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THE MONTREAL MORNING

Vol. I.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS,
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Gr.



DEAD ON THE RIVER.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT V.

THE WAGON OF SIN.

SCENE I.

SPENDING THE HONEYMOON.

It is not my intention to enter into the particulars of the inquest which opened next morning and continued to sit for two days; suffice it is to say that Cullen succeeded in finding the servant who had lived with Mrs. Griffith, and she testified that on the night of her mistress' death she had seen the doctor sitting at the centre table in the parlor, playing with a ball

of worsted, and a knitting needle; afterwards heard him go out into the yard, and heard the old gravestone which stood in one corner going; thought the doctor was sharpening his pocket-knife; heard the doctor go into his wife's room, and did not hear any more until next morning when she was told her mistress was dead. There was no other man but Dr. Griffith slept in the house. The nurse who was attending Mrs. Griffith had been sent to bed by the doctor who said he would watch his wife for a few hours.

The rest of the evidence went principally to show the motive for the crime, and after two days, investigation the jury brought in a verdict of murder, and stated that in their opinion the murder had been committed by Dr. Griffith.

A warrant for his arrest was issued, and Farson and Murphy left for Niagara.

On the night of their departure the Chief received a telegram from Niagara which greatly annoyed him; the train on which Dr. Griffith and his wife had left had arrived, but neither of them were on board. This made him fear that the doctor had either received information of the discovery of the murder, or had wilfully misled Miss Howson as to their destination so as to elude pursuit, if Mr. Howson should follow them. He telegraphed to various points and sent instructions to Murphy which he would receive on his arrival; but two days passed away and no information was received, it appeared as if the earth had quietly opened and swallowed Dr. Griffith and his wife.

The mystery of Dr. Griffith's disappearance is very easily explained. He had not gone to Niagara and never intended to go, altho' he had told Miss Howson they would go there and had bought tickets for that place; but he had only gone as far as Prescott where he had remained over night, crossed to Ogdenburg next morning, and doubling back to Rouse's Point, took the Champlain steamer for Whitehall, and from thence went to Saratoga, which he had always intended to make the limit of his journey.

Very happy and pleasant were the three days it took to perform the journey, and very happy and pleasant were the three days the newly married couple passed at the far famed watering place; it was late in the season, the races were over and the hotels not more than half-full; but Congress Hall and the Union are so large that when only half-full they contain the population of a fair-sized flourishing village.

But even had the hotel been empty they would not have cared, they were all in all to each other and did not want to make acquaintances. They preferred driving out to the lake together and being rowed over its calm surface; and a stroll through the quiet streets in the evening was more acceptable than the glare and glitter of the handsome parlors. So time slipped quietly away; and, as Dr. Griffith seldom spoke to anyone, and did not read the New York papers, he remained perfectly oblivious to the fact of his being accused of murder and was being searched for everywhere.

As for Annie she was as perfectly happy and contented as any young lady can be at Saratoga, if she happens to have eloped and forgotten to take ten or twelve trunks with her. Indeed she constantly declared she was "not fit to be seen," but for once in her life it did not seem to annoy her that she could not dress as well and expensively as her neighbors. She was too happy to mind such trifles, too happy in her new love, too happy to be with him on whom she had centred all her affection. Her heart had gone out to the man who had deceived her and she felt perfectly happy and contented with him.

She wrote to her father as soon as she arrived at Saratoga, telling him where she was, and asking his forgiveness for the rash step she had taken.

When Mr. Howson received the letter he at once called on Charlie Morton and showed it to him:

"There's where your murderer is," said he, "go and catch him; or telegraph and have him arrested."

"But Annie?" replied Morton, "what is become of her?"

"I don't know; and, I don't care very much," replied Mr. Howson. "If she has pleased to marry a murderer she must abide by her choice. I will not have anything further to do with her."

"But I will," hotly replied Mr. Morton. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to have more feeling for your own daughter."

"She is no daughter of mine, now," replied Mr. Howson. "Her disobedience has brought disgrace on me and mine, and the bed she has made for herself she must lie in. I don't want to be too harsh with her and won't let her starve or go on the street for a living, but I won't have anything to do with her."

Mr. Morton knew it was useless to argue with him then, so he wisely let the matter drop.

The next morning Morton and Murphy started for Saratoga, and arrived there the same evening.

It was a bright, warm evening and Mrs. Griffith was seated at the window of her bedroom enjoying what little breeze there was, and the doctor was in the adjoining sitting room writing a letter.

There was a knock at the door, and, in answer to the doctor's "come in," Mr. Morton entered accompanied by Murphy and a local officer, whose services had been engaged by Murphy to make the arrest.

Morton and Griffith looked into each other's eyes, but neither spoke. The doctor gazed at that stern, calm face and felt that the secret of the false part he had played was known to Morton; but he cared nothing for that now, he only thought that the dead had been brought to evidence against him.

"That is the man," said Morton pointing to him, and the local officer advanced and put his hand on his shoulder.

"I arrest you in the name of the law, for the murder of your wife Mary Griffith, at Longueuil, Canada, on 7th Inst. You are my prisoner."

Discovered! All his plans, all his schemes, all his sin for no purpose. Discovered! and discovery meant death, and a shameful death at that. All the force of the evidence against him, all the certainty of his being hung flashed through his mind in a moment; and Morton would triumph over him at last, and perhaps console himself with Annie, after the gallows had done its work. That should never be; he would sacrifice two more lives rather than that should happen.

All this had passed through his mind in an instant, while he was standing by the chair from which he had risen on the entrance of his unwelcome visitors; in another instant he had put his hand behind him, drawn a small silver mounted revolver which he always carried, and aimed directly at Morton's head.

But Charlie Morton's time had not yet come. Never from the moment of his entering the room had Murphy removed his glance from the doctor, and the lynx-eyed detective saw the rapid motion with which the pistol was drawn, and sprang forward in time to throw up Griffith's hand and the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the frescoing of the room.

The doctor turned savagely on the detective, and a fierce struggle for the possession of the pistol ensued; but Murphy, although not a particularly strong man has a grip like a vice, and he held on until the local officer interfered, and in a few seconds the doctor was securely handcuffed.

Simultaneously with the report of the pistol there rang out a piercing shriek, and then came a heavy fall in the adjoining apartment. Morton at once rushed into the room and found, as he expected, Annie lying senseless on the ground. It was the work of a moment to lift her in his strong arms and lay her gently on the sofa, and then he tried all the means he knew of to restore her to consciousness.

And what a consciousness! He thought of it bitterly, sadly, as he chafed her hands and threw water on her face; would it not be better for her if she never awoke from that death-like wood; never returned to the world in which she was doomed to suffer so much in the future; never knew in this life the other baseness of the man on whom she had placed her young affections, and who had brought such deep disgrace upon her?

He gazed at the pale still face, and ashy lips, and he almost hoped—much as he loved her—that she had been saved from all further pain and sorrow in this world.

It was many minutes before she showed any signs of returning consciousness, and the doctor had meanwhile been removed; but gradually a slight tinge of color showed itself on her cheeks, slowly a few faint sighs escaped her, fluttering like the trembling eyelids opened, and she looked about her in a bewildered sort of way. Her gaze fell on Morton, and she looked at him half wondering as if she doubted her senses in seeing him by her side.

"Charlie?" she said questioningly.

"Yes; he still a little, Annie, you have not quite recovered."

"Where is Harry," she asked; then with a sudden exclamation as the remembrance of the cruel words she had heard came back to her, "Ah! they have taken him away; that man that said he had committed—no, I won't say it; I don't believe it; let me go to him," she rose in her excitement and would have moved toward the door, but Morton gently restrained her.

"You cannot go just now, Annie; you are too weak and excited; when you recover I have something very serious to say to you."

"Ah!" she exclaimed as another remembrance returned to her, "that pistol shot; tell me,—tell me,"—she clutched his arm with one hand and pressed the other to her heart as she almost whispered the words, "is he dead?"

"No."

"Thank God for that! Who was wicked enough to fire at him?"

"No one; don't agitate yourself; I want you

to recover your strength as fast as possible. I have something very terrible to tell you."

"Terrible! Terrible! What do you mean? You cannot dare to insinuate that what I heard that man say is true? You know it is false."

"It is true," mournfully responded Mr. Morton.

"Alas! only too true."

"It is a base, wicked lie; this is some foul plot to separate him from me, and—you—you; it is you who have done this; you have concocted this dastardly scheme." The woman's manner was wild and excited now, and her eyes gleamed with anger and her face was flushed as scarlet as she approached Morton; but her manner suddenly changed, and she said in a sad sorrowful tone, "Oh! Charlie, Charlie, to think that you, whom I have known ever since I was a little girl, should have done this thing."

"Good heavens, Annie, what can you mean. Do you think—Here," he continued drawing a paper from his pocket, "you must know the truth, some time. I cannot tell you; read that."

She took the paper from him and a violent spasm shook her whole frame as she read the first words: "Murder.—A doctor kills his wife and elopes with another woman." She did not flutter, however, but read on steadily to the end, and with distending eyes and horror blanching her lips and cheeks; read with the words seeming to burn themselves into her brain; read with all the blood in her body feeling as if it had turned to ice and her head to fire; read with the room dancing around her, the story of her husband's guilt.

It was very accurately and substantially told, although it did have—as Mr. Morton had thought—a plentiful supply of "double heads," and "cross headings," and was written in rather florid style; but it was correct. Mr. Farron had seen that if he did not give the reporters a correct version of the whole affair they would hush up some kind of a story replete with—well, say, misstatements,—won't say lies, because newspapers never tell lies, everybody knows that; and so he had told the whole story as he knew it; and there it all was in print, even the story of her elopement, and she stood there and read it, read how the man she loved and honored had for years been a living lie; how he had a wife living when he asked her to marry him; how he had murdered that wife to gratify his wishes.

She read it slowly and carefully, omitting nothing, and Morton stood and wondered at her firmness; but his wonder changed to grief and fear when she threw the paper from her with a loud laugh and turned her flashing eyes, in which the light of madness gleamed, full upon him.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, "he killed her, killed her that he might marry me. I will go to him at once, he shall and I can be faithful to him even now," and she turned and threw herself on the sofa in a violent paroxysm of hysterics.

Mr. Morton rang the bell hastily, and three or four chamber-maids who had been waiting suspiciously near the door wondering what that pistol shot meant, and what had caused the doctor's arrest, entered at once, and to them Morton resigned her while he went downstairs to obtain medical aid.

A doctor was soon found, and under his hands she shortly began to revive; but no returning consciousness came with the revival, the light of reason had fled, and brain fever set in.

Mr. Morton sat all that long, dismal night by her bedside, watching with almost breathless intensity and listening to her incoherent, rambling utterances. Now she was a happy school girl again; now she laughed over some youthful frolic; then she would revert with horror to the dreadful story she had just read, and repeat long paragraphs, for the words seemed to have branded themselves on her brain; he sat and watched and wondered why his own brain did not give way under the strain which had been placed on it.

He had telegraphed to Mr. Howson as soon as the doctor had pronounced the attack brain fever, he had also sent a brief telegram to Miss Moxton informing her of her niece's condition, and now he could only watch and wait.

I have already mentioned that there was no doubt about Miss Moxton's temper, and had there been it would have been dispelled had anyone seen her when the news of Annie's elopement reached her; her first net was to box the ears of Miss Julia, who conveyed the information, which she curaged that young lady that she vowed never to speak to her aunt again; then Miss Moxton indulged in a long tirade about "shameful proceedings," and "impudent hussies," and "the fast girls of the present day," and such-like topics, and the way that flexible nose went up and down was wonderful to see. She fully shared Mr. Howson's resentment against Annie and strongly advised him never to recognise her again.

But Miss Moxton was like a good many dogs whose bark is worse than their bite, and the news of the murder, following so close on that of the elopement, greatly cooled her anger. Annie's punishment had been so terrible and had followed so quickly on her fault that Miss Moxton felt her heart melting towards the poor sorrow-stricken girl she had reared almost from infancy, and she knew that Annie had only to come to her and ask for forgiveness to receive it.

But Annie did not come, and Miss Moxton's heart was getting hard again when Morton's telegram arrived, and it melted down in a moment.

It was late in the evening when the telegram arrived, but Mr. Howson had not yet gone to the Club and was seated in the library when Miss Moxton entered. A walk to that apartment

from that lady was a great novelty, and Mr. Howson was proportionally astonished.

"Is there anything wrong, Jane?" he asked

—Jane was Miss Moxton's maiden name.

"Yes, there is something very wrong," responded Miss Moxton promptly. "You and I have both been wrong, James, and the sooner we repair that wrong the better. Did you receive a telegram from Charlie?"

"Yes; the murdering doctor has been arrested, I am glad to say."

"And Annie is dying of brain fever."

"Not quite so bad as that, I think. Charlie says she is ill; an attack of nervousness, that's all."

"Nervous afflictions!" exclaimed Miss Moxton with a violent elevation of the nose. "Can't you see that the shock has deranged the girl, and unless she is properly taken care of she will die amongst strangers or become a confirmed lunatic? She must be brought home at once."

"Not here; she has chosen her own path, let her follow it. I will furnish whatever money she may require. I will not see her starve or beg; but I never want to see her again."

"James Howson, you're a brute. When Annie ran away I was as incensed at her as you; but now she is ill, in trouble, in disgrace, and amongst strangers; thank heaven my heart is not made of stone," this was said with a toss of the head and an elevation of the nose which clearly indicated that Miss Moxton knew some one who was not so happily situated. "I shall go to Saratoga to-morrow and bring her home."

"Not to my house."

"Then it shall be to mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine. You have forgotten, I suppose, that I have two thousand a year in my own right. I mean to take a house and have Annie live with me."

Mr. Howson looked at her in blank amazement. For fifteen years, since the death of his wife, Miss Moxton had presided over his establishment and filled the place of a mother to his children; for fifteen years his household affairs had been managed with an ability which he only too well appreciated, and the idea of attempting to continue house-keeping without Miss Moxton at the head of affairs seemed so hopeless to him that he sat looking at her in blank bewilderment.

"You can't be serious, Jane."

"I never was more serious in my life; if you have no feeling for your own daughter I have some for my sister's child, and I won't leave her to the cold charity of strangers while I have the means of providing a roof to shelter her. Will you be kind enough to tell me when the first train starts for Saratoga?"

"Six o'clock to-morrow morning," he answered mechanically.

"Very well, I shall go by that train. If you come to your senses before I return, you can telegraph me to bring Annie here, otherwise I shall take her to a hotel until I can obtain a house," and Miss Moxton sailed majestically out of the room with her nose almost dislocated. It was so fearfully elevated.

The next morning Miss Moxton left for Saratoga, where she arrived the same night and found Annie still dangerously ill. Amongst her other accomplishments Miss Moxton was an excellent nurse, and she immediately installed herself in the parlor adjoining Annie's room and took that young lady under her special care.

Good nursing is scarcely less important than good medical treatment; but although Annie had the most constant and devoted care, and the best medical attendance which money lavishly spent could procure, it was three weeks before the light of reason once more shone in her eyes, and it was past the middle of November before she was strong enough to return to Montreal. She returned to her father's house, fully forgiven.

Mr. Howson had made a show of holding out, but one week's experimenting at keeping house without Miss Moxton to manage for him brought him to terms, besides he really loved Annie very dearly, and when his anger had had time to cool, he made up his mind that he had spoken and acted hastily and, like a sensible man as he was, he owned his rashness; so, one day morning Miss Julia was told to pack her trunks, the house was left in charge of the servants, and Mr. Howson and Julia started for Saratoga where they remained until Annie was strong enough to travel.

During all the time of Annie's illness Mr. Morton never left her; no brother could have been kinder or more affectionate, or more untiring in his efforts to be of service than he was. When she returned to consciousness it was he who devised all manner of contrivances to amuse and interest her; it was he who planned the short drives she was allowed to take—they never went out to the lake, as he had heard it was a favorite drive of the doctor's and he feared to awaken unpleasant memories. It was Morton who took her in his strong arms as he would a little baby and carried her down to the carriage; it was he who carefully wrapped her up, as the weather grew colder, it was he who was always by her side preventing her every wish.

Very gentle, and tender and kind was Mr. Morton and very quiet and thankful was Annie. Mr. Howson looked on contentedly, and even Miss Moxton forgot to turn up her nose. Very tender and affectionate was Mr. Morton, but it was not the affection or tenderness of a lover; but rather that of a fond brother. No thought of taking advantage of his position to speak one word of love ever entered his head, and Annie saw and liked him the better for it.

SCENES II.

DRAG ON THE RIVER.

Time, twentieth of January, eight o'clock; wind and seventy-one; place, the St. Lawrence river, opposite Montreal.

Dr. Griffith was taken back in Montreal, but was not tried at the Court of Queen's Bench in September, the case being postponed by consent of counsel, until the March term.

He was very silent, very reserved; he contented himself with a simple plea of "not guilty," at the preliminary examination, and engaged two of the best criminal lawyers he could get to defend him. He offered no explanation, gave no information to his counsel, and they made up their minds they were defending a hopeless case, although they tried their best to find some tenable line of defence.

Time slipped away and Annie returned to Montreal; she was still very weak, very pale, very thin; all her beautiful hair, of which she had been so proud, had been cut off during the fever; her form was wasted, her cheeks hollow and devoid of color, and she was scarcely recognizable as the happy, joyous beauty who had run away only a few short weeks before.

She had never mentioned Griffith's name since that fatal night at Saratoga, and all allusion to him was carefully avoided in her presence; she was very still and silent, all her old gaiety and spirit seemed to have been driven out of her, and she moved about the house like the ghost of her former self.

Mr. Morton returned with the Howsons and continued as attentive as ever; the short drives were resumed, sometimes Julia or Miss Moxton accompanied them, sometimes they were alone. Almost every evening he made a short call, and she seemed to enjoy his society more than that of anyone else; a quiet sort of melancholy had settled on her, and Charlie was the only person who seemed to possess the power of temporarily driving it away. For no one else would she sing or play, and, sometimes, when she was playing some brilliant piece he would see the tears start into her eyes and quietly course down her wasted cheek. It was very bitter for him to watch her grieving so, but how could he help her.

Mr. Howson noticed this growing intimacy with great satisfaction; he had long ago "made up his mind" that Annie should marry Morton, and it pleased him greatly to see that matters were tending that way. He was too wise a man, however, to interfere, and so things were allowed quietly to take their own course.

Miss Moxton highly approved the turn affairs had taken, and so careful was she not to interfere that she generally managed, on some pretext or other, to leave the parlor when Morton called, so that he and Annie were a great deal together alone.

One evening about the middle of December they were sitting together, she at the piano idly running over the keys with her thoughts far away, he looking sadly and piningly at her; presently she rose and pushing a low stool to his side sat on it, resting her head on his knee as she used to do when she was a little girl; and Charlie was her big brother; somehow the old time seemed to have come back of late, and at times she could scarcely persuade herself that all the terrible events which had happened so recently were not a horrible dream, and that she was still a little girl with her big brother to watch over and protect her; only one thing recalled her to the reality of what had happened, a plain hoop of gold on the third finger of her left hand.

"Charlie," she said after a short pause, speaking so low that he could scarcely hear her, "will they hang him?"

It was the first time she had alluded in any way to the doctor, and the question came with such startling suddenness that Morton involuntarily started; in a moment her arm was thrown over his shoulder in the old childish manner, and her face was raised beseechingly to his.

"Oh, no, no, Charlie!" she cried piteously, "not that, don't let them kill him; you can save him, I know you can. Do it for my sake, Charlie; I shall die if he does. Don't let them kill him, Charlie, I love him so. I know it is wrong. I know he has been very wicked, that he committed—" she could not utter the word, but continued,—"but did it for my sake; I can't forget that, Charlie, and I feel as if I was to blame too. And then I swore before God to love, honor, and obey him and to cling to him for better or worse; it has turned out worse—Oh! so much worse—but that does not absolve me from my vow. I am his wife still and it is not for me to desert him when all are against him. Help me, Charlie, help me to save his life. I know what a hard thing I am asking you to do, to help the man who has so deeply, deeply wronged you; but, remember "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and be sure as you are merciful to him, so God will be merciful to you in your hour of need. Promise me, promise me, you will not let them take his life."

The appeal had been uttered so earnestly and so rapidly that Morton had had no chance of interrupting her even had he been so disposed; as she stopped now he said, very gently:

"Annie, as God is my witness, if I had Harry Griffith's life in my hand I would give it to you and say 'take him, be happy with him if you can;' but it is not in my power; I am not his judge; he is in the hands of the law, and no action of mine can stay the law from taking its course. What the result of the trial will be no one can at present positively assert; but it would be cruel in me to raise hopes when I see no probability of their being realized."

She had scarcely heard him, she only knew from the tone of his voice that he was refusing

her request and she hid her face in her hands and wept silently.

"Will you let me see him?" she asked after awhile, without looking up.

He had been expecting this question ever since she had returned to Montreal, and he had prepared to answer it.

"There is no objection to your seeing him as often as you like; but I do not think your father would approve of your visiting him."

The face, wet with tears, but radiant with a happy, thankful smile, was raised to his, and she said:

"Take me to him to-morrow, Charlie, won't you? Papa can scarcely object to a wife visiting her husband while he is in prison; and, I am sure he won't if you go with me."

So it was arranged, and the next day their drive was to the goal and the promised interview took place.

Mr. Morton after gaining Annie's admission to the ward in which her husband was confined, withdrew; he did not wish to meet Harry Griffith, he wished never again to look on the man who had used him so cruelly; he intended that justice should take its course, he had sworn that by the corpse of his murdered sister; but, as long as the law could execute justice without his interference he was content.

What passed between husband and wife it is not my business to relate; let that be secret between them.

Annie's visit had a strange effect on the doctor; hitherto he had been dull, apathetic, scarcely seeming to care whether he lived or died; now he was all life and animation; he had thought that Annie had discarded him like the rest of the world, but when he found out that he had her love still he felt there was something left worth living for, and he determined to leave no stone unturned to save his life, if possible.

He had a long interview with his lawyers next day, and they were astonished at the clear and plausible way he mapped out a defence, which, wild and improbable as it was and scarcely likely to impress a jury, still afforded them the loop-hole which they had not been able to discover, and through which their client might escape.

Annie's first visit was followed by others; sometimes she was accompanied by Morton, occasionally she was alone: the turnkey began to look for her regularly two or three times a week, and so the old year died and the new one was born, and winter was fairly set in and the river frozen.

It was in the middle of January when Annie began to put into execution a scheme she had formed the first time she visited the doctor, and that was to effect his escape.

They planned it over very carefully together, and it was agreed that if he succeeded in getting free he should go to Australia, where she promised to meet him in three years.

As it was now very cold weather and the goal was a little damp, the doctor had been allowed to wear his overcoat and cap, a concession which he found very useful to him when he came to plan his escape. Annie furnished him with a rope, a file, and a bottle of oil, which he thought would be all he would require, and the night of the twentieth of January was set down for the attempt; she visited him during the day and took an affectionate farewell of him, promising to come to him as soon as he sent for her. On his part he was greatly agitated and excited, but tried to appear calm for fear the suspicions of the prison authorities should be aroused.

The night was well adapted for his undertaking, it was intensely dark, cold, and a biting, chilling wind was blowing; a night when the guards in the yard would not be likely to see him if he succeeded in getting out of the prison proper, so that he ran comparatively little danger of discovery in attempting to scale the wall.

He waited until nearly ten o'clock before he began his attempt to escape, and it was past one ere he stood outside the prison wall a free man. I am not going to describe his escape, for I have no notion of telling everybody how it was done. Suffice it to say that he succeeded in his plans and gained his liberty.

He was well provided with money, Annie having given him nearly a thousand dollars, the proceeds of the sale of some of her jewels, and he had his plan well laid out. It was to cross the river, hire a sleigh to drive him to Rouse's Point, and take the train for some Southern city before his escape was discovered.

It was intensely cold; the thermometer stood almost twenty degrees below zero, and the wind was cutting like a knife as he made his way down the bank towards the river. He had intended making his way to St. Lambert's, but in his hurry to get out of the city and to leave the public streets, he took the river at once and bent his steps towards Longueuil.

Some fatality seemed to influence his change of plan; some unseen power appeared to be urging him on to look once more, and for the last time, on the scene of his crime. He knew the risk of detection he ran; he knew he was well known in Longueuil and liable to be arrested at any moment if seen, but he trusted to the darkness and the little probability there was of any one being out at that hour in the morning. A fierce desire to view again the house where he had committed the murder took possession of him, and he lost all power to control his passion. He would see the spot once more, and from the place where he had done the foul deed should date the new life he intended to lead in the future.

He felt no remorse for his crime. He was

sorry for it in one sense, but if it had had to be done over again, he would probably have acted as he did before. Hard, cold, selfish and unscrupulous in gaining his ends he had been all his life, and hard, cold, selfish and unscrupulous he would be to the end.

He was sorry that he had committed the murder, but it was a selfish sorrow; he was sorry because the result had been so disastrous to himself, and he cursed the folly which had prevented his taking some surer and more certain way to avoid detection.

On through the darkness he went, now straying off the track and stumbling amongst the ice heaps, again regulating the road by the aid of the *bâches* placed to mark it. The cold wind whistled past him with a mocking laugh, and the drift covered him until he was a mass of snow. Once he strayed from the path and fell into an air-hole, going down to the arm-pits, and with difficulty saving himself from being drawn into the rapid waters below.

By a great exertion he managed to extricate himself and again finding the road, continue on his way; but the shock had greatly exhausted him, and he felt his strength begin to give way. He could feel the water on his trousers forming to solid ice; he could hear the turbulent stream below roaring in its might, as it hurried on to the sea. A numbness was seizing his whole frame; his feet felt like lead, his hands had no sensibility in them. Hugo lollies hung from his hair, moustache and eye-lids, and a sound of singing was in his ears. And still the pitiless wind persistently pelted him with perpetual pellets of snow, and the fierce blast swooped down on him like a mighty giant, chilling his very life blood.

Still he kept on. To stop was death; to go on was his only chance for life. Up almost to his knees in the drift at times, or blown almost down by the mighty force of the wind.

That sound of singing grew louder and louder in his ears, and now church bells mingled with them; and again and again loud noises, like the booming of cannon, reverberated through his brain. The blood, fast turning to ice in every other part of his body, seemed changing to fire in his head, and his mind grew stronger in its intensity of perception as his limbs grew feebler and feebler under him.

Now in fancy he could see the church spire of Longueuil, although it was still far, far away from him, and memory's eye pictured him the little cottage, on the outskirts of the village; again he saw the still white face of his murdered wife lying placid on the pillow as he had last seen it; again he went through that fearful scene which had placed the brand of Cain upon his brow; again he laid the white bosom bare; again he placed the sharp point of the glittering steel upon the snowy flesh; again with devilish force he drove the slender rod into the vital part, with a blow by a hammer; again—Ah; there before him he sees it now, a human heart, bleeding and pierced with a slender, glittering rod of steel! It was before him as he struggles, with difficulty, forward; mocking voices ring out around him through the driving blast; sounds of ribald laughter and jeering shouts are borne to him on the whistling wind; the very *bâches* which mark his way seem to point at him and gibe him and hiss "murderer" at him.

He cannot pray; long ago he has forgotten how to address himself to his Maker and sue for pardon and grace; he has placed confidence only in himself in his life; and has never learned to look for help and comfort to the Divine Giver of all good; he has steadily and persistently stifled the voice of conscience for years, and now it cannot be aroused; no pitying angel is near him now, no soft words of comfort are whispered in his ear; hard he has lived, hard he must die, with little of hope or fear for that life beyond of which we know nothing.

Still he blunders on, now up, now down; still the icy feeling increases in his limbs, and the bells sound louder and louder, and that pierced heart swings more fearfully before him; still the mocking voices and ribald laughter ring out more and more distinctly, and then—he stumbles and falls, falls to rise no more; and the distant spire grows more and more indistinct; the bells and singing grow fainter and fainter; the sounds of laughter and of mocking are scarcely heard; the blood begins to cool in his head; the pulsations of the heart grow weaker and weaker; a kind of sweet languor comes over him, a heavy drowsiness in which his thoughts travel back through long years and he is an innocent happy boy again; he hears the songs of birds as he used to hear them when a youth; the scent of the balmy southern flowers is in his nostrils; he sees cane-fields nodding their waving plumes in the soft warm air; he feels the impress of youthful innocent lips upon his forehead, and then—the numbness and the drowsiness increase, he gradually sinks to unconsciousness, the pulsations grow less and less marked, the action of the brain slower and slower, and there, out in the middle of the icy river, Harry Griffith ends his earthly career, frozen to death.

About five o'clock some *habitants* crossing with a load of hay were startled at the sight of a man lying on the ice and hastened to raise and attempt to restore him to consciousness; but it was too late, life had been extinct for hours, and Harry Griffith's guilty soul had winged its way to its Maker, where, let us hope, it was mercifully dealt with.

(Concluded in our next.)

How old must a Colt's revolver be before you may call it a horse-pistol.

KEPT IN.

BY STEPHEN LANN BEKERS.

"Oh, jolly crew!
You come and go—
You never ask permission;
Just look at me,
Kept in—you see,
And fellows gone a fishin'.

"It's dull and hot
In this old spot,
Outside, the wind is blowing,
And—oh! that croak
In meadow brook,
Where all the boys are going!

"This 'Six times four'
Is such a bore,
And so is 'Eight times seven.'
I don't know why,
The more I try,
The more I don't know 'leven.'

"Old croaker, shoo!
If I were you!
I'd go to watch the fishin',
And 'rithmetic
Would banish quick—
But what's the use of wishin'."

That solemn crew
Looked high and low,
And paused a little season,
Then answered, "Caws,
You broke the laws
You suffer—that's the reason."

And off he flew
The window through
By which he gained admission.
"Poor comfort this,
For sums amies,
And boys gone off a fishin'!"

TITLES FOR NOVELS.

Our earlier novelists had small difficulty in finding names for their tales. Without any fear of infringement of copyright, they could take the titles that struck their fancy, and they were at no pains to make the most of their advantages. Their usual plan was to put the hero's or heroine's name on the title-page of the story, and call it his or her *Memoir*, or *Life*, or *Adventures*. Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko;" Defoe's "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders;" Mr. Manley's "Rivella;" Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones," "Amelia;" Richardson's "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Sir Charles Grandison;" Smollett's "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker;" Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," are amongst the chief of these easily christened novels; and certainly the majority of them have not such names as would be acceptable to the fashionable publishers of to-day. Many of them were badly named; though the homage due to their authors' powers and the influence of long-enduring popularity dispose us to regard the titles respectfully. Like a mean name ennobled by the deeds of splendid bearers, the poor title of a great book is rated by associations rather than by its intrinsic merits. But it is certain that the titles of Fielding's novels have no more charm for eye or ear, independent of the influences of association, than such pearly surnames as Pitt, Peel, Hay, to which circumstances have given an aristocratic tone. Richardson's larger stories were christened more attractively than Fielding's tales; and Smollett's best titles had the advantage of alliteration and characteristic sound; but of all our old novels, Goldsmith's beautiful narrative of a country parson's family is, perhaps, the only one which has an unexceptionable title. As works of fiction became more numerous, writers of fiction were at greater pains to style them strikingly. Having first used all the best of English Christian names and the most sonorous or otherwise impressive of our surnames, they began to give their names suggestive titles made of words that like the "Vicar of Wakefield," pointed to the social condition of the characters, and conciliated readers by reminding them of the more agreeable callings and estates of English people. When every title of the peerage and the genealogists, and the name of every professional dignity had been used, the tale-wrights, still aiming at distinctiveness, qualified and often heightened the interest of old names, by expanding them with reference to associates, children, rivals, servants. The "Duke," the "Earl," the "Bishop," the "General," the "Vicar," the "Doctor," were followed by the "Duke's Daughter," the "Earl's Heir," the "Bishop's Chaplain," the "General's Aide-de-Camp," the "Doctor's Patient." Jane Austen gave one of her tales the infelicitous name of "Emma," and christened two other stories with the names of localities; but her most distinctive titles, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Persuasion," set a fashion for names pointing to the sentiment and moral purpose of the narratives. Ineffective when she lazily adopted the old practice of naming a romance after a person or a place, Miss Edgeworth was fortunate in such titles as the "Absentee," "Ennui," "Manoeuvring," "Patronage," that pointed to a moral or a class of persons. Thanks, perhaps, to Constable, Scott was especially felicitous in his names for novels, all of which—with two exceptions, "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe"—brighten a page,

and provoke curiosity. Scott, by the way, is our only great novelist who has been notably fortunate in his names. Lord Lytton produced two or three happy titles, such as "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," but without exception his later titles for books were such as his publishers could not have allowed him to use in his younger days. "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What will he do with it?" and, worst of all, "Kenelm Chillingly," are names that no publisher would have accepted from an unknown writer. Though they were never adopted without serious consideration, it cannot be said that Dickens' titles were attractive. Thackeray's one excellent title was "Vanity Fair." Mr. Disraeli's best-named stories are "Henrietta Temple" and "The Young Duke," his worst-named "Tancred" and "Lothair," though of these specimens of the fantastic in literary nomenclature it must be conceded that they are striking by singularity. George Eliot never made a better choice of a name than "The Mill on the Floss," or a less felicitous one than when she decided to brand her last noble work of art with such an ugly, rigid, and uncomfortable title as "Middlemarch."

Probably, the increasing difficulties of finding a good name for a good story are the cause of the badness of George Eliot's last title. Of the magnitude and rapid increase of those difficulties there can be no question. Our manufacturers of novels have used for their titles every English Christian name, and nearly every musical and eligible surname. They have worked out the mine of heraldic styles and professional distinctions, and names of localities. They have displayed marvellous ingenuity in combining names of persons or places with the names of vocation and kindred. Every passion, every sentiment of the human breast has been put to titular service. To make their books distinctive and attractive, writers have employed solitary adjectives, fantastic monosyllables, brief questions, scraps of songs, old adages, and homely adverbs spelt backwards. Alliteration is a hack that has been worked by the title-makers till it has not a leg to stand on; and now they are asking how they can raise a new stock of effective titles. "Ouida" has no more short words on hand; Miss Broughton hesitates to pursue the original course by which she for several seasons staggered novel readers. What is to be done? The coal famine is a trivial inconvenience in comparison with the title famine. Perhaps the scarcity of fuel will disappear when new machinery shall have given the hewers and the coal owners a lesson in common sense and political moderation. But how and where can we get an "output" of titles for novels adequate to the demand? We can only suggest a temporary expedient, by which our pleasant tellers of lies for the ladies in 3 vols. 8vo. may carry on their operations creditably for a few more years. Fashion having authorized them to name their books with sentences, consisting of five or six words, why should they not set forth in such sentences the incident or purpose, or principal action on which the interest of their narratives is mainly dependent? For instance, here are some new titles that would be attractive to the gentlewomen who drive once a week to the corner of Museum street and Oxford street.—"The Men who Loved Her," "The Woman who said 'Yes,'" "The Girl he left behind Him," "The Wolf that Ate the Lamb," "The Lover who Rode Away," "The Soldier who Won the Cross," "The Priest who Prayed for Pardon." In the same manner titles of stronger hue could be turned off for the readers of the sensational magazines, that are perused with burning eyeballs and furiously throbbing hearts by the inhabitants of our kitchens, such as "The Mother who killed her Baby," "The Burglar who struck the Blow," "The Villain who did the Deed," "The Price he Paid for Murder," "The Peer who Mixed the Poison." The recommendation of this process is that every story would suggest its own title, and, therefore, unlike many recent tales, would have a name appropriate to its contents.—*Althorpium.*

Some of the wise men of the East have rather curious notions about woman's rights, and we commend to the advocates of such rights here at home this from the *Homeward Mail*:—"The Inspector-General of Police, Madras, has called the attention of Government to the practice prevailing in the presidency of natives mortgaging and selling their wives and daughters. He states that in Nellore, the Yeroalls, or Pingu Koravers, pledge their daughters to creditors, who may either marry them or give them away. When the Yeroall goes to jail his wife lives with another man of her tribe. On his return he claims his wife and children, if any have been born in the interval. In North Arcot Koravers mortgage unmarried daughters, who become the absolute property of the mortgagee till the debt is discharged. In Chingleput, the practice of mortgaging the wives exists among the Salt Koravers. In South Arcot it is said not to exist. In Tanjore it is common. Male children become the property of the mortgagee, females that of the husband of the woman pledged. In Madras they sell the wife for 50 rs. outright, and the husband can never reclaim her. The Government in reply have called upon the collectors of the different districts mentioned to take steps to put down this picturesque but irregular practice."

All things are systematized now-a-days. Even every milk-train has its cow-catcher.

For the Favorite

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE R.

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER IX.

LAURETTA.

"I was much struck by this confession," the Italian went on, "and knew not what to advise; little as I had seen of Count Varlo, that little was enough to convince me that he would never consent to his son, his only son, forming a mésalliance, and Lucio himself was too well aware of this fact. I went with my cousin to visit the young girl who had won his noble heart. I found her a lovely, gentle girl, but alas! she was the daughter of a goldsmith, and of course not to be thought of as the bride of Signor Lucio Varlo, the only son of the Austrian Governor."

"I only remained five days in Milan, and hastened home, for my marriage day drew near. What was my horror on arriving at Santavale to hear that two days before my intended bride had eloped with a stranger, an Austrian? In despair I left my home and returned to Milan. I was too proud to go to my uncle, in this altered state of affairs. I could no longer go as a wealthy noble, and his equal in rank, and go I would not as a recipient of his charity, so I determined to see my cousin secretly, and endeavor to form some plan for the future."

"With this view, I took my station one wet evening, just outside the entrance of the Palazzo, wrapped in my long black cloak, and with my wide hat well pulled over my eyes, I stood patiently waiting for Lucio."

"The great clock on the distant steeple had just chimed midnight, when I saw my cousin's tall form come out of the huge stone porch, and descend the massive stone steps with his light elastic tread. I stepped forward in the bar of light that streamed down on the wet shining pavement, and spoke. Lucio started violently, and exclaimed in astonishment,

"Why, Antonio, is it yourself or your spirit?"

"Myself," I replied, and linking my arm in that of my cousin, I led him away. Having briefly related all that had occurred I asked my cousin's advice. What was my surprise to hear his reply?

"Antonio, I am a beggar. You saw me leave the home of my father to-night. Yes, it is forever."

"Not much now remains to be told. Lucio's father after making one more effort to separate his son from Lauretta, discarded him forever, and resigning his post in Milan, left Italy for Austria, and we saw him no more."

"You know the rest, my cousin went far away to the New World, with the young wife for whom he had given up everything, and I stayed in Milan, and earned a pittance by teaching. There you met me, and now I have left Italy, because I belong to a society that has just been broken up by the Austrian government, and should I stay there I might chance to lose my head. Now Sidney, *mon ami*, you know all."

CHAPTER X.

MONA THE ZINGARI.

It was evening at Heilsbourne Hall, evening in its gayest phase; the grand old mansion was lit up from turret to basement, and mirth and joy, seemed to fill every heart to overflowing.

We will not linger in the dining parlour, however, but pass down the broad stone steps to the servants' hall. It is a large, and comfortable one, although the evening is warm, for it is the month of June, a huge fire is burning on the hearth, the flames leaping and dancing merrily, and the logs, big enough for yule, only kept back on the white hearth by shining brass tongs.

The walls are of polished oak, and the sanded floor is white as the aprons of the pretty maids. It is a scene of rare old English comfort; and the group gathered around the cheery fire do simple justice to the good cheer of Heilsbourne.

Stout John the coachman, who has driven Sir Claude for thirty years, presides over a capacious jug of brown home brewed, and ranged on a long bench sit seven other servant men, each holding a shining and foaming tankard in his hand. On the other side of the fire, is Mistress Noalks, the stout comely housekeeper, whose rosy cheeks, and bright black eyes, still make her a prime favorite at merry Christmas, and many is the kiss she gets under the mistletoe, year by year, and from under it too.

The fair sex have many other representatives, on this occasion, for the house is full of company, and many of the ladies bring their own maids with them; in the corner sits Lady Eva Seymour's own serving woman, French Celeste, a small, bright, and withal coquettish demurelle, who is flirting away to her heart's content below stairs, as her mistress is doing above them.

The other maids are mostly fair, rosy, round-faced English girls, and to-night, one and all are on the *qui vive*, for is not Mona, the fortune-teller, expected every moment?

Even honest John is slightly excited, though he stoutly denies the accusation when it is distinctly brought against him by Mademoiselle; and Mistress Noalks also makes a feeble protest, declaring herself too old to have her fortune

told, besides, casting down her fine black eyes and twisting up the frill of her apron, regardless of the starch and snowy purity thereof, and besides, it's all nonsense, and fool's, wicked nonsense, and she really did not know whether she ought to encourage it.

"Mistress Noalks," it was John who spoke, and took his long clay church-warden from his lips to do so. "Mistress Noalks, I say, you 'av just made a statement, han' however it goes agin my heart for to contradict a lady, han' a sensible 'oman like you to the back, I must contradict that 'ere statement; an' you must hobble me by considering that 'ere statement contradicted."

John brought his hand down on the table with a smack that made the tankards ring, and Celeste give an affected start, in order that his speech might produce a proper impression.

"Why, Monsieur, you will startle me to death one day; why for do you so hit ze table *le pauvre*; it has you not enjair? I am shudder still."

John regarded the French woman with as much contempt as his light blue eyes were capable of expressing, and replied in a sarcastic tone,

"Oh there haint no call for you to jump or screech; no call whatsoever, my dear. What haint in the 'abit of 'itting vemen in Hugland; whatever is the 'abit in France; it is not hour 'abit. I was remarkin' ven you 'ad the politeness to hinterrupt, for vich I am very much hobbliged to you, my dear, tho' it warn't the fashion 'mong young people ven I was young to snap the vord's hout of hold people's 'ods, still not 'ud times is h'improving, han' I haint a keepin' hup with them. Vell I vos agoin' to say, as 'ou my friend Mistress Noalks 'adn't no call to believe 'erself, begging 'or pardon for makin' use of such a vord to a lady, but she 'adn't no call to say as she was too hold to 'av her fortune told, as it's h'all t'other way. She is has pretty a 'oman has I wishes to see, han' no nonsense 'about 'er hat h'all."

This was the longest speech on record for John, and great wonder it caused in the servants' hall, but was generally supposed to be a "set-down" to that French mix and serve her right too.

"May I come in?" inquired a soft voice. Glances were exchanged, and slight shudders ran round the group, for this could be no other than Mona.

"Yes, Mona, come in."

Mistress Noalks was the first to recover her voice; and the gipsy was an old acquaintance, so she did not feel at all nervous about her visit.

Mona came slowly forward to the fire, and when close to the expectant group, threw back the long cloak in which she was enveloped and stood revealed a tall, weird-looking woman, with snow white hair, dark brown face, wrinkled and weather-stained, and bright unearthly eyes.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, turning from one to another.

Now no one wanted to be first, still they did feel great anxiety to know their fates, to ascertain what fortune had in store for them of good or ill.

Celeste rose from her seat and came forward, holding out her small brown hand and regarding the gipsy with a half-concealed smile, "I will have ze first fortune. You mus give me ze *bon mari*."

Mona took the outstretched hand in hers and gazed intently on its lines. She muttered to herself for a few minutes, and then raised her bright, piercing eyes to the mocking face of the French girl and said slowly,

"I see no good husband for you; you will have many lovers, but never be a wife."

"Ah, *bon mari*, you tell ze black lie, all lie," screamed Celeste indignantly, and she returned to her seat with flushing eyes and angry face.

The rest of the company could not repress a smile as they rather enjoyed this "take down" to the forward foreigner.

Mona now went through with the usual routine of mystical warnings and obscure allusions to past and future events in the lives of each and all of her hearers, including the housekeeper and old John, both of whom she put in high good humour by bestowing on them handsome partners for life.

As Mona very often gave warnings that were necessary, and made predictions that were verified, the servants all placed the most implicit faith in her words.

"Now, my friends, I have told all your fortunes, and I would like you to do something for me. Go up and tell Lady Alicia Pagot that I have a word to say to her. Take a quiet chance, for it is private business. Who will go?"

Glances of surprise went round the circle; such an unheard-of request as a private interview with one of the ladies of the household by a gipsy! What could she mean?

"Will you tell Lady Alicia?" inquired Mona, rather impatiently, turning to Phillis, Lady Alicia's maid.

The girl looked down shyly and blushed. She did not care to go up and wait a chance to slip into the great hall among the lords and ladies to deliver the message, and she feared to anger the gipsy by refusing to obey her, so she stood trying to make up her mind.

"Will you go?" again asked Mona.

"Yes, what shall I say?"

"Say I have a message from a friend," said the gipsy.

When Phillis left the room Mona followed her along the hall, and up the stairs, the lofty corridor was deserted, for all the servants were assembled down stairs, and the gipsy sat down on the long oaken bench that ran along the stone wall of the great court. It was dimly

lighted by huge wax candles, held by statues of men in armor, who looked down from their lofty pedestals, with scowling dignity, a candle in one gauntleted hand, and the other on their swords, as if ready to defend the place at a moment's notice.

Mona sat down and waited patiently. It seemed to her that she was under the full gaze of the men-at-arms; but the gipsy was by no means timid, and she was determined to accomplish her errand come what may.

Phillis in the meantime had found her mistress, but had as yet found no opportunity of speaking to her. The Lady Alicia being engaged in earnest conversation with her cousin Stanley. They withdrew from the crowd to a little anti-chamber, and judging by their faces, their subject was not an agreeable one. Stanley looked haggard and anxious, and Alicia pale and nervous.

"It is no use, Alicia, if you will not help me no one else can." The girl's face grew still whiter when she heard the desperate words, but she did not reply, though he paused as if for answer.

"You pretend to love me—you do not love me."

"Stanley, you know I do, I love you—God help me, better than you can understand, better than you deserve." She said this passionately, and bit her lip, to keep back still stronger words of reproach.

Stanley saw that he had gone too far. "Alicia my love," he said softly, and stole his arm around the slender waist; her head sank on his shoulder, for she could not resist kind words from his lips, and her heart had been wrung and tortured by jealousy, for Eva Seymour still lingered at Heilsbourne, though a month had passed since the birth-night ball, and Stanley Heilsbourne was devoted to her.

Not a word or look did he bestow on his affianced wife, except on rare occasions, though the time that intervened between the present hour and his bridal day, could now be counted by hours.

No wonder Stanley was desperate; his whole heart was full of passionate love for Eva, and she allowed him to think that love was returned. What was the broken vow compared to joy like this? His mind was made up. He would act at once.

"Alicia, my love, I do love you beyond all the world."

"Better than you love her?" asked the now happy girl.

"Yes, a thousand times. Will you do me a favor, will you see Ruthven? You know he will do anything you ask him, he loves you also."

"But Stanley I dare not, you don't know all; a month ago he sent me a letter by an old gipsy woman, begging me to meet him in the fir copse. I promised to go, but did not, and I have not seen him since."

"No matter, Alicia; give me your word that you will see him now." He bent eagerly over her and gazed beseechingly down at the fair face; Alicia looked at him, and all her firm resolves melted away. She could not resist him, and he knew it.

"Will you, Alicia, my love, my own?"

"Yes, Stanley."

"When?"

"When you will."

He clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to her cheek rapturously, for now he saw a way out of his difficulties; now he knew all obstacles could be cleared away, that kept him from his darling Eva.

In a moment he had formed a scheme, dark enough to startle one possessed of a particle of right feeling; but Stanley Riverdale was not startled. No! his hard heart rejoiced, and he felt that this was his hour of triumph.

The silence that had fallen on the cousins was now interrupted by the entrance of Phillis. She approached her mistress and whispered a few words in her ear. Alicia turned to Stanley saying, "Phillis has just told me that the gipsy is waiting outside. Will you remain here till I speak with her?"

"Yes, go at once my darling." The girl obeyed, a glad smile on her face as she did so, for Stanley drew her close to him, and kissed her lips as she passed out, and little did she think it was a kiss of treachery, given but to betray.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ABDUCTION.

A carriage stood at the cross-road on a wet night in the month of June. A travelling coach with four post-horses, and the post-boys had dismounted and were stamping up and down the muddy road impatiently.

"I say, Dick, I wish they would hurry up; we will look pretty queer if Roving Roger should happen along and us standing here like fools awaiting for them all night."

"I say so too. It's a run-off match, an' I should not wonder if they ain't catch, an' that would be a jolly lark, for we would stand here till daylight an' be none the wiser. Putty lookin' gappys we would look oh? a drivin' back to Lunnon without 'em."

Just as the post-boy had come to this melancholy conclusion, footsteps were heard approaching, and the post-boys sprang forward to open the coach door, and endeavor to obtain a glimpse of the lady.

In this gallant attempt, however, they failed miserably, the lady's face being concealed by a thick veil. She was led along by two men, the taller one wore a black dress and large hat

slouched over his eyes, the other, a gay evening dress of blue velvet, slashed with amber satin, and a cavalier hat, with white plume, set on his head jauntily.

The lady was placed in the carriage without a word; she seemed faint and weak, and the two men lifted her into the coach, and laid her on the seat, then shook hands, the taller jumped in, and the gentleman in the blue dress, ordered the boys to their places.

In a few moments the coach was on its way to London, and Stanley Riverdale, for he is the hero of blue and amber, is left standing on the muddy road alone.

It is the wedding day of Stanley Riverdale, and the inmates of Heilsbourne Hall are early astir, all the servants are busy in hall and larder, indeed, in the language of comely Mistress Noalks, they "had not time to sit down" for a fortnight. Order is growing out of confusion. The table is set, it is a massive oaken one, but needs all its strength to-day to support the massive silver plate, the flocks of turkeys, capons and other fowls, not to mention the peacock at the head of the board, in all his regal plumage, a perfect triumph of culinary art that has cost good Mistress Noalks restless days and sleepless nights.

The previous day was wet, and dismal forebodings had been entertained lest the wedding lay should prove the same; but this will not be, for, early as it is, faint glimpses of golden light are making rainbows among the crystal with which the table is loaded, showing that old Sol is coming to grace the joyous occasion with his presence.

All in hurry and bustle, for the wedding is to take place in the private chapel at ten o'clock, and the whole county is to be feasted all day, and all night too, for the matter of that.

"If I only live through it all," said Mrs. Noalks, wiping the perspiration from her brow, as she sank for a moment on a seat.

"Oh! no fear of you not livin' thro' it, ay, an' the christnin' feast, too, what we will be 'avin' in a twalv'month," said old John.

"For shame," laughed the lady; "but I am glad the day has come, for I declare I did think that Lady Eva was getting around the young master with her nasty French ways; but, thank God, we are to have one of our own to rule over us; but here, I must be off."

Eight o'clock struck, and Phillis softly tapped at her mistress' door, thinking as she did so it was the last morning that she would be Alicia Pagot.

There was no answer; but the girl gently opened the door and softly entered the chamber of the bride.

It was a large room, and furnished with every comfort that wealth and good taste could devise. The bed was large and old-fashioned, having steps up to it; the thick white curtains were drawn closely around it, so the sleeping inmate was concealed.

Phillis moved softly about preparing her mistress' bath, and arranging the bridal robes. Lovingly did the girl lift the spotless satin, seeming in its snowy purity, fit dress for the girl who was so soon to wear it; the rich soft lace and rare grand pearls, every gem as large as a pigeon's egg, were laid side by side.

Phillis could not repress a sigh as she reverentially handled them. After all, there is something solemn in the pure white dress, something touching in the rich simplicity of bridal robes.

"Now, I must wake her; it would not do for her to be late. She drew close to the bed and pulled back the curtains. The bed was empty! Where was the bride?"

CHAPTER XII.

RUTHVEN.

In a street in London, near the Thames, stood a lofty old house, that was owned and occupied by a mysterious personage who had long puzzled the neighbors by his strange, unaccountable ways.

Many had vainly tried to form his acquaintance, but their efforts had been fruitless, and now they had given him up in despair. Who was he? What was he?

No one could tell. He was quiet, pursuing the even tenor of his way, and interfering with no one; but that very fact rendered the man all the more worthy of remark.

So few people mind their own business, that any one who does is sure of attracting public attention.

His going out, his coming in, what he wore and how he looked was always a matter of discussion to his more every-day neighbors.

His house was an old one, but passers-by declared that they had peeped in at the windows, and that it was well-furnished and comfortable. His household consisted of an aged woman and two men. The master was often absent, sometimes for days and nights; but the house was never shut up, and smoke always ascended from the chimneys, proving that however unlike other people the good folks at No. 20 were in all other respects, they ate and drank and cooked like ordinary mortals.

Great was the surprise felt, and also expressed, when one night a carriage drove up to the door and a lady and gentleman alighted and entered the door of the remarkable house; and the gentleman was no other than the remarkable man himself. The whole street trembled. What if the man should turn out to be just like other people?

In a room on the ground floor sat the pair, who were the subject of so much fruitless discussion. The lady half sat, half reclined, in a

low chair. She had not yet removed her cloak, but her bonnet had fallen back, revealing a face and neck of rare beauty. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and long waving locks of golden hair hung down over her shoulders; her hands were long, slim, and white as snow. They were clasped on her lap in an attitude of the deepest dejection. On the third finger of the left hand shone the wedding ring, but all the fair fingers were covered with flashing gems; and about the swan-like throat, a circlet of rubies lay like drops of blood.

The man sat in silence, eyeing his beautiful companion with a touching expression of hopeless love. She never raised her eyes or noticed him in any way. He clasped his hands together in mute agony as he gazed on her, and at length rose from his seat, crossed the room and sank on the floor beside her chair.

"Alice, look at me, speak to me, for God's sake; my heart is breaking. Have you no mercy?"

Thus entreated, she would not be a woman if she had not been moved to pity for the man kneeling before her. She lifted her eyes to the countenance before her, and her heart was deeply touched by the evidence of suffering there portrayed.

His face was pale as death—even his lips were white—and quivering with emotion; his brow was lined and seamed with the bitter agony that was rending his soul, and, strong man though he was, his eyes were full of tears.

Her eyes expressed the pity that her woman's heart felt, and with a deep, hollow groan he buried his face in her lap and gave way to the most passionate tears and sobs that seemed to convulse his powerful form. He pressed his lips to the small, white hands and covered them with tears and kisses.

"Oh, Alice! will you try to forgive me? Oh! my love, my life!"

He took her in his arms and clasped her to his throbbing heart; but at the first word of affection her face hardened and grew cold.

A shudder passed over her slender frame, and with a mighty effort she pushed him away from her and tried to free herself from his embrace. He raised his face, tear-stained and wretched, well-nigh mad in its wild agitation, and once more her heart smote her for her unkindness to this man, whose greatest sin, after all, was in loving her too well.

"Ruthven," she said, "do you really love me so well?"

He gazed at her through blinding tears, and sobbed out in a hoarse whisper, "I worship you, Alice; I love the ground you walk upon."

She felt that his words were true, but she was determined to try him still further.

"If you love me, go away and leave me in peace."

"But what will you do? Shall I leave you here? Will you stay here? I will give you money enough to live upon, for, Alice, you are my wife. Stay here, and I will go away and never, never annoy you again. Bid me good-bye kindly, it is the last time I will trouble you."

He rose as he spoke. He tried to say this firmly, but his voice broke into a hoarse sob at the last.

"Yes, I will stay here," she said calmly.

"Good-bye, Alice; God bless you."

He stooped and kissed her brow with trembling lips and fast-dropping tears, and turned to leave her—forever!

She never spoke till he was at the door, but when she saw that he would pass out and go from her presence, she lifted her hands and cried faintly, "Stop, Ruthven—Roger, come back!"

He turned, and for a moment stood, his eyes dilated and his hands uplifted, as if doubtful if he had heard aright.

"Roger, come back."

This time there could be no doubt. With a glad cry he sprang forward and caught her in his arms to his heart in a passionate embrace.

(To be continued.)

MARK SHIPLEY'S ATONEMENT.

BY EMILY HARRINGTON.

"Hallo, Shipley! good evening, old fellow! We've stepped in to carry you off with us. You know you promised long ago to take a look in at Maason's, and we won't let you off. So put on your hat and come along."

Mark Shipley turned with a start of surprise. He had not been aware of the entrance of his two friends, so intently had he been gazing upon a delicate little note which he held in his hand.

"Welcome, Burton, welcome, Hawar; I am glad to see you in my humble lodgings. Sit down, help yourselves to cigars, and spend the evening with me."

"Not a bit of it," cried Burton. "The cigars we'll accept with thanks, and we will smoke them in your company, but it must be on the way to Maason's. So come along; it is late now."

Mark shook his head: "You must excuse me. It was, as you say, long ago when I made that promise, and my opinions have changed somewhat; moreover, Maason's was not then the regular gambling-house it is now. Be generous

and give me back my promise, boys. I don't want it said that I ever entered such a place."

For reply, his friends burst into uproarious laughter, and Burton exclaimed:

"Hear you, Hawar! The sinner has turned saint, and what, forsooth, has converted him? Ah, Shipley, Shipley, I fear you are lost—irrevocably tied to a certain fair lady's apron-strings. You are soon to become a Benedict. We know, and so it is all the more our bounden duty to see that you make use of the little liberty you still have left."

"Indeed," exclaimed the young man, earnestly, "you will oblige me greatly if you will let me off. You have heard of my poor father's fate: it was a gambling-house that ruined him and embittered his last days. I would never have made the promise I did if Maason's had been then the place it is now."

"But still a promise is a promise, and must be kept," replied Hawar. "So put on your hat at once, for we will grant no release. We won't ask you to play—only to look on a while and see how things are done. Why, Shipley, you ought to be ashamed in these days to confess to ignorance about such places—it's part of a man's education. So, come."

After some further remonstrance, Mark suffered himself to be persuaded to accompany his friends, feeling in honor bound to do so, since they would not release him from his promise, for it had always been his pride that his word, once passed, had never been broken.

Maason's was a so-called private gambling-house, and open only to the upper classes. Several gentlemen were gathered about one of the numerous tables, deeply absorbed in the game of *Rouge-et-Noir*.

Our three friends looked on for a while in silence, and then Burton and Hawar drew nearer, and each staked a small sum. They won, and again risked a larger sum—again fortune favored them; and then—alas for human nature and human resolution!—Mark Shipley, carried away by the excitement of the moment, forgot the lessons of his father's past, and throw down upon the table a golden coin.

"Hurrah, Shipley!" cried Burton. "Well done! You are a true man, for all your squeamishness. You see these things don't look so bad when you are right close to them. These *Rouge-et-Noir* tables are very tasty—not at all repulsive."

But Mark already regretted his impulsive act. "Ah, Burton," he said, "there is the whole trouble in a nut-shell. It is because gambling looks so harmless at first that so many noble-hearted fellows are ruined by it."

This he spoke in all earnestness; and yet a few moments later, when his gold returned to him double in amount, he staked it again; and yet again it came back to him, four times the amount it first started—forty dollars instead of ten.

"Try it again, Shipley!" cried Hawar. "Down with it on the noir."

"No, on the rouge;" and Mark, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, laid down his forty dollars on the spot referred to. Again he won, and eighty dollars were banded him by the banker—a clear gain of seventy.

"What a splendid run of luck, Shipley!" cried Burton. "Double, triple the amount; you're sure to win!"

Mark hesitated, but the reckless fascination of the game was in the ascendant, and he risked the larger sum suggested by his friends, placing it this time on the "inverse," and then he waited with breathless eagerness for the result. It was against him; but so far from checking his wild career, it seemed rather to incite him to further risks.

"Two hundred dollars on the noir!" A moment's suspense, and again he lost.

As this result was announced, Mark's face grew pale, and with a shock he awakened to a full appreciation, not only of the debt he had incurred, but of the sin he had committed—of the self-imposed vow he had broken. Faint and sick at heart, he gave his note for the sum due Maason, and then bidding his friends a brief good-night, hastened homeward.

As may be readily imagined, his reflections were far from pleasant. Aside from the reproaches of his conscience, the sum he had lost was by no means an inconsiderable one, and his salary as private secretary to a wealthy banker (no other than his intended father-in-law) could ill withstand this heavy draft upon it. Moreover, his next quarterly payment would not be due for a month to come, and he had but very little money on hand.

"If Maason will only wait till this month is out," he thought, "I can weather the storm I have brought on myself, and then"—he raised his hand solemnly toward heaven—"I will never again enter a gambling-house or engage in any game of chance, so help me God!"

"If Maason will wait," Mark had said to himself, but Maason would not wait. No promise, no security, would satisfy this man, who, destitute of honor himself, could not believe its existence in others. Money in good solid coin—this alone would content him. Day after day he intruded himself into young Shipley's apartments; and at length one day grew so violent that Mark, to get rid of him for the time, told him to come on the morrow, and he would endeavor by all possible means to have the money ready for him.

"Very well, sir," said the man as he turned toward the door, "I'll come to-morrow, as you say; but if that money is not forthcoming, I will go straight to Mr. Morton, and tell him what a nice son-in-law he's going to have. You know him as well as I do, and I am more im-

taken than I ever was in my life if he don't out you adrift for this business the moment he hears of it, so you'd better get the money ready and keep it all from him."

This was early in the morning; and soon after, Mark walked down to the bank, thinking it all over with a sinking heart. He could not raise the required sum. Burton and Hawar were unable to lend it, and to no other friends could he apply.

So, on the morrow, all would be over, and his brief, bright dream of love at an end, and in its place sorrow and disgrace.

He had brought it all on himself, too, and this knowledge made his thoughts all the more bitter, for he felt that he deserved the misfortunes which were thronging about him—he was not worthy to call sweet Jennie Morton by the sacred name of wife.

The day wore on; and as the hour for closing the bank drew near, Mr. Morton rose from his chair to depart, but at the office door he suddenly paused:

"I had nearly forgotten, Mark. Just look in my desk—here is the key—and you will find four hundred dollars in cash that I wish you would look up in my private vault. You will be up this evening, of course? Jennie expects you; so good-bye for the present."

Left alone, Mark opened the banker's desk and gazed intently on the coarse bag which contained the gold. His cheeks grew deathly white, and his frame shook like an aspen leaf. He put forth his hand and touched the coin, then drew back as though stung by a scorpion. Once more he advanced his hand, and this time he clutched the bag; then taking down his overcoat from the nail upon which it hung, he threw it over his arm in such a manner as to conceal the gold, the latter being too heavy to place in his pocket, and hurriedly left the bank.

"This will save me," he muttered; "and before Mr. Morton can miss it I shall have replaced it from my salary—only one week to wait for it now. Oh, how low I have fallen—a gambler and a thief—I, Mark Shipley!"

"Well, sir," said Maason, "here I am. Can you say the same of that money you owe me?"

"Here it is," replied Mark, hoarsely. "Count it, to make sure it is right, and then begone, and never dare to cross my threshold again."

"Not unless you cross mine first, never fear. Well, it's all right, sir. There is your receipt, that I've carried in my pocket these three weeks. I'm thankful to give it to you at last."

Maason moved toward the door with a sneering laugh; and Mark, excited beyond control, advanced toward him with uplifted hand, a silent threat that was not lost on its object, who quickly vanished.

It was not quite time to go to the bank, and Mark spent the interval in walking up and down his room. At length he threw himself into a chair and bent his head upon his hands. Directly he looked up, with a brighter glance in his eyes, a firmer expression on his face.

"I will do it!" he exclaimed. "Irresolution has been my bane through life; but for that I should never have fallen thus low. Oh, Jennie, my beloved, Heaven grant that you care not for me as I had once hoped and believed! I would fain that this sorrow should fall upon me alone, who have deserved it all."

He walked rapidly to the bank, and entering Mr. Morton's private office, found that gentleman seated at his desk. Pressing his hand over his fast-throbbing heart, Mark advanced, and stood in silence until his employer looked up.

"Why, Mark, you look ill!" he exclaimed.

"What is the matter? Sit down, sit down!"

"I am ill, sir," answered the young man, slowly—"ill in mind. I have committed a great sin, and have come to you to confess it."

And then, in brief, clear words, he told it all—his first false step and its consequences, his temptation and his fall.

Mr. Morton listened in silence. He was a kind-hearted, upright man; and while his sense of honor was shocked at the story of Mark's wrong-doing, his heart recognized the inherent nobleness in the young man's character which had led him to confess his crime. He longed to speak to him words of comfort, but nevertheless he deemed it best that he should suffer yet a while longer, in order that the remembrance of those dark hours of sorrow and humiliation might never fade away.

"Mark," he said, "I need not say how shocked and grieved I am—you know all that. You have sinned; but you have proved your repentance, for you know as well as I that in all probability I should never have discovered the absence of the money. For this reason I shall retain you in your position here. I trust you still, you see. But, Mark, tell me, on your sacred honor and conscience, do you think I would do right to confide the happiness of my child to one who has sinned as you have. Are you worthy of her?"

He waited for an answer, and it came in low, gasping tones:

"No, sir, I am all unworthy. You would do wrong to give her to me now. I will not seek her—you may trust me for that. Tell her—yes, tell her what I have done, and then she will cease to love me, and not suffer as I shall. Would I might die; but I must live to work out my atonement."

"Be it so, Mark," answered Mr. Morton; and then he hastily went out from the office that the young man might not see the tears in his eyes. But Mark could not have seen them had he stayed, because of the scalding drops which blinded his own sight.

Time passed on. Two months had gone by, and Mark, a wiser and a nobler man, was steadily working out his atonement. Not once had he looked upon her who had so nearly been his bride, nor had her name once been mentioned between him and her father.

The bank closed at three o'clock, its officers and clerks having generally all departed by four; and then, from this latter period until five o'clock—the hour of the night watchman's arrival—the building was entirely deserted. Mark had had some extra work to do, and not having completed it when his friends left the bank, remained in Mr. Morton's office for that purpose.

His pen ran steadily over the paper before him, but suddenly he laid it down and bent his head as if to tollate. His quick ear had caught the sound of stealthy footsteps in the passage leading to the office in which he sat. A moment's attention convinced him that he was not mistaken. The steps paused at the door, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Come, hurry along, Bill; this job's got to be done quick. The watchman'll be here before long, and we'll find ourselves in a pretty muss if we're not off first. There's a door in this here office leading to the vault, and I've got keys that'll open all about of us. These here skeletons are precious nice things."

Quick as lightning Mark comprehended it all. These men had concealed themselves in the bank to await the departure of its officers, and now were prepared to break into the vaults.

Grasping the high stool on which he ordinarily sat, Mark glided across the room and stationed himself on one side of the office door. Scarcely had he done so when it was opened, and the foremost burglar entered, to receive a heavy blow from the stool, which sent him reeling back into the passage-way.

His astonished comrades looked cautiously in through the open door:

"Hurrah! only one man! We'll soon snare him. Come on, down with him!"

Five men rushed into the apartment, but Mark had been too quick for them. With a sudden bound he crossed the room, and placed his back against the iron door opening into the passage to the vaults below.

Fast and furious were the blows aimed at him, but his long-legged stool proved an admirable weapon of defence, not alone repelling the attacks of his assailants, but laying one of them insensible on the floor.

"Hang it, we'll have to use powder, after all, and to risk the noise," exclaimed one of the robbers; and as he spoke, he presented a pistol at Mark and fired.

The stool dropped with a crash from the latter's powerless hands, and he fell heavily to the floor, the blood flowing from a wound in his side. The robbers pushed him aside, and he saw one of their number draw a bunch of skeleton-keys from his pocket and fit one to the door, then all grew dim before him, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes to find himself in a darkened room.

"Where am I?" he asked, and the sound of his voice startled him, so weak and low was it.

No answer was made him, but a slight, graceful figure started up from his side and sped from the room. A moment later Mr. Morton entered and stood at the bedside. Mark repeated his question.

"You are in my house, my dear boy," was the reply. "You have been very ill for weeks, and must not attempt to talk, though you are better now. Hush, not a word."

The young man was too weak to oppose the mandate, so he closed his eyes and soon sank into a peaceful slumber.

A few days subsequently, when Mark was stronger, Mr. Morton told him how the watchman, entering the bank in company with a friend, had been startled by a pistol-shot, and hastening in the direction of the sound, had discovered the robbers in the act of opening the iron door which Mark had so ably defended. The men had fled, all save one, who lay on the floor insensible. Him they gave into the charge of a policeman whom they summoned; and he had since recovered and turned State's evidence, so that the whole party had been captured.

As for Mark, they had thought him dead at first, but Mr. Morton, sent for in all haste, had conveyed him to his own house, and called his wavering spirit back to life again.

Mark's eyes brightened as he heard this story.

"Then the robbers got nothing?" he asked.

"Not a dollar, thanks to your bravery."

"Thank Heaven for that! I have atoned my sin."

"You have, indeed, my dear boy," was the earnest reply; "and here is your reward. Take it, for now you are worthy of it."

He drew his blushing daughter from behind the curtains which had up to this moment concealed her from Mark's view, and placed her hand in the thin, emaciated one of her lover.

"I told her all, Mark, but she never faltered in her love. Take her; you are worthy of each other. You have each passed through the furnace of affliction, and have come forth purer and nobler."

A sweet, happy smile played over the young man's wasted features as he clasped the hand of her he loved in his own.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured; "my atonement is in truth accepted, for man has forgiven my sin, and God is yet more forgiving than he. I have found peace again once more."

A Mark was right, as the subsequent life of joy, prosperity and usefulness amply testified.

For the Favorite.

HOPES BLIGHTED.

BY BELLELLE,
OF MONTREAL.

I came in the morning,—
Dew drops were adorning
A rose in full blossom like gems rich and rare;
The glad sun shone brightly,
The zephyrs breathed lightly,
All nature a feast of rejoicing held there.

In the calm evening hour
Back I flew to that bow'r;
But alas! oh alas! on a soft mossy bed
The sweet rose lay broken,
A storm cloud had spoken
Its last hour of beauty—my flower was dead.

Thus hopes that we cherish
Most fondly, die, like the short blooming
They wither and die, like the short blooming
flower.

But while we enjoy them,
Let fears not allow them,
Let's yield, gently yield to their magical power.

SWIFTER THAN A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

BY JUDITH CONSIDINE.

CHAPTER III.

'PAST HONEY KEEPS THE STARVED LIP COVETOUS.'

"How dreadful!"
"Dreadful—why?"

"I've got no proper evening dress—nothing but that horrid old black silk; and in lodgings it is so—"

"Stuff and nonsense! The idea of being on one's p's and q's with Gwynne; the kindest, best-hearted, jolliest fellow in the world."

"Oh, of course!" not without bitterness; "only you see I've never set eyes on the man in my life!" and a queer grim little smile curves straight red lips.

"All the more reason why you should want to see him;" coolly, in the tone of one having authority. "Anyhow, he's coming. Pass me the milk, please."

A thin white wedding-ringed hand pushes the stalwart biscuit china jug across the table.

"And what is he to have to eat? Don't take it all; the best of grandchildren is waiting for his breakfast, isn't you, sweetest of small dogs?"

A touching squeak replies in the affirmative. "What's he to have to eat?" meditatively, returning the jug and decapitating an egg. "What's he to have to eat? Well, it's rather a puzzle, isn't it?"

"Suppose we cook you, young man!" holding up a roundabout morsel of curly blackness, decorated with a pert stiff white-tipped tail, four grisly aimless legs, sticking out in all directions, and an intoxicated crimson satin bow; "bolt you and another you in onions, bless you!" saluting the tip of a cool black nose.

"Instead of kisses!" Chokily. "No; I don't think that will quite do. Gwynne may have prejudices in spite of all his travels. By the way, you must get him to tell you about his adventures in Paris with the Communists, and how he was going to be shot when they found that shield upon him—the thing I poked up, you know"—stabbing a pat of floating butter, and transferring it to his plate.

"Yes, I know;" languidly—deposing the best of grandchildren on the floor.

"Such a splendid fellow, too! six feet one if he's an inch. He was always straight and well-made, and all that; but I really never thought he'd turn out quite so—so—" peering into the recesses of a sardine box.

"Truly magnificent!" Crumbling bread into a saucer, and laughing satirically.

"Ah!" forking out a fish, "you wait till you've seen him, that's what you do, my Everilda,—and then perhaps I'll listen to you."

"Stupid boy," with crushing dignity, and a pair of very pink cheeks; "just as if I were some wretched schoolgirl, always sighing and dying, and yearning after my brother's friends."

"Just as if you weren't," replies Mr. Stapylton, smiling wickedly. "I say, don't give that unhappy little beggar all that," looking at the brimming saucer; "he'll have a fit."

"Pouf! Dites à votre grand-mère de, etcetera." Oh dear, Oh dear!" suddenly waxing earnest. "I do so wish you hadn't asked him, Ned. It's so jolly here alone with you; but with a great man glaring at one—and wanting to be kow-towed to"—and a pair of sea-water-coloured eyes grow sorely reproachful.

"My dear!" gravely. "Your sojourn among the fleshpots has not improved your moral nature,—proof of indissoluble connection of mind and matter; in a word, my Eve, you speak selfishly."

"Do I?" says Miss Everilda, penitently; "I'm sure I don't mean to,—but if you only knew how I hate strangers—I suppose it's because I've had such a dose of them lately"—and a bitter little laugh.

"Gwynne is not a stranger. Besides, you aren't always so shy. You can make friends with people in railway carriages fast enough;" with a dryness of tone, not wholly destitute of meaning.

"What a shame!" flushing all over her face
"I'll catch me telling you anything again."

"I'll take my chance;" holding out his tea-cup. "And now to quit the sublime for the ridiculous. I'll leave you a sovereign, and you must fish out something in the way of grub. Miss James'll tell you what'll be best. Ah!" (seeing her sugar-tongs in hand—saccharine matter is abomination to this brisk and peremptory young man) 'pon my word, I think your mysterious hero has walked off with your senses. Come out of the way, Pups. I shall lose the train if I don't look sharp."

And up he jumps, and away he goes into the passage to change his shabby house-coat for the goodlier garment in which he breathes the tide of life. His hat brushed—not too new a hat by any means—and the essence of the coming feast deposited in a sealskin purse, and himself watched out of sight, Everilda Stapylton shuts the house-door and comes back into the pleasant little sitting-room—a soft woollen neutral-tinted creature with long fringes dangling about her, and broad margins of dead white clasping her throat and wrists, studded with dead gold, a quiet, mouse-like, gentle creature whom it would have been a pity to have killed, if only for the sake of one peremptory young man—to discuss the varied excellences of fish, flesh, and fowl, of tarts, and creams, and savories, with Ned's landlady, Miss James.

"I'm sure, I hope he won't worry you half as much as he does me," says Everilda, plaintively, when the *carte* is composed and she is at liberty to make her purchases as quickly as she likes.

"What Miss, the dog?" turning short round tray in hand, and looking hard at the grandchild, who is actively engaged in the demolition of a flag-end of lace curtain.

"The dog, no," much surprised and not quite pleased at the suggestion; "this Mr. Gwynne. For my part, I think him a most fearful nuisance. Be quiet, sir."

Eve picks up the grandchild by the scruff of his neck, tucks him under her arm, makes a queer perverse little face, and walks off upstairs to array herself in the big steeple crowned hat and scarlet shawl, and grey gloves and square-toed buttoned boots, for the benefit of the Surbiton butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, and the ultimate refreshment and satisfaction of Ned's unwelcome and sequestered guest.

It is an ideal September morning. People pursue their daily avocations as if they were in love with life; rags take a picturesque grace from the universal beauty; well-to-do, prosperous ladies and gentlemen beam with two-fold effulgence on mankind at large, and to be lavish, rich, free from care, seems the apex of human happiness.

"Free from care!" echoes some one, perhaps. "Well, rather. Free from care, indeed!" and a significant grunt.

"Back to thy mutton, drivelling pen of a feeble hand! Notably to thy leg of mutton—weighing seven pounds all but two ounces, as tried in the balance by a blue-shirted young man of ruddy countenance, and paid for by a small person of bald and meagre aspect."

Well! The mutton ticketed, and the fishmonger courteously entreated, and the grocer conferred with, and the greengrocer made deliriously joyful by the purchase of a pot of mignonette, and a bunch of China asters, and a basket of nectarines, and four King William pears, and a plump little melon—Eve is fond of melon herself, being a bit of a Sybarite in her demure way, like most young women;—she takes a stroll up Victoria Road, and has a look at the draper's shop at the corner. What! beautiful two-inch wide lace for twopence three farthings a yard, and warranted to wash? One's vile old black silk might be improved a little by ruffles of that same lace perhaps—any how it couldn't be made worse—and if Ned will ask strange men to dinner,—Eve tightens her hold of the grandchild, who groans the groan of the replete, and boldly fronts the foe.

"Just one shilling, if you please, miss," remarks that much-beaded and fringed being subsequently, sticking a pin in a crisp paper parcel. "Anythink in the way of gloves to-day, ribands, ties, parasols?"

Eve fancies she would like a blue satin bow very well—but, no! To be decent is necessary, to be smart another thing altogether. No ribands, or gloves, or fineries for me this morning, thank you, *Mademoiselle du Magazin*, and again she airs her red shawl in the sun.

Surbiton is a pretty place. Ned said so to Mr. Gwynne, if you remember, and he was right; but walking alone is dull work, even with a grandchild to stagger after you, and squeak sweetly at your heels. So she goes straight back to the said Ned's cosy little home. Ah! how delicious the sense of security, of ease, of perfect freedom to live one's own life according to one's own fashion, unknown to men, to women, to every one in the world save a Ned, a grandchild, a good, kind, clever Miss James, who makes one of the nicest custard puddings in the world for one's luncheon,—at Wrentham one seemed to subsist on sawdust and shavings, with a pinch of glue and a sprinkle of turpentine,—and who admires one's way of making ruffles, and decking out fruit dishes, and arranging bouquets for the centre of dinner-tables, and insinuates that one is the most truly delightful young person of her acquaintance, after a fashion that—Well, it is pleasant to be liked and petted and made a fuss over—and you'd like it too, Mr. Grumblegrumper, if only anybody could be found mean and mendacious enough to give you a chance. And then the songs and nocturnes of Chopin come out of their dark corner,

and Eve plays herself into Dreamland. She is a rare musician, this little grave-faced girl with the sea-water-colored eyes, and her cheeks crimson to the tint of the Virginian creeper tendrils swaying lazily in and out of the window in the soft south breeze, and her lips part over the small, divided teeth, in a smile half-sad, half-glad,—and the notes sing themselves to sleep—and—and—

"Why! what o'clock is it?" waking up with a start and a shiver. Yes, a shiver—the world feels cold as an empty house.

"It's five, miss! You didn't ring, so I brought you a cup of tea without waiting, and I've put a can of hot water in your room."

Only half-an-hour to spare, then, and those ruffles to be fought with and subdued. Never mind. Leisurely she drinks her tea, leisurely she dawdles through her dressing. Then, when she is quite ready, and possessed of a cool conviction that in no possible manner could her appearance be improved, being always a somewhat feeble apology for a woman, she pats down an ebullient end of the grandchild's brand-new blue bow, specially designed for the occasion, composes him in a striking attitude over her left arm, and leaves her room for the landing.

Hark! voices downstairs; some one growling away on lower C.

Eve draws up her small white throat. She is not positively shy. Lady Slade's companion seldom is, and yet she goes downstairs very slowly—very, very, very, slowly—and as she gets to the three last steps "Come along!" exclaims Ned, bursting out of the dining-room—his dear cheery old face running over with smiles and good humour and enjoyment. "Come along! I've just been telling Gwynne all about your railway adventure the other day and the mystic hero. This is my sister Eve, Gwynne, baptised Everilda," and he walks her into the room with his arm about her waist.

And Eve stands stock still and stares, for this Gwynne is the great grey man.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE SWEET THEN SHAPEN MUSIC IS.

And the great grey man stares too; stares with puzzled astonished eyes down from the ceiling, it seems, to Miss Stapylton. He is standing with his back against the mantelpiece, and his hand in his pockets, and the whole room seems full to overflowing of him.

But it is not in the nature of things that two sane members of society should keep on glowering dumbly at each other like this.

Given a man and a woman in circumstances requiring presence of mind, which of the two will develop that admirable faculty first?

The man! Be this maxim incontrovertible or not, certain it is that Gwynne's lips are the first to smile. Gwynne's right hand the first to offer itself. Gwynne the first to speak.

And what does she do? why! she looks at the carpet, gets scarlet, mumbles something of no particular meaning, and plumps down upon the sofa with a bump which jerks the grandchild nose-downwards into her lap.

"Hulloa!" exclaims Ned—not a little amazed at his sister's want of manners, and rather vexed, to tell the truth. He has so made up his mind that she shall admire Gwynne, and that Gwynne shall admire her. "You'll break the poor little beggar's neck if you don't take care. This is the grandchild, Gwynne," seizing him up by the skin of his back, and exhibiting him *in conspectu omnium*. Eve thinks he looks like those exceedingly dejected and paralytic golden sheep, which you may see strung up by their middles on a rural publican's sign-post now and then.

"The grandchild!" echoes Mr. Gwynne, curiously. "These are odd people, these Stapyltons, what with their clipped heads, and superabundant ruffles, and democratic rationalistic revolutionising theories (Ned has been hitting out at his pet dummies in the train), and their four-legged descendants. Your grandchild?" "No," says Eve, jumping up and snatching him out of his tormentor's clutches—"mine!" and her face is ruddier than the cherry, "I am the mother of his parents."

"To make matters a trifle clearer to the ordinary comprehension," observes Ned drily, "we used to have a very handsome pair of retrievers, but when bread and cheese became a difficulty, I sold them both to a friend of mine, and this is one of the last litter of pups."

"Ah!" sighs Eve, her eyes out of window, seeing two dear, beautiful black faces in the evergreens. "I thought my heart must break when I said good-bye to the Cockaloo."

"Which was that?" inquires Gwynne, deliberately seating himself beside her and stretching out one long grey leg half across the hearth-rug. "The papa?"

"Yes," she says, and she smiles round at him slowly out of her great shy eyes, just as the witch smiled who led him such a dance only yesterday afternoon; "he was my darling, my best of dogs. I could never be so fond of anything again as I was of him!"

"Oh yes, you could," laughs Ned. "None of your hypocrisy, Miss Everilda. Recollect the mystic hero, Black-farouche—brutal. A Hercules with the temper of a Nero, tearing railway trains in pieces as more moderate mortals tear a sheet of paper or Lord Shaftesbury's arguments. Eating fire, and spitting it out again in the form of locomotives. God bless me! I think I see him now; nice sort of brother-in-law—eh, Gwynne?" and Ned catches himself by the knees, and roars with laughter, and Gwynne roars, too; and Eve sits very bolt upright, and

does the disembodied spirit by its native hearth.

"Shall I take off the covers, sir?" The filleted soles are good, and the leg of mutton is roasted to a turn, and the wonderful pyramid of asters reared in the middle of the table—purple, and pink, and creamy white—round off awkward corners, and do to gaze at vacuously in the pauses of the conversation.

For there are pauses. You cannot dream of a person for three nights and two days—the said person being as remote from your individual sphere as Arcturus is from Orion—and then suddenly find yourself eating your daily bread in their company, and talk quite as glibly of outside life, as you would were the young woman dispensing the potatoes Jones' legal impediment, or the man who helps you to sherry, dear Flo's bridegroom elect.

Nature will have her way now and then, and nature has her way now in tying the tongues of Eve Stapylton and Arnot Gwynne, as they thus sit at meat together.

Not that they are entirely silent. Eve has seen too much of the Wrentham world, and Arnot too much of the great wide world for that. No; they do talk about music, and new plays, and new books. There is a spice of Darwinism in the mental structure of Mr. Gwynne, little as he possesses in common with the parent ape. This I notice to be a not uncommon accident; but in all they say, there is a sort of reference to things unguessed, undreamed of by poor sober Ned, plodding away at his turnips and gravy, and heavy feed generally; and now and then their eyes will meet, not very often; they are shy of looking at each other, these two who have faced death together, in a way scarcely calculated to materially assist in the elaboration of polite verbiage.

Dinner over, and the dessert on the table, with a bottle of good Bordeaux,—well, the bottle of good Bordeaux on the table,—it becomes a question, "*que faire?*"

"Sing us a song, Eve?" says Ned.

She is obedient. For the last twelve months of her life she has lived at the beck and call of stony-eyed strangers; she is not likely to make "ifs" and "ands" about doing the bidding of the one man she loves best in the world. So she goes and sings, and the song she sings is Mendelssohn's "Parting," and then she plays that dearest of Chopin's valse, the one in A minor, and that most exquisite of Chopin's nocturnes, No. 2 of the three called "Murmures de la Seine," and then—

"Can't one go for a walk?" says Gwynne, in a low, desirous voice.

Ned is sound asleep on the highly calendered chintz sofa, the grandchild curled up in his lap. Oh, supinest, most intolerably dull of brothers.

Eve sits silent, staring at the black and white ivories of the keyboard.

"Come!" and he gets between her and the twilight.

A moment or two of hesitating. To be out with him in the free air, away from listening ears, to have his words, yes, and they be the very poorest words in the English language—to have these words of his all for one's own hearing, to have him all to one's self just for a little while. She looks round at Ned, she looks up at Gwynne, and she gets up, and goes away.

Five minutes, he, with his keen, bright eyes, brighter than usual, piercing the greys of the dusk, and watching Fate, and down she comes in the too big hat and the scarlet shawl.

It is quite wonderful this going out for a quiet evening walk with the man whom she has dreamed of, and preached about to the grandchild for days. It is quite wonderful, I say, and she knows it to be so. The door closes slowly behind them. They walk away down the dim street, down the dim lane, silently, solemnly, as might an affianced pair mated against their wills.

Thus do they reach the deserted, shadow-haunted esplanade, with the lights of Kingston Bridge glittering tremulously in the water, and the tender river ripples yellowing in the feeble rays of the newly-risen moon, rounder by an inch than when she last shone on them together. And then Gwynne turns himself about, and lays his hand upon a small black arm, and says, "Eve, will you be my wife?"

And she says nothing; but she looks at him,—not smilingly, quite gravely, rather—thoughtfully, sweet, tender eyes of hers, and she draws a little nearer to him, and thus these twain become one flesh.

"Ned!" with a soft hand about his neck, and a warm cheek pressed close to his. "It is the mystic hero after all!"

One moment? In your ear,—so— They're to be married on the 30th of this month, Eve's eighteenth birthday.

DURING the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked, "Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it;" when, suiting the deed to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery home!

The Chicago *Times* puts the solemn conundrum: "How can we escape fire?" A New York paper answers: "The Gospel offers you every encouragement, but perhaps your best hold" is to get out of Chicago.

BURIED YEARS.

BY REV. W. G. WATKINS.

Sing me the golden past: its noon-tides' splendor,
Sweet summer walks, soft partings 'neath the stars;
But waken Mem'ry's soul with music tender,
And gently free Love from Grief's prison-bars;
For pensive musings but renew my pain,
And buried years can ne'er come back again!

So sing me days o'er which hope's rainbow bending
Cheers hearts at present fainting 'neath their cares,
And strike me joyous chords, their burden blending
With longings which will break forth unawares.
March showers bring autumn crowned with precious grain,
And buried years may yet come back again!

But yesternorn—nay, do not look! I'm blushing!
One entered, and my sadness changed to bliss;
Against his heart my maiden shyness crushing,
He whispered, with the well-remembered kiss,
"Tears have but ripened hopes, like spring's soft rain,
And buried years will now come back again!"

THE HAUNTED CLOSET.

My sister wrote me that she had taken a house for the summer, "a queer, old-fashioned house," away down on the lonely coast, where the children would have the benefit of the sea breeze and the surf-bathing prescribed for them after a sickly spring. And she urged me to come at once and join them in their new abode. Queer and old-fashioned indeed I found it; each room had the appearance of having been built separately, by successive owners.

At the back of the main building projected a sort of long and narrow wooden gallery, consisting of a row of three or four small rooms, last used, it appeared, as store-rooms for grain and vegetables, all opening upon a covered passage-way connecting with a brick office which had formerly stood separate from the house. These rooms and the office were unused by the family as too remote to be desirable; besides there was plenty of room in the main building.

Yet the first time I visited this little brick office, it at once took my fancy. It was a good-sized, comfortable room, with a fireplace on one side, and a queer little triangular closet, or cupboard in a corner, bearing the marks of books and ink-stands on its shelves. The very place, I thought, for a study; so I at once chose this little room for my own bed-room and study in one, and after giving it a thorough purification and airing, took possession.

It proved quite as pleasant as I anticipated. Here, awakening in the morning, I would open the windows and let in the fresh sea-breeze; and when evening came, I would sit in my little garden-door, and rejoice in the quiet and seclusion which I loved so much.

Thus I was sitting, about twilight a few days after I had moved into my little hermitage, as I called it. The air was very still; scarce a rustle disturbed the branches of the willow, and the surf rippling on the beach made but a low murmur. Suddenly, I became aware of a faint, uncertain sound, like the whispering of voices and rustling of garments. Fancying that my sister or the children had playfully stolen upon me I looked round; but, to my surprise, there was no one visible.

It must have been fancy, of course, I thought; and turned once more to the book; but hardly had I done so when again I heard the rustling of drapery, and what sounded like a footfall upon the floor. I was startled, and sat breathless, staring around and listening. Once or twice it was repeated, and then all was still as before.

That my story may be credited, I must tell the reader that I was at this time a woman of four-and-twenty, had never in my life been ill or nervous, was the farthest possible from being superstitiously inclined, and had been accustomed to regard with ridicule all stories concerning ghouls, goblins, and other so-called spiritual manifestations. Such being the case I set it down as one of those odd and fleeting fancies which do sometimes puzzle and bewilder even the most rational.

On the following day, and again on the next, the mysterious sounds which I have described were repeated. It was exactly as though some person or persons were occupying the room with me—moving with soft footsteps and speaking in low whispers, as if unwilling to be heard. Once I distinctly distinguished a grating noise, as of a key turned in a lock; after which, all was quiet.

I said nothing to any one about those noises; though I was almost convinced that they were not the effects of my imagination, I yet decided to be thoroughly convinced of their real existence before exposing myself to ridicule by relating so improbable a story.

A day or two afterwards, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a most unghoslike hour, I was reclining, seated on a chair near the window. Suddenly, as I turned a leaf, I heard a faint

grating sound, as of a key, just behind me, and then a voice speaking in a low, indistinct murmur, inexpressibly hollow and sepulchral. For an instant only came the indistinct murmur, and then a silence. The sunlight was streaming down in slender, golden threads through the gently-swaying branches of the willows; out on the lawn I saw the gardener at work, and on the beach heard the merry voices of the children. I felt courageous. Rising I searched round the room, under the bed and lounge, and in the triangular cupboard in the corner—the only places where a person could be concealed. Not a living thing was to be seen, and I was about closing the closet door when I heard distinctly a low, faint laugh, close to my ear, and then a moaning sigh or groan, which seemed to die away into infinite distance.

I confess that at this instant my nerves did fail me, and a cold shiver ran curdling through my veins. I hastily closed the closet-door, and without waiting even to snatch up my book, ran along the gallery to the other part of the house.

Should I tell my sister and brother-in-law? No! I still shrank from the thoughts of their laughter. Finally—and the reader will credit me with the possession of almost more than feminine courage in so doing—I resolved to keep silence for the present, and spend the night, as usual, in my little office-room.

The first few hours passed away quietly, and I was just falling into a doze, when I was aroused by the door of the corner closet slowly creaking. The moonlight enabled me to see that this door stood ajar, though I distinctly recollected having closed it before retiring. It had neither lock nor bolt by which it could be secured.

I sat up in bed, watching the closet and looking half-fearfully around the room; and as I looked, with my eyes fixed upon the half-open door, I heard a jingle of glasses and phials. It was a sound not to be mistaken, and almost at the same instant a voice said near me, in a hoarse whisper: "Bring me a light!"

I started up trembling, and with a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead, sought for a match and the lamp, and tried to strike a light, but in vain. I had but one or two matches left, and as I dropped the last in despair, I heard the voice which had before spoken, say slowly and distinctly: "Poison!"

My first impulse now was to flee from this haunted room; but had my life depended upon it, I could not have passed that closet and gone through that long deserted gallery alone. I sank back upon my pillow, and drew the sheets about my head, and so remained until day-break.

It was now no longer a question with me as to whether I should or should not inform my relatives of what had occurred. I told them the whole, and as I had expected, was met with laughter and ridicule.

"Try it yourself?" was all I could say in answer; and on that night my brother-in-law, Mr. Walton, agreed to occupy the office-room, I remaining with my sister.

"Well, Richard, did you see or hear anything of Louisa's ghost?" inquired my sister, playfully, on our meeting at the breakfast-table in the morning.

"I saw nothing," he answered rather thoughtfully. "But really, Emma, it did appear as though, more than once during the night, I heard some unaccountable sounds—the turning of the key in the lock, a sort of moaning and sobbing child's voice, and very distinctly the shutting of a small door. And this last sound," he added decidedly, "certainly came from the closet or cupboard in the corner of the room."

Emma opened her eyes and looked frightened. "Oh, Richard! you don't really think that you heard these sounds in that room, with no one there but yourself?"

"It is very unaccountable at present, I admit; but you know that I do not believe in the supernatural. We must examine more fully into this matter."

For some days he kept sole possession of the room, reporting once or twice that he had again heard the mysterious noises, and especially the grating of a rusty key, as if in the lock of the corner cupboard. And yet, as we all knew, there was neither lock nor key to the closet door, only traces of one that had been there. There was no room adjoining, no cellar below or garret above, and the whole thing was most singular and unaccountable. And once he even hesitatingly suggested, "Could it be, after all, spiritual manifestation?" My own mind echoed the inquiry.

Our nearest neighbor was a farmer who lived about a mile distant, and of himself and his wife we made inquiries in regard to the former occupants of the house.

It had for twenty years within his memory, Mr. Grover said, belonged to a small farmer, an illiterate but good sort of man, who had finally sold out and purchased a better place. Then the house, with a part of the land adjoining, had been taken by a gentleman who was known as Dr. Mather, and was understood to be a very learned man and a writer. Mr. Grover and the rest of the neighbors believed him to be "a little cracked." He used to go about the country gathering plants and insects, but would repel all approach to acquaintance. He had a wife with whom it was said he lived on bad terms, and three sickly children whose presence he could scarcely tolerate. The wife and two of the children died, and then Dr. Mather went away with the remaining child, leaving the place to an agent for sale. It was then rented for a time by some people, who, for some rea-

sons known only to themselves, would not remain their term out; and finally, we had taken it, furnished as it was, for the summer. This was all that Mr. Grover knew.

Upon hearing this account, there instinctively formed in my mind an explanation, if such it can be called, of the mysterious circumstances which had so puzzled and disturbed us. They had all three died; and my memory reverted with a shudder to the word "Poison!" which I had heard uttered by that mysterious voice. Perhaps murder had been committed in this house—even in that very office-room which I had appropriated; and this impression was deepened upon being informed by Mr. Grover, in answer to my inquiries, that that room had in reality been Dr. Mather's study or library, into which no one was ever admitted: and that he would sometimes remain in it whole days and nights together without being interrupted—having his meals brought and deposited outside the door, in the adjoining gallery.

The office and gallery were now carefully shunned by us all, with the exception of Mr. Walton, who haunted it with a persistency doubtless equal to that of the ghost itself. He was determined, he said, to learn all that could be learned of this mystery, and if possible, to thoroughly unravel it.

One evening after a rain, a heavy sea-fog set in upon the coast, and the atmosphere became all at once so damp and chilly as to render a fire indispensable to comfort. The two most comfortable apartments of the house for cool weather were the nursery and the office-room, which were situated at opposite extremities of the long building. So, leaving the former to the nurses and children, Mr. Walton proposed that he and Emma and I should make ourselves comfortable for the evening in the haunted room, as he now called it, maugre the ghost; and, as an inducement, promised to us a hot oyster supper. The oysters were to be had fresh out of the water, almost at our very door, just for the trouble of picking them up.

Certainly the room, as Emma and I rather hesitatingly entered it, looked pleasant and cheerful enough, with its blazing wood fire, and the tea-kettle steaming on the hearth. No one made any allusion to the ghost.

Supper over, Mr. Walton, who was a good reader, entertained us with some chapters from Dickens' latest work, and we were soon so much interested as to forget everything else. In the very midst of this, however, I was startled by feeling a faint breath of cool air upon my neck, and at the same instant saw my sister's eyes lifted with a frightened glance toward the corner closet behind me.

I instinctively started up and crossed over to the opposite side of the fireplace.

"What is it, Louisa?" said Emma, nervously; "I saw the door of the closet open."

Mr. Walton closed his book and sat looking attentively at the cupboard. And it was while we were all thus, perfectly silent and motionless, that a sound broke the stillness—at first what seemed the jingling of phials, and rattling of chains, and then the faint, uncertain sound of muffled voices which I had heard more than once before, all coming unmistakably from the little triangular closet in the corner.

"O Richard, do you hear?" gasped Emma, seizing fast hold of her husband's arm. For myself, I was very near screaming outright.

"Hush! be quiet," said Mr. Walton. And taking the lamp, he advanced to the cupboard, threw wide open the door, and surveyed it minutely.

It was simply a closet built of deal boards against the naked walls of the room. Three rickety ink-stained shelves were all it contained. Between the lower and middle shelves was a strip of wood nailed against the wall, as if to cover a place, where, as we could see, the plaster had fallen away; and beneath this slip could be discerned part of what seemed to be a rat hole. Besides these, not a thing was visible in the closet.

And yet, as I live, while we three stood there gazing into the empty closets, from its recesses came a hollow laugh, and a low, childish voice said plaintively:

"Three—all dead—poisoned!"

Emma sank down, half-swooning. Even Mr. Walton's face as I fancied, became a shade paler; and then we heard the voice again:

"Bury them—grave under the walnut!"

I looked again at my brother-in-law, and saw his lips compress, and a kind of desperation appeared in his face. He advanced close to the closet, put his head almost within, and shouted loudly and distinctly—"Who are you? Who is it that speaks?"

In answer came a shriek, loud and appalling, ringing in our ears. Then the same breath of cold air swept past, followed by the violent shutting of a door and grating of a key in a lock. We looked at each other aghast, but before we had time to utter a word, we were again startled by a different sound—that of children's cries, and footsteps hurrying along the gallery to the room in which we were. The next minute the door burst open, and in rushed nurse, bearing baby in her arms, followed by her assistant, dragging the three elder children after her—all the latter pale and terrified, and Freddy in particular, shrieking shrilly.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" screamed Emma, forgetting her own recent terror in alarm for her children.

"Oh, master! oh, missus!" gasped nurse, piteously, her eyes rolling white in their sockets. "A ghost! A ghost in the nursery!"

"A ghost?"

"In the corner closet in the nursery! I heard it! We all heard it! Master Freddy was look-

ing in that closet to see if there was any mice in trap that he'd set, and somebody in the closet hollered out, 'Who are you? What are you talking about?' We all heard it."

Mr. Walton turned round and once more looked into the closet. Then taking the tongs from the hearth, he inserted them behind the bit of board which I have mentioned as nailed to the wall, and wrenched it away, exposing, as he did so, a small aperture surrounded by a metallic ring.

"I have discovered the mystery at last!" he said, turning to us with a smile. "It is no ghost, but simply a speaking-tube. Stay here, and when you hear the spirits, place your mouth to this and answer them."

He left the room, and in a few moments we again heard the mysterious, sepulchral voice in the closet, only much more distinct now, since the board had been removed.

"How are you all?"

I summoned courage to answer: "Much better!" And then there came a low laugh, ghostly enough certainly, to have caused our blood to curdle, had we not been aware of the identity of the apparent ghost.

And so it was all explained, and the mystery of the haunted closet cleared up. There was, as Mr. Walton had said, a speaking-tube communicating between the office-room and the distant nursery—placed there doubtless by the eccentric Dr. Mather, for his own convenience; and he, on leaving the house, had simply boarded over the mouth of the tube carelessly, not dreaming of or indifferent to the consequences of this negligence.

The explanation of the various sounds heard by us in the office-room is very simple. The corresponding mouth of the tube was in a closet in the nursery, precisely similar to that in the office. Nurse stored in this closet the various cups, phials and so forth, used in the nursery, and, to secure these from the children, the closet was generally kept locked. It was the opening and shutting of this closet door, with the grating of the key in the rusty lock, that had so often alarmed me; and when it was open, and a search going on among its contents for some special article, the noises thus made and the words spoken in the closet could be heard, more or less distinctly, in the office. Also, when the closet door was suddenly shut to, it would produce a current of air through the tube sufficient to slightly open the loosely hung door of the office cupboard. Master Freddy's idea of setting a mouse-trap in the closet, baited with poisoned food, had added much to the effect of the mystery; and it was little Mary's voice which had pleaded so pathetically for the three victims of her brother's experiment, imploring that they might be buried under the walnut-tree.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

The story of the first American newspaper, brief as was its life, is full of curious interest. Seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and two hundred and fifty years after the invention of printing, a newspaper was issued in Boston. It lived one day, and only one copy is known to have been preserved. The copy was discovered by the historian of Salem, the Rev. J. B. Felt, in the Colonial State-paper office, in London, while engaged in researches relating to the history of his own city. This pioneer of American journalism was published by Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee-house, Boston, and was printed for him by Richard Pierce, on Thursday, the 25th of September, 1689, nearly two centuries after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The paper was printed on three pages of a folded sheet, leaving one page blank, with two columns to a page, and each page about eleven inches by seven in size. Harris proposed to issue his paper once a month, or oftener if there should be a "glut of circumstances." His first and, as it turned out, his only number, contained several columns of home and foreign gossip, without a word of editorial comment. Unfortunately for the success of his undertaking, he printed one or two items of local and military news which set the official bodies in a ferment of indignation. The legislative authorities solemnly determined that the paper came out contrary to law, and that it contained "reflections of a very high nature." To prevent Mr. Harris from issuing a second number, they forbade "anything in print without license first obtained from those authorized by the government to grant the same." In this way the first American newspaper came to grief; and but for the accidental preservation of a single copy in London its very name would have passed into oblivion.—Harper's Magazine for March.

A RHODE Island man has invented a torpedo in the shape of a kernel of corn, which is designed for the beguilement of crows. As soon as that offensive bird takes hold of it, it explodes and blows the top of his head off. This affords a cheap and innocent recreation for the crow, and at the same time does away with a grievous evil.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.—British Nimrod (who has shot tigers in India and lions in South Africa): "The fact is, Herr Muller, that I don't care much for sport unless it contains the element of danger."—German Nimrod: "Ach zo? you are vont of Taincher? Den you should gon and shoot mit me! Vy, only de older tay! shootet my brother-in-law in de Shidomag!"

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1878.

"THE FAVORITE"

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In our number for 26th April will be commenced a new and very exciting novel, entitled:

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OR,

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A ROMANCE OF DARING AND ADVENTURE.

Translated especially for the FAVORITE, from the French of

PAUL DUPLESSIS.

Author of "The Red Skins," "Mexican Adventures, &c."

The story is a vivid and life-like picture of the state of France about the end of the sixteenth century, and very graphically portrays the lawless habits of the nobility of that time; it is replete with incident, and the interest in the principal personages in the tale is well sustained to the end.

Newspapers will please send in their orders for advance sheets at once.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

It is almost an impossibility to provide any means or system which will guarantee perfect immunity from fire to any large city; and especially those where buildings are tall, closely packed together, and a large percentage of inflammable material is used in their construction, or stored within them. But, as a city grows in size, and the probabilities of an extensive conflagration are increased, it becomes the bounden duty of the local authorities to see that the means of fighting fire are increased in proportion to the growth of the city. It is a criminally foolish policy to avoid expending a few hundred dollars extra per annum to increase the efficacy of the fire department, for that small saving is more than counterbalanced by the high rates charged by the Insurance Companies, and the few dollars saved to the rate-payers is lost twice or thrice over by large premiums paid, and the constantly increasing value of property destroyed. We have little doubt that for its size and importance, Montreal is about the least protected city against fire on this continent, the idea of the lives and property of one hundred and thirty thousand people being entrusted to thirty-three men with no ladders worth speaking about, one third-rate steam engine, and a lot of leaky,

damaged hose, is a disgrace which the city ought to wipe away as soon as possible. The Fire Department does not want a little patching up, it needs a complete and entire overhauling and an establishment on a new and very much improved and enlarged basis. We need to have the number of men at least tripled; we require three or four more steam fire engines, the best to be had; we want a thoroughly competent hook and ladder company provided with patent self-raising ladders and supplied with a proper quantity of good fire escapes. No half-way measures will do; the evils arising from the inadequacy of the present department are great and crying, and a thorough and radical reform is needed. We are glad to see that the late terrible catastrophe at the St. James Hotel has aroused public feeling to such an extent that an indignation meeting was held at Mechanics' Hall on Saturday evening last and the following resolution adopted:—"That the experience of the past few days proves that the Fire Department is not in such an efficient state as the city of Montreal requires, and this meeting calls upon the City Council to lose no time in placing this important department of their operations in thorough working order." This is well enough as far as it goes; but we trust the matter will not be allowed to rest here, but a petition to the Council be got up and signed by every resident calling on that body to perform a duty which they have too long neglected, and that the matter will not be allowed to rest by either the press or the people until proper means for saving life and property have been provided. But fire escapes, steam engines and a larger number of firemen are not the only things we need; the evil strikes deeper than that, and we might as well grasp the whole difficulty now. We want better constructed houses, we need the inspection of buildings to be something more than a solemn farce as it is at present; and we require that the law against wooden buildings should be rigidly enforced. Another thing to which attention should be paid is the means of exit provided in places of public entertainment or amusement. "If anyone wants to conjure up to a terrible spectacle let him imagine the Mechanics' or Queen's Hall on fire while an entertainment was being given to a crowded house; who can estimate the loss of life which must ensue? Even our churches are but poorly supplied with means of exit, and our hotels are lamentably deficient in this respect. One general stairway—usually narrow and crooked one at that—is for the most part considered sufficient to provide for the rapid exit of several hundred people, and this same stairway has besides to serve as the way for the firemen to reach the fire, if it be in the upper portion of the building. Every house where people sleep, or congregate in large numbers, should be provided with at least two separate and distinct ways of exit, at a considerable distance from each other, so that if one takes fire the other may afford a chance of escape. In New York all tenement houses are compelled by law to have an iron stairway outside of the building, in the rear usually, with a landing at each flat; this stairway is permanent, the lowest ladder being fixed on a pivot so that it can be kept raised to guard against burglars, but can be lowered to the ground in a moment on the first alarm of fire. It would be well if our large hotels were compelled to have several such escapes leading from each floor, so that boarders would have something like a chance of escape. Now that popular attention has been directed to the great insecurity from destruction of both life and property by fire, under which the city labors, we trust the Council will at last see that it is time vigorous measures were taken to provide efficient means to prevent the repetition of the St. James Hotel catastrophe.

Since writing the above the inquest on the bodies of Mary Brennan, William Hyatt, and Samuel George Hilditch has been closed and

the jury have returned what may well be considered a remarkable verdict; we say remarkable, for it is, unfortunately so, in that a coroner's jury enter so fully and entirely into a case as in the present instance, and we thank the gentlemen of the jury for the very thorough and complete way in which they have accomplished their task. We give the full text of the verdict:

That Mary Brennan and William Hyatt came to their deaths by accident by fire in the St. James Hotel, in the city of Montreal, on the morning of the 18th day of March Inst., the cause of such fire the jury are unable to determine. That Samuel George Hilditch came to his death through the want of proper precaution and by the culpable neglect of the present and former Fire Committees of the City Council in not providing efficient, and they might easily say without any, means whatever of saving human life in buildings of even moderate height, and unfortunately their want of precaution is the more criminal, as their attention had been repeatedly drawn to perfect and efficient apparatus, the usefulness of which and mode of construction were well known to them, and which it was the more imperatively necessary to obtain in consequence of the great height buildings have been erected in the principal parts of the city, in many of which hundreds of people are employed in the uppermost storeys daily, and often far on into the night, and in nearly every case the only means of exit is by a narrow wooden staircase. The jury cannot too severely condemn the present management of the Fire Brigade, although there are many excellent men in it who always perform their duty nobly and often heroically. Still, it is apparent to the jury that there is an important want of management, want of discipline and want of organization, and if it can be seen at this day that the apparatus such as they have for saving human life cannot be brought to the scene of a fire within three minutes walk of their central station in less than thirty minutes, it is useless under such an organization to provide the improved "fire-escapes" and other apparatus, as there would even then be disaster. And the jury would earnestly recommend the City Council to divide the Fire Brigade into three distinct corps.

1st. The firemen to concentrate all their strength and efforts to extinguishing the fire.
2nd. The men with the fire-escapes and other apparatus for saving human lives to make a complete as money and skill can possibly do.
3rd. The Salvage men to save property from fire and water.

The jury also urgently call the attention of those in power to the manner in which buildings are very often constructed in this city.

A man of great skill and decision of character should be employed as inspector of buildings, without delay. The largest possible salary would be as nothing compared to the great benefit the city would receive from such an official doing his duty as it ought to be done.

In a city growing at such a rapid rate as Montreal is at present, the means of exit in buildings where large numbers sleep at night should be regulated by by-laws of the most stringent character.

The jury cannot close this verdict without expressing their opinion that the St. James Hotel managers, Frederick Gerken and Robert Acton, are guilty in neglecting their duty to those in their charge on the fatal night of the 17th Inst. And that it is painfully evident the night watchman, James Callery, was not at his appointed duties, and he totally neglected in alarming any of the inmates but the manager, Robert Acton. And that the statements made on his solemn oath are not corroborated by a single witness.

Alexander Empey, Foreman, James Brown, Hector Munroe, W. H. Barber, John Smith, H. S. Prowse, William D. Smith, James Walker, David Teas, John Gardner, William Carrou, Dominique Rosaire.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The *New Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy* for 1878, contains portraits and sketches of more than fifty distinguished subjects; including Seward, Livingstone, Fred. Douglass, Arnold; with Indians, Negroes, Malays, Mongolians, Arabs, Caucasians, Views of the Human Brain; Language of the Lips; Character in Expression; Physiognomy; with portraits and sketches of all the Presidents of the U. S., from Washington to Grant. A Capital Hand-Book of 75 pages, 12mo. Price 22 cents. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The important industries for which the city of Wilmington, Delaware, is so justly distinguished, have been made the subject of the initial article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. The writer has evidently exerted himself to obtain the most trustworthy information, which he presents in a style remarkable for its clearness and easy flow. The article is profusely illustrated. The second installment of "The Roumi in Kabylla," with its vivid descriptions of life and scenery, its striking and amusing anecdotes, and its excellent pictorial embellishments, constitutes a most entertaining paper. "Thackeray's 'Gray Friars,'" by an old "Gown-

boy," is full of interesting reminiscences of the old Charter House school, and of Thackeray's connection with it. The article is evidently from the pen of one familiar with some of the best and most curious phases of English life. "Medical Expert Evidence," by H. C. Wood, Jr., M. D., is a contribution at once striking and important. Its comments upon the difficulties which the law carelessly throws in the way of the genuine expert, and its animadversions against the serious perils to which innocent persons are therefore exposed deserve a careful perusal. The author illustrates his assertions by full and pertinent references to trials, the memory of which are still fresh in the public mind. Mr. Edwin de Leon, in a paper entitled, "The Sweet Waters," describes the parks of Constantinople and the manners of those who frequent them. "The Mystery of Massabieille," by William D. Wood, is a highly attractive article, descriptive of the wonderful events which have rendered the Grotto of the Virgin, at Lourdes, an object of extraordinary and world-wide interest. "A Night in Bedford, Virginia," by Richard B. Eider, presents in a terse and humorous way some important facts concerning real estate and prospects of the "Old Dominion." Mr. Black's serial novel, "A Princess of Thule," continues to be the leading attraction of *Lippincott's Magazine* in the field of fiction. The other contributions to this department appearing in the present issue are the opening chapters of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's new story, "Barrytown," and "Made-moiselle Fyllite," by Margaret Vandegrift. The poetry in this number is considerably above the general standard. "The Glaciers of Paradise," by a new poet, Hjalmar Hjarth Boyesen, will elicit notice. "Our Monthly Gossip," as usual, is full of piquant and engaging anecdotes and timely notes on men and things.

PASSING EVENTS.

Mr. Gladstone has resumed the Premiership. The defeat of Carlists has restored public confidence in Spain.

The French Government prohibits the exportation of war material.

The Emperor William has been celebrating his birthday, and Berlin was illuminated.

The Pope has appointed bishops for the B. C. Dioceses of Newark and Savanna, United States.

The English and French ministers at Madrid are said to have received threatening letters from the Internationals.

Mr. CARON and Mr. Fabre are the opposing candidates who aspire to represent Quebec County in the Commons.

The editor of the *Rappel* newspaper has been summoned to answer a charge of violating the laws regulating the press.

The railroad rioters in Missouri have continued to commit acts of lawlessness, which have led to a number of arrests.

A POLICE agent had left Liverpool with extradition papers for Macdonald, the forger, recently arrested at New York.

It is announced from St. Albans that a great railway suit involving an amount of six millions of dollars has been commenced in Vermont.

FOSTER, the ear-hook murderer, underwent the extreme penalty of the law at New York on 21st Inst. It is said that he met his fate unflatteringly.

Two fugitives from the authority of President Baez, in San Domingo, who had taken refuge with a British Consul, were taken away by force, and the latter has asked for a man-of-war.

The Pope gave audience on 17th Inst. to one hundred Canadians who served in the Pontifical Zouaves. His Holiness congratulated his visitors upon their steadfast devotion to the Church.

The bill for the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico passed the Spanish Assembly by an unanimous vote. The freedmen are accorded full political rights and the measure goes into effect immediately.

THREE thousand persons engaged in a riot at Wolverhampton on the 18th. The combatants, who were Englishmen and Irishmen, used firearms and knives and though none were killed many received serious injuries.

The Ontario and Quebec Railway Company give notice to Parliament for an Act to amend their Act of Incorporation by granting them authority to construct a branch line to Georgian Bay and to purchase the line of railway now built from Port Perry to Port Whitby, and for other rights and purposes.

The bonds stolen from the Bank of England were attached in the post-office by the Sheriff at New York, but the Post Master refused delivery as mails are exempt from seizure. The package, however, will be delivered to the Safe Deposit Co. to which it is directed, when the Sheriff will at once attach it in the interest of the Bank.

A Cincinnati man who suspected his servant girl of using kerosene oil to kindle the fire with thought he would try her one night, so he poured the oil out and filled the can with water. When he landed in the dining-room next morning there was no breakfast and no fire to cook it with—nothing but a stove full of soaked wood and the foolish-looking girl he ever saw.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IRONMASTER AND THE SPINSTER.

Sidney Beltram might as well have tried to stop a rushing stream in its course by throwing himself into it as a stop-gap, as attempt to stem the current of his aunt's tongue or place the least restriction upon her conversation. It annoyed—irritated him more than he cared or even dared to express to meet this man at his own table, and find his aunt and sister so thoroughly at home with him. But Miss Stanhope, though she saw the frown on her reverend nephew's brow, was determined not to notice it, and to have her own way. So, luncheon being little more than half over, she said—

"Sidney, you remember that poem you admired so much?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Well, I have found out who the author is; you'll never guess. Shall I tell you?"

"You, if you please."

"It is Mr. John Gresham, Mr. Gresham's brother. Just imagine that!"

"Really, I had no idea we had such a poet in Oldham."

"No, that's what I told Mr. Gresham," continued the irrefragable old lady. "I was saying how delighted you would be to see him and make his acquaintance. You will bring him with you, won't you?" she went on, turning to her guest.

"I shall be only too happy," was the natural reply.

"Thank you. Shall you be disengaged to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then suppose you and your brother come in and take tea with us in the garden, about six or seven o'clock."

The young man bowed.

"Sidney, I am sure, will be glad to see you and make your brother's acquaintance. Two such clever men, I am sure, ought to know one another."

Miss Stanhope was wise in her generation, as you will perceive, and ranking her nephew with the poet and ironmaster had the effect she intended of making the reply of the former a cordial, even pressing invitation, instead of a merely formal assent to her own.

Lady Helen might have seconded the invitation with a glance—perhaps she did—but her tongue was discreetly silent, for, to be candid, she rather admired the young cotton spinner.

She had heard none of the bad stories about him—perhaps they would not have influenced her if she had.

And Lady Helen, having only two hundred a year of her own secured by her late mother's settlement—not enough, her aunt declared, even to dress upon—was not quite insensible to the spinner's wealth, any more than she was to his undeniable good looks.

So she smiled, perhaps, faintly blushed, then began to talk of the mills and cotton factories, and the great desire she had always felt to go over one and see how the cotton was spun, carded, and prepared for use.

Of course Gresham volunteered to show them over his mill, and Miss Stanhope, knocking the nail on the head, fixed a day in the following week for the visit in question.

Poor Beltram did not know what to do. Luncheon, however, not being a very heavy meal at the rectory, soon came to an end, and the reverend gentleman, determined not to leave the wolf behind him in the fold, observed that he had some calls to make in the town, and would walk down part of the way with his guest.

"A polite way of getting rid of me," thought the spinner. But he acquiesced, nevertheless.

The two uncongenial spirits had not proceeded far together, however, before they met the subject of their conversation at dinner, John Gresham, whom his brother at once introduced to the rector, repeating the invitation for the following day.

Having succeeded in bringing the presumed wolf away from the sheepfold, Sidney Beltram was disposed to be amiable, in addition to which a feeling of mutual kindness and sympathy seemed to spring up in the hearts of the two young men thus introduced to one another, and they were soon conversing freely; while Frank

not caring for the company of either at that particular moment, made some excuse and left them, promising to be punctual at the rectory on the morrow.

If Sidney Beltram had any business in Oldham that day, he did not execute it, for, having fallen into a discussion with John Gresham, and being invited to Bankside, the two walked off, Sidney, for the time, forgetting all his objections to the brother of his companion.

Indeed, it was not until he was returning home that night, having stayed to dine at the Greshams, that he remembered the existence of the objectionable member of the family.

"But no sensible woman would ever think of the spinner while his brother was by," he thought, by way of silencing his doubts, "and if Helen did love such a man as John Gresham, and wished to marry him, well, of course it would be a great misalliance, but all things considered, I don't think I should object, but his brother—certainly not, never! I will never consent."

CHAPTER X.

HER LADYSHIP IS WOODEN.

I have hinted at the rivalry that from their

mined, if only to thwart his brother, to go seriously in for the prize and win.

An earl's daughter might very well come to him as his wife without a farthing by way of dowry.

She had high birth, position, and connections. As Lady Helen Gresham she would take the lead in the society to which he would bring her.

Yes, he would marry her, found a family, and let the world see that the eldest of the Greshams was not such a wild, brainless rascal as they had him, "red."

So he determined that very night, and pretty well versed in the art of flirtation, especially when it was his head and not his heart that was interested, he went to work in a manner that, while it irritated the rector and his brother almost beyond endurance, afforded them no possible chance of interference.

A very unfortunate introduction was that which Rowena, Lady Helen's maid, had been the means of making, for it had imported an apple of discord into the faculty that could never utterly be eradicated.

Despite this little by-play, the evening passed off pleasantly.

keeping outside the gates of Paradise lest I should one day be driven from or kicked outside them."

He paused, took the cigar from his mouth, and fixed upon her a look which made her eyes droop and her cheek for a moment flush till it nearly rivalled in color the deep red rose she held in her hand.

"You know what I would ask you," he said, in a low tone, and with his fine dark blue eyes still fixed on her changing face. "We have known each other but a short time, it is true, but the heart counts its existence by emotions, not minutes, and measured by that standard, I have known you for years. Still, you may think me hasty, abrupt, but knowing my danger, what would you, as a friend, advise me to do—go or stay?"

There was silence for a moment, and then, feeling she must speak, Lady Helen said—

"I would not conjure up phantoms, or fly from an imaginary danger if I were you, Mr. Gresham."

And she turned to leave him.

But he caught her hand, the hand which held the rose, and pressed her fingers to his lips, as he asked—

"You bid me hope?"

"I say you may hope," was the reply, as she tore her hand away, leaving the rose still in his grasp, and turned to return to the house, to be alone, alone with her own thoughts and sweet maiden blushes.

He made no further effort to detain her.

He had got all he had asked for, all that for the time he desired, the assurance that he had forestalled his brother, and that with a little perseverance and patience, the prize they coveted would be his.

And a smile of triumph—a smile that had something also of malice in it, came over his handsome face, as his brother, who had been an eye-witness to part of the scene, having followed him to the garden, came forward now, pale, calm, and evidently restraining himself by an effort.

"You seem to have improved the occasion, as the parsons say," observed John Gresham, bitterly, as he reached his side.

"Yes, I never waste time on such matters. Life is short, and one may as well make the best of it. I hope you admire my tale. You didn't think I should fly at such high game, eh?"

"I confess I did not,"

was the reply, while it required an effort to repress the indignation he felt to pitch the vain coxcomb into the water by the side of which they stood.

"Eh, that's the way, lad," he continued, repressing for a moment into the dialect or brogue. "You read books and experiment on words, while I read hearts and touch and probe them—women's hearts, that's what makes the world and mars it, but then it is not every man who's got my advantages."

And he stroked his moustache with a self-satisfied, complacent air, as much as to say—

"Envy me, my man. You cannot boast of one-tenth of my animal beauty."

But his brother turned from him contemptuously, observing—

"No, nor is it every man who would like to change characters with you, your good looks and unlimited insolence, taken into the bargain. Don't make too sure of the prize; she isn't yours yet."

"Bah! my good fellow, a woman in love rather makes her lover to be a bit of a devil. She's got the noble work of reforming him, don't you see? What capital occupation there will be for my lady."

And he laughed heartily at his own joke.

John was too angry, too much irritated to reply.

The impression made on his heart by Lady Helen's beauty and high-bred grace was too new, too recent to give his brother's success the same sting and pain it might at a later period have inflicted; still, it was hard that the only woman whose face he had ever considered worth a second glance, should be snatched up, before his very eyes as it were, and by one, too, whom he knew to be so utterly unworthy of her.

He was not the man, however, to yield to pain or disappointment.

Once convinced that the trial must be accepted and endured besides, try to dissipate it as he would, something like a feeling of contempt would creep into his heart for the woman who could so readily be dazzled by his brother's very supercilious character and attractions.



"YOU BID ME HOPE?" ASKED FRANK GRESHAM.

childhood had existed between the two brothers Gresham.

Not that it was a demonstrative feeling. On the contrary, they never came to any open rupture or quarrel, and they both ostensibly lived in the same house; still, there the feeling was, and if there was anything that one of the brothers had set his heart upon, it immediately became of inestimable value to the other.

Like his brother in one respect at least, John Gresham's acquaintance with women had been limited to the various grades of society, none of it very polished or refined, that is to be met with in the manufacturing towns.

His introduction to Lady Helen Beltram was almost like a new revelation to him. Here was his ideal realized, so at least he believed, and he watched her every graceful movement, listened to every word that fell from her lips like one entranced.

The impression thus made upon him was quickly noticed by his brother and Miss Stanhope.

"Two strings to one's bow are better than one," muttered the aunt thoughtfully. "I could always manage two lovers at once myself; it was only when I tried it on with four at a time that I came to grief. Ah, Helen must not do like that; it is the girl that has a train of lovers after her that never gets a husband."

And Miss Stanhope sighed, and glanced towards the glass to see the reflection of an antiquated spinster, very unlike the sparkling beauty and fashionable belle she could well remember to have been.

But it was all her own fault.

Frank Gresham, too, had noticed his brother. His keen eye had seen the dark cheek flush, the eye dilate as though with surprised wonder.

The signs were unfailing to his mind.

He had never to his knowledge seen his brother so touched before, but the bare fact of it gave Lady Helen a new value in his eyes.

He had previously admired her, it is true, but admiration is cold before the feeling which he felt she was inspiring in the heart of his brother, and believing that where the lady herself was concerned he had the best chance, he deter-

The ladies had left the room some little time, and Frank Gresham, feeling that if he stayed at table much longer, he should take more wine than was good for him, took a cigar from his pocket. Observing that he would smoke it in the garden, he seized his hat, and leaving the room, was soon wandering about among the flower beds, enjoying the luxury of a smoke.

Now it so happened that Lady Helen Beltram, finding her aunt very sleepy when they had been in the drawing-room together a few minutes, had left the old lady to her after-dinner nap, and had likewise stepped out into the cool evening air.

The natural consequence of which of course was that, after the lapse of a few minutes, the two met.

"Do you object to my cigar?" asked the young man, preparing to extinguish it.

"Not in the least; indeed, I rather like it. I do so wish that Sidney would smoke; it seems such a resource for a man."

"It is. If ever I feel savage or vexed or disappointed, my invariable resource is a pipe or cigar, and it usually puts me right or helps me to bear it."

"And does it often happen that you are savage or vexed or disappointed?" asked the young lady, with a provokingly quizzical smile.

"Not very often, but you know one does get so sometimes; but I suppose you never know what those sensations are?"

"Which sensations?"

"Being savage, for instance."

"No, I don't think I do, and I don't think I could bite as a savage would, if I tried."

"And I don't think you would do much mischief if you succeeded," he retorted, with an admiring smile.

"Don't you?"

"No; I think your smile far more dangerous than your teeth could ever be; indeed, I was just wondering whether discretion would not be the better part of valor."

"The better part of valor?" repeated the young lady, either affecting not to understand him, or else roguely not seeing the drift of his conversation.

"Yes. Taking to my heels, for instance, and

But kinder thoughts soon came to chase those of anger and wounded pride away.

"Poor lass, she's making for herself a pillow of thorns," he thought, compassionately, but he made no further comment at the time, for Sidney Belmont was in the garden.

He was too honorable, too upright to try to influence the rector for or against his brother. If things had been different, if Lady Helen had been free, then he might have tried to win her himself.

This, however, was past. And the subject of their thoughts that night sat in her own room when the guests had departed, brushing her long, dark hair, and wondering what her brother Sidney and all her relations would say when they knew that she had accepted the rich cotton spinner.

She had told him he might hope, and that, to her mind, implied everything.

Was it equally blinding upon him, do you think?

"I am afraid not." At least, it would not have been, if the consciousness had not been ever present with him that the prize was worth the winning, and another was waiting and ready to snatch it up if he showed the least intention of relaxing his hold.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

The winter days had shortened and darkened; Christmas was close at hand—indeed, it was but the Sunday preceding it, and Florence Carr seemed to have settled down to her new life as though years, instead of but days and weeks, had passed since she first entered upon it.

If you will go with me into the bedroom of the two girls, you will see, spread out upon a couple of chairs, Moll Arkshaw's blue satin dress, elaborately trimmed with white lace.

And a very showy affair it is, too, more showy than elegant, that pale, silent girl, her companion, thinks.

But she does not give expression to her opinion.

Moll considers the dress a simple piece of perfection, believes she will be irresistible in it, and that something she has long hoped for will be the result of wearing it.

It is Sunday. The busy loom is silent; the shuttles no longer rush backwards and forwards on their monotonous errand.

The sound of the hammer, the snort and puff of the steam engine, and the volumes of smoke issuing from the tall chimneys—all for the time is taking its seventh day of rest.

Likewise the thousands of human bees have ceased their toil.

But for the event that Moll is looking forward to so eagerly.

The fact is—I am obliged to confess it—Moll had a sweetheart, "a chap," as she called him, and this "chap" was not only a sober, steady, good-looking fellow, but a "fitter," and as such earning four to five pounds a week.

It is not an ordinary thing for a fitter or mechanic to look after a mill hand when thinking of taking a wife.

Such things do happen, of course; still they were sufficiently rare to make Moll and her friends consider him a good catch, and make her likewise anxious to secure him.

To do Moll justice, however, it was the man, not what he could make, that she cared about, and without doubt she would have preferred him had he not been able to make one quarter of his usual income.

William Bolton—Bill he was sometimes called—was thin, wiry, and active, but little above the medium height, with sandy, almost red hair, sharp, brown eyes, and a small scrubby beard, that seemed to have grown to one particular angle, and there stuck, refusing to increase by even a quarter of an inch.

In consequence, too, of its being of different shades, some lighter and some darker than his hair, it at the first glance gave you the appearance of being streaked with gray, though it really was not so.

He was engaged in Gresham and Powell's ironworks, and, as I have hinted, held a very good position there.

It was not so much that he wanted a wife, for his mother lived with him, as that he had been struck by Moll Arkshaw's fine, comely face and general personal attractions.

But even, then, his attentions had been very irregular, and I am afraid that had he been less eligible, or had Moll cared less about him, she would have sent him to the right-about, and that very quickly, too, some time ago.

Lately, however, he had considerably improved.

Three times a week, at least, you would have found him in the evening after he had been some to his early supper and dressed himself, either at Moll Arkshaw's cottage, or taking her and her companion to a concert, theatre, lecture, or music hall, or for a walk.

Not that Moll quite approved of a party of three, or that Florence ever showed the least gratitude for the indulgence, or care for the amusement, but it did seem so unkind and selfish to leave the poor girl at home alone.

And Willie made such a point of her going, that there was nothing for it but submission, though Moll was heard to say more than once that two was company and three none.

Thus matters had progressed until this Sunday, and Mrs. Bolton—Willie's mother—had at last been coerced and yielded by her son into letting the two girls to come and take tea with her.

Moll accepted the invitation eagerly; it was what she had long wished yet scarcely dared to hope for, and almost to her equal satisfaction, Florence declined to go.

Not that Moll was jealous of the girl she had befriended and sheltered.

To do her justice, the idea never entered her head, partly, perhaps, from the innate consciousness she had that Florence was of another stamp, had received a very different education, was proud as Lucifer, and silent and reserved as she was, poor and destitute, considered herself a lady.

So Florence declined, for the fact is, the fitter's continual presence greatly bored her, and often when he came in the evening, she would go into the bedroom under pretence of having work to do, and remain there in the cold until he was about to go, and she was called in to say good-night.

She was thankful, on this cold, black-looking Sunday, that Moll was going out, and that she would thus be alone.

Alone with her own thoughts, and those far from pleasant ones.

And yet alone, with no human eye to watch and marvel at the agony, fear, and remorse that wrung her youthful heart.

So young, so beautiful, what could she have done or suffered in her short life to convulse her like this?

Time, the traveller of all mysteries, will no doubt in its own season, unfold this one.

"There's best put on thee bonnet, and come wi' us, lass. The boggart (bogie) o' come and take thee away if thee bides here alone," said Bolton, when Moll, all ready dressed, appeared in the room in which he was waiting, followed by Florence, who had been helping her to dress.

"No, thank you, Mr. Bolton," was the calm reply. "I shall be glad to be quiet and alone for a time, the noise of the mill seems to be ringing and buzzing in my ears even now. Besides, it is very kind of you and Moll to ask me to go, but I am quite sure you neither of you want me. Two is company, and three none, you know, any day."

This was said with a rare smile. A smile that seldom came to that sad face, but when it did come it transformed her, made her look absolutely beautiful, and as she stood there, dressed in a plain black dress of some cheap material, without the least ornament, save a narrow strip of white lace round the throat, yet fitting her rounded figure perfectly, she was as great a contrast, as it was possible to imagine to the red-faced, unpolished Moll, whose showy dress evidenced a far greater amount of expenditure than of taste.

"We Lancashire folk aren't given to saying what us doesn't mean, lass. My mither'll be root glad to see thee, or she wouldn't have axed thee."

"Thank you, I can't go to-day; I want rest and quiet. Good-bye; a pleasant visit to you, Moll."

And so saying, she nodded to the couple, then took her seat by the fire, and a book in her hands, showing plainly her intention of not being persuaded to accompany them.

So the couple departed, Moll radiant and showy enough, as the comments passed upon her and her companion while they walked through the street amply testified.

But I am afraid Bolton was not quite as appreciative as he should have been after so much care and money had been lavished on the blue satin simply to charm his eyes.

The fact is, another form, try to drive it away as he would, rose before him.

And that form was attired plainly in black, and was, he felt assured, sitting by the fire, her eyes fixed upon it, as though she were trying to read some secret which the burning gas and fuel hid from her.

They had walked on a little way in silence—not an uncommon thing with lovers, by-the-bye.

It is only an acquaintance or friend that feels it incumbent upon him or her to keep the ball of conversation going, and not allow it to come to an awkward pause.

Silence at times is more expressive than speech, especially if Cupid is playing up some of his pranks, and this may have been the origin of that wise old adage which tells us—"Speech is silver, but silence is gold."

In any case, the golden period had lasted so long, that Moll was beginning to wonder at the cause of it, and to feel a little vexed even, despite the grandeur of her new satin, when her companion said, as though speaking his thoughts aloud—

"I canna mak' her out."
"Mak' who out?" asked Moll in surprise.
"The lass Flo, as yo' calls her."
"Why, what in her can't I see mak' out? The lass be quiet enough."
"Aye, she be quiet, but she beart like other lasses. There be sommat about her as I canna fathom."

"Well, I wouldna try if I wae yo'," was the reply. "She's got some secrets, as I doubt, but while she likes to keep it, and behave her own decent as she do, it be no business o' mine nor yoarn."

"Thee's root, lass; it beart no business o' mine. But how bonny thee's looking, lass, a man might go a day's journey and not pick up wi' such a wench as thee."

"Eigh, doot a think so, lad? Aw's root glad thee likes my gown. It's a bonny un, ain't it?"

"Aye; but it's none so bonny as the piece inside it, Moll," was the remark with a glance that made Moll's cheeks take a still deeper hue

and make a response that to any ears but those accustomed to the peculiar Lancashire dialect would have been completely unintelligible.

Meanwhile the subject of William Bolton's thoughts sat as he imagined her, indeed, almost as they left her, by the fireside, and alone.

She held a book in her hand, but she could scarcely have been reading it, for she never once turned the page.

The December day darkened, the shades of evening set in, and the clock striking five, added to the kettle on the hob boiling over, reminded her that it was her usual tea time; and she rose to her feet, pulled down the blind, so that she might not be observed by passers by, then made herself a cup of tea, and sat down again by the fire, and by no other light, to drink it.

True, she had placed a candle ready for lighting upon the table, but she had had to practise economy lately; for though Moll Arkshaw could dress in satin on Sundays, it had taken a good many hours' work to buy the dress in question, besides a certain amount of pinning, which her own small earnings, through not being used to the work, had made it impossible for her to prevent.

Besides, she did not care for a light.

It seemed to imply the necessity of doing something, even if it were only to read; and in the luxury of being a few hours alone, letting the mask fall for a time from her, she wished to do nothing but review her life, her present position, and think.

More than once she had been obliged to replenish the fire, or it would have burnt itself out.

But she had not lighted the candle. The cup, saucer, and teapot still remained on the table; the clock had struck eight, and the girl was roused from her reverie by hearing, as she believed, a step outside the window.

Not a singular thing, you may think, with the cottage standing as it did in a lane, where though dark, people were often passing to and fro; but you will remember a square of garden, fenced from the road by wooden gates and railings, shielded it from the pathway, and consequently some one must have come in on purpose, perhaps was watching her through the blind, which she now perceived she had not partially drawn.

Her previous mood and solitary musings may have made her nervous, no doubt have done so.

Besides, she is quite alone, with no other human being save this intruder, as far as she knows, at least, near her.

She fixes her eyes with a kind of horrible fascination upon the window, while her ears are strained to listen to every sound.

Is she mistaken?

No. A man's face is there, pressed close against the panes of glass.

A man's face, she is sure, though in the dim, uncertain light she cannot recognise it.

She opens her mouth to scream, but the sound dies away in her throat before a word is uttered.

With a kind of horrible fascination, she continues to gaze upon that face, like a helpless bird under the influence of a serpent.

But it moves.

There is the sound of a footstep, creeping as though it would tread lightly outside the house, and the spell is broken by the removal of those eyes.

She springs forward to the window, and completely covers it with the blind.

She knows positively that it is bolted.

In her fright about the window, she had forgotten the door, which like many of the kind in the country, could be opened from the outside by lifting a latch.

Forgotten it, but is opened now, and a man, she thinks a stranger, walks into the room, closing the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

GUMBS' DOG.

Gumba who lives next door to us, has bought a dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard until, in frantic desperation, we would shy boots and cologne bottles and furniture at him. But he always went on worse; and in the morning Gumba would come calmly out and gather up those missiles and carry them into the house. He has more than twenty pairs of our boots and slippers in his possession besides chair-legs and cakes of soap and hair brushes and match-safes and towel-racks, and he never had the manliness to offer to give them back. On the contrary, he trained that dog to sit by the front gate and to seize us by the leg when we came out, three or four times a week, apparently for the purpose of securing more boots. But we poisoned him one morning, and the next morning Gumba threw the carcass over into our yard. We threw it back. Gumba retrieved it. We both stayed at home that day, and spent the time handling the dog by one another over the fence. Then we hired an Irishman to stand there night and day to return the dog to Gumba's yard. Then Gumba also hired an Irishman. It was exhilarating work. The corpse probably traversed the fence 6,000 or 7,000 times in the twenty-four hours. He must have become familiar with the route, even if he was dead. At last he wore away with so much handling, and on the last day the Irishman while at work the hours dinging only the tail at one another.

One Irishman at last buried the tail and resigned. And now Gumba has got a new dog. It will be excessively singular if we do not find that dog some evening soon with a codfish line and a piece of beef, run blind up all of a sudden into our window and launch him into the snow. No dog owned by a man named Gumba will exult over us.

A WINTER WEDDING.

(At Chislehurst Church, January 9, 1873.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALLIAX, GENTLEMAN."

It fled away in a clang of bells, Marriage bells, On the wings of the blue, that sinks and swells, That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul, Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole! And we stand in the light of two happy faces, Mayhap, some wandering angels say,

Stop and say, As through the gloom they carry away That bodiless spirit to Him who knows— He only, whither the spirit goes; "God give them all that the dead man lacked (As men dare judge him) in thought, word, act; Deny them all that to him was given, Lest earth's doors opened, shut doors of heaven."

Blessed is the bridegroom without crown or land; Blessed is the bride with the ring on her hand.

Two happy hearts whom on heart embraces; And we hear the peaceful organ's sound, And the angry storm sweeps harmless round; Blessed is the bridegroom though the heavens are dun;

Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on. Pail, ye joy-bells, pail through the rain, Blinding rain!

God makes happiness, God makes pain, Summer and winter a good tree grows, A strong soul strengthens through weal and woes.

"Be not afraid," says the wild sobbing wind; "Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is behind."

Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or sun, Blessed is the bride whom Love's light shines on.—Good Words.

For the Favorite.

WINONA;

OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANOV CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silver's Christmas Eve," "Wrecked; or, the Rasclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FATE OF MR. CECIL BERTRAND.

"You wicked, unprincipled boy!" cried Cecil, dashed like a wild rascal, and angry sparkles in her violet eyes; "wanting to marry your cousin! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Ashamed of myself!" exclaimed Percy Grace. "Cecil, you glittering Vivian, is this the cynicism of a girl or the heartless thrust of a—jilt?"

"Upon—my—word!" said Cecil, breathless, her eyes wide with astonishment, her little hands uplifted, "you dreadful story! I treated you like a brother, and you turn on me like this. Why, you know as well as I do that I am to marry Mr. Hornsby next week."

It was most pitiable to see the boy writhe and cower under this sudden lash; his sensitive face paling to ashes as he looked at her, lovely, audacious, triumphant in her young beauty and its cruel power over him. He put out his hands towards her as though she stood in a mist whose leagues away.

"Cecil!" he gasped, "have mercy. Remember how you have led me on to this."

"I led you on," said Cecil; "you silly creature, because I taught you to dance and told you where to buy your neckties, did you expect me to be so dreadful as to dream of marrying my cousin? Why, all my wedding things are ready, and every one says I am just one of the luckiest girls out. Old Hornsby owns two millions, and he's seventy if he's a day. I wonder how those odious widow's caps will suit me."

She looked at him, sparkling and dimpling with laughing delight and triumph.

"My guerilla dash to aunt's, in New York, was a success, you see," she said. "All the girls are just dying with envy, and it's the jolliest thing out to watch them while mama is showing them my 'rouseau and jewels. They're fit for a princess—"

He looked round the bowery little drawing-room, bright in the morning sun, and he saw that her words were true. It was one graceful litter of rare things, bright and white as for the bridal of a fairy queen. Over the arm of the chintz couch hung a great veil of priceless Mechlin, and resting on it a coronal of orange-

flowers mocked in pearls and softly gleaming emeralds. Something cut his eyes, like a biting blast of January sunlight. On a little stand by the window the flash of diamonds, lying like a constellation on a bed of white velvet, Cecil's monogram in gold and coral glittering above them in the lid of the case, an exquisite gem in itself, of ivory, inlaid with gold.

The cruel glory of the barbies struck him like the gleam of a destroying sword. He closed his eyes for a single moment with his hands and stood motionless, and during that brief space Cecil drank as deeply of the intoxication of gratified vanity as she had ever done in her life—perhaps more so—for there was the air of being wounded to the death about him as she watched him greedily, with shining eyes.

She would not have spared him a single pang, not for all the fine gold of California, in that moment of extremest delight.

A coquette has many of the points of the tigress, the iron claws shod in softest velvet, the fierce hunger and thirst for blood, in the gulch of broken hearts. Rather a singular anomaly,—a perfectly heartless person having sufficient imagination to draw pleasure from pangs in another of which she is as incapable of forming a just idea as the snake is of the anguish of the animal it charms first and crushes afterwards.

He dropped his hands from his face—a boyish face, with curls of bright gold about the white temples and the sharpest beauty of a young Greek of the most ideal type ever struck into vivid reality by the chisel of Praxiteles—and looked at her.

At its very best it was a very weak face, passionate, perhaps, with scarlet lips and delicate tints, like a girl's, and large, azure eyes, uncertain in their glance, if brilliant with genius, fickle and capricious as that genius was, but in that moment of silence the beginning of a change showed itself.

He pointed past her to the diamonds, his eyes and voice strangely steadfast.

"Your purchase money!" he said, looking at her, not at the jewels. "Cecil, answer me, on your soul, if that is sacred to you, did you never love me?"

"No," said Cecil promptly, "and if you can't stop being unpleasant you'd better go home. I didn't ask you to fall in love with me, you great goose."

This was not Miss Bertrand's usual formula of rejection; but he was her cousin, and only eighteen.

"Don't stare at me," she went on frantically. "If you won't my cousin over so much, I wouldn't marry you or any mortal man who couldn't give me all I wanted."

"What is your God, Cecil?" he said, in the same even tone, the curious change deepening in his face.

"Myself," said Cecil, with an aspect of the most entire honesty. She was exhilarated in the view of the diamonds and lace, and a little off her guard.

"Can you feel remorse?" he asked her, "when you inflict such tortures as I feel now, knowingly, remember, Cecil, oh, remember that!"

"You're perfectly ridiculous!" said Cecil, ripping into sudden laughter; "I don't feel anything but that I adore diamonds and diamonds and lovers, and that old Horneyblow can give them to me. Don't stare, sir! When I'm a married woman, you may sigh at my feet if you like and only be fashionable. Now, don't try to talk goody to me! I have no heart, and I'm very glad of it, and no principle, and I'm very glad of that, and I don't care about anything in the world but being pretty and having people say so!"

With which synopsis of her views, Cecil twisted the violet bows in her fluffy golden hair, and gave a more coquettish sit to the silk cord and tassel round her dusky waist.

"Noxious and beautiful," he said, but in a tone too low for her hearing; "deadly, and with the poison but coming to its full power."

"Sit down and be sensible," said Cecil, rolling a shell-like chair towards him. "Take care of my veil, you careless thing. Recollect you have promised to take me out on the bay to-night. The moonlight's glorious now."

"I will come for you," he said, going towards the door. On the threshold he looked back at her with a singular smile; and as she watched him from the window he was smiling still.

"The ridiculous young muley!" said Cecil, spitefully, "I don't believe he cares much after all."

"I don't believe he does," remarked Lou, crawling in a dishevelled condition from under a table, where she had lain hidden to enjoy the interview; "I've ten minds to tell Mr. Horneyblow all you said, just to spite you for getting me not to let me on the ice-boat party to-night, Miss Cecil."

"Perhaps you want the old wretch yourself, mix!" cried Cecil, in a rage. "Well, it's one comfort, he has eyes in his head."

"Has he?" asked Lou, with great interest. "How funny! Has he got any teeth, Cecil?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," replied Miss Bertrand, disdainfully. "It's nothing to me."

"Cis, if anything happens to you, I'll try and get the reversion of old Horneyblow."

"Much good may he do you, Miss Black-moor!" said Cecil, sweeping away with her lace and diamonds, in a whirlwind of wrath, to torment the two sempstresses upstairs at work on her trousseau.

There had been a genial thaw, followed by a biting frost, and between the shore and the ebon line of the island, the bay showed a plain

of silver, glittering to a full moon, rolling through a sky of deepest blue. A faint shade of turquoise ran gleaming through the glare ice, and out beyond the island a sea of jet, spangled with great patches of silver, lapped the glittering rim of the ice.

A steady, strong breeze set from the shore, and like phantoms crowned with light, five or six ice-boats swept over the shining plain, their sails pearl in the moonlight, a stained glass lantern cresting each lofty mast.

Faint laughter and merry voices mingled with the wind, and occasionally the refrain of some gay song caught up by several voices and tossed to and fro from boat to boat, as they glided past each other; long shafts of rainbow light falling from their differently hued lanterns across the polished floor, in dazzling tracks of ruby, gold, green and rose.

No one who has not felt it can imagine the exhilaration of dashing on before the wind on one of these winter-birds over a shining plain of glare ice, either by day or night.

"To whom have you lent the *Ruby*?" asked Prancer of Spooner, who was his companion on his own boat, the *Regina*.

"To young Grace to take the little Bertrand out on," responded Spooner, a voice in a huge capote. "He don't seem a bit out up about her going off, after all."

Spencer sighed distantly. The lovely "Flora had gone off," i. e., married young Damsel, the week before, and the Ensign was "wearing the widow." The allusion touched a sore place.

"Huz!" said Prancer thoughtfully. "I don't know. Did you notice how his eyes were sparkling to-night? Mischievous there, Spooner."

"Oh! Come now," said Spooner. "I should say,—mint juleps. Listen to him."

The *Ruby* swept by like a comet, Cecil's lovely face glorified in the moonlight, Percy Grace's voice ringing out wildly in a wild burst of melody, which Cecil caught up in her jubilant young voice. She waved her little hand to the young men as they flew past, the ruby lantern leaving a track, red as blood, behind them.

It was all weird, lovely and dream-like as a scene of enchantment.

The air was full of a kind of falling glory of frost, like diamond-dust in the broad moonlight. The aurora flung phanton banners tinged with hues of ghostly rose and green across the purple arch, and swept from the land behind, delicate snow-wreaths, faint and fine, whirled across the gleaming ice, and were lost, disappearing like ghosts on the ebon tide beyond.

Behind lay Toronto, its silvery spires lancing the sky, its thousands of lights gleaming, like some constellation dropped earthward from the dome above. A band was playing some distance away, and now and then the riotous wind tore across the bay, hurrying out lakeward with fragments of the far-away harmony in its clutch.

Prancer suddenly altered the course of the *Regina*, bringing her round with a mighty sweep, until she stood out in the track of the *Ruby*.

"What is that for?" queried Spooner, as the ice-boat obeying Prancer's skillful hand, whizzed like an arrow out towards the island.

"What a—excuse me, Spooner,—muff you were to land your boat to that hare-brained boy," was Prancer's irrelevant remark. "The mad young fool is steering past the island, beyond which there are not more than ten or twelve feet of ice, and with this wind behind him, too."

Prancer had usually one of those dark, unreadable faces which might pertain to a human spirit did such a monster exist, but when he was fairly roused his countenance was—either diabolically or heroically in earnest. At this moment there was a touch of both in his eyes and about his course and firm lips.

"Let's shout and warn them," said Spooner, his face chalky in the moonlight, with sudden terror.

The same impulse was at work with the occupants of the other boats, and a strong shout, "Take care! Come back!" went thundering out about with the wind.

"Percy!" cried Cecil, "there is no ice beyond the island. What are you doing?"

The moonlight and ruby lantern lighted the boy's face sufficiently for her to read her answer in it. Yet he was smiling as he had smiled back at her from the door earlier in the day. What was it that cleared the scales from her eyes so that she might read that look aright, at last and too late?

She gave a sudden shrill, awful scream, and with her feeble hands tried to tear his grasp from the rudder. Useless. His muscles were iron. His face marble. His eyes relentless, tender, scornful, mad, all things at once.

He shook off her fragile fingers, and moved the rudder. They were rounding the island.

"Pray!" he said, looking down at her, as she hung her arms out towards those behind.

"Save me!" she shrieked in answer, as the *Regina* flew towards them, and Prancer's voice came back.

"Courage, Miss Bertrand! Drop the rudder, you madman!"

Prancer had one hope. To head the *Ruby* and cut off her course. He had about a minute to do it in. If the ice-boat were only lighter!

"Spencer!" he said appealingly. "My good fellow, lighten her."

They were rushing over the glare ice with a sickening rush, their ears filled with the savage roaring of the wind. To jump from the flying thing meant—Death perhaps.

"All right," said Spooner, stamper, and the

next moment was lying bruised, half-stunned, an arm broken on the glittering floor, and the *Regina* shooting far ahead.

Had Spooner lived in good old times, he would have leaped into the chasm without halting the parade of Quintus Curtius, with the Roman equivalent for "all right," whatever that may be, on his lips.

Prancer knew the lad best, but as his appeal was answered, and the lightened thing bounded upon the ice, his dark face went like ashes, but he dared not remove his eyes from the *Ruby*, indeed he could not.

He was gaining on them. Cecil's face was turned towards him, and he had liked her a little once.

He set his teeth desperately and thought out. "Stop I say! or I shall run into you."

Percy Grace turned his head, and the madness in him burst out in one horrible, lance-like laugh, a shrieking sound utterly and entirely awful.

"Too late!" he shrieked back, and Prancer had just a second to alter his course and save himself.

As the *Regina* swept away, as he tried with furious strength to stop her, he looked back and saw it all.

He saw the *Ruby* bound from the ice, like a thing of life, and Percy Grace clinging to her, flash downward into the ebon tide, and disappear, the ruby lantern, like a drop of luminous blood, shining redly for a second in the black waste.

He saw Cecil, at the last sublime flash of time, rise with a mighty cry, and as the ice-boat bounded shuddering to the dark embraces of the lake, fling herself back upon the glittering deadly ice, and lie there a little dead form, in richest velvets and furs, a hideous bruise on the dainty temple, and a little stream of blood trickling over the gleaming ice.

She lay in the bowery drawing-room three or four days in all the pomp money could buy. In a white casket wreathed with silver, a cross of stary *roses* at her feet, and her bridal wreath lying in the golden tendrils of her hair.

They placed virginal lilies on her cold breast, and Mr. Horneyblow wept over her and thought how pretty Lena looked in her sisterly grief, and friends came in and out and said how beautiful she made Death, and Prancer and Spooner came, and held their hats in their hands, and looked at her in silence and went away silent. Spooner with tears in his honest eyes, and his arm in a sling. And on the day she was to have been wed, the white casket was drawn under nodding plumes of white to a little grave under a leafless willow, and while a wintry sun glided the lake where Percy Grace lay, and played with the snowy plumes which honored her maiden estate, Cecil Bertrand was laid away in the embraces of the tomb, crowned and garlanded with the jewels she had loved.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

Who forgets the charm of the fairy lore of one's childhood, when every tale wound up with, "and so they were married and lived happy ever afterwards," despite the malevolence of the spiteful old fairy, who had instated years before on coming, an uninvited guest, to the christening of the royal heroine? Who forgets with what a sigh of satisfaction the old romance was laid down which concluded amidst the ringing of joybells and the clatter of the post-chaises which whirled off all the principal characters to the four quarters of the globe on what, in those good old times, were called "marriage jaunts."

Of course it's very frivolous and all that, my dear Miss Cross-patch, and you, Mr. Singlestick; but I can't help it, if in the good old style "there comes the sound of wedding-bells" across the concluding words of this modest tale. Shut your ears as best you can and hearken not, close your eyes and see not; but to the dimpled Hebe, the gay young bachelors and the blooming maidens of the land I turn care of consolation and encouragement when I relate what befell some eighteen months after the events related in the foregoing chapter.

It was July, and in the pretty drawing-room of Captain Fraser's residence a large and brilliant party was assembled. A clergyman in white vestments stood beside a richly carved reading stand on which lay open the wedding service, and though there was a restless flutter of expectation amongst the guests, every voice was mute as the door opened and a band of white-robed beauty drifted in surrounding three forms whose coronals of orange blossoms proclaimed them brides.

First came Olla, almost beautiful in the rosy dawning of her coming life, then Dolly to describe whom at this crisis words totally fail, and lastly Androsia Howard, magnificent, regal, bearing herself like a Queen pacing to her coronation.

The pretty room was like a temple of Flora. "Roses, roses everywhere," and billows of golden light flowing over all.

Mrs. Donville was there, a magnificent looking woman in mauve satin, talking earnestly to Captain Fraser, who in his invalid chair was seated near the clergyman. His face was pined and cheerful, but his hair had become as white as snow and thinner about the temples. Mrs. Fraser, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks stood beside him, her hand resting fondly on his arm, but her eyes watching the door, as if it would have been strange indeed had any one blamed the gleam of fond pride which swept across her beautiful eyes as the group we have mentioned floated up the room.

Roderick Armor, Theodore Denville, and Archie were talking to Valerie Lennox and three or four magnificent dames, strangers to these pages, but friends of the two families. Valerie, if she had suffered had made no sign, but as she looked from Theodore to Olla, her black eyes sparkled through tears.

"Now, Dolly," said Sidney, who had shot up into a tall, young beauty, and was radiant as first bride's-maid, "do try and remember that you're put up your veil for Roddy to kiss you when it's over, and don't forget whereabouts you're to say "I will." I feel quite safe about Olla, but you and Androsia are just dreadful! As for those other ridiculous creatures no one will be foolish enough to expect anything graceful or distinguished of them." With which distinguished compliments to her brother and brothers-in-law elect, Sidney leant forward to arrange Androsia's veil which had become disarranged.

Then through the perfumed, sunny stillness of the room came the rich voice of the old clergyman, commencing the service, and in a few moments, the silence fell again to be broken by the buzz and flutter of congratulations, the rustling of rich robes and the subdued sound of stately laughter, as the three brides received the embraces and good wishes of their friends.

"God bless you, Theodore," said Valerie, fondly, as Denville turned to her, with his wife on his arm, and she smiled to keep back the tears which rose to her eyes. She put back Olla's rich veil, and perused her sweet, blushing face, and then drew her to her heart, with silent grace. "May your lot be happier than mine, dear child!" she whispered softly, and Olla's heart dumbly echoed the prayer.

Dolly leant on Armor's arm, watched critically by Sidney, but Mrs. Armor's deportment was a study in its way, and left nothing to be desired. Her faint blushes were like reflections from the roses of Paradise, her eyes beamed with a holy lustre just tinged with a faint expression of exquisite pensiveness, due altogether to a doubt as to whether she ought not to have chosen blue in place of ashes-of-roses for her travelling dress, but the effect was charming.

Androsia drew Archie out through the rose-draped window, to the shadowy veranda. Her great eyes were full of tears, joy and sorrow struggled together in her lovely face.

"Is it done?" she said looking wistfully at him.

"Come and see, my darling," said Archie gently.

He led her round the veranda and out across the sunny lawn to the pine-grove.

Standing in its shadow, was the life-size statue of Winona, hewn in the purest marble and evidently but just placed there. It stood at the head of a narrow, grassy mound on which lay a wreath of purest camellias. A small foot-stone bore a name and a date.

"Winon, aged twenty years," and beneath: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

Androsia stood for a moment looking fixedly at the life-like face of the statue gleaming whitely on her in the shadows, and then turning she hid her face on Archie's arm, and he drew her tenderly away.

"Come, my wife," he said. "See! our way lies through the sunshine. Let us leave the shadows behind."

And with the full glory of the summer day upon them, he led her back to the house.

A few words will explain the mystery of Captain Fraser's first marriage.

He had married privately, a cousin of his own, Lady Flora Lennox, the only child of a man as stern as he was proud.

They did not dare make their union public, and with a heart full of dire forebodings Captain Fraser accompanied his regiment to Canada to receive there the news of her death and that of the son, whose birth had caused her death.

This last, as we have seen was false, but the deadly rage of her father had been so aroused, that he had sworn that his grandchild should never succeed to his title and estates.

He had given him into the charge of an old valet of his own, who had taken him to Franco and reared him there until he came to man's estate, giving out, and telling the lad himself, that he was the illegitimate son of a gentleman in Scotland.

There he had grown up; there he had lived like Ishmael, "his hand against every man and every man's hand against his," and the manner of his death was as his life.

FINIS.

WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.—In a burlesque of the Jenkins style of describing weddings, the bride's dress is described as a white megatherium silk trimmed with prussic acid, blue pompadour front and lambrèque of the same, looped up with culis lilies flecked by farginated potassio and mellaced trivere—imported expressly for her. Her veil was a diassod poisonous, trimmed with double fluted ruckings, surmounted with the wreath of snowy trichinalla. Some of the presents were a set of teeth and an oyster freezer—from the bride's mother; a gold-lined bash receiver and a set of c astro and elegant terra-cotta jewelry from the groom; a quilt pieced by the donor when eleven years of age, an' package of cabbage seed from the bride's grandmother, aged ninety, who can read fine print without a glass, and who cracked all the nuts for the banquet with her own teeth.

The Great Fairs and Markets of Europe.

BY R. H. HOWARD.

BARTLEY FAIR.—Ballinacree and Donnybrook—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton Fairs.—Jahrmärkte of Germany and the Tyrol.—A Russian Fair.—Carnivals of Italy.—The Great Carnival of Cologne.—An Irish Pig-fair.—London winter fair on the frozen Thames, &c., &c.

It is not everybody who has had the "luck," as well as the danger, of seeing the "sprig of ah'llalah" flourish to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, on the days of the once-great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every Londoner had the peculiar fortune to see Bartley Fair, or any other of the celebrated English fairs. And all the countless number who have not, never will have the opportunity, as nearly every one of these outrageously grotesque assemblages was abolished some twenty or thirty years ago by Act of Parliament. To the statement above we may, of course, add that a far greater number have never had the "luck" of seeing a Continental Fair;—the Carnivals of Italy, of France,—A Russian Fair,—or the Carnivals and Jahrmärkte of Germany. But all of these are still flourishing at their appointed seasons.

In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our present subject, as to its exhibition in all countries, I shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful scenes and other shows, as well as the general "behavior" of the respective multitudes of spectators and participants, which are characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations. Sometimes we will take several of them in succession, if not together, by reason of their "family likeness;" at other times, the succession will be for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and orderly class, whose pleasing sobriety may constitute a sort of smiling, musical introduction, whereby our readers, and our fair readers in particular, may be gradually prepared for the scenes of turbulent jocularly which are to follow.

The Jahrmärkte, or fair of Germany, is a very different sort of thing from the English fairs, at which they flourish, or an Italian Carnival, or any other scene of uproarious merriment and excitement, amidst extravagant show and follies. There is really very little fun in the Jahrmärkte. For my own part, I could see none. It is no more than a market, except that, instead of the main object being confined to staples, there is a preponderance in the way of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, pipes, and Tyroler blue and scarlet caps. Books, also, especially of the pictorial kind, abound,—indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipzig, which is expressly a "book fair." But a Carnival is quite another matter.

I was once present at a Carnival in Cologne. It was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological, characters in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels—all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals, not easily distinguishable, who were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes, suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures on horseback and on foot, bearing banners, with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortège* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter at this time, and I intensely cold. There had been a hard frost the previous night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough-shod for the occasion; but the thin dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hard constitution.

Towards the afternoon everybody thronged to some special dinner-table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) everybody wore a tail painted, paper fool's cap, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments, covered up with (*witzig*) witticisms, absurdities, and comic squibs. Everybody seemed to get naturally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher, that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of the Tyroler fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind; and by continually practising together, certain effects, and most desirable effects they must be pronounced to be, are thus produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, &c., also, and other parts of Italy, the chief fun of the Carnival consists in pelting sugar-plums. Ladies and

gentlemen, attired, in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and barouches, or other open earriages, with large bags at their feet, filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass—now, with a well-aimed large single sugar-plum—now, with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These Carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the word clearly proves—*carne vale*—farewell to flesh! How completely this became changed, in process of years, to very opposite observances, are sufficiently obvious.

In Rome and Venice the principal features are those of the masquerade, while in the former the horse-races are among the most favorite amusements. I should mention that the horses are trained to run without riders on their backs. No horse can be bribed; every horse does his best to win. A poor sort of amusement was at one time in vogue, consisting in carrying lighted tapers about the streets, and each person trying to blow out his neighbor's light, and preserve his own! This may be regarded as a sort of Italian version of "Beggar my neighbor." In Southern Italy there has lately been held quite a new sort of fair, viz., a "Wine Fair." There was no attempt or pretence at seeking to render this amusing in the usual way. The first of these was held last March (1872), when the samples of the wines amounted to upwards of 4,000 bottles. The whole of this vinous array of 4,000 in full array, was, either most innocently or most irreverently ranged three deep against the walls of Santa Maria la Nuova. But no priest or monk expressed any objection.

A Carnival in Paris is a yet greater remove from the ordinary class of fairs. The French are much too elegant in their tastes to adopt any rude or rough amusements, especially the comic horse-play that used to characterize the English and Irish fairs. A Parisian Carnival is nothing more than a series of elegant and recherché little dinners and supper parties—under a mask. I pass hastily over most of these things, because they are still extant, reserving for more particular descriptions till we come to those which have been abolished.

But a fair in Russia is a wonderfully different sort of thing, and comes very much nearer to the Anglo-Saxon notions of what is proper on such occasions.

Russian fairs may be divided into three very opposite classes. 1. Those which are made up of religious mysteries and superstitions, some of them being rich and magnificent in their displays of idols and holy relics; others partaking of the squalid as much as the grotesque. One of the most striking characteristics of a Russian fair to the eyes—to the nose we should say of a foreigner, particularly of French or English ideas of nicety, is that of the oppressive and overpowering odors of perfumed Russian leather, alcohol, sour beer, fermenting cabbages—the grease on the boots of the Cossacks, all mingled with the musk and ambergris of the fashionable loungers. The second class of fairs in Russia consist almost entirely of dances of a kind not customary at other seasons; and these, again, must be divided into two sorts. There is the "Peasants' Ball," at which some of the dances are very graceful, and others very licentious on the part of the male dancer, while the woman receives all his gross overtures with the rigid imperturbability almost of a wooden image. It is like a linnæic paying court to a stupid idol. There is, however, another sort of fancy ball, called the "Nobles' Ball," at which none but nobles, and those related to nobility, are permitted to attend. They indulge in all kinds of splendor in their dresses. The chief peculiarity of the ladies' ornaments consists in valuable cameo. They wear them on the arms and wrists, round the neck, round the waist, and on the bosom. Some of the dresses of both sexes are so sumptuous, that whole fortunes may be said to lie upon their backs, lavished on a single dress. Altogether, it is a dull and unamusing affair. As to "fun" Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work lords and ladies is quite as lively.

But the third class of Russian fairs I have to mention is the only one really deserving the name, and that is the winter fair. The principal of these is the fair on the ice of the river Neva. There you see races with sledges and skates, and with horses, dogs, goats, and stags harnessed to different kinds of sledge-vehicles. They also have their horizontal roundabouts, and their perpendicular high-flyers, like sedan chairs going up in the air and down again. But the grand amusement of all is that of the "ice-hills." They are thus constructed:—A strong scaffolding is raised to the height of thirty feet, with a landing at the top ascended by a ladder. From the top of the landing a sloping plane of boards is laid, about twelve feet in width, and ninety feet long, descending in a very acute angle to the surface of the frozen river. This inclined plane is supported by wooden piles, decreasing in height, and the sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Upon the inclined plane are laid square slabs of ice close together, and then water is poured all down the slope. This water freezes—half a minute or so of a Russian winter is quite enough for that—and the incline then presents a broad sheet of pure ice. From the bottom of this incline, the snow is cleared away upon the level surface of the frozen river, for the distance of 800 feet, and twice feet wide (the same width as the inclined plane). The sides of this level course are ornamented with dark green fir and pine. Each fair-goer, who wishes to indulge in this national amusement, provides himself with a

peculiar sort of sledge,—more like a butcher's tray than anything else—ascends the ladder to the landing on the top, seats himself in his tray on the edge of the glittering lucine, off he goes! and away he skeds down the slope of ice! Such velocity does he attain before arriving at the bottom, that he is not only carried along the 800 feet of this icy level below, but clean up to the top of a second ice-hill, like the first, with another slope on the other side, down which he skeds with the same rapidity as before, and away again to an equal distance on the level below! The sight of a succession of these fair-goers, seated in their sliding-trays, balancing themselves as they cut along, one close upon the other, yet with no chance of overtaking each other (unless by some very unlucky and very unusual upset), presents a most peculiar and extraordinary scene. Whenever the balance does happen to be lost by a man, down he goes all the same, to the continual peril of his limbs or his neck; and it is impossible to predict whereabouts his headlong career will be stopped. Boys sometimes—boys will do anything—by way of a delightful increase of the danger, skate, like a flash, down the bright, inclined plane, balancing themselves on one leg!

Let me now offer a preliminary word or two concerning the fairs, and other kindred exhibitions, and popular outdoor amusements in England.

A lady of my acquaintance—an authoress of superior education and refinement—once said to me, "How is it that the English people should have such a predilection for ugliness in their amusements? Foreign nations delight in mixing up a certain degree of practical, pictorial, musical, or floral refinements with their most grotesque amusements; but the people of our country, though gradually improving in taste, have certainly a marked preference for coarse or vulgar things,—in short, a love of ugliness. How is this?"

You may be sure this lady did not mean to accuse her countrymen of a preference for ugly women; she only alluded to the sports and pastimes of the mass of the people, and with especial reference to an English fair. I should premise that this lady friend of mine was a Scottish lady, and having once had, as she considered it, the ill-luck to be taken to see "Bartley Fair," she could never look back on that scene of crushing crowds and frantic noises, without astonishment and dismay. Still, we must admit that there was a good deal of truth in her observation, and, before commencing my description, I will offer a few words in extenuation of what this lady, and all our continental friends, are pleased to call the bad taste of the English.

There is an old saying that "All's fair at fair-time," which does not mean that any rough brutalities may be committed (such as ruffians only would commit any here, as well as at a fair,) but that, on this one occasion in the year, people should agree to put off all gravity, and not take offence at the hilarious hustlings of the crowd, or its harmless practical jokes of crackers and scratch-backs. In other words, those who were very fine and over-nice, and who did not choose to descend from their ideas of dignity, had no business to go to an English fair.

Now, as to the question of a love of ugliness, it forms no part of our present design to accuse—and certainly not to defend or applaud—the taste which undoubtedly has, of later years, existed in England for mere shows of spectacle—gorgeous costumes, scenery, and burlesque. Even the poetical extravaganzas, and all the charm of the original Fairy Tale, has given place to burlesques, buffoonery, and local "hits." But while we may regard these things as a deplorable falling off in theatrical taste, we should fairly and firmly distinguish these long-continued evil influences upon the national mind, from the stult fun of an annual fair. An English fair, as it existed some five-and-twenty years ago, and a foreign fair or a carnival of the present period, must not be compared with anything else—the former stood alone as a broad, honest, undisguised, out-speaking and out-acting animal exhibition of the love of fun, of the grotesque, of the broadly comic, and of the determination to find an outlet for those exuberant physical forces, which are characteristic of populace of all great nations. Rough they are—and ugly enough, in many cases—but the broadly farcical drama of "Punch" is studiously rough and ugly, and yet most of us are excessively amused with his unscrupulous fun; we rejoice in all the hard resounding knocks he gives, and takes on his wooden head, and everybody applauds his unique triumph over Jack Ketch, and his final victory over a yet more formidable black doll in the last scene.

We now come to the once-celebrated fairs of Great Britain and Ireland. The most important of the English fairs used to be Bartholomew—always called Bartley Fair; Greenwich Fair; Edmonton Stately (Stature Fair); Fairlop; Peterborough; and Horn Fair. All these fairs, with the exception of Fairlop, have been abolished by Act of Parliament, as previously stated. In Ireland there was one pre-eminently famous fair—see I say "Donnybrook;" but in different parts of Ireland there are still what they call (and truly, as we shall see, by-and-by) "pig-fairs," and the great fair at Ballinacree. But these latter, like our horse-fairs, at Barnet and elsewhere, cattle-fairs, and goose-fairs, are in reality "markets," with sundry ornamental accompaniments in the form of eating-and-drinking booths, jig-dancing, shillalah-play, courtship, and so forth. In like manner, Limerick and Cork have important days called "fairs," but they are chiefly markets for butter. With regard to Limerick, one

is rather apt to think "of all the swate faces at Limerick Races!" while with respect to Cork, it would really appear to apply half the globe with butter. Not long since, and perhaps even now, nearly all the wholesale butter-trade of Australia was supplied by Cork. The export of Irish butter is enormous, and nothing stops it. The writer was in Ireland during the great famine years, and, while the mass of the people were starving, the shiploads of butter, cheese, and bacon were sent away as usual. What happened sometimes may be easily conjectured.

Bartley Fair used to be held in Smithfield, the entire market-place being cleared of all its sheep-pens, pig-pens, and cattle-yards, and fences, for the great occasion. The outskirts of the most important of the English fairs present different local characteristics, rural, picturesque, and otherwise. But Bartley Fair being in the thick of densely-packed houses, and densely peopled old London, there was no room for anything beyond the fair, except a certain waste corner which was filled with closely ranged little tables, on which were constantly deposited little smoking plates containing very small fried sausages of about two inches long—the sound, and the smell of sausage-frying continuing all day, and all night, while the fair lasted. The only other peculiarity (I've seen this also at Ballinacree) was that sometimes a bull broke loose from one of the private cattle-yards on the outskirts, being excited, no doubt, to indignation, which soon became rage, by the extraordinary uproar, and mixture of strange noises, in the fair—his emotions being rapidly brought to a climax by the sights he beheld, and by the additional confusion his presence created among the crowds. Of course there were shouts of "a mad bull!—a mad bull!" on all sides, as he rushed along the broken lane of flying people—now and then stopping to stamp and look round—a look of furious bewilderment—not knowing what to think of it all, except that the people were mad, and being very quickly made really mad himself by the gods and blows he received, and the glittering shows, the cries, and screams and shouts, that resounded on all sides. Sometimes a Londoner was tossed, and three or four were knocked down and trampled upon, but very seldom, as the bull's straight, ears, mind, and purposes were too much concentrated to enable him to direct his attention (and his horns) to any definite object. At Ballinacree it was quite a common thing to see drunken men tossed; but, somehow, they did not seem to be much the worse for it. Any sober person would probably have been killed.

A marked contrast to such scenes was presented by the outskirts and environs of Edmonton "Stately" Fair. It will be subsequently explained why this Stature Fair, which used to be held in Upper Edmonton, claims, by its historical associations as well as by some other peculiarities, a rather prominent description.

It was in reality three fairs, each within about a hundred or two hundred yards of each other, all held at the same time, and lasting for three days. The first was in the field at the back of the "Bell Inn,"—which exalted in the sign of the "Johnny Gilpin;"—the front of the inn and the whole house being surrounded with booths, stalls, and small shows; the large shows, the theatres, conjuring, horsemanship, high swings and roundabouts, wild beasts, and wax-work being fitted up in an imposing array at the farther end of the field behind the house; and the approaches to the great shows and booths for exhibition, as well as for eating, drinking, and dancing, being through double lines of gingerbread-nut stalls, toy stalls, sweetmeat, sugar-stick, almond rock and toffy, all-campare, liquorise, sugar-candy, brandy-balls, bull's-eyes, and lolly-pop-stalls. In front of the inn, and ranged beneath the painted sign of the bald-headed "Johnny Gilpin" without his wig, shouting with widely open mouth, and clinging to the neck of his runaway horse, stalls, all of a similar description, were closely packed and fitted, and extended on one side in double lines towards the high road. On reaching this, the stalls became single lines on each side of the highway, continuing with an occasional break (filled up by little gambling-tables, peep-shows, and cock-shies) until you arrived at the Fair in front and rear of the "Angel Inn," within two bow-shots' distance. Here, there was a still more imposing array. The front of the inn lay farther back from the high road than the "Bell," and besides this, there was a little patch of a green paddock on the right-hand side. The double lines of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls led up to the "Angel Inn," with barrows full of green fiberts close beneath the lower windows, and beneath the signboard, on which was represented the figure of an enormous red-cheeked and red-armed fairy-maid, in flying white robes (but far more like a torn calico night-dress) and a pair of immense wings shooting up from behind her red shoulders, having written at her feet, in large gilt letters, "The Angel."

In the little paddock to the right stood the grand menagerie—Pollard's Menagerie, afterwards Wombwell's. As all these great shows travelled about and visited every great fair, it is to be understood that when I describe one of them, it will generally answer for all—Bartley Fair—Edmonton—Donnybrook—Glasgow, &c. On Wombwell's Menagerie we are now speaking, with its large, life-sized paintings of locusts, tigers, crocodiles, air-chants, g'raffos, bears and box constrictors, hanging tier above tier, all painted in the most glaring colors, and forming a very disadvantageous contrast to the dingy, den-impeached "unclean beasts" within, not to speak of the odor of dirt and manure. The splendor outside was greatly en-

hauded by a row of eight or nine portly men, gorgeously attired in scarlet and gold, as "beef-eaters" and forming a brass band, whose martial strains were often accompanied by the roars and gulf-like gasps of the real beef-eaters inside. Nothing could equal a boy's disappointment on first going into this magnificent menagerie, from which he only recovered by approaching the cage of the lion, or the "royal Bengal tiger," and being assured by the keepers that, if he went too near, they would break out and tear him all to pieces. One of the double lines of stalls in front of the "Angel Inn," led directly up to the gateway of the yard, into which the line was carried, the avenue widening, till double and treble lanes of gingerbread-nut, and toy, and lollypop stalls filled up the yard and a waste piece of skittle-ground behind, and finally opened into a field, at the further end of which were ranged the great shows and theatres.—Gyngell's conjuring and feats of dancing on the slack wire, or balancing a heavy cart-wheel on the chin;—danced on one side by the "Spotted Boy" (a young gentleman of about nine years of age, whose body was literally pibald), the "Ablance" (two girls with long white hair reaching to their knees, and pink eyes), and, on the other side, by the caravans of the "Irish Giant," Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the Dwarf, known as "Mr. Simon Paap,"—and by the house on wheels of the celebrated Miss Biffin—the lady who had no arms, but who painted, wrote, and cut out paper portraits in profile, with her feet. Not very flattering likenesses, it may be supposed. But I saw her do it, and had one myself. Penny theatres, peep-shows, eating and drinking booths, swings, roundabouts, high-flyers, little round gambling-tables, little stalls and barrows, with all sorts of nick-nacks and quack-doctors' nostrums, filled up the rest of the available ground. It is to be understood that a large open space was always left in front of the grand stands of the great shows at the farther end, or top of the field.

The fair at the "Bell," or "Johnny Gilpin," was generally known as "Kennington's Field," and the fair at the "Angel" as "Whittington's Field."

Coming out again through the yard and gateway to the front of the "Angel Inn," you passed Wombwell's Menagerie, and made your way to the high road, and over the bridge, one side of which was always occupied by some half-dozen mutilated beggars; one had been a thief, and had fallen off a roof, and had broken his back in seven places; another had lost an arm and a leg at the battle of Mban-jamballo in Heest Hinges; another had been blown up in the air from the deck of a ship at the battle of Trafalgar, so high that he was nearly a minute in coming down, just as Lord Nelson was shot; another was stone blind, particularly when any benevolent-looking papa and mamma with a number of nice tender-hearted, ingenious little boys and girls were passing.

Crossing the bridge, with the high road on your left, you soon arrived at a gateway on the right. This was the entrance to the largest of the three fairs, and was called "Bibley's Field." In this passage there was a constant crowd enlivened by the droning sound of Chinese toy-drums, or whirly hummers, boys' wooden whistles and scratch-backs. The crowd here was often so dense as to come very nearly to a jam, or a dead-lock, and at night it was dreadful. It was a rare spot for the London pick-pockets.

Once through, however, you were in a large yard, and beyond that you suddenly had the relief of arriving in the first field of some twenty acres. A range of large trees ran across, and partly divided it from the upper field, which (to my boyish recollections) was immense; but whether fifty or a hundred acres, I would not now undertake to determine. Here were the grandest and most imposing of all the shows; the great tragicomic company of Richardson's Theatre (at which the greatest tragic genius that ever trod a stage had often acted in his early years of obscurity—Edmund Kean, and the great circus for horsemanship, and the tight-rope dancing of the wonderful Master Saunders. In this field were the highest of the swings, the largest of the roundabouts, both for wooden horses and open cars, as well as the most stupendous of the perpendicular revolving cars, and close carriages; the "Crown and Anchor" booth, and other great booths for eating, drinking, and dancing; and in this field, also, were the largest number of pick-pockets,—all down from London, as for harvest time.

Beyond these great fields, and divided as usual by the old-fashioned English hedge, were other fields in succession, and here the outskirts of Edmonton Fair presented so great a contrast with the outskirts of "Bibley's Field," of which we shall subsequently have to speak. Gipsies—several families of them—invariably attended this country fair, not as mere visitors, but "professionally." The women went about all day telling your fortunes, and the men went about all night robbing your poultry yard. Their little dingy blanket-loungs, were set up alone under the thickest hedges of the adjoining fields, in the vicinity of which you could not set your foot, but, in a trice, you saw a red cloak, a Sydney with a pair of bright black eyes carrying towards you, and then you heard a sweet voice seductively calling to you, with a very sunburnt forefinger mysteriously raised. In different parts of these outlying fields, you might see a scraggy horse, or rough-coated little pony feeding; but more commonly one or two still rougher and more dirty-coated donkeys, with here and there a little ramshackle of a cart; while close beside the blanket-loung near the

hedge, their feet lodged in the dried-up ditch or drain, you would generally notice one or two lazy-looking men, with very black looks and sunburnt faces and hands, dark gleaming eyes, and a woman in a cloak of "munny colors," nursing an infant—all of them with short pipes in their mouths, and several children rolling on the green grass in company with several family dogs, while the eldest of the children sat watching the rise of a little waving column of smoke proceeding from the genuine gipsy's kitchen-range, viz:—three long sticks and a dangling iron pot.

I have given more details concerning Edmonton Statute Fair than will be afforded to other fairs, for the following reasons. In the first place, it was the only instance of a combination of three large fairs occurring on the same day, and in the same village, and close neighborhood: secondly, they presented a genuine English fair, unmingled with the sale of pigs, cattle, or "bazaar matter;" nothing of the least utility, or permanent value, was to be found there, everything being of the most ostentatious gawdaw snery, gilt and painted trumpery, and grotesque absurdity; thirdly, Edmonton Fair was always regarded as one of the "gentleest of fairs" only, of course, during two or three hours after the morning opening of the fair, where papa and mamma, or kind uncles and aunts, could take little boys and girls through most of the principal avenues of gingerbread-nut and toy shops, without much hustling, jamming, and destruction of frocks and trousers; and, lastly, because Edmonton has several historical associations. One of the oldest English plays (written by Drayton) was entitled "The Merry Devil of Edmonton;" Edmonton was the birth-place of Christopher Marlowe, the father of the English tragic drama; the birthplace also of another dramatist, of the present age, who has not the courageous vanity to name himself after the writer of "the mighty line," out who may be found in Vol. I. of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.

John Keats also and Charles Lamb resided for some time at Edmonton, and always went to the fair. The story of John Gilpin's involuntary gallop through Edmonton need not be mentioned, but I must add, that the Reverend Dr. Tice of this village, furnished Dr. Coome with the original of his Dr. Syntax; and the grandson of Dr. Tice, who now indites this motley chronicle, will answer for the truthfulness of the portrait. Curiously enough, this eccentric lover of the picturesque (Dr. Tice) was also the uncle of William Tice Gillibrant, one of the earliest, most talented, and energetic settlers in the Australian colonies. So, strangely does the world of life go round.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE PITMAN.

Well, I've worked in pits ever since I was eight years old, and now I'm turn'n forty, and I bar'n a few knooks and bruises, and I might 'a got a following any other trade, and I don't think nout on, I'm as sound as a bell; so as any one might easily say as I wasn't the man to cry out about a pitman's work being dangerous, or say as how he carried his life in his hand more'n any other man as I know on. And if it was only of myself I thought, mind you, I wouldn't talk about it; but I'm thinking of pitmen in general, and there's no mistake about it, there's a dangerous life, let who will say it or say against it, and of course there's none knows as well as ourselves how dangerous it is. It's only the big pit accidents as gets wrote about in the London papers, and made known all over the country; and sometimes when the papers have other things to busy them, there's tidy big pit explosions and the like, as no more is said about them than that they've happened—explosions that, mayhap, have wiped out a dozen or more lives in an instant. The coalpit accidents as the general public comes to hear about ain't half of that happen; though, supposing they were all, they alone if you totaled them up, would show a roll of killed and wounded that would tell you whether or not the pitman's is a dangerous calling. But they ain't all; there's scarcely a day passes in a mining district without accidents, and men being killed and maimed. Go to a Black Country camp-meeting or any other crowd of mining people, and notice how many crippled and fire-scorched men there'll be among them. Go into the pit-villages, and see how many widows and fatherless children you'll find in them; into our churchyards, and see how many of those lying in them have been killed in the pits—look round you, or speak to our club doctors and burial societies' secretaries, and you'll know then whether a pitman don't work with his life in his hand.

I never go out in a morning without kissing the wife and children, and saying to myself that it may be for the last time, and never go down the shaft without thinking a bit of a prayer that I may be spared to come up again alive, for I'm a prayerful man in season; I'm a Methodist, as my father was before me, and as thousands of pitmen are, though there's many people as thinks—not as they mean us any harm, only they don't know no better—that we're all a rough, godless crew. I'm a chap as has addicated myself a bit, too, and I reads the newspapers and turns things over in my mind—puts

on my considering-cap, as my wife says, when she sees me in the chimney-corner, a-puffing at my pipe and I saying nout to nobody—so as I, perhaps, think more about our dangers than most others.

Not but what there are many others think on 'em. They're bing brought home to you too often and too awfully to let you forget 'em so long. We see or hear about scores of accidents, and there's no use denying it, hearing of what has happened to others makes you feel down-hearted about yourself. You don't say anyth'g, but you feel and think; you feel restless and uneasy, and as if something was hanging over you, and you think, "Well, it may be my turn next," and you don't care about going down to your work, and very little serves you as an excuse for not going down. Of course, there's often a good deal of fancy in you feeling like this, and it's perhaps foolish to give way to it; but if the accident has been in your own neighborhood, I don't know as you haven't good grounds for feeling feared and out of sorts 'er it. Though I've worked in pits so long, I can't say as I know much about them scientific like, but all the same I know, from putting two and two together of what has happened, that when the damps—the fire-damp, and the choke-damp and foul gases—once get on the move in a district, they're given to move all about, and they're awfully sudden and treacherous; and it's much the same with the water when it takes to breaking in. As if a pit in the same coal-field as your own is drowned, or there has been an explosion in it, you may well feel a bit nervous about going down to work, whatever people may say about being superstitious, or not we'll your particular mine is guarded against anything of the sort.

According to them as wants men to go down, every mine always is dead safe, against accidents, till one happens, and then it's "Who's he thought it?" when the lives are gone. No, as I say that everything isn't done to make 'em safe, but I'do say as how in the best-provided pits you never know the minute that something may happen to sweep the bank into eternity in a moment, or bury them alive in a lingering death, if they can't be got at in time from above.

Of course, a good deal has been done to make mines safer than they used to be; there's been great improvements in that way since I've been in the pits; but if there is anything more that can be done, Government should see that it is done, cost what money it might, for it would mean men's lives, and women and children's bread, not to speak of their happiness. I believe most of the owners would be willing enough, if only all had to do it. We men have our differences with them about wages and what not, but I will say this for them and their managers, that when any of their hands' lives are in question, they stand at nothing in the way of expense or trouble, no, nor risk either; there's always some of the big guns as willing to level an exploring party over the mates of the men are to go. I've seen the owner of a fosse pit in such a state that I am certain he'd have freely given all he was worth to have saved the lives of the men in it; and when, after a day and night's pumping, some of them were got out of the upper working alive, he cried like a child for joy; and I've seen things that must have cost thousands of pounds done in the hope of saving life, where there was scarcely the shadow of a chance that there could be any life left to save, and when even the wives concerned felt that it was useless.

Why, there's nout but the sea as swallows as many of the lives of its workers as the pit does; in fact, I often think in my own mind as how us pitmen are a good deal like sailors as to the dangers we run; they're often as sudden, swooping and hard to guard against as those of the sea, and I should say we had rather less chance of getting away from them than sailors have from theirs. A storm generally does give some warning, but an explosion don't.

It's generally in some old, unused workings of the pit that the fire-damp gathers head, and when the blow-up comes you haven't time to even think a prayer; and although the choke-damp don't flash on you, but creeps, it's sorely less sure; it has you senseless before you can raise a voice or a finger to help yourself, and if there is no other help at hand you are done for.

There's one thing, though, about that awful choke-damp, it gits you an easy death, for I once had a dose of it, and know'd as much about the feeling of it as I should be known if it had finished me. I was going down first of an exploring party when it caught me and tumbled me o'er; but I was lashed to the skip, and so my mates were able to whip me to bank in time; and when they had brought me round, I remembered that I had only felt a bit chokey just for an instant, and then gone off dead sleepy and heavy-headed.

Then there's the floodings, you are never safe for a moment again 'em, and they generally mean death to some of the hands, and sometimes to all; and the death of the men in a drowned-in mine is often a cruel, long, lingering one, something akin to that of sailors who escape in a boat only to be lost at last, after suffering for days. If the water comes from above, from a break through into old workings—and most mining districts are encircled with old workings that the men working in the new ones either know nothing about, or have forgotten—it's a case with those in the lower workings; though those in the upper ones may escape sooner or later. If it bursts in at bottom, or a lower level, it isn't so bad; there's more chance for the men to get into the upper work-

ings, and it doesn't fill the shaft with wreckage like the water tumbling in from the top does; so that there is a better chance of the pumping out being done quick and straightforwardly.

I can speak feelingly about the floodings, for though, as I said, I'm whole and sound, I've had a near touch or two for my life. When I was about two-and-twenty, I had eight mortal hours of it in a drowned mine, and was one of eleven got out alive, leaving more than twice that number of our mates dead behind us. If I was to live as many years as those hours, I would never forget that time. We bore it like men, though I say it as shouldn't, and we knew that there was a chance for our lives; that if the choke-damp and foul air kept away, and there was no break-down with the pumps we would be got out; and that those who were working to get at us would not rest day or night till they knew how it was with their mates—but for all that the suspense was something awful. We knew that we had a chance, as I tell you, still we were shut in there, face to face with death, and such a death; to be starved to death if we couldn't be got at in time, or slowly drowned if the pumps should happen to break down. We had a couple of lamps, and could see each other's faces, and I shall never forget the looks of agony on the others', and I suppose mine was the same, for I'm free to own that in eighty hours I died many a time in my mind like. It was enough to madden you almost, and in fact, I did drive one on 'em mad in the long run. The rest of us had a job to keep him from rushing into the water and putting an end to himself; but when, after awhile, we began to make out the tank hitting the water, and hear sounds that showed the workers were getting towards us, he got stouter again. However, when the exploring party got to us, we sent him to bank first; and there, as sometimes falls out, joy o'er-turned him altogether. He quite lost his hand o'er meeting his poor wife and child, and was never his own man after.

My father and an older brother were among the explorers, and they'd let none but their seis bring me to bank, and then they took me rest away home, and they and my mother cried o'er me, as they might 'a done when I was a baby—cried, they were so happy. And the others that were saved were made much of in the same way—when they were got home; for all kept their feelings down as much as they could on the bank, for when we were got at it was made certain that all the others in the pit were dead, and for our relations to have showed all their joy at the pit-mouth would have looked almost like flouting it in the faces of those who had been waiting for their husbands, and brothers and sons, who, it was known then, were never to come up alive.

A couple of days later, the bodies—twenty-seven in all—were got out, and on the Sunday they were all buried in one great grave. Hundreds came to the funeral, and there was scarcely a dry eye among them, for they were all pit-folk, and most on 'em had known the dead men. Nine months afterwards there was another such funeral, and that time my father and brother were among the dead. There was an explosion in the mine they worked in, and I was with the exploring party, and I found them—not as they had found me though, but lying side by side stone dead. I took their bodies home to my mother myself. She had cried over me when I was saved; she was past crying over them; she followed them within a year. I knew by her face, without a tear in her eye or a sigh on her lip, she looked on their faces as they lay dead before her, that she had received her death blow—and so it often is with those who lose their husbands and sons in the pits; the excursions or killings that kill the men, kill the women as sorely though more slow.

Folks talk o' seeing faces in the fire, but if they'd only seen what I've seen of the getting of the coal—the lives as well as money that it costs—they'd often see the faces o' dead pitmen there. I do—the faces o' a dead father, and a dead brother, and scores o' dead mates. Ay, and faces in us are harder to look on 'em than those—the faces o' the wives waiting on the banks o' the pits that their husbands are prisoned in either dead or alive; or hurrying from their homes with wild, scared looks, at the sound of an explosion; or looking on their dead as they are brought to bank, or brought home.

When he was burying my mates, parson said that though we might all say that in the midst of life we were in death, it was more fully true of pitmen than any other class of men, and he never spoke truer words—a pitman faces death every working hour of his life.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

There is a story about the Emperor Napoleon current just now to the effect that shortly before his death the Empress told him she had engaged a music master for the Prince Imperial, and that thereupon the Emperor begged that the master might be dismissed, adding, "One trouble-war king is enough for Europe." The allusion was of course to the King of Sardinia, who has made himself so foolish over Wagner.

Where, exclaims the Danbury News, is that olden scamp who has howled for sixty-three years for an old-fashioned winter? Where is the old reptile, that we can get at him? How would he like to run him through a planing-mill on ice-water, and cut him open with a snow-plow, and fill him up full of snow-balls, and sew him up with an icicle, and strap him to the north pole until the spring rains released him. The awful wretch.

A MATIN LAY.

BY T. L. E.

Harz' All the woodland rings
Joyous with song;
Roses the morning flings
Pearl-clouds along.
When shuts thy lattice, dear,
My sun is set,
And until thou appear
Day is not yet.

With thee all good things wake;
Harm from thee flies,
As reptiles haunt the brake
Till the day dies.
Thou to my heart alone
Bringest delight;
O'er it when thou art gone
Falleth the night.

Flushing the reaper's scythe
Glints in the sun;
Flocks o'er the meadows blithe
Gambol and run;
Bright buds to tempt thine eyes
Smiling expand;
Fruits clad in summer dyes
Wait but thy hand.

Sweet though the lute may be,
Touched not 'tis mute;
Waiting thy minstrelsy,
My heart's the lute.
Thoughts that, bereft of words,
There silent throng,
Do thou but wake the chords,
Burst into song.

FEMININE IDOLS.

The feminine idol, truth to say, is not regarded with any very great amount of love and respect by his male associates. As a rule, they are prone to put him down as a conceited, nervous dandy, who cultivates the society of women because he is perfectly aware how ill-adapted he is to shine in that of men. Much of the dislike with which they regard him may have its rise in the fact that he is in the habit of giving himself airs on the score of his alleged feminine conquests. He is careful to avoid open ruptures with his maligners, assuming towards them almost excessive politeness, and is watchful not to give them opportunities of venting their pique upon him. You seldom find him in the hunting-field, indulging in a game of cricket, or engaged in any rough-and-tumble amusement. Billiards he has a liking for, probably because the pasture can be indulged in without any physical pains and penalties supervening. Croquet he also affects, chiefly because it brings him in company with those in whose society he is most at ease, and in which he flatters himself he appears to most advantage. Nor does he object to any drawing-room pleasure, while dancing is one of the greatest enjoyments of his life. Though no is what may be termed a "know man" himself, he encourages his associates in his idle associates. To hear him talk to them one would be led to the conclusion that he was the hero of a hundred dangerous exploits, and that he, altogether, a very remarkable man. Whether his various anecdotes relating to himself are believed is very doubtful, but, being fairly interesting (much more so than his ordinary "small talk"), they pass current without listeners openly expressing their incredulity. He is fond of fostering naughty tendencies in those young ladies to whom he pays homage. To induce them to take a little more than the orthodox quantity of wine or to indulge in slang phrases pleases him immensely. It is difficult to say why this should be so, for, putting the wine upon one side, slang phrases are, for the most part, witless, vulgar, and ugly, and the fact that they issue from between pretty lips does not materially improve them, while the speaker is certainly debased. The feminine idol also prompts his female friends to dress extravagantly—both as regards money and style—to indulge in a good deal of pronounced flirtation, and to make a mystery of all that they do. Indeed, it is his aim to assimilate them as closely as possible to himself—to make them as deficient of moral purpose and as fond of a livery, which frequently becomes almost immorality, as he is. It is he who principally sets up the dictum that the less a man belonging to a certain station in life knows, the more deserving member of the community is she. It is he, too, who mainly seeks to perpetuate the artificial and absurd barriers which divide class from class and sub-divide each class into a number of small divisions. He is one of those who go to see a picture which he cannot appreciate, because it is "the thing," and persuade his friends not to witness a play which they really could enjoy, because "it isn't the thing." He cultivates a disagreeable mock cynicism, and affects those whom he has any influence over with the same evil, carping spirit as he is himself possessed of. Unfavorably commenting upon people behind their back is one of his favorite amusements; and he and his female associates have many quiet sniggers over the intimacies and failings of their fellow-men and women. We should have written "laugh," only it is against his code of principles to do anything so vulgar. He cultivates an air of indifferent languor and slumbers as much unlike a man speaks as possible. His "get-up"

costs him many anxious thoughts, and is frequently a strange medley of absurdities. The best way, in his opinion, to secure a woman's favor is to tell her as many untruths as possible about her personal appearance and her numerous and varied charms and talents. For the rest, he does not scruple to boast, to acquiescence, of the influence he has over her nor to laugh at the absurd and semi-improper things he has induced her to perform. And, though he professes to admire her "fast" tendencies so much, he has no hesitation in speaking disparagingly of her on their account. Were she to hear his outspoken criticisms she might be led to act differently.

It may well be asked how such a man as the feminine idol acquires any influence. He does not obtain very much, the greater portion of the feminine community estimating him at his true worth. But there are a number of weak-minded women ready to do anything to see the admiration even of a dolt or a knave, and over such as these he acquires a certain amount of ascendancy. Blinded by his loudly expressed approval of their follies, they are led, in spite of their common sense, to imagine that they are doing that which is really commendable and would have been done long before had it not been for that straight-lined body Mrs. Grundy. Yet even those, down at the bottom of their hearts, despise him on account of what may be termed his depraved effeminacy and his utter inability, bogged in the mire of his own vanity, to do anything useful either for himself or anybody else. His innate selfishness, too, causes them to regard him with more or less disfavor. But their love of male homage and flattery being greater than their affection for anything else, they lay themselves out to attract his favorable notice, regardless of the fact that in doing so they disgust many interested onlookers and amuse still more those who are disinterested. The worst part of the business is that, having once adopted a line of conduct such as that indicated, they have great difficulty in abandoning it. This is increased by the fact that in time they form little cliques, which support and cheer each other on. The members of these cliques are looked at askance by more sober-minded folk, and avoided as much as practicable by many. Thus they are left pretty much to themselves, and are thereby deprived of the sobering influences to which they might otherwise be subjected. As one extravagance leads to another, where all is extravagance it is not surprising that occasionally a state of things supervenes positively painful to contemplate. Let any one watch a feminine idol and his victim, and the spectator must at once be impressed with their mixture of stupidity and conceit. He flatters himself that he is deceiving her, she persuades herself that she is deceiving him. Neither seems to imagine that he or she is deluded. Yet such is the case. Though both are fond of extorting admiration, neither have a very good opinion of each other, nor believe half the things given utterance to. Were their vanity not so great they could not help seeing this. It is, we are afraid, useless appealing to their common sense. The feminine idol, when he is not a mere noodle, is wrapped up in his own conceit that it would be simply impossible to convince him that he makes a grand mistake. Nothing but stern experience can do that. But retributive justice generally overtakes him. With the departure of his youth passes away the power of influencing female character, his attempts to do so only succeeding in bringing a vast amount of ridicule down upon himself. This he can ill bear, so his mortification can be more easily imagined than described. Few will say, however, that he does not merit all the penalties that are meted out to him.—*Liberal Review.*

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.

"Cole's Cook-shop" is the new name of the International Exhibition which is being built at South Kensington. This agreement is due to the fact that Mr. Cole, C.B., is forming classes for teaching cookery to families having an income of £500 a year and under. Though some of the journalists are inclined to laugh at the idea of teaching a lady having £500 a year cookery, we see nothing ridiculous in it. A woman—whatever her income—either is or intends to be mistress of a house, and if she is to discharge the duties belonging to that position well, she should know how to cook; not only that she may work in the kitchen, when compelled to do so, but that she may be an efficient critic, instead of a helpless fault-finder, easily bowled out by a cook confident not only in her experience but in her mistress's ignorance. Cookery is a very important science, not only from the point of view of rational pleasure but also from that of economy, and the lady who understands the mysteries of sauces and the occult favors which await the call of culinary manipulation will save her husband a good deal of money and heighten her own charms. Let not female loveliness be startled at connecting her smiles and the aroma of a well-cooked dinner. Love is very ethereal, no doubt. But the rosy god is always represented as plump and well-favored, and we fear his ruddy cheeks and full outline would disappear, were it not that his organ of gustativeness and nutritive functions generally are in tolerable activity. Nay, the very smiles which make up so large a part of the armory of "lovely women" would grow pale and thin on low diet and frequent fasts. Therefore there is nothing shocking in the suggestion that a lady would be more attractive if she was not associated with bad

dinners. Only the robustest charms can outlive the leaden blast that sweeps across cold meat. Man attaches more importance to eating than woman. But the labourer is worthy of his hire, and dinner is one of the pleasures in the hard-working man's day. It should therefore, by its quality and surroundings, be made as agreeable as possible. A few months ago, in the United States, there was a cookery tournament, and the lady who won the prize was said to have had five hundred offers in one day. Five hundred offers! We should like to know what expert in the science of coquetry ever achieved such splendid results. But this girl, in doing a chop to a nicety, accomplished the same feat in regard to the heart of an admirer—may, of many such; devilled kidneys in a manner so superb as to leave no other impression on the mind of the devourer of the dainty morsel than that she—for all the diabolical process—was "no angel" indeed, "but a dearer being all dipt in angel instincts;" attended to the roasting of a duck with such subtle appreciation of delicate brown shading that she cooked the goose of hundreds; and with the basting ladle slow half the number that Samson sent to the shades with the jaw-bone of an ass. Did not the Frau Von Stein make a German sausage love's harbinger to the great Goethe? And in fact has not philosopher after philosopher pointed out that the road to a man's heart through his stomach was as short as any other way? The boiles of Canada may be certain that some knowledge of housekeeping, including skill in cookery, is the most desirable accomplishment a woman could have. St. Jerome tells us in his epistle "Si tibi putem" that if he had a lover she was *lurgens atque jejuna sicut pene cocata*—in other words, the reverse of plump and the antipodes of "jolly." But most men are not saints, and they will always be attracted by what is healthy and health-sustaining. Nor could there be a worse wife than one who had not a correct idea of the relative importance of dinner. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, from every standpoint, that cookery is so little understood amongst us; and, for our own part, we could willingly spare one or two professors of elegances for one good instructor in the art which Apicius loved. We have a Technological School; let us by all means have added to it an official cook who will make himself active everywhere, save amongst the—accounts.—*Toronto Globe.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

GLADSTONE'S age is 63 and Disraeli's is 67.

PHILADELPHIA has, thus far, pledged \$1,700,000 for the Centennial Fund.

PARTRIDGES and rabbits abound in the woods of Maine beyond all precedent.

FORTUNE-TELLING in the State of New York, is to be declared a criminal offence.

THE United States grows annually about 130,000,000 bushels of potatoes—three bushels for every man, woman and child.

IT is a comfort to know that Mirza-Matoolm-Kham-Nasi-Mulmuk has registered his name in Rome, and will make preparation for the coming of the Shah of Persia.

THE Delaware peach growers honestly admit the prospect for a good crop this year is as favorable as last year, when an immense crop was harvested. The "eyes of the world are on little Delaware," so far as early peaches go, at any rate.

DEAF-MUTES receive a regular collegiate education in the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington. The conditions for admission are the same as at other colleges, and the same time allotted to the course. Many of the graduates fill positions of high responsibility.

How is it pronounced? People can adopt the method that suits their fancy, since, according to the Washington correspondent of a Boston newspaper, "Credit Mobilier" is variously pronounced in Congressional circles. For example: John B. Alley, Credit Mo-bil-ya; Judge Poland, Credit Mo-bil-air; Oakes Ames, Credit Mo-bil-ay; General Banks, Credit Mo-bil-y-a; Sidney Dillon, Credit Mo-bil-ee; Senator Stevenson, Cre-dy Mo-bil-ee.

LOUIS LYRON was fond of publishing works anonymously; but he usually avowed the authorship after a short time. It is said that the reason he so strictly concealed the fact that he wrote "The Coming Race" is that it contains a profession of his faith, a profession he always shrank from making openly. His ideal race, believe it may be recollected, is a Supreme Being, The All-Good, but hold no other dogmas, and use no religious rites.—*Athenaeum.*

THE supper for the Inauguration Ball was all cooked in New York. What it all cost might be difficult to determine, but the preparing and baking's one cost \$10,000. Was there supper enough? Judge for yourself from the following list of articles sent to Washington from New York: 10,000 fried oysters; 8,000 scalloped oysters; 8,000 pickled oysters; 85 boned turkeys of twelve pounds each; 75 roast turkeys, about 12 pounds each; 150 roast capons, stuffed with truffles; 15 saddles of mutton, about 100 pounds each; 40 pieces of spiced beef, forty pounds each; 200 dozen quails, larded and roasted; 100 game pâtés, fifty pounds each; 300 tongues, ornamented with jelly; 200 hams, ornamented with jelly; 30 salmon, baked, Montpelier butter; 100 chickens, chaud et froid; 400 partridges

(Washington, style); 25 boars' heads, stuffed and ornamented; 400 patés de foie gras, ten pounds each; 2,000 head-cheese sandwiches; 3,000 ham sandwiches; 3,000 beef-tongue sandwiches; 1,500 bundles celery; 30 barrels salad; 2 barrels lettuce; 350 chickens boiled for salad; 2,000 pounds of lobsters, boiled for salad; 6,000 eggs boiled for salad; 1 barrel of boots; 2,500 loaves of bread; 8,000 rolls; 24 cases of Prince Albert crackers; 1,000 pounds of butter; 300 Charlotte-Russos, one and a half pounds each; 200 moulds wine jelly; 200 moulds blanquette-mango; 300 gallons ice-cream, assorted; 200 gallons loas, assorted; 100 pounds mixed cakes; 150 large cakes ornamented; 60 large pyramids, assorted; 25 barrels Malaga grapes; 15 cases oranges; 5 barrels apples; 400 pounds mixed canaries; 10 boxes raisins; 200 pounds shelled almonds; 300 gallons claret punch; 300 gallons coffee; 200 gallons tea; 100 gallons chocolate.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

HOT WATER FOR FOUNDER.—I had a horse which was very badly foundered with grain. He could not stand for several days, and was awing with a tackle. I thought his case hopeless, and considered him not worth a dollar, but concluded to do what I could for his relief.

In the first place I physicked him; then I took a tight, strong box, got his feet into it, and poured boiling hot water into it as high as the hair on his feet, and in ten or fifteen minutes he was able to stand on his fore legs without the assistance of a tackle. I kept up this treatment for thirty-six hours, when he was able to go about and help himself. In a few days I had his shoes put on, and in less than a fortnight more he was able to work as well as ever.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

FERTILIZING MELONS AND CUCUMBERS.—The *Gardener's Magazine* says: "The artificial fertilization of the female flowers of cucumbers and melons constitute a most important article of faith among practical horticulturists. The setting of the crops by hand is insisted on in all garden calendars; but if it is not necessary an immense amount of time consumed thereby is wasted. In the thousands of gardens where handsome and well-flavored fruits is everything, and seed of no consequence at all, we believe the operation to be altogether unnecessary. At all events, we have managed to secure for our own use, for many years past, cucumbers and melons in sufficient plenty, without putting ourselves to the trouble of applying the pollen, and have long since being satisfied that, except for the production of seed, it is labor wasted."

SALT AND CHARCOAL FOR SHEEP.—The following article we find floating. We do not know from what it was originally taken, but the suggestions are of value, as embodying sound pathological principles:

The use of charcoal as well as salt has been highly recommended for cattle, as tending to keep them in good condition and help their improvement. Salt acts healthily on the blood. Charcoal strengthens and heals the mucous membranes throughout the alimentary canal, and increases the power of digestive organs, healing any unhealthy condition existing there. It prevents worms generating in the stomach, etc., it absorbs the putrescent gases, and they subsequently die. The free use of salt and charcoal will contribute to protect cattle from epidemics, and will counteract the effect of putrescent or septic water.

Many farmers have, doubtless, noticed that cattle and sheep are remarkably healthy when running among the charred stumps and logs in recently burned fields. We have known a flock of sheep, poor in flesh, to improve to that extent when permitted to run among charred logs for a few weeks that they would bring nearly double their former value. The good effect is not perhaps so marked with cattle, but is always advantageous to the health and prosperity of all the animals.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department for the year ending June 30, 1872, gives the following recapitulation of the merchant marine of the United States:

	No.	Tons.
Sailing vessels.....	17,049	2,146,555
Steam vessels.....	3,625	1,048,205
Unrigged vessels.....	9,174	955,312
Grand total.....	29,848	4,150,072

A PAMPHLET upon the growth of the coral reef called the Dolphin Shoal at Tahiti, in the South Sea Islands, has lately been published at Paris, the authors being two officers of the French navy. They fixed permanent marks as bases for future measurements, but were unable to deduce any satisfactory result from their own, owing to a lack of accuracy in those made by Commodore Wilkes, when the United States exploring expedition under his command visited the island, many years ago. They ascertained, however, that Tahiti is not now undergoing any general elevation.

It seems that there are worlds still left for geographical science to conquer. The discovery has been but lately made—in 1872—that a region of British Guiana which the map indicates as traversed by a formidable range of

mountains, is really an undulating country, with an average elevation of from 600 to 700 feet, and in which the loftiest hill does not exceed 1,250 feet in height. Mr. C. B. Brown, the government geologist, explored it on foot last year, and demonstrated the non-existence of the supposed Sierra Acahu and Sierra Tumurague, the mountain chains of the map.

THE acquisition on the part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York of the valuable collection of curiosities gathered in Cyprus by General Di Cesnola, is a fact of much note, especially as great efforts were made to retain it in Europe. It was purchased from the owner by Mr. John Taylor Johnson, of New York, for the sum of \$50,000 in gold, and is to be exhibited in the Douglas mansion on Fourteenth Street. The collection embraces over ten thousand specimens, in great variety, including representatives of different historical epochs, and embracing objects of art from the rudest to the most finished character. Among them are large numbers of statues of various sizes, articles of pottery, ornaments, weapons of war and of the chase, bottles, coins, &c.

COAL GAS.—A practicable means of obtaining coal gas by a method other than the decomposition of coal has long been a desideratum, and one has lately been proposed by Mr. Ruck, which promises well. It depends on the decomposition of superheated steam, by bringing it in contact with a mixture of coke and iron at a white heat. The oxygen of the water combines mostly with the iron, but in part with the carbon, producing, as gaseous products, hydrogen with a certain percentage of carbonic anhydride. This latter can be removed by the action of lime, and a gas is thus left with scarcely any illuminating properties, but with great heating power. If this is passed through a petroleum of specific gravity 0.68, the hydrocarbons there absorbed render its illuminating intensity equal to that of ordinary coal gas, and there is no tendency to the separation of its components in the tubes in which it is conducted.

CHOCHE-DAMP EXPERIMENT IN THE PARIS CATACOMBS.—Captain Donarouze is proving to us savans of Paris, that if miners henceforth perish from choche-damp it will not be through the fault of science. His demonstrations to this effect are made in the catacombs, under the Rue d'Enfer. The purpose is to show that, by an apparatus analogous to that for breathing and working under water, the same freedom of movement may be obtained in the midst of choche-damp, or carbonic acid gas, which, in fact, is a kind of water, though invisible, and drowns those plunged in it without protection, just as water does. A "hood and mouth-piece" for protection, with a supply of vital air to breathe, were experimented with in this country between thirty and forty years since; and it is not more than a year or two, we recollect, since the subject was mooted with reference to colliery accidents from choche-damp in England.

THE APPROACHING TRANSIT OF VENUS.—On Dec. 8, 1874, and again on Dec. 6, 1882, the planet Venus will cross the sun's face, and no like phenomenon will occur after 1882, until the year 2004. It chances, moreover, that in one respect the transit of 1874 presents an opportunity which will not occur during the transit of 1882, so that for 130 years astronomers will be without the means of remedying any omission which may be made in the case of the transit now near at hand. On this occasion, too, there will be an opportunity of making absolutely the most effective observations for the determination of the sun's distance possible during an interval of 235 years. On these grounds the Spectator advocates a Government expedition to Antarctic regions to make the necessary observations. If no expedition is sent from England, one should be (our contemporary thinks) sent from Australia or New Zealand.

FAMILY MATTERS.

MOCK CREAM.—Boil the milk in a tea-kettle boiler; stir up the egg, corn-starch and butter together; add to the milk when hot.

CORN CAKE.—One cup of Indian meal, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of flour, half a tablespoonful of brown sugar, one egg, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of yeast powder or azumae. Bake in a quick oven. This will be sufficient for a family of three.

CELERY.—Cut off the leaves, and cut the stalk into pieces two inches long; boil it in a little water ten minutes, and then add a piece of butter rolled in flour; add salt and pepper. If you wish it richer, boil the celery in a little veal gravy; add cream, beaten eggs, nutmeg and a bit of butter.

SHORT CAKE.—Four cups of sifted flour, one teacupful of cream, one pint of milk, one even teacupful of butter, one teacupful of salt, one teacupful of soda, two teacupfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with flour. Roll as soft as possible; cut small thick cakes with a form, and bake on a griddle.

THE sulphate of ammonia is excellent manurial liquid to apply to verdant or any other sower, giving to the foliage a dark-green, luxuriant and healthy appearance. It is economical, clean and easily applied. Prepare it in the evening, before using, by dissolving one ounce of ammonia in two gallons of water. It may be applied once a week with safety.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection, the humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked

than could half the cooks in this country by trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets;" peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it and go to table waxy and unpalatable; they should be thoroughly washed and put into cold water. In Ireland they always stick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, uncover the pot and let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

COOKING VEGETABLES.—Why should vegetables be washed in warm water first, then cold, to cleanse them from sand and insects? The hot water, which must be hotter than tepid, causes the insects and sand to fall out at once. Insects do not always dislike cold water and salt, but hot water kills them.

It must be understood that only a small handful of greens or one head of cabbage at a time must be washed, and then instantly thrown into cold water, which crisps and thoroughly cleanses them. Spinach, leeks, celery and sea-kale, are thus rendered very clean, and, moreover, are very rapidly cleaned.

It is worse than useless to attempt to cleanse vegetables in salt and water. The hardness which salt creates in the water prevents all cleansing properties. The salt may kill the insects (it does not always do this), but they stick on hard and fast; the hot water makes them fall out at once, and the cold water crisps and also blanches the vegetables.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

FAME is a flower upon a dead man's heart. GOOD humour is the griddle that blinds friendship to love.

We should so live that none will believe those who speak ill of us.—PLATO.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age, but none lies heavier, for it never melts.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long, unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing fades.

"No," is a useful word—be not afraid to use it. Many a man has pined in misery for years, for not having courage to pronounce that little monosyllable.

ARTIFICIAL wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants; from this cause the rich are oftener in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competency.

It is necessary sometimes to refrain from questioning our friends, that we may not draw from them what we ought not to know, and especially that we may not tempt them to deceive us.

A MAN is by nothing so much himself, as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding.

If there be a lot on earth worthy of envy it is that of a man, good and tender-hearted, who beholds his own creation in the happiness of all those who surround him. Let him who would be happy strive to encircle himself with happy beings.

HAPPINESS is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

AMBITION.—Never expect a sensibly ambitious man to be a true friend. The man who makes ambition his god tramples upon everything else. He will climb upward, though he treads upon the hearts of those who love him best, and in his eyes your only value lies in the use you may be to him. Personally, one is nothing to him, and, if you are not rich, or famous, or powerful enough to advance his interests, after he has got above you, he cares no more for you.

LEARN A TRADE.—One man with a trade is worth a thousand without one. A return to the old plan of apprenticing boys to trades is being advocated. The hosts of young men in every large city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they cannot truthfully affirm that they are educated or especially fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprentice system we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is half a man's fortune.

GOOD-BYE.—It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Its hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part, and are upon the great ocean of time—we go, to meet—where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. We must then separate. Tear no yourself away with careless boldness that defies all love, but make

your last words linger—give the heart full utterance—and, if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

FAITH.—I can conceive (says Lord Erskine) a distressed but virtuous man, surrounded by his children, looking up to him for bread when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labor, and unequal to the next, yet still supported by confidence in the hour when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence which he adores, and anticipating with exultation the revealed promises of his Creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest of mankind.

THINGS TO FORGET.—A LESSON FOR GIRLS.—It is an excellent thing to have a good memory, as a rule; but it is quite as good to have a poor one sometimes. There are some things it would be such a blessing to forget. Angry remarks and bitter retorts are amongst them; a thousand good words are forgotten, while the bad one is remembered for ever. It is far easier to burn an idle, senseless jingle of rhymes, than a beautiful hymn or poem. Blanderous words are far better forgotten than remembered. One of the best helps to forgetting is never to speak of them. If you hear a playmate say something unkind of another, keep it to yourself. She will forget it pretty soon, and feel as kindly as ever towards the person. But if you tell of it, then what a storm you will raise! What would you think of a person who went along picking up all the old bars and thistles he could find, and then fastening them on to people? Just such nuisances are those malicious, thoughtless words. Don't pick them up, and they will do but little hurt.

HUM ROUS SCRAPS.

WHAT is to be? Why, a verb. WHAT do little folks do before going to sleep? Shut their eyes.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Love not, love not! the thing you love may dye.

MRS. PARTINGTON thinks that the grocer ought to hire a music-teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

WHY were Grecians the quickest ship-builders? Because, whenever Greek met Greek, they came the "lug of war."

FAMILY JARS.—Somebody says there are two kinds of family jars; into one you put your sweat-soats, into the other you put your foot.

A BOARDER, of a Shakesperian turn, says that his bed reminds him of Richard III., because it is "deformed, unfinished," and "scarce half made up."

A PHREND, peeling phannily phigurative, phurnishes the phooling: "4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tutiously 4tifying 44lorn 4tresses 4elibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4olgners 4ming 4aging 4icos."

A LITTLE boy who sang, "I want to be an 'angel," in Sunday-school with so much energy that he almost choked himself, confessed to an enterprising reporter that he really wanted to be a captain on a canal-boat.

A LOAFER'S LOGIC.—Worthy Pastor: "My boy learn to be contented; mouths are never sent without the bread to feed them."—Practical Boy: "Oh, ah! but the mouths is sent to our house and the bread to yours!"

A GALLANT was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

AN Indiana paper describes the feast of a legislative delegation at a railroad dinner. The reporter is a little reckless in his language, but narrates the facts in the case very pointedly: "The delegation set at 2 p. m. They upset at 5."

OH, LAW!—One hundred women are said to be studying law in American colleges. This is a terrible prospect! Cannot they be persuaded to choose medicine instead. We would rather have them look at our tongues, than have to listen to theirs.

HONORIT seized the hearers on being told by a German soldier of the recent war that he had captured a French spy and swallowed the same; but the sensation was modified when it was explained that it was a French pie which had been thus disposed of.

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he always admired, said he was always on the field of battle, where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," responded another.

THE MOST DELICATE SENSE.—Scene: Recitation in Metaphysics.—Professor: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?"—Senior: "The sense of touch."—Professor: "Give me an example?"—Senior: "My friend, Brown, can feel his moustache, but no one can see it."

A MATTER OF TASTE.—(Never said, but thought of as we lit the cigar, to go home.)—"Do you like Browning?" asked a reading man of a young lady whom he had taken down to dinner. The fair creature by his side (who was no bookworm) answered, "Yes. That's I like crackling."

A SMART boy having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat.—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters

and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

A GENTLEMAN whose memory is not quite so good as it used to be, when he has anything particular to remember next morning, makes a practice of turning one of the pictures in his bedroom with the face to the wall. He finds it very amusing next day trying to recollect what he turned it for.

"WEARY."

Weary of dancing, so weary, Longing to sit down and nap; To find for this sad heart and dreary, The solace of cool claret-cup.

Weary, so weary of wishing For a partner that's gone from my sight, For a hand to be placed on my shoulder, By a fair form enveloped in white.

Weary, so weary of flirting, Waiting for something to eat; For something to soothe and sustain me— Say, Bass, lobster salad, cold meat.

For a hand that would lay close beside me My meerschaum, birdseye, and fuzee, For a step that would be such sweet music, If it only brought Soda-and-B.

Wishing and waiting so sadly For my carriage, that isn't in sight; Willing to walk, oh! so gladly, But 'tis such an abominable night.

OUR PUZZLER.

43. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If one wishes to enjoy himself, the best thing he can do is to go to both the places which are given here to view.

- 1. A thing that's scarce this word implies.
2. A waste or space of any size.
3. The sweetest word in England's tongue.
4. The bravest man this phrase has sung.
5. This shows a thing is much enjoyed.
6. French for "a wood" is here employed.
7. At tea or breakfast this is made.
8. And now I think my last's been told.

W. FIELD.

44. HIDDEN POETS.

Said Stewart one day, "These curious pens ere long grow all eroded in the inkstand. Yo rebels," said he, "Go! we remember your betters. You carry no ink, but make only dry dents in the paper, which even magic owl eyes fail to discern aright. I'll burn steel pens and use quills, cottony and rough though my paper be. But, by rondeau, sonnet, and serenade, I'll win my Mary's love."

G. F. P.

45. LETTER PUZZLE.

In alphabetical order place A row of letters four, And in the centre them to grace, An R, but not one more. I've named each letter of these five, And hope you do not doubt it; At archery f to it must arrive, They could not do without it.

R. A. IGGLESDEN.

46. REBUS.

- 1. A color, and a fish.
2. An animal, and a denizen of the air.
3. A consonant, and a reptile.
4. Two thirds of a color, and a favorite game.
5. A mineral, and a dwelling place.
6. A human being, and a bird.
7. A vowel, a weapon, and a weight.
8. A consonant, a spirit, and a favorite.
9. A celebrated poet, and a weight.

If you the initials downwards read, a favorite poet is before you.

R. CROSSLEY.

47. DECAPITATION.

If you a gale of wind behold, you'll then perceive a shoemaker's tool.

R. C.

48. LITERAL CHARADE.

First's seen in man, but not in his wife. Second in straying, yet not in strife. Third in the spoon, but not in a fork. Fourth in a bottle, though not in the cork.

Fifth in the color of crimson is seen. Though not in purple, or yellow or green. My whole's a girl, name I know very well, Now, friends, I may endeavor the answer to tell. E. P. MERRITT, Kensington, South Australia.

ANSWERS.

39. DOT-BLANK ACROSTIC.—Cloth, Leeds, thus Corn, Oshige, Lin E, Tweed, Happiness.

40. CHARADE.—Mount-e-bank.

41. LOGOGRAPHIC.—1. Whale, hale, ale. 2. Lady, lad, day.

42. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Aqua, ic, Regatta, Sea side, thus. Abasfactis, Quar Esome, Upper Geneva, Accusations, Tutu, Illustrated Grand.

RELICS.

BY LOUISA CROW.

Shut the door closely, let no passer-by
Our task o'erlook; 'tis only you and I
Who care with reverent hands to lay aside
These simple relics of the child that died.

Within this casket lay them one by one,
Nor let us weeping linger when 'tis done;
Such tears might breed repining: 'tis not ours
To grudge the Lord the gathering of His flowers.

They are all here: the toys that she loved best;
The little pillow that her soft cheek pressed;
Her pictured books, defaced with frequent touch
Of tiny hands that prized them over-much.

A tattered leaf, with verses of a hymn—
Nay, do thou fold it, for my sight grows dim.
It seems but now she spelt it at my knee,
"Nearer to God," and asked how that could be.

I see again the look that sought the skies,
The earnest wonder in the pure blue eyes,
As the rapt ear my meaning faintly caught,
Though scarcely comprehending all I taught.

She hath these mysteries solved in soaring
there;
And we, too, have drawn nearer than we were.
Strengthened by faith that heeds nor let nor
stay,
Since those child-footsteps trod the narrow way.

AT THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

"My man, do you want a berth?" said he.
"Aye, aye, Cappen," said I, "I want one
badly enough. I'm half starved and half frozen.
I haven't a cent in my pocket, not one. That's
why you find me here at this time of the night,
casting anchor on a door-steps. That's why I
was piping my eye just now, when you took an
observation of me; and if you've got any berth
for me that an old sailor with a wooden leg can
fill, I'm your man, Cappen, though I'm but an
unlucky fellow."

"I know the signs well enough," said he. "I
know when Fortune leaves a man, and friend-
go with her. It's all a bright look-out ahead,
my man, when we are young; but the cloud
come, and there is dirty weather before long,
and the gale that blows you ill luck blows away
the friendship of Jack the good fellow, and the
smiles of pretty Poll into the bargain; and by
the time we're old, my man, we're all ready to
own ourselves unlucky."

"But you are young enough to be my sor,
Cappen," said I.

He made no answer, but just a sign to follow
him, and he stalked away and I pegged after
him. He was a big man, about forty; his face
was tanned and weather-beaten, and his eye
were black, and he had great bushy eyebrows,
his hair was close cropped and curly; and his
beard, curly too, was so long that it blew back
over his shoulder as he walked.

It was a seaport town, one that every body
knows well, and if I should write the name
down you'd know the man too, mayhap. He
kept close along the shore as we walked, and
for a while he said nothing. At last, however,
he turned his head and pointed seaward.

"You see that?" said he.

"The light-house, Cappen?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "I'm the keeper. I want you
to cook my meals and keep my bachelor's hall
for me. Now and then I shall want you to row
in and buy provisions. The work won't be hard.
I think the pay will suit you. Do you know
why I chose you?"

"No, Cappen," said I.

"Because I saw that hope was at an end with
you," he said. "It's only a man who had come
to that, who could live with me in a light-
house."

"I was on a desert island once," said I; "we
were there three weeks. I was shipwrecked
another time, and seven souls of us floated
without meat or drink under a red-hot sky for
days and days, and only two of us were left;
and we had made a meal of human flesh before
we were taken aboard a vessel. After that I
shan't be afraid of a light-house."

The queer laugh he gave at that made me
jump, but I followed on, and at last we came
to where the boat lay, and he took the oars and
rowed us out to it.

I'd been in a light-house before; it was no
new thing to me. But after I'd been there a
few hours I wondered what my master hired
me for. It was like being pensioned off; there
was nothing to do.

But, mark ye, when it came night, and the
wind began to moan about the light-house, and
the lamps were lit, and all outside was black as
pitch, and all the sound we heard was the swash,
swash, swash of the waves, my master mixed
some grog and called me to sit along with him.
That looked sociable, but I can't say he did.

He sat glowering over his glass for a while,
and opening his mouth as if to speak, and
shutting it again. Then said he:

"What's your name, my man?"

"Ben Dare, sir," said I.

"Would you mind calling yourself Brace?" he
asked.

"I've no reason to be ashamed of my name,"
said I.

"Look here," said he. "I am a gentleman
born and bred. I never came to earning my
bread before. I'm ashamed of it. This is what
I mean. If any strangers come out here and
ask for William Brace, why, you say you are
the man. You claim to be light-house keeper.
It's easy. I don't suppose much company will
call; but I choose not to see them, if they do.
That's what I hired you for."

"Oh," said I.
"You see," said he, "I got this place through
a rich man who has influence. Those who give
it me never saw me. If I die some day, why,
here you are in the place. If I go off, and I
may, here you are still. Until then I'll pay you
well, and you know your duties."

"Well, it's shamming," said I; "but, after all,
what does any one care what my name is? Number
three or four hundred I might have been on
some alms-house books, I suppose,

up to the lamps alone; and he'd look over his
shoulder and turn white as we stood there
together.

Once I said to him:

"Cappen, what are you looking for?"

And he answered:

"Nothing. It's a way I've got, that's all."

It wasn't a pleasant way, I tell you.

At last he took a new turn. He sat staring at
a corner for a while. Then he spoke to me, in
a low voice:

"Brace, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I ha'n't considered the question," I an-
swered.

"Well," said he, softer than before, "look
into that corner;" and he pointed.

I looked.

"Don't you see anything?" he asked.

"No," said I. "No, Cappen."

"Ah," he muttered, "very well, very well.
I'm glad you don't."

"Begging pardon; did you?" said I.



"NAY, DO THOU FOLD IT."

without bothering any one. I'll call myself
what you like; and what shall I call you?"

"Call me nothing," said he. "Call me cap-
tain, as you did when I met you, but never
speak of me to any one. You see," he said, with
a sort of quiver all over him, "I don't want to
be known as light-house keeper. I'm a gentle-
man."

"Some folks are proud," said I. "Of course,
every man would be cappen if he could.
Sarvice to you, Cappen."

Then I drank my grog and watched him
sitting with his back against the wall, now and
then looking off sideways in a queer sort of way,
until he told me at last to go to bed, if I wanted
to. And I turned in. And so the life began. A
queer one, I warrant you.

Gentleman or no, he wasn't lazy. He did it
care how he worked. The lamps were as bright
as jewels. There wasn't a speck of dirt in the
whole tower. When he was doing nothing else,
he'd saw away at the wood I brought in the
boat, or cook his own meals and mine. But let
any boat come nigh us, away he went and hid
himself, and came out with a white, scared
face and a shaking hand.

'Twasn't long before I saw that there was
something on the man's mind heavier than
gentility. I didn't believe that bothered him.
He was no dandy; a big fellow, like a soldier in
his walk; a fierce fellow, with a grip like iron.
The last man, either, to hide himself in a light-
house out of choice, or to be afraid of owning to
anything he chose to do.

But for all that, at night he was afraid to go

"Oh, no," said he. "Why did you think so?"

It wasn't comfortable, for my belief was that
he either had the horrors or saw an apparition.
And he wasn't drinking to any great amount.
And a man at mess with you that sees appari-
tions over your head, makes you know
what nervous means.

But that wasn't nothing to what happened
the very next night.

We slept in two bunks nigh each other, and
naturally, when he woke up with a yell, I woke
too.

He was shrieking and shaking, and wringing
his hands.

"The woman! the woman!" he said. "She
stood here just now. Her breast was all red
with blood. It dripped down the white ruffles.
It dripped on her hands. It was horrible!
horrible! horrible! Stop her—stop her! She
has gone to call them. Stop her! stop her!"

"Where did she go?" I asked.

He stared at me with his wide-open eyes, all
the whites showing, below and above.

"She couldn't have been here," said he. "It
was a dream."

"Lord love you, yes—a nightmare," said I.
So we went asleep again. I did, at least. But
I heard of the woman so often after that, that I
grew used to her. I made up my mind that
what the doctor used to call delerium tremen-
dons came out in the shape of snakes to some
folks, and in the shape of bloody murder to
others.

I got in the habit of taking it in that light,
and it was pretty well I did, for genuine spooks

are skeersome even on shipboard, and you can
guess what they'd be in a light-house.

I might talk on forever—telling you how the
cappen, as I called him, got to be worse and
worse every day; how he got thinner and
thinner, like a skeleton, as you may say, his
cheeks sucked in, and his eyes staring, until at
last he lay flat on his back half the time, just
able to crawl up to the lamps one day, and not
able to stand the next. I wanted to go ashore
and fetch the doctor, but he would not hear of
it. He raved if I tried to leave him. So there
I sat nights, and heard the waves wash and the
wind blow, and heard him groan and mutter to
himself, and stumped up to the tower and
trimmed the lamps, and sat down by him again,
and now and then spelt out a bit of the Bible.
It didn't seem to do him much good though. I
don't think he listened, but then I did my duty.

At last there came a hot, hot night in June.
It was burning hot all day, and a dead calm at
night. About dark the cappen went to sleep,
and I went and sat where I could see the water
and the lights ashore. The big bright signals God
sets in the sky every night shone up aloft. The
waves caught 'em like so many looking-glasses.
It was so still that I could hear the sailors in a
Spanish ship moored not far away singing in
their foreign lingo. And I was sort of quiet and
dreamy like, when something happened that
waked me mighty wide and sudden. Something
was standing on the steps below me—something
white. Something came toward me. It was
a little slender figure, with long hair all about
its shoulders. I couldn't see its face. I don't
think I really saw it plainly at all. But it went
past me softly while I looked, and I knew it
was a woman in a white ruffled gown, and that
she had gone to the room where my master lay.
I shook too hard for a moment to move; but
as soon as I could, I started up to go to him.
Just then a voice cried:

"Light-house aho!"

I answered, "Aye, aye," and stopped a bit.
Duty first of all things with a sailor.

A boat lay at the foot of the steps, and four
men jumped out of it.

"We want William Brace, keeper of this
light-house," said one, a big man in a fine
overcoat.

"I'm one that answers to the name," says I.
He swung a lantern over my head.

"Search the place, my men," said he.

There was no use saying anything, but I did
try to stop them.

"I've got a sick friend aloft," says I. "Don't
disturb him. I'm afraid the woman will skeer
him any how, he's so low."

"What woman?" said he.

"The one that came aboard with you, sir,"
said I.

"No woman came with us," he snarled.
"Stand aside, my man. Men, do your duty."

They went up stairs. I followed. I saw them
walk into the cappen's room. I heard them cry
out, and stand still. When I got to the door,
they stood in a row looking down on the bed. I
knew what they saw; their faces told me that;
but I looked too. Man nor woman couldn't
frighten the cappen more. He was dead. But
I think he saw her before he died, by the look
in his wide-open eyes.

"What had he done?" I asked of the officer,
when I came out of a kind of faint the sight
sent me into.

"Killed his wife," said he; "that's all. No
doubt she deserved it; but it's not allowed by
law when they do."

"God help him," said I.

"God help us all," he softly said, bowing his
head. "We need it."

Then they went away.

I was the only mourner at the dead man's
funeral, and I don't know to-day who he really
was.

I keep the light-house now. I told 'em the
truth, and they gave me the place. I'm not
afraid that I shall ever see the woman again.
She came after her husband, but it wasn't all
fancy and she really came at all, and I don't
think she'll ever bother an old fellow like me
that never did her any harm. Ghosts know
too much for that. They always haunt the right
people.

The surgeon of a ship of war used to prescribe
salt-water for his patients in all disorders.
Having sailed one evening on a party of plea-
sure, he happened by some mischance to be
lost overboard. The captain, who had not heard
of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day
if he had heard anything of the doctor. "Yes,"
answered Jack; "he was drowned last night
in his own medicine-chest."

The Troy Times says:—"Here is a true dog
story: A family down town having a false grate
in one of the rooms of the house placed some
red paper behind it to give the effect of fire.
One of the coldest days this winter the dog be-
longing to the household came in from out of
doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deli-
berately walked up to it and laid down before
it, curled up in the best way to receive the
glowing heat as it came from the fire. He re-
mained motionless; feeling no warmth, he
raised his head and looked over his shoulder at
the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and
carefully applied his nose to the grate and
smelt of it. It was as cold as ice. With a look
of the most supreme disgust his tail curled
down between his legs, every hair on his body
saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the
room, not even deigning to cast a look at the
party in the room who had watched his move-
ments."