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after he brought her home, until the child came here. Was the ohild always here? Was it in Priestley when Irene came, or did it follow
her? Poor Colonel Mordannt's head is so Poor Colonel Mordaunt's head is becoming edly; but all the events of his married life are belng shaken up together like the pieces of ooloured glass in a kaleidoscope, and working in inextricable confusion in his seething brain.
But he is sure of one thing. His wife told him But he is sure of one thing. His wife told him
Lord Muiraven was a stranger to her, and yet she writes him private letters concerning this child of his and Myra Cray's. But did the boy belong to Mgra Cray ? Quekett has discovered
the truth in one instance: may she not have done so in the other? He raises his head sluwly and sorrowfully, and drawing a long breath reads through the fragmen
Irene's deception once again.

Heavens ! how the faint colour deserts his cheek, and his eyes rivet themselves upon the
last line bat four, where the words, "he is my own," stand out with fatal perspiculty and want of meaning, except to his distempered vision,
He has read the letter over several times already, but his sight and understanding were blurred the while with -an undefined dread of
what it might reveal to him; and he was unable to do more than read it. But now it seems as thougb the scales had allat once fallen
from his eyes, and he sees men, not "as trees From his eyes, and he sees men, not "as trees humanity. He sees, or thinks he sees it, and rised tottering from bis chair with twenty years
added to his ilf, to hide with trembling hands the fatal witness to his wife's degradation in the deepest drawer of his private escritolre. He
feels assured that he is not mistaken. He believes now as completely in her guilt as be once dld in her innocence; but for the sake of
the love however felgned, she has shown bim, the love however felgned, she has shown bim, eye, baside his own, shall henceforward rest
upon these proofs of her indiscretion. The shock once over, memorles of Irene's roodness and
patience and affection for himself come crowdpatience and affection for himself come crowd-
ing in upon his mind, uatil, between grief and gratltude, it is raduced to a state of the most maudlin pathos.
"Poor child 1 poor unhappy, misguided child," he thinks as one moment, "without a frlend to gulde her attions, and her own mother her ac-
complice in decelt; what else could one expect from her than that she should eagerly embrace the first opportuluty that presented itself for escape from the dangers with which error had
surrounded her? But to deceive me, who would surroundel her? But to deceive me, who would
have lald down my life to redeem her: to accept the most valuable gift my heart was capable of offering-the pent-up affections of a lifetime, oniy to squander and cast it on one so She has been tender and considerate in all her deallings with me, and would have warded of incurring my displeasure. Why else should she have shown such remarkable dist
idea of that man being located here?
idea of that man being looated here?
"Yet," his evil genius whispers to him, "her objections may have been prompted only by the instinct whlch dictates self-preservation. addreas him in terms of familiarity. And the child too !" "Good God if I think of it any longer go mod. What can I do ? What can I say?
ghall I go stratght to her with this letter in my Shall I go stratght to her with this letter in my
hand, and accuse her of a orime-too horrible hand, and accuse her of a orime-too horrible see her look of terror and dismay-to be followed, perhaps, by a bold denlai-more sin, more gullt upou her poor young head-or by avowa solltude, and hers-disgrace, with his off-spring on her bosom? Oh ! no! no !-the happiness
of my life is ended-but the deed is done. No accusation, no reprosch can mend it-it must remain as it is now-for ever; and I-hoaven
pity mg wraknesd-but I cannot live without her. Oh, Irene! Irene ! " in a rush of uncon. querable tenderness, " my darling, my treasure
would to God that the joy of possessins you had Would to God that the joy of possessing you had
killed me before I had learnt that you never were mine ! But you are mine- you shall be mine-no one shall take you from me ! I-I minate in a burat of bitter tears that shake his manhoud to the cure, and a resolution that how ever much he may suffer, Irene's shamefal se-
cret shall be looked within the recemes of his cret shall be
He will prevent her ever moeting Lord Muirer
ven agaln. He may verance between her and the ohille, but she shall never hear from his hipe that he has arrived at
a knowledge of the truth she had ainned so deeply to concoal from him.
This is the most Impollic
This is the most impollitic resolution whioh
Coionel Mord uni could register. It is always Coionel Mord iunt could register. It is always
lingolitio for frieuds who have a grudge against
each othor to preserve sllence on the subject each othur to preserve sllence on the subject,
instead of frankiy etating their grievance and instead of frankly etating their grievance and
affording an opportunity for redress and impolicy beiwean husb ind and wife, is littie short of
madness. D.d Colonel Mordsunt at this J incture go to Itene and overwhelm her with
tie reproacues which ho naturally feels, he
would receive in answer a full and free confeswould receive in answor a full and free confes-
sion whicu wou 4 sel his mind al rest for But he hu, not sufficient falla to her to do no.
He has tow buinule an opinion of himself and He has tow buinule an opinion of himself and
his powers oit a traotion, and is too re uly to believe his incapiacily to win a woman's love, to
think it possibie that he could ever hold his own against such a muan as Mulraven, or even be

Will suffer in stlence; and the unnatural con-
straint which he is thus forced to put upon himself eats like a oanker finto his loving upon himoul, and kills it The into he is not ill honest apparent; but from the hour Colonel Mordaunt leaves his study on that fatal evening, he is anuther man from what he has been. Irene,
indeed, is much astonished, when on inquiring indeed, is much astonished, when on inquiring
later, why her husband does not join her in the dater, why her husband does not join her in the
drawing-room, she hears that, without a word of warning, he has retired to rest ; still more so, When, on seeking his bedsids to know if he is ceives no sort of explanation of his unusual coduct, and the very shortest answers to her expressions of surprise and sympathy. But after the first brief feeling of vexation, she does not has not always been equable of late, and Irene beginning to take into consideration the self, and cannot be expected to be always ready to enter into the spirit of her younger moods and fancies; so, with a little sigh, she goes of planning and catting out master Tommy' arst suit of knickerbockers, has soon forgotten al about it. In a few weeks, however, the altera-
tion in her husband's demeanor is palpable nough, and accompanied by such a visible fall-ng-of in outward appearance, that Irene at firs not imagine that she has done anything to offeond him ; and so entreats him patheticaliy to see a drotor. But Colonel Mordaunt is roughly obstinate whenever the subject is mentioned, and curtly informs his wife that she knows nuthing at all about it, and bids her hold her
tongue. Stil, he has no appetite and strangely varlable spirlis. Irene sees his health is talling and souetimes, from bis unaccountable manmust wards herself, she almost fears his brain alarmed, and longs for the presence of Oliver Ralston at Fen Court, that she may have an opportunity of conading her suaplicions to him, working ais advice about them. But Oliver cant to a surgeon in a country village milles away from Lelcestershiro; and, thanks to his own poverty and Mrs. Quekett's continued in
fuence over his uncie, there is litlle chance of his visiting the Court again for some time to come. So Ireue is reduced to confide In Isabel la; but though Miss Mordaunt sees the change she dares not acknowledge it.
Well, perhaps-but yot I should hardly like to say-and is it wise to notice it? ? the toothache a distressing complaint, you know-no! I never heard that Philip bad the toothache; but
still I think it so much better to leave these hings to mend themselves.
selves away, and Irene finds herselt themfarther and farther from her husband's consdence and affection, and growing almot acous-
tomed to its being so. His loves for her at this comed to its beling so. His loves for her at this
time is shown by strange fits and starts. Some time is shown by strange fits and starts. Some-
times he hardly opens his lips for days together either at meals or when they are alone; a others he will lavish on her passionate caresse
that burn at the moment, but seem to leave no warmth behind them. Bat one thing she see always. However little her husband cared for her adopted child in the olden days, he never notices him now, except it be to order him out
of the waj in the same tone of voice that he would ase to a dog. For this reason Irene at ributes his altered mood in a great measure to men extibil to the verge of insanity), and, with her usual tact, keeps Tommy as much out of his sight as possible. She institutos a day nur playground where the boy can neither be soen
nor heard; and lets him take his meals and walks with Phoobe, and visits him almost by stealth, and as if she were committing some
evil by the act. It is a sacrince on her part but, although she faithfally adheres to it, it does not bring the satisfaction whloh sho hoped for; it makes no difference in the distance which is Size follows Colonel Mordand's's form about the rooms with wist ful, anxious eyes, that implore him to break down the barriers between them, appeal is made in vain. Her health, too, then
commences wo give way. There is no such foe
to bloom and beauty as a hopeleas longing for commences to give way. There is no such foe
to bloom and beanty as a hopoless longing for
sympathy which is unatended to; and Irene grows pale and thin and miserablo looking. At
last she feels that she can bear the molitude and
the susponse no longer. June, July, and August have passed away in weary expeotation of re-
lief. Muiraven is in India, Ollver at Beamouth
Stie looks around her, and can find no friend Ste looks around her, and can ind no friend
to whom she can tell her distress. One nigh she has gone to bed in more than
spirits, and lain awake thinking of the tad change that has come over her married life, and
crying quietly as she speculates upon the oance. She hears Isabella Asteallng apstaira, as though
at every step she were asking pardon of the at every step she were asking pardon of th
ground for presuming to tread upon it; and Mrs
Queter Quekett (of whom the poor ohild can scarcely some ocoult manner connect her present un infuences olumpting ponderously, as if the world
itself were honored by her patronage ; and the madds soeking the upper storites, and joring
about the menservant as they go and then all is silent and profoundly atill, and the stable cluok
atrikes the hoor of midnight, and yet her hus
bend does not join her. Irent knows where h
is ; she can picture him to herself-sitting all alone in his study, poring over his accounts, and
stopping every other minute to pass his hand wearily across his brow and heave a deep sigh that seems to tear his very heart-strings. Why Why should has she let all this go on so long If she has done wrong, she will ask his forgiveness; if he has heard tales against her, she
will explain them all away. There is nothing stands between them except her pride, and she her dear old busband, who has always been of kind to her until this miserable, mysterious cloud rose up between them. Irene is a crea angel thus sposen to her than she is out of bed, and has thrown a wrapper round her figure and slipped her naked feet into a pair of shoes. She
will not even stay to light a candle, for somewill not even stay to light a candle, for some-
thing tells her that, if she deliberates, the time for explanation will have passed away-peruap for ever; but quickly leaves her bedroom, and of her husband's room. A faint streak of door is visible through the keyhole, but all within is silent as the grave; and as Irene grasps the handle she can hear nothing but the throbbing

Colonel Mordaunt is siting, as she imagined, in his study-chair, not occupied with his ac and his hinds folded bofore him listlessiy, inani, mately, miserable. He used to be an unusually hale and young-looking man for his age. Ireno was the finest their first introdacion, that be she had ever seen; but all that his past now. dife and energy seem as completely to have less hand as the appearance of youth has from the wrinkled fappe it is about the has from September, and the next day is the middile of the oubhunting season-an anniversary which has been generally kept with many honors at
Fen Court. Colonel Mordaunt, who before his marrlage held no interest in life beyond the pleasares of the neld, and who has reaped laureis far and wide in his capaity as master of
the Glottonbury foxhounds, has been in the hablt of throwing open hls house to the public, both gentle and simple, on the occurrence of the arst meet of the season; and, although the lack general theme. he has displayed of late is a sportsmen of the county, the hospitable custom will not be broken through on this occasion.
Preparations on a large scale for the festivity have been arranged and carried out, without the sigghtest reference to Irene, between him. self and Mrs Quekell; and to-morrow morning be lald with breakfast for the benefit of the numerous gentlemen and their tenant-farmers Who|will;congregate on Colonel Mordaunt's ha wn vorite smusement. At other times how exclted and interested has been the Master of the
Fox-hounds about everything connected Fox-hounds about everything connected with permitted the housekeeper to go to bed withou making a single inquiry as to whether she is making a single inquiry as to whether she will be made upon her with the morning light; and though, as a matter of duty, he has visited the kennel, it has been done with such an air whipper-in that be "shouldn't be in the least surprised if the Colonel was breaking up, and
this was the last season they wonld ever hunt thl was
together."
And then the poor heart-broken man crep back, like a wounded animal, to hide himsel a the privacy of his own room, where he now
sits, aloneand miserable, brooding over been and what may be, and longlag for the time When all shall be over with him, and his sor rows hidden in the secret keeping grave. He is
so absorbed in his own thoughts that he no absorbed in his own thoughts that he does
not hear the sound of Irene's light footstepa though she blunders against several articles in, the dark hall before she reaches him ; and the arst thing which apprises him of any one's ap

Who is there?" he demands sharply?
he suspects it may be Mrs. Quekett, come to
torture him afresh with new tales and doubts against Irene's character
The only answer he receives is conveyed by another hasty battle at the bandie of the door a long white dressing-gown, with hor fair hair atreaming down her back, appears upon the
Heshadders at the sight, and draws a llttle
"Phok ward; but he does not spaak to her.
ad trembling lest " she exclaims impatiently porate bofre shat har courage should eva porate before she has had time for"explanation,
"don't look like that. Speak to me. Tell me What I have done
forgiveness for 15.0 "
He does
He does not speak to her even then; but he turns his weary, grief-laden face towards her with silent reproan that cuts her to the hear and brings her sobbling to his feet
quesuons through her tesia tave I done? "she behare so coldly to me? Oh, Philip should onar this ratsery ang longer I Only tell me how on my knees."
" Don't kne
volce, as he triou to " he asys in a dry, husky
sllence, and I have done it for the best. By breaking

I do not belleve it," she says energetically Philip, what is this matter you are so desirou oconceal ? If it is shan
"So young," he utters dreamily, "(were you nineteen or twenty on your last birthday, lrene ?) and yet so full of decelt. Child, how can you look at me and say such things? Do
you wish to crowd my heart with still more bit you wish to crowd my heart with sten
ter memories than it holds at present?"
"Yu
"You are raving, Philip," she answers, "or have been shamefully traduced to you. Oh, That woman who has such a hold over you
"Hush, hush !" he says faintly; "it is no . I have had better evidence than that ; but, ried to shied you, Irene. I will shield you still ut whilst we live this matter must never mor be discussed betw
"And do you think," she replies, drawing protection, and eat your bread, and ayail mysel of all the privileges which in the name of your wife accrue to me, whilst there is a dead wall of
suspicion and unbelief and sllence raised besuspicion and unbelief and silence raised berue meaning of the word, than that table is You mistake me, Philip. I have been open and
true with you from the beginning, and I will take nothing less at your hands now. I do no the secret that separates us; and if you refuse to tell me, I will leave your house, whatever it may cost me, and live among
than with so terrible an enemy.
He raises his eyes, and looks at her defianl Poor cbild ! you think to brave it out, do you? But where would you go? What door
would open to recelve you?" "I am not so friendle
think," she answers, growing as you seem to continued pity. "T There are some who love $m$ still and belleve in mer, and would refuse to
listen to accusations which they are ashamed to repeat."

Would you go to him 9 " he cries suddenly, as a sharp pang plerces his beart.
As this insulting questlon strikes her ear, Irene mi ht stand for a model of outraged wo
manhood-so tall and stately and indignant does ahe appear.

To whom do you presume to allude?" ngry eyes. There is something in them and in her voice which commands him to reply, and he
rises from his seal, and goes towards the esoririses $f$
toire.

I would have saved you from this," he gays mournfully. "I wished to save you, but it has
been in vain. Oh, Irene, I have borue it for more than three months by myseif! Pity, and frgive me that I could not bear it better. I wo to
rather it had killed me than it had come to He takes out the torn and crumpled sheet of note paper that he has so often wept overin se
cret, and lays it on the desk before her.

Don't speak," he continues; " don't try to exouse yourself; it would be useless, for you see have forgiven you, Irene - and wish still to atch over and protect you
nd readses the scribbled fragment in her band and readsit, and colors painfully in the perusa Who says shortly.
"What signifies who gave it me? You wrote, and I have seen it."
"Very true ; but what then? Was it a crime to write it ?"
Colonel Mordaunt regards his wife as though she had been demented
"Wais it a crlune to write it?" he repeats. Surely - surely you - it is of what it apeaks. not to look upon that in the light of a orime ${ }^{9}$ "I know it to be a crime, Philip, and a ver
grievous one ; but it has nothing to do with mou when I found that, that I should
"When you that it was his."
When you found What was his? Irene ! you bury ball that you had never met this man Muiraven, with whom I find you correspond in terms of famillarity. What is the secret between you ? In God's name speak out now, and tell me the worst I Death would be preferabl
to the agony of suspense that I am suffering." Lord Mutraven of what I informed you - that I found out from Myra, Cray's papers that he is the father of her child. "The chitd, then, is Myra Oray's ? " he says,
with hangry eyes that starve for her reply. Whose do you suppone it is 9 " ghe demands shaking with exoftement; she has struak her
clenched hand upon her heart. Beneath hir blazing looks
"Forgive ! oh ! forgive me, Irene," he marmurs as he sinks down into his ohair again, and
covers his face from view. "But look at the paper-read what it says, and Judge what I mus
have thought of it." She seizee the letter agala, and, running her eye rapldly up and down its characters, gives
vent to a sort of groan. But muddenly her face lights up with renewed energy.
selzes one of the orndles off the table and leares seem like azes to him-she is back again, with the corres, nding fraginent of her mutitated letter (whict, it may be rememberel, she thrus Into her davenport in her hand. She does not deiga to offer any further explanatlon, but
places them sile by side upon the desk before places them sile by side aponthe desk before
bim, and standi there, silent and offen led, unthl he shall sea how grossly he has wronged her
He reads the unfinighed eptite in tit entirety $H_{e}$ reads the unfinished epistie in its entirety
now :
"My dear Lord Mutraven,
What you said this evening bas decided me much auriet of late it is very painul to $m$ to have to allude to it before you; but I belleve it to be my duty. You tave taken a great in terest in the child called Tommy Brown, and You say that, stonld I discover who is his fa
ther, I should be bound to let bim know of the ther, I should be
boy's existence.

## boy's existence. " $W$ at will

belleve he thill your sown if it tell you that 1 firmly belleve he is your own child? Do not think have condemned you without proof. The paper In iny possession contain your letters to Myra of your hair-so that I canot belleve that I mm mistaken. 1 love the dear child as my own; indeed, to all intents and purposes he is my own,
and it would break my hart now to part wht and it would break my hart now to part whit him : so that you may taink how much it oost
me to take this known to you. But, sluce it me to make this known to you. But, sluce it
belongs to you, I feel you have the better right belongs to you, I feel you have the
to him. In the old days I told
He arrives at the finlsh, where Irene's mind came to the couclusioa that she could write
something better, and induced her to break off and tear her letter into the halves that lie, side by side, before him now. He has read it all, and
sees the groundlessues. of the suspicion he has sees the groundlessuess, of the suspicion he has to sink lito the earth with shame to think he has been base suous to suspect ber thll he has buen base enough to suspect her at all. And pardon, but lets the paper, slip from beneat her trembling fugers, and sits there, bumiliated even to the dust.
Muraven before", stillness Irene's clear, cold voice, "I said what I bolieved to be the truth. I had mel Eric Keir ; but I did not know at that time that he badid berited his brot'ier's titie. When I saw him a could to dissuade you frocn asking him to Fen But when he came, and I saw him and Myra. chill tozether, and heard his opinion on the sub Ject, I thought it would be butjuit to let hin know
I had discovered that he was Tom and I wrote more than one letter to him, but destroyed them all. How that fragment came into your possession 1 , do not know; but of one thing I :ann certain,", continues I Irene with
disditin, "that I have never deceived you wit tingly, and that when I kept buck the knowledye I had gainel respecting the childs par feelingit aud my own, than not to repose cont dence in you. And when I took the boy conder my protection, I hat no idea whose chlld be was. I learnt it from some letters which he his
mother left behind lier, and whtch Mrs. Cray mother left behind hier, and which Mrs. Cray
brought to me, weeks after he had come to the She nnishes her co:lfesslon, as she began it With an air of conscious virtue mised with pride aud then sho walts to hear what her husband But all the answer she
sound of one or two quick, obasping sobs from the man is weeping. "Oh, my poor love!" she crles as she files to
fold him in her arms. " H , w you must haver suffred un ler this cruel doubt! Forgive me for being even the ulterior catuse of it. But hor
conld youn have tinought it of me, Philin-of our poor Irene, who has never been otherwise chan "My angel
"My angel !" is all be can murmur, as they minge their tears an I kisses topethyr.
"WVhy dit you never tell met" co
Irene. "Why did you keep thts miserabies en
 comp, boldy and accuse your inncreencs of that Which I blath now th think I osald assoclate
with you, even in tuougit I Irene! can you forwille you, even in thougnt? Irene ! can you for-
sive? "Not the doabt-the silence-the want of
fait ${ }^{\text {No," she answers; }} \mathbf{b}$ it then, perc iving how ratit,", she neswers; bit then, perc iving how
his pur face ialls a; tin, quic aly fotlows up the now womd with a remedy. "O Oh yes, my dearest, I can toryive yoa all, for the salke of the
love that位
answers that she knows it wells simply; and she hi) ri, ith to place harself in a position to rilue hly thinurry. And then they bury themselves
anewfin oue another'sarins, and paice is for ever anewin ous another's aring
cemented between them.
"Lat me tell you everything-from the very Soatinning,", savs Irene, ay she drites her eyes and "Nothtug that will tive you pas
hing. I ana a bruts to have mistrusted yy dar. momnent. Henceforward you may dojust as you
"But I owe it to myself, Philip, and to-toLord Multaven. With respect, then, to having
met him before : It is the truth. We knew each met him before : it is the trath. We knew each
other when iny mother was alive," "Aud you loved each other, Irene," sugge
her husband, impatient to be contradicted.
"Yes, we loved oach other," she answers
quietly. After the exctitement she has just gone quletly. After the exclternent she has just gone
through, even this avowal has not the power to disturb her.
Colonel Mordaunt sighs deeply.
"Oh, Phillp; do zot sighlike that, or $I$ shall not have the courage to be frank with you." "I was wrong, Irene; for let me tell you that
this portion of your story I have already heard "Shor mother
She told yod all?
onclude to have been some one (whom I now conclude to have been this man Muiraven) paid
his addresses to you; and, on belug asked \$hat were his intentions, veered offin the most scoun drelly manner, and sald he bad none."
She has not blushod for
blushess now rosy red for him. "Poor mamma was mixtaken, Phillp. She
hought too much of me and my happiness ould make nuch of me and my happiness. She was partly her own fault. I always had in y own way with her, and she left us so much
ether.
"You want to excuse his conduct?"
"Inso far that I am sure he had no intention or injuring me. What he satu at the time was any one. Had ho been abte to adduce his reasons,
it would have saved both nyy mother and it would have saved both my mother and my-
self much paln; but he could not. He wa houghtless-so were we. I exonerate him from "ny greater crime."
"He has made you believe this since coming here, Irene.
"Don't say 'made' me believe him, Philip. He only told me the truth; a.d it was an ex
planation he owed both to meand himself. thought my listening to it would I apugn your honor, I would not have done so."
" 'I had no Idea that Tommy was his child until I read some papers that Myra Cray had left behind her, and which contained, amongst other hings, his phowgrapu. The discovery shocked me greatly, and I had no wish to meet him I begged you not to invite inim to stay at the I begged
Court."
Colonel Mordaunt nods his head, then stoops When Lord Muiraven came, he seemed to take a great interest in Tommy, aud expressed himself so strongly on the subject of my not keeping the boy's birth a secret from his father,
should I ever meet him, that it induced ine to should I ever meet him, that it induced me to
write the letter you have before you. I love the write the letter you have before you. I love the happened, it was a kind or fraud to keep you in gnory latention of making him over to his rightful owner-and should bave done so before now, only that Lorv Muiraven is In India."
"I wish you had told me from the first, Irene. can trust you to
love this man still
She grows crimson, but she does not flinch.
"Yes," she says in a low voice, Colonel Mor-
"Yes," she says in a low voice. Colonel Mor. daunt groans, aed turns his face away.
"Oh, my dear husband, why did you ask me
uch a question? I love Muiraven-yes! It was suoh a question? I love Muiraven-yes! It was
the first romance of my life-and mluela not a the first romance of my life-and mlue If not a nature to forgel eastly. But I love you also.
Have I not been a dutiful and affectionate wife to you? Have I ever disregarded your wishes, been good and loving to me, and I have bee faithful to you in thought, word, and deed Philip, Philip-inswer me. You married me, knowing that the old wound was unbealed : you
bave made me as happy, as it was pissible for aave made me as happy, as it was $p$ issible for
me to be. I say that I have not been ungrate me to be. I say that I have not been ungrate-
ful-that I have not left utterly unrequited your pal-that I have not left uttert
He opens his army, and takes her into his woeplng child.
"No!-no, my daring! You have been all that is dearest and truest and best to me. You are right. I knew that the treasure of your heart
was not inlne. I katd that I would nccept the was not inine. I said that I would accept the with gralitule; an l yet I have been bas; enou; $h$
 a $-k$ your pardon, Irene-is I do, my darimang with my whole heart i say, Forgive me for all Go pain I hive cause 1 you, hind let us lhank other's hands. It might have been worse, iny
deirest, m:ght it not?" "It might indead, dear Phillip; an I henciorward, I trust, it may be mach better than it has been. You know everything now, and fro n keep a secret from one another ag io. If you suspect me of anything, you nulnt coune at once
and tell me, and I will do the same to you And, to show you I am in earnest, I will give up short sob-"Tominy
He does nit refise to accept this sacrifice on her part, although he longs to do so. Min-like, he decides on nothing tua hurrey.
Irene. It is best left for future connthiteration, Meanwhile, I am determlned on one point- Ifrs. Quekett leaves my service as soon as ever I can
get rid of her."
"On! her.
now. It is she, then, who brougit you this let "As she has brought me endiess tales and insinuation: against yourself, which, whilst iny help retaining. That woman is mixed up with
all toe misery of my youth, and she would have
poisoned the happlness of my later years. She polsoned the happiness of my later
grudges me even to die in peace:"
"she can rever harm us again," says Iren soothingly.
"She
"She has tried to harm you, poor darling more than you have any idea of. Her hints and upon my evil nature that they corruptel all mg sense of jusifee, and turned my blood to gall.
Do yon remember my going up to town fir a Do yoil remember my going up to town fir a
couple of days in the beginning of August, Irene

Yes, Phillip.
Do you know what I left home for?"
I have not the least idea. Business, was it
"The devil's business, dear. I went to consult leaving everything I possess, away from you, to Oliver Ralston."

Did you?" she says, a little startled.
"I thought to myself," coutinues Colonel Mor-
daunt, "that, as soon as ever I was dead, you would go and marry Mulraven on my money, and instal him here."
"Don't interr
me; remember I was darling, and don't curse me; remember I was mad with Jealousy and before this explanation took place between us, you would bave been left (but for your own little portion) penniless. My will, as it nowstands,
leaves you nothing but a dishonored naine. Thank Goi, who bas given me the opportunity to undo thls great wrony
"I should not have cursed you, dearest," she says softly

But He would. Yet not now-not now. There are two things for me to do to-morrow. One is to dismiss Quekett, and the other to go up to
townand seg Selwyanain." "You can't go tomorrow, Philip; it is cub. Bother the cub-hunting! I must go! I shall rest untll this matter is put right." strange. The first meet of the sea3on, and the Master absent! Indeed, dear Phllip, you mast put of your disit o make much difference."

It may make all the difference in the world, Irene."

Nonsense !" she says playfully, for she kart part togo. "Now, take my advice; Wait til
the day after to-morrow to accomplish both these changes. When the house is full of comn.
pany is not the time to choose for dismissing servants or altering wills. Let us spand to-morrow as we intended. You will be hunting all
day, you know, and the day after you shall "Mysweatest
such an injury. How I should have done you such an injury. How can I ever forgive my-
self? What can I do toshow my penitence and make ameads? I, too, have a story $t$, tell you, Irene-a confession to make, that, b:t for my cowardice should have been yours from the
very first; but I feared so greauly to esteem. The past life of a man of my aye cannot be expected to prove an unwritten pa;e Yet I believe that eveu your purity will be able
" Do not tell it me tor me."
looking overured as to-nigat, Philip; you are loave all these vexing questions aline for the bresent Why, it is pastone, and the broat the is to be laid at seven. Come, dear Philip, you will be fit for nothing without a good night's
rest."

## " I ought

 " You shall, at a more fiting moment, dear est. Yon shall tell me everychlng, an I I wiltpardon you before I hear it. But this is not the time; think how much you have to go through
"Irene!
Irene! I ought to go to town to-morrow "anls)nethin: talls ma that the whole conuly will bs talking atonat it if you do. Why, my deare it Philip, Just think of tie general dis. fud when tho minuers of the haml arrive to i say t, thein? Thay woali doclare you were out of your mind. Indeed, you musu't think of

Well, I suppose I mustn't; bit the first
 whit it del an hasargo. What a low you have lifted off my heart! Aid you love mo a little still, don't you?
"I love yoa a very great deal, Phllip; nor would I chang' your love now for that of any
nand living. Oh, how wrow it wis of yout suspect ine, dearest! How thill ant hargitl it has mads you! I belleve even you are woaker h in you were."
"Turned me
"Turned me Into quite an ol 1 fozey ; hzan'
, invoillu? Who woald thak, looking oin if, iny otild ? Who wuald thak, hooking on it
now fire the first time, that we were man and
 Wife ? Thoign my rese it ant so blomining at fault. Never mind; we are huppy ag atin once
more, and it stitil be my en logovor to preserve
 anl-twanty by the end of nert $m$ inth, Irane.
"I like you bsit as you are," she whispers sitty, and, encircted by each others' arins,
they wind up the staircase to their bad-chatin. ber, though Colonel Mordiant ctunot resist
his fist at Mrs. Q lekett's do rr.
the time to kick you," he says dedintly; "and never more slall youl darken ihreshinh of mine. continues to rene, "anl she may make the most of it. We shall have one mout the less
to feed, and one room the more to llve in on to feed, and one room th
"And an incalculably less amnunt of mi*-
clief, Pallip. I don't mind telling you wow chler, Pullip. I don't mind telling you now, llfe, and I wish to Heaven I had never arred her."
darlingen : Bat she has done her worst, my God forgive me for hat nine let horm you more, So they pass iato their own room, and Ho down and sleep the restful sleep that comes and content. and content

The next morning Fen Courtis a scene of undresied, the ratuling of knives and forks and is dressed, the rattling of knives and forks and the popping of corks is over, the heavy break. ed with horsemen and doss, and the crisp $S$, $p$ tember air is filled with the sound of volces, the yelping of hounds, and the restiess stamping horses, impatient to be off.
Slae does not leave her room untll they have all riden away; but she watches the gay ca-
valca le through the open window. Whilst she is contemplating it, in rushes ber husband arrayed in pink, looking very excited, ver happy, and full of spirits.

We're off, my own darllag," he says; "one kiss before I go," and then be hold s her fr.in him and regards her steadfastly. "Gid b'ess
you, my Irene! God reward you for all your you, my Irene! God reward you for all your
goolness to me ! I shall be back by seven."
She embraces him eagerly in retura.
"And I shatl count the hours 1111 you come considerable disturbance is heard upon the gravel ousilue.
Colonel Mordaunt looks through the windowblind.

Only that brute of a horse of mine; he hasn't enough exerclse lately. What a mess he's
made of the drive. I'll take it out of the beast."
"Be careful, Phillp."
"Be careful, Phillp." old age?" he says, delighted at har callition.
"Yes; l'll be careful, darling. Gol bless you "Yes; rll be careful, darling. Gol bless you himself away an I runs downstalrs. In another minute he has mounted his rebellious animal,
and, in company with some of the prinel pal and, in company with some of the princlpal members of the hunt, taken his way down the
drive, followed by the remainder of the horsomen and the dogs. Irene's eyes follow him as how loosoly his coat hangs about him, aud how much more he stoops on horseback than $h_{\theta}$ used to do.
"But, please God, we will remedy all that," gates, and she quils her poit of out of the "As sonn as wo have seicled what is to be
done aboat Quekett and Tommy, I w 10 per done aboat Quekett and Tommy, I w 11 per-
suale Phillp to take a litule change to the veitsuate Philip to take a littlo change to the vei-
side with me, or, perhaps, to run over to Paris At the thinght of her adopted child, and the ear that she may have to part with him, the them away.
"I whll not ory about it until I am sure. lached I am to the boy, he will hit on some p'an by which I may keep him ; and, if notwell, I mast do my daty, that's all."
She will not let her tho ihitit dwell on the subject, but orlers the caritice unt takes T.momy and Phobe on a sh pping exp dition from the Coary Sha is anx mis to keep nway comes bick asuin, for foar she shouli el:comes buck aguth, for dear she should el.-
counter Mrs. Qukelf, an 1 not be able to restrainh herself from saying whit sh, thinks concernlng her. S., on her return, she locks har.
self up in her ted-room w!th a book, an I fa!ls fatt rsleep, untll her mad rouses her with an
litimation that it is past her usad timo for Iressing,
"That secoud gong has gone, maiam, suld the dinner's all realy, and oaly wathag for tho Cu-
lonelo to $b \rightarrow$ sult lip."
"Why dun't yoa wike mo before, Phoe ie?"

- I kn'):ked at the loor noveral timos, mitin,
 "Oh, anything tiat whil g, on quiczost. Tise
oll blatk one, that will tho") The cluck on the miatilpiecs ohlmes the
 "Pultp is very lite to.nig'r," s'h, thinks.
"l's quite dark. Taey cuit b; huntin; now. If $\rightarrow$ intit hive gone hom, with sume of his fripnts." At the same time 11 strikes har as strange hint, after tholr conversalion of the nifht bs
fore, and his unwil ingins wo liavi. her this morning, he shisald perinit anythin; to peevsut his returning to her site.
The weuher hits becom, dump and chilly anit they hive con nencilte sin the evenin ys. She sits down before hers now, and shivers slightly
- I whish I hadn't put nit n low dress, it is re tlly urowing cold, ant this ho ise is drushiy.
I wondor where Isabella is, I havea't sgen her I wond.
Then she rings the bell.
Then she rings the bell.
" Where is Miss Mnrdaunt "
"In her room, I belleve
"I wish you'd send word
down. Say dinner is ready."
"Is dinner to be served, ma'am
"Is dinner to be served, ma'am?"
"No, of course not" rather sharp"'y. and with "No, of course not", rather sharply. and with
ano her shiver. "Wat for the Colonel. Only
Onl that sbe would Join me.
that sbe would join me.",
The servant withdraws to do her bldding, and
she still crouches by the fire, in her black dress, she still crouches by the fire, in her black dress, shivering.
The door opens. Miss Mordaunt appears.
" It is very late, Isabella. What can have "It is very late, Isabella. What can have
come to Phllip ?" "I'm sure I can't say, Miss Mordaunt-that
is, of course, Philip is bis own master-but still, 1s, or course, Philip is ais owa master-butstin,
what do you thik
"How oan I tell?" rather racetiously; "it "How otn I tell?"
MLas Mordaunt, rebuked, retires in silence to
the farther end of the drawing-room, whilst the farther end of the drewing-rom, whilst
Irene sits by the fire and fears-she knows not not what.
Elight o'olock strikes - balf.past oightquarter to nine-and they are still alone." "What can have happened?" exclaims
Irene suddenly, as she springs up from her posiIrene suddenly, as she sprlngs up from her posi-
tion, and turns a burning face towaris her companion. panlon, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt, What can
"Oh, mat
have ? but you quite alarm me. Hadn't we better-but, doubless, you know best." "Hush !" says Irene in a voice of authority, as she stands upright to listen.
Fur there is a nolse as of many voices, (To be concinued.)

THE KISS.
Ah 1 sweetly sang the meadow lark, And brigntly rose the morning sun,
For the heart of the cow low feeding his cows And the heart of the milikmald beat as one.
Merrily into the empty pall
Tue tiny streamlets beat and rung, And gladly beat their hearts as well,
For they loved each other, and they were Foung.
Slowly, steadily, all the while,
The bucket fllied to the shining brim,
And slowly, steadily, Just the same, And slowiy, steadily, just the same,
Her heart was filling with love for him.
And as above the shining brim
The uilky foam rose white as snow,
So love rase up in the cow-boy's he
And came at last to an overtow.
And as she left her milking stool,
He took the bucket, and gave-a kiss !
Ah ! sweetly, merrily sang the lark,
But theirs were happier hearts than his
ABNT FIFATH.



Within the house all was silent. Excepting an occasional short and angry growl from When the flles tormented him more than usual, there was no sound to break the drowsy still-
ness of the July noontide. Even the birds
seemed too languid to sing, though in the seemed too languld to sing, though in the
grounds of Mellicote House their numbers grounds of Mellicote House their numbers
were ligion. Tbese grounds stretched far
and wide to the west of the bouse, an avenue and wide to the west of the house, an avenue
of horse-chestnut trees making a noble road to the entrance of the mansion. If the vifrom the avenue on the left, be came upon a
pleasant minhature glade carpeted with cool pleasant minkis'ure glade carpeted with cool
moss, overhung with a lattlce-work of branches; and in the centre of this glade lay a deep pool that reflected the shadows of the trees bending above it. On its margin grew long-stalked flow
ers anil cool grasses. An old tree-etump, gnarled ers and cool grasses. An old tree-ztump, gatarled
and gray, formed a convenlent seat. A pleasant spot was this wherein to dream a way a summer
morning; for here on the hottest of noons it morning; for here on the hottest of noons it
was cool and quiet-quiet always, sav, for the was cool and quiet-quiet always, savis for the pool.
In the drawing-room sat Miss Judith Trede-
gar, mistress and owner of Mellicote. Her gar, mistress and owner of Mellicote. Her
white fingers, were busily sorting Berlin wools of
divers colorn, which she was laying in neat plles divers colors, which she
upon a table at her slde.
Any one looking at the deep-set but brilliant eyes, at the waxen whiteness at her skin, at
the low white brow, from which rippled away abundant waves of silvery hair, could gue a how beauth. After the first glance of admiration, the gazer would feel an undefned disappolatment in the mouth ; cruel, resolute, stern, and
haughty it was, lending a certain power to the haughty it was, lending a certain powe
face, which it robbed of half its beauty.
face, which it roubed of hall sonage, whose clerical black dress and snowy sonage, whose clerical black dress and snowy cast a furtive glance at the open French win. dow, or at the door of the apartment. These
glances did not escape the keen eyes of the
lady.
"Th
This comes of having pretty girls about one's house,"she thought noting the fre-auditwent-
feth glance. "At one time Ausin Kinglake
thought one visit a month sufficient for me; But, though Miss Tredegar was But, though Miss Tredegar was aware of the reason of thls remarkable difference, she pre-
served a rigid sllence as to the whereabouts of the girls.
glade, Jullet plliown moment they were in the on a hoary limb of a fallen tree, Lenore, a pretty girl of elghteen, reading aloud from the Bride of Lammermoor; and standing with her back against a larch tree, through the boughs of
which little sunbeams fell upon her curly head Which little sunbeams fell upon ber curly head, was Audrey, who was two years olde
Lenore, and three younger than Juliet.
Years ago, Miss Tredegar's niece, Ente Tredegar, had led a happy life at Mellicote untll she incurred that lady's displeasure by her marriage. Miss Judith never forgave - her mouth gave warning of that-and, through all the troubles
that followed poor Effie Woodville in her marthat followed poor Effie Woodville in her mar-
ried life, Miss Tredegar utterly ignored her ex. ried life, Miss Tredegar utterly ignored her ex.
istence.
In time Effe's husband died, snd one year ago Effle herself died also, leaving these three girls penniless and alone. Then Miss Tredegar went
to the rescue. She brought the three girls away from their wretched London lodging to her own beautiful home. To the girls this was like awakening from a horrible dream to a blissful reali${ }^{\text {t5 }}$ :
" Now you are mine," Miss Judith had sald"my daughters from this duy; and all I have is yours too, for I want you to be happy. But, understand me once for all, whenever you marry I have done with you. Mind, I do not forbld
you to marry - I shall not shut my doors to you to marry - I shall not shut my doors to
mankind on your account. On the contrary, I wish you to please yourselves. If auy of you choose to marry, $\begin{aligned} & \text { break fast and the wedding-dress in the orthodox }\end{aligned}$ style-for you shall have no excuse for eloping.
I don't approve of that style of thing. But, reI don't approve of that style of thing. But, re-
member, from that day my connection with the one who marries entirely ceases. It may be that you will never need my ald or friendsbip.
So much the better. It will absolve me from So much the better. It will absolve me from the painful neoessity of refusing it ; for I ne
break my word-your mother knew that
The sisters ustened in wonder. The dry, cisive tone, the set of the inexorable 11ps, silenced all but Audrey, who, in her quaint, fearless way, asted Miss Judith whether she had
any reason for telling them that. The faintest any reason for telling them that. The faint
nush rose in Miss Tredegar's waxen cheeks. "Yes," she replied, ufter a momentary hesit-
attou, "I have a reason. Come with me, and I will tell it you."
She led the sisters to a closed door at the end of an upper gallery. Taking a buncn of keys
from her pocket, she fitted one into the lock from her pocket, she hitted one into the lock,
and opened the door. The girl. looked on in and opened the door. The girl, looked on in
wonder, little guessing how bitter a task she
was performing a task that renuired all her was performing-a task that required all her
iron will to accomplish. They entered the
chamber, in cbamber, in which reigned a sombre twillight The three young hearts beat faster as their eyes
fell upon what the room contained. Upon the fell upon what the room contained. Upon the
old-fashloned bed lay spread out, as if for immediate use, a bridal dress of sailn that had once been white, but now was yellow, a veil of rich lace, satin shoes, gloves, and something that
might have been a bouquet, bui was now a few dried stalks thed up with ribbon.
The room smelt musty, with the odor of a dead and gone-by day. It seemed as if only the ghost of a bride was wanting to complete the weird fasclnation of the room. Involuntarily the girla
drew nearer to each other.
"Do you understand?" asked Miss Judith,
polnting towards the things. asked Miss Judith, hard, her 1 lps more cruel than ever. "This was my bridal dress. It was lald out so on a morn-
ing more than forty years ago, but my ing more than forty years ago, but my lover
played me false on my wedding-day. I had loved him very deeply, but from that hour bave hated all men."
They understood now. It was the one weakaess in the strong, self-reliant character.
"If I have pained you by my question, in sorry, aunt," said Audrey. "It is better you sho

- "That there may be no mistakey", whisp. ered Juliet Woodville to herself that night, as, looking at the moonlit landscape from her
chamber window, her thonghts reverted to a day, tive years ago, when, on a chilly December morning, on bord of an
outward-bound ship, she had taken leave of a young lover who was going over the seas in search of a fortune, with his brave beart futl of
hope, though he had but a dve-pound note in
his pocket, and willing to doordarean his pocket, and wiling to door dare aught in the
world if perchance in the days to come he could make a home for his daring.
Very long Julit
Very long Juliet knelt by the window, tbink curred to her, there came a stern expression into the beauliful face:- an expression some-
what like Miss Tredegar's-that after that night never quite vanished from it. And the letter, that Juliet Woidvilie had written that very morning to go out by the next Callfornian mail,
contalning a full and fiowing description of contalning a fall and ylowing description of her
new home, with mayy fond expression of unnew home, with mauy fond expression of un-
chanted affection for her far-away lover, was never posted.
One year had passed since that night, and now,
in the sultry stilness of the July noon, the girls
in the sultry stiliness of the July noon, the girls
were in the glade.
were in the glade.
"Audrey," exclaimed Jullet, " are you really
crying over a bero in fictlon ? I thought that role was generally reserved for Lenore."
Audrey, gravely.
"Of what, then ?
" I was thinking," replied the girl, reluctantly, " of mamma, and of those old summers be-
fore papa died. Oh, Juliet, don't you rememfore papa died. Oh, Juliet, don't you remem-
The littie hot hands were clasping and un-
clasping nervously, the gray eyes were full of clasping nervousiy, thears.
"Remember ? " echoed Juliet, in a suarp pained tone. "As if I could forset ! Why do oring up those bitter memories, Auhiet's remonstrance, the shadows gathering in her deep eyes.

Do you remember how white our father's hair turned after he loat his volce, and that fush endurance-and
"And the debt and poverty and want!" cried Juliet, bitterly. "Oh, Audrey, I cannot think of those days yet

But, Juliet," said Lenore, "if it happened that you had to choose between this life and one Ike mumma's, with some one you loved, as
loved our father, how would you decide "

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { ved our father, how would you decide ?" } \\
& \text { The answer come in quick decisive tones. }
\end{aligned}
$$

"I would choose this one. I would crush the love out of my very beart if the acceptance of it must bring me such intense suffering. I wil never voluntarily face poverty again."
She spoke fiercely. Lenore's volce She spoke fiercely. Lenor
strangely gentle by contrast.
"But don't you think that a strong, lasting love, even with poverty, is sweeter than a love less life of wealth?"
"No; the
its way; the love might be a very good thing in not compensate for the pain and bitter suffer ing of a life buch as ours was," sald Juliet, y of a
rnestiy.
"I think it would," opposed Audrey. "If I loved a poor man, I would marry him, an
worse things than poverty for bis sake."

Afterwards both her words and the scene returned to the recollection of the other two. The peaceful Hfe was to be stirred into a vigorous peaceful
vitallty.

## CHAPTER II.

It had been a fair voyage-in duration something less than a fortnight slace the shlp salled
irom New York-and now the white cliffs of England were gleaming against the horizon England were gleaming against the horizon.
"We shall run into dock to-morrow at sun rise, if all goes well," said an old sailor to one of the passengers, a tall, fair man, with a long, light moustache, a sun-browned skin, and a
slight stoop in his shoulders. His heart gave a great throb under his pilot coat, and his lips trembled as the words fell on his ear.
"The suushines on my home-coming-is that a good omen?" he mused, leaning over the bulwarks. "It is so long since she sent me a message-twelve weary months-and without her love nelther life nor anything else is worth
aught to me. My queen, my sweet love I aught to me. My queen, my sweet love I I
wonder whether any kind spirit whispers to her that I am so near-that the weariness and the waitlig are over."
The man's grave lips softe
were looking beyond the
" I wonder what happy fate brought that paper in my Way; but for that I should not be
here now. I should still be leading that hard, hopeless 1 ife , with nothing but the memory of her face to keep me from despair - with only the far-off, faint hope of one day calling her mine to make life tolerable.
The green waves curled about the bows, the ship sped on steadlly homewards.
"There is some one waiting to see you,
ma'am," said a maid, entering Miss Woodville's dressing-room. Jullet was dressed to dine out. Her white traln lay crisp and spotless on the crimson carpet. Bands of black vel-
vet encircled her full white throat and rounded vet encircled her full white throat and rounded amber braids on her small head.
"Who is it?" she inquired, sharply. "I can not see any one now." ma'am," was the answer with a little hesitation. He would not give his name.
Audrey entered as the mald spoke. Rhe was not golng out, and she wore a simple high dress "Will you go doün for me, Audrey?" sald Juliet, explaining. "And, Ellen, go and see whether my aunt and Mins Lenore are ready."
With quiet fontsteps Audrey entered the long cool drawing-room. Some ene stood in the bay whindow. Audrey had a glimpse of a broad back clad in a pea-jucket, a fuir head, the out-
line of a thin, clear-cut cheek, and a blue cloth line of a thin, clear-cut cheek, and a blue cloth
cap, such as naval officers wear, lying upon a chalr.

A stranger," Was the quick thought, and fo
ing it came a sudden sense of familiarity.
The slight bend of the tawny head, the who attitude of the stranger struck some chord of her memory. He turned at the sound of a step. the bronzed face, the outatretched came into then the doubt that made him pause when and eyes fell upon her.
and the a drey's eyes.
ner but hesitating ?" he began in eager man " but hesitating tones.
"I am Andrey,","
and you are-"
"Phllip Bayard."
"Well, whois it 7 " asked Jullet, carelessly Audrey's glad, astonished eyes.
"Juliet, it is Philip."
The color faded frum Jullet's face. She sank apon an ottoman.
"" Philip!" she gasped.
ing."
Just then Miss Tredegar's voice was heard on the landing. Juliet rose quickly from her seat her mand who ext, in a rich dress of gray silk, and with a costly lace shawl about her shoulders. She was accompanied by Lenore, who was going with Migs
Tredegar and Juliet in Audrey's place, that young lady having a decided dislike to dinnerparties.
On the staircase Jullet pansed for a minute to deliberate. When at length she passed on, there was a settled purpose in her mind. Philip Bay that came all too slowly towards him. The sun's ast beams fell upon her face. Never afterwards did Philip Bayard feel such a thrill of agony at the sight of that face gave him. He had thought of it, and longed for it as a thirsty Arab 'ongs for
cool water, and now the sight of it stabbed him to the heart.
It was Juliet who stood before him, one of her gloved hands lying in both of his. He was very drey's identity, whom he remembered as $\%$ drey's identity, whom he remembered as
ittle school-giri. bis playmate in many a romp. But Jullet was unchanged, save that she was the same Jultet he had held in his arms on thas winter morning five years ago ; indeed, he wondered whether he ever could have kissed that pale, proud face. He did not kiss it now-
he felt he could not dare. He was ill at ease, he felt he could not dare. He was itl at easer
too, in the presence of the state'. y woman in her lace and velvet. He was roughly clad and lace and velvet. He was roughly clad gloved
roughly shod, and brown; and the cold ges band lying so passively in his own was vasily unlike the warm clasp of the bands that clung the poor curate's daughter, whose richest dress was of coarse merino, and who never wore lace like this, or satin shoes. All this flashed throug
Phillp Bayard's mind in less than an instant. Phillp Bayard's mind in less than an instagh
And in that moment something died in his heart, leaving a sori of hopeless dreariness in the place of long had nestled there
Jullet's eyes hard fallen before
Julier's eyes had fallen before his. An undehonest gaze oi Pullip's eyes. Tuat same feeling made her draw her hand away. She had alreadg noted the rough dress-such a contrast to herown !-and, noting it, the one hope she had clerished-that Philip had beeu successful very successful, so that she might itve him whan Judiths-died then and there.
"You are come home again, Philip." she said, "You are come home again, Philip," ehe said,
trylng lard to keep her lips from quivering, as she felt how cold and despicable and almless the worss were, but saying them for all that, be-
oause she felt that she must say something, and oause she felt that she mush say
was fearful of saying too much.
"Yes, I have come back," he returned slow. 1y, with a dim consclousness that a barrier wow
between them that he was powerless to throw between
down.
Then there was silence.
"She is proud and cold; I will not bend to "He is poor. I will crush the love I bear him
" out of

So the barrier grew yet higher.
It was a relief when Miss Tredegar entered. Juliet introduced Pnilip Bayard to her aunt and that lady begged that Mr. Bayard would re main at Mellicote House for that nisht, ex
plaining that, although unfortunately she whin plaining that, although unfortunately she wain
engaged with Juliet and Lenore to dine out, $A u$ engaged with Jullet and Lenore to dine oullp re
drey would be at bome. To which Philip drey would be at bome. To which Philfp the
plied, gravely, that he bad secured a room at the inn where he had left his valise.
Miss Tredegar was very hospitabie. This Phiilp Bayard jad travelled some milles to see her nieces, whom he had known in past days. Ther had been, she knew, some sort of a tie betwasure him and Juliet, so she felt in some mom to partake of some refreshment, and arter to-morpartake of some refreshment, and aleer up his
row she must insist upon his taking quarters at Mellicote for the remainder of his stay. Then she shook hands with bim, smiling shyly, did the same; lastly, Jullet g
cold hand again, aud he was alone.
"This is the end of it !" he thought sorely ; "This is the end of it!" he thought sorely but he was prevented from falling ind soon after flection by Audrey's entrance, and soon ali-
came the summons to dianer; whereupon Pnicame the summons to dinner; lip, looking doubtfully at his attire, begged to be excused, but Audrey laughinly took bis arm, and n a pretty, imperious manner led him to the dining-room. Finally she dismissed the servant and preslded at table herself, bewidaernd
Philip with her charming frankness, and wond. Philip with her charming rankness, avd onge in erisg to herself meanwhile at the chang ago-
Philip's face slace she saw it half an hour ago Philip's face since she saw in hallet has heen cruel to him," she thought, with womanly pity; and Audrey who was ever
ready to do battle for the injured, was doubly ready
kind.
Afterwards they went into the garden. The twilight was gathering, and the alr was fai "It is so long since I was in an English gar"it is so long sinizhing.
"How long is it since you returned to Eng-
land?" she asked. "Only yesterday."
" l'hen of course you have not been to see your relations in Cumberland?
"I have none now," he answered, with a look on his face that would ave puzzled Audrey ha she seen it. "They are dead-all d
neitherkith nor kin in the world."
This he said somew the world."
With dellcate tact, changed the subject Audrey, a dangerously pleasant companion for this ma whose sore heart was craving for human sym pathy. Their old acquaintance warranted freedom of speech, Just suoh freedom as exists be-
tween brother and sister. So it oame to pass tween brother and sister. So it came to pass
that, walkiug by Audrey's side in the twlight Philip poured out the himtory of the last ive
"I have not been successful abroad-far from he said, with a dark cloud on his race; "inthese words Audrey's heart sank for his sake. "Good-bye," he said at length, holding her hands in his.
god night, not gcod-bye," laughed Audrey, Elving him a spray of stephan
see you to morrow, you know.'
"What mou dear littlo the
"Wought, as he tramped moodily to the "he Chought, as he tramped moodlly to the inn. If I had known what was in store for me I Would never have seen your face agaln!"

## CHAPTER III.

You are changed, Jullet.
A week bad elapsed since Philip's arrival at Mellicote, and this evening he found himself, for the orst time during his visit, alone with
Juliet. Miss Tredegar had given Philip a cordial Juliet. Miss Tredegar had given Philip a cordial invitation to remain until he had settled the bubrought him to England.
"If there is anything to settle between him and Juliet, they shall have the opportanity to do it," she said to herself. "I will not have it
cald that I stood in the way of their happlDess."
But all the woek Juliet had avoided Phllip, and he-quick to foel the slight-read the meaning of her cold avoldanoe of his society all too plainly. Audrey read it too. To-night, how-
over, by some accident, Jullet and Philip were left alone in the drawing-room, and the latter had spoken.

## "You are ohanged, Juliet."

"The Fears change us all." she retarned, almily. "We see things differgntly - more He looked at the still face that once had blughed beneath hin gaze, at the lovel eyelashea
that once had drooped each time he spoke her that once had drooped each time he
nairn, and he understood hor words.
" (G, it seems," he remarked, soroly; "but I doabt ${ }^{\text {V }}$

## rision." She made no reply.

She made no reply.
"Julfet, have you forgotten what you sald five

## "Jears ago ? he asked

Jears ago? he asked.
"I ha:e lingotten nothing," was the quiet
"Then you mean me to understand that you
think differently now?"
think differently now ?"
The girl's face grew ashy-whito.
"Yes, I mean that," ahe replied, looking fall
at him. at him.
"In plain words, you rejoct me m" he said proudly. "Ye," returned Jullet.

Phillp turned, and witied slowly away.
"I have done it," thrught the girl, drearily That evening Mr. Buyard signified to Miss
Tredegar his intention of leaving Mellicote on Tredegar his intention of leaving Mollicote on
the following dag. That lady sat beforn her esCritoire which was covered with papers; she
looked keenly at the half-averted face, Audrey, Looked keenly at the half-averted face, Audrey,
Who sat at the plano, ceased playing.
"Do you retura to London i" asked Miss Predegar.
"Yes, businese there for the present; after
"I wish you would manage a little affair of mine while you are in London. It would save
me a journey to town," said Miss Judith thoughtfully.
Phillp signthed his willingnese to oblige his
hostess, and Miss Tredegar entered into a brief
explanation
"And when you have concluded the affalr,
Will you write me the result $?$ " Will you write me the result ?
"I will bring my report in
" "I will bring my report in person; my time Slance at Audres's profle, which had suddenly
become scarlet.
The sunday evening service was over, and
Audrey and Lenore, walking home through the Audrey and Lenore, walking home through the
delds, were overtaken by the young curate, 4astin Kinglake.
"He is come to talk to Lenore," thought Warmy-for of late there had come a new Warmith into the unselfish little heart that made Austin Kinglake's fine eyes; whereupon Au. drey was seized with a desire to overtake some
lady friends just ahead, and sped offaccordingly, regardless of the heat, leaving the two alone. The grasshoppers sang in the grass, the night-
Ingale warbled in the hazel copse, the scent of ngale warbled in the hazel copse, the scent of
og-rose and honey-suckile came in sweet gust trom the hedge. Lenore's shy eyes dared no "権et the impassioned gaze bent upon her,
"I oalled upon your aunt, yesterday," said
himself in the path before her. "I told her
that I loved you, Lenore, and I asked her to that I loved yo
give you to me
Austin Kinglake paused for an answer. None came. He went on speaking triumphantly;
he was the king, the conqueror ; she was the he was the king,
trembing captive.
"Miss Judith said neither 'Yes' nor ' No.'
She sald it was for you to d cide. Lenore, look at me ppoak to me-I am wating.
In the stilliness of the night Audrey lay awake. The moon cast her pale beams across the chamber fioor. There was no sign of weariness in the wlde.open gray eyes; but in these they were apt to dorken with some unspoken pain, though of late none had been more gay pain, tadrey in the sight and hearing of others. "I must certalnly ask aunt Judith to pres. cribe a sleeping potion for me," she mused. "I
would count a hundred, or say the alphabet backwards, but I have proved such spells to be of no avail. I wonder," thought Audrey, golng
off at a tangent, " how long it takes to get as off at a tangent, "how long it takes to get as
old as aunt Judith. I don't mean how many years, butAon. A bushed tlon. A hushed sob from the adjoining apari-
ment fell upon her ear. In a moment Audrey ment fell upon her ear. In a moment Audrey
had risen and hurried on her dreasing-gown. It was IIght enough to see without a candlo. Audrey opened her door nolselessly and entered Lenore's sleeping-room.
"Are you awake, dear 9 "
"Yes; it is so hot I cannot sleep," Paltered
Lenor 3.
"Another wakeful heart," thought Audrey. She closed the door, and coming to the bedside, bent nver the falr head on the pillow.
"Why are you crylng, dear?"

## tloned, tenderly.

"I would rather no
girl, in a choked voice
"Lenore, are you unbappy about some
"Yes, but it will not be for long-not very long, Audrey ; and I can bear it quite well-1 can Indeed," sobbed Lenore.
" But why should you have
" But why should you have anything to bear "Stoop down, and I will whisper it to you," saldrey obeyed, her eyes darkening as she caught the low-spoken confession. "And you are willing to have it so-quite tone.
"Oh, yos" sald Lenore, drearily. "Jullet
says it is better to suffer a little now-because all women have these things to bear-than to have a llfetime of sorrow and privation aftorwards and I think so, too-st least I shall after a tim -only just now it is hard to forget him."
The brave voice was drowned in tes.s
"Try to sleep, my darling; we will taik of this in the morning," and with a tender kiss Not to rest, but to lle meditating till the
morning, when, anding that Lenore was suffer morning, when, Anding that Lenore was sufferlug from a racking headacbe, Audrey bade her found that young lady in the conservatory, scissors in hand, busy snipping the dead leaves
off her geraniums.
"What have you sald to Austin Kinglake
bout Lenore ?" she asked.
"Why do you wish to know ?" inguired Mise Woodville, pausing in her work. "Because you wreck that child's happiness ! Romember you now stand in our mother's place."
"
calm reply; "but, if you call it wreoking Lenore's happiness to prevent her marrying a pounds a year, I call it doing her and him too the greatest possible kindness. They are both
madly in love just now, but a little later they will see that the arrangement was for the best. It would be downright folly for Lenore th ex. cnange a home like this for such a one as-as ma's embittered life?
"My poor Lenore," sald Aubrey, sadiy, her eyea flling with toars.

She is but a child and stern.
$t$; and, after all, Lenore is bearing only what housands of women have to bear."
did not see her tightly-compressed lips as ather bent above the plants. "Only what thousands of women have to
bear," theught Audreg. "My por little sister,
must you too be numbered with that sorrowful must you too be numbered with that sorrowful
army? Who is to judge what is right? Would it be cruel kindness to give you to that poor fellow who loves you? Or are we applylog the
surgeon's knife for your beneft and his ? And oh, my little Lenore, will you thank us for this in the days to come, or are we not spoillng your
life $?$ " The dark eyes grew darker, wearines life ${ }^{\text {" }}$ The dark efes grew darker, weariness
gathered on the fair young brow. On all about Audrey a gloom seemed to have fallen, darkening the full glory of the summer morning.

## CHAPTER IV.

At the end of a month Philip Bayard, having finished Miss Tredegar's business commission,
returned to Mellicote, and accepted that lady's returned to Mellicote, and accepted that lady's
invitation to stay there for a couple of weeks invitation to stay there for a couple of weeks
His own plans for the future seemed very Inde
before I can enter
action," he observed.
ction," he observed.
During his late absence he hat effected seve During his late absence he had effected seve-
ral remarkable changes in his appearance. The thickly clustering curls were gone, and Pitip's thickly clustertug curls were gone, and Philip's
shapely head was trimmed according to the shapely head was trimmed accordiny to the
modern fashion. The rough garb given place to civilised garments. Philip wore neither
rings nor studs; but the sunbrowned hands rings nor studs; but th
were white ennugh now.
Audrey grew sby of Philip. On the first evening of his return she had been quite at known them all in former years-with whom known them all in tormer years-with whom
she had romped and laughed; as such sne had she had romped and laughed; as such sne had
held out sisterly hands in welcome. But, strange to reoord, the more she saw of this
Phillp, the more the Philip of former dag ranished from ber reoollection. Andrey though perhaps the change was in herself.
"Phillp, am I much changed since you went
abroad 9 " astized Audrey, contemplative'y, one abroad.
day.
Mr.

Mr. Bayard put down his newspaper, and, leaning back in his easy-chalr, looked quizz cally at his questioner.
" Do you wish me
ment 9 " he inquired. answer with a compl ment i" he inquired.
"No; I should has
of practice you had forgothent that from wan pument. 1 want you to answer honestly."
"I thought you were changed begond recog-
aition when I first saw you, but on further nition when I first saw you, but on further
acquaintance I find you exactly resemble the acquaintance I find
Audrey of old times."
As this was the reverse of her own experience conceraing Philip, Audrey was force 1 to the conclusion that the change must be in him. tooking up thoughtfully from ber embroidery ward self, she encountered Pailip's blue outWard self, she encountered Pailip's blue eyes startled her. The color rushed to ter face. Her eyes fell.
to solve afrald the problem is ton deep for you half gayly, halr pathetically, as Auirey ge said ed up her work and left the room preciplattely. Philip took up his paper agaln, but somehow he reading did not progreas.
Philip's visit drew to a close. Jullet, as she nounce to Miss Tredegar that he must an. Mellicote the next day. Audrey, who was holding a skein of wool for Mlas Judith to wind, Aushed red and then turned white under the full gaze of Phillip's eges.
"I am giad he is gol
at peace," thought Juliet. for then I may be
In the full-llght her face looked old and hag-
gard. Her pride was strong - her will, too, was gard. Her pricie was strong-her will, too, was
string; but the love she sought to "crush out string ; but the lave she sought to "crush out
of her heart" was stronger. She knew it now of her heart" was stronger. She knew it now
-ab, too well!-knew how vain was the boust -an, too well!-knew how vain was the borst love was the one thing preclous that the world
talned for her
He is going
"He is going to-morrow," mused brown larch in the glaile, her hands clanped favorite back of her head-"golug for grou. He whil not c)me here any more-our paths are sep.a-
rate from this time-we are on:y old friendy rate from this time-we are on:y old friendy.
what is his going to me, any more than to aunt what is his going to me, any more than to aun
Jalith, or Juliet, or Lenore? Nothing, of course. Oh, Phllip, yes, it is-though you wil never know it-never, never !’
But that this was spoken mu
But that this was spoken mutely, Mr. Bayard might have heard, for he was very near. Tue
next moment he had entered the glate from the opposite side, catching a moineutary glimpse of the graceful, indolegnt fyure, the rounded arms from which the loose sleeves had sign of his presence Andres's arms were dropped, her hauds were decorously clasped be fore her, her head poised in a dignifled attitude and beneath this faultless exterior her hear began to throb wildly.
"I am come to say good-bye. I had a fancy
to take leave of you after my own fashion," to take leave of
explained Philip.
"Yes," sald Audrey, with down.dropt eyes. irrelevantly.
"Yes," assented Audrey, meekly.
Phillp folded bls arms and leaned against the tree she had vacated. Audrey, in desperation, cast about for something to say that might
divert Mr. Bayard's attention from her countenance, but finding nothing suitable, she raiso her eyes slowly and met Philip's steaily gaze. "Yes, I love you," he said, quitetly, as if in answer to her look.
Audrey fell back

Audrey fell back a pace.
"Two months ago, I sh
impossible that such a thing conderived taken plac"," he went on, calmly. "Tue love I
bore Juliet she herself kiled. bore Jullet she herseli killed. As you have
seen, I have been throwa over because I am poor." Philips tone was bitter now. "You know what I ara, Audrey-in years, ten or twelve begond you; In the bitter, worldy expe-
rience that ages a man I am Heaven only rience that ages a man I am Heaven only
knows how far beyond you. I told you I had knows how far beyond you. I told you I had in the world, and saving yourself, hardiy a
friend. I am scarcely worth auy wom an's ac ceptance, ain I, Audrey? And it is noldolng you much honor to lay a battered heart at your
feet. But, Audrey, it is yours-just as honestiy and faitufully yours as if it wer's as young an as fresh as your own; and, if you will accept
me, Aulrey, $I$ will love you just as fervently as I love you now, till I dle.
Audrey stool silent, one hand shlelding her
fice on the side nearast to him. A feeling or
dellious joy had robbed her of the power to
speak speak
Pered, earerily, and bending form narl " ho whis-

 troes when we were frien ts-t twags friende Andrey, even tull thls moment-friends still, if nothing nearer ?"
Tlue turob of
 roused her. She lifted her fact, her lips wore
parted to speak, when footsteps sounded near, parted to speak, when footsteps sounded near,
and Lenore's white dress showed through the trees.
She
step, a came forward with her slow, langald step, a look of weary indifference on her face.
Miss Judith had sent her for Audrey. The three quitted the glade together. Audres left the Tredegar was in the library, Lenore said. Pre sently, when Audrey returned to the drawingroom, Philip repilred to Miss Judith, and soon after Audrey recelved a second summons to the library. Sbe thought Miss Judith wanted her as before, on some trivial mattar. Sne started
to finil Pnilip Bayard in close conference with to find $P$.
ber aunt.
"D.) you want me, aunt Judith ?" she asked
 answer him. I have explained to Mr. Bayar that you are at liberty to please yourself, and he is also aware that whatever claim upina o connection with me you now have will cease
entirely with your marriage. In short, you entirely with your marriage. In s
have to choose between him and me."

Audrey was sllent. She was deeply agitated her lips trembled nervously. Miss Tredegar
surveyed her face a moment, and then turned to Philip. and prospeois clearly to my niece?" she asted abruptly.
"Audrey is aware that I have been unsuc. consful abroal; but, if I oould not maintain may
wife, I should never have asked Audrey to marry me," he replied, haughtily ; and then he fixed his eyes, full of eacernses, upon the girl. The interval seemed an age. At last, wilh a ohy but exquisite graoe, Audrey,
and plaoed her hands in Philip's.
The action was suffelent. Pollip stooped and Judith had expected this Sile roche from her onair, and began to gather her paper together, onair, and began to gather her papers together aod cimpling her hands with passlonate gesture "Oh, aunt Judith," she criod, you have been angond to us all, and I am very, very gratoful
indeed; but I do love Philip an mach, and don't be angry-but I would rather be poor with Philip tha: rich withoul him.
Tine words and tone went to Misi Judith's heart. It was not her way to be tender, or she
might have gielded to the impulse that stirred her, and taken the agitated girl in her arms, as it mother. As it was, she said in a
tone that was, if possible, a trife mare cold than usual- well, my dear-Just as you please ."
"Vory well very well, my dear-Just as you please ; " ung $\rightarrow$ ther. Bit outside the door the stern woman paused, one jeweled hand covering her eyes, as her thoughts went back to a chapter in her own life which forty years ago had been enacted in his viry rom.
And Audrey - frightened, blushing, bappy Andrey - was wrapped in the strong and tender
arms of ber lover; and, leaning on his breast arms of ber lover: and, leaning on his breast
while he pressed warm kisses on her lips, she While he pressed warm kisses on her lips, she
knew the meaning of the rapturous silence, broken only by Phillp's loug and tremulous sigh.

CHAPTER V., AND Last
Jne month later the sinn shone on Audrey's Weddiny-day. Miss Judith had fultived her promise of giving the wed ling-breakfiat and a
wedilu -dress, which latter-by Autrey's especial wish-was of the plahnest and simplest
kind. "It would only hurt Philip's feeling to kind. "It would only hurt Philip's feelings to see ma in satin and lace, knowiay thit he will
not be ab'e to give me such oustly thiugs," whe not.be ab'e to give me such oustly linugs," she y nothing, save that it was to be speat with
Philip, which was all Audres cared to Diring the past four weeks Phillp hill been absent on business of his own, and ou bis return by the chinge in Lishore-the lily-whilte face, the langu.d volce, the listless step, above all the iransparsot skin, pained Philip inexpressibly.
He apoke to Audrey about this changs, and Aulrey forthwith fell upon his breast, we aping passinnately; but Philip failed to draw a syl-
lable fron his betrothed relative to tha chanse in her minter. Perhapas had Phillip Byarl seen the look thit Lonore exchangel with Austin Kinglake on the following morning, while the latter read the marriage servios, an l note 1 the
quivering lip of the one and the exprevion of
 other, ha might liave reall the secret of poor
Upons
Upon their retura from charch, Palip Bayard took his wife to the llbrary, and seate i her on the sofa.
"s stay
sall, kis here for a few minater, Aulrey," he row, kisfing returning ia a short tim? with Miss Tre


A ishent, his rititule at once eacy and com mand. Ing. Miss Judith, regardung him beneath her
bent brows, thoughi so; Jullet, whose yellow cr,wned head was held a trifle hither, thought so ton, with a sore hitterness nt her heart.

Philip took up his posiliton beside his wife. nutes," lie sall, eandy, " for I have a littie matter to explith befire leaving you. Miss Tredegar, I you to believe that 1 am a frieniless thave led less wanderer. That I un friendidess, as far as ties
of kln Ired are concerned, is really true or kintred are concerned, is really true; Liat I am penniless is not. But, thonghi am wealthy, it ts not due to my success abroad. I owe my
wealih to the deatis of my father's elder brotber, Weath to the death of my father's elder brother,
Sir Geotrey B inard. As iny mile has outived. his chisldren, as my own father is dead, I find myself heir to the tlte and estales. I learned to take up a newspaper in a eating house in New Yort, I found $\% \mathrm{n}$ advertisement headed by
my own name, in wich the my own name, in which the advertiser re.
quested my immediate return to England on quested my immediate return to England on
matlers or busine $i$ : Finding the name of the matilers of business: Finding the name of the
familly lawyer appended to the adverisement, family lawyer appended to the advertisement,
I returned, and am happy to say that I found I returned, and am happy to say that I found
ine inquiry was genuine. 1 owe this explanathe inquiry was genuine, 1 owe this explana-
ilon to you, Miss Tredegar, and I apologis for
keepting you in wullul Kas a long panse, and tien Phillp but "-there Was a long panse, and hinen Pallip continued, in
lower tones, il wlimh to win my wife for myself alone. Audrey, my darling "-be bent over the white velled tigure as he spoke-" it is to no
lowiy home-to no bitter struggle for daily lowly home-to no bitter struggle for daily
bread-that I am taking you, though, thank Heaven, if it had been so, you were willing to share it with me. Audrey, my sweetest wife, name you are to bear from this glad and bappy day-Lady Bayard."
"Audrey," said Philip, his eyes dancing with irrepressible mirth as te leaned back in a first class carrlage opposite his wife on their way to the beautiful Cumberland home that was his and hers now-" Andrey, how litlle 1 once
thought I should ever play the C Lord of Burlelgh,' and Audrey, whatever would my feelinga be if you to:k it, into your head to enact the
"Lady of Burle "Lady of Burlelgh'?
"I never should," was the demure reply, my honor too heavy, I should shift it on to your shoulders.

On the library couch lay Lenore. Miss Judith had fund her there after the guests were gone, In a fainding fit. She was belter now,
dres: was scarcely whiter than her face.
"She must have a change," said the doctor to She is suffering from debility, and needs toint., When h? was gone Miss Tredegar weut to Jnllet's room and repeated his words to her niece. Juliet heard in silence, a'd then, lifting her eyes looked ful: In her aunt's face-
"A!nt Julith," she said, steadily
thing in the sad white face riveted miss Judiup-atcenilion-" that will not cure my sister. You atcerifion-" that will not cure my sister. You and sunshine and made her what she is to-night. It is I who am to blame, for I urged her-a
weak, confiding child-to be false to her own weak, confiding child-to be false to her own
heart. But oh, I have done very wrong all heart. But oh, I have done very wrong all
throung; yet. if it were only myself who bad suffer, I would not complain
shook her frame. "I can see bow," she went on, sadiy, "how
Wrong I have been. L: t Lenore marry in the loves, and, if the years briag trouble for them, let ilien buar it tugether; it whill belight enolish with love to buar them ur. There wat truable enouyh in our home-ickness, poverty, debt; jet in the darkest diys I never saw at
look on my mother's face like that which Lelook on my mother's face like that which Le-
nor.'s hat worn lately. And"-the giri's voice was fuli of uatterable woe-" amid all I had t, suffer in thase days, my heart never knew a
path so biller as that which filled it path so bilter as that whith filled it when a
stood by $10-d$ y and saw the man I love, and loo unce loved me, marited to another."
Ste spoke truly-the pr.de was crushed at
last. Shertomb, a sorrowfal, suffering wornmin, but noblerin this hour than she had ever been before. Predegar knew it Julfers boris in Miss Tredegar knew it. Jullet's words in
their bare, paihetic truth, touched a chord in the stern heat that for so long had been peiri. Audrey had satd, "I would rather felt when Pullip than rich, "ithout him." The poor wath of her tears were nnlocked. After loug years "Child, child, you are right! Heaven forgive me if
"I alone am to blame, nunt Judith. I valued richer and position more than truth and hones ty," sald Juliet, with a sad smille. "But, thank Heaver, it is uot too late to save Lenore from such a fate. It was I who came between her
and Ausin Kinglake; it shall be my task $w$ repair the wrong."
She kept her
She kept her word. It was Jullet's delicate nore's side ; titwas Jullet's tender care and devotion that helped to restore the glowing color to the cbildish face, and the light of happlaes to the young eyes.
There came a day at last when Lenore, res.
tored now to perfect healch, went out from tored now to perfect health, went out from Miss Tredegar's hruse a happy bride ; and not even
Jullet or Audrey-who had come from Cumber laud with Puillp to be present at the Fedulng-
kissed the siveet face of the girl-bride more
lovingly than did aunt Judith.

At Mellicote Hoase now Miss Judith Hives with her nieco, Jullet Woodville; but very often-especially in the summer-the old corr
dors and slades echo to the voices of happy children-Audrey's children and Lenore's. Buth of the married sisters live in Cumber.
Iand, for Sir Philip Bayard has presented Ausin land, for Sir Phillip Bayard has presented Austin
Kinglake with a lucrative llving, which h Kinglake with a lucrative living, which he children of both houses pat a bery year the visit to nunt Judith, whom they dearly love, While they perfectly a aiore their younger aunt, Juliet, whose praises they never weary of sing-

THE OPHICLEIDE PLAYEK.

## Chapter i.

Pacing the little jetty of the Suffolk fishing nlliage of Seaborne wer
engaged in conversation.
T
The evening was caim and cool, the sea still The men, who worcely a ripple on its surface The men, who were walking on the pier
were brothers. The elder, Reuben Twy ford, was a tall, thin man of about Reuben Twyford, a suit of black which had about it something of younger appearance. Benjamin Twy ford, the younger, was about the mlddle heigut, broadly that beamed witi good humor. He wis attired in the usual style of the better class of fishernen; and as he strode along, his hands thrust into his pockets, the roll in his walk to
was more used to the sea than the land. "I tell you, Ben," said the elder, "you are wrong to remain a fisherman. Think what our father would have sald to it? Although your education is not so good as I could wish, it is
far above that of the men with whom you far ab
mix."

Look here, Reub," replied Ben; "there is a great difference between you and me. I was
not made for books; I don't 11 ke them. You not made for books; I don't llke them. You
might send me to coliege, but you'd never make me learn. You can-you take after father," "Yes," said Reub, somewhat bitterly;
For a moment, Ben stood still, and gazed Into Reuben's face as if overcome with astonishment; then placing his hand gently on his brother's arm, he said, in a kindly, but re-
proachful, volce, "Yes, Reub. You take after proachful, volce, "Yes, Reub. You take after
f.ather; I after our mother. Don't forget that, Reub."
" No,
edly. No, no; of course not," sald Reuben hurria gentlo But, st 11 , you know that'our father was "Our mother was the daughter of a fisherman : that's what you mean, Reub; so say it out,
Ilke a man. Il's true, our grandraser hud like a man. It's true, our grandfacher had se-
veral smacks; sti.l, he was only a fisterman veral smacks; sti.l, he was only a fisherman.
I know you are more clever than I am. You'se nonow you are more clever than 1 am. Yon've place as schoolmaster father, I say, Ruthave got his agranl thlng to have all the boys touch their
"I see you w Reub, '•und, ther fore, I will not press the matler now. An'l so, good nig'st; unless you ar coming up town."
"Not yet," replied Ben; "I must go down to
the boal first; and after that, I shall bave to the boat first; and after that, I shall have to
play with the bund by the play with the bund by the parsonage.
"Ih? idea of wasting your time
blowling on that wretched ophicleide!" breath Reub, with contempte. "Come with me; I'm solng to uncle's to kive Jeuny ber lessons, and
sou had bet er join us." "No; I must keep ing word with the lads for they c.in't get on without me. Much as you may Jeer at my ophicleide, the iadles and gentlemen from London, who were staying at the
parson's latst summer, wald I was the best parayer they had ever tieard."
Mayer they had ever teard."
"Nodoubt you are. But what pleasure can the harmony of empiy sounds give when consound and sense are combined? In literature man's busy life, his manifold actions, his gon an I evil passions, are illustrated, and, his gond grand lessons are thought by it; but what good
does music do?" "Pertaste do?"
"Perhaps you are right," slghed Ben, as he the wate:. "I don't understand these thed into stli, when I take up my dear old ophiclelde, i
seem a different man. whisper to me what the A hundred intlle voices brother, sometimes, when I have been playling a melancholy piece, the composer's meaning y, that I have cried like a child."
Reuben Twyfurd gazed in astonishment at his brother, but remained silent.
"I You see, Reub," continued Ben, after a pause, "I am nought but a fool, with strange fancles comes out in London, you when your great book sour fortune, and will leave Seaborne ; while a contented, happy a poor fisherman, truly, bu "If ever I sucy man."
days must show, trust me, Ben, I will a few rorget yout"
to please you; even learn if I could, but
can't."
"You must try. Have you any message for Jenny?"
"No; I "No; I may call there later on; so good-bye
for the present" The brothers shook hands, and Reub walked in the direction of the village, Ben gazing after
"There goes one of the cleverest lads alive," he said. "His book is a wonder; but he's paid will make his fortune, so that's all right. Yays it I wish he didn't seem so fond of Jenny. It would break my heart to see that girl marry any one
but myself. Perhaps he only fancies her as a but myself. P
cousin should."
Consoling him
Consoling himself with these thonghts Benamin Twyford bent his steps towards the vil intended practising his music.

## CHAPTER II.

Reuben Twyford soon arrived at his uncle's cottage, and finding Jenny alone, asked ber to
commence her lessons for, like a true schoolcommence her lessons for, like
Jenny Shelton, a plump, merry girl of about eigdom, was one of those strange mixtures of only daughters, who at an early age have had the charge of the house in consequence of their mother's death. In all domestic matters Jenny was as sage as any matron; but she was as
ready for an innocent flirtation or quiet piece of mischief as any girl in the village.
Demurely she got her books, and sat herself down by her cousin, listening to his explanation then her pretty little hand would wand Now and her rosy lips to hide a yawn; which, when no liced by Reuben, caused him to close his no pettishly, saying, "I see you are tired, Jenny,
so I will not proced. I so I will not proceed. I can't tell how one can wish to be ignorant."
"I arn sure I try to learn, Reuben," sad Jenny, timidy
"Y
mind wander too much. Only the other your When I was showing you how to conjugate verb, you confessed to thinking about the bread
"Well, the verb could not spoil, but the bread "I " answered the pupii, archly.
"I fear you wll! never be the scholar I wish" "No!" replied Jenny, with a falnt sigh. Then
added, with a malictous smile, "Why don't you added, with
teach Ben?
"He won't learn, as he has that wretched "Ah, but how."
"Ah, but how beautiful he manages it l
"Yes, and what good is it when all is done?" "I don't know yet; I hate lessons," sald I must speak
is my duty to read you a lectury., I feel tha them! I have tried and books, too-I detest them ! I have tried to learn your stupld, dry,
old stuff, but find a good your useful knowledge put love-siory worth all your useful knowledge put together! I hate
people who are all head and no heart !" As she concluded, Jenny rose abrup
ber seat, and opening the front abruptly from into the littie garden, where leanlug agains the wall, she gazed at the rising moon, in pretty sulkiness.
Reuben
Reuben looked after his cousin in a half-start bu manner, lor he had never seen her so cross then walked oun placed the books together "Jenny," he sald in a by her side.
sorry to see this tem in a grave voice, "I am
"It is enourt
ked to as I am!" answered Jene cross to be But it is the only way you can be pouting. "I don't want to be taught! I am no longer a child, to be treated in this namner!"
" Your conduct to-night is excessively child-
"If you do not like it, you can go!" replied Reuben remalned thenting cross.
in the stillness of the uight the moment, and heard disinculy.
"I suppose you are listening to the music?" "Yes, I am; and wist.

I will take you there, if you close to It." "And lecture me the who.e way. No I would "It strikcs
"It strik(s me you do not know what you want !" said Reub, angrily ;"so I will leave you Reuhen Twy ford bowed co
and then strode rapidly away to hls cousin, direction to that from which the strains came. Jenny watched him as be passial down came. street, and her heart smote her for having been
unkind. She kuew, with all unkind. She kuew, with all his faults, be was
thoroughly good-liearted, and would do any thing for her; so she slood sorrowfully gazingat him until a turn of che rood hid him from her view.
While she was looking after Reuben, her cousin Ben approached unperceived in the oppo. shoulder, exclaimed, "A penny for your The young Jenn!"
anger; but his merry ed, and turned round in spite ot herself.
"They're not worth the money, Ben," she "Indeed! and whal here about you."
"I was thinking how silly you are to waste
your time blowing that foollsh old ophiclelde."
"Come, come, Jenny," interrupted Ben; "I
see you aud R see you and R-ub have been talking abont me.
Bat you don't dislike my playing, lo you?" "No, Ben; I think all imocent amusement good and ri,ht; and you don't bother people with you s." "I suppose you mean that rub for Reub?"
laughed Ben. "He's been giving you a lesson, eb?" "Yes, Have sou come to do the same
thing?" ". Not to night, Jenny," replied Ben, gally. eager earnestness, he addded, ""nner to one of is one thing I should like to teach you, or learn myself.
"Gracious me! What a puzzle, Ben! You must have learned that from Reuben; it can't
be your own!" be your own
"I learned it from my heart, Jeuny," replied Ben. "I should like to teach you to love me
more, or learn to love you less. more, or learn to love you less. If you knew
how a smile from you has made me happy for how a smile irom you has made me happy for and prayed for you both night and day, I do think you would have plty on me."
"Why, Ben, you have become quite a poet!"
laughed Jenny. "You will be wriling a book, laughed Jenny. " You will be writing a book, like Reab, soon.
"Not much
would mot much chance of that, Jenny. But I would not care what I did, so that you were
by me. I'll do anything if you will ouly love
me". Jenny gazed into her cousin's face, and saw
por Ben was in "Why, Ben, what is the cause of this sudden chance ?" she asked.
"You see, Jenny, I-I'm going away," said
Ben, in a low voice. "It isn't for long bithe shortest hour seems "It isn't for long; but the not by you. So how I shall pass a week or two "Why, where are now.
showing, where are you going?" she asked, showing more anxiety than she intended. "Sarely you have not been foolish enough to lier?" "
"Do you think I would do that when you told me not to?" was the reproacluful reply. "No, see, we want some new instruments for our band, and the parson and one or two more gentlefolk have subscribed for them. Some one must go to buy them, and the choice has fallen of music, than any of thein. I'm to start by nust away to-niuht, Lowestoft to-morrow. but I wouldn't leave without sayine goind-bye o you and endeavoring to learn my fate.
"Learn your fate?" she mused, turning the sand with her foot, and looking down. "I don't
understand vou", understand you
"Not understand me, Jenny? I mean I can't go until I know if you love me. I know I'm ove a rough fellow, without fine words; but you'll give me your hand, I will make you a faithful, foud, tender hasband.
As he spoke, he beld out his large brown hand o Jenny, who still, with looks cast down an Fushed face, stool silenily betore him.
For a moment, the strong man trembled, as he stood, with outstretched palm, wating for
her decision; but the next minute, she rlipped her pretty fingers into his minute, she rlipped them, and drew her to his breast. He graspe Who can describe the first hour of transport that all feel when they love, and know they are beloved?
S, when Ben recovered from his excess of joy and was about to part from Jenny, he found it Was so late he would only have iime to packs
upa tew things, and start at once. He thereup a tew things, and start at once. He there-
fore asked his cousin to inform his broller of the commission he had to ex reute in London and was rather pleased than otherwise at having an excuse for not seeing him, since he was for such an object.
Having compled these arrangements, he kissed Jenny, and, with a light heart, haste towards his own cutlage.

## CHAPTER IHI

A month passed away, and still Ben remained in London. He wrote one or two short let ters to Jenuy and heub, telling them he was at some wondrous good fortune which had hap pened to bitm.
At length, Jenny received n very short note informing her of Bea's immediate return, and
his intention of calling on her directly. Wintention of calling on her directly. gardea the coming of her luver.
garden the coming of her lover.
But so absorbed was Jenny in the beanty of the scene, over which the moon cast its; calm, the scene, over which the moon cast its calm,
sllvery light, and her own thought, that siee Was not a
"'Lor', Ben, how you did frighten me, she ex "Frighten youl
vould have ben I so ugly, then I thought
"And whom else do you thiuk I was waiting
"Bless you, darling Jenny, with a sly smile.
and then sat darling!" "Ben suatched $\Omega$ kiss,
He never wrote to ine.
A slight shade of sorrow passed over Jenny's face as she replied.
"I don't know ho
seems changed sluce you to he came as usual in the evening, and sat down
by my side, but never spoke. I asted him if he

Was unwell; or if I had offended bim; he only answered 'No;'but still remained gloomy and sullen. Thinking to distract his attention and
please him, I took down my books, and brought please him, I took down my books, and brought he darted across the room, and hastily left the cottage."
"He must be ill!" said Ben. anxiously. "I will go to him at once!
"You will come in and see my father first," said Jenny; "besides, you have not told us the good news you hinted at in your letters!"
"Not told you!" exclaimed Ben. "Well, I "Not told you!" exclaimed Ben. "Well, I
never could write a letter properly; but I did never could write a letter properly; but I dia
not think I was as bad as all that! Never mind, not think I was as bad as all that I Never mind, it, I can let uncle know that we are engaged,
and that we must be marride soon. One kiss and that we must be married soon. one kiss courage.
courage."
After this, the lovers, hand-in-hand, entered the cottage, where they found the parent enjoying his evening pipe and a glass of grog.
"Why, Ben, lad! come back at las "Why, Ben, lad ! come back at last, have
you ?" was the greeting of old Shelton, shaking you q" was the greeting of old Shelton, shaking
hands warmly with his nephew, "I'm glad to see you again; but what kept you so long
dirty, smoky place, London, eh, lad ?"
dirty, smoky place, London, eh, lad?" It's a sine place, and a nolsy one brt in, uncle. get used to it; and then there are such sights to ge seen, such building, such horses and carriages and oh! such beautiful ladies !
"Ben!" sald Jenny, archly, and her lover paused.
"But what have you been doing there, lad 9 " inquired Shelton. "I know it's a fine place to spend money in, but I did not think you were
the lad to waste your cash, and get your head the lad to waste your cash, and
"You're right there, uncle!" replied Ben. "I stopped in
spend it!"
"You must have been a sharp lad indeed you did that," rejoined old Shelton.
"All I can say is, I have made money, and a good sum too!"

Well, light your pipe, fill your glass, and tell us all about it ! " said old Shelton.
Ben, obeying bis uncle's command, entered
into the minutest particulars about his stay in into the minutest particulars about his stay in the metropolis, stating, that when he got there,
he went to the shop in Regent Street where he was to purchase the musical instruments, and soon made his outlay in the goods he required.
But just as he was about to leave the shop, he happened to see an ophicletde which was in the window. It was such a beauty, he could not restst the temptation of trying it. He preferred
his request for permisston, which was readlly his request for permisston, which was readlly touched such an instrument; he could do any
thing with 1 , and played away without think ing, when, suddenly a side-door opened, and a shaving-popped his head in the shop, and him, and recalled him to his senses. Ben was about to apologize, when he was asked politely to follow the speaker
instrument with him.
He was ushered into a handsomely furnished sitting-room, out of which led a bed-room, in
which the little gentleman-who was a foreigner -finished his tollet, asking Ben his name, bug ness, and a hundred other questions. He then ness, and a hundred other questions. He then meal talked of nothing but music. Ben, of course, felt quite at home.
When they had fnished
When they had Gnished the repast, Ben was
desired to play over several pleces of music ser desired to play over several pleces of music selected by his entertainer. Though he had never seen them before, he was able to please the
listener so very much, that he told him he was the great Lafond, the composer and leader, and asked him to play at a concert that day week, for which he promised him five pounds. The offer was refused, on the ground that he was anxious to return to Seabourne.
The little man was not so easily put off. He pointed out to Ben it was unwlise to decline, as
his forte was music, and fortune was within bis reach.
The astonished fisherman laughed incredulously ; but an offer of six guineas a-week, for two years, to play when and where required, with travelling expenses, made him hesitate;
not at the smalliness of the salary, butwith utter amazement at the libelality of the professor. Assured, however, of its genuibess, Ben gleefully
accepted, and an engagement, in acoordance
with these stipulations, was drawn up and daly signed.
"His duties commenced immediately, and he
played almost nightly, with increasing succesg played almost nightly, with increasing success, at coneerts given for the most part by Mr.
Lafong, to the great satisfaction of that gentleLafond, to the great satisfaction of
man,
The first two " off-nights," as they call them, he hurried down to seabourne, to tell the new When Bea concluded his startling narrativ the old man shook him warmly by the hand.
"Holty, tolty!" sald he; "this is a nioe tivish to your story, indeed! So l'm to be left alone, while you run off with my litlle Jenny? Who
do you think will look after the old men when do you think
she ts gone?
""But you will go with us, sir," Ben broke in. "Of course, she wouid not leave you," rising. "But we must not be in a hurry. Fou will follow you in a fortnight, and then matters can be arranged
Reub, though.,
"I know he wishes to be in London; besides,
his book must be out by this time, and said he his book must be out by
should go to town then."
"I know nothing shout his brots" "I know nothing about his brok," said much altered lately. He won't speak to a soul unless he's obliged to, but keeps bimself shut up in the lone school-house, with not a person
near him. Do you know, Ben, I think lhe's not near him. Do you know, Ben, I think lhe's not
right in his head. There's a strange hollowness in his voice, and he has a wild glance that I don't like. He's changed wonderfally of late." "I sincerely trust you are mistak
xclaimed, with some uneasiness.
exclaimed, with some uneasiness. "I have carried away to an extent that appeared almost ridiculous. Indeed, I fear he studies too much." "Perhaps you're rlght, Ben; but he's a very
ifferent man to what he was." different man to what he was."
Ben was greatly depressed by this intelligence, and soon after he took his leave, and astened to see his brother.
When he arrived at
When he arrived at the school-house he rapped at the door, but not recelving an answer, aised the latch, and entered the room with quick step, but paused at the sight he beheld.
Seated at one end of the table, on which the upper part of his body rested, was Reuben upper part of his botsy rested, was Reuben wonched. Before him was a black bottle and a clenched. Belore him was a black botule and a
glass ; several newspapers were sasttered abont,
and at his feet were two booke, their leaves and at his feet $W$
crum pled and torn
crumpled and torn.
The pale light of the oil lamp fell over this The pale light of the oil lamp fell over this
scene, giving it a weird, desolate look. At first, scene, giving it a weird, desolate look. At first, approached him gently; but Reuben sprang to ghastly face.
"What is the matter, Reuben ?" he asked, with an
expected.
"So," cried Reub, with a hollow laugh, "you have come at last to crow over me-to tell m
of your success, and laugh at my downfall!" of your success, and laugh at my downfall!"
"I do not understand you, Reab. I came tell you some good news," was the quiet reply. all you some good news," was the quiel reply.
"Good news? Oh, I know all about it ! Ha, ha, hal They pay a man to blow a wretched trumpet, whilst genius is left to starve. The papers go into raptures over his phich is the result of years of study and thought.'
Groaning as if in pain, he threw himself back In his chair, and leant on the table in the same attitude as that in whieh his brotber had discovred him.
"What has happened, Reub ?" demanded Ben, kindly, as he drew a chair up to the table. I've only now come back from London, and
therefore have not heard anything of your therefore
amirs,"
"Iondon ${ }^{n}$ repeated Renb, with a aneering
laugh_is good, just place that la, where they laugh-ma good, just place that la, where they him on to madness! Curse it!" he muttered, seizing one of the newspapers. "Look here-
that. One will do, for they sing the same song'trash, presumption, ignorance.' One fellow asks, 'How can a country schoolmaster know
good society?' Ha, ha! These critics are very good society " Ha, ha! These crincs are very
clever!" "Ben read the part of the paper pointed out to
him, and found a critique wherein his brother's book was severely handled, being held up to ridicule as a plece of absurdity. While he was
thas engaged, Reub, with feverish- anriety, poured out glass after glass of brandy from the bottle, which he drank rapidily.

Dear Reab, I am very sorry for this-Indeed, I am," observed Ben, sorrowfully, as he laid down the paper. "But you must not despair.
You say you have heard of my good luck. Share You say you have heard or my good luck. Saare go to London, and there you will have a greater feel certain you will."

A quick flush, as if of hope, passed over Reuben's face, but it was gone in an instant; and, tiking his brother's proffered hand, he said, mournfully, "No, lad, no ! I have no am-
bition now, and but one hope left-to live and die in peace and unknown! They have broken my pride-my heart,-Ben. "Oh, if you had
known how I loved that book! But it's all over now-all over!" mald Reub, and he emptied his glasg and refilled it.
 hope !" replied Ben, gently, preveniting hif brother drinting again.
"Yes; I, too, hpve one hope. I have told you
that I have given up ambition. Never again that I have given up ambition. Never again
will I court the public favor. 1 am deterinined to remain down here, to attend to nothing but my school!
"But you cannot remain alone," urged Ben. "No, Ben ; I have no intention of being
alone," replied Reab. "You will, of course, go alone," replied Reab, "You will, of course, go tune awalts you. I shall remain here, and take Cousin Jemny as my wife. I had longed to offer her riches and fame: that can never be, But
Jenny ts a good giri, and loves me, so I will be content."
Ben gazed at his brother. What could he say ?
What could he do? At length Reab, struck with What oould he do? At length Reub, struck with
his allence, looked up; and beheld his changed his allence, looked up; and beheld his changed
face.
"Why, Ben, what is the matter? are you not "Why, Ben, wh
well ${ }^{7}$ he avked.
tell you?" replled Ben. "I mast speats can I dare not !"
"What is the meaning of this i" exclaimed Reub, springing to his feet, trembling. "Speak !
Do not keep me in suspense! Does what you
have to may concern Jenny?"
"It does," was the sad response
"She is well, is she not ? "
Listen, Reub-hear what I have to say, and bear is engaged to me!"
As if struck by a thunderbolt, Reub fell back into his chair. For some time he remain-
od with his face buried in his hands, sobbing ed with his face buried in his hands, sobbing like a child; but when Ben approached him,
he sprang to his feet, and turning upon his brother, exclaimed. "So you, my brother, have been in the conspiracy against me; and Jenny, too! She whom I loved with all my soul ; she
for whom I was ambltious! Oh, how I have longed to tell her my troubles; which she alone could comfort ! And now I find her false with the rest ! I have no one now to trust and conflide in ! My love, my brother, my hopes, all turn from me! I am alone in the world!
"Do not speak in that way," sald Ben; " no one has tried to betray you. Trust me--"
"Trust you!" ejaculated Reuben-" you who "Trust you!" ejaculated Reuben-" you who
have deceived me more than all! My dreams of happiness are wrecked by you. I see your wish. You would lock me up in a madhouse, so
that your baseness should not be discovered. But all shall know it! I will fling myself a But al shall know it! I will fling mysel Springing past his brother, he rushed to the door, but before he could reach it, sant senseles to the ground.
Ben lost no time in fetohing nome neighbours, and then hurried off for the doctor, with whom he returned in a fow minutes,
Reuben Twyford was dead
"I suppose, doctor, my poor broth
brought on by worry ?" asked Ben.
"Hem ; yes, and other causes."
"Hem; yes, and other causes." Here the doctor loozed hard at the brandy-bottle. "Your thing put him out of temper. Drink would have a dreadful effect on his brain; worry and
disappointment would aid it. The death was caused by apoplexy. I will forward you a cer tificate to that effect. What caused the death we must state; what caused the disease no on Heed know."
In the cemetery of the quizint old fishery of Twyford; his untimely end deeply deplored by the tollers of the sea. Ben, and Jenny, and Uncle Twyford parsue the even tenor of their way: the ophlcleide player and his family being
in the full enjoyment of the easy affuence which well direoted energy places in the path of talent properly applied.

## SILW00D GRANGE.

In a private room of the "Swan Inn," Ham. ersham, two gentlemen were engaged in $n$ pleasant conversation
"I am sorry re uarked one, addressing the other, considerably his junior, who was pacing the apartmant; "but as necessity has no law,
I must have the twenty pounds to-morrow,
"Or what 9 "demanded the second, turning quickly towarda him.
"I shall be compelled to place in John Or. ley's hand the cheque I hold, forgel by his
The fair countenance of the listener becam dark with rage; his hand clenched; but evidently aware of how nseless was such ebullition said, "If you do that, Tom Chester, you will spoil your own game, and ruin me."
"You bring the ruln on your own head, my deur fellow. Oertainly you are crol. You first pay me a just debt with a forged cheque, which
I $\rightarrow$ fortunately for you-discover before presenting it to be rejected. I overlook that, and now you want me to torego twenty pounds
more. Why don't you ask John Oxleg $\%$ You more. Why don't you ask John Oxley
told me once he could refuse yor nothing."

Once !" repeated the other, sullenly. "That time has long passed.
"I suppose," laughed Chester, "you were too
generous in asking?
"Far more so than he In giving," replied Gilbert Burt. "I tell you my adopted father is as oves to hoard his money to look at, and count it. I am to inhertt all at bis death; untll which, must not exceed my allowance."
C Board, lodging, and two hundred a year pocket-money. Not bad to one who has no other claim on him but that of being the son of the
woman he loved. I fancy the nephew he diswoman he loved. I fancy the nephew he dis-
inherited for your sake, Burl, wouk be glad of inberlted
your place.
"And I'l tell you what," ejaculated the other, resolutely; "may no more. He'tset it. How, have reached John Oxley's ears. He often con. verses upon the subject, and expresses oplnions I foel are levelled at me. And besides, his manner is difforent."
once to pay this twenty. I'm not rich; I can' afford to lose it, and John Oxley might alter hit will."

## Gilbert Burt'n face ohanged at the sugg Ef walked thoughtfally to the window.

John Oxley, the Owner of Silwood Grange, wai mixty-Ave, and a bachelor. In his youth he had
loved devotedly ; but the object of his affection, having bestowed her heart elsewhere, he made
a vow of perpetual celibacy-a resolution by no means opposed by his relations.
Ten years later, however, the woman who
had won his heart died within a few days of her husband, leaving her only child Gllbert, an or phan. On the intelligence reaching John Oxley, he adopted the boy, and brought him up as bis own son.
When, ho
When, however, the lad grew to manhood he was idle and dissolute to an extent which ill.
accorded with his foster-father's notions, and greatly estranged him from one who, for his greather's sakg, he would fain have shaped to his own purpose.
Gut Orley was forced to the conclusion that Gilbert Burt took more after his father than his mother. The disappointment grieved him more than he cared to say. Nevertheless, hoping for amendment when the wildness of youth was passed, he retained him in lavor, keepich a secret watch on his proceedings,
anything but a satisfactors result.
Thus a difference had risen between them, and Gllbert Burt was assured if ever John Oxley kn
tain.
He
He thought of this as he stood by tha window,
nd conned over Tom Chester's words. He shud and conned over Tom Chester's words. He shud dered at the idea. Never had it so forcibly pre sented itself to him, or seemed so probable. He pondered. "Come, Burt, I want your answer," broke in his friend, who started at the hag.
enance abruptly turned upon him.
"Meet me here at twelve to-morrow, and you
hall have the money" said Gilbert ; and without another word, he left the room.
On quitting the inn, he struct into the quiet lanes of Hamersham. Maddened, driven to
desperation by his position he wandered about desperation by his position he wandered about
till after dusk, when he returned to Silwood Grange.
Engeriug the hall by a side door, he looked round, then approaching the library door, listthe handle, he entered.
The lamp was lighted ready for John Oxley's
oming. The shutters were closed, the curtains coming.
drawn.
Swif
Swiftly crossing the room, Glibert Burt unfastened the former, and also undid the window, after which, he re-arranged the draperies,
as if guilt were already on his boul. He hastened from the apartment to hls own, after ons glance at the old burean, in which repos
Oxley's will, and well-filed cash box.
The hour was past one when the young man, cautiously descending into the grounds from his bedroom whary. He kept in the shade; but once, when he had
o pass a patch of light, it might be seen he wore a coat buttoned to the ohin, and had a gauze over his face.
He listened. Th
He listened. There was profound silence.
voiselessly he opened the library window, and Noiselessly he opened the library window, and
pushed the shutter back. All was dark within. pushed the shutter back. All was dark within.
John Oxley had gone to his room. Assured of John Oxiey had gone to his room. Assured of
this, he entered more conndently. There was no one there. The fire gave forth light, and flashed as with directing finger on the old bu-
rean. With beating heart the intruder advanced to it, inserted an iron bar he brought in the look, and, with an effort, forced it open.
Already was his arm extended towards the
cash-box, when a hand, suddenly laid on his cash-box, when a hand, suddenly laid on his, arrested him.
"Thlef-burglar!" cried a volce.
Glibert Burt, turning, beheld John Oxiey.
Affrighted, be strove to cast off the hold upon him. Impossible !
"No," ejaculated the other ; "I am old, but strong. Yom shall not escape me.
What was the
sirong. Yom shall not escape ne.
What was the detected thitef to do Stay to
be identifed and ruined ? No. Wait ! There was be identified and ruined $\%$ No. Wait ! There was
no need. He read recognition already in John no need. He read recognition already in John
Oxley's face before his startled llps pronounced Oxley's face before his starlled llps pronounced
his name-" Gllbert!" his name-" Gllbert!
"He still beld the I
"He still held the Iron bar in his hand, which he uplifted.
raised weapon firelight gleamed on the up raised weapon. It fell; and,
John Oxley gank to the floor.
Horrified, the. Would-be assassin stooped over him, When approaching footstepe
The next moment, the door was flung wide open, and J
rushed in.
On perceiving the scene before hlm, he began to call loudly for help, when, slightly raising James! The thlef-the slayer! But the villain must not he taken. It is a snake I have warmed in my bosom that has thus felled me. It is Gllbert Birt, my adopled son. Hush ! not a word.
My moments may be numbered; I have non My moments may be numbered; I have none to lose. Though, tor his mother's memory, he shall go free of this orime, Jet I have a duty to
perform to one I have wronged. Help me."
With diffoulty, he approeched the bureau cook out the will, and fung it in the fire.

Now," he exclaimed, as he foll baok in his
vant's arms, "if I die, I die inteatate. My nephew, and not my would-be andeasin. Fill in-

"蒌e shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in
basal

besom, and shall gentig lead those that are with poang."

## THE FAVORITE'

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## maternal patience.

A mother's patience always excites admira. ishment. Pomerthes all mone with atter astionIshment. Perhaps all mothers are not alike
distinguished for this maternal excellence. But
when we thit when we think how many millionsonce. humann
belngs have been born, nursed, cradled, washed, clothed and fed through the helpless period of thrancy, and througn the wayward years of
childhood, and remember how larg a chlldhood, and remember how large a share of
the toill, care, and responsibility involved in all this nursery work, has fallen to the lot of mo-
thers, and been pertormed by them with so hiers, and been pertiormed by them with so fow
evellious murmurs at the dispensations of Pro. vidence, and with so much apparent cheerful-
ness and good-will, we are persuaded that ma lernal patience is an inherent quality in maternal history.
A man can comprehend sometbing of a mother's
love. He is not surprised at the deep joy which thrilis her bosom at at the birth of her first-born. to her heart the babe she calls her own, she feels all a mother's pride. Her emotions or deep fen-
derness towiards the little helpless being juat committed to her watohfull core, may arise in
part from beholding t new creatinn or Provtdence, and in part from the novelty of the fond relationshlp whioh is just began. But it is more
difflcult to account for the after-growth of padifficult to account for the after-growth of pa-
llence which she manifests week after week, month after month, and year after year, and
which seems not only to be daily renewed which
from
tible.
wh
While her babe is in early infancy, the mo.
Wher incessantly attends to its wants. ther incessantly attends to its wants. The mo. There i
not one to whose oare eho ventures io entruatit
 She talks to it. She ohanges 118 apparol. She
folds its to her bosom. She slags the amme wearled lullaby, and continues the amme mono-
tonous rocking of the cradle sometimes for a hour, watohing the halfopen eyea, and dreamy smile of the little one whom she vainly eeeks to
lull to healthfal and calm repose. And when at ength her patienoe triumphs, and the happy
moment comes, and sleepdesconds on the dewy lids of the ehild, she hastens to employ her mutles orms in the other numeroas and varied ment does sbe venture to avert her oye or ear
from the cradle, where the babe of her bosom rituks in its baimy slumber
When unaccountable illne日s has made her
babe more than usually genaltive and fretful, you
have seen her, again and again, after unwearied
effort in rocking and slinging, lay her babe down to rest in the cradle, and again and again run to its little bed, drawn by its sudden and plercing cry, and tase it up and fold it to her bosom, and
sit down in her nursery chair to swig to sit down in her nursery cbair to swing to and
fro to the music of her maternal lullaby, till gentle sleep comes once more to her rellef. And yet her pationce is not exhausted; Indeed, it seemms somethmes that it gains fresh accessions
of strength every day. But the nature of that tience, not merely the monotong of with palot, but the cares, the anxleties, and the trials of maternity, must be to a man a most impene trable mystery.
Ond. the patience of a mother is a wonderful endowment I Its value is not yet tully appre-
clated, its history is yet unwritten. The more clated, its history is yet unwritten. The more
it is contemplated the more wondertul it appears. It is a quality resulting from that fortiso lovely and so pecullar to her sex-a quality nothing else.

## the studies of nature.

"Stand out of my sunshine!" sald Dlogenes to Alexander, when the Greek monarch asked
what service he could render him. Haughty what service he could render him. Haugbty
as the philosopher's reply may sound, it merely as the philosopher's reply may sound, it merely
expresses the honest independence which every highly-cultivated and well-balanced mind may feel
than the acecidental distinctions of rank or for
tune. tune. He indeed deserves our pity who needs
the condescending smile of the proud heartless flattery of the vain, eilher to rouse him to exertion or warm him into happiness The power of self-excitement is the most de sirabie To love knowledge, and it is the mos rare. To love knowledge merely for its use-
fulness- $\begin{aligned} & \text { form and strengthen virtuous dis- }\end{aligned}$ positlons, with the hope of no other reward chieved by fow ; yet it the the simple and direct road to lasting happiness. He Hho can
find intellectual excitement in the fall of an find intellectual excitement in the fall of an
apple, or the hues of a wild flower, may well
 where truths of the loftiest import are plainly this life have no temptations and anxieties of broad and beautifal pages. We do not mean that solitude is biliss, oven where enjoyment is
of the purest kind. An eminence that of the purest kind. An eminence, that places
us above the hopes and fears, the joy and sorus above the hopes and fears, the joy and sor-
rows of social life, must indeed be an unenviable one; but that which puts us beyond the reach of the ever-varying tide of circumstance
and opinion is surely desirable; and nothing on and opinion is surely desirable; and nothing on
which the mind can be employed tends so much study of Ne this state of internal sunshine as the Poltics, love of grarious forms.
everything, in short, which can be acted npon, by the passlons of mankind, have a corroding infuence on the human soul. But Nature, ever majestio and serene, moves on with the same stately steps and beaming smile, whether a
merchantman is wrecked or an empire over merchantman is wrocked or an empire over-
thrown. The evils of man's heart pollute all thrown. The evils of man's heart pollute all
with which they can be Incorporated ; but they
canot cannot denle her holy temple. The doors are indeed closed agalnst the restless and the bad; log the radiant goddess is ever at the altar, will love her quitet beauty. Ambition may play mighty game; it may task the sinews of nacions, and make the servile multitude antoma-
ton-dancers to its own storm $\begin{aligned} & \text { musle ; but suan, }\end{aligned}$ and moon, and stares so forth on thelr sublime mission independent of fits power; and its utmost efforts cannot change the laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow. Avaand dry up the human soul; but but of sympathy wittin pomp of summer, or restrain the proilgality of autumn. Fame may lead us on in parsuut of gititering phantoms, until the diseamed mind
loses all relish for sabstantial loses all rellish for sabstantial good; but it can-
not share the eternity of not share the eternity of light, or the immor-
tallty of the minutest atom. steered his bark ever so akillully throngh has sea of politics, rarely, if ever, Ands a quitet haven. His vexations and his triumphs have all beon of an excluing character; they have depended on outward circumstances, over which he has very limited power; and when the tarbulent
scene has passed away, he inds, wo late that seene has passed away, he finds, 100 late, that
he has 11 ved on the breath of otilera, sind that
haples he What is the exper
only
 happlysestil oommerce ? Does he And that gold Y You may see him hurrylog about to purchase it in small quantities, Wherever thy but the articie is too ethereal to be baled for future use, and tis toon evaporates amid the emp-
Uiness of his intellootural warto ness of his intelleotual warehouse.
$H 0$ that IIves only
happlness and inventy for fame. will and that aoguaintance. Even if he coald ocilch speaking the raln-
bow he has so eagerly pursued, he would nid
it lis light fuotuating with oach obynging sun-
beanmand funding at the touch of overy passing cloud. Nor is he who han wasted the onergles
of his youth in disentanglling the knoty skeln
of controveray more likely to and the eveln
dogmatism or of doubt may have grappled him closely, and converted his eariy glow of
feelling, and elasticity of thought, reeling, and elasticity of thought, into rancor-
ous prejudice or shattered faith. But the dee streams of quiet or shattered falth. But the deep
streught and pare philosoph gush forth abundantly from all the hiding
places or Nature ; there ts paces or Nature; there is no drop of bitternes of the Proteus forms of human pride and none as they flow, their peaceful murmurs speak of
heaven. The powerful excitement eaps the strength of man hood, and leaves nothing for old age but discontent and desolation. Yet we need amuse-
ments in the decline of life, even more than in ments in the decline of life, even more than in
its infancy ; and where shall we find any so safe, satisfactory and dignified, as battery and Electric power may be inc
danger than man's ambitincreased with less weigh the air than a neighbor's motives ; it is more disquieting to watch tempests lowering In the poltical horizon, than it is to gaze ai
v गicanoes in the moon and V icanoes in the moon; and it is much easier o
separate and anite the colors in a ray of light than it is to blend the many-coloured hues of corners of angry controversy. Finally, he who
dints dearse by he sharp drinks deeply at the fountaln of naturai science will reffect the cheerfulne is of his own spirit on all things around. If the sympathy of heart
and mind be within his reach he wil more keenly than other men; and If solltude be his portion, he can, in the sincerity of a full
and pious mind, say, to all the and pious mind, say to all the temptations of
fame and pleasure, "Stand ye out of my sunshine!"

## OUT-DOOR RECREATION.

About the manner of employing leisure, there man cerent opinions. some think that a young Joning a mutual improvement or mechan in Institute class, there to study drawing, mathematics, chemistry, grammar, and the sciences. his mind by reading to be at home improving his mind by reading good books, and perhaps
attending a weekly prayer-meeting. Every allending a weekly prayer-meeting. Every one
will have his own idea of the proper employment of ietsure ; but all will be agreed that the very worst use of leisure is to spend it in drink ing-places.
What we
Whatt we wish to enforce here, Is, that however proftable it may be for young men to cullivate their minds during a portion of their let-
sure time, it is of quite as greatim they should employ a still larger share of that they should employ a still larger share of it in
the cultivation of their physical health. We suspect the necessity for this is often overlooked in
his countrin towns espe wiy, we undergo a tremendous wear and tear of brain. We thus too often exhaust the springs of life at their very source; we become prematurely old, wrinkled and gray; we cease to
njoy ilfe, because we luve los. njoy life, because we have lost that healthy vigor or the fall enjoymentent and use of 11 fe ; ; and then
for after we have lost it ! Our yoist prectous thing, arter we have lost it ! Our youth has gone,-our
vital energy has evaporated. We have fagged at the desk, and pored over ledgers and day books, unt11 we have, perhaps, become full in viands enough, but have no longer teeth wich which to eat them. We can purchase music, but are not able now to dance to it. We can travel scenery; but express," into the most deliclous reast ; but alas : there is a twinge of the able dyspent "stitch" th the liver, or a miserwhich makes green-sicikness of mind and heart pld, meaningless and unt scenes in nature va-maturely-debilltated manw, who has sacrinced his health and strength at the shrine of wealte.
It is all very well to easses an aversion to belong to the claver con people, is a hypocrite: at heart, he would by
rich like other persons. Are not riop like other persons. Are not riches a source
of power, of honor, of ease, of enjoyment of power, of honor, of ease, of enjoyment-such
as they are ? And do not all men-ay, and ever, 1s, thate these ? What we do say, how.
 soarce of its enjoyment - is our Hife, and the Woalth and its rewards at far too high a price men would therefore recommend the young leisure, to havpof late years obtained greater time no disen a considerable portion of the exerolses and pleagan from business to healthy Who has been sitting at a desk, or starding berk hind a coountir all day, to atew, or starding be-
room with handredif up in a but Wholosome - is indeed most hurtfol, not
only to body, but to mind. tem that wants play and relaxation. Hisal lunga
need expanslon erclise.
In Eumerican gentleman, recouly a traveller thing in the written thus:-"I know of no. struck me at arst as so entirely nations which for out-door sports. In Entirely new, as a love
through a village Ithat, I did not pass through \& village without niding the preen
orloket-ground; and be it remembered, not
with with boys at play on th, but men-men often of the boat-racest where the the season were
gathered ; gentlemen Blding, and the nobleman and student rank pre-
sit tuging at the oar as eagorly as tha mo mechandent tugging or water-
man. In September trip through the ber we were makling our fort-
scarcely found an inn so sor seotland, and we
crowded with gentlemen, shooting, riding; or pethe zest and eagerness of boys let out and with On the Continent, with the exception of sung. ary, there is not such a passion for exciting feld-sports ; but the same love for the open air. In Paris, a pleasant day will fill the Champs Elysees with cheerful parties, sipping their corfee under the shade, or watching the thousand
exhibitions golng on in open assemblies. And exhibitions golng on in open assemblies. And
in the provinces, every man who can have a In the provinces, every man who can have a
spot six feet by ten in the fresh air, uses it to sip spot six feet by ten in the fresh air, uses it to sip
his wine or take his ' potage' therein. In Gerhis wine or take his 'potage ' therein. TnGer-
many, the country houses seem to be made without reference to houseoor llving, and people everywhere take their meals or receive their friends in balconies or arbors. Every city has its fall. There are open-air, games, too, where old and young take part; and, in summer, the
studying-classes, or all who can get leisure, are studyling.elasses, or all who can get lelisure, are
off on pedestrian tours, through the Harz, or of on pedestrian tours, through the Harz, or
Switzerland, or nearer home. There is throughment, of plays and athletic sporten-arr movo Americans, as a people, know ilttle.'

## NEWS NOTES.

Marshal Serrano was received with great enthusiasm on his arrival at Madrid.
General Concha has been appointed GeneralRallway compenles between Onicago New York have advanced their rates 5c. par 100 lbs.
Measures are already being taken to secure term.
Minister Washburne is said to have peremp torily declined the Secretaryship of the Treasury.
The question of the reorganization of the drid.
The Spanish Government, after the capture of Bllbao again applied to Germany to recognize the Republtc.
The betrothals of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and Duchess Marie of Mecklenburgh have been arranged.
A Madrid despatch says the Carlists under Dou Alfonso have been defeated with heavy loss by the Republicans.
It is rumored as probably that Queen Victoria accompanied by the Dute and Duehess of EdinThe Carists are
The Carlists are returning in strong force to Gen. Dominguez will be appointed ${ }^{\text {Minister of }}$ War.
New Yor's steamship agents estimate a deblic for this season of riom the travelling pubaccount of the recent ocean disasters.
A number of Chinese at Shanghal attacked the set fire to an and sacked their houses. The police were compelled to fire on the mob to restore In reference to the Geneva Award, it was stated in the United States Senate that the money would be distributed among sufferers
from rebel cruisers, and not among insurance companies.
Marshal Serrano says the Carlist movement los has issued a proclamation to his followerlos has issued a proclamation to his followers,
expressing his confidenca in the ultimste trioxpressing his con
The representatives at Washington of the Contesting parties for the Governorship of the
State of Arkansas have, after a lengthy sitting forwarded a despatch to Little Rock, advising that the Arkansas Legislature shall be called together to deolde the question as to who received Lhe greatest number of votes at the November be dismissed, excepting a boly-guard not exeeding one company, and that, pending the decislon of the Assembly, the contestants shall in Rock desparfere with each other. A Little quorum of the states that Baxter says that a his call ond Legislature has assemblisd under tion of the Washington representatives.

Conversation is a sort of grand review of our intellectual powers, and we cannot be too Some men's army muster and marshal them. musicians : their talt is entirely made up of rhapsody; others' all artillery: they is speak in words hard as cannon-balls," however trivial may be the subject of discourse. He is judiclous Who sets out his army in such a way that the forces-heavy horse or light foot-come up as they are no longer required. With the first ory of pain, the pleasant little band of pl pers that set to work, and the wounded should be borne from the field without the silghtest word of exthe content, wo mhonid foilow the xaminie of the French soldiers at Foutinbras, who, with a beautiful p
firat.
ou, would we tuo had never met

Oh, would we two had never met, Or, meeting hal not dared to love, Fhis sweet delusive dream of love Methought ye loved me as a friend, Or onty as a sister dear;
This trustin; falth did nought but tend This trusting falth did nought but te
To make thee doubly, trebly dear.

When first ine pressed your lips to mine, In that impasioned ling'ring kiss, Or why that thrilling sense of bliss?

Sincere esteem I felt for thee, Of love I did not even dream; But Love will aye be lord supreme.

In lorilly hall, in low'y cot
He wields o'er all a power divine Oh, can it be that lot is mine?

Oh, had we met in bygne years,
When both from other ties were free;
Noreasin then for sighs and tear.,
Nosin in love 'twixt ye and me.
'rwas not to be. 'Tis wrong, I know, For us to even own Love's spell;
To fate's siern mandate we must bow May Heaven bless thee !-fare ye well.

## BELLE

It was indeed a day of excitement.
The court was densely packed, for far and near young Herbert Howard was known. He was a kind of people's favorite-an Adonis popular games, and a horseman of in all the popul

An orphan, as was supposed, brought up under the care of one whom he called Aunt Becky, h had grown to manbood the most promising of all tae young men of those parts.
dock, that day, charged with the crime of horse stealing.
Numer
Numerous thefts of fine horses had occurred but so shrewd were the thieves, that, despite ail the vigilance of the people and the efforts of
thief takers, not a horse had been recovered nor thief takers, not
a rogue captured.
But now the veil was drawn aside, and there stosd the gay-hearted, laughing-eyed Herbert could doubt that, in that hitherto fivorite the public beheld the chief of the gang, whos robberies had caused so much excitement and loss in the comery round about.
The triai o;ened,
The triai ofentd, and Herth.rt pleaded " No Guilty!" in a vuice clear and ringing, and mien
The indictment srecifically charged the thert of the horse of John Bullit, on the night of
Sunday, May lo, 1sin, sail horse being tracked to a hiding-place on the property of the accused witich bore evi tence of hating been the generat rende zvous of the gang of thiceves, whose depre-
dations bad so long baffled the best efforts to arrest.
Upon this indictment the trial procceded. Among the witnes-es was Bullit's beautifn
dalaghter Belle-a dathing, spirited girl of sevendaughter Belle-a dathing, spirited girl of seventeen years, whose facolte horse
Howard $w$ 's charged with stealing.
She sat in the court, quite is much the centr of notice as the pisoner himselt
Her flathing eyeand self-confident demeanor bespoke the woman of decision.
At her side sat. a young lawyer, named Henry Buford, a protege of John Bullit, a a d therefore constant attendant upon the bjautiful Belle. He was regarded as the acceptel suitor for
ber hand, having the contidenee of her father, ber hand, having the contidenee of
and pr,mising well in his profession.
and promising well in his profession.
His sinall black eyes, overarcied by heavy and straigit-drawn brow, gave to his face half-bierce, hatisuspicious expression, as if be Bullit himself. and several of his nelghbors who had tracked the horse to the hilling-place, were among the summoued, presenting a pow-
eiful array of respectable. witnesses agalnit the elful array of res
young prisoner.
young prisoner.
Ono by one they gave their evidence.
It seemed but a formula to be gone
With as a proper step to a couviction
added only to the weight of suspicion agaced Howard.
The horse was secreted on his premises.
His own bridle and saddl? were found nea at hand, and by them a leather glove marked hh his name.
He was seen prowling round Bullit's build ings, by the young lawyer, on the night of the her.
He had no ostensible means of income, yet was always well supplied with money.
He was much away from home, making long panions several young men of rough exterior

Against this array of evidence Herbert had not a word to offer. By the practice of th
testify in his own behalf. Bytify in his own behalf.
Not a solitary soul
Not a solitary noul stood forward to oppe he tide against him.
Almost every person present felt sympathy for the young man blending with their indigua-
But the chain of evidence against him was too strong, and when the judge declared in open
court that there was not a shadow of a doubt of court that there was not a shadow of a doubt of
the young man's guilt, all present inwardly the young man's guilt, all present inwardly
acquiesced.
The jury pronounced him guilty without The jury pronounced him guilty without
eaving their box, and Herbert was returned to leaving their box, and Herbert was returned to
prison to come forth on the morrow to receive prison to
That evening as Bullit sat in his library, reviewing the events of the day, the folding Window opening out upon the porch suddeng flew open, and a woman burst into the room.
Wite travel-stained dress, and cloak and hair Wita travel-stained dress, and cloak and hair
dishevelled, she confronted the astonished man dishevelled,
like a fury.
"Who are you, and what do you want?" he demanded, in severe tones.
"Who am I ? I am your enemy, as you are
mine. You have condemned the innocent; mine. You have condem the cone ty O Oht; come here to condemn the guilty! Oh, the
wrong I have suffered at your hands cries to Heaven for vengeance. Vengeanee, good Lord ! give me vengeance ou this man who persecutes
his own blood, and brings a noble life to dishonor! Vengeance!" she shrieked, raising her tall form to its fullest height and upstretching ber arms in her almost insane fury.
The man cowered before the wild
The man cowered before the wid
a thunterbolt had smitten him.
if a thunterbolt had smitten him.
Her words rang in his ears like the cry of a wounded tiger, and the awful imprecation in-
voked sent a thrill of horror through him. voked sent a thrill of horror through him. to his feet.
"I am the wife of your brother, Noble, whom
you allured from me-cursed be the day! you allured from me-cursed be the day! I
loved him and he loved me, but your pride stepped in to make him scorn an alliance with one so common born as 1, the daughter of Peter Hines. Oh, the day-the day he left me with loving words on his lips, but he never came
back. You sent him away; where is he? I back. You sent him away; where is he ?
demand my husband at your hands, now that you have robbed me of my boy."
"Your boy! What have I to do with your boy?" he asked, in his amazement.
"What have you done? You have tbrust him into prison; you have charged him with a base crime; sou have--"
"Woman, is Herbert Howard your son?" He turned deathly pale as he pat the question, and the intensity of his gaze showed how
great was the apprehension now galning the mastery.
" My son - Noble's son, and your own once full ot pathos and reproach.
once full of pathos and reproach.
"My God! Can this be?" gasped the now stricken man. "Why is his name. Howardwhy -" less for the moment, into his chair.

I came here years $n g:$, to be, first, where I could educate my boy, and second, in the fuint
hope that Noble, my husband, would return. I hope that Noble, my husband, would return. I
have hitunted your premises like a shadow. I have watched for bis coming dally, nightly, for
years.
"Oh, so long, so long. keeping my sorrow to he was not even letting my dear boy know that he was my' son and your nep'iew, for, had he
learned all, he cert, inly would have slain you for your crime in stealing away his father.
"I heard tuat Nobie was in M I "I heard that Nobie was in M $M$, and thither I went, four months ago, and in my absence you
have seized my boy, and now he awaits the sentence that consigns him to infamy and me from your hands."
The wretehed mother droped her chin upon The wretched mother arsped her chin upon was most patuful to hear.
Bullit sprang to ber side.
In tones broken and tremulous with emotion, he exclaimed-
"As $G$ in is my witness, I never knew the
blow I struck when I drove Noble from you. I blow I struck when I drove Noble from you. I
thought your aliance with him would readily be forgotten; but, oh, how deeply mistaken I have been I now know.
knees; and, so help me Heaven, I will save Herbert yet." how kiss the hand that has been so cruel to me.
She
me."
She seized his hand, but he drew it away.
"No; not yet, not yet
"No; not yet, not yet. It you will let me me hear you say I am forgiven, I will be a happier man."
And seizing her hands in his own, the two gazed iuto each other's faces.
The compact was sealed by the forgiveness
now gleamug in that haggard, but still nobl womanly face.
A strange scene was enacted in the court next
Ballit, to the surprise of the great crowd assembled, demanded a stay of proceedings on the
ground of new evidence calculated to faror the ground of new evidence calculated to faror the
pri-oner.
But before the hum of this surprise had subslded, there stalked into the court the well-
known form of Davies, "one of the most clever At his side walked the beautiful Belle Builit,
clad in a riuing habit th
解 was sadly solled and Proceeding to the front, while a profound silence reigne in the vast assembly, he sald-
"May it please the court, this lady bere," "May it please the court, this lady here,"
pointing to the flashing-eyed girl ot bis side, polnting to the flashing-eyed gir at his side,
"three weeks ago plared me on the trail of the "turee weeks ago plared me on the trail of the followed that trail without a break. It did not end in your gaol, where lay an innocent man awaiting the sentence that should blast an
honorable name; but it ends here, and there is honorable name ; but it ends here, and there is
your man." his voice rang out like a bugle, as his out stretched finger point
lawyer, Henry Buford.
"I charge him with being the thief, or worse than a thiet-a cowardly assassin, for he has endeavored to murder the fair name of the
only man who lay in his track in bis destgn upon the hand and fortune of this young lady.
A gleam of swift intelligence shot from eye to eye, and face to face, across that now inten-
sely excited assemblage, as Herbert and Belle flashed glances upon one another; but the nex instant came the sharp crack of a pistol, followed almost instantaneously by another report,
and young Buford fell forward, shot in the heart. All was is still as death.
The appalling trag
rint human belng.
standing up beside the prisoner's dock, ex claimed
"I shot him to save Davies."
And so it was that the detective just escaped death at the hands of the baffled villain.
Seeing that he was in toils that no hand could break, Buford suddenly drew a pistol from his breast coat pocket, and aiming it at Davies, murderous purpose, for Bullit anlicipated the act by his own timely shot, and the assassin's bullet flew high in the air.
The crowd, so silent and rigid before, now broke forth in one wild huzza.
In a moment more the multitule was a seeth ing mass, yet all moving, as with one impulse, Hards the door.
Herbert Howard was in the van of that crowd and, once outside, was lifted on the shoulders of
two brawny men, and borne in triumph to two brawny men
Bullit's resldence.
Belle was there before the crowd arrived
Beside her, on the step, stood Aunt Becky, $n$ longer the wild, haggard-looking woman of the previous day, but the happy-faced mother eager to clasp ber boy to her breast.
Leaping from the shoulders of the men, He "Dear aunt!"

## "My son-oh, my son!"

This was their greeting, and many were the moist eyes that witnessed
A moment they were clasped; then Herbert, with glowing face, extended both hands to Belle
She took them not, but throwing her arms around him, kissed his lips lovingly.
"Saved, darling-saved by you!" he said, gazing down into her radiant face.
"Oh, no, not by me, but by Davles, who
hunted the real thief down, and from him wrested the secret I have long suspected-that Harry Buford had plotted the theft of the horse to desiroy you. Our stolen meetings must have
become known to him; and I tuink he found one of your notes to me, which I lost. I learned enough by watching and inquiry to put Davies
on the rigi, track. Thit is all." n the rigb' trac
Davies in a few words had made known what
He had found the rogue, who, for a smal sum of money, paid by Buford, had stolen the
horse, as well as Herbert's own bridle, saddle, horse, as well as Herbert's own bridle, saddle,
and glove, had secreted them in one of the and glove, had secreted them in one of the absconded to escape suspicion
All thits was attested, and the jurg, without Howard not guilty, and the order forimmediate Howard not guilty
release was given.
When Bullit returned home, some singular velations were recived and mad
Herbert was astonisbed to kearn that his good aunt was his ovrn dear mother-that his real
name was Herbert Howard Bullit-that Belle name was Herbert
was his own cousin!

Bullit was astonished to learn that Belle and Herbert had long loved one another, and onl awaited her majority to wed-that. Belle h.d the night previous to have Davies in court at the proper moment.
Belle was astonished at the mixed condition of matters generally; and, at an early hour withdrew to her own chamber to gather her
scattered senses, and think over the day's sad and happy episodes.

Tbree months lather witnessed a delightful
Noble Bullit having returned, was a happy man.
He not only reclaimed his deeply-wronged Wife, but became once more a lover, aud, under
the influence of love's magic touch, she seemed again to renew her youth.

On the culminating scene of this drama, we
$e$ permitted to gaze, in the crowning eventare permitted to gaze, in the crowning event-

MY MAID FENELLA.
One night I went with Carlos, whose engagement ring I had worn just one week, down to
the litle bridge that runs over the stream, to the litle bridge that runs over the stream, to
look at the reflection of the moon in the water. We said it was for that; and as an artist Carlos was always supposed to be on the look out all that sort of thing; but when one hats only been engaged a week, the midst of a circle of merry tourists is not always the pleasantest place to stay in. We longed to be atone fur a
moment or two, that is the truth of the matter. moment or two, that is the truth of the matter. But when we reached the bridge we found we
were not alone. There, leaning over the handrail, a pretty picture in her peasant dress, with her long black bralds hanging down her back, -a gentleman, I could see even in that dim light. He held Fenella's hand, as we passed were lovers evldently, and the next day when we were alone I spoke to Fenella about it.
She only dropped me a little courtesy
She only dropped me a little courtesy, and blushed shyly, and said nothing ; and -I-I was not old enough to preach to her, and I was quite romantic enough to belleve that any gentleman
might fall in love with beautiful Fenella, and might fall in love with beautiful Fenella, and
be glad to make her his wife. Would I have be glad to make her his wife. Would I have would he have thought me less his inate had I been a peasant girl? We beheved not. So I took counsel of my lover, and we decided that it was all very sweet and beautiful, and that all lovers were as true as we were; and we said nothing to the older folks about Fenella's lover. I think that somehow Fenslla and her lover guessed how we felt. They never seemed to
heed us when we met in lonely spots. It was always evening, and I never quite saw his face, but he had a the cloak he wore we suw the flash of jewels. He was some one of wealth if oot of consequence, that was evident.
We tarried in that old villa only a few brief weeks. Those who had the direction of the
party whisked us away to "do" other places before we two were tired of it; but ere I parted with my maid Fenella, hired only for the time of our solourn, I had grown to like her very her, as she bralded my hair for the last 11 me : her, as she bralded my hair for the last time:
"Fenella, betore next summer come I shall be married. You guess who is to memy husband, of course. Would you like to come and band, of course. Would you like to
be my maid when I am married?"
She blushed, and gave me that little courtesy of hers.
hould glad Miss Pansy is to be so happy. I but Miss Pansy will tell nobody? I am married." She put her hand into her bosom and drew "He is very well born, aud we must keep it se cret awhile; but he loves me very much, and $I$, ah ! how well I love him!"
So we excaanged confldences, I and my maid and the next day we parted
I returned home, but it was long before 1 quite forgot her pretty face and pleasant ways. Indeed, I cannot say truly that I ever quite forgot them, but I heard no more of her. I was married before the next spring came,
and I lived a bappy life with my husband for five pleasant years. Every spring we spoke of Italy, and planned to visit again the town where se nad met and learned to love each other
but it was not unill the sixth that we really carried out our plans, and after a week of trasel carried out our plans, and after a week of travel quatint old place where Fenella had been my
mad, and where I had dreamed my love-dream maid, and where I had dreamed my love-dream and knew she had dreamt hers.
The old villa in which we had dwelt stood
empty that summer, and, to make our visit empty that summer, and, to make our visit
still more full of sweet memories, we hired still more full of sweet memories, we hired
it for the season. With it we also hired the same old inan and woman who had mintstered to the wants of the large party of toarists who mer.
We two only had returned to $1 t$, and we lived In two or three of the many rooms in a sort of Buhemian fashion wbich we found very plea
The very first day I had questioned the old woman about Fenella, and slic had shaken he head. "Fenelia is dead," she said. "She died three months ag","
"Noboly knows where hels," the old woman said. "While madam was here with ber party, vanished, no one knew how or where Then Fenella was very unhappy, but she told no one arything. She lived here in this house with an English lady, who took her as her maid, unti the lady herself died. She used to sit by the window of that littie room and weep. I have
seen her; but she never told any one why. seen her
Never!"
Then my old servant shook her head again, and departed kitchenward, leaving me to think come to my little watting-maid. That. at least, was evident.
The litite room that had been Fenella's open. ed out of mine. It was a small apartment,
with a Iftle folding bedstead placed agalnst with a inttle folding bedstead placed against
the wall, a statuette on a bracket, a chair, a table the wall, a statuelte on a bracket, a chair, a table, and in the window a great box, in which grew
some plante, and a great creeping vine which

Whenever I entered this room I felt a chill creep though me, and grew sad. that from the first and supposed it told me behad a strong effect upno me.
The image of Fenella weeping at the window seemed to bave impressed itself upon my mind, so that I could almost see her sitting there. As I lay in my bed, with the communicating door open, and watched the moonlight falling In cbequered patches through the vine leaves
down upon the floor, I often fancle: that if I did but lift my volce aisd call "Fenella," I should soe the trim form, in its pretty peasant bodice, see the trim form, in its pretty peasant borice,
trip across the sill. Often I even imagined the trip across the sill. sitling beside the great box,
ontline of a figure
bent forward toward it. It was only a sha !ow ; bent forward toward it. It was only a sha!ow;
only a futter of the leaves; only something in only a flutter of the leaves; only something in my own eyen, or my own braln
how much I thought of Fenella.
how much I thought of Fenclla.
Here she hall lived, here sorrowed; and thrre are some who believe that the lives of those npon it ever after, affecting the after-dwellers very mysteriously. And we all know that there are rooms in which we cannot be comfortable,
and others where a certain sense of peace possesses us, without any such tangible reasons as
good or bad ventlation, pleasant outlook, or good or bad ventilati
gloomy surroundinga.
gloomy aurroundinga.
Once across the still of Fenella's room, I felt Instantly oppr
At last I awakened one ight with atrange ohill upou me. It was not the chlll that prethought given to those mysterles, which all sensible people profess to doubt, will send it creeping through the blooi of almost any one exist-
ing. I had been thinking of nothing, dreaming of nothing; but I awakened with this chill upon me, and looking through the door of the ittle rsom I have spoken of, which I naturally
did whenever I opened my eyes, I saw Fenella. did whenever I opened my eyes, I saw Fenella.
Yen, my maid Fenella, Just as she had looked Yek, my maid Fenella, just as she had looked her red bodice, the white sleeves of her chemltangible garments. Her black braids fell to her knees. Around her neck hung the black velvet ribbon on which I knew she wore her wedding-
ring. She was weeplng bitterly, and bending as she wopt over the box in which grew the Fines and fowers which flung their shadow on
the moonlit floor, so that she aeemed to water them with her tears.
My frst thought waa that the old woman was miataken-ibat Fenella lived and had returned
to the villa in the night without thinking that it was inhabited.
"Fenella," I called-" Fenella, it is Miss
Pansy; don't be afrald." But, as I spoze, she was gone-gone without moving from the spot-gone as a bubble bursts
and vaulshes. I uttered a scream that aroused and valishes. I uttered a screa
dream, and tried my best to thint whole scene a fore three days had passed, I saw Fonella agajn. This time I was not sleeping. I was in the
garden, and looked throukh the window; and what I saw this time was Fenella, kneeling beslde the flower-grown box, making the sign of
the crows above it. Her face was Hke the face the crous above it. Her face was Hke the face
of deatia; her hands waxen white, like those of of deatis
a corpee. ses, and was found by Carlos Iying in a deathuke swoon upon the grass, ten minutes after.
This time it could not be a dream ; but still nothlog could make my busband belleve that
I had seen a spirit, nor that I was a believer in ghosts. "Optieal illusion" is a good suggestion -we used itw Carios explained why it should have taken the doctor.
Weeks had passed. I had accopted my husband s version of my vision. I looked upon my Felf as the victim of optical llusion. I saw ing seen her, or for having fancled it. And the ing seen hed almoat come for our return home, When, one night, we entertalned one or two
English friends in our little villa; and betweon the pauses of song and chatter, some curiosity that we had picked up in our to get it
It was a dark night. No moon flung its raawinging lamp illuminated my apartment; but that inner room, once my maid Fenella's, was
bright with a strange silvery light that seemed tig grow as I looked upory it. And, as I stood motionless,
Fazagal.
Fenella, paler than ever-but thls time ntrangely cocupied. Bhe was digeing in ithe earth
about the roots of the vines, and heaping the mould into the form of a new-made grave.
"Fenella," I said. She did not vanish. "Fenella," I screamel. She turned toward me I saw that a new-born babe lay upon her breast.
she made the sign of the oross above it and
was gone. back to my guests without having
I crept back ncreamed or fainted. I ha i determined not to bereamed or fcoffed at as a ghost-coer. I even kept my strange thing happened. A tempest swept acrange the onguntry and took our vilia in its way. It demollshed a chimney and the deep window of Fenelia's room; with it the
box and the great luxuriant vines.
box and the great luxuriant vines.
We ant for workmen to clear away the rabWe sent for workmen to clear amay the rub-
blsh, and this is what they found a mong it, blsh, and this is what iney had grown: A little box, in which lay the tinl-
est skeleton human eyes ever rested upon, and about its neck a little golden chain, to which hung a heavy, plain gold wedding-ring,
this name engraved within it: FENELLA.

## REMEMBRANCES.

I think of thee
When the soft volces of the nightingales a sweet and plaintive wirblings to the night Ring through the vales.

解
I think of thee
By the cool waters of the shaded fountains; Glisten the mountains.

Where thinkest thou of me? I think of thee
With many tender hopes and anxioum fears, assionate longings for the one I love,

How thinkest thou of me? 0 , tulnk of me
Unifl wo met agsin sone happler day,
TIII then, however distantly my feet TIII then, however distantly my feet may roam,
I think
and pray
Only of
Only of thee-of thee

## THE HAUNTED STUDENT

In an upper room in one of those $\%$ nat houses
hich in large German cities are let in iials an rooms to large Germancities are lelin inals and rooms to nany occupants, sat about raldnigh
of a warm spring day four young German stu dents, who had drunk quite as much as was good for them, and were loudly and absurdis They in consequence thereof
They grew loud and angry at last, and might have fought with one another to prove their boasts true, but fC, a sudden turn that was given to their co rersation by the elde
quietest, and most sc ous of their number. quietest, and most sc ous of their number.
"My friends," he id, risiug, and leanin across the table, "we a all brave enough where living men are concernid, but there are things
$-\quad$ beings, that we all dread. We feel them about us in the dark. We are conscious of them In moments of solltude. We deny their exist-
once, but we dread their power. The man who would face an armed band is as llable to these terrors as the meanest coward. Let no
man boast that he has no fear untll he has deliod them."

He paused, and looked slowly around him.
Two of the students sat silent for a momen the other birst into a loud, derisive laugh." "You talk like an old woman," he sald "Defy what? Tell me, and I'll do it, I'm nelthe arraid of ghost nor fiend."
"It is midnight," cried the Arst speaker, was, the the table for support; for grave as he of the rest. "Yonder in the moonlight, I can see from the whadow the white crosses of
the graveyard. I dare either of you, medical the graveyard. I dare either of you, medical
students though you are, to go to that gravestudents though you are, to go to that grave-
yard, open a grave, unscrew the cofla therein yard, open a grave, unscrew the coffin therein,
and bring thence something belongiag to the dead man, a frayment of his dress, a lock of Satan's name, I bid you come and clalm your own again.;
Once mor
widd laugh.
"Dare it-why not? Save for the city au thorities, what would there be in such an act to frighten me, who have no dread of the dissect ing-room and do not belive in Satan. Why should
I not dare that, Gotlieb? "Try it and see Herman
n, my friend," sald " I will
"I will," shouted Herman. "I know a little of a place dug in a quiet place yonder. Ikno over. I go, and I will pe may easily soramble as I sald I would. Adiea, for a while Stay Want a spade, a screw-driver, and a knife.
Unfasten the closet donr, Gustave Unfasten the closet donr, Gustave. Give them 0 me . Now wait untli I come igain."
He reeled towards the door as he spoz
"Go If you dare!" sald Gotlieb, in a lo
tone.
"Go
Gol" yelled Gustare. party. "I tell you Gotlieb is right. You will not "Not dare ?" cried Herman. "Hal ha
He dashed out of the room.
The others rusked to the window and peered It was a house of four stories
Under every row of wladows ran a quaint
The moonlight sparkled in the narrow stree
below.
Through it, looking up at them with another wild langh, they gaw Herman run, wrapped in with him.
He turned in the direction of the graveyard. down around the table.
"He will do It," sald Gustave.
"He dare not," sald Gotlieb.
Jean drew his watch from his pooket, and laid before him.
So they sat for an hour.
Gotlieb finally fell hsleep, his arms folded The moon had set.

The narrow street was enveloped in darkness, save where a few yellow ligits glimmered from All was silent as the grave when the clock in the church-tower dropped one solemn stroke into the night, and as it died away, swifl feet sound-
ed on the pavement, then upon the stairs, and ed on the pavement, then upon the stalrs, and paused at the door, which was flung open to re eal the form of Herman Hummel.
He was. wrapped in his cloak, as he had been But then them.
and his eyes bright. had been scarlet flushed, and his eyes dim, cold expressionless, unk in his head.
He cast the spade on the poor, flung back his cloak, which dropped to the ground, and, advaucing, lald upon the table something which he black cloak had enveloped.
It Was a woman's hand, exquisite as Gresk
sculpture, and white with the waxen hue ot sculpture, and White with the way
death.
It had been severed at the wrist.

I did as I promised "t the wrist.
proof. And I bade her co In Satan's name. I'm ntt afrald of Satan In Satan's name. Im nit afrald of Satan.
I'm not afrajd of her. Though she said-"I
will,"
Then he dropped forward into Gustave's arms insensible.
He came to himself in a few moments, aughed, drank deeper, idled with the dead hand, and finally embalmed it in spirits and But his manner was unnatural, and as his But his manner was unnatural, and as his
friends bade him good-night, they felt it to be
When all were gone, he abandoned the efforts at cheerfuiness, and cast himself upon the lounge which formed his sleeping-place, with a
sort of groan. Wrapping the counterpan
trove to sleep, bat in vain.

## Hove to sleep, bat in vain. Hour after hour passed on <br> Hour after hour passed on, and the grey dawn

 Lifing his head, he looked towards the win.Something stood outside of it -a woman'
figure, slender and small, clay in a long white obe. It seemed to be gazins upon him.
Cold with torror he ntared at
Ithifted its arms slowly and strangely over
Horror
Horror of horrora! on the left wrist there wat
"Sle has cop
And, with a sorgam the figure vartighed
The next day Gotlleb $\overline{\text { Vin }}+\mathrm{tas}$ informed that his friend, Herman Hummel, lay ill with a over, and was quite delirious.
His student friends nursed him well.
The fever vanished iu due time, and he should have recovered entirely.
But, contrary to all probabilities, he atill ro cainel weak and nerveless.
He took no interest in anylhing
He could not be roused.
Once or twics, haviag bien lett alone, he was found trembling with excitement an: horror. hilling his face in the pillows, bat he always refused to give any explanation of the cause of his Indeed.
Indeed, after a few days of apparent convalesceuce, he trok to his bel asait, an l hoar b hour, day by day, seemed to grow weaker and
woaker.
The three friends took turns in watching with was the most constant
He blamed bimself for the graveyaris episode, which he belleved hal brougtht this illuess upon Herman, and oould not do enough to atone forlt.
"Herman, my friend," he said one night, "I belleve that something I know nnthing of uls-
tarbs your peace. Will yoricond le in meg I tarbs your peace. Will yon.confle in
would help you if I could, believe me."
Herman turned his hollow eyes upon him.
"No man can help me," he said; "r com
mitted saorilege. I disturbed ant inulitated the dead and I did it in Satan's name. Gstlleb, retribution fell swiftly upon me. She came to me that night; she stood at the window, she llfted her arms, and I saw the wrist from which I vanished."
vered vanished."
"It was
dream."
"I have no fever now," said Herman ; "and many times before, always on moonlight come ings. I was a wake, I nwear. She suod there at the window in her shronil, and looked in." "You have dwelt upon the thought until
your mind ts disordered," saili Gotileb. "N Ny, your mind is disordered," sain Gotice. "Nay, your eyes ?
"I will destroy it-or, better, tell me how to and the grave whence you took it, and it shall be retu ered; that, I know, will lay the giost.
Herman, for my sake, cast off the unluppy Herman, for my sake, cast off the unthappy
fancy. It is I who caused you to go to the grave yard that night. We had all been drinking too
much; we were fuols-
rest."
Bat he spoke in vain.
Bint he spoke in vain.
Herman only shook bis head.
Gollieb sat quielly beside him untll he slum. ered.
Then, lowering the light, so as to leave the ecution the plan he had already formed.
He took the jar containing the hand from the
sheif where it had stood, and, making his
down into the little garden behind the house, dug a hole, and buried it.
Then, wilh a hopeful heart, he ascended the stairs again.
To his horror, as he ascended the stairs, he heurd his friend'd volce utterlog wild moana Dashing for help.
Dushing the loor open, he rusbed in.
Herman was sitting up in bed, staring towards a corner of the room, and pointing at
something which stood there with one thin finger.
"For Heaven'a sake !" Gotlieb began, but he said no more.
His blool curdled in his veins.
He felt powerless to nove another step forward.
In the faint light that fell throngh the open window, he saw a ngare standing just within the
The figure of a fair young woinan, dressed in white, who stretched her arma before her as one Oue of these arms ended in a beautiful ittile hand, from the other the hand was gone. "Can such things be ?" gaid Gollieb to himself.
"Nay, I will not stand staring here I will know what that is. It is no sladow-itis sub-
stance. What the eyes can see the hands can surely feel."

## He rorced-himself to

The object stood perfectly stlll
He stretched out his hand and eaught folds of Helln in his fingers.
"Herman," he crited, "this is no ghost, it is a living woman. Can you turn the light a little higher?"
In a m
In a moment more the yellow lamp-light alled the room, and th
upon a strange sight
upon a strange sight. istic slumber; her eyes were open, but saw no: hiius; her dress was only a nigat-robe, her feet were bare.
She had certalnly ibst a hand, but she was no She
ghost.

Who is she? "Wbat is she ?-Where doed be come from?" cried $G$ stlieb.
Butat that instant a voie was
Butat that instant a voice was heard on the a oloak, hurried in.
"I am frightened to death," she cried.
thought she had leapt the baloony. Pardon inor child, gentlemen-she walky In her si-. dent in which she lost her hatd. Some. times I sleep, and she escapes me. I am the
Widow Henrioh. I Ifve in the next room. If she awakes here she will die of shame. Let me lead her awny. I never awaken ber."
Gotlieb politely bowed and stood aside.
The old woman led the young sleep-Walzor away, and he closed the Window behind them. From that moment Herman Hammel re-
oovered rapidy, and soon there was no need of covered rapidig, ind
watching with him.
Circuinstances soon parted him from Gotlieb Nun, auf theg. did not meet for twelve long months.
At the en I of that time they once more encountered each other.
"Herman""

Herman," said Gratiteb, when the first interchange of c surtesies was orer, "have you ever seen that pretty sleep-walker again?
"Yes," said Herman, "I hwve met
often. I soumht her out an I made her cer very often. I solyht her out an I made her case my
special care, and I have cured her of sleep. special care, and it have cured her of sleep
waiking. She is the sweetest girl in Germany Waiking. She the the sweetest girlin Germany
and, save for the los of that dear litle hand which makes one tenderer of her, you know, The prettiest also."
"I see" sal
"You are lu lope Gotlieb, shrugging his shouldera. "Yes," sald Herman. "I marry her to-mor-
"ow."

## germaine wilde.

## "It is positively shameful !" ejaculatod Lyle

 Curtis. What 9 " asked Miss Germaine Wilde, look ing up from her embroldery.As if you did not know, Germaine !"
"Surely, how should you? What have wo been talking about for the last half-hour ?" "Of the weathor, the latest style of visiting-
cards, Miss Puyson's charity-school, and Kate Kershaw.
te Kurshaw. There you bave it : She it beautiful and fascinating, and nirts with oharm
ing science ; and I say li's a shame.' Ing science; and I say th's a shame.'
"A shame that she firts? Cousin Lyle, one woul I think you liad been wounded.'
"Not $I$. I am all right. But I have known Henry Rideeway fring boghool, and he is the most glorious old fellow in the world-worthy of a quepn. And it makes me growl to think ho should waste himpeif on Kate Kersihaw."
Mis is Wild arche her
Miss Wilde arched her handsome eyebrows
"D, you think her unw.ortliy?"

I daresay. You might ask him, if you feel any curlosity on the subject."
"Germaine, seriously, I am afraid you do not love this man you are promised to! Tell me, cousin. I could not bear to see my little Ger-
maine unhappy," maine unhappy.
She flushed slightly, and put away the hand
Lyle Curtis ext nded to clasp hers. She was not Lyle Curtis ext nded to clasp hers. She
"Lyman to accept sympathy tamely.
presume I shall marry Mr. Lawrence. I lise presume I shall marry Mr. Lawrence. I like lived twenty-seven years in the world, and I regard love as a myth.'

Lyle held up his hands in much horror.
"Twenty-seven, and unmarried 1 Good gra-
ous, Germaine! I don't wonder you are desclous, Germaine! I don't wonder you are des-
perate. Let me see the gray hairs. I'll keep perate. Let me se
" My dear Lyle, they will come in time, like all other disagreeable things. And now let us
talk of Henry Ridgeway. Is there a romance to tell?
"Hardly. It is a very simple story. They met in the country. Two young people thrown constantly together in a great lonesome house,
summer afteruoons in the woods, moonlight summer afterucons in the woods, moonlight
walks, rides at sunset, and then the inevitable Walks, rides at sunse, and then the inevitable
consequence. She softened her pride, and lent Willing ear to words he was only to ready to and loyal."

Perhaps she is."
"I tell you she is not. I know ber thoroughly. She is a gay, heartless woman of the world. come is barely sufficient thousand, and herinand point lace. Don't you see?
"Yes, I see. How hot the sun is ! Hand me
that fan, Lyle, please." hat fan, Lyle, please."
'Lyle Curtis looked at his cousin throngh his balf-closed eyes. She was an enigma to him;
whe had always been. He saw a dark face fushed in the lips and cheeks to crimson lighted by great luminous brown eyes, and framed in wavy bands of black hair. The whole face was full of passion; he almost trembled
with thiukin $h o w$ that woman might love, and with thiuking how that woman might love, and
get, by her own confession, she had never felt single throb uf sweet emotion.
A sudd-n idea swent over him. It was so new that it showed itself in his tace.
"Well, Lyle, what is it?" she ask
at his earnestness. "Oh, Germaine ! if it could only be ! But way.'
"I was thinking of you and Henry Ridgeway " Lyle "-she rose haughtily-" I forgive you because sou are my cousin; and, were it not
too much trouble, I would teach this Henry too much trouble, I
time," returned Lyle, warmly. " 1 'll the same coronel."
"We shall see," she said, and left him to "We" ${ }^{\text {a }}$
himself.
The next morning Henr. Ridgeway came
to Cedar Bluff, came as the escort of Miss Ker. nhaw.
Old Mark Hartley, the widowed proprietor of the finest place for miles round, sought to supply his lack ofkindred by surrounding himself with summer time the old halls rang with merry volces and festlve songs.
Germaine met Ridgeway on the back plazza. She was tying up a stray branch of a rose-bush and the thorns caught her sleeve.
Ridgeway was smoking just behind her on
the steps, and she did not perceive him until he the steps, and she did not perceive him until he
spoke in a quiet, authoritative way. "You are a captlve. Permit. you."
He
knife, and off the offending branch. with his knife, and detached it from her sleeve. Then
their eyes met. She looked up at him, he down at her. Her forehead reached just to his lips He thought of it even then.
What a revelation a single glance will some-
times bake! In that very frist soul spoke to the other, and the language wa understood. Ridgeway grew paleas death, and Germaine fushed to the roots of her hair.
She turned from hina radely, the hall. From there she went anept into the hall. From there she went up to her and with herself. He had exercised with hisa power she had never felt before-this mand who was in the keeping of another woman !
She made a wicked resolve. The idle words she had spoken to Lyle Curtis about the lesson she would teach Ridgeway, should not be idle
words. She looked in the glass. Her face might help her to any conquest. She shut her small hands slowly; the action spoke volumes.
At dinner Mr. Kidgeway was formally pre-
sented. Germaine acknowledged the introsented. Germaine acknowledged the
duction with her usual haughty grace.
duction with her usual haughty grace.
Ridgeway sat beside Kate Kershaw
golden of hair, with eyes amber brown, and a complexion like cream flusbed with meadow strawberry. Her voice was soft and sweet as the ocean wind, and her smile a glory that made ber false, fir face like the faces we think the angels wear.
Ridgeway, cool and calin, talke 1 to Miss Ker shaw, and occasionally looked at Germaine. I think he understood at once bow it was to be
between them. A weok of fin
A week of fine weather and pleasure-seeking
botanical excursions, and delightful mornings

In the conl parlors, and mellow sunset rambles with summer dew
Germaine and Ridgeway were polite to each
other, coldly so, and Kate Kershaw, other, coldly so, and Kate Kershaw, with the
keen instinct of a practised firt, understood keen instinct of a practised firt, understood them better than they understood themselves.
But she could afford to be quiet, for there was But she could afford to be quiet, for there was
"better game in the moors," if it could be "better
One day the party went to Forest Bluff, a covered mostly with scrubby trees, and hangin far out over the sea.
Germaine strayed away from the others, and
went out on the extreme went out on the extreme verge of the rock. The
dizzy height fascinated her. She thought dizzy height fascinated her. She thought she
would like to stoop over and look down. She would like to stoop over and look down. She
did so ; but the insecure footing decelved her, did so; but the insecure footing decelved her,
and in another second she would have been and in another second she would have been
dashed upon the rocks below, if Henry Ridgedashed upon the rocks below,
Way had not caught her back.
One moment he held ber tightly to his breas
his heart his heart beating so that it almost stopped his
breath, and then she tore herself from him with rude haste. Her eyes blazed, hem him face flashed the scorn and anger she felt. "I could almost wish I had let you perish," he muttered, between his closed teeth.
In his hoarse voice she had a
In his hoarse voice she had a triumph. She had the power to move him, even as he could move ber. She felt a sort of flerce delight in who trusted her. Sbe scorned herself the next moment. wondering to what base depthex was sinking.
From Lawrence she shrank with a sort of nervous dread. The touch of his hand angered her. She vaguely wished she had been in her
grave that winter's night, six months before when, in the soft fiush or chandeliers, the sub. dued atinosphere of orange flowers and hotA little later she met Lyle Curtis wife. A little later she met Lyle Curtis alone
Somehow she could not bear to in the eyes now, so she turned her her cousin in the eyes now, so
towards the sunset.
He took her chin and lifted the face into the "Germaine," he said, gravely, " you are play-
ing a dangerous game, and I ain not afraid to ing a dangerous game, and I ain not afraid to wager whatever you please that you will lose.

Her cheeks grow not.
"Lyle, you are impertinent."
"I ask your pardon, but, in teaching Henry Ridgeway a lesson, be careful you do lot learn
it beiore him." it belore him.
Lyle felt himself withering under it. He.
to apologize.
"My dearest cousin," he naid, "my little Germaine-
Butshe struck down the arm he would have put around her and flew up to her chamber. Once there, she fought the battle all over again, and came forth victor for the time. And than hers, no laugh was more frequene readle the end of the fortnight a chere frequent. But at the end of the fortnight a change was coming. fourth day of that month Germaine and on the rence were to be wedded. It had all been arranged previously, and the party at Cedar Bluff
was to be a wedding party at the last. was to be a wedding party at the last.
The night before the wedulng Ger
fused to come down to the drawing re Something made her wish to be alone. But for thought made her haif the terrible chance for thought made her half frantlc. She threw Glancing in at the window, she saw miss shaw, cool, calm, and smiling, sitting on the gloomy and abstracted, leaned against the man telshelf.
Germaine seated herself on the trunk of a
tree and gathered up a handful of the dead
tree and gathered up a bandful of the dead
A footstep sur,
A footstep stirred the dry grass. She rose; hut a strong hand forced her back, and she heard close beside her the heavy breathing of
Henry Ridgeway, and felt his eyes burning down into her own.
"Germaine," he said, hoarsely, " you are to be married to-morrow
She did not speak. Something choked her
He repeated the question He repeated the question.
"You are to be married
"You are t
She bowed.
"And you do not love Genrge LawreneeShe sprang to her feet, her oheeks flushed ber eyes blazing. In that moment of bitte shame she could almost have killed Henry Rid. geway, because of the humiliation he had put

He wripped his arms around her, and held her to his breast so closely she could not struggle.
" My darling ! my darling ! forgive me! I
love you so!! I am half mad ! Where is the use of fighting against it any longer ? You are mine and I am yours; and nothing save are mine divide us.
In that
In that moment what did he care if Kate Kershaw wore the willow, and George Lawrence And suddenly arideless?
smote the silence; and, lo oking the the leaves and Henry stood face to face with Kate and George Lawrence.
Lawrence was the first to recover his self-pos-
He extended his hand to Ridgeway.
A dair exchan
Germaine and
matters in a flash, ard both hearts thanked Heaven devoutly.
kate spoze in her cool, silvery tone :
Mr. Mr. Lawrence is better sulted to my taste, appearances, that Miss Wilde will break her heart."
The next day there was a double wedding at
Cedar Bluff, and four people were made happy.
Henry and Germaine married for love, Kate for
lth, and Lawrence for beauty

## ABSENT. <br> My thoughts are faraway to night, <br> And I, in fancy, se <br> Their laugh rings merrily <br> As through the mazy dance they go <br> With footsteps light as air; so gally flitting to and fro, <br> I wish I were there. <br> One form I see amid the throng- <br> A form to me most dear; And with that form I linger long, Though but in fancy near. <br> Who leads but in fancy near. <br> My own so bitght and fair ? Her dark eges beaming with delight, <br> I wish that I were there. <br> No jealous feelings fill my breast <br> Because I am not there; <br> To be with her, to join the rest, <br> No! though from her I'm far awa <br> I know at least one heart will say <br> know at least one heart will say- "I wish that he were here!" <br> ONLY A GIRL.

"How pretty your cousin is!" Paul Rosslyn aid lazily to Miss Bertha May, as they stood in a cosy corner of a crowded saloon, watching the
dancing.,
"Yes," Bertha replled, her eves following a
"Yes," Bertha replied, her eyes following a
little tigure in blue, dancing with the keen en
Joyment and zest that comes only to the very
oung.
"She will be pretty when her manners are
more formed, and she gets over her hoyden
more formed, and she gets over her ho
tricks."
"I like a tom-boy girl," was the reply.
"Mind, I don't mean a fast woman.
simply detestable; but a girl who is natural and has the fresh vivacity of youth." "You will find plenty of fresh vivacity in Bella," Bertha replied, dryly.
"She is rather overpowering to my taste,
though I love her dearly" hough I love her dearly.
Then a moustached, perfumed exquisite claimed Miss May for a gallop, and Paul RossIn was left aione in his corner.
faultless regularity of feature; largith a facs of whose color changed with every materg eyes a languld manner that suited well the sight very slight drawl in his volce.
The little figure he was watching was most unlike the stately blonde with whom be bad been conversing, the daughter of his hostess.
Isabelle Huntley was neither blonde nor bru Isabelle Huntley was neither blonde nor bru-
nette, having a fresb, clear complexion, brown having a fresb, clear complexion, large curls that nestled closely round her shapel curls that
She was small and thin, and her movemeuts
vere far too abrupt for grace.
Yet she was pretty, too, as she lifted her reat eyes to her partner's face, and lifted he row of milk white teeth in some laughing re-
When she sat down near her aunt, Paul saunt
ered across the room, and commenced aan versation with Mrs. May, which led, as he hoped Huntley to an introduction to " my niece, Miss "This
"This is our nearest nelghbor, Bella," the
lady said," so you will meet him often this
summer."
And Bella, too entirely unconscious of her self-hood to be bashful, held out her gloved of welcome.
Mrs. May left them together, and Bella opened a conversation by informing the gentleman that he knew all about him
No reply following this startling plece of in.
formation formation, she added :
" Bertha drove me past your place yesterday you had just come from America because $m$ you had just come from America because your
father died-oh! I did not mean to say that; father died-oh ! I did not mean to say
"You did not," he said slowly, watching with
lazy udmiration the quick chauges of the expressive face.
"I thought how jolly it must be to own that lovely house and grounds, and do Just as you
please. When I leave school, I've got to remain in the city ; so all the country $I$ ever see is what I find in vacation, when Bertha has me down here. Bert
gratefully.
"Is she ?
Prankness. questioned Paul, amused at her
"Yes!" with a great sigh. "I've got no fa-
ther nor mother, only Uncle Frank, and he's in
China - and Aunt May. But Bertha tries to
make up in vacation for the
rest of the time. Why, do you know, she gave
this party Just to please me; I do so love denc this party Just to please me; I do so love dano"WIll you waltz now 9 " sald Paul.
And in a moment he had taken a place among
the dancers, and was waltzing with the eas grace of motion that is positive with the easy who loves duncing for its own sake.
After the waltz was over he led bis partner to a vine-covered balcony, where they paced up and down in the summer starlight, and chatted of many things.
Something in the frank bright Flivacity of
Bella Huntley had a great charm for the worldweary man, who had travelled through the best it had been badly brulsed and punctured in his thirty years of life's warfare. They talked of pletures, and Paul invited
Bella to view the collection he had brought from abroad; of books, and he promised ber fome not procurable in this country ; of music, and he had an "Erar 1 :' that nobody opened. Looking back, after her hasd pressed the pll.
low, Bella woudered if there was ever such a low, Bella wondered if there was ever such a delightful party, and the walk on the balcony, the soft eyes of Paul Rosslyn, were certainly And he, smoting a cigar in his lonely library, yawned and voted all partles a " bore," country seat gatherings worst of all.
"In the city one can escape on plea of another engagement," he thought.
And then his musings
And then his musings took another form,
and he concluded that he must marry and and he concluded that he must marry and set. tle down.
The ho
The home of Mrs. May belng separated from that of Mr. Rosslyo by only a light iron fence,
it was but natural the young man should find it was but natural the young man should find
himself often in his neighbor's grounda, strol ling under the trees in the morniug, playing croquet in the afternoon, or sentimentalizing by moonlight.
And the sound of his low, musical voice, the ously pleasant He had read deeply, had travelled much, and the girl, as the happy days flew along, became so much more sedate, that Bertha noticed with a keen pang the dawning womanhood, whose sourc. she guessed only too well
Ject of dainty finish, th. brown becoling the sub curled, insteal of being combed hastily carefully as they would, knots of ribbon tied unde snowy ruffies, where hastlly-planed collars were before.
Loving her ifttle cousin, she trembled, know. ing what a sensilive brain and heart she car And the man of the manners.
And the man of the world studied the frank
expressive face, and smiled to see how he make it fush and briften bee how he could droop under his disapproval of a sentiment, or even a ribbon.
He liked to watch the changing color upon
the round eheek, large eges, and the quivers of the sensitive mouth.
And being of a thoroughly selfish nature, he
never thought of
never thought of the exquisite dellicacy of the instrisment that answered so quickly to his light.
est words. edt words.
For, in a stately fashion, he was wooing Ber-
tha May for his bride. tha May for his bride
She was handsome, would be wealthy, and
would preside gracefully over his house So one moonilght nilg over hls house
on the wide balcony, he asked her to alone wife, nelther of them seelng a little white robed figure behind the lace curtains of the drawing-room wiudow.
Bella's heart seemed to stop as she heard the
proposal. proposal.

## In as

Clear as a bell came Bertha's voice.
Clear as a bell came Bertha's voice.
"You mistake, Mr. Rosslyn ; I am not
Bella"" ma" Bella." Bella!" with a light laugh. "Why, surely you do not imagine I wish to marry that child ? "
"She is sixteen; many girls marry at that age."

A bread-and-butter schoolgirl! Ten years
from now she will be a glorious woman ; but she is a mere girl.
"Yet you have

Yet you have wooed her as a woman."
"You mistake; I never wooed her. Surely a man of my age may talk to a child of hers you surely have read my heart more truly :"
the tear-stalned face, untll the passion of grie chad exhausted itself, and the chlld, who is a exhausted in her arms.
The autumn comes, the holidays are over and a male, quiet girl goes back to boarding school, where U
phan's expenses.
phau's expenses.
Two years glide along, three, and once more Two years glide along, three, and onc
Bella Huntley is her Aunt May's guest.
In all these three years, she bas never been to the old house; but Bertha is married, and in another
So Bella comes for a long visit; in fact, this will be her home until wedding bells ring for
her, too; for ber uncle his dead, and Bella is heiress to the large fortune the bachelor uncle has made in twenty years of trade in China. sive child into a woinan of rare beaty impulquiet dignity, that suited well the tall well.developed figure, and statuesque regularity of
The clustering nut-brown curl had lost none of their waving luxuriance, though the tresses
that, unbound, fell far below Bella's waist, were gathered away from the low, broad brow, and made rich masses of curls at the back of the
pretty head. pretty head.
When Pall
vitation to a Rosslyn accepted Mrs. May's invitation to a social gathering to welcome her niece, he was wholl unprepared for the chanyse
in the girl he had totally forgotien until the note recalled her name.
He was not a man given to demonstration of
feeling, but be could not repress the admiration feeling, but he could not repress the admiration of Bolla's greeting.
Memory brought him a fleeting vision of a thin, gawky girl, with great brown eyes and a
frank, bright face, clad in the simplest of mus. frank, brig
Reality brought him a tall, beautiful woman, With snowy ruad arms and shoulders, upon Which sparkled costly jewels - a tall, graceful flgure clad in a shimmering lace-covered silk,
with masses of curls caught by a diamondWith masses of curls caught by a diamond-
starred comb, and tiny hands with glittering ings.
Tue
Tue frank face, the clear, ringing voice were gone tco, and yet the low, exquisitely-modulaf a different one.
Before he reallsed the fascination that held
him, Paul R ssslyn was conversing as he rarely The quietiman or woman.
The quilet $t m$ mobility of the lovely face roused him to effurts to stif it to animation that quite
destroyed all fts habitual langnor, and he dropdestroyed all its habitual languor, and he drop-
ped the faint drawl to try to interest his listener ped the faint drawl to try to
in himself and his subjects.
When she smiled a strange thrill of pleasure tirred his heart, and when she seemed ab nent chat was a new sensation in his potted life.
"For, with the one exception of Bertha's re-
usal, Paul had met no rebaffs in his many fir. ations at home or abroad.
With the facility that
With the facility that can only attend the utlerly seli-absorbed man, he had won silly hearts and thrown them aside, till he belleved
handsome face aud tender eyes irresistible.
He was not surprised when, after the firs quiet greeting, Bella gave tokon of pleasure at with him, and chose him often in crowded as semblage., for her escort.
It was a gay season, and the heiress was in-
vited to all the meetings for young people, in. vited to all the meetings for young people, He would question himself as to which of her moods or toilettes he most admired.
In her brilliant vivacity in evening parties, When ber voice rose in waves of melodious her dress and juwels helghtening the effect of ber glortous beauty, sheseemed to him the fair-
Yet, in the inorning hours,
Yet, in the inorning hours, when dressed in simple wiate, with a broad-brimmed hat sbad-
ing the lovely faco, she strolled through the ay the lovely face, she strolled through the at himself that he could ever admire her more in her richest apparel.
He bad held his heart bound by its o.nn sel-
fishness so long, that he did not realise how it fishness so long, that he did not realise how it
was slipplug away from him till it was gone wast recall.
With a shock he wakened to the fact that he loved Bella Hunlley with all the force of boyish impulse, all. the fervor of mature years; loved postion, but for the radiant beaty of her face, perfect womanhood.
And with the love there came ittle fear. He was wealthy, master of one of
estates, handome, and of good birth.
Jore than all in those past sum mer

## had won Bella's love.

$\mathrm{H}_{\mathrm{o}}$ wad when of
He was sure of that now, though it had
troubled him little at the time.
troubled him little at the time. him now.
So $h$ - was not a despairing lover who, on the same balcony where be hal crushed ner young
heart three years before, pleade 1 for its love. heart three years before, pleade 1 for its.
PleadeJ, too, as a man pleads for life.
Pleade, in ine ineasured words wl h which he
Not ind had asked Bertha to be his wife, but in barning,
Aud. Bella listened, turning upon her anger a
firclet of diamonds that flasned fire in the cold circlet of di
moonlight.

When he ceased to speak, words
drops of hall on glass answered him: drops of hall on glass answered him all your own, won by your false words, your was ing eyes.
" The child whose heart was your toy for summer day's sport, never questioned your sin-
cerity, and put the treasure of her love into cerity, and put the treasure of her love into
your careless keeping, never thinklag of trea your cat
chery.
"It

It was the first experience of pain when she tore that love away and held it of with her
poor childish might till it drooped, faded, and ${ }^{\text {poor }}$ died.
"There was contempt and ssorn to wither it,
and only a few tears to kepp it green, so it died utterly. It can never revive ag in. I came to Lest that. I came to see if a new love in my
heurt would rate, if brought withla the intu ence of old avsociatlous, and I have proved it strouger, truer, happier by contrasting it with " Then you your
a
fiercely. mused yourself,"
With an oatb, Paul Rosslyn strode away in With an oatb, Paul Rosslyn strode away in
the moonlight, and a hot tear dropped upon Bella's diamonds.

It is a poor revenge after all," she said, softly. "Leon, I will forget him now in your love, your tove given before I was an heiross,
your love that has conquered and obliterated all the heart pangs I suffered on this balcony when I was only a girl

AN OLD TRAPPER'S STORY
John, our gulde, refilled his pipe, lit it, and began to smike ; then poked the fire vigorous 19.

Rade on, I will tell you of a leap that I once made oo a steep mountain-side in the AdironI was but a youth then, not quite years ago twenty; and that autumn was trappiay with my brothers on Boreas Lake and the Au Sable. It was early in the season, a bout the middde
of October, in fact that one day we decided to of October, in fact that one day we decided to go over the mountain on to the western branch,
in hopes of findin' more game, for the mink were growing scarce where we then were. We
started at about ten ${ }^{\prime}$ 'olock, with traps, hoping to reach the river by sundown ; but the days were short, our baggage heavy, and, in truth, Tahawas, as it was then called, is not very easy to climb, so that night came
on when we were only half-way dowa the western we were only half-way down the western side. It was of no use to grumble, en-
camp we must until morning. Bill, my eldest brother, soon had a fre; I set the coffee over it; Coarile opened the pack-basket, and produced cups and jerized venison, and in a few moments Thirty years ago the woods were thic
they are now. No summer excursionists than ed up broken branches for fuel, no choppers laid the mighty hemlock low for its bark, and forestfires were almost unknown ; for it needs man to kindle such things, and men
between in this region then.
between in this region then.
Supper over we lil our pipes
an hour or two before turuing, and smoked for an hour or two before turning in. I remember the night distinctly. It was nearly the full of
the moon, and all was still in the forest arol -unusually still-so that we could even hear than twelve miles away. Bill remarked more the silence of everything as ine arose to get his blanket; but we thought little of it. Animals seem to have their times of quitet thinking as
well as men, and this was one of them well as men, and this was one of them.
We were all asleep by half-past nin.
day's jaunt had been a long oue nine, for the night 1 awoke-from what reason I cannot say; and try as I would, I could not rest agaln. We were encamped near the ledse of a rock
which ran along the moantalin side for more than a mile-a sort of preciplee it was, more than fifty feet in helight. Rising, I walked to the edge of this eliff, and gazed off upon the
beautiful scene spread out below me. Tio moon way almost down, and her slanting rays made light and shadow flicker over the wodland. There was hardly a breath of wind, bat the air
was flled with sounds. The mourniul cry of panther broke almost contiauournly upon the ear from the mountain-crest above me; hill-
fores barked sharply; hoot-owls utterei their foxes barked sharply; hoot-owls uttere i their
dismal uote, and ever and anon the call of the solitary loon fell clear from the night-sky
over uead. The sllent pertoa had pissed, and over iead. The sllent period had pissed, and
nature wis noisy enough now. Suldeny a
whitf of smoke came to my nostrus and another.
I turned quickly, and glanced at the camp fire. It did not corne from there, for only a fow dusky embers remained, and the odour was of freahly
burning timber. I could see no light in any burning timber. I could see no light in any
direction; but every moment, as I walted, the direction; but every moment, as I walted, the
smell became stranger. Could the woods be on Hire? away from camp, seeking, if possible, to dis-
cover where the dancer lay. As I alvanced through the brush and thicket, the smoke became more and more apparent, and grew thicker
every moment; but I still pressed od, until, round left but a narrow and left but a narrow path of ledge, I could see
dense clouds sweeping over the brow of the mountaln before me. At the same moment,
the ruar of the advancing fire struck upon my ear, harsh and crackling; the beavens lit up
luridly with a wild glare, and animals of all
kinds began to push through the undergrowth
about, an 1 dash madly away into the dalkness
behind me. It was useless to go further: the behtnd me. It was useloss to go further; the
firest was on fre, and we toust hasten to forest was on fire, and we raust hasten to escape it.
As I

I turned to retrace my steps, I became conscious that the devouring element was fast if I would me, and that notime was to be los were falling on every slde. Bears, panthers,
foxes, wolves, and rabbit, together with all foxes, wolves, and rabbits, together with alf
the smaller denizens of the mountain for sit the smaller denizens of the mountain for st,
were hastening by me, while birls of every kind were hastening by me, while birls of every kind
flew heavily overhead, uttering shrill and fow heavily overhead, uttering shrill and
mournful cries. The horrible roar of the flre was defeaning in my ears, while its glare illu minated everything around with a ghastly dis

## inctness.

I reached the narrow turn, crept around it, and pressed on. How much further was it to the than I thought in my search. Suddenly I no iced that the animals, which a few moments before were running abead, were now returning,
and the clouds of smoke were meeting instead and the clouds of smoke were meeting instead
of following me. What could it mean? Was of following me. What could it mean? Was
there a conflagration on the other slde of the mountain? I increased my spised to a run and was Just within sight of our camp. To my unutterable horror, it was deserted! At the same instant also a long tongue of flame shot up
away to the south, and intuilively I realized my fearful danger. The fre had crept around the summit, and was approaching from both directions, while the ledge cut my retreat of upon the only side where safety lay. I was
lost! For a few seconds I stood motionless, my
very bratu any brain stunned with horror. But courag path which led down the precipice. Witil prayer for help, I pushed rapidly forward, now threatened from behind and menaced trom be-
fore by the fast approachlug doom. It was a fore by the f
race for life!
On, on, stumbling blindly, bruising myself a the falling cindering with smoke, b:rned with the falling cinders, and deafened by the horrible It was my last, my only chance!
Twenty rods more, and I should be safe. How
r struggled! The path was before me, the ledge grew less precipitous; another moment and I when a crash sounded in my ears; a long brigin meteor shot downward before me, and, starting back, I gazed with wild, despairing eyes upon
the fallen trees, that, blazing fiercely, shut off all further progress. The delnon had me in his all further progress. The
power-hope was gone!
And now it only remained to die bravely. drew bath the herd of frightened animals back crouched treabling in the tevor a of fearful doom-drew back to pray once more before death coming down the mountain side, I saw a mon strous bear, his long red tongue lolling out, his eyes bursting with fear, his fur singed and
crisping in the heat. Right towards crisping in the heat. Right towards me he cime, oreastling his way through the throng of a lumbering gallon. Nearer and nearer until, stauding as I did at the very edgo of the precipice, I drew aside to give him room, lest he should hurl me over with him when he Jump-
ed-for he seemed to hare chosen that death in ed-for he seemed to hare chosen that death in preference to burning-when a sudden glean of
hope flashed across my brain, a thousht of hope flashed across my brain, a thought of
safety thrilled me; and, as the frightenel beast paused a moment to gather strength for the desperate plunge, I threw my arms about his neck with a weird, moaning cry, and was car
ried over on his shoulders, down, crashing turough the sharp tree-tops, anl the ciinging a heavy thud. and consciousness left me with at least I was safe from the fire.
When I awoke, it was morning; the moun-
tain's crest was still smoking, and tay brother tain's crest was still smoking, and my brothers
were with me They had left the camp befory Were with me They had left the camp before
the fire came, hoping that I was in safety. Reaching the level below, they were searching Reaching the level below, they were searching
for me, when they heard my wild cry, and shortly afier found me unconsclout at the fond neck! my arms wrapped about'a dead bear's The fall, although it did not materially injure me, had killed the animal, and his carcass
furnished us with provisions for a number ot days.

THE PRETERNATURAL.
In the eld capital of Hungary, the cliy of Pressburg, therestands an ancient town hall
In the largest room, in the centre of the bail Ing, the magistrates assembled to hold coart A case, relating to the ownership of a plece of
meadow, in possession of a poor whduw and coveted and clatined by a weallhy whow, and was up before the judges. The miver was put upon his oath; and, it being administerel with all the solemnilles of bygone ages, ho swore
that the plece of ground was ighty implored Divine vengednce, and that he inight instantly bo doomed to eternal perifition, if every woril he said was not true. Piesently
a crash, deafening, Hike terrific thunder, re-
sounded through bullding shook and trembled as if heaved to and froby a mighty earth-quake, the smell of brimstone tilted the whole room. When the
Judses recovered their presence of mind the cld miser and perjurer was nowhere to be seen;
but his image, painted in his own blood, was beeply impressed in the stone caseinents be-
dweon the windows on the outside of the wall.

The magistrates, twelve in number, ordered a fill and c.rrect statement to be entered in the records of their court, and signed it each with his own hant as a lasting an l convincing me-
morial of the fact; and for three humdred years morial of the fact; and for three humdred years
the red form on the stone wall wilhstool all the red form on the stone wall withitool al
efforts at defacement, and the written record is efforts at defacement, and the written record is
still exhibtea. Another cas
Two friends, one a stoat, pioat Cotholic, the Two frients, one a stoat, pioas Citholic, the
other a contirmed Atheist, whon be'ieved in no hereafter, in no future existenc., an l de:lared the doctrine of the immortality of the soal to be a nursery-tale fit only to fitighten ignorant
children, malle a solema promise, one to the children, made a solema promis., one to the
other, that whichever of them was to die first, should, if there was a continued existence after death, return and give an account to the other of what he had fomd. For years the two lived hundred milles apart. One night, as the c'ock
struck the midnight hour, the cathor struck the midnight hour, the Catholic was
suddenly awakenei, aud before his bed, fully suddenly awakenel, and before his bed, fully
visible in the bright light of the moon, stoal visible in the bright light of the moon, stood
his friend, the Atheist, clothed in a burialshroud, and raid, in a vol e distinculy recognised as that of his friend, that he died that morning; that he hal come back to fultil his pro-
mise; that he found there was ind ed a world beyond the grave, but that he was not at iberty to say mure, bat that he was not at in-
With this, the apparition vanished. After a full week, the regutar course of the mail bronght information to the survivor, that ou the morning of the very day that tho spirit apparition appeared to him at miduight,
his friend sudlenly expired, without any prehis friend sudjenly expired,
vious admontion of disease.
The writer, while disease
The writer, while yet quite soung was a perprevision, if it may be so called supernatural prevision, if it may be so called. It was at a
gentlemen's country-seat, where he spent the vacation. He was sittiug in the verandah, reading to the lady of the house, while her little denly she started and exclaimed, "Mamma, brother Willie is come here to tell me that he was just drowned in the pond while tishing."
The mother smiled, and told the child that The mother smiled, and told the child that her boy. She sent a man to the furthiest end of the grounds, were the fishing-pond was situacorpse of Willie was brought into the hall. His little boat was upset, and he passel to the world to come the very minute, as was ascer. tained by comparison of watches, that little
Clara declarod stie saw Willie aad he told her of Clara declarod ste saw Willie and he told her of
his death in the pond.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A Leak in a watering-spot, or similar vessel, may. according to the Revue Horticole, be effecsrrounding surface is perfectly dry, with a bit of linen dipped in copal varnish.
The number of suicides in Paris in 1872 wag 4,177. Their clasitication is curious:-Want, 701; physical suifering, 930 ; brain affection,
7030 ,377; rear of punishment, 22 ; abase of ab inthe, 232.
There are at present 9,101 Jesnits in the world. The largest numbur-2,303-are in
France ; the missionary service wecupies 1,538 ; France; the missionary service vecapies 1,583;
$1,5: 2$ are in Italy ; 1,030 are In Great Bricain $1,5 \pm 7$ are in Italy; 1,030 are in Great Britain
and her Colonies, and the rest distributed in ad her Colonies,
Winat ever indiced a recent writer to recom mend the Lombarly Poplar as shade tre\% for poles in the saine position woull be abont as atractive, and casi almost as fat a shadow.
Farthermore it is of short duration and it is Farthermore it is of short daration, and it
bound to sucker somewhere, sooner or later. To Cleavse a Compont.-Tie it ap loosely
and plunge it in scaldiug water for au hour ur wo, then spread it on the grass, athd let the rain fall on it till it is thoronghy ravial, and dry in
the sun, turning it two or theo times a duy. Blankets are farg it twore whol thesome thanes a comforts, Blankens are far more wholesome than comforls,
and can be cleansed mach more realily. In the and can be cleansed inuch more realily. In the bo unknown.
Mr. Allen. analyst for sheffield, writing in the Chemicel News on adulterat.d coffee, hulis us burnt sugar to color had flavor coffee, and that it is sold to them un ler the name, of "black
fack." He also says that the ovidy of iron in the ash of $c$ ffes never excee ts 1 per cent; therefore, if the ash contains much more than this,
it is due to Venitiau red, red ochre, or other

Tine fullowing are a few of the arithmetical questions glvento the young laty pupils at an
edacational e-tablishment, and maty have something to witu tho present strong-inindedWhat is the value of $\frac{63}{v^{2}}$ ?
How many yards of cinth 4.5 tha of a yard
Has are equivalent to 12 yards of a yard Wide are equivalent
Wide?
Chan
7 ths to an equivalent fraction havChange 4.7 ths to an equi
ing 91 for its denominator.
Tue differencs biviveen $0.7 \mathrm{th}^{2}$ and of a What id the sum of $b, 17-12 \mathrm{chs}, 10,5.6 \mathrm{chs}$,
and 5 ?

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Fantee \& Ashantee.-The word "Fantee" s said to have originally signified "eater of abbage" or green vegetables, which is "Fan didi" in the Otyi language; whereas the eater of gratn was called "Shan-didi," or Ashantee, nitors.
Adam's Apple.-" Adam's appie" is the name given to the protuberanee in the fore part of the throat, occasioned by the thyroid cartilage of the larynx. This name originated from a superstitions tradition that a plece of the forbldden fruit which and occasioned the swelling.
hroat, and occasioned the swelling.
Bible in A Queer Place.-It is sald that a he Edinburgh Scotsman, was lately found in the tomach of a codtish, and bore the name of William Sim, and the date 1830. It has been learned that Sim was a sailor of Dundee, who went to sea in 1834, and has not been beard from since. The supposition is that everything appertaining to him was devored by thls fish, Which has been tormented for forty years with is certainly encouraging to typogranhic artists. Chiswick Manor house.-Lovers of books and of old bits of London will be sorry to hear that the large old house on Chiswick Mall, sometime called the Manor House, and known as the original seat of the Chiswick Press, so famous in ty pographical history, has been pulled down and its materials sold. This building was was used, we beileve, as a sanitarium, as it was, ometimes called a "pest house" It is, or was sometimes called a "pest house." It is, or was, architectural remains and carving, said to be of Norman ciaracter, have been excavated on the site, parts of an anclent structure.
London Improvements.-The view of the beautiful tower and spire of one of Wren's most fortunate designs, St. Martin's, Ludgate, has dwarfed, by ye erection of a rale structure dwarfed, by the erection of a rather pretenside, and immediately adjoining the church. The effect of this addition to Ludgate-hill is, especially when it is looked at from the east, extremely depressing, and when viewed from the west the new structure forms a graceless combination with St. Martin's Church and St. Paul's, whereas Wren designed a graceful composition of the latter two, and did not dream of he first.
Educated Fleas.-A performance of Educated fleas is at the present time attracting much attention at Berlin. At a recent exhlbition, one a sudden impulse of its nature, sprang from tbe table and took refuge on the person of an illustrious lady. The exhibitor was in despair, as the truant was his best performer, and sald he would be ruined unless it could be recovered. The lady good naturedly retired to an adjoining room, and, after a few minutes absence, returufinger. Tre exhibitor to her thumb and forefinger. The exhibitor took it eagerly, gave one look at it, and then, with visible embarrassbut this is not the right flea."
but this is not the right fiea." consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our llps, and it is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false oundation, it up, and proves at last more ohargeable than to have raised a substantial bullding at first upon true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, because it is plain and open, and ears no discovery, of which the crafty man is SAYED danger.
Saved His Whipping.-A little urchin, seven or eight years old, in a school where a ings, and wrote it on his slate at prased the followng, and wrote it on his slate at prayer time, to

A little mouse ran up the stairs
To hear Miss Blodgott say her prayers The teacher discovered the rhyme, and called out the culprit. For punishment she gave him his choice-to mice another rhymesin itive scratching his head till his time was nearly and and the teacher was lifting the cane in a thry out ening manner, at the last moment he ex-claimed-

Here I stand before Miss Blodgett;
he's going to strike, and I'm going to dodge it.' Curious Items.-If a tallow candle be placed
in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining injury; and if a musket-bal be fired into the water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened; if fired tbrough a pane of glass, it will make the hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if suspended by a hread it will make no difference, and the
thread will not even cibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 hread will not even "ibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 pressure of water. In the Arctic regions, when converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a Jamieson the distance of two miles. We have written upon paper manufactured trom fron, and seen a book with leaves and binding of the same material.

## HUMOROUS SCRAPS

"Whar's the matter there, Allee? Don't your shoes fit ?" "No, papa, they don't fit me at all," replied the littie one; "why they don't "TAK' notice," shouted the ralk."
man at the pitch of his volce, "thatary bellman at the pitch of his volce, "that the boat
for Glasgo will sail on Monday morning Gad willing and weather permitting, or on Tuesday whether or no."
"To what Base Uses," \&c.-Evansville, In diana, repudiates the idea that it has no frst class poets. Walter Scott works in a sash, door and blind factory; Oliver Goldsmith works on a farm ; Thomas Moore is a finisher ; and Ro-
bert Burns is in the city gaol bert Burns is in the city gaol.
Prisoner (to learned ma
anyone a right to commit a nuisance.-" Has trate.-"No, sir, not aven nuisance?" Magls not even the prince." Prisoner._" Then you can't commit me; for I was arrested as a you sance, and you have decided that I am one."

A Young lady of Lyons, Iowa, recently said -" Some men are always talking about patro nisling their own town-alwass harping on that
duty-and yet they yo abroad to duty-and yet they go abroad to get married
while here we all stand waiting ! do hope while here we all stand waiting ! I do hope
that some of these men who marry that some of these men
An Invisibie Antago
Antagonist.-A Gascon offl at who was present at a skirmish, fred a pistol
at that he had killed him. "That can't be," said another, "f for not a man was left on the field." "Pooh!" said the Gascon ; "don't you see ? I must have blown bim to atoms.
THE following is the translation of an adver48 bis Rue Basse du Rempart:" M. A. Lafeuve 48 bis Rue Basse du Rempart, begs the lady in black who does not like draughts in omnibuses in his pocket on the ist of February, and to keep the money it contained as a reward her cleverness.
A Sportsman has been the victim of his own credulity. He has a gun that scattered shot badly, so that it is not of much account He saw an advertisement in a paper, offering to
send information whereby such "scattering? send information Whereby such " beattering of shot could be effectually prevented. He sent the money, and in due lime was informed that put in only one shot. put in only one shot.
a Parisian
thinker met a Parisian friend the other day thinker met a Parisian friend the other day,
and, taking him by the hand, said, "I have become a Christian." "I am glad to hear it," ment of that little account between us. pay what thou owest." "No," said the new-born child, turning on his heel; "religion is religion and business is business.
o her joll little aberdeen widow said recently to her jolly little daughter of seventeen, who Has brought up on porridge and exerclse in the a consequence, unco' sharp, "It's o'er young fo you, Anule lassie, to talk thus o' the trousere sex. When you are of my age you will be dream ing of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the Highland hussy, "for the second time."
The following purports to be a model medical puff:

Dear Doctor,-I shall be one hundred and elghty-four years I have been an invar ove elghty-four years I have been an invalid, un But a year ago $I$ heard of your sirup. I bover a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw thirteen summer-sault without stopping.'
A Story told by Dr. M'Cosh, of Princeton College, is seasonable. A negro in a religiou gathering prayed earnestly that he and his co he called their "upsettin' sins"
" Brudder," said one of
"Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, " you ain't got the hang
dat ar word. It's • besettin', not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, if dat's so so. But I was prayin' the Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if that ain't an upset tin' sin, I dunno what am.
Orre delnition of an editor : An editor iz a
male being whose blzness iz to najigate a nuze male being whose bizness iz to navigate a nuze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserths deths and weddings, scrts out mane-
skrips, keeps a waste basket, blows the "devil," skrips, keeps a waste basket, blows the "devil,"
steals matter, fites other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a sear takes white beans and appls sass for pay, when he can get it, raizes a large family, works 19 hours out uv every 24, knows no Sunday, gets dammed by everybody, and once in a while whipt by sumeboddy, lives poor, dies middleaged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, z rewarded for a life uv toll with a short but pree obituary puff in the nuze papers. Exchange please copy.
In his re
records an amusing instance of the moscheles which figarative expressions cause to forities learners of English. "To-day," he writes, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I re-
plied ingenuously. The company, first of all, were surprised, and then burst into laughter When they guersed the process by which I had had to construe expression. 1, who at that time dialogue-books my English laboriously out of that ' not to care a fictionarlen, had found out person;' so when I wanted to ask for figs, 'fige
and 'scieer ' I thought were eynonymous."
caissa's casket.
Saturday, May 30, 1874.
"All communications relating to Chess
CORRESPONDENCE.
J. H. Gramam.-As you have removed to Ontario
hope we may hear from you more frequently. J. A. RodiER.-Last solutions are correct. Sorry
conundrums.
No. 63.
By J. A. Rodisk, Montreal.

white.
White to play and mate in three moves.


White to play and mate in three moves.

## CONUNDRUMS CRIbbled.

No. 55.
brif. W. Mabtindale.
White.

1. Kt to Q 4th
2. Any.
$\overline{\text { No. } 56 .}$
By Jacob Elson
White. Black.
3. $R$ to $R$ 4th 1. $K$ takes $R$

If 1. $K$ to $B$, then 2. $R$ to $R 3 r d$, \&o. 2. $K$ takes $R . P$.
3. B mates. P on

Solved by J. A. Rodier.
CAISSAN CHIPS.
Our readers oan make this department very inte esting by sending us "bits" of news or pleasing lections as they may some aoross them.
B. M. Nerll, a very fine player, has won the first
prize in the tourney of the Boston Chess Olub. A cerran player in Connecticut is engaged in
playing 86 games of chess by postal-card. He lives in
the post-ofice-or he should playing 66 games of chess by post
the postice-or he should.
On dit, that Paul Morphy is recuperating his
anciont chess strenth, in order to suocessfully
compete compete with the magnates who will enter the ligts at
Philadelphia in 1876 . He should take out a life
insurance policy, for he will never survive the insuranee policy
"recuperation."
The Utica Herald, speaking of a game by eorres-
pondence, what that if closely oontested it will take Mr. I. E. Orchard, of Columbia, S. C., has started
a chess column in the Temperance Advooste. Mr. O., Who is a fine player, brings to the task ability. Mr. onthu-
siam, and a determination to furnigh a live column and judging by the first number, he is bound to suc
ceed.
The great oontest by telegraph between London
and Vionna is terminated. Vienna resigned the first
game, and offered to oall the second a dram, an offer game, and offered to oall the seona res draw, an offer
whioh London accepted, though it was perfectly olear
that Fer the second game played out it must hare
resulted in favor of the Einglish players. The match

## a CAISSAN CONTEST

The following lines, which are taken from an old
umber of the $A$ merican Ohess $M$ onth $l$, and which are the composition of an eminent living poet, are extre-
mely pretty, and may not be uninteresting to some of our readers :-
"We played at Chess, Bianca and myelf,
One afternoon, but neither won the game
One afternoon, but neither won the geane. Moving the ivorry pawning foun of our hearts, to white,
Shifted to little purpose round the board ; Sometimes we quite forgot them in a sigh And then remembered it, and moved again
Looking the while along the slopes beyond,
Barred by blue peaks, the fountain, and th Barred by blue peaks, the fountain, and the grove,
Where lovers gat in shadow, back again, Where lovers sat in shadow, back again,
With sideway glances in each other's eye Unknowingly fances in each other's eyes.
Whereby I checked my mate, and gave, My couch drew nearer hers, Ind took her a hand-en
A soft white hand that gave itself Told o'er the simple story of my love,
in simplest phrases, which are alvays best
And prayed her if she loved me in ret And prayed her if she loved me in return-
A fabled doubt-to give her heart A fabled doubt-to give her heart to me;
And then and there, above that game of Chess,
Not finizhed yet, in maiden trustfulness-
l'm ooming, Sweet mhe give I'm ooming, Sweet! she gave her heart to mel' The figure in the thirteenth line is exceedingly
protty; it is a pity that it is not warranted by the laws

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

To Cook Beets.-The tiue way to cook a beet is to bake, not boll it. Thus treated, and palatable and nutritious. Bolling extracts the most valuable part of this vegetable.
Cement For Broken China. - A good cement for meuding broken crockery-ware may be made by mixing together equal quantities of melted glue, white of egg, and white lead, and oiling them together.
Sour Miluk
Sour Milk.-A simple and effective remedy
for the prevention of milk turning sour in summer time consists in adding to each quart fifteengrains of bicarbonate of soda. This does not affect the taste of the milk, while it facilitates its digestion.
Tainted Meat.-It may not he generally known that when good meat is a inttle tainted by warm weather or overkeeping, washing It with
limewater will restore its sweetness. limewater will restore its sweetness. Dredging effect.
Pain in the Ear.-As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, let three or four drops of orifice be flled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is
forgotten. If the arnlca be not resorted to untl forgotten. If the arnlca be not resorted to until there is actual pain, then the cure may not be as speedy, but it is just as certain, although it may be necessary to repeat the operation. It is a sure preventive against gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of ear-ache.
two pounds of common salt, a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, one ounce of fresh ground allspice, four quarts of water; dissolve. This will pickle meat, and impart a fine red color, and a superior flavor.

Champagne is too often That flows from the a And not from the vine!
Oyster Fritters.-Allow to each cgg a ea-cupful of milk. Beat the eggs till very light and thick; then stir them, gradually, into the pan of milk, in turn with the four, a little at a time. Beat the whole very hard. Have ready the oysters, that you may proceed immediately to baking the fritters. The oysters should be them from their liquor, and dried them drained ately in a cloth, and dredged them with separset over the fire a frying-pan nearly full of lard When it boils fast, put in a large spoonful of the batter. Then lay an oyster upon it, and cover the oyster with another spooniul of iutter. Fry the fritters of a nice yellow. As they are done, take them up, drala our the lard from the oysters, and keop them hot till they go to table.

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## AVOID QUACKS.

dobvititim of early indiscretion, ocausing norrou,




"SMALL BY DEGREES."






ILLI ROBUR, ET ES TRIPLEX . . . .!
 - Cosu witr !


[^0]
"time by the forelock!"
Dodger. ", Hollo, how are you: Can't stop, thoogh, op I shan't Miss uT Trane!"
Codger. "Catch it, you mian."
Dodger. "No, I don't. I always used to Miss my biget Tbain, so now Ta, Ta!" Miss the one before it, and get Home in time for Dinnbr






THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.



[^0]:    

