mr. Drage; she is still very wenk and very thin, but she has improved wonderfully since she came to this place, and day by day we see a happy difference in her."

u told me in your letter that she had made no allusion to anything that occurred dur-ing that dreadful time."

"Nor has she up to this moment. She is perfectly tranquil, and apparently not unhappy,

speaks frequently of Gerald, and seems anxious that we should be married as soon as possible; but sometimes she will lie for hours without speaking, and when I steal quietly up to her, I find the traces of tears upon her checks."

"Poor dear Margaret! She knows i am

"Oh. yes; and has been expecting you very anxiously. If you like I will take you to her

Mr. Drage left his hat and coat in the pretty little hall where this conversation took place, and followed Rose Pierrepoint into the drawing-room. On a couch before the window overlook. room. On a couch before the window overlooking the sea lay Madge, looking very pale and very delteate, but, as the rector thought, wonderfully beautiful, looking, as the rector also thought, more like a pictured saint than a human being; with her long brown hair hanging over her shoulders, and her white hands clasped in front of her. Her eyes were closed, and she did not open them until Rose raid, "Madge, darling, here is our best friend;" then Madge, darling, here is our best friend; she looked up, and a bright burning flush over-spread her face, as she partially raised herself on one arm, and stretched out the other hand. The rector took the hand, and lifted it to his lips, dropping into the easy-chair placed by the fa as Rose left the room. Margaret was the first to speak.

" Do you find me much changed ?" she said

"No," said the rector brightly, "nothing like so much as I had anticipated. You have had a serious illness, and you are still very weak, but your eyes are bright, and your voice is clear, as it was in the old days."

it was in the old days,"

"The old days," echoed Madge, "how far off
they seem! part and parcel of another life almost, so indistinct are they to me. Do you
know that up to this hour my ideas of what happened at that fearful time are dim and blurred?
Do you know that I have asked no one, not even
Gerald, not even Rose, for my details of those Gerald, not even Rose, for any details of those events? Do you know why I have been so silent?"

The rector bent his head.

"Because," she continued, "I was waiting for you, to whom I have given my utmost confidence, to tell me all that had occurred. I

could not trust myself to talk on the subject with them; I can with you." "Margaret," said the rector, gently, "you have just allowed that you are still very weak; don't you think that any conversation of this kind had better be postponed—"

"Not for one moment," she said; "I am

strong enough to hear anything, and shall merely be restive and uneasy until I know how much of what is constantly recurring in my mind is true, and how much false. Tell me, then, at once. I remember nothing after fainting in the court. Stay," she added, seeing him hesitate, "you fear to distress me. But I already know that Philip Vane is dead. Did he did by his own heart?" die by his own hand?"

"That is not positively known," said the rec-tor, but it is believed that he accidentally fell from the pier at Dover. The body was found two days afterwards off St. Margarets, and was recognised as that of a man who had left a port-manteau in the cloak-room at the rallway. On being opened the portminiteni was found to contain a shirt with blood-stained wrist ands, and heavily-midded trousers and boots; the latter corresponding exactly with the footmarks on Wheateroft lawn. Further inquiry proved that he had been in Springsido on that dreadful day, having actually called at my house and spoken to my servant; and all these circumspoken to my servant; and an these circumstances, corroborated with your evidence, left no doubt on the minds of the magistrates, who discharged Mr. Heriot; while the corone's jury brought in a verdict of wiful murder against Philip Vane. You are distressed, Margaret, I had better stop?"

"No: way re on. And Goreld was thorsted."

had better stop?"
"No: pray go on. And Gerald was liberated at once?" " Not merely liberated, but became the idel of the hour. The revulsion of popular feeling was extraordinary. Nothing, however, not even his restoration to Rose's arms, I think, gave him so much loy as my discovery of a let-ter amongst poor Sir Geoffry's papers, written two days before his death, a letter addressed to George, in which he confessed his har a treat-ment of him, and implored him to return to his position and his home. You are crypa Mar-

garet?" "They are tears of joy, dear friend. I had no idea that letter had been written, though Sir Geoffry had spoken of his intention of writing it. Thank God he lived to carry that intention into effect. And Gerald—George—is now happy?

4 Intensely happy. I know not which is the happier, he or Rose. Your illness has been the

only blot on their felicity,"
"I suppose they will be married at once?"
asked Madge. " Now that you are convalescent, there is no occasion for any further delay. Sir Geoffry died intestate, and Gerald is consequently sole heir. He is going to sell Wheateroft, and, for some time at least, travel abroad. So soon as you are able to bear the fatigue of the journey, they will be meaning and the fatigue of the journey.

oo married and start." "Did they purpose taking me with them ?" "They did; they have talked of it often. George Heriot was only speaking to me about

it two days ago in London. "I shall relieve them of that responsibility," said Madge, with a smile; "they shall have no querulous invalid to destroy the happiness of their bridal tour."

"And what will you do, Margaret?" "Wait till I am a little stronger, and then seek for a new situation."

A sharp expression of pain passed across the

'Margaret," he said, bending over her couch. "months ago I usked you to become my wife.
There was an obstacle then, and you refused—that obstacle no longer exists. Since then I have seen you surrounded by dangers, and difficulties, and trials of no ordinary kind, and in them all your goodness and your purity have been triumphant, and rendered you more than ever dear to me. Margaret, I ask you once again: for pity's sake, do not give me the same

I_I could not go back to Springside," she sald.

"Nor is there any occasion for it, dearest one. By my father's death, I am rendered more than rich. The physician, I am rendered more than rich. The physician, whom I consulted in London, spoke to me words of hope, more cheering than I could have imagined; he told me that, by wintering in a warm climate, my life may yet be prolonged to the ordinary span. It is for you to give me an interest in that life, Margaret. What will you do?"
"I would give my life to save yours," she

whispered. "I will devote half of mine to tend She raised her eyes to his, and in them he saw

the dawn of life and hope, "My darling, my own!"

Mr. Delabole's friends at the board of the ex tinct Term del Fuegos Sliver Mining Company did him injustice in suggesting that he had in-tended to mislead by giving King's Cross as the address to the cubman. He proceeded to that station, thence to Peterborough, thence, per Great Eastern Rallway, to Harwich, and thence, per steamer to Rotterdam. Remaining on the Continent a few months, and baffling all at-tempts to track him, he finally made his way

Philip Vano addressed to her on the morning of his flight, and knew nothing of her intended husband's crime and fate until she read of both in a newspaper. The shock sobered her for a time, and she disappeared from society. There are rumours, however, that she has seen sufficient of the charms of solitude, and intends reappear-ing this season with an addition to her establishment, in the person of a husband—a Ger-

George Heriot and Rose have their home in Florence: the artistic society of which picusuntest of cities delights both of them.

man tenor of military appearance and a flute-

Last autumn, while the Triennial Musical Last autumn, while the Trienmint Musical Postival was being held at Wexeter, a lady sud-denly detached herself from a large party, which was crossing the eathedral yard, and running up to old Miss Cave, who was standing looking on in admiration, selzed her by both hands and kissed her on the check. They had a short but animated conversation, then the lady hurdel of to relain her friends lady hurried off to rejoin her friends.

" More friends among the quality, Susan "
said Sam Cave, as he bustled up to her. " Who
was that lady just now—the bishop's wife or the new dean's daughter ?"

new dean's daughter?"

"Neither one nor the other, Sam," said old
Miss Cave, half laughing, half crying. "You
have seen that lady often before. She is staying at the beanery now with her husband, who was our leading lady, and was called Madge Pierrepoint."

THE END. MY FIRST LECTURE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I was home again in San Francisco without means and without employment. I tortured my brain for a saving scheme of some kind, and at last a public lecture occurred to mo! I sat down and wrote one in a fever of anticipation. I showed it to several friends, but they all shook sanwer u to several friends, but they all shook their heads. They said nobody would come to hear me, and I would make a humiliating fai-lure of it. They said that as I had never spoken in public I would break down in the delives anyhow. I was disconsolate now. But at last an editor siapped me on the back and told me to "go ahead." He said, "Take the largest house in town, and charge a dollar a ticket." The audicity of the proposition was charmin: ; it seemed fraught with tractical wordly wisdom, however. The proprietors of the several theatres endorsed the advice and said I might have their endorsed the advice and said I might invertient handsome new opera house at half price—fifty dollars. In sheer desperation I took It — on credit, for sufficient reasons. In three days I did a bundred and fifty dollars' worth of printing and advertising, and was the most distressed and field the property of the best distressed and frightened creature on the Pacide coast. I could not sleep-who could under such circumstances? For other people there was facetionness in the line of my posters, but to me it was plaintive with a pang when I wrote it:—
"Doors open at 7; o'clock. The trouble will begin at 8."
That line has done good service since. I have seen it appended to a newspaper advertisament.

seen it appended to a newspaper advertisement, reminding schools pupils in vacation what time next term would begin. As those three days of suspense dragged by I grew more and more unhappy. I had sold two hundred tickets among my personal friends, but I feared they might not come. My lecture, which had seemed "hu-morous" to me at first, grew steadly more and more dreary, till not a vertige of fun seemed left. and I grieved that I could not bring a coffin on the stage and turn the thing into a funeral. I was so panie-stricken at last that I went to three old friends, giants in stature, cordial by nature, and stormy-voiced, and said : o This thing is going to be a failure; the joices

in it are so dim that nobody will ever see them. I would like to have you sit in the parquette and help me through."

They said they would. Then I went to the

wife of a popular citizen, and said that if she was willing to do me a very great kindness I would be glad if she and her husband would sit prominently in the left hand stage box, where the whole house could see them. I explained that I should need help, and would turn towards her and smile, as a signal, when I had been delivered of an obscure loke-" and then." I anwered, "don't wait to investigate, but res

She promised. Down the street I met a man I had neversoon before. He had been drinking and was beaming with smiles and good nature.

"My name is Sawyer, "You don't know me, but that don't matter. I haven't got a cent, but if you knew how bad I wanted to laugh, you'd give me a ticket. Come now, what do you

say ?"

" Is your laugh hung on a hair-trigger ?—that is, is it critical, or can you get it off casy My drawling infrinity of speech so affected him that he laughed a specimen or two that struck me as being about the article I wanted, and I gave him a ticket, and appointed him to sit in the second circle in the centre, and be res ponsible for that division of the house. I gave him minute instructions about how to detect in

distinct jokes, and then went away and left him chuckling over the novelty of the idea.

I ato nothing on the last three eventful days

I only suffered. I had advertised that on the third day the office would be opened for the sale of reserved sents. I crept down to the theatre at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to see if any sales had been made. The ticket-seller was gone, the box-office was locked up. I had to swallow sud-denly, or my heart would have got out. "No sales," I said to myself. I might have known I thought of suicide, pretended illness, flight, It indight of these things in earnest, for I was very miscrable and scared. But of course I had to drive them away, and prepare to meet my fate. I could not wait for half past 7; I wanted to face the horror and end it—the feeling of a man doomed to be hung, no doubt. I went down a back street at 60'clock, and entered the theatre by the back door. I stumbled my way in the dark among the ranks of canvas scenery and stood on the stage. The house was gloomy and silent, and its cuptiness depressing. I went into the dark among the scenes again, and for an hour and a half gave myself up to the horrors, wholly unconscious of everything else. Then I heard a murinur; it rose higher and higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with higher, and ended in a crash, mingled with cheers. It made my hair raise, it was so close to me and so loud. There was a pause, and then another; presently came a third, and be-fore I well knew what I was about I was in the

The turnult in my heari, and brain, and legs continued a full minute before I could gain my

middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces,

bewildered by the fierce glare of lights, and quak-ing in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my lite away. The house was full—nisle

to Havre, and then took ship for America. Mr. Delabole, being possessed of a large sum of money and great business talents, found admirable scope for financing operations in the United States, and is now one of the leading lights of Wall-street.

Airs. Bendixen never received the letter which Philip Vane addressed to her on the morning armed with bludgeons, and already to make an onslaught upon the feeblest joke that might show its head. And whenever a joke did full, their bludgeons came down and their faces seemed to bludgeons came down and their faces seemed to split from ear to ear. Sawyer, whose hearty countenance was seen looking redly in the centre of the second circle, took it up, and the house was carried bandsomely. Interior jokes never fared so royally before. Presently I dedelivered a bit of serious matter with impressive unction (it was my pet), and the audience listened with an absorbed hush that gratified listened with an absorbed hush that gratified me more than any applause; and as I dropped the last word of the clause, I happened to turn and eatch Mrs.——'s intent and waiting eyes; my conversation with her flashed upon me, and in spite of all I could do I smiled. She took it for the signal, and promptly delivered a meliow laugh that touched off the whole authors which the following high that touched of the whole authors which the following me the second secon dlence, and the explosion that followed was the triumph of the evening. I thought that the honest man Sawyer would choke himself; and as for the bludgeons, they performed like piledrivers. But my poor little morsel of pathos was rulned. It was taken in good faith as an was rulned. It was taken in good faith as an intentional joke, and the prize one of the en-tertainment, and I wisely let it go at that.

All the papers were kind in the morning; my appetite returned; I had abundance of money, "Air's well that ends well."

PLAYING-CARDS.

Few who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have any idea how many centuries these painted bits of eard have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history the Chinese, Hindus, and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to its sister, choss. On thin slips of Ivory, nother-of-pearl, or wood, the devices were painted for the hands of Oriental despots; no less than cight armies and eight players strugglod for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier, and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1120, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. The Crusaders in their turn Tearned the game of their foes; and from the number of decrees forbidding theh use issued by the Church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first notherite mention that occurs of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Covelluzzo, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1379 the game of cards was introduced at Viterbo, from the land of the Saraceus, and which is called by them

Nor can we suppose, with some learned cri-tics, that the cards were but the amusement of children. St. Bernard of Sieuma and St. Antony of Florence would scarcely have used such of Florence would scarcely have used such strong language against their use had it been so. On the 5th of May, 1423, the former, standing on the strong of the Church of St. Petronius, spoke to an immense crowd assembled round him, poured forth his interheations against games of chance, and exercised so much power over his nuclience that every one ran to fetch his cards, dice, and chess, and lawing brought them to this public place, burned them with his own hand, in the presence of the chief of the repub-He. This terrible auto-da-fe brought a card-ma-ker, who was rulned by St. Bernard's sermon, to the holy man, saying, with tears, "Father, I am a manufacturer of cards; I have no other am a manufacturer of cavits; I have no other trade by which I can live; by hindering me from doing my work you condenn me to die of hinger." "If youknow how to paint," was the reply, "copy this Image." And he showed him a sun surrounded by rays of glory, in the centre of which was the monogram of Christ.—I. H. S. The card-maker followed his advice, and soon matched himself by this relating which St. Bor

enriched himself by this painting, which St. Bernard adopted for his symbol.

The first printed cards probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence, engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finiquerra or Mantegnu, and at any rate belong to this period of Hallan and at any rate belong to this period of Italian art. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the names of the muses, sciences, the heavenly bodies, and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI, of France, which are now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preprived in the various public collections of Eu-ope. There are but seventeen, painted with all the delicacy of the miniatures in the illuminated manuscripts of the period on a gold ground, and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a rib-bon rolled spirally round, done in points. There is the emperor in silver armour, a diadem of figures-de-lis on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the Gospels and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and scated between two cardinals; the croscent moon rises above two astrologers in long furred robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the planets with compasses; the fool wearing a cap with asses' cars, and a deep-pointed ruff round his neek, while four children are throwing stones at him; Death, mounted on a white horse, is throwing down kings, popes, and bi-shops; the House of God seems half devoured by flames; and finally, the last judgment shows us the dead rising from their tombs to the sound of trimpets.

As time passed on the figures on the cards

changed with the costumes of the time, according to the caprices of the court or the imagina-tion of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar, and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar, and the farthingule as that of the As regards England, though it received the

game from a very early period through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any eards were manufactured there before the end of the sixteenth century, since, under the reign of Elizabeth, the government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Dr. Stukely in the binding of a book. They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving, and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the Eastern game of nath long before cards were made at Viterbo; but when the latter were introduced they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and ed the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play became general; so much so that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the Island of San Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

Brwise : for in gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of malice can hurl

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Vesuvirs is beginning again to exhibit signs of ac-tivity, and to show symptoms of an approaching cruption. Smoke in great volumes and ashes are emitted from the crater, and even in Naples flames can be seen during the night, so that visitors in that city may be treated to a grand spectacle before

tong.

A Monster of the deep, neither whale nor shark, has been discovered off the coast of Brasil. The report is that his body is over fifty feet long and seven test in diameter, and that his month is large enough to allow a person to stand apright between the Jaws when they are open, or to sit comfortably in the cavity when they are closed. No mention is made, however, of the Jonah who has tested the creature's capacities.

As invostigation made by two eminent French physicists into the sanitary effects produced by the use of iron stoves, shows that both wrought iron and cast-iron, when heated to a certain degree, become pervious to the passage of gas, and that a hot estirum stove absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid gas. This discovery shows how prejudicial to heatth is the use of such stoves. Wrought iron was f-and to be less perous than east-iron.

A PRIZE for the invention of a method to protect mill-stone cutters from the dust arising from their work, which produces serious affections of the imags, was recently offered by a French industrial society, It has been awarded to the contriver of an exceedingly simple but effective arrangement, which consists merely of a large fire and a tall chimney, whereby a current is created which sweeps through the establishment at a speed of ten fect per second, thus removing every particle of the injurious dust in its passage.

SNOW AT LOW TEMPERATURES.—The Scientific American mentions the fact, as recorded by Dr. Kane the Arctic explorer, that at a low temperature snow upon it with difficulty. This fact is well known upon it with difficulty. This fact is well known amountst northern Implement and miners on the shores of Lake Superior, and in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. It is quite common there for sleds to stick so much on the snow reads during intensely cold spells that the squeaking and grouning occasioned by the friction may be beaud through the still atmosphere for a mile or two.

Devanus of seventy five thousand dollars will be required to defray the expenses of the scientific expeditions which the British poternment has defired to see the extrement for some of the world to cherve the next transit of Venus, which will see a most. The whole of this sun has already been granted, on the application of the Astronomer Royal, who has decided that the equipment of apparatus forcelestial photography slow without nearly twenty five thousand dollars. The German astronomers have taken measures for dispatching observers to points in China and Persia.

China and Persia.

According to the editor of the Journal of Conclude, yn. of Puris, the Puris Museum received twenty three shots from cannon of the German besievers in the course of the segac destroying many of the plant-houses. Two of these balls exploded in the conchological Inhoratory, in the care of Professor Deshayes, causing treat injury to the specimens, and the Nephria in this general collection were literally ground to powder. The large collection of shells of the lower smills of the Paris basin was entirely destroyed. This is much to be humented in a secontile point of view, as a contained many types. A ball sleep passed through a glass case containing the ames and annolouts.

passed through a gluss case containing the unios and amodouth.

Severaal years ago a royal cognission was appointed in Great Britain to imprie into the probable duration of the simply of coal in the Brach Islands. In view of the depth to which the coal bose extend, it was, of course, necessary to fix an extendibility carried, and, afterdue inquiry, this was refer to be 4000 feet, since, although in some cases moving is prevented by excess of water, yet in Great Britain the deeped to be 4000 feet, since, although in some cases moving is prevented by excess of water, yet in Great Britain the deeped collecties are generally the dryest. Another point for consideration was the waste in working the minest but it was assumed that, under a favourable system, the loss should only be about ton per cont., although in many cases it amounts to as much as forly per cent. Taking 1000 feet, the perfore, as the maximum depth to which work night in capecied to extend, and excluding all scams less than one foot in thickness, it is estimated by the committee that there exist in the several coal fields of Great Britain upwards of 90.207,000,000 tons; in addition to which there are wast tracts of coal lying beneath the permian, new red, and more recent strain. These are estimated at not less than 62.25.-000,000, making an aggregate of 10.180,000,000 tons as amount available in the British Islands. Assuming that the present rate of consumption—115,000,000 tons—romains constant, this amount of coal will last 1273 years. But should the rate of consumption increase as predicted by Professor Jevous, the supply will be extinated in 100 years. Applying, however, a reasonable correction to Professor Jevous estimate, it is thought that the quantity mentioned will last for 270 years.

LOU NOW CAN KROW THE REASON.—Padophallin (May Apple or Mendrake) has long been known as an active purgat ve and has been much used in some sections of our country (and is new very generally administered by physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for layer Complaints, &c.) Compound Extract of Colorada is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally en-played and safest entharties in the whole Materia Medica. Extract of Howeyownes given in combination with active catharties (such as above) corrects their graping qualities without diminishing their activity. Vide Neligans' Materia Medica. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shocheness (Indian) Vegetable Restorntive Pills.—No wonder they are aboved of all other Pills, as a family medicined.

ONCE IN TEN YEARS, the easie loses his plumage, and during this period, much debilitated, he sits quietly on some rocky shelf until his feathers are sufficiently grown to enable him to cloave the air quietly on some rocky shelf until his feathers are sufficiently grown to enable him to cleave the nir again. Man, like the cade, has his periods of weak-ness—some say as he approaches the ages of twenty, forty, sixty, etc., while others place it earlier; but, owing to his artificial mode of living, he canned, like the cade, submit his case solely to muture for successful treatment, and its conversity requires great ourse to suable the subject to mass aftely through the critical periods. Follows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, by its great tonic, and health-renewing properties, will restore tone more quickly than any other preparation known, it being the surest remedy for all debilitating maladies.

CHOLERA MORBUS, Infantum and Dysontery enred by Johnson's Anadyne Liniment, used intermily.

THE THREE COACHMEN

I heard the story a long time nee, and think it good enough to vell,—and not only good, but pointing a life lesson which the wise may head.

A certain rentleman advertised for a conchuna, and among the numerous applicants who answered the call he found three who extinced a sufficient know-

call he found three who evinced a sufficient know-lodge of their business to sait him, and from these three he would select his man. For the final hest he took them to a point on his promises where a broad table of rock overlooked a deep classa.

"How near." said he, to sawny McLean, "could you drive a coach-and-lour to the edge of that precipioe without the dauger of going off?"

Sawny measured the table with his eye, and looked down into the deep chasm undrainted.

"I could drive within a foot of it, sir" was his emphatic answer.

He next put the same question to John York.

John looked, and answered, with prompt assurance.—

"I could drive within ten inches of it, sir."

Noxteams Barney O'Toole, and he was asked how near he could drive a steady double-span to the edge of the precipies with assurance of safety.

"Bodad, yor hone," said Barney, after due consideration, "them fellers bate me inthirely, I should kape me horses as far from such a place as possible!"

It may be needless to add that Barney O'Toole was

Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. Hope is often the cause as well as the effect of youth. It is certainly a very pleasant and healthy passion. A hopeless person is deserted by himself; and he who for sakes himself is soon for saken by friends and fortune.

by friends and fortune.

As no man can tell where a thoe pinches beiter than he that wenre it, so no man can tell a woman's disposition better than he that hath wedded her. Ws must not sponk all that we know (says Mon-taigne), that were felly: but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

The Hearthstone.

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sentation Plate. For \$5.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

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HOUSEHOLD Trems, GEMS OF THOUGHT.

WIT AND HUMOR. ND HUMOR.

BEARTHSTONE SPHIKK,

MARKET REPORT

AT TANGENTS.

The fox has gained a great reputation amongst mankind, for the very simple reason that he has an objection to part with his tail; and so it has passed into a by-word of consistency that a man sticks to an idea, aspiration, or endeavour as persistently as "a fox does to his tail." Now we do not believe that a fox the lumptown Council did not at once jump at this magnificent proposal; but, they did not sticks to his tail one whit closer than a dog's You see, my friend, humptown had a very tail sticks to him; or a passy cat's tail sticks to her; but we are willing to accept the a quarter of a million would be quite enough fox as the champion tail sticker, simply for the reason that the fact of the fox sticking to his tail is a representative fact of consistency; and consistency is what we like. The fox fully and thoroughly recognizes the fact that his tail belongs to him; and he does not recognise the right of any man -or number of men-to chase him with horses and dogs for the sole purpose of cutting off his tail. The fox is consistent and defends his tail to the last gasp, and thereby deserves the admiration of inconsistent man,

The tendency of mankind is to fly off at tan-

gents; and we think that if mankind was to be again graced with tails-as Mr. Darwin says we once were-it would not be long before some speculative man cut his off, (or somebody else's more likely) just to see what kind of an animal man would be without a tail. How few men are thoroughly consistent! The protectionist who clamors loudly for the protection of home industry is frequently quite scandalized at the idea of other nations protecting themselves against him; the free trader who wants afree and untrammelled intercourse with foreign nations," cannot see any reason why his own branch of industry should not be protected so as to prevent "any and every body" engaging in it. In business, in pleasure, in politics, religion, social intercourse and all the various phases of life man is prone to fly off at tangents; and seldom holds uniformly to one course. In business especially how many men we meet who can "turn their hands to anything," but Who really cannot do any one thing thoroughly and entirely well. We by no means advocated that state of imbicility which would compel a man to remain fixed in one condition or one frame of mind all his life; but we do believe in men being consistent in their actions: preaching as

nearly as possible what they practise, and practising, as nearly as possible what they preach. We should always endeavour to make our lives "hang together" well; not to advocate temperance in some matters, and run hotly into intolerance in others; not to praise the beauties of industry, and laud the benefits of labor, and | Sir Huge Haulin yet lead idle, shittless, purposeless lives our- 111on, J. C. Abut......

ance, just as a skilful general lays out the plan | H. Mulhanland..... of his campaign before he enters on it, the planmay be deviated from, circumstances may arise which necessitate a change, but the mere fact of having a plan will tend to keep us consist- | J. B. Bawdry..... ent and counteract to a great extent the disposition to fly off at tangents. How few young men do we find, however, who start in life with any fixed, definite purpose; they start at some business or profession and drift along in it for a little while, but are always ready to change and will go from one trade or calling to another flying at every new idea that accurs only to abandon it in turn for another; and so they reach old age, having drifted through life somehow, without having ever found any definite plan as to how it was to be done, and so they continue to drift on into eternity without any definite plan or expectation of their fate in the great hereafter. Get an idea in your head, see that it is a good one, and then stick to it "like a fox does to his tail," and you may be certain you will succeed; and when you reach old age you will not only be able to look back with pride pleasure on a well spent, consistent life, but also to look beyond the grave with a reasonable amount of hope and confidence in the

For the Hearthstone.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS.

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER IL-OUR RAILWAY.

I told you our Council would meet soon, and they have, and a pretty moss they have made of things, as the Bumptown Cornell generally does. Of course you have heard of the Northern Canterisation Railway, that celebrated enter-prise for constructing a railway from Nowhere to Anywhere, without any definite line or plan, except the plan of making every town or menjcipality near which it proposes to pass pay rou dly for the distinguished honor of having so eminent a man as Sir Huge Haulin at the head of the Board of Directors. Of course Bumptown was early selected by the schemets who were getting up the road, as a proper place to victim-ise; and so the Bumptown Council was quietly ordered to pay over one million of dollars—and "no questions asked"—to the Directors of the Northern Cauterisation Railway. The Com-Huge Haulin connected with it at that time. yet it made a most fair and business-like proposition to the Council; it virtually said: "We have a charter for building a railway from Nowhere to Anywhere, on no definite plan; we know nothing of the country our road will run through, and we don't propose to find out anything about it; we have no idea what the road will cost, and we don't care, as Rumptown will have to pay for it, not us; we can't guarantee that the road will be completed by any specified time, for we are by no means sure the road will ever be built at all. It is very easy to see that this road will be of immense importance to lumptown, whether it is built or not, for Noisimptown, whether it is built or not, for No-where is a gre. I place, and so is Anywhere, and the enormous trade of both these great places will be brought to Bumptown. We, therefore, require you to pay us \$1,000,000 at once, with-out any nonsense; and after that, if we feel like it, and you are willing to give us a million or two more, perhaps we will build the road."

Now you will scarcely believe it possible that to give to any one railway enterprise, and that not until something definite was known of the road. But the Directors of the Northern Cau-terisation Railway were patient and persistent men, and they began to persuade various Con-solers and noticeably, they persuaded Addled-man Barnyard who thereupon became the firm friend of the Northern Cauterisation Railway and its great supporter in the Council. Bu there were some men who could not be per-suaded; amongst these were Addledman Rodein and Consoler Stavein; and they asked so many questions about the road, who was to build it where it was to be built, how much it was to cost, what the land grant was, and so many questions of that kind, that the Directors began to get mad, and finally proposed to form a new board of Directors and to get Sir Huge Haulin as President. Now Sir Huge Haulin is a mar for whom Bumptown has done much and who has done little for Bumptown, and, therefore everybody says he is a great man. So Sir Huge Haulin was made President and he met the Council privately—no prying newspaper men were allowed to intrude on the privacy of that meeting—and he told the Bumptown Council nothing; and they were greatly pleased thereat and Addledman Barnyard said it was the best thing he had ever heard in his life.

But still some of the Consolers were not con vinced; and so the Directors managed that when the election took place friends of theirs were nominated in place of the men who could not be persuaded; and, with the aid of the Scalliwags their friends were elected. Just as soon as they were confident of a majority they began trying again to get the million and this time they will probably succeed. The Council had a meeting last week and a By-law was read for the second time giving the whole million to the Northern Cauterisation Railway, and another meeting will be held next week at which the By-law will be read for the third tax payers of Bumptown. When the By-law was being discussed, a proposition was made by two foolish gentlemen of high character and good standing—Messrs. Reckless and Ojlive—to build the road for a little less than one-half the money. This threw the Directors into a great perspiration and almost drew tears from the oyes of that great and good man, Addledman Barnyard. The idea of these two well meaning, but silly gentlemen trying to time. So goes the hard carned money of the

prevent the City from being robbed of half the Council very properly laughed at it and said it was ridiculous. Then Consoler Staveln want-ed to know who the stockholders were, and

new much stock they had taken!
Addledman Barnyard then proce the following list of stockholders:

D. Macdownauld It would be well for every young man on P. S. Merfry Monster Tonson. E. L. DeBellfry.....

> The worthy Addledman then proceeded to make a long speech—a thing ho is very fond of doing—and pointed out all the advantages of the road, and all the Scalliwags in the gallery applanted. He spoke in glowing terms of the apparatus, 110 space in goving certain agreet land grant made to the Company by the Government, and its immense value; but as nobody knows where these lands are, their value is doubtful. Some people say that they consist of 333,333,333] acres of the water lots in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole, and that they are covered with an immense crop of ice, which would be of great value to limptown in the summer time; it is also said that the j acre is peculiarly valuable, as that is the exact spot where the North Pole is located, and it is proposed to fence this round and exhibit it at so much a head, which will no doubt bring in a fine income to the Company. This statement, however, is probably incorrect—like most of the the Directors don't know any more about the location of the lands than that they are generally believed to be "Somewhere"; and if the Directors don't know how can anybody else find out? This is our Railway, and this is how the Reconstruction Council sourchers the manner of the out? This is our fanway, and this is now the Bumptown Council squanders the money of the Bumptown taxpayers. Ah, my friend, how I envy you in Montreal, where your Councillors are so virtuous and careful of the public money that they will not even spend a few hundred dollars in providing a decent morgue; but prefer to have their dead laid out in an old winding like I low I wish the Bumptown Council How I wish the Bumptown Council would imitate that of Montreal a little more, and then perhaps we should have no more of such swindles as "Our railway."

For the " Hearthstone." SUPERFICIAL EDUCATION.

"No one thing can I do right; nothing do I theroughly understand," was the language of a young lady friend, who from reverses of fortune found herself east upon the busy world totally untitled for a working sphere. She had passed through a medium classed education—learning something of this branch and that—but no study was throughly understood. In the accomplish-ments of music and singing, sufficient was gleanof for "society show," solikewise in French and German, but the real radiments—the only basis of sound Education were entirely neglected; she represented a ship without a rudder. Let the simple rudiments be thoroughly mostered and believe me, that the mind will naturally seek for more light, but a "smattering" of one branch and a glance at another will never give the required impetus to a youthful mind. Is it remarkable to the real lover of learning that the senses never pull-never satiate-one branch of study seems so naturally to lead to another

I bonor our Public Education, "it's the heart of the future," especially its Common Schools, and those who can avail themselves of their tuition. But how many families, belonging to that class for whom they are more especially intended, are debared from force of circumstances—may be inability to buy the books covered or the children only be allowed to now required, or the child can only be allowed to attend a short time—totally unable to benefit therefrom. Of what use to such an one, is a small smattering of the "higher branches" small smattering of the "higher branches" which belong alone to a more advanced stage, the time occupied in glaucing over Algebra Mensuration, Chemistry, Agriculture, &c., might be more utilized by a thorough groundwork of knowledge, likely to give the required stimulant to the dormant brain. Not for one moment would I disparage the above studies. For boys,—may be, they are essential—gain all the knowledge possible—ye young of either sex only remember and thoroughly comprehend the " essentials," if " dry portions," before seeking to soar beyond your depths. But what utility can Agriculture be to a girl-I say study it if you have time-but not to the detriment of a real practical branch. Perhaps the wise heads of Public Instruction are gifted with the eye of futurity, perfect in divination as the "Delphic oracles," and are preparing the young mind for new era; when the women of the future, upon the "go-head" system the present, assume the labor of farmers and mechanics leaving "little toddie kins" to accomplish the "chores" which of course from " progress of the age," she is quite capable of discharging with honor to herself and parents.

LIZZIE BRANSON. Yorkville, P. O., Ontario,

LITERARY ITEMS.

The Carring Courier is the title of a new monthly published at Nowcastle N. B., under the auspices of The Carringo Club. The paper is lively; and promises to deal with all subjects affecting Provincial interests in a fair, just and independent spirit.

EDMUND YATES the celebrated English writer, whose last novel. Castaway, is finished in our columns this week, is expected to visit America during the coming summer on a lecturing tour, and will probably deliver a few lectures in Canada before his departure. We are confident that the many admirers of his writings here would be only too glad to greet him in proprie person. him in propria persona.

THE EVENING STAR, Montreal, has lately enlarged for the second time within three meaths, and is now the largest one cent daily paper published in the world. The Star is 24 x 42 and contains 36 columns about one half of which is devoted to reading matter. It is conducted on a basis of lanlepondence and Protection and is daily growing in favor, having now more than double the circulation of any daily paper in Montreal except the Witness; which it very nearly equals in circulation. We congratelate our contemporary on the enlargement and wish the Star all possible success.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, continues in the van of Juvenile publications in 1. United States. The April number is as rich as usual in good reading matter for "the coming men and women." "A Chance for Himself." by J. T. Trowbridge: and "Crasse Life," by Rev. R. D. Carter: are continued. Alice Robbins furnishes a nice little story, called "The Little French Girl of St. Sulpice: "and Jonny Bradford tells some wonderful stories of "A Few Dogs." The poems are supplied by Edgar Fawcett. "Manuficent Gluttony; "Margarita White. "Two Children:" and Mrs. L. M. Blinn, "Little Mary's Wish." There are also several other good contributions, and the usual supply of matter from y ung contributors, &c.

L. M. Blinn. "Little Mary's Wish." There are also several other good contributions, and the usual supoly of matter from y ung contributors, &c.

SCHENER'S MAGAZINE. Published by Scribner & Co. New York. A half dozon illustrated articles, an usu. and number of short stories, several bright essays and sketches, two or three papers of special interest to scholars, and some excellent poetas, make the April number of Schanske's not only popularly altractive, but really valuable. The leading article, locautifully illustrated, is descriptive of the great unted states Navy Yard at Mare Island, California. "Coriosities of Plant Life" is an entertaining paper on Natural History, with a number of striking illustrations. Prof. Schele do Vere writes sketchily, and with the aid of pictures. of the Earth's "Hisden Treasures;" and Amos G. Draper, himself an inmate of the institution, describes "The Silent Collece at Washington." Appones of Easter, we find a gra; hie account, by Engene Schuyler, of the Russian observance of the feast; also a thoughtful and characteriste noem by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. "Awakened Japane" is the title of a brief and timely paper by Noah Brooks, a writer unusually well informed on Japanese matters. Tac three short stories are especially readable. Tacv are "The Mullenville Myscry," by young Hawthorne: "With the False Prophet: A Mornon Wife's Story," by Mrs. Ruffensperger; and "The Hauthed Closet," by Mrs. Weiss, There is a suggestive and touching little paper on "The Boy John." Warner's "Back-Log Studies—IV." are juicy and delicious as usual. These papers have attracted wide attention and constitute one of the most attractive features of the Moviniay. "Shall we Say 'Is Beime Built' is a spirited and scholarly essay in the field of grammatical contoversy, by Fitzedward Hall. of Oxford University; and in a hole and eloquent paper Dr. Tayler Lewis defonds the belief in "The One Human Race." in opposition to the theories of a race before Adam. Among the poems, Margaret J. Preston's "Hero of the Commune S

Alternal and "At Home" are papers on the Art Museum," musical matters, and new books. The Elchings show how Peter Green enulated the Grand Duke's career in the Buildo Hunt.

Lupticott's Magazine.—Published by J. B. Lippinest & Co., Philiadelphia.—A couple of very able and charming serial stories are now appearing in Lippinest & Roseniae. The more notable of the two is "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." by William Black, the author of "The Daughter of Heth." Mr. Black, in his present work, displays all the excellencies of his style as a writer, and exhibits great skill in the delineation of his characters, in the management of the dialogae, and in his description of scenery. "Aytoun," by an anonymous writer, is a graphic and attractive story of American life, and is marked by many unusual graces both of construction and of style. Mr. Whymper's illustrated narrative of his adventures amonest the Alps is still continued, and the instalocant contained in the April number is folly equal in brilliamy and interest to any previous partion of the work. "Fair Maranet," by the anitor of Dorothy Fox," is a most genial and captivatine story, exhibiting that intinate acquaintance with the genile and touching traits of human nature by which Mrs. Parr has already won for herself so extended a repartation. Mr. Muster's sketches of Paragonian his are brought to a close in the present issue. They are the result of close personal observation, are written in a clear, manly and maffected style, and present all the attraction which belong to an able delineation of a new subject. The article style, and present all the attraction which belongs to an able delineation of a new subject. The article is well illustrated, "Waiting," il little room, by Mischelm Style, and present all the fair and include the attraction which belongs to an able delineation of a new subject. The article is style, and present all the number of the misches of stream of the contents of the wifer a calificated and discriminating taste, and emble us to form a li

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNINTED STATES,—One of the boilers of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Works at Trenton, N. J., explosed on 22nd inst., killing one man and wounding five.—Ten and Coffee have been placed on the free list by Congress.—Brigham Young and other prominent mormons under indictment for the nurder of soveral Gentiles, have been transferred by U. S. Marshal Patrick from the city prison, Salt Lake City to Camp Doughs. The cause of this change was a ball and supper given in the city prison on Wednesday night by the friends of the prisoners when they had misic, winces, and a general festivity, which was duly commented on by the Mormon press next day.—A half witted youth named O'Prison was struck on the head with an axe and killed by a Mrs. Darr on 20th inst. near Georgetown, Incl.—A broken rail on the Western Peninsular Railway near Pittsburg on 22nd inst., was the cause of a train being thrown off the track and two passencers killed and fourteen injured.—Centralia, Mo., was almost entirely destroyed by fire on 22nd inst. Loss about \$50,000.—The North Andover Woollen Mills were burnt on 22nd inst. Loss \$12,000.—Over 190 cases of small-pox in New York last week.—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Nas. has been arrested on a charge of libel on Mr. T. Essel.—An morous Albany lawyer, named C. W. Batts, has been fined \$500 or G months imprisonment. for lassivinous conduct towards school grids.—The Orio Palls Car Works at Jefforsonville. Ind., were destroyed by fire on 20th inst. The works were the most extensive and complete of the kind in the country. The buildings alone covered five nerves of ground. A large quantity of car unaterial were in the building. The loss will reach to something over \$500,000, and insurance about \$200,000. 600 men were employed in the shops at the time, nearly all of whom lost their tools. One man it is feared was burned to death.—A large detegation of Erie manners, headed by Vice-President Archer, have arrived in Albany for the purpose, it is said, of having the clause prohibiting a director of th

FRANCE.—Parisian editors are getting bellicose; M. Royal, of the Paye, and M. Richard, of the Coreave, lately interviewed each other with swords, and the latter was gracefully stack somewhere in the region of the fifth rib.—Lord Lyons, English Ambassador, have had a long interview with Count De Remusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs, relative to the French commercial policy. It is said that the two Ministers expressed the deep regret felt by their respective Governments at the course pursued by France, and that Olongas further said if the duties were collected in contravention of the treaties which do not expire until 1877, Spain would be forced to make reprisals.—Information has been received in Paris from Spain that the Unrilsts are endeavouring to import arms with the object of rising against the Government. It is stated, however, that internal alterentions prevail in the organization, which it is thought may prevent any demonstrations.—Land Lyons, Ambassador to France, has notified M. Thiers that England cannot modify her Customs duties on the commedities of France during the year. The commercial trenty between the two nations remains in force.—It has been proved that Marshall Bazaine dined with Prince Frederick Charles of Pressia shortly before the capitalation of Metz.—E. et al. the Communist incendiary, and 7 of the murderers of the Rue Haxe. Have been convicted and condemned to death. Many other Communists pronounced guilty of similar crimes, were sentenced to transportation.

change gainty of similar crimes, were sonteneed to transportation.

Canada.—A large number of retail dry goods merchants, of Toronto, have agreed to close at 7 o'clock after the first April.—John Hughes, tolgeraph operator at Newmarket. Out., fell from a bus on which he was going to the station on 20th inst., and was severely injured.—The long and severe winter has produced a conf famine in many of the large cities; in Montreal dealers yards are almost entirely empty and \$16 to \$18 per ton, is charged for what little there is. In Hullifax the price is \$14.50 a chaldron, no trains having been able to run to Picton for some time on account of the heavy snow storus.—In Prince Edward Islands writs have been issued for a new cleation. Nomination day, March 28; election, 6th April. The Legislature will be convened immediately thereafter. There seems to be no doubt entertained of the complete defent of the Government at the polis.—The large outment mill of Currie and Thomson, Mitchell, Out., was burned on 20th inst. Loss about \$5000, insured for \$3000.—Quelee is to have a new Gas Company.—A new Roard of Trade is about being established in the thriving town of Levis.—Labor is very scarce in Ottawa and men are being paid \$20 a month with board and lodging for spring lumbering.—The Toronto printers all struck on 25th inst. They demanded that the nine hour system should be adopted, and their wages to be also increased. All the newspapers and job effices, with one exception. (The Leader,) refused, and a strike has been the result.

refused, and a strike has been the result.

Excland—The first snow-storm in 14 months took place in Landon on 21st inst.—The Easter Monday Volunteer Review will take place at Brighton.—The Varsaty boat race took place at Brighton.—The Varsaty boat race took place on 23rd inst., Cambridge winning by a length and a half; time variously given as 21r11 and 21:33. The day was unfavourable, and the crowd proportionately small.—The Lendon Observer says the second note of Earl Granville in recert to the Alabama claims is most friendly and conciliatory, but states exploitly that England is unable to submit the question of the admissibility of claims for indirect damages to the Board of Arbitrators at Geneva.—The Queen left for termany not Paris on 24th inst.—Both houses of Parliament have adjourned until 18th of April.—A meeting was held in Landon on 29th inst. to take preliminary steps for the organization of a Copyright Association, with the object of protection of suttors and publishers.—The Duke of Argyle, Services of State for India, has presented to the city of Chicago works on the history of the people, products, laws, and medical practice of India.

Cuna.—The Spaniards baye captured the Cuban

ducts, haws, and medical practice of India.

Cura.—The Spaniards have captured the Cuban General Lico Pena with two companies of Pico Blancos, in the mountains near Trinidad.—Latest ducts from Cuba bring the following intelligence: The insurzents, under command of President Cespecies, attacked the town of Saguade Japanio on the 5th instant, and by a feint succeeded in drawing off the garrison. While the Spanish troops were pursuinc Cespecies' body, a force of insurgents entered the town by different routes and sacked the place. The movement of the insurgents was successful. A small sloop, which was conveying animunition to the insurgents, was scuttled near Guantamo, to prevent her capture by Spaniards; the captain and crew scaped. A large sum of money has been forwarded by Cuban sympathisers in Porto Rico to the Cuban Junta in New York.—The King of Spain has conferred the title of Count Mortora on Rawou Harrat, a Colonel of the 5th Havana Volunteers.

Soura America.—Rio Japeiro advices of February

a Colonel of the 5th Havana Volunteers.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Rio Janeiro advices of February 22, says.—The Arpontine (invernment has formally assumed jurisdiction over Chaco, and has made Villa Occidental, which is a Paraguayan town, built upon territory which Bolivia asserts is indisputably theirs, the capital of this new ameastion, notwithstanding that the trenty for its cession by Paraguay remains annexociated.—Telestrophic communication between Buenos Ayres and the Pacific was imagurated as far as the city of Mendoza on the 7th of February.—Of the thirty-cipit imprisoned Tandil assessins fourteen have been condemned to death and fifteen to 1s years imprisonment with labour.—It is proposed to lay a cable from Para to St. Thomas, thus connecting Para with the European and North American lines, on condition that a small subsidy is obtained from public powers.

MEXICO.—Advices from Mazofian state that the test sevent in Vector Mexico in necessions.

tained from public powers.

MFX100.—Advices from Mazntlan state that the last point in Western Mexico in possession of the rebels is closely invested by the foderals, and must fall soon.—Gen. Trevino, with an escort, arrived at Saltillo and levied a presisting of 20,000. He also directed the authorities at Monterey to levy \$50,000. An American citizen named Langstreff refused to pay, whom his store was broken open and his goods sold.—tieneral Martinez is bossiging Sau Luis Potosi, while Guerno's army is confronting Rocha Van Zuenteeas with a part of Trevino's forces. Fifty of Cortona's men have formed a camp at Zapata Itaneh, above Rena, Texas, from whonce they are making raids into Mexico, robbing stores and ranches, and returning to Texas with their booty. The authorities are taking incasures to arrest them. ities are taking measures to arrest thom.

Ities are taking measures to arrest them.

Germany.—A conflagration attended with disastrous results occurred at Dusacldort on 20th inst. The town council hall, and the world-famed Academy of Antwerp were laurned, and a large number of most valuable paintines in the latter building destroyed.

Emperor William completed his 75th year on 2nd inst. There was no formal court celebration of the day, but the Emperor received a large number of persons, who presented their congratulations. The city was decorated during the day and brilliantly illuminated at night.

Bross.—A St. Betaralway.

luminated at night.

Russia.—A St. Petersburgh correspondent informs us of the reception of Catuenzy by his Imperial Muster, and, also by Prince Gortschakoff. Minister of War. He was received coulty by both, Prince Gortschakoff refused to meet him save in the presence of witnesses at least so it was rumored in St. Petersburgh at the time. Gossip has it that he is now about to lay aside the cares of State and resume the journalistic pro-

fortifications restored.

CHINA.—The steamer Suscenade was lost on the rocks near Foo Chow. All hands saved.—There is terrible suffering in the flooded districts near Tientsin. Many persons were dying daily.—The details of the revolt of the native troops in Cavits. Manilla, show that the conspiracy was general for a rising throughout the Island, and had not an accident precipitated matters before the time arranged, few Europeans would have eccaped. Prisons are filled with suspected persons, including many treeley. Every insurgent taken was bayoneted or shot.

Traty.—The Prince and Princess of Wales are in

Insurgent taken was bayoneted or shot.

ITALY.—The Prince and Princess of Wales are in Romo.—The Italian Chamburs are dicussing the budget.—It is rumoured that Herr You Armin, who recently arrived in Rome from Berlin, is the hearer of a proposition for a trenty of delensive alliance between Italy and Germany, whoreby the possession of Lorraine and Alsace is guaranteed to Germany and Rome to Italy, and both parties are to unite their arms in case of war.

Seary.—The appointment of the state of t

Spans.—The appointment of Admiral Burnabe, as Spanish Minister to the United States, is officially published. Senor Roberts, whom Admiral Palo relieves at Washington has been invested by King Amadeus, with the Grand Cross of the Order of Charles the Third.

India.—Gen. Brownlow in command of a detachment of the Looshni expedition telegraphs on the 13th instant: "fifteen chiefs have submitted and many captives have been released, 30 village destroyed, our task is accomplished."

AUSTRIA.—The Lower House of the Reichsrath made an appeal to the Crown to stringontly apply the laws against the abasement of the pulpit.——Herr Strauss has accepted an invitation to assist at the Jubice to be held in Boston in June.

JAPAN.—The Japanese Government has assumed liabilities of deposed Princes to foreigners for loans of ships or goods.——The presention and deportation of native christians continue.

For the Mearthetone. MISERERE MEI DEUS.

BY MATE SEYMORE.

He pitiful oh God i-the night is long.
My soul is faint with watching for the light.
And still the doubt and gloom of sevenfold night
Hangs heavy on my spirit :-Then art strong ;Pity me, oh my God !

I stretch my hands through darkness up to Thee;
The stars are shrouded, and the night is dumb;
There is no earthly belo,—to Thee I come
In all my holplessness, and misery;—
I'ity me, oh my God 1

Be pitiful oh God i—for I am work,
And all my paths are rough, and hedged about;
Hold Thou my hand, dear lord, and lead me out.
And bring me to the city which I seek;

Pity me, oh my God!

By the temptation which Thou didst endure And by Thy fasting, and Thy midnight prayer, Josef let me not uttorly despair;— Oh! hide me in the Rock, from ill secure;— Pity me, oh my God!

My eyes run down with tears, and do not cease;
On I beyond the river, dark and cold,
Shall I the white walls of my home behold,—
The shiny pulaces—the streets of gold,
And enter through the gates the city of Peace!
Pity me, oh my God I

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAYON."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL LOVER.

When led to an open window, Kathleen soon recovered herself, and declared, with an appear-

ance of truth, that she could not account for the faintness with which she had been seized.
"We fancled it was caused by the approach of Lord Gianore," said Rosamond, jealously; and her brother leaned forward to catch the re-

ply.
"I do not know Lord Glanore, except as the Kathleen said, after a short pause. For a mo-ment, his face seemed familiar, or I mistook him for some one else, and was a little startled:

but I am quite well again, and ready to return to the dancers." Frank was satisfied with this explanation, for was not his pretty Kathleen shy, and her equa-nimity easily disturbed? Resamond, however, persisted in inquiring for whom she had mistaken his lordship, and added, "Your acquain-tances, like ours, are so few, that it surprises us to hear you speak in such a strain!" Kathleen coloured and hestiated; but Frank,

to whom she glanced appealingly, as if longing to be helped out of a difficulty, smilingly said, "I think I can guess. This foolish little maiden sees in every stranger an emissary of her aunt; and so she fancied that the Viscount was Miss Delany's legal adviser, come to compel her re-turn."

Kathleen did not contradict the supposition, hat confessed that she had not yet succeeded in overcoming her dread of being torn from her friends; and while Frank was endeavouring to southe away the fear which had brought a cloud to her brow, the still dissatisfied Rosamond left thom.

them.

The mystery of the miniature had not been and dot been unriddled, and it now rose up to tempt her with vague boubts both of Kathleen and the Viscount's good faith. She could not bring herself to helieve with Frank that the likeness was accident tat; she could not implicitly accept the expla-nation Kathleen had offered, and while dancing with one and another of the partners she had with one and another of the partners she had already accepted, her eyes roved around the room in quest of his lordship, whose abrupt doparture puzzled and displeased her.

Kathleen had recovered her usual galety by

Kathleen had recovered her usual galety by the time they drove home, and amused Frank and Mrs. Carroll with her excellent miniery of some of the odd characters she had encountered; but Rosamond, who was to be the widow's guest that night, pleaded a headache, and sat silently in a corner of the carriage, asking herself again and again whether Lord Glanore would seek the interview he had carriagtly besought her to grant, and how he would account for being in possession of Kathleen's portrait.

Excusing herself from the customary morning drive, she carried her work into a pretty little

Excusing herself from the customary morning drive, she carried her work into a pretty little room at the back of the house which communicated with the conservatory. Mrs. Carroll had fancifully fitted it up as a rustle temple; and the waters of a small foundain in the centre moistened the rare and always beautiful ferns growing round it. A few quainty-made chairs and tubles constituted all the furniture of this summer retreat, except that large piles of cushions, covered with mossy, green velvet, afforded an excellent lounge for the indolent or the wea-

ry.

The day was intensely hot; but Rosamond, in her white dress, looked charmingly fresh and cool, when a visitor was announced, and Lord Ghanore was ushered into the room. He drew a good omen from finding her here, where they were not likely to be disturbed, instead of in the more formal drawing-room; and, refusing the chair offered to him, he seated himself on the cushions at the young lady's feet.
"I had rather be here, dear Rosamond," he

murmured, "where I can look into the sweet eyes which so seldom vonchase me a kindly glance. My position is not more lowly than my hopes must be, till you consent to smile

But Rosamend was too uneasy to be won by soft words, which might, afterall, mean nothing and she gravely answered, "I wish your lo-dship would by aside the language of flattery, and speak to me with the frunkness which alone I

He looked anneyed.

"What have I said that need provoke your displeasure? I love you! To me, you are the fairest and dearest of women; and I neither compliment nor exaggerate when I say so. But I will be silent if you will only put your hand in mine, and whisper, "Charles, I believe you! I will give you love for love."

Resamond was too busy with a knot in her cotton to answer him directly. "Has my brother given you permission to

come and say these things to me?"

The Viscount started.

"I beg Mr. balton's pardon for forgetting him. Authorize me to ask his consent to our enment, and I will go in search of him immedia-tely; but I have been so engrossed in my efforts to win your favourable opinion, that the proper

preliminaries have escaped my memory. Do you bid me go to him now—at once?"

And he half raised blue-off, as if in haste to obey her wishes; but Rosamond, in great con-

fasion, hade him resume his reat,
"Frank is driving with Kathleen and Mrs. Carroll, and your lordship, wilfully, I think, misunderstands me. I feel myself to blame in receiving you, even as a friend, without Frank

consents to sanction our intercourse. As a lover,

come and to anotion our intercourse. As a lover, i cannot regard you, until I have learned to put some faith in the stability of your affection."

"You are hard; you are cruel," he warmly retorted. "Yot no; I am unjust to blame you. I deserve to be suspected; I am reaping the bitter fruit of the follies that sullied my first youth. To prove the supporting for youth. youth. To prove the sincertry of my repentance, I put myself into your bands. You shall be my gentle Egerla-my pure-minded consellor; and even though you send me from you, I will not complain, so that you give me leave to love you, and to hope that at some happy moment you will be mine."

Rosamond smiled, a little sarcastically.

"With all your show of repentance for the past, your lordship keeps in view what you are pleased to consider the reward of your present professions. Such promises sound well to the ear; but ah, they cost so little, my lord?"

"To a man of honour?" he queried, with some heat. "Can you really imagine that I am not in enrost? Good heavens. Resumed, what are in earnest? Good heavens, Rosamond, what an opinion you have formed of me!"

"Retter than your lordship deserves?" she asked, archly. "I feared so! My work will be utterly spoiled if you tangle the cotton in this manner. While I re-wind it, let me make you a confession. I have heard so many rhapselies on my beauty and my virtues since I have been in Dublin, that the subject rolls. If you restel in Dublin, that the subject palls. If you would but choose newer topic, I should listen more pa-tiently."

"I speak of my affection, and you answer me with a faunt and a jest?" he bitterly commented. "Rosamond, will nothing move you—nothing induce you to place any confidence in

impute to me," he retorted, with an earnest glance at Rosamond.
"But," Norah exclaimed, "you forget that it

has been proverbial, ever since Shakspere wrote, that 'Men are deceivers ever—constant to one love never!"

"Have you enrolled yourself in the ranks of my enemies?" asked the Viscount, struggling with his annoyance. "By no means. On the contrary, I very

much wish to enlist your lordship under my banners for the short time my aunt has con-sented to let me stay here," she said, coaxingly, "If there is anything I can do to oblige Miss Dalton's friend, pray command me?" was the

Novah dropped him a low curiscy.

oran dropped him a low curriey.

"Thanks, my lord! I wish to be very gay—
to see all the sights of this fair city—to go to
balls, pic-nies, concerts, sairées—in fact, to
crowd all the enjoyment I can into four weeks
of freedom. Will you help inc, Miss Dalton?
Will you, my lord?"
Resamond could scarcely conceal her surprise,
so great was the contrast between this animal-

to great was the contrast between this animated girl and the listless, apathetic Norah of the farm. But the transformed demoiselle did not wait for her reply. Mrs. Carroll had returned, and she hastened to meet the warm embrace of her consin Kathleen.

CHAUTER XXVI.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

Lord Glanore found in Norah's request an excure for remaining till the amazement her pre-sence evoked had subsided, Mrs. Carroll laughed

make an laward struggle before she answered "I am here solely on my own business, Mrs' Brean, and will be accountable to no one for what I do."

She swept on with a haughty air, and was soon immersed in all the bowildering details of fushionable millinery. Kathleen was pleased to find that she rejected

the light materials and bright colours which the light materials and bright colours which would have made her well-developed figure look large and coarse, preferring importal purple, rich-hued violet, and even soler black. With the folds of a soft, bustrons silk falling gracefully about her, strings of pearls enetreling her throat and wrists, and her dark hair colled in thick platts, she looked like a Cleopatra, or the dusky lethionary concer of still certain and. Ethiopian green of still earlier ages.

"Are those your friends, Glanore?" asked Major Colby, as the bovy of beautiful girls en-tered the ball-room with Mrs Carroll,

The Major's regiment was quartered at the Curragh, and he often found it necessary to so, lace himself for the fatigues—of military duties by a short solourn in Dublin.

• Ws fortunate for you," he added, on receiving an assenting nod, • that I came, and refused to be driven away by sulky or snappish speech.

es. You'd better introduce me,"
— a indeed, I shall not risk furfeiting their good
will by so unwise a step," the Viscount retort—

ed.

"Then I must go and find some one more than the cour own obliging, you foolish youth, Iso't it for your own sake I am offering to make a marty rot myself? How can you devote your attentions to one dear creature, when there are three or four all smil-Ing upon you at once?"

The sauntered away, and Lord Gianore, who



Ab OLD stability hear wall

"Ask me this question when we have known | when she heard how quickly the new comerliad | hastened to attach himself to Mrs. Carroll's pareach other intimately for two or three years, and I will answer it," she said, firmly. "Your lordship left us with some haste last night; may I presume on our friendship to inquire the

"Your companion was ill: I felt myself in the

"Your companion was ill; I fell myself in the way," he answered, with some embarrassment, which did not escape her notice.

"Miss Sidney quickly recovered herself, and denied as bittlely as before. I was not aware that you are acquainted with her."

His colour rose a little, as he hastly demanded, "Who says that I know her?" Does she?"

"West transverses to wit the avertice to her

"Was it necessary to put the question to her, after such a scene?" quested Rosamond, evasively. "What false impression one often labours under! I have always believed that your lordship never visited Galway till this sum

"Neither have I," he replied.

"And yet you and Miss Sidney were not strangers to each other! How odd!" "Not at all so, my dear Resamond; for you

are in error. I do not know this Miss Sidney and her swoon must have been entirely owing to the heat of the room." Resamend disdained to pursue the subject. He

was speaking falsely—of that she was certain. Had he said that Kathicen's resemblance to a picture in his possession was so great as to overhelm him with astonishment, she would have believed his assurance that he had no knowl edge of this young girl; but now what could she think, except that he was wilfully deceiving

As if anxious to avoid any further discussion of an awkward matter, Lord Glanore now began to talk of an approaching review, of the opera company, of a projected visit from royal-ty, Rosamond affecting to ply her needle dillty, Rosamond affecting to ply her needle dili-gently, and answering with as much composure as her secret vexation would permit. But when a carriage stopped at the door, and the Vis-count, dreading interruption, seized her hands, and resumed his pleadings, she started to her feet exclaiming, with dignity, "You pray in vain, my lord! I will not listen to you till a true and perfect trust can accompany my love! This is the only answer I can give to you; there-fore, I must entreat you to speak of these things no more!"

Such continued refusals were very galling to the litherto courted and successful Viscount. He had despised good matches, turned deafears to the advice of his friends, and shown himself indifferent to the sighs of pretty herresses, in order to hy his fortune at the feet of a simple English Rose, who rejected it. He was about to remonstrate; to repeat all the old arguments which and already proved so ineffectual; but footsteps approached the door, a lady in travelling costume brushed past the servant who came to announce her, and ran into Rosamond's arms It was Norah Delany.

She seemed to be in high spirits, and gally saluted the Viscount.

"I thought I had left your lordship playing

the hermit in Galway. It surprises me to and Lord Glanere, who was vexed at the interres-

tion, replied, with some signification, "I came to Dublin yesterday; but Miss North Delany is mistaken if she thinks that I have ever shared her penchant for a misanthropical life," She laughed, "I understand you; but our sex

claims as much right to be capricious as yours

to be fickle."
"I beg to deny the fickleness you sounkindly

been planning all kinds of gay doings, and pre-dicted that a few days of such excessive dissipa-tion would suffice to disgust her with it.

"You had better resolve to quaff the spring of pleasure with more moderation," she re "Nay," said Norah, decidedly; "I will drink

"Nay," said Norah, decidedly; "I will drink deep, or not at all. It is not in my nature to do things by halves; and as for moderation, that is the virtue of the thind and weak-minded.

"As you will, my dear," the widow rather coldiy replied. "But recollect that I shall not consent to let Kathleen or Miss Indion lose their roses because you are wilful. When they grow tired, I shall find you another chaperone and more robust companions."

Norah saw that Mrs. Carroll was not pleased, but she made no reply. How she had persuaded her stern aum to let her pay this visit, no one knew. Kathleen would have made some inquiries respecting Miss Delany, but was checked

ries respecting Miss Delany, but was checked with an impatient, " Do not speak of her! For one brief month let me forget everything that

pertains to the farm and its inmates, What dressmaker do you employ?"

"Madame Lamode." Mrs. Carroll replied, ringing to order back the carriage. "If you are to accompany us to-morrow to the ball, for which we have received tickets, there is no time to love in ordering a dress for you."

"I must have everything of the best and most fashionable," said Norah. "What colours become me?" Who will go with me to select my

"I will not have you put to any expense," Mrs. Carroll kindly observed. "Choose what you like, and Madam shall send the bill to me." But Norah drew herself up. "I am obliged but it is not necessary. I came of age last week and the little property that was my father's has been made over to me. It will suffice for my

short campaign, I dure say."

The widow secretly thought that Miss Delany would be furious if she knew that the few hundreds she had been so careful not to trench upon were in danger of being diminished, and for such a purpose; and she whispered to Kathleen to try and control Norah's expenditure, and not to let her purchase anything that was not abso

lutely necessary.

As the cousins were crossing the ball on their way to the carriage, they met Allie Brean, who had come to walk home with Rosamond. No-rali coloured a little as she met the old woman's penetrating gaze: but, holding out her hand, she isked lightly, "Aren't you glad to see me, Mrs.

"Sure, Miss Norah, no one more so, if 'tis wise errant that's brought ye.'

"I'm afraid I cannot say yes to that, for I sing, wear the prettiest dresses I can procure, and tease Miss Dalton and Katty by winning all their best partners away from them."

Aille nodded sagaciously. "I'm thinking they can afford to forgive ye if ye do, for they've had their fair share of praise and flatthery; and if ye've no worse errant here than this, Miss Norah, I'll wish ye luck in all rour 'ventures."

North grew crimson, but arched her black eyebrows, as if greatly surprised at the remark. "Why, what other motives should I have for coming to Dublin?"

will I know?" asked Aille. "Shure, some folks will do quare things for love, or for

spite, or for right down revenge, more's the pity." North sot her teeth in her lip, and seemed to

ty, hoped that he would find more potentiativac-tion in the card-room; but in the course of a tow minutes be came towards them, arm-in-arm with an old friend of the widow, and the ceremony of a formal introduction fellowed. Kuthleen, over whose chair Frank was lean-

ing had scarcely a word or look for any one clse. She had met Lord Glanore with such per-fect composure and freedom from embarrass-ment, that her lover's gathering doubts had fled, and all was well again. Rosamond, who recognized in the bowing Major the presuming personage who had annoyed her in the ratiway carriage, made but a frigid acknowledgment of his courtesies, and he turned perforce to Norah, on whose stately beauty he had already beeen gazing admiringly.
"This is a brilliant scene," he said, dropping

"This is a brilliant scene," he said, dropping into the sent beside her.

"Is it?" she asked, indifferently.

"Is it possible that you do not think with me?" he exclaimed. "Ireland is noted for the we see here to-night go far towards justifying the assertion. Take, for instance, the group of

North flirted her fan, with profound indiffer ence to the compliment. "Ah, yes; my cousin and Miss Dalton are prefty women, and I am what you would call a handsome one. Well?"

which you form the centre."

Major Colbye drew his delicate fingers along his monstache, to give himself time to frame a

nis monstacie, to give himself time to frame a reply to this unexpected speech.

"I can but endorse what the world has al-ready told you," he said, in his softest tones.

Norsh curved her full, red lips disdatafully.

"Am I expected to thank you for that? Is your endorsement really valuable?"

"I wish I could teach you to think so," he

answored, with an carnestness partly simulated, partly real. The languid, insolent Major found it hard to hold his own against this scornful beauty.
"Why?" queried Norah, turning her bright

deep eyes full upon him.
"Can you not guess? Who would not be delighted to see their opinion deferred to by one

as lovely as yourself?"

"Every one would, of course; that is, all the blockheads on this quarter of the globe," was the contemptuous reply. "I do not want to be told that there are plenty of men, as they call themselves, who may be led into any folly by a woman's smiles. But how fatiguing and insiple is this small talk! Is there any one here worth

listening to, Major Colbye ?"
"I'm afraid not. The people here are all of our own class," he answered; aroused out of his usual snavity, into a spiteful retort.
"Then I think I'll listen to the music; that's

always worth hearing."

How beautiful she looked, this scornful girl, who was folling him with his own weapons i Instead of taking her very significant hint to ienve her, he continued to watch her halfaverted face, as, patting one pretty foot to the music, she sat absorbed in the melody of a favonrite val**se,** " Do you not dance, Miss Delany?"

"Rarely. The prospect of a good partner cometimes inspires me," was the careless re-

Major Colbre had not danced for years; it Major Cologe had not danced for years; it conceans from inc."
was an exertion of which he was fond of de "Perhaps North has been the bearer of some claring himself incapable; but now he was menacing message from her grim aunt, which preys upon our Kathleen's nerves," suggested list siter. "How long is it since you noted the glowing cheeks grow richer—the light in her change?"

eyes deepen, and darken as they whirled round

together,

"I wish you would honour me with your hand," he said, with such evident sincerity, that Norah smiled slightly, as If his perseverance amused her, and then suffered him to lead her into the circle.

Slowly, at first, the couples glided along to the stendy measure of the air; then more rapidly; and Norah, who, thanks to Rosamond's tuition, moved with easy grace, drew back, and disengaged herself from her disappointed

partner,

o Are you fired already, or only giddy ??

o Neither the one nor the other; but you do not valse well, Major Collye. You are thinking of yourself, of your steps, of your partner, instead of giving yourself up to the inspiration of

" I am sorry I find it so difficult to please you," he said, with a profound sigh, and a book which he had always found irresistible. But Norah only shrueged for shoulders, and

furtied her back upon bim to talk to Lord Ga-bore, who bad just brought Rosamond back to

" Have you been dancing ?" the Viscount in-

prired, presently,

a Yes, a little, with this Major, a a Colbyo, A good sort of man, but somewhat fitiguing to talk to?" she added, carelessly, =0 He has been trying hard to aimse me." Every word of this stinging speech was audite

to the exquisite, who was accustomed to see women shrink from provoking his caustic re-marks. He resolved to punish the savey speaker seto make her lower the dark orbs that so boldly should be shown to were the dark ones that so heldly met his own. To compel for his to quiver with shame and vexation. But the opportunity was not ensity found. North's was a new trac, as a draw a handsomeome; and though she danced a seldom, and even retreated to a small hour racyond the principal saloons, she was surcetuled with gentlemen caper to hear her cartifing repairies. The contributation research

parkling reparties. He contrived to set he-ind her chair, and greet one of her long mots with satisfied apphasse. But Northwas not dis-uniposed even when he devictoristy found from wa temark founded upon a provincialism which

ical escaped her.

o From what Mes Delany has bist said, it is evident that this is her tast visit to buildin. What remote district chains the bonom of her whode?"

"Sure, then," the answered, ascuring the 'regue of a peasant girl, ewhere will I come feon but my ann's flitle breun beyont the beget. Theel, Major, if ye should ever have through to thravel so far, it's proud I'll. be to give yet butther of my own charmag, and enten-cakes of try own making, and sing ye (Ma Collega das crotheen amon' the while ye

This speech draw upon her so many entron-fles for the old ditty she had bound, that North complied, and arelly trified it forth. It was normalisty energed, and now she boust into the "Casta Diva," from "Norma," and even Resamend was astemished at the rate or on and nergy with which her pupil went through the difficult arin.
She refused to sing again, and Major Callage.

loadly declaring that he was bosed to death, sundered away; but when Mr., Carrell, at an early hour, drew her party together, and parted the crowded rooms, he contrived to be mare enough to cloud Norah, a Miss belany," he sold, a Pin atraid we've been trying to be rude to each other this even-

"I think we have," was the equally frank

"And, for my part, I cannot divine the reason why," he went on. "Can you?"

North gave a little impatient movement.
"Who takes the trouble now-a-days to discover

the motive of their caprices? I shall not, for one; for to me, on the whole, this has been a most enjoyable evening." " I am exceedingly glad you are able to say so:

but_ She bowed, and passed on before he had time She bowed, and passed on neutre ne may anto finish his speech, and he was left standing with Lord Granere, who had contrived to make some little progress with his worling, and was in the best humour in consequence.

"This is decadful slow work," yawned the

Major, slipping his arm through the Viscount's.

" Not I, thank you. I have abjured the dice

"I forgot: you are on good behaviour just "I lorgot; you are on good bean love; just now," was the sneering retort. "Poor boy, how the fetters must fret you sometimes. However your bella Rosa is pretty chough to be some expense for your madness. Who is the termingant the Catherine for whom a Petruchio is sorely wanted—who came with the Baltons?" "A distinct relythough Ms. Carrellis, "Lord Elles."

"A distant relation of Mrs. Carroll's," Lord Glapore replied.

o Whata very interesting piece of information.
Thanks; I feel wher for it already? But what
is she? where does she come from? There s something in her face that strikes me as

He mused for a moment, and when he looked round, Lord Glanore—who did not feel at all inclined to gratify his curiosity—had noiselessly

North, apparently in the highest spirits, flirted and chatted with Frank Dalton during the homeward ride; but after Mrs. Carroll had set down the brother and sister at their own residence, she grew very silent; and finally, on reaching the chamber she was to share with her cousin, terrified her by falling into a nt of such violent histories, that Kuthleen was obliged to call for assistance.

CHAPTER XXVII

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.

Neither Frank nor Rosamond cared to launch Into such a round of party-going as Norah Delany stipulated for. They joined the cousins and Mrs. Carroll in their rides and rambles, and occasionally consented to accept some of the invitations showered upon them; but Frank impatiently counted the days that must intervene before North went back to the farm, and he could enjoy a fittle more of his pretty

betrothed's society.

But now Kathleen herself began to appear capricious and fitful. Sometimes her lover was greeted with tenderness, and listened to with evident, though shy, satisfaction; at others, she would be so cold and absent in her manners, that he would press her to give him a reason for the change, and be put off with evastve an swers, more tormenting and perplexing than her previous coldness.

At last, Rosamond, though engrossed in her

own affairs, discovered that there was something uniss, and questioned her brother, who was smarting under an annoying consciousness that Kathleen's waywardness increased.

"No, Rosic," he said; "we have not been quarrelling. Kathleen is toosweet-tempered to wrangle about trifles. I fear that she has some anxlety pressing upon her, which she foolishly

conceals from me. " Perhaps North has been the bearer of some





Frank told her, and she was visibly startled, her face flushing, and mouth trembling with some deep feeling; but she was leaving him on some slight pretext, without offering any

explanation, when he drew her back to her " No, Rosamond; I will not let you go till I know what has moved you so. Can it be that you are able to conjecture the cause of Kathleen's

" No-indeed, I cannot!" she hurriedly answered.

"Then what was it that stirred you so visibly? Be candid with me; I am perplexed enough, without having to fear that you keep something

from me that I ought to know."

"Nay, dear Frank; the circumstances of which for the moment I had an unpleasant reminiscence, were almost too trifling to repeat; pray think no more of them," she pleaded. But as he persisted in his demand, she reluctantly went on to say, "it is fashed into my mind, when you were speaking of Kathleen's aftered demeanour, that you dailed it from the day I saw her grew confused, turn very pale on the receipt of a note a servant handed to her,

But here Rosamond paused a moment cre she added, " And glanced at Lord Glanore, as if he were in some way connected with her un-

Frank walked to a window, and stood there for some moments, without replying. There was a contest warring within him, betwixt his trust in Kathleen's sincerity, and a dread that Lord Glanore—so long known as an intriguing reckloss man—was in some way sapping the young girl's (ruth. At last he went back to his sister, who was anxiously watching him, and put lifs arm ground her.

My dear Rosie, for your sake as well as

mine, I shall do my utmost to fathou the little. mystery which is now puzzling us; in the mean-time let me entreat you not to enter into any engagement with the Viscount."

Resumend's colour rose, and with some warmth, she answered, " It is scarcely fair to suspect Lord Glanore, and yet believe Kathleen free from blame."

"My dear sister, I am trying hard not to doubt either of them. Only yesterday, in the handsomest manner, Glanore begged me to intercede with you in his behalf, and wished to be permitted to visit here as your acknowledged suttor; but I cannot give him my bonny Rose III I am sure that he descrees her." Rosamond leaned her head against her bro-

ther's arm, and barst into tears, o lear with me," she sobbed; o I am miserable! I love him, and yet and yet sob, Frank! it may be that Kathleen is fairer in his eyes than I am; or he may have loved her once already, and be remaining to his allegiance?"

1. If most credit either symmistion, to do so.

2. Yes, when I saw you in danger!" he retorted.

would be to convict both my friend and my bethrotine of the grossest deception! Take courage, dearest Rosie; I will extort from Kathleen the cause of her hidden troubles, and then we

ful prognoscientions had tranquillized her, and then be went away, determined to seek Kath-hen, and not leave her (i) she had fully satisfied him that the suspicions he could not help entertaining were, wholly without founda-

on. When he reached Mrs. Carroll's, the widow and Norah were examining some boxes of artificial flowers, and Kathleen, they said, had complained of headache, and gone to her room to lie down.

"I'll go and whisper that you are here," eried her cousin; "for we really cannot decide upon these wreaths without her. Here are some lovely shamrocks, which will be just to

She left the room, but returned directly, saying Kathleen must be sleeping, for her taps at the door had remained unanswered. Frank waited for some time in the hope that she would appear, but was obliged to go at last. and content himself with Mrs, Carroll's permission to join her party at a concert that

He was wending his way homeward, with his hat pulled over his brows, and a moody look on his handsome face, when he was brought to a stand-still at the corner of a byestreet by a string of vehicles. As he stood, waiting for them to pass, he chanced to glance down this narrow turning, and beheld Kathleen

It was but a glimpse, for the street was a busy one, and the passers to and fro so many, that she was no sooner seen than lost to view. Besides she was no sconer seen than rose to she was no sconer seen than rose to she was no sconer seen than rose to she was walking from, instead to towards, him; but he could scarcely be mistaken in the little alry figure, nor the parasol she carried; for when the cousins were choosing some a few when the cousins were choosing some a few you to visit Verrail Street secretly?"

After some hesitation came the response, "I had, laughingly, preferred one on which the pure ground was stripped with the national

Frank gave instant chase, and soon convinced himself that she was not alone. Her hand was resting on the arm of a tall, gentlemanly man. Oh, for a glance at his features! But was it necessary? Was it possible to doubt that it was Lord Glanore? The peculiar turn of the head, the somewhat haughty bearing, the height, the colour of the hair, these were sufficiently onvincing, and his jealous heart swelled to

Regardless of the angry observations levelled at him, he strode on. The couple he pursued crossed the street, and, for a moment, a slowly-moving van concealed them. Then he dashed onwards again, but now they had dis-

They must have entered some house together. He grashed his teeth as he surveyed the un-promising locality, and thought of his fair Kathleen making assignations with a rouf, and meeting him here! He paced to and fro, examining the windows, and striving to discover what had become of her, till he was obliged to conclude that she had altogether evaded him

When he reached home, Rosamond flow to meet him, and hear what tidings he brought; but he put her aside, curtly saying that he had on able to get an interview with Kathleen, and went to his own room, to dress with feverish

haste for the concert. He arrived at the widow's nearly an hour earlier than the stipulated time, and paced up and down the room into which he was shown, with his watch in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the door. Did she know he was there? Yes, one of Mrs. Carroll's good-looking handmaidens had tripped away with a smile to warn Miss Kathleen that she was walled for. Would she never come?

At last, a footstep approached, and he hurried to meet her, but only to codure fresh disappointment. It was the Viscount, whose countenance grew as dark as Frank's, when he learned that Rosamond had not accompanied

her brother.
Frank would not imply a doubt of Kathleen by questioning his lordship, whose manner, like his own, was constrained. He could even have fancied that the Viscount furtively watched him, as though he comprehended that an indefinable something had risen up betwixt them.

Scarcely a word was spoken, till Mrs. Carroll, crimson with heat and the exertion of dressing came into the room.

"And where is our Rose of Roses?" she asked. "Afraid to brave the fatigue? I cannot blame her. This weather is terribly exhausting. If I were really very stout, it would kill me And how does your lordship manage to

" I have been too idle to be inconvenienced by the heat," was the careless reply. "With the exception of transacting a little business in Vernall Street, I have done nothing all day but smoke and read."

Frank found it hard to repress his wrath who Frank found it hard to repress ans what when he heard this cool allusion to a meeting which binsted his own hopes; unless, indeed, Kathleen could give a very satisfactory reason for meeting this unworthy man. But now the cousins came in; Norah queenly, block how become us with principle or seaton.

in black lace, looped up with crimson passion-flowers, with their long trulls of green leaves and tendrils; Kathleen in a shimmering robe of blue, and forget-me-nots in her brown hair. There was a look about her eyes as if she had been weeping, and her check was pale, but her face lighted up when she saw Frank, and she gilded to his side with an empressement with which at any other time he would have been

It was not till the bustle of finding sents at the concert-room was over, and Frank had con-trived to secure one between Kathleen and her

chaperone, that he was able to put the question,
"Whither went you this morning?"
Her check flamed, and her cyclids drooped,
"Did not Norah tell you that I kept my room with a headache?" she whispered evasively.

"Yes, your coasin repeated what she was bidden to say; but I must know more than this, Kathleen. I demand the truth!"
"Demand!" she repeated, with an oftended gesture. • Mr. Dalton, you are speaking very strangely !" gesture.

"I cannot stop to consider my words at such a moment; and I repeat that I demand, by our mumal love, that you tell me the whole truth, Kathleen, I know that you were not in this house this morning when I called,"

"Who has been playing the spy upon me?" she asked, a little terror audible in her accents, "No one. By a strange chance, I saw you myself in Verrall Street."

Kathleen's trembling fingers played with her an ; and she darted a furtive, troubled glance at the young man, which pained him excessively, for there was none of the fearless contidence in it with which he had been he

curning to his allegiance?"

6 Fil not credit either supposition; to do so, with the convert both my friend and my could be to convert both my friend and my enterother of the gressest deception! Take coarsether of the gressest deception of the gressest any protext!"

Kathleen's head had sank lower and lowe shall all be happy."

He did not fulfil his intention till his cheer while he was speaking, but now she looked up and said. "Hush, Mr. Dalton; your loud tones will attract attention. Beside: taken. I did not go to Verrall Street to meet Lord Glanore,"

"Thank heaven, you are able to say so !" the relieved Frank exclaimed. "Then the rencontre was an accidental one?"

Almost unintelligibly, she murmured that she had not seen his lordship at all; and her lover was too much shocked by the deliberate false-hood to make any immediate reply.

"Had I been inclined to doubt my own sight, and believe your assertion," he coldly observed, "Lord Glanore's confession that he visited Verrall Street this afternoon would put it out of my

"Lord Glanore visited Verrall Street!" she "Lord Ganore visited verral Street?" she repeated, with an expression of countenance difficult to analyze. "But he did not say he had seen—that is, spoken with me? He could not! On my honour, Mr. Dalton, I held no communication with his lordship, nor was I conscious of his presence there!'

"And yet I saw you walking side by side, your hand on his arm."
"Indeed, you are wrong. He may have trod

the same pavement with me—that I cannot contradict, for I was too much afraid of the crowd to look either to the right or the left; but see Lord Glanore, or speak with him, I did

Frank sat silent. How was he to reconcile these carnest assurances with what he had

"Your hand rested on his arm, Kathleen!"

went to relieve a person who is in distressed circumstances;" and Frank was only too glad to believe her.

"For the future, you must delegate your charitable intentions to me, my dearest, and I will earry them out. Visiting the cottagers round about the farm was a very different thing to relieving the poor in a great city like this. must not attempt it-at least, not alone. Promise me this."

But she would not give him the pledge he de

"You have no right to attempt to rule my actions, Mr. Dalton," she said, agitatedly, "You will always forget that I have never given my consent to the betrothal you persist in regard ing as a decided affair."

He was now really angry.

"Kathleen, this is unworthy of you. If you lips have never uttered a positive consent to my wishes, you have tacitly permitted me to be-lieve that you will be mine at the time Mrs. Carroll has fixed for our union. Can it be that you have censed to love me_that another hold the place in your heart that I fondly hoped was

The little hands lying in her lan were restless ly clasped and unclasped, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Mr. Dalton, do me the justice to remember that I have always keenly felt the difference is position, and have begged you to be content ed with my friendship."

Why should I, if the richer prize of your love is to be won? Kathleen, dearest Kathleen, how can you coquetto with me now?"
"I am no coquette," she faltered. "I the-

roughly comprehend how much you offer me Is it nothing, think you, to a desolate, ill-treated girl, to find herself suddenly exulted to a place in the affections of one of the best of men? Bu it has never been in my power toact for myself. I fear it never will, I dare not grasp happiness. even when it is within my reach.

"My dear love," he whispered, "you are tantalizingly mysterious. Miss Delany must be exercising some secret and evil influence over Is it not so?"

Kathleen shook her head and sighed. Aunt Ursula prefers to forget my existence

wish I could teach you to do the same." "And 1," he promptly answered,—"I wish I could teach you to let no silly fancies come between us, but shorten the term of my probation and give me an immediate right to protect you

"It is impossible—impossible! I am not worthy to be your wife!" was the murmured reply, and Frank's heart sank. Her concluding words had been spoken with a sorrowful earnestness which compelled him todread that some obstacle to their union lay in that past of which he knew so little.

While the young man was thus whispering in Kuthleen's ear and Mrs. Carroll good-naturedly striving to reconcile Lord Gianore to Rosamond's absence, Norah's bright eyes had lured Major Colbye to her side.

Are we friends or enemies ?" he demanded.

hazly fanning himself with her fan.

"Neither the one nor the other," she readily answered. "I call those persons with whom I have merely exchanged a few civilities, casual acquaintances. Don't you?"

"Bah! I detest neutrality. Open war for me, or else a strong and lasting peace."

ne, or else a strong and lasting peace!"
"You are a soldier," said Norah, " and think it incumbent upon you to be technical; have always understood that skirmishing is

have always understood that sammaning as harassing to the bravest."
"Not when ones adversary is an honourable one." And he bowed significantly to the lady.
"In that case, I don't mind owning myself worst-

ed occasionally."

"But I do!" cried Norah, defiantly; "so take care. Major. If war should be declared between us, you will find me a dangerous anta-

" It is consoling to learn that you think me of so much consequence," said the Major, sentimentally. "If I cannot be level, I prefer to be inted."

With a curious smile flickering about her lips, she replied, "You shall be gratified; but be warned! It is not a safe game to play!"
"For you, or for me?" he asked, insolently.

"Let Time answer that question; but I should but a bad general if I did not arrange the plan of my compaign before engaging upon it. she cried, with a gay carelessness that buffled bim. Again he put the question to Lord Gla-nore, "Who is this strange girl?" But when he had learned all there was to tell about her,

he found himself none the wiser.

And still the days sped on; and, in another week, Norah would quit Dublin. Her zest for week, Noran would quit Dublin. Herzest for galety continued unflagging, even though she came home from the theatre or a solvie over-wrought and under the powerful spell of some emotion, the source of which she carefully concealed. Rosamond and Kathleen were bu hollow friends now-a-days; the former was suspicious, the latter reserved, and enger to avoid being left alone either with Frank or his sister. Perhaps they were all looking forward to Norah's departure as a relief; after that, affairs might.

nay, must, be brought to a climax.

This came sooner than was anticipated. Mrs.

Carroll had promised to patronise a ball given on behalf of some charity; and, at her request the Daltons were of her party. Kathleen linked her arm through Rosamond's as they were en-tering the noble apartment appropriated to the dancers, and many an eye followed admiringly these fairest types of English and Hibernian

They were detained by the crush at the door of the ball-room, and Frank, who was following his sister, stooped, to pick up a tiny note which had fluttered to his feet. Unperceived by Kuthleen, who was exchanging courtesies with an acquaintance, he touched Rosamond's shoulder

"You have dropped something, Rosle; thank

me for reclaiming it."
"Let me first be sure that it is mine," she smilingly replied.

"It fell from the folds of your dress," he persisted; for Frank believed that it had done

"Perhaps it is an excuse from Madame for the mistake in the trimmings of my cloak. Open it, and see."
Unthinkingly, he obeyed, and read as fol-

" MY LORD,-

"I entrent you to see me at the old place at Verrall Street. If you retain any affection for one who ought still to be very dear to you, do not refuse the prayer of

" KATHLEEN SIDNEY." (To be continued.)

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of 1868.1 THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon. AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"RECALL HER TEARS, TO THEE AT PARTING GIVEN.

It was some time, however before Mr. Walgrave forgot what he had heard in the wood about Grace's mother—that dark hint of heart disease. He took occasion to question Mrs. James next day upon the subject, and made himself fully acquainted with the details of Mrs. Richard Redmayne's death, and what the doctor had said about Grace. He had made no examination, it appeared; no stethoscope had ever sounded the innocent young heart: but he had remarked to Mrs. James once confidentially, that there was something about her niece's appearance he hardly liked, and that it would not surprise him if her constitution should deand that it would velop the same tendency that had been fatal er mother. This had been said while Richard Redmayne was in England; and his sisterin-law had not cared to alarm either him or her niece by any hint of what the doctor had

" If it was heart-disease, you see," said Mrs. James, "there'd be no cure for it; and if it wasn't, it would have been cruel to upset poor Rick in the midst of his troubles, which was coming pretty fast upon him just then; so I thought the wisest thing I could do was to hold my tongue.

"Quite right, Mrs. Redmayne. No doubt the doctor wanted a job. Your medical men can have very little to do in this pure atmosphere. A chronic case, rich farmer's only child, and so Heart-disease! No; I don't for a moment believe that your niece Grace has anything amiss with her heart. At her age the very

idea seems preposterous." "Well, it do, Mr. Walgray-don't it? But her mother was only seven-and-twenty when she died. They're not a long-lived family, any of the Norbitts; and Grace's mother was a Nor-

Mr. Walgrave persisted in making light of the matter. He would not permit himself to think that anything so bright and sweet as Redmayne was doomed to vanish suddenly and untimely from this earth. He pooh-poohed the country surgeon's opinion, and very speedily

contrived to get rid of any uncasiness which the subject might have caused him.

An event occurred to divert his attention in some manner a few days after the picnic. He had more than half made up his mind to leave Brierwood, and go abroad somewhere for the rest of the long vacation. He could not quite shut his eyes to the peril of remaining where he was. He had recovered his strength—was almost as well as ever he had been in fact. In almost as well as ever he had been, in fact. In every way it would be best and wisest for him

He began to pack his portmanteau one night, took out his *Bradshaw*, and made a profound study of the continental routes. Why should he not spend his autumn abroad? There was Spain, for instance. He had an intense desire to see Spain, from the Escurial to the Alhambra. Yet to-night, somehow, the vision of dark-eyed damsels and bull-fights had scarcely any charm for his imagination. He flung the railway_guide into a distant corner with an

impatient sigh.
"Why should I run away from her when I love her so dearly?" he said to himself. "Cannot a man live two lives—give his outward seeming and all the labour of his brain to the world, and keep his heart in some safe shelter, hidden away from the crowd? Other men have done it, why should not I? Is there a man upon earth who would throw such a treasure as that girl ?"

And then Mr. Walgrave fell into a profound meditation, and went to bed at last in the gray morning to spend three mortal hours tossing to morning to spend three mortal hours tossing to and fro, tormented by the most perplexing thoughts that had ever wearied his brain. He was trying to reconcile things that were irreconcilable. His future life had been planned long ago—judiciously, he believed. He did not mean that anything should alter those plans. Whatever new element might arise was the made subspectant to those. He was must be made subservient to those. He was not a man to turn aside from the path which he had cut for himself—a high-road to tame and fortune-for any consideration whatever. He

meant to renounce nothing.
But—but if he could hold fast by all he valued so highly, and yet win that other prize—that sweeter, nearer delight? Fame and fortune must come in the future—he would do nothing to forfeit the certainty of those, why should he not snatch this other joy in the present, and let the future, so far as it concerned Grace Redmayne, take care of itself? If that croaking country surgeon's opinion were indeed correct, and the poor child were not destined to live long, so much the easier would it be to provide for the happiness and security of her future. There was no sacrifice, short of the entire sacrifice of his own prospects, which he would not make for her. And so his thoughts rambled on, shaping first one scheme and then another, only to abandon them. And when he got up in the morning, he said to himself re-

solutely:

"I will make it the business of my life to forget her. A man who takes such a step as that always wrecks himself. Sooner or later his folly comes home to him. I have gone through life without a single error of that kind.

It would be madness to begin now."

He went downstairs, and sauntered out into the garden. It was still early. All the pleasant bustle of farmhouse life was at its height sant mastic of farmhouse life was at its height in dairy and outhouses and kitchen. Grace, with a basket on her arm and a pair of scissors in her hand, was clipping and trimming the roses near the house, fair as Tennyson's famous gardener's daughter when first her lover saw her in the porch.

her in the porch.
The vivid blush, lighting up the fair pale face, the sudden look of pleased surprise-how sweet they were !

" And I am going to surrender all this." Mr. "And I am going to surrender all this," Mr. Walgrave thought with a sharp pang. He had quite made up his mind to go away, by this time; but he could not not make up his mind to tell her his intention. Better to put off that until the very last moment, and then with one desperate wronch tear himself away.

They strolled round the garden, Grace clipping the roses as she went, not quite so neatly as she would have clipped them without that companionship. The hands fluttered a little among the leaves as they did their work. He was talking to her; those unfathomable gray eyes were watching her. He had never spoken of his love since the day at Clevedon: had portunity of being with her; and she had been almost completely happy. She did not forget what he had told her. He was engaged to marry another woman. He would go away by and by, and her life would be desolate; but she only looked forward to this desolation with a vague terror. She could not be unhappy while

he was near her.

They wasted about an hour in the garden. Grace had breakfasted half an hour ago as it Mr. Walgrave's breakfast was waiting for was. him in the cool airy parlour. He went slowly back to the house at last, still with Grace by his side. Aunt Hannah was up to her eyes in dairy-work at this time of the day. There was no one to observe them. They were talking of the books Grace had been reading lately—books which opened a new world to her--and her brightness and intelligence delighted her

"If all Miss Toulmin's pupils are anything like you, Grace I shall certainly make a point of sending my daughters to her some day," he

said lightly.

She looked at him for a moment, and then grew very pale. His daughters! He was talk-ing of a time when he should be married to that other woman—when she would have passed out of his life altogether. That careless speech of his had brought the fact sharply home to her. He was nothing, never could be

anything, to her. "You will have forgotten my existence by the time your daughters are old enough to go to school," she said.

"Forgotten you, Grace? Never! Fate rules our lives, but not our hearts. I shall never forget you, Grace. I behaved very badly the other day, when I told you the impression you had made upon me. It was an offence against you and some one clse. But I think that you, at

least, have forgiven me."

He spoke as lightly as he could, like a man of the world, but was very far from feeling lightly. Grace was silent. That common-sense tone of apology cut her to the quick. She scarcely knew what she had hoped or dreamed within the last few days I but they had been so happy together, that the image of her unknown rival, the woman he was destined to marry had

seemed very vague and unreal.

" It is for - the - the other person to be an-

gry."
"The other person would be very angry, no doubt, if I were to make a full confession of my sins; but I don't mean to do so, believe me. The other person will go down to her grave in ignorance of the truth. But I want to be assured of your forgiveness, Grace. Just raise those sweet eyes of yours, and say, "I forgive you for having loved me too well."

Grace smiled—a bitter smile.

"So well, that you—that you will go away and marry some one else," she said, the practical phase of the situation coming home to her

with that first pang of jealousy.

"My dearest girl," cried Mr. Walgrave, who had by no means desired the conversation to take this turn, "there are very few men in this world who can choose their own road in life. Mine was chosen for me long ago. I am not my own master; if I were—'
"If you were," repented Grace, with a sudden

desperate courage, that was as much a surprise to herself as it was to him — "if you were, would you marry a bankrupt farmer's daughter?

" If I wore the master of Clevedon, Graceif I had five thousand a year-yes. But I have my own way to make in the world, and I am weak enough to value success. I am engaged to marry a woman whose fortune will help me to win a position, and to maintain it. That is as much as to say, I am going to sell myself, isn't it ?"

" It sounds rather like that." "Men do it every day, Grace—quite as often is women; and the thing answers fairly enough in ten cases out of twenty. I daresay I shall make a very tolerable average kind of husband. I shall not spend all my wife's money, and I shall go to dinner-parties with her. I think I can give her almost as much heart as she will give me; and yet, Grace, I never loved but one woman upon his earth, and her name is Grace

Redmayne."
The girl was silent. He was cruel, he was base; and yet it was still sweet to her to be told that he loved her. With all her heart and

soul she believed him, " I never meant that our talk should take this turn," Hubert Walgrave went on, aftern rather lengthened pause. "I meant only to bid you good-bye, and to go away without one danger-ous word."

She looked up at him with sudden terror in "You are going away!" she exclaimed,

" Soon ? "Very soon; to-day, in fact, if possible, What should 1 do here? The wrench must come, Grace. The sooner the better." She tried to answer him, but her lips only

trembled, and then began to cry. All the chaquence that ever poured from the lips of woman exalted by passion would not have touched him so keenly as that mute look—those childish tears. It was little more than a child's un-

reasoning love that she gave him perhaps, but it was so pure and perfect of its kind! They had turned away from the house, instinctively avoiding it as their conversation grew more tender, and were walking slowly towards the orchard, quite out of human ken. Mr. Walgrave drew his arm round the girl's waist, comforting her-drew her close to him, until graceful head sunk on his shoulder. had so fair a head rested there before. He bent down and kissed the pure young brow.

This was the manner in which he began to

"My dearest, my sweetest!" he said pleaddingly, "your tears go to my heart of hearts. I am so anxious to do what is wise, what is right. Upon my soil, Grace, I believe that I could bring myself to forego all question of wordly advantage"—he did fancy for the moment that this was so—" if—it my honour were not involved in this marriage which I speak of. But it is, darling; it is quite too late for me to recede from my engagement. I should be the vilest of defaulters if I did. Let us be reasonable, then, my sweet one. I wish to do what is best for you, for both of us. Don't you think

that it would be wisest for me to goawny?"

6 I don't know whether it would be wise or foolish," she sobbed, with her head still upon his shoulder; " but I think my heart will break

if you go."

He drew her a little closer to him. Great said scarcely a word which her uncleand aunt might not have heard; but he had lost no op- and the right to marry this village maiden? It semed to him a very hard thing that he was not able to win this wayside flower, and yet ceep all the other advantages he valued so

> " But remember, dearest," he said, trying his uttermost to be wordly and practical, " it is at est only a question of a week or so, more or less. It is very sweet to me to be with you. I doubt if I ever felt what real happiness was be-fore I knew you; but I cannot linger in this happy valley for ever. The time of parting must come at last, and will seem the harder for every hour we spend together. Would it not be wiser to part at once? Say yes, Grace, for

> both our sakes."
> "I can't. I can't be glad for you to go away. If you are really happy here, why should you be so anxious to go? I know that I can never be any more to you than I am now-that you must go away at last - to that - other per-

And yet you would rather have me stay ?"

" Very well, then I stay; but it is at your equest, remember, Grace; and when the time does come for our parting, you will be reasonable. We will bury our love in a deep, deep grave, and you will forget that you ever knew

"We will bury our love," the girl answered

softly. After this, Mr. Walgrave went slowly in to breakfast, with very little appetite, and with a vague sense of having made a fool of himself, ifter all. All those tossing to and fro-those schemes made and unmade-that final resolve on the side of prudence-had come to nothing.

He was going to remain. " Heaven help any man of five-and-thirty who has the ill-luck to win the heart of a girl of nineteen I" he said to himself. " Sweet Grace

Redmayne, what a child she is !" Grace went into the parlour with her basket only a quarter full of whithered roses-there were plenty of faded flowers left to perish on the trees. The door of the passage that led to the kitchen was open, and she could hear a confusion of tongues, and her aunt's voice pro-

testing about the awkwardness of something,
"It couldn't have fell out awkwarder," eried cemed very vague and unreal.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said coldly. any right to expect it; and all my arrange-



ments made, even down to the weekly washing. I'm sure I'd thought of everything, and planned everything, and nothing could have been straighter than it all would have been, if the baby had come to its time."

Grace listened wonderingly, but had no occasion to wonder long. Mrs. James bounced into the parlour. " What do you think, Grace? Priscilla Spronter's baby was born last night."

Priscilla was the married daughter, united to

a prosperous young grocer in the small town of Chickfield, Sussez, about forty miles from Brierwood. The unarithmetical infant, which had arrived before it was due, was Mrs. James Redmayne's second grandchild and Mrs. James had solemnly pledged herself to pay a fort-night's visit to Chickfield whenever the event should take place, in order to attend to the general welfare of her daughter's person and household. The usual nurse would be engaged, of course; but Mrs. James was a power para-

mount over that hireling.

The interesting event, however, was to have occurred in October, and all Mrs. James's arrangements were made accordingly: a reliable matron engaged to take the helm at Brierwood during her absence; a fortnight's suspension of those more solemn duties of brewing and preserving, which could not be performed without being duly provided for; and behold, here was a special messenger, mounted on a sturdy un-kempt pony in the butcher interest, come with a letter announcing the untimely advent of a

"Fine, indeed!" cried aunt Hannah con-temptionsly, "And please will I come at once; for father—that's William Sprouter—is so un-

1 suppose you must go, aunt," said Grace dubiously. "You suppose I must do you? And a sieve

and a half of Orleans plums in the back kit-chen. Who do you suppose is to look after them?"

Couldn't Mrs. Bush make the jam, aunt, if you must go ?

Of course Mrs. Bush could. Every one that can put a saucepan on the fire will tell you they can make jam; and nice slop it will be a couple of inches deep in blue mould before the woman to treat your father's property like that. I shall make the jam, if I drop; and I suppose I must start off to Chickfield as soon as it's nade. And I should like to know who's to see after Mr. Walgry's dinners when Pm

6 Couldn't I manage that, aunt Hannah ? 1 don't think Mr. Walgrave is very particular about his dinners."

" Not particular; no, of course not : as long as everything is done to a turn, a man seems easy to please; but just try him with a shoulder of lamb half raw, or a slice of salmon boiled to a mash, and then see what he'll say. However, I must go to Priscilla for a fews days, at any rate, and things must take their chance here. I've sent Jack across to tell Mrs. Bush she must come directly; and I do hope, you'll show a little styadiness for once in a way, and see that your father's goods ain't wasted. If Mr. Walgrave wasn't a very quiet kind of gentleman, I shouldn't care about leaving you; but he isn't like the common run of single men-there's no nonsense about him?"

Grace blushed fiery red, and had to turn suddealy to the window to hide her face. Mrs. James was too busy to perceive her confusion. sames was too may to perceive her containing, skirmishing about the room, peering into a great roomy store-emploard in a corner by the fireplace, tilling the ten-enddy and the sugarcanister, calculating how much colonial produce ought to be consumed during her absence, a You'll give Mrs. Bush a quarter of a pound of ten and half a bound of some for the week

of tea and half a pound of sugar for the week, remember, Grace—not a grain more. And don't be letting them have butcher's meat in the kitchen more than twice a week. If they can't cat good wholesome bacon, they must go with-out. Sarah knows the kind of dinners I get for Mr. Walgry; and Mrs. Bush is to cook for him. But he sure you see to everything with your own eyes, and give your orders to the butcher with your own lips. The broad-beans are to be enten, mind, without any fuss about likes or dislikes; your uncle didn't sow them for the crows. And don't be giving all the damsons to Jack and Charley in puddings. I shall want to make damson cheese when I come back; and if they want to make themselves ill in their insides, there's plenty of windfalls that's good enough for that. And I should like to see those linen pillow-cases darned neatly when I come home. Miss Toulmin had a deal better have learnt you to mend house-linen than to parlez vous Français. I'm sure anything I give you to darn hangs about till I'm sick of the sight of

"I'll do the best I can, aunt," said Grace " Shall you be away long, do you

· How can I tell, child? If Priscilla and the baby go on well, I sha'n't stop more than a week at the outside. But she's a delicate young woman, and there's no knowing what turn things may take. I shan't stop longer than I can help, you may take my word for that. And now I'm going into the best parlour to tell Mr. Walgry.

Grace sat down by the open window, fluttered strangely by this small domestic business. Her aunt would be away—the scrutiny of those sharp eyes removed from her; a week of alerfect freedom before her—she could not help thinking that in her aunt's absence she yould see more of the man she loved. She knew that he had been obliged to diplomatise a good deal in order to spend half an hour with her, then in order to spend and an nour with ner, mow and then, without creating suspicion. It would be different now. For one happy week they might meet without restraint. And then the end of all days would come, and they must the end of all days would come, and they must have the cedure, and preached to all the limit of the start o

looked into her lover's heart after he heard Mrs. Redmayne's announcement, she would have discovered that he was not glad.

I wish I had gone away this morning, without any leave-taking," he said to himself "to go now, when she has asked me to stay, would seem sheer brutality. And to stay, now would seem sheer brutality. And to stay, now tank the dragon is going away, and we can be together all day long is only heaping up misery for the future. I did not believe myself capable of being made unhappy by any woman; but it will be a hard struggle to forget this farbut it will be a hard struggle to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget to wind up his watch when he came to forget

come here. Pshaw ! am I the kind of men to make a trouble out of any such sentimental ab-surdity as this? Why shouldn't I enjoy a week's innocent flirtation with a pretty girl, and then go back to my own world and forget

And with this laudable intention Mr. Walgrave strolled out into the garden again, in the tope of meeting Grace.

He was disappointed, however, this time.

Mrs. James was up to her eyes in preserving, and kept Grace in the kitchen with her, listening to solemn counsel upon all the details of domestic management. It was rather a hard thing to have to stop in the hot kitchen all through that lovely summer day, wiping out jum-pots, cutting and writing labels, and making herself useful in such small ways; but

Grace, bore the infliction very meckly. To-morrow there would be perfect liberty.

Mr. Walgrave prowled round the garden two
or three times, then stretched himself at full ength in the orchard, and slumbered for a little in the drowsy August noontide—a slumber in which his dreams were not pleasant—awoke unfreshed, went back to the house and reconnoitred, caught a glimpse of Grace in the kit-chen through a latticed window half buried in ivy, lost his temper, and took up his fishing-rod and wandered out in search of an elderly and experienced pike he had been waging war with for the last six weeks; a wary brute, who thought no more of swallowing a look than if it had been a sugar-plum, and had acquired, by long usage, a deprayed appetite for fishing-tackle.

(To be continued.)

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER V,-Continued.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers

and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

" What shall I help you at?"

" At this poor dear little rock; a great clumsy oulder came rolling by in the last storm, and

knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its dowers. And now I must plant it again with sea-weeds, and coral-line, and anenones, and I will make it the prettiest little rock-garden on ill the shore,' So they worked away at the rock, and plantcapital functions and the rock, and painted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital function heard all the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies com-

And then form heard all the other bables com-ing, laughing and singing and shouting and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-labies all along; only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in

ome bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in he neatest little white bathing-dresses; and the neatest little white bathing-dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby they hugged him and klased him, and then put him n the middle and danced round him on the and, and there was no one so happy as poor then," they cried all at once, "we

"Now, then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home, we must come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed, and put all the rock pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the ugly storm swept in last week."

And this is the reason why the rock pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babbes come in shore after over a terretary and the sand of the sand

ables come in shore after every storm, to sweet them out, and comb them down, and put them

ill to rights again.
Only where men are wasteful and dirty, and let sewers run into the sea, instead of putting the stuff upon the fields like thrifty reasonable souls; or throw herrings' heads, and dead dog-fish, or any other refuse, into the water; or in fish, or any other refuse, into the water; or in any way make a mess upon the shore, there the water-babbes will not come, sometimes not for hundreds of years (for they cannot abide anything smelly or foul); but leave the sea-anemones and the crabs to clear away everything, till the good tidy sea has covered up all the dirt in soft mud and clean sand, where the water-babbes can plant live cockles and whelks and regressibles and sea countless. razor-shells and sea-encumbers and whelks and razor-shells and sea-encumbers and golden-combs, and make a pretty live garden again, after man's dirt is cleared away. And tlatt, i suppose, is the reason why there are no water-bables at any watering-place which I have ever

And where is the home of the water-b In St. Brandan's fairy isle.

Did you never hear of the blessed St. Brandan, how he preached to the wild Irish, on the wild wild Kerry coast; he and five other hermits. wild Kerry coast; he and five other hermits, till they were weary and longed to rest? For the wild Irish would not listen to them, or come to confession and to mass, but liked better to brew potheen, and dance the pather o'pee, and knock each other over the head with shillelaghs, and shoot each other from behind turf-dykes, and steal eech other's cattle, and burn each other's homes; till St. Brandan and his friends were weary of them, for they would not learn to be peaceable Christians at all.

So St. Brandan went out to the point of Old

So St. Brandan went out to the point of Old Dummore, and looked over the old tide-way tig round the Blasquets, at the end of all the world, and away into the ocean, and sighed— All that I had wings as a dove!" And far away, before the setting sun, be saw a blue fairy sea, and golden fairy islands, and he said, "Those are the islands of the blest." Then he and his friends got into a booker, and sailed away and away to the westward, and were never heard of more. But the people who would not hear him were changed into gorillas, and gorillas

the end of all days would come, and they must the end of all days would come, and they must be part. The bitter parting must come sooner or later; he had told her so in sober seriousness, a keried very hard to realise the fact, but could not. She was too much a child; and a week seemed almost an eternity of happiness.

"Will he be glad?" she said to herself, "O' I wonder if he will be glad." If she could have looked into her lover's heart after he heard down under the caves under the isie; and they came up by handreds every Sunday, and St. Brandan got quite a neat little Sunday, chock. Amithere he taught the water-babies for a great many hundred years, till his eyes grew too dim to see, and his beard grew so long that he dured not to walk for fear of treading on it, and then he might have tumbled down. And at last he and the five hermits fell asleep under the cedar shades, and

azure sky, the sailors fancy that they see, away

to westward, St. Brandan's fairy isle.

But whether men can see it or not, St. Brandan's Isle once actually stood there; a great land out in the occur, which has sunk and sunk beneath the sea. Old Plato called it Atlantis, and told strange tales of the wise men who lived therein, and of the wars they fought in the old times. And from off that Island came strange flowers, which linger still about this land:—the Cornish heath, and Cornish moneywort, and the delicate Venus's hair, and the London-pride which covers the Kerry mountains, and the little pink butterwort of Devon, and the great blue butterwort of Irchand, and the Connemara heath, and the bristle-fern of the Turk waterfall, and many a strange plant more; all fairy tokens left for wise men and good children from off St. Brandan's Isle.

Brandan's Iste.

And there were the water-babies in thousands, more than Tom, or you either, could count.—All the little children whom the good fairles take to, because their cruel mothers and fathers will to, because their cruel mothers and fathers will not; all who are untaught and brought up heathens, and all who come to grief by lik-usage or ignorance or neglect; all the little children who are overlaid, or are given gin when they are young, or are let to drink out of hot kettles, or to fail into the fire; all the little children in alleys and courts, and tumble-down cottages, who die by fever, and cholera, and meastes, and scarlating, and many complaints which no one has any business to lave, and which no one will have some day, when folks have common sense; and all the little children who have been killed by cruel masters, and wicked soldiers; they were all there, except, of course, the babies of Bethlehem who were killed by wicked King Herod; for they were taken straight to Heaven ong ago, as everybody knows, and we call them the Holy Innocents,
But I wish Tom had given up all his naughty

tricks, and left of tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of playfellows to amuse him. Instead of that, I am sorry to say, he would meddle with the creatures, all but the water-snakes, but they would stand no nonsense Water-spaces, but they would stand no nonsense. So be tickled the madrepores, to make them shut up; and frightened the crabs, to make them hide in the sand and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes; and put stones into the ane-mones' mouths to make them fancy that their linner was coming.

The other children warned him, and said,
"Take care what you are at. Mrs. Bedonebyasyondid is coming." But Tom never heeded
them, being quite riolous with high spirits and good luck, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs.

good tick, (iii, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Bedonehyasyoudid came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was; and when the children saw her, they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and smoothed down their bathing dresses, and put their hands behind them, just as if they were going to be examined by the inspector.

by the inspector,
And she had on a black bonnet, and a black shawl, and no erinoline at all; and a pair of large green spectacles, and a great booked nose, hooked so much that the bridge of it stood quite up above her eyebrows, and under her arm she carried a great birch-rod. Indeed, she was so ugly that Tom was tempted to make faces at her: but did not; for he did not admire

the look of the birch-rod under her arm.

And she looked at the children one by one, and seemed very much pleased with them,

and seemed very much pleased with thein, though she never asked them one question about how they were behaving; and then began giving them all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-oranges, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee; and to the very best of all she gave sea-lees, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

And, if you don't quite believe me, then just think—What is more cheap and plentiful than sea-rock? Then why should there not be seatoffee as well? And every one can find seatoffee as well? And every one can find seatoffee as well; and sea-grapes too sometimes, hanging in bunches; and, if you will go to Nice, you will find the fish-market full of sea-fruit, which they call "fruita di mare;" though I supwhich they call "frutta di mare:" though I sup-pose they call them "fruits de mer" now, out of compliment to that most successful, and therefore most immaculate, potentate who is mereore most immaculate, potentate who is seemingly desirous of hearing the blessing pro-nounced on those who remove their neighbour's landmark. And, perhaps, that is the very rea-son why the place is called Nice, because there

son why the pace is called Nice, because there are so many nice things in the sea there: at least, if it is not, it ought to be.

Now little Tom watched all these sweet things given away, till his month watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. For he hoped that his turn would come at last; and so it did. For the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and remed it has his with something in them, and popped it into his mouth; and, lo and behold, it was a nasty cold hard pebble.

" You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy; who puts

them in, and make them fancy that they had cought a good dinner! As you did to them, so I must do to you."

"Who told you that?" said Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute."

Tom had never opened his lips; so he was very much taken aback indeed. "Yes; every one tells me exactly what they have done wrong; and that without knowing it themselves. So there is no use trying to hide

anything from me. Now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles in your mouth, if you put none in other creatures."

"I did not know there was any harm in it,"

said Tom. "Then you know now. People continually say that to me; but I tell them, if you don't know that fire burns, that is no reason that it And far | should not burn you; and if you don't know that dirt breeds fever, that is no reason why the fever should not kill you. The lobster did not know that there was any harm in getting into the

there was any mark in getting motion to loster pot; but it caught him all the same."

"Dear me," thought Tom, "she knows everything!" And so she did, indeed.

"And so, if you do not know that things are wrong, that is no reason why you should not be pimisated for them, though not so much, not so much, my little man" (and the lady looked much, my little man" (and the bady looked

kindiy, after all), " as if you did know." sald Tom.

" Not at all; I am the best friend you ever had in all your lie. But I will tell you; I can-not help punishing people when they do wrong. I like it no more than they do; I am often very, very sorry for them, poor things; but I cannot help it. If I tried not to do it. I should do it all fred years, till his eyes grew too dim to see, and an engine; and am full of wheels and springs inside; and am wound up very carefully, so that

1 cannot help going."

Was it long ago since they wound you up?" asked Tom. For he thought, the cuming little here they sleep unto this day. But the fabries | fellow, " She will run down some day; or they took to the water-bables, and taught them their may forget to wind her up, as old Grimes used lessons themselves.

for ever and ever; for I am as old as Eternity, and yet as young as Time."

And there came over the lady's face a very carious expression—very solema, and very sad; and yet very, very sweet. And she looked up and away, as if she were gazing through the sea, and through the sky, at something far, far off; and as she did so, there came such a quiet, ten and as suc an so, there came such a quice, tender, patient, hopeful smile over her face, that Tom thought for the moment that she did not look ugly at all. And no more she did; for she was like a great many people who have not a pretty feature in their faces, and yet are lovely to behold, and draw little children's hearts to them at once; because, though the house is plain enough, yet from the windows a beautiful and good suirit is looking forth.

and good spirit is looking forth.

And Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said:

"Yes. You thought me very ugly just now, did you not?" Tom hung down his head, and grew very red

Tom hung down his head, and grew very rea about the cars,

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loyellest fairy in the world; and her name to the the bosen and thousands. is Mrs. Donsyonwouldbedoneby. So she begins where I end, and I begin where she ends; and those who will not listen to her must listen to nic, as you will see. Now, all of you run away, except Tom; and he may stay and see what I am going to do. It will be a very good warning for him to begin with, before he goes to school.

"Now, Tom, every Friday I come down here and call up all who have ill-used little children," and serve them as they served the children."

And at that Tom was frightnessed and error.

And at that Tom was frightened, and crept under a stone; which made the two crabs who lived there very angry, and frightened their friend the butter-fish into flapping hysteries;

but he would not move for them And first she called up all the doctors who little children so much physic (they were most of them old ones; for the young ones have learnt better, all but a few army surgeons, who still fancy that a baby's inside is much like a Scotch grenadier's), and she set them all in a row; and very racful they looked; for they knew what was coming. And first she pulled all their teeth out; and then she bled them all round; and then she

dosed them with calomel, and Jalap, and salts and senua, and brimstone, and treacle; and horrible faces they made; and then she gave

meir moses grew red, and their hands and foot swelled; and then she crammed their poor foot swelled; and then she crammed their poor foot could get howhere else sat down on the sand, into the most drendfully tight boots, and made them all dance, which they did most climally wears shoes in the water, except hornel of that indeed; and then she asked them how they liked it; and when they said not at all, she let them go; because they had only done it out of footish starting at them; for he could not understand fashlon, fancying it was for their children's good, as if wasps' waists and plus' toes could be prefix or wholesame, or or two was townshed.

pretty, or wholesome, or of any use to anyhody. Then she called up all the careless nursery-maids, and stuck pins into them all over, and wheeled them about in perambulators with tight straps across their stomachs and their heads and arms hanging over the side, till they were quite sick and stupid, and would have had sun-strokes; but, being under the water, they could only have water-strokes; which, I assure you, are nearly as bad, as you will find if you will try to sit under a mill wheel. And mhal— when you bear a rumbling at the bottom of the sea, satiors will tell you that it is a ground-swell: but now you know better. It is the old lady wheeling the maids about in perambulators.

And by that time she was so tired, she had to

go to inncheon.

And after luncheon she set to work again, and called upon the cruci schoolmasters—whole regithem, she frowned most terribly, and set to them, she frowned most terribly, and set to work in carnest, as if the best part of the day's work was to come. More than half of them were misty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old were misty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old monks, who, because they dare not hit a man of the little children half of them. their own size, amused themselves with beating little children instead; as you may see in the picture of old. Pope Gregory (good man and true though he was, when he meddled with things which he did understand), teaching children to sing their fa-fa-mi-fa with a cat-or nine-talls under his chair; but, because they never had any children of their own, they took never had any children of their own, they took are took their thumbs out of their nountly, and because they are took their thumbs out of their nountly, and because they are considered to see the second out to second out to see the second out to second out to see the second out to s into their heads (as some folks do still) that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children; and they first brought into England, in the old Anglo-Saxon times, the fushion of treating free boys, and girls too, worse than you would treat a dog or a horse; but Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudld has caught them all long ago; and given them many a taste of their own rods; a good boy for my sake, and forment no more

and much good may it do them.

And she boxed their ears, and thumped them
over the head with rulers, and pandled their
bands with causes, and told them that they told stories, and were this and that sort of had neo ple; and the more they were very indigment, and stood upon their honour, and declared that they told the truth, the more she declared they were not, and that they were telling lies; and at last she birehed them all round soundly with at last she birched them all round soundly with her great birch rod, and set them each an imposition of three hundred thousand lines of He. brow to learn by heart before she came back next Friday. And at that they cried and howled so, that their breaths came all up through the sea like bubbles out of soda-water; and that is one reason of the bubbles in the sea. There are one reason of the buildes in the sea. There are others; but that is the one which principally concerns little boys. And by that time she was so tired that she was glad to stop; and, indeed, she had done a very good day's work.

Tom did not quite dislike the old lady: but he could not help thinking her a little spliteful— and no wonder If she was, poor old soul; for, if she has to wait to grow handsome till people do as they would be done by, she will have to want

very long time.

Poor old Mrs. Bedonebynsyondid! she has a great deal of hard work before her, and had bet-"Well, you are a little hard on a poor lad," ter have been born a washerwoman, and stood over a tub all day; but, you see, people cannot always choose their own profession.

But Tom longed to ask her one question; and after all, whenever she looked at him, she did not look cross at all; and now and then there was a funny smile in her face, and she chuckted to herself in a way which gave Tom courage, and at last be said:

" Pray, ma'am, may I ask you a question?" " Certainly, my little dear.

6 Certainty, my little dear,"
6 Why don't you bring all the bad musters here, and serve them out too? The buttles that knock about the poor collier-boys; and the nailers that file off their lads noses and ne matters that hie off their lads noses and hammer their fingers; and all the master sweeps, like my master Grimes? I saw him fall into the water longago; so I surely expected he would have been here. I'm sure he was bad worth to the same between the constraint.

mer's daughter. I wish I had never seen her, sinks down into the sea, among golden cloud, made a long time!"

heen so bold. But she was not angry with him.

heen so bold. But she was not angry with him.

heen so bold. But she was not angry with him.

heen so bold. But she was not angry with him.

She only answered, "I look after them all the

week round; and they are in a very different place from this, because they knew that they

were doing wrong."

She spoke very quietly; but there was something in her voice which made Tom tingle from head to foot, as it he had got into a shoul of sea-

"But these people," she went on, "did not know that they were doing wrong; they were only stupid and impatient; and therefore I only punish them till they become patient, and learn to use their common sense like reasonable beings. But us for chimney-sweeps, and collier-boys, and nailer-lads, my sister has set goed people to stop all that sort of thing; and very much obliged to her I am; for if she could only stop the cruel masters from ill-using poor children, I should grow handsome at least a thousand years somer. And now do you be a good boy, and do as you would be done by, which they did not; and then, when my sister, Mrs. Donsyonwould-bedoneby, comes on Sunday, perhaps she will take notice of you, and teach you how to behave. She underslands that better than I do," And so

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of meeting Grimes again, though he was illttle sorry for him, considering that he used sometimes to give him the leavings of the beer: Sametimes to give min the leavings of the beer; but he determined to be a very good boy all Saturday; and he was, for he never frightened one crab, nor tickled any live corals, nor put, stones into the sea-amenones' months, to make them tancy they had got a dinner; and, when Sanday moraling came, sure enough, Mrs. Dorsen was unwanted in the correct all the youwouldbedoneby came too. Whereat all the

youwoutdoetoneby came Ioo. Whereat all the little children began dancing and clapping their hands, and Tom danced too with all his might. And as for the pretty lady, I cannot tell you what the colour of her hair was, or of her eyes; no more could Tom; for, when any one books at her, all they can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face they ever saw or want to see. But Tom sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face they ever saw, or want to see. But Tom saw that she was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister; but instead of being guarly, and horny, and sealy, and prickly, like her, she was the most nice, soft, fat, smooth, pussy, endelly, delleious creature who ever mused a baby; and she understood babies thoroughly, for she had about of bor own had a control for the control. plenty of her own, whole rows and regiments of them, and has to this day. And all her delight, was, whenever she had a spare moment, to play with babies, in which she showed herself a woman of sense; for babies are the best comdosed them with calomel, and jalap, and salts and senua, and brimstone, and treache; and horrible faces they made; and then she gave them a great emetic of mustard and water, and mo basons; and began all over again; and that was the way she spent the morning.

And then she called up a whole troop of fools labeled into her lap, and ching cound her neck, and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and chingled into her lap, and ching cound her neck, and country to be supported by the called and the called and the called and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and ching cound her neck, and country to be supported by the called and the property of the called and the call horring laces oncy mose, and them a great emetic of mustard and water, and no basons; and began all over again; and that was the way she spent the morning.

And then she called up a whole troop of foolsh is ladies, who pinch up their children's walst and toes; and she laced them all up in tight stays, so that they were choked and sick, and their noses grew red, and their lands and foot well-discovery red, and their lands and foot swelled; and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot and end-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she craimined their poor foot well-discovery red, and then she called up a whole those who remains the red of t

said.

"Oh, that is the new baby!" they all cried, pulling their thumbs out or their mostlis; eand he never had any mother," and they all put their thumbs back again, for they did not wish

to lose any time, • Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so get out ail of you, this moment."

-nine hundred under one arm, and thirteen hundred under the other and threw them away, right and left, into the water. But they minded it no more than the naughty boys. In Struwel-peter minded when St. Nicholas dipped them in his hiskand; and did not even take their thumbs out of their mouths, but came paddling and wriggling tack to her like so many tadpoles, fill you could see nothing of her from head to feet till you could see nothing of her from head to foot

listened quite seriously, but not sadly at all, for she never told them anything sad; and Tom listened too, and never grew tired of listening. And helistened so long that he fell usbeepingain.

sca-beasts, till I come back?"

"And you will caddle me again?" said poor little Tom.

" Of course I will, you little duck. I should

like to take you with me, and caddle you all the way, only I must not;" and away she went. So Tom really tried to be a good boy, and formented no sea-beasts after that, as long as he lived; and he is quite alive, I assure you, how good little boys ought.

have kind pussy mammas to cuddle them and tell them storles, and how afraid they ought to be of growing naughty, and bringing tears into their mammas' pretty eyes!

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Antegreat men are in some degree inspired. In matters not how the head lies if the heart is right.

ALL true friendship soothes the heart, clarifies the mind, and heightens the soul. The struct the whiteness of his turban who bought the scap on credit, "Turkish Propert,"

Titosa, days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

Is general those purents have most reverence who most descrive it, for he that lives well cannot be de-The noblest talents rust in indolence; and the est moderate, by industry, may be astonishly im-

WE may silently observe things we need not speak of: in this we learn many a profitable lesson without the cost of imprudence.

A Max who is not able to make a bow to his own conscioned every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectably salute the world at any other time of the day.

The man who can vary his pursuits, and has time for everything -for himself, for his wife, for his chil-dren, for his triends—alone understands what it is to

True is pointed with a lock before, and hald ha-hina, signifying thereby that we must take time (as we say) by the forcheck, for when it is once passed there is no recalling it.

mere is no recaning it.

How simple it would be if a man's word were as good as his bond; if we never had to weigh it, and sill it, and see one man end another, and inquire about it, and find out whether it was true or not! If men's statements could be relied upon, and men could trust each other, what an impetus would be given to the world's progress.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

For the Hearthstone.

MY BIRTH - DAY.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROSSCUT.

It was about subset of the third of April, 18-I had gone out to enjoy a solitary ramble among the fields, inhale the fresh and exhibitrating air, the fields, inhale the fresh and exhibiting air, and to gratify my eyes with the prospect presented by the opening spring. It was one of those caim, poaceful evenings, when the elements seem to be at rest on purpose to afford man an opportunity of looking abroad on the face of matter with undisturbed satisfaction. I arrived at a gentle eminence, when I could cast my eye over an extensive landscape. The beau-tiful vale of the A—n lay before me, and I could liscern in the dim blue distance the sites of numerous farm steadings, from their appearance as white specks scattered over the landscape. Nearer, I could observe the steady progress of the husbandman's labors;—one field had alreally been sown ' in hope',—another was ready for the precious seed; and the close of day only called him to propage for renewed activity in his called him to prepare for renewed activity in bis toil. As I stood contemplating the scene, I was inwardly admonished that the season was ad-rancing,—that time was hastening on,—that I was becoming older. Suddenly it occurred to me that this was my Birth-day. I had almost allowed it to pass unnoticed, and but for the idea of time's censeless advance—thus brought to mind, it might have so passed. In a moment, tills and valleys, houses and fields, the husbandman and his toll disappeared from my sight, and the idea of my Birth-day and Twenty-five, took entire possession of my mind. And I have really lived so long? inwardly inquired I,—and I wenty-five! was the ready response. It was plain as if in print, I lost all relish for the pleasures of my ramble, and returned home, thinking, if not muttering Twenty-five! Twenty-five! But is there no possibility of my being mistaken in my calculation? thought I, as I of time's censeless advance-thus brought to mistaken in my calculation? thought I, as I sat down by the fire. Would it were only Twenly-four! I would have another year to look about me! But no! I knew my age to an hour, the computation was quite correct, and the pro-oability was that I might nover see a second oability was that I neight never see a second fwenty-five. With a quarter of a century over my head—in all probability the best part of my kime,—there was pradence in asking myself, what I had been doing?—What I was now doing? and what I intended to do?—A retrospect of my little history showed, that, while busied about many things,—little was the good I had done in comparison of the ovil; and that, like koo many of my neighbours, white my follies would admit of being engraved in brass,"—my good deeds might, legibly enough, be (written an water".—On reflection, I recollected that I had gone to school at a very early age, and though people may be somewhat surprised to hear It, and wonder at the dubiess of my brain, and slow and wonder at the dulness of my brain, and slow pro ress in fearning to my shame I must con-less, that I am at school yet, and that after all the time already spent on my lessons, my edu-nation is far from being completed. The mas-ser under whose tuttion I have been for so long a time is a Mr. Experience, teacher of the Universal Education Seminary-a gentleman whose coputation for ability and efficiency as a teacher, a deservedly great. His Seminary is filled with the most promiscuous assemblage imaginable. Under his charge are to be found persons of every cank and condition in society—of every age and sex—and of every variety of character, from the grave Divine, to the most incorrigible souper grace that over breathed the air of heaven. The branches taught in this institution are so vari-ous that it were vain to attempt their enumeration; and the fact that no two individuals in this vast number of pupils can be found exactly equal in the progress they have made, prevents the possibility of their being taught in classes; —while a spirit of independent self-importunce may be observed pervading their minds, which makes them altogether unwilling to listen to any instructions, and those of the Muster himself instructions, save those of the Master himself. This prevents such as are behind from benefiting by the assistance of their more advanced schoolmaster. These circumstances render it necessary for the master to attend to each necessary for the master to attend to each scholar per sc,—n plan which, in these days of improved systems of Education, some may be inclined to pronounce faulty. But although the task at pears a difficult one, for my own part, having entire confidence in my teacher, I cannot but give it as my opinion, that the want of progress in many of the multiple latest attacked. not but give it as my opinion, that the want of progress in many of the pupils is not attributable to any deficiency in the plan of conducting the school, but to the insane heedlessness of the vast majority of those attending it,—for we invariably find such as are actuated by a desire to learn, make considerable progress, and some even are far advanced in their studies, while those who hate instruction—of whom there are thousands—learn very little, in spite, too, of the reneated admonitions of the master, and his severe application of the rod, they often prove the truth of the saying of Selemon, "Though thou bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat with a pestal, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."—One class of individuals attending this school, is a set of wild and glddy fools who have set all restraint at defiance, thrown loose the rolus of their worst pussions, burst from the control of all their other teachers, and have been disbanded as irreclaimable by the ordinary process of instruction and example. These individuals, by no means few in number, have a deteriorating influence on the minds and morals of their schoolfellows, especially of the younger sort, and returd to an unhappy extent their progress in learning; and their behaviour in many cases, manifests a determined opposition to the best meant endeavors of the teacher to do them

In attendance also, are a number of serious, staid, attentive persons who have themselves made considerable progress in their studies, and who are ever ready and willing to give all the assistance in their power, to their fellows; but owing to the self-important spirit before refer-red to, few avail themselves of the benefit of

good,—The Muster tames these pupils, allowing

them to reap ' the fruit of their own ways,' after

many of them attend more hopefully

Such is the school which I have been attend-

mited education I had then received, had very mited education I had then received, had very rarely been heard of. Such thoughts naturally ied me to conceive myself var', superior in point of mental ability, to those around me; and contracting a spirit of pride and vanity, I inwardly despised my faucied weaker brethren, and judged harshly of those whose foet had slipped. Thinking I was ascending Mount Parnassus—I was, instead, burried up the mountain of Solf-cenceit, on the sides of which, it is well known, are many dangerous precipices. As I pressed heedlessly onward, my attention being pressed heedlessly onward, my attention being occupied with something else than the choosing of my steps,—I blindly set my left foot over a precipice, and in a moment was plunged to the bottom of a dark and dismal ravine. In my bottom of a dark and dismal ravine. In my fall I received some sovere contusions,—one expecially on the back part of my head. My mind was for a time completely bewildered, but by degrees I collected my scattered senses, and scrambled through the entanglements of brushwood, along the bottom of the ravine which opened into the level plain below. Here I found myselfamong my neighbours, and thought much more of their company than before,—and it was only when reflecting on the bruises I had received, that I found out I was at school; and that the process above described, through which that the process above described, through which I had gone, was by my Master's orders,—for the purpose of teaching me—" Not to think of myself more highly than I ought to think,"—and that, "He that thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall." This lesson, I am happy to say, has had considerable influence on my sind. say, has had considerable influence on my mind,

On another ocasion, I was unexpectedly called npon for my lesson, and being found unprepared, I was subjected to one month's severe applica-tion of the rod, (the marks of which I shall carry to my grave,) in order to teach me that 'Beauty is vain,—for I had begun to congratulate my-self that the young ladies looked upon me as comely. Again, in my earlier years, I had re-garded with too much indifference, the affection and sympathy of my dearest relatives, and in order to show me my error, my Muster re om-mended that I should be afflicted with a dangerous malady, under which I should be attended to, with all the care and auxiety which the hearts of loving relatives could entertain; and on my recovery, that I should be sent out among strangers to undergo another round of sickness, where the attention of no kind relative could comfort me. I forethly felt the difference in my comfort me. I foreibly felt the difference in my circumstances, and hearned by this process to set a very high value on the affections and sympathics of the human heart. I have seen the folly of throwing away youthful affections on trilling and unworthy objects; and have resolved that, should I take it into my head to look out for a "help-meet,"—I shall set beauty pretty far aside, and regulate my choice, by the strength of her affections, and the extent of her kindness and sympathy.

Such is a specimen of the lessons I have been, in a manner, forced tolearn,—others have been got more easily,—many I have yet only half learnt,—and a vast number are still to be commenced. I have besides got a good many tes-

menced. I have besides got a good many lessons by heart, which I have never been able fully to reduce to practice. The long time spont at school, with so little progress is indeed dis-heartening, but I feel that I like the Master much better than I once did, and therefore have no thought of giving up attendance, if I am spared. I would wish the consideration of my by-past instigution and carelessuess to be the means of stirring me up to greater diligence in future. I would anxiously desire to be joined in a resolution to this effect by others of my soloolfellows; and se an inducement thereto. I may mention, that, though the lessons are often enforced with rigor, yet when learned, they are highly beneficial and saintary. No useless lesanguly beneath and saminty. No issues less one are taught; and I can, therefore, safely recommend Mr. Experience to the confidence of the public, as a teacher, of great wisdom and unerring, skill; and if I shall have the good sense to pay more attention to his instructions beneatorth than heretofore, I shall congratulate any angul less from the myself on having learned a good lesson from reflecting on my Buth-day, and Twenty-five !

FARM ITEMS.

Cows.—Treat them gently. Card freely, water regularly, and feed liberally. Nothing is better for a cown a calving than good hay and warm bran-mastes. Give all the water the cow will drink, but for a wook after calving take the chill off it.

POTATOER.—We are inclined to think that farmers seldom plant their potatoes early enough. If planted earlier and deeper, and the land was horrowed repeatedly with Thomas's harrow before the potatoes came out of the ground, and afterwards, far less hoeing would be required, and we think a better yield would be obtained.

OATS do not require as careful culture and nice judgment as barley, but they will well remay fur hotter treatment than they generally receive. They will grow well on land too macky for barley, and a great crop is sometimes obtained on heavy clays. We believe in thick seeding for this crop, and would drill in not less than 3 bushels per acre, or 32 bushels, if sown broad-east.

Pras should be sown early. If on sod-land, we should plow as soon as the frost was out of the gound, and drill in the seed, 3 hushels per acre, as fast as the land was plowed and harrowed. After drilling roll the land smooth. Two bushels of plaster persone sown before or after the pens come up, as most convenient, usually prove beneficial.

Breaking up or Grass Lands.—A piece of grass land that will cut two tons of hay per acre, or which will furnish an equivalent in pasture, cannot profitably be broken up, especially if the land is inclined to be rough or wet. Many fields which are now covered with course herbage, might by draining and manuring become covered with valuable and nutritious grasses, and where labor is searce and high this course is far proferable to putting such tand under the plow. Draining; is often all that is needed to produce the change; sometimes a judicious application of artificial manures might be profitably used.

THE VALUE OF ARTIFICIAL MANUERS.—The chemistry of agriculture has some curious inconsistencies, which are rather hard to explain. For instance, it is well known that superphosphate of line and bonedust are valuable applications to turnips, and yet this crop contains but a small proportion of phospheric acid; while wheat of which the grain is rich in this substance, often receives no apparent benefit from a dressing of these manures. So that, after all, it is not probable the chemist will soon be able to write a code of laws for our guidance in farm operations, and yet we cannot afford to ignore his services altogether. altogether.

Such is the echool which I have been attending for I may say the past portion of my life, and in order to give a specimen of Mr. Experience's method of teaching, I intended to go over the lessons I have already learnt shewing at the same time how I was taught them; but finding, on reflection, (little to my credit,) that there are few of them, I can pretend to be completely master of, I shall content myself with noticing only one or two, of those I have been in a manner compelled to attend to.

1 was a boy of some abilities in learning, though careless and negligent; when attending the Grammar School, I felt no difficulty in maintaining my ground with my classmates, and therefore took it easy. As I grew up I felt mind therefore took it easy. As I grew up I felt mind then for the seek some other kind of amusement than the generality of boys sought after, and contracted a penchant for writing soraps of vory indifferent verse; and by the time I had reached seek some other kind of amusement than the generality of boys sought after, and contracted a penchant for writing soraps of vory indifferent verse; and by the time I had reached seek some other kind of amusement than the generality of boys sought after, and contracted a penchant for writing soraps of vory indifferent verse; and by the time I had reached a long and easborute poem, possessing, in my own opinion some degree of merit,.—I fanced that such as production, by one of my age, and with their masked of a faile. Mind, have a loss of my age, and with their and the content is two decreased and the masked and the masked and the masked points when the same and the content is a south. The station of the size to deal the medit to except and the like content as a coult. I was before with each is pervised. That at all the content is a coult of the content as a coulty of the and the content is a coulty of the content is a coulty of the content is a coulty. The content is a coulty of the content is a coult of the content is a coulty of the content is a coulty of the co

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

BOILED RUSK PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of milk, one tonounful of rusk souked in the utilk, add one egg, one-half tesponoful of salventus, nutmog, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter and put it in a bar, i bul one hour, being careful to keep the lid to the kettle on tight.

Soda Biscurt.—Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda
one-half teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter half
the size of no egg. Itub the flour and eream of tartar
together, then rub in the butter and salt, dissolve
the soda in the milk, knoad together, roll it half an
inch thick, and bake in a quick even.

Geren Mountain Salve.—For rheumatism, burns, pains in the back or side. Ac. Take resin, 2 lbs., burgundy pitch, 1-4 lb., becowns, 1-4 lb., mutten tallow, 1-4 lb., act slowly; when not too warm add oil hemlock, 1 oz., oil origanium, 1 oz., oil reducidar, 1 oz., verligris, 1-2 oz. The verdigris must be finely palvorized and mixed with the oils; then add as above, and work in o.d. water like wax, till cold enough to roll. Rolls 5 inches long and 1 inch in diameter.

To Perskeve Eggs.—Take a nail-kog, or anything more convenient, and put a layer of sult in the bottom, about a quartor or half an inch deep, then as the eggs are gathered, place them point downward on the salt. When the layer is complete, fill all the interstices with salt and put a layer of salt over the oggs, then another layer of eggs, and so on until you have enough finishing with a layer of salt. If your oggs are fresh when pucked, they will be as good as fresh ones in six months. Keep in the cellar or an equally cool place.

or an equally cool place.

PROFILED CARMAGE.—Cut the cabbage quite fine, leaving out the hearts, and put from one pint to one quart of salt to a barrel of cabbage. Sprinkle the salt in layers while filling the barrel and use a pounderquite freely, so that when filled a nice pickle is formed. Place a board on the cabbage and lay on a weight so the pickle will cover the board. In ten days or a fortulght it will be ready for use. Keep in the cellint. To be enten cold or fried in a spider where pork has been cooked, and a little vinegar poured over it. A very nice way to prepare a small ar of cabbage for present use is to our it very fine and cover with cold, strong vinegar; then add sugar anch! it fastes quite sweet, and ground cimanance until it fastes quite sweet, and ground cimanance until it fastes quite sweet, and ground cimanance until it fastes quite sweet, and ground cimanance.

keep a long time.

Light Barad, on Rise's Biscurt.—For an eight-o'click breakfast unke a sponge thus: The day before, at eleven o'click A.M. in winter, or at three for, at eleven o'click A.M. in winter, or at three for, at, in summer: two large Irish potations, boiled and mashed fine, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of fine brown or soonrap white gugar; ink smoothly with one pint of boiling water. Winen cold, add five tablespoonfuls, or one zill, of good yeast. Make up your bread with this *ponge, in winter, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with two and a half quarts of flour, two oggs, well benten, and one spoonful of lard and butter mixed. It simple bread is proferred, the eggs, butter, and lard may be omitted. Put the broad to rise in a moderately warm place, in a vessel covered, but large enough to admit of swelling. In the morning work well at half just five o'click, set it to rise for one hour, and then bake one hour in a regularly heated oven.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

LEMON-aid-the Mark Lemon Fund. BARRPOUTED Trishmon wonr Cork soles. MOVEMENT in real estate-earthquakes. Voice of nature-the mountain's peak. THE Rising Jenner-ation-Vaccination

A High Nors-One for a thousand dollars. What sort of ladies most resemble grumpets?

VERY STRANGE!—Life is a contradiction: we send to our butcher for a sweet-bread, and if we want a sweet-meat we send to our baker!

Some young men profer blue-eyed maidens and other; prefer durk-eyed ones. But of late years the mon-eyed girls have had the end over all others.

The man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpaint by the New York girl who lost hers completely off in one dance.

completely off in one dance.

Josu Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this: When a man just down a bad unbrella and takes up a good one he makes a mistake; but when he puts about a good one and takes up a bad one he makes a blunder.

makes a mistake; but when he puts ion, a good one and takes up a bad one he makes a blunder.

An Illinois paper relates that during the cold weather of Thursday last the city editor of the Jasksouville Journal force his ears, about a foot deep. They are to be amputated at the second joint; but his many friends will be rejouced to know that in spite of the accident, he still has an ample stock for all the purposes of his position.

A Man was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The man, recovering from his fall, looked up and saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, as is the custom of that animal when irritated; whereupon Pat, smiling at him said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble appointes, you brate! I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

"Madam," said a bearder to his landady, "I am very sure this pepper is half pens."

"Vasal" cried the lady, bridling up. "Pens, indeed! That pepper is built at loomnersly's very heat. You don't know anything about pepper, sir, if you think there's pens in that."

"For all that, madam," said the boarder. "I'm sure that pepper is half peus."

A Contrast Brewitz 1776 and 1871.—Dr. Franklin described the farner's condition in 1776 as follows:

Siz letters, and three of them p."

A Coverage Brewest 1776 and 1871.—Dr. Franklin described the farmer's condition in 1776 as follows:

"Farmer at the plow,
Wife milking the cow.
Daughter sinning yarm.
Boys threshing in the barn—All happy to a charm."
Another gives an account of 1871 as follows:

"The farmer can be charm."
Another gives an account of 1871 as follows:

"The farmer gene to a show, life daughter at the plano:
Madam gaily dressed in satin—All the boys are learning Latin—With a mortgage on the farm."

Also, how to dress Decr-skins, and skin streich. and dress the skins of all the above animals. The

With a mortgage on the farm."

A Good Rasson.—A country schoolmaster had two pupils, to one of whom he was purtial, and to the other severe. One morning, it happened that those two boys were late, and were onlied to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?"—"Pleans, sir," said the favourite, "I was a dreamin' that I was going to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat bell, as I was goin! in."—"Vory well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favourite; "and now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?"

—"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom of!"

A Knowing Insert.—A correspondent of a New

waiting to see Tom off!"

A Knowing Inergy.—A correspondent of a New York paper relates a touching instance of insect instinct as follows: "I found a occkronch struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a beat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden tooth-picks for onrs, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a picce of white cotton-thread on one of the toothpicks and set the toothpick up on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockronch sat a fishing. The cockronch exhausted, had fallen asleep. The sight melted me to tears. I never had to chew leather to ret a soul; I was born with one. I took that cockrosch out, gave him a spoonful of gruel, and left. That animal never forgot that act of kindness, and now my house is chockful of cockroaches."

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX

118. ENIGMA.

I'm white, black, and blue; I'm red.gray, and green I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen: So supple at times, that I meet at each end; At others so stubborn. I'd break ere I bend; Inflexible like your proud mortals am I. Till, by the tongue soliened, I'm made to comply; Of predigal traders a very apt token, As I only exist to be ruined and broken.

119. CHARADE. First and third
May be tookened
Alike and near related,
Although their lot—
More off than not—
Is to be separated.

For ever I
Unfeelingly
Divide each from his brother,
Making, I know,
A velule, which—oh!
My tears I cannot smother.

120. REBUS.

My first is a town in Kent: my second is a town in Yorkshire; my third is a watering-place in Devoushire; my fourth is an English river; my fifth is a watering-place in Corawall: and my suith is an English river. The initials will give the name of a senport in Yorkshire: and the finals will give the name of a town in Devonshire.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 11. 112. ENIGMA: Rod-breast. 113. Historical Chanade: Edward the Black Prince.
114. lineus: Helton; O-U-I; Mayf Lowell: EutErpk.——Eun.—Home Rule.

112. Enigma. 113. Historical Charade,—answered

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Market quiet but steady. Wheat was irregular in the Western Market this morning, fatust advices quoting a drellic of jo to lo per bushel. Livergool quotations are without change, as per latest Cable annexed:—

	March 25.				2	Murch 21.			
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OATHKAL & barrel of 200 lbs.—Stondy at \$4.85 to \$5.(0). \$5.00. Buttern. & 1b.—Market dull and nominal. Store packed Western 12a to 15a: Fair Dairy Western, 16a to 18a: Choice Dairy, 25a to 21a.
Cherry, & 1b.—Market firm. Quotations are: Factory Fine. 12a: Finest New. 13c.
Lam. & 1b.—Stondy, at 25a to 16a.
Ashes her 180 lbs.—Pois quiet. Firsts. \$7.40 to \$7.20.
Peurla stondy. Firsts. \$5.30; Seconds mominal.
Dresses Hoos., per 161 lbs.—Market quiet at \$7.40 to \$5.75, according to weight.

SCENK IN A HORRE-CAR IN BOSTON.—Car stops: siniling young buly ontors; overy soat full. An old Lum rises at the other end.

"O don't rise," said the lovely girl. "I can just as well stand."

Also, how to dross Door-skins, and skin stretch, and dross the skins of all the above animals. The best modes for setting the trags are plainly explained. The scents are the best known. The receipts for drossing pelts and skins are the best yet published. All the above receipts sent promptly by mail to all who apply for them, for one dollar. Register your letter. Address P. PENNOCK, P. M., Eigin, P. O., Leeds Co., Ont. 3-8a.

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tion.

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be \$25.00 for one year, payable on domand ofter publication of the work.

Advertisers will scoure a large amount of Publicity, as each advertisers will be kept before the execution could be a period of Trecine months. Advertisements must be sent in not face than Mos. Advertisements must be sent in not face than Mos. 15th, if illustrated, or Dec. 1st, if in plain type, as the work will be issued early in January. For spaces apply to

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