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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

TERMS, \ \\$2.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 43.

For the Henrikstone. KIND WORDS.

BY HENRY DUNBAR.

As the breath of the dow on the tender flower, They gently fall with a softly soothing power, Refershing the heart and dispetling all wee, And filling our souls with a soft loving glow.

Bright spots are they in the desort of life, When weary and fainting with worldly strife, lake the voices of angels in pity and love, Sent down by our Father to us from above.

Though fieree raging passions inhabit our broast, Yet, like oil on the waters, they soothe us to rest, Allaying all sterns by a single kind word, Which theep in the heart strikes the tenderest

In long after years the low liquid strains, Still dear to too heart in remembrance remain, Dispersing all clouds and dispelling all gloom. And smoothing our pathway down to the tomb.

A LEGEND OF EXETER CHANGE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Who built it? Why did he build it? And after building it, was he sorry? I mean Exeter

Change. "Lying," according to Mr. Carlyle, " is not permitted by the Eternal." That may be the case, in the long run; but it seems, nevertheless, beyond doubt, that, for inscrutable purposes, the Eternals, do tolerate, and for a good many years, too, the existence of the most impudent falsemoods. Nay, a lie often fluxishes like a green too, the existence of the most impudent false-hoods. Nay, a lie often flourishes like a green bay-tree, while poor little Truth withers away unregarded, like a box of mignonette on a win-dow-sill, which a broker's man, who has seized a working man's "sticks," has disdained to put into his inventory. However, the lie, we are emitted to hope, is sure to be hunted down some day, and exposed and branded with the con-temptions ignominy it deserves. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," said another philosopher, many hundred years older than Mr. Carlyle; "but they grind to powder." It was a long time before Nemesis came to Exeter Change, but she came at last, with the Eumenides to but she came at last, with the Emmenides to back her, and left not one stone of the place standing on the other. You see that it had been founded on falsehood, and the Eternals could not allow that sort of thing to continue. The site of these now extinct premises wasn't Exeter Change at all. The real Exeter Change, where I'decock and Cross had their wildbeast show, stood much further out in the Strand, and nearer Waterloo Hridge. It is odd, however, to mark how strongly carly associations cline to particular localities. The zoological tions cling to particular localities. The zoological element still asserts itself at the corner of Wellington Street, in the office of the Field newspaper, where there is generally a stuffed hippopotamus or a roaring buffalo of the prairies, or a do-do and a pair of ostriches, in the window. The spirits of Busion and Cuvier still hover around the purlieus of Exeter Change; and, sometimes, pacing the Strand in the night season, I have seemed to hear the howling of Pidcock's jackals, and the infernal merriment s's hymnas. The sound, however, proved to be the harmonic revelry of a party of choice spirits just turned out of the "Red-Lion," and singing "Champagne Charlie," in chorus. One moonlight night, I could have sworn that I saw the ghost of Chunce, the mad elephant, devour-ing buns full of arsenic and calomel, and laughing at those vain attempts to destroy him; and, at last, majestically confronting a platoon of the Guards, who were sent for from the Savoy, to shoot him. Poor Chunce! He only went mad through inflammation at the root of one of hi tusks. Given the tootache, or a soft down topples the Colossus of Rhodes. a soft corn, and

Your little boy, aged eight years, and now home for his midsummer holidays, dear ma-dam, has never seen the gloomy areade, full of untenanted shops, which went by the name of exeter Change, any more than you or I, madam—for we are both, of course, on the sunny side of forty—have seen the old original Change, and the shops, your youngster is cognizant only of a heavy, clumsy building, half Saxon and half Byzantine in architecture, whose cumbrous porches and ill-plerced windows are visible, on one side, from the Strand; on another, from Catherine Street; and on the third, from Wellington Street. It is hemmed in by the Morning Post, the Field, the Army and Navy Ga sette, and other newspaper offices. This place was the Strand Music Hall. Ill luck clung to it during its brief career, notwithstanding the vo water the direct cockrobin, the Jolly Waterwagtail, and other eminent comic singers. But your little girl, dear madam, aged two and a half—bless her little heart!—will preserve no remembrance, even, of the shut-up Strand Music Hall. In its place she is to see a new and splendid theatre, on the American new and splendid theatre, on the American, on the French, on I know not what system; but it is to be a very grand affair, indeed. We shall all see what we shall see. Stacks of bricks and forests of scaffold-poles are already being conveyed into the area which is to be metamor-phosed. I hope this last speculation in Exeter Change will be luckler than its fore-runners, Th Change will be include the little to the large of the most ter-exeter Change to which this legend refers—and, believe me, it is going to be one of the most ter-rible of Terrible Tales — was the gloomy arcade, with the tenantiess shops. They were not always untenanted. Sanguine, or inexpo-rienced, or eccentric persons sometimes " went in" for a shop in the Change; but they speedily came out again, with their fingers burnt to the stumps, sadder and wiser men. I can remember a lawyer who had offices there, but he didn't stop long. Spiders built their webs in the light, Bupps, junior clerk in the firm of Bag, Loaf, and



MR. BUPPS MAKES A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY.

bluebottles, affect back kitchens. A lawyer should live where there are people to sue. There was a gentleman who undertook to sell coals; and another who made bets " on commission : but black as was the coal business, and "dark" the horses on which the sporting gentleman betted, they derived no benefit from the congenial dinginess of Exeter Change. A scientific person in spectacles set up an establishment for the sale of the bones of extinct animals, and bildous supplied in propagations in given better. hideous surgical preparations in glass bottles; and looked for remunerative patronage from King's College Hospital. He didn't get it; and he went away. This was the case, too, with the adventurous bibliopole, who started a book-stall in the Change. Black-letter volumes they might in the Change. Black-letter volumes they might have been, indeed, for none of the customers could see to read even the title of the wares on sale. The "Hand-in-your-Pocket General Life and Fire Assurance, Loan, Discount, and investment Company, Unlimited," had offices here; but they found the Change too dull for them—who didn't ?—and took larger premises in Little Probert Street, Thurtell's Road. The rashest of all the "commercial parties" who tried their luck in this ill-omened place was a protity little milliner, who opened a shop for the sale of bonnets after the late Paris inshious. Bonnets i She had better have tried to sell coal-Bonnets ! She had better have tried to sell coalscuttles. But she didn't sell anything; and I scuttes. But she don't seil anything; and I believe, at last, in sheer despair, married the gentleman, who tried to make bets on commission, but couldn't, and emigrated to Tasmania. Perhaps you will ask how I have come to know so much about Excter Change? Bless you! used to live there. It was the only address I ever managed to keep profoundly secret; for not one of my friends, acquaintances, employers, or creditors would ever have believed that I was mad enough to live in Exeter Change.

A bendle used to take charge of this Cave of

Despair. He was to the gorgeous guardian of the Burlington Arcade as the Captain of a penny steamer is to the capitain of an ironelad man-of-war. They tried to make the first Exeter Change beadle sumptuous with gold lace and a orass-knobbed stick, but he soon grew faded and mouldy. They never stayed long, those beadles; and they were all, in different degrees, as mad as Chunce. At all events, if they entered or their office in a state of sanity, the desolate soli At all events, if they entered on tude of Exeter Change very soon made curds and wher of their brains. It was not raving madness that affected the beadledom of this benighted spot, but a rather harmless and babbling amentia, prompting them to crawl up and down this Change, whistling as they went for want of thought; to stand now on one leg, and now on the other, and to stare vacantly at the small boys out of Drury Lane, who "chaffed" them with Impunity. One of the beadles had a dog, and he was mad, too, wakening the lugubrious choes of the Change with uncarthly howls, and gyrating in welrd pirouettes, like the demon poodle in "Faust," in quest of the stump of a tail. This mad dog didn't bite anybody—what good would the act have done him, seeing that everybody who had business in Exeter Change as mad as he, and that people who had no business were not so madas to come

there? Stay: from time to time, some unsophisticated stranger, some raw clodhopper from the rural districts, some ingenuous Jack-tar just home from sed, some foreigner who had lost himself in the great world of London, would stumble, through inadvortance or misadven-ture, into the Change. Strange things are said to have happened to the unwary who strayed into that obscurest of arcades. Fearsome stories are narrated of guileless lambs who fell into that pit. Here is one of the darkest legends that I can recollect about Exeter Change

where there are flies; blackbeetles, and not bluebottles, affect back kitchens. A lawyer should live where there are people to sue. There clerks don't always get a holiday on Easter ciers don't always get a holiday on Easter Monday. In fact, many elderly employers of staid habits regard Easter as a very perilous season for gay and volatile youth, and one during which they should be kept with extra duress chained to their desks and office-stools. They may remember that Greenwhich fair used to be held on Easter Monday, and that, as a rule, and for the convenience of holiday makers, the British Government contrived to have two or three criminals hanged at the Old Balley at eight a.m. as a pleasant and lively Balley at eight a.m., as a pleasant and lively manner of beginning the festival day. But ling, Loaf and Bex were very liberal sugar-brokers, indeed, who were always glad to see their young men enjoy themselves; and, to tell truth, there was not much doing in the way of muscovados or "best refined" at Easter time. Old Mr. Bag, the scrilor partner, who was somewhat of a disciplinarian, was intim, and seldem came to Mincing Lane. Young Loaf, the next, and working partner, was a sprightly gentleman, who liked his holiday, and his Crystal Palace, and his pigeon shooting, as well as most folks did; and when he gave his clerks a holiday, always took care to enjoy one himself. As for Mr. Box, he couldn't interfere in the business, seeing that he had been dead too years; but seeing that he had been dead ten years; but Loaf thought that a triple firm sounded better than a double one, so his name was left on the brass plate on the door of the Mincing Lane counting-house. To keep up appearances however, on Easter Monday, Grindleby, the cashler, was left in charge. He was the senior employed of the house; but he didn't want any holidays—not he! Whenever his principals could persuade him to "take a day," Grindleby, it was reported, used to pass it in the great hall of the Hank of England, watching the customers exchanging notes for gold and gold for protes. changing notes for gold, and gold for notes, and listening to the chinking of the sovereigns and the rustling of the crisp paper, until the detectives imagined that he was meditating over a scheme to rob the Bank, and ordered him to move on. Grindleby was quite happy at being left alone in Mincing Lane on Easter Monday. He had his dinner sent him from a chop-house and read the Prices Current and the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette until it was time to shut up the office, and go home to Islington, where, much to the discomfort of his family, he spent tare and tret to his three boys.

Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, then, had a holi-day; two, rather, since Easter Sunday had also necessarily been at his disposal; so, between the closing of the office on Saturday, and therecommencement of business on the evening Tues day morning, a matter of sixty hours were at this fortunate youth's entire and unrestricted command, — for, indeed, Rudolphus Gustavus was a bachelor, and as free as air. His parents were dead, and he had, no friends to speak of, save an old aunt, who lived down in Westmoreland, who was very wealthy, but half deaf, half blind, and wholly eccentric. There is a good lead of heliday-naking to be down in with deal of holiday-making to be done in sixty hours. Rudolphus Gustavus might have run over to Paris and back again twice over, and have yet had the best part of a day to devote to the gay capital of France. He might have gone to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, or to his ancient rela-tive's farmhouse among the Westmoreland fells. If he elected to remain within the metropolitar district, were there not the Crystal Palace and Cremorne; Richmond, Greenwich, or Hampton Court; Putney, with its wager boats; Hornsey Wood House, and a score of theatres, with Easter entertainments at all of them? In fact, ther; was no limit to the prospect of innocent recreations to be indulged in by a young fellow in good health, with a keen appointe for onloy-ment, and with money in his pocket. But, as "one little thing" is said to have prevented the late Colonel Guido Faux from crossing Vauxhall Bridge to accomplish his fell design of blow ing up the Houses of Lords and Commons...the

Ing up the Houses of Lords and Commons—the fact, namely, that in the reign of King James I, Vauxhall Bridge wasn't built—so did "one little thing" interfere to preclude Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps from partaking of the hilarious revelries of Easterdide. The fortunate youth was, for the nonce, the unlucklest dog in the three kingdoms. He hadn't any money in his Locket. The salary of R. G. Bupps was eighty pounds a year, which was bunded to him in monthly instalments by his employers. Now, eighty founds a year is no very splendid remuneration for sitting eight hours a day on a high stool, covered with hard leather, in a counting-house in Mincing Lane, filling up charter-parties and in Mincing Lanc, filling up charter-parties and bills of lading. Still, Rudolphus's salary was a rising one, and he had begun commercial life as an office-boy at twelve shillings it week. Now he had over thirty; and I can't help fancying that young men were not so extravagant fifteen yeas ago as they are now. At all events, Rudolphus Gustavas had not found it very difficult to jog along upon eighty pounds per annum, hoping for the better days when his guerdon would rise to ninety or a hundred. Think of this, ye civil servants of Pall Mall and Somerset House, grumbling over your five or six hounds. louse, grumbling over your five or six your a-week, paid to you by a confiding country for reading the Times and poking the fire from ten till four, and with eight weeks' leave, even, in every year, from those not very exhausting in-bours. Young Bupps lived in cheap lodgings at Camden Town; breakfasted at a coffee-shop; lined at a luncheon-bar in Hishopsgate Street ligestion is said to be easier when you stand to ingestion is said to be easier when you stand to your repast—and did his best to get invited out to dinner on Sundays. His libations were mo-derate, never rising beyond an occasional glass of pale ale, or two penn'orth of Old Tom, cold.
If he smoked eigars, his fondness for the weed never emboldened thin to adventure on anything more expensive than a penny pickwick and at home, with the aid of "returns," he see dulously colored a calumet of pipeelay soaked in oil, which he fondly believed was a real meer chaum. He subscribed to a literary and scientific institution, and his literature was of the cheapest. He might have been quite happy and contented, but for three weaknesses by which he had been beset since his entrance into the great world. The forbles in question were gloves, scarves, and pins. The fatuous youth was pas-sionately fond of light gloves, and of brilliant hues in the way of cravats. Cheap articles in that line are not very durable. Rudolphus could not afford to patronise Houbigant, or Thresher and Glenny; yet I daresay he contrived to spend as much upon eighteen-penny "kids," which split so soon as they were put on, and the "last thing" in scarves of which the tints were as unstable as woman's likings and dislikings many a poor gentleman does who can yet stroll along Pall Mall with the quiet consciousness of being faultlessly attired. As with his gloves and his neckties, so was it with my hero's pins. Ho boasted that he nover gave more than three and sixpence for any one of those ornaments. They were of all designs, of the ruddlest (imitation gold, and adorned with (sham) coral, malachite lapis-lazuli, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. Ye the heads of those pins were always coming off. The coral beads dropped out; the (glass) diamonds unaccountably disappeared; the lapis-lazuli turned green, and the malachite turned white One single gold pin would have saved Rudolphus Gustavus a very heavy outlay on worthless rub-

Still, those petty extravagances went no far-ther than to infringe on the youth's pocketmoney, and cause him devoutly to wish, about the filteenth of every month, that it was the first of the next one. A disaster much more serious had made him penniless at the particu-

Farcy, indeed, the fastest young veterinary surgeon in all Camden Town. A chance meeting between the two at the " Hock and Splints"... that well-known house of call for "vets"—soon riponed into a close alliance. It chanced that riponed into a close alliance. It chanced that Jack Farcy had a heavy account with his hay and corn dealer to settle. He was just short twenty pounds, and little Mr. Jehoshaphat, the tobacconist of Warren Street, Filzroy Square, was just the obliging sont to "do" that little bill at two months, at a moderate rate of discount. Would Rudolphus tinstavus help a friend at a plinch? Jack ddn't want him to accept the bill. Not a bit of it. That formally would be performed by Wheelbank, You know Wheelbank, my hoy; great eab proprietor of Shoreditch—eighty lansoms — no end of horses in his yard. Safe as the bank, Jack Farcy only required Rudolphus Gustavus to "pump up behind,"—that is to say, to endorse the little bill, The credulous Bupps duly inserthed his autograph on the back of the fatal document, and he had never had any peace since. It curiesly happened before the explation of the two happened before the expiration of the two months, that rattling Jack Farry was appointed ridling-master and veterinary surgeon to the Rajah of Swindelpore. At all events, he levanted from his lodgings, leaving a The Mews, Swindelpore," as an address, and Camden Town and his creditors were left to lament him. About the same time, Wheelbank went away, and neglected to come back. He had been insolvent for years, and there were bills of sale on all his hansons and all his horses. The unhappy lamps was called upon to a lake up" the little bill. He could just as easily have taken up the Monument and held it in the hollow of his hand. So Mr. Jehoshaphut, through the internedium of his Jehoshuphat, through the intermedium of his solicitor, Mr. Melphibosheth, of Symonds Inn, sued him. It was three times three—that is to sny, writs at three gainens a-pence, and all the honours. Poor Bupps was distracted. He rushed to Mr. Jehoshaphat, and entrented time. The tobacconist was not at all averse tolisten to reason. He didn't wish to arrest Mr. Bupps. He didn't wish to be the cause of his losing his situation. He would renew the bill If Mr. Bupps would pay the sosts, and five pounds for the re-newal, and find some other friend who would also o Jump up behind," to make things regular. Rupps persuaded his landfindy to get her lusband, a decent journeyman cabinet-maker, to come to his assistance. So Mr. Jehoshaphat drew the new bill, and Rudolphus Gustavus accepted it, and the decent journeyman cabinetcabinet-maker jumped up behind. Mr. Melphi-bosheth was raid his costs; and I promise you, R. G. Bupps didn't purchase my fresh gloves. scarves, or plus during the next two months. To raise the five pounds for the renewal, he pawned the old-fashioned gold watch which his old aunt down in Westmoreland, in one of her transient fits of generosity, had sent him. These generous fits occurred very rarely. The last time per London and North-Western Railway, twelve York hams, a copy of Blair's Sermons, and a quarter cask of sherry, — the first and last of which strangely assorted articles he forthwith sold to a friend, in the office of a ship-chandler in Lower Thames Street.

When the new bill cannot be Rudoblantins

When the new bill come due, Rudolphus Gustavus was as unable as he had been on the pre-vious occasion; but Mr. Jehoshaphat was still willing to listen to reason. The bill was renewed again and again. On one occasion, Rudolphus Gustavus being unable to pay the five pounds renewal, Mr. Jehoshaphat instructed Mrs. Melphibosheth to issue writs against Bupps and the journeyman cabinet-maker into the bargain. The obliging tobacconist finally consented to compromise matters by adding the costs and the

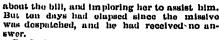
ve pounds to the original amount of the bill.

This merry little game had been going on for eighteen months; and Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, who had certainly already paid in hard cash the twenty pounds for which he had be-come responsible on Jack Farcy's account, to say nothing of at least lifteen pounds disbursed to Mr. Melphibosheth as costs, found that he was the acceptor of a bill for thirty-seven pounds ten, which was due, and on which Mr. Jeho-shaphat threatened, if the entire amount was not paid to him by Tuesday in Easter week, to sue without merey. He was no longer accom-modating. He would no longer listen to reason. He would have his rights, said Mr. Jehosha-

Now, perhaps you will be able to discern the reason why Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps did not feel very strongly inclined to enjoy himself on that particular Faster Monday, lifteen years ugo. He had pawned or sold nearly all his small pos-sessions. He owed six weeks' rent, and his landlady began to look reproachfully on him. Even the journeyman enbinet-maker, ordinarily the most placable of men, asked "when this here business about the bill was to end ?"-and as he spoke, his brow darkened and he clenched his fist. Out of his last month's salary, Rudolphus Gustavus found himself on Easter Monday morning in possession of precisely three shillings and sovenpence half-penny; and on Easter Tuesday morning the infernal performances of Messrs, Jehoshaphat and Melphibosheth would, he know, commence.

"Upon my word," said Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps to himself, clenching his fist as he spoke, but in a manner much more vindictive than that displayed by the journeyman cabinot-maker,—"if I had Jack Farcy, how I'd do for him !"

But no Jack Farcy was at hand to be done for. The ruthless destroyer of R. G. Bupps' happiness was by this time busy in prescribing for the Arab steeds of the Rajah of Swindolpore; at all events, he might have been in Upper or Lower Bengal, or at the North or the South Pole, for any good he would be to R. G. Bupps. I am airaid that the conviction that Bupps. I am afraid that the conviction that he could not do for Jack began to produce in the unhappy young man's mind an idea that lar Easter-time of which I speak. It was the the next best course to pursue would be to do old, old story. It was all about a little bill. Rufor himself. He had written to his aunt in dolphus Gusatvus had a friend; who but Jack Westmoreland, telling her the whole truth



R. G. Bupps had passed the major part of Easter Sunday in bed, grouning. The landlady looked more reproachful; the brow of the jour-neyman cabinet-maker darkened more than ever. On Easter Monday morning heleft Camden Town early, and wandered, without any fixed purpose, down Gower Street Into the Strand. It was when he came near Waterloo Bridge that the vengeful thought occurred to him of "doing" for Jack Farey, or, in default of that inaccessible "yet," of doing for himself. More prudent feelings, however coming eyer. More prudent feelings, however, coming over him, he turned aside from that dangerously in-viting Waterloo Bridge, and went down Catherine Street. As I have said, his wanderings were quite purposeless; so, half unconsciously, he took the next turning, and plunged into the shadows of Exeter Change.

It was a very bright, sunny morning, but the Change was as dark as a cellar in the London Docks without the cooper's candle. It was al-ways dark. There was nobody there—there seldom was—except the bendle, who was making the most of a tiny parallelogram of sunshine which fell on the pavement at the eastern end of the melancholy areade. He was a stout beadle, reduced by solitary imprisonment to perfect imbedity. He had planted himself in a Windsor chair, to make the most of the strip of sunshine; but the seat was at least three sizes too small for him, and he was making idiotic attempts to liberate himself from his

"Ah!" thought R. G. Bupps, as he passed the struggling official; "old Melphibosheth would hold him tighter time that, if he got hold of

He cursed Mr. Melphibosheth and the rest of the legal profession generally, with much hearti-ness, as he prowled along the dismal pavement Some flowers of mental eloquence, too, of a by no means complimentary nature, he strewed on the heads of Mr. Jehoshaphat and all tobacconists and bill discounters. Suddenly—he was just opposite the shop of the dealer in the bones of extinct animals—he saw something shining with strange brightness in the gloom of Exeter Change. It was at his feet. He stooped and picked up the glittering object. It proved to be an old, worn, greasy packet-book, fastened with a new and bright steel clasp. It was a bulky pocket-book, and it smelt strongly of

"I wonder what's in it," R. G. Bupps asked himself, handling the leathern portfolio. "Bills for acceptance, dropped by a junior. What a rowing he'll have when he gets back to the City! Perhaps they'll offer a reward to get the paper back." It was carious to mark how the thoughts of Rudolphus Gustavus ran upon bills.

"Pool!" he continued. "It can't be that.
There are no bills left for acceptance so far westward, except accommodation bills, and they're not worth advertising. A sheriff's offi-cer's pocket-book, perhaps; full of writs and executions. 'Victoria, by the grace of God, to Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps. We command Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps. We command you;'—or else, · Victoria to Solomon Aminadab We command you that you take the body of R. G. Bupps, and him safely keep.' Yes; I know all about that kind of pocket-book. Well," he continued, "there can't be any harm in looking at what's inside. It isn't like breaking a seal. Permaps the book is only full of love-letters; or recipes for curing the toothache." So saying, he walked to the Wellington Street extremity of Exeter Change, and undid the clasp which secured the pocket-book. The sole contents were a stout packet of crisp paper, tied up with green tape. "It isn't like breaking a seat." Randophus Ginstavas argued, as he untied the knot in the tape. He uttered a loud exclamation of annaement. There was displayed to his enraptured view twenty bran new notes of the Bank of England, for five pounds each; in all, the sum of One Hundred Pounds.

Rudolphus Gasarvus Bupps had hitherto en-joyed a spotless reputation for integrity. Ite had been frequently entrusted with large sums by his employers, and they would have trusted him with untold gold. He had kept the petry cash in his office, and had never been a furthing cash in his office, and had never been a farthing behindhand in his accounts; but the temptation was too much for him. I am atraid that his moral sense had become partially perverted by his dealings with Jehoshaphat, Melphibosheth, and Co. His mind was almost unhinged by the distross he had undergone. He was almost destitute. He was in danger of arrest. He saw nothing before him but beggury, the loss of his situation, and Whitecross Street Prison; and there, in his hand, and within the compass of a few inches, lay liberation from torture, peace,

It was a rush thing, a dangerous thing,will not beat about the bush, but at once admit it was a dishonest thing to appropriate this sum to his own use. Prudence, rectitude, said sternly to him, "Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, those bank-notes are not yours. They have probably only just been lost. The numbers of the notes have as probably been taken and they will be advertised in the Times to morrow. You may receive a reward of ten pounds on restoring them to their grateful owner." But, on the other hand, a soft, wheedling insidious voice whispered in his ear, "R. G. Bupps, don't be a fool. R. G., don't fly in the face of your own good fortune. It. G., you'll never have such a chance again. Hundreds of pounds are lost every day in London, and never claimed. These notes may have been dropped by a sailor, just come home from sea, or by an emi-grant just leaving the country. Of not one in grant just leaving the country. Of not one in ten bank-notes passed from hand to hand, by tun-business-like people, is the number ever taken. If the owner of this hundred pounds did turn up—which is the unlikeliest thing in the world—he might prove a stingy curmudgeon, and offer you a half-crown for your pains. Don't be an idiot, but stick to the money."

I grieve, I blush, I tremble to tell it, but R. G. Bupps listened not to the grave accents of virtue, but to the more insidious promptings of the soft, wheelding voice. But human nature is human nature; and, in this truthful tale I am dealing, not with immaculate virtue and perfect morality, but with human folly, vice, and weakness. "I'll only change one of the fivers," the lost young man said to himself, and I'll copy myself this Engier Monday if the and I'll enjoy myself this Easter Monday if it's to be for the last time in my life. I'll have an out-and-out spree, and take Loo to Richmond, and do Cremorne in the evening; and, if the notes are advertised for, why my old aunt must cash up the deficiency, and that's all about it." The reasoning of those who commit evil ac is almost invariably false. It failed to occur to the guilty Rudolphus Gustavus that ton days had clapsed since he had addressed to his aunt the most passionate supplications for help in the matter of Jehoshaphat's bill, and that she had not youchsafed him a line in reply. But he had cut the moorings which had attach ed his moral boat to virtue's strand, and was aiready drifting, a mere waif, on the great

He walked defiantly enough into the Strand ngain, and up Fleet Street; but he was not yet hardened to the prickings of conscience, several large corking pins pierced his bosom, metaphorically speaking, whenever he passed any one whom, in his imagination, looked like

n sailor or an emigrant. He was stabbed, figuratively, to the heart, when he saw, at St Clement's Church, a stout, sunburnt man of about forty years of age, and of a somewhat agricultural appearance—for he had a fuffy white hat, with a very low crown, and a very broad brim, leathern smalls, and drab galters— feeling all his pockets very nervously, as though he had lost something. But he didn't ask Rudolphus dustavus if he had found anything, and the conscious-probed elerk quickoned

his pace and hastened eastward.
Why castward, when he had determined to enjoy himself? Fleet Street was not on the road to Richmond fifteen years ago, any more than it is now. And who, the reader may ask, was that "Loo," whom the reckless ship-broker's employé meditated taking to Richmond, and even to Oremorne? Both questions may be very briefly answered.

Miss Louisa Smallpegge, familiarly called Loo," was the eldest of the four more or less lovely and accomplished daughters of the respected and widowed proprietors of "Smallpegge's Old-established Commercial Boarding-house and Private Hotel for Gentlemen; bed and bronkfast three-and-sixpence a night; board, &c., from nineteen shillings per week and upwards. 997 A, London Wall, E. C." At this hospituble mansion, in the first days of his clerkship, R. G. Bupps had made a short stay. There he had fallen—well, not desperately, but deeply enough in love with the eldest Miss smallpegge; and pray understand that it that young lady had sometimes condescended to account the state of the state company him to Cremorne, the proprieties had always been vindicated by the addition to the party of a young sister, in a gipsy hat and frilled trousers, and that the modest reveilers always quitted the Gardens immediately after the fireworks were over, and before the naughti-

Such instances of unbending had been very rare on the part of Miss Smallpegge, during the two years and a half of her courtship by Rudolph Gustavus. I suspect that she did not return his passion with that ardour of reciprocation and that intensity of single-mindedness which most lovers expect, and which very few of them get. To tell the truth, Miss Louisa Smallpegge, six times out of seven, would have nothing to say to R. G. Bupps.—She had filrted openly, and before G. Bupps. She had firted openly, and before his face, with the book-keeper of a fish-salesman in Billingsgate Market, with a commercial traveller in the gold pencil-case line, and with a Custom House tide-waiter. More than once she had hinted, to feminine acquaintances, that she considered Rudolphus Gustavus a "poor creature," and "not of much account," and that she only permitted to "dangle after her," lest, rendered desperate by her unkindness, he should hang himself. The which is notated an uncom-mon state of things in grades of scelety far more clevated than those in which boarding-house keepers' daughters and sugar-brokers' clerks may move. It is a bargain very often levied in love-that you should give everything, a :d get

nothing in return.

This haughty damsel was, however, to be propitlated-especially by respectful presents of princed—expectate by respectate presents of parasols, Paris kid gloves, and admissions for the Theatres Royal; and although I would not for a moment accuse Miss Smallpegge of mer-cenary motives, the balance of evidence was in favour of the assumption that R. G. Bupps was always most popular in London Wall when he and his month's subsymption to be received. For many had his month's salary in his pocket. For many months, as you may be aware, one of Mr. Mel-phibosheth's writs had generally taken the place

phibosheth's writs had generally taken the place of pounds, shillings and pence in the poor fellow's pockets; and his popularity had, consequently, been at very low water mark, indeed. But, on this Easter Monday morning, with five pounds to spend—ah, how foolishly, how guiltily acquired, R. G. Bupps 1—the clerk felt confident of being received with complaisant smiles by his Loo. He feared not the fish-salesman's book-keeper; he scorned the traveller in the gold pencil-case line—speaking of him, in-deed, disdainfully, as a "bugman;" he snapped his fingers at the tide-waiter; he trod the pave-ment of Fleet Street with the step of a con-queror, and passed round St. Paul's with the swagger of a conqueror. Miserable young man! His heart sank into his shoes whenever he saw handbills freshly pasted on a hourding; and he quaked like blanc-mange, whenever he thought a police constable was looking at him scrutinizingly. He had changed one of the five-pound notes, not without new prickings and wrenchings of conscience, at a shell-fish shop hard by the Temple, where, also, he had made a light breakfast. What should he do if he was asked put his name and address on the note Guilty as he already was, he would have shrunk from making a false declaration. But they were from making a laise declaration. But they were in a tremendous hurry at the shell-fish shop, which was full of impatient customors. The assistant behind the counter knew Rudolphus Gustavus's face well enough, although he was ignorant of his name. The change had been given without question; and the clerk found himself proceeding eastward, with four sovereigns and a half and a handful of ill-gotten silver, in his pocket. silver, in his pocket.

He was received in London Wall with special favour and extraordinary gracefulness. Loo was so glad to see him, she said. And she really was glad, too! for the fish-salesman's book-keeper unmindful of the bounty, in the way of ogling and simpering, which Miss Smallpegge had lavished upon him, had been gullty of the gross indeli-cacy of marrying the stout landlady of the "John Dory's Head," in Great Tower Street—u "low public-house," as Miss Smallpegge indig-mantly called that highly-respectable hostelry. The traveller in the gold pencil-case line was "doing" the Milland counties in the way of business; the tide-waiter himself, declaring that Miss Smallpegge was too fine a lady, and gave berself too many airs-the tide-walte affixed a strong adjective to the word "airs" for him, had retired into private life, and was supposed to be courting a lighterman's daughter nt Horselydown; and the cupricious beauty of London Wall — she was what is called a "showy" girl, tall, thin, and with an abundance of auburn hair, worn in ringlets, for chignons were unknown fifteen years since—had found herself, in the absence of R. G. Bupps, without anybody to sigh and dangle about her at all. So that if Rudolphus Gustavus had been a prodigal she would have killed, figuratively, the fatter of calves for him. As it was, the utmost senti-mentality marked the meeting of the young couple. It was "a lovers' quarrel," Miss Smallnegre said wally. It is true that it takes two parties to make a quarrel, and certainly R. G. Bupps had never quarrelled with Miss Louisu Smallnegge.

The invitation to Richmond, with one to Cremorne, to wind up the festivities of Easter, was -Mrs. Smallpegge's consent baving been sough and obtained-gleefully accepted; and on this on, even the presence of the younger sister, in frilled trousers, was dispensed with, much to the approvance of the small damsel in ones tion, who was booked for a Sunday school of memoration close to the Mile End Gate, where she know that the entire entertainment would consist of a mur of very weak tea, a slice of very hard seed cake, and an unlimited course of hymns, speeches and sormons. For Richmond then did Rudolphus Gustavus start with his beloved one; but ere they entered the cab which was to convey them to the Waterloo Station. Miss Smallpegge deigned to permit Mr. Bupps to

purchase for her in the Poultry a pair of peach-coloured kid gloves, small sevens, best make, three-and-ninepence-and a French cambrid pocket-handkerchief, with "Louise" elegantly

worked in one corner.

They reached Richmond, and enjoyed them-They reached Richmond, and enjoyed them-selves—well, how do people enjoy themselves on special holidays, and when the weather is sunny (this was a very fine Easter) and some-what too warm? They got thed, and thirsty, and dusty, and, at last, fractious. They had a row on the river, and a "row" afterwards—the word row can be pronounced in two different modes, as you are aware—for Loo had lost her parasol, and declared that she had loft it in the boat, and called the waterman names, because he declared that she had not. Then she began to cry; and Rudolphus Gustavus. as a vallant to cry; and Rudolphus Gustavus, as a gallant clampion of beauty in distress, had, as in duty bound, to challenge the waterman to mortal combat; whereat the aquatic person laughed derisively, expressing his willingness to "lick till they were blind," and with one hand tied beauty him three negatives of the callier of R behind him, three assallants of the calibre of R. G. Bupps, whom he addressed moreover with the opprobrious qualification of "sixpenn'orth of bad halfpence." In the end, Miss Smallpegge threatened to faint, and Rudolphus Gustavus was fain to lead her away, pursued by ironical remarks strougly allusive to his personal appear ince, from all the watermen and "Jacks The adjacent towing path.

They dired at Rose Cottage; but Miss Small-

pegge delared that she couldn't out a morsel, so, subsequently, a repust was ordered and paid for, if not partaken of, at the "Talbot." They re-turned to town about nine o'clock, the lady weary, out of temper, and all but whimpering. People do so return, not unfrequently, from a reope do so rearm, not univergeneity, from a day's holidny-making. As for Rudolphus Gustavus, he had spont his own—that is to say, somebody else's money, very lavishly; and what with gloves, handkerchiefs, a new parasol (eighteon-and-six), in Rlehmond High Street, dinners, teas, pleasure-boats, and open files, had made a considerable breach in the second five-pound sets. As for this much to be had not be combined. note. As for this much-to-be-blamed, but equally-to-be-pitted young man, something else had happened to him which I hesitate, I grieve, I blush bened to min which heshate, I grieve, I biash to record. He wasn't they; oh, dear, no! but it was very thirsty weather, and a continuity, since early morning, of pale ale, glager beer, mild ale, lemonade and sherry, tavern claumpague—they had champague at dinner, and subsequently brandy-and-water—had made R. G. Bupps flustered, feverish, and irritable, not to say courseless. quarrelsome.

Long before they reached London, Miss Smallpegge averred that she was so tired and " put out," that, so far as she was concerned, the visit to Cremorne must be abundoned. Budolphus Gustavus — it is puinful to relate the fact, but truth must prevail—was not so very sorry to hear of the young lady's altered intentions. Much gingerbeer, with other liquids to follow, had made him reckless. He panted for revol-ries more riotous than those which were pro-mised him in the conversation of an ill-temp-ared young woman who had leafone arrayed, and ered young woman who had lostlone parasol, and was not satisfied with a new one. Moreover, he had net, in the up-train, an old Gity friend— none, other, indeed, than Gus Povey, that dushing buck of a Notary-Public's clerk, so well known at the Bay Tree, and other places of clerkly resort; and Gus had whispered in his ears the magical words,—" Casino, Haymarket, then Gremorne!" combined with some occult bint of "making a night of it." Surely the voice of the Notary Public's cierk must have been the counterpart of that soft and insidious voice which R. G. Bupps had beard that morning in Exetor Change.

Arrived at the Waterloo Terminus, Miss Smallpegge would not even allow her swain to see her home to London Wall. She insisted upon departing alone, in a four-wheeled cab; and was so indignant—she didn't exactly know at what —that she would scarcely allow Rudolphus Gustavas to pay the cabman. Shocking it is to record, that as the four-wheeled vehicle turned the corner of Sumfort Street, the hardened young mun burst into a loud laugh, observing that they had got rid of Loo nicely; and that, when a wo-man was in her "tantrums," she was the very dence. And man, when he is at the flow-tide of folly, and selfishness, and madness—what is

he, If you please?

"And now, old boy," continued the abandoned Bupps, "we'll have an out-and-out jolli-

ticution." " With all my heart," answered Gus Povey, pordially accepting the "old boy" imputation He was asking himself, mentally, whether Rudolph Gustavus's nunt, in Westmoreland, was dead, and had left him a thumping legacy. "For," added Gus to himself, "he seems to have been hving for the last eight hours at the rate of eight hundred a-year." Rudolphus Gustavus and all the last of tuvus had given him a detailed account of the manner in which he had spent Easter Mon-

Bupps, perpend Bupps, have a care. Pause, oh, Bupps! Nemests is watching thee!—retributive justice is dogging thy footsteps! Oh, Bupps, pull up! But it is too late to pull up! The beggar is on horseback, and is riding to Old

Riding to the Casino; floods of gaslight; blatant brass band; painted dancers; shorry, brandy-and-soda. Riding away—riding to sup-per at an oyster-shop in Coventry Street;—the epicurean Bupps had already had dinner and ten. Oysters, crab-salad, bottled ales, brandy-and-water, cigars. Riding to the Haymarket: lemonade and port wine, brandy-and-soda, selt-zer-and-gln, cigars, hansom cab. Riding to Gremorno: variegated lamps, more brass band, more painted dancers, more lemonade, sodaorandy, gin, cigars, folly, solfish-anything. And you call this a water, sherry, brandy,

When was it that Gus Povey went away? R G. Bupps couldn't tell. I am sure I can't. Yet it has been revealed to me that, before the cool and cautions Mr. Povey took his departure condescended to borrow a five-pound note offins friend. What did it matter? The reveller had plenty—plenty of—somebody else's money. He "stood" champagne all round to the brass band; he wanted to dance the College Horapipe on the circular platform; he scrambled balkon the circular platform; he scrambled half-crowns among the walters. And who may those two gentlemen be with hook noses, black whis-kers, and heavy gold watchchains, who are so curiously regarding him? As sure as fate, there is Mr. Jehoshaphat, of Warron Street, Fitzroy quare, arm-in-arm with Mr. Meiphibosheth, of Symonds Inn.

" Upon my word," the tobacconist said. oustically,—" upon my word, young kentieman, you're going it! If I was to say you were robbing your creditors, it would be libel. but I think you'll sing to rather a different tune when to-morrow comes, and you get a little slip of paper from my friend Melphiboshoth,

"Perhaps he means bolting," whispered the legal gentleman by Act of Parliament," to his client. "If you think so, we must swear an affi-daylt that he's going out of the country, and get Aminadab to take him on a captas."
"Pshaw!" answered the tobacconist, in the

same undertone. "I know the green ho enough, He run away! I know him better than that. Where's the poor little beggar to run to?" The Jew did not pity the little beggnr, though in the least, although he called him poor.

at this stage of the conversation, Rudolph Gus lavus Bupps. "Robbing my creditors, um I ? You're a nice creditor to talk of robbing, you are

aln't you? I've got more than enough to pay you. How much is it, you old Shylock?"
"Thirty-soven pounds ten, and interest," re-turned the tobacconist, turning very white.
"And costs," dicreetly added Mr. Melphiboheth.

"Costs be hanged !" cried Bupps. He was swaying backwards and forwards, regarding his tormentors with ineffable disdain. "You can't do anything till to-morrow morning, and before ten I'll be in Symonds Inn with every farthing I owe you. Look hore, you sharks!" And, with this, he pulled out a handful of bank-notes, crumpled up amidst sovereigns and half-soverings, loose silver, turnpike tickets, champagne

"Come along, Ikey," whispored the tobacco-nist to his friend. "Come away. Let the raw young fool alone. Ho's sure to get more they, and lose all his money, and to-morrow we shall have him on his knees. Good night, Mr. Bupps," he added, significantly, addressing himself to the excited clork. "Good night to you, sir. Hope to see you to-morrow, with plenty of cash, and without a headache, sir." And with this parting stroke of satire, the tobacconis

and his client plunged into the excited crowd, and were seen no more. Nor was Rudolphus Gustavus seen much longer that night at Cromorne Gardens. The meeting with his much-dreaded creditor, and his inexorable solicitor, had somewhat sobered him. "I've had enough of this," he muttered, wearily, pressing his hand to his forehead, as he gulped down some soda-water. He had had enought of it, indeed. He found a cab at the King's Road entrance, and was driving home to Camden Town. The eabman said the fare was allet the part three bufferences. But what the dirt cheap at three half-crowns. But what did seven-and-sixpence matter to a young gentle-man who had been living since ten o'clock the preceding morning—it was now three a m.—at the rate, rather, of eighteen, than of eight hundred a year?

Mr. Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps did not wake until nearly nine o'clock—a late hour for him, for he generally rose at seven. The landledy received him with a smiling countenance; for received him with a smiring countenance; for, entoring his room with a cup of ten, her quick eye had noted that the dressing-table was littered with bank-notes, silver, and hair-pence. Dismissing her with a groun, the repentant happs leaped out of bed, and proceeded to count what remained of his misappropriated cash. He had still, with all the incredible profligacy of the proceeding right, nearly seventy-five pounds left. Should be pull up, he asked himself, or continue in his career of crime. "For," said Bupps to himself reasoning truly when it was too late, "the money isn't mine, and I am a criminal." He compromised matters for the nonce by ringing the bell, and begging the land-lady to send her little girl round to the nearest lowsvender's, and purchase a copy of that morning's Times.

The paper was brought to him, and with a sensation of immense relief and satisfaction, he perused the whole of the second column without finding any advertisement of the loss of the money he had found. Plenty of missing notes were proclaimed, and the numbers given, but not a word was said about this particular par-

"Perhaps they'll be advertised to-morrow," he thought, beginning to despond again. "I wish I'd never seen the cursed things! How inte I shall be at the office, and what a-blowing un I shall get from old Grindleby! Shall I go to Symonds Inn first ?"

Over and over again he asked himself this momentous question, but failed to come to a decision. Presently came a tap at the door. He opened it, and found his landlady. "If you please, Mr. Bupps," she said, "there's a gentleman below as says he must see you very

particular. Ho seems half distracted like; and he was here half a dozen times yesterday." R. G. Bupps uttered a hollow moan. Justice

and him by the throat at last. He accepted his

"Show him up, ma'am," he said to the land-"Show him up, ma'aun," he said to the landlady. "It can't be Meiphibosheth," the miserable young man exclaimed. "No; it's the man
that the notes belong to. I've been followed—
I've been tracked. The shell-lish shop people
will be called as witnesses, and I'm done. I
dare say there's a policeman in the passage."
There entered the room, at this juncture, a
stout, middle-aged man with rod hair, and a
highly freekled countenance. He had a fluffy
white hat, very low in the grown, and very

white hat, very low in the crown, and very bread in the brim, and his nother limbs were clad in leathern smalls and drab gaiters. "A detective in disguise," faltered Bupps to

himself, his knees knocking together. The middle-aged man sat down in the chair which the agitated Bupps motioned him to. He took a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief out of the crown of his hat, and began to mop his fore-head with great assidulty. And by this time, Radolphus Gustavus began to notice that the and opinis distances began to notice that the middle-aged man looked as norvous and agitated as he, Bupps, felt himself to be.

"Be you Muster Bupps?" the owner of the blue pocket-handkerchief asked at last.

"Y-y-yes," stammered B. G.

"Then," the agricultural looking gentleman

bserved, "Lord ha' mercy on me!" There was a long pause. This was an odd beginning, thought Bupps. If mercy was to be at all in question, it was be, and not the gentleman with the white but, who stood in need of it.

"I'll toll you how it is, Muster Bupps," his inter locator proceeded, gathering up courage, "I won't make no bones about it. Murder will out. I'm a farmer, a small farmer, sir, hard by Grassmere. Your aunt—a bonny old lady she is—has been a neighbour and a friend of mine these forty years. She tould me as how you'd written to her to say you were in difficulties about a bill. She's re ther a curious old ledy, so she put on her con-sidering cap, and thinks it over for near a fort night; and then she says to me, 'John, you're a-going up to London town, to see your landlord about the renewing of your lease. Now, I won't write to my nevvy, but I'll give him a surprise. You shall take him this pocket-book, with a hundred pounds in bran new bank-notes in it, and hand it to him with his aunt's love, who hopes that it'll get him out of all his difficulties. Well, Muster Bupps, I buttoned up the pocket pook tight, and I got safe with it to London and then, sir—why, Lord ha' mercy on me"You lost it!" almost screamed Bupps.

"I did lose it, yesterday morning," the stout man continued, sorrowfully: "although how I unborn. I took a wrong turning down a darn'd dark passage, they tell me's called Exctor Change; and I'm a poor man, Mr. Bupps, and to make the loss good to you will well-nigh ruin

"Hooray! Tol de rol rol! Bow, wow, wow!" shouted Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, dancing about the room, snapping his fingers, and quite insane for the moment with joy. "It's all right It was my money, after all, and I've nearly so venty-five pounds left! What will you take to drink, old follow?"

In twenty minutes afterwards, Mr. Bupps was on his way to Symonds Inn, where he took up the fatal bill, and, there being no witness pre-

sent, gave Mr. Melphibosheth a bit of his mind. He was not so very violently scolded when he reached the office; for Easter Tuesday's rather a late morning in the City, and the working partner in Bug, Loaf, and Box's firm did not come to business until nearly two p. m. I am happy to state that, from that day forward, Mr. Buddelbus Citations Paragrams and the complete that the company to the complete company to the complete that the company the complete company that the lolphus Gustavus Bupps scrup Hously avoided mixing the beverages in which, and in strict moderation, he indulged, and that he never "jumped up behind" an accommodation bill

Did he marry Miss Louisa Smallpegge? No, I rather fancy that Radolphus Gustavus Bupps, Esquire—at the death of his aunt he inherited a very comfortable competence, and the firm in Mucley Lane is now Bag, Loaf, Box, and Bupps—became, in fulness of time, the happy husband of another Miss Smallpegge—the younger sister, indeed, in the frilled trousers—who, like Alice in "David Copporfield," had "loved him all her life."

THE INSTINCTS OF ANTS.

If some moistened sugar be placed near the

nest of the small black garden ant, a solitary struggler will soon accidentally discover it; he imbibes his own load, and finds his way to the nest with the laformation; speedily a number of others emerge, make straight for the sugar, and continue to pass to and fro in the most sedate continue to pass to and fro in the most sedate and business-like manner till the whole of the provender is conveyed to the nest. Their behaviour is very different in the case of live prey. If a small caterpillar is placed in their way, one or two will at once attack it; but if they find they are not strong enough to master it, one will sometimes run away into the nest and give the alarm. Numbers of them then come rushing alarm. Numbers of them then come rushing out to the rescue in grout anger and excitement, which subsides the moment their prey is slaughtered, of which the majority take no further than how have only one or two to drag the ther heed, but leave only one or two to drag the carcass homewards, I once emptled out a sac of spider's eggs (taken from a neighbouring rosebush) near to an ants' nost. These were speedily discovered, but were evidently a kind of provision that they had never been accustomed to, for many, in endeavouring to carry them away, grasped them so hard as to break the shell, and they had to stop to devour the contents then and there. This accident frequently happened at first, but they speedily learned to handle them carefully and carry them without breaking them; and many times afterwards I fed this colony with spider's eggs, which were removed without a single case of breakage, as they perfectly well remembered the nature of the provision that they had to deal with. But the stuple find of this species of ant is a honoxgrasped them so hard as to broak the shell and the staple food of this species of ant is "honeydew," which is a secretion foreibly ejected from the two tubes on the backs of numerous species of aphides. The ants lick this off the surface of the leaves where it has been east, but they mostly prefer obtaining it direct from the ap-hides themselves, which they cherish and proteet with the most zealous care, evidently con-sidering them as their flocks and hords. This is a well-known fact. But on one occasion I happened to observe, under the curled-up leaves at the top of the twig of a currant-bush, an im-mense number of aphides as usual under their charge, and guarded by a dozen or so of ants. Two common "lady-birds" were also there, devouring the aphides in spite of the efforts of the ants to prevent it, who displayed the great est anger by springing on the backs of the rob-bers and trying to get hold of their legs on either side. At every attempt the lady-birds coolly tilted their impenetrable ciyira from side to side, so as to leave no room beneath for the assault, and, with antenne drawn in, continued their meal with perfect impunity. While watching this amusing scene, a prowling earwig made its way up the stalk (carwigs are great destroyers of aphides.) It thrust half its body under the of aprides.) It thrust half its body under the leaves, and, after eating one or two, was speedileves, and, after eating one or two, was speedily discovered, but proved no match for the ants, who, attacking its legs and antenne, soon compelled it to beat an inglorious retreat, hotly pursued by several of the ants. During the night there came a heavy shower of rain, and a day or so afterwards I stepped out of the path to see how the ants and their charge were progressing. Much to my surprise, I found that they had carried up particles of wet loam, and plastered and built up every external opening between and built up every external opening between the leaves in a most substantial manner, leav-ing only a small entrance beneath: in this man-ner keeping out all intruders, and inclosing the aphides entirely for their own benefit. The twig in question was near a yard high from the ground, and, as if the colony retailed some recollection of their elevor piece of work, exactly the same thing was done on this current-bush the succeeding year. It might perhaps be argued that there was no special design or intention in this, considering the building instincts of auts; but this year I observed an incident relating to them that surprised me still more :- In an enpartly decayed in the trunk, there was a nestor colony of unts, which evidently mostly depended upon the tree for provisions, as there were abundance of aphides amongst the leaves. A string of ants constantly passed up and down, the ascending ones empty, and the descending ones so inflated that their bodies appeared transparent. A few sheep were then turned into the orchard to ent down the grass. These animuls sadly disturbed the poor ants by making a rubbing-post of the tree, coating the bark with filaments of wool, which interfered with the passage of the ants, many of which were also probably destroyed, and but few had the courage to venture up. Some time after this I looked again, without seeing a single ant on the stem of the tree. Observing a fissure halfway down, of the tree. Observing a fissure halfway down, I noticed a large quantity of fine particles of rotten wood, looking like snuff, had been thrown out, and at the bottom of the cavity I perceived a regiment of ants passing up and down. I then found that in the fork of the tree, where a small branch had been sawn off and got rotten at the core, that they had made a passage through, having thrown out more particles of touchwe They had no visible exit at the bark of the tree, but made their way to the nest through some unseen channel in the root -- Hardwicke's

What It Clams to be and to no.—The Great Shoshonees Remedy claims to be purely vegetable. It claims to contain greater curing and healing properties than any other Remedy or Compound ever discovered. It claims to have performed more Radios!, Permanent and Astonishing Cures where it has been in use than all other medicines and compounds combined. It claims to be used by regular physicians, and to have been shipped hundreds of miles to them. It claims a most supreme power in Radioally and Permanently Purifying and Enriching the Blood. It claims to restore the Lungs from the First and Second Stages of Bronchitis and Consumption to Perfect Health, etc., etc., and to you we say Try it.

THE MIND governs the Muscles through the Nervous System, as the telegraph apparatus is influenced by a remote operator through the wire. If the mind be impaired by age or other causes, the sympathetic nerves become delillitated, and through the nerves the muscles of the Stomnoh. Liver. Heart, Lungs or Gonital Organs become weakened, and disease in the form of Dyspepaia. Disease of the Heart, Weak Lungs, or General Debility follow with their accompanying trains of evil. Follows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites resitores tone to the mind, the nerves and the muscles. In this way it overcomes disease.







NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

BY JOHN H. YATES

Mary let's kill the fatted only and colebrate the day, For the droadful mortgage on the farm at last is wiped away:

I have got the papers with me — they are right as right can be,—

Lot us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free.

Don't all the Yankees celebrate the fourth day of Bocause 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up their Nation's sky ? Why shouldn't we then colobrate, and this day ne'er forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt? got the man."

I've risen many mornings an hour before the sun, And night has evertaken me before the task was done;
When weary with my labors, 'twas this thought that nerved my arm.

Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowing to the By taking eggs and butter to the little village store; You did not spend the money in dressing up for But sang from morn till ovening in your faded

And Bessie, our sweet daughter-God bless her lov-That lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart—
She's gone without a piane, her lenely hours to charm,
To have a hand in paying off the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart rotoice;
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice.
You shall not make your buttor with that up-and-

For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent

Lay by your faded calico and go with me to town. And got yourself and Bessie a new and shinin; Low prices for our produce need not give us now nlarm; Spruce up a little, Mary, there's no mortgage on the

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not To thank our God in heaven for being out of debt; For He gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my arm,

And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

— Fitchburg Sentinel.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

OHAPTER XLIII .- (Continued.)

For some minutes after this Sir Francis Clevedon was inclined to be angry, and Georgie had to be apologetic, and to assure her husband that she had never doubted him, no, not even for a moment; only—only she had been very unhappy, and that dreadful man had positive, and to have such strong grounds for his accusation, and the miniature was the very image of her darling Frank. "It may have been poor Harcross's picture,

suggested Sir Francis O no, it was much too handsome, and much

too young."
"But it was painted when he was five years

younger, you see, Georgie, and it may have been a flattering likeness then." "It may," said Georgie doubtfully. "But it was your face, looking at me with dreamy gray eyes. O Frank, think what I must have suffered."

"Then you must have doubted me, Georgie, and that was a crime,—matrimonial high-treason. But for heaven's sake, tell me all about

this man Redmayne, and his accusation. The clue to this murder may be in that." "I know that he was dreadfully angry." answered Georgie, "and that he seemed desper-ate, like a man who could do anything."

Questioned closely by her husband, Georgie been spoken by Richard Redmayne,

"This would fairly account for Harcross's objection to come here," thought Sir l'mneis. don for that offence which he had called matri-

"But don't do it again, Georgie. You might be able to prove an alibi quite so easily. And now I must go and talk to Vallory about this business, and perhaps to Mr. Rufnell the con-

"O Francis, will they hang that poor far

"Inevitably, I should imagine, if he shot "But he had been so badly treated—his

daughter tempted away from him

"Granted, my dear; but the law does not recognise the shooting of seducers."

"O Francis, I should be so sorry if that poor man were hung. I felt for him so deeply when he told me his story, even though he was ac-

cusing you." "I am sorry for him too, Georgie. It is a bad business altogether. But I have only one duty in this matter, and that is to see my guest

went down to his study, a solidly-furnished business-like apartment in an obscure portion of the house, abutting on the offices a room in which he was wont to receive Mr. Wort, and which had now been made the head-quarters of the committee of investigaa room in which they could come freely at any moment. Sir Francis found Weston there, in thoughtful solitude, smoking a cigar by the open window, which, as it looked only upon the stable-yard, had not been dark-

To him Sir Francis repeated the conversation reported by Georgie, particulars which were not new to that gentleman. were not new to that go

"Yes," said Weston, throwing away the end of his cigar, after he had smoked it out with a meditative aspect, "yes," he repeated with ex-ceeding deliberation, "I don't think there's ceeding deliberation, "I don't think the room for a doubt. Redmayne's the man."

"But do you suppose there was any truth in his notion about his daughter? Unquestionably. Harcross had spent a

summer at Brierwood—just five years ago—and was uncommonly shy upon the subject—never would talk of it, or even tell the name of the place till it was dragged out of him I felt very sure there was something; but I did not know it was anything so serious as this."

Mr. Rufnell the constable came in while they were talking, with an important air, as of a man whose genius had coped with stupen-dous difficulties, and emerged victorious from the struggle.

"I think we've got a clue, Rufnell," said Sin

Francis gravely.
"Have you, sir?" said the constable, with a saturnine smile. "Very likely, sir; but I've

"What, you've found out——"
"I've got him, sir; leastways, I've got his gun, which is pretty much the same thing. The man is Joseph Flood, your groom; and we've got as neat a chain of circumstantial evidence agen him as was ever laid before a jury."

CHAPTER XLIV. ROME INNOCENTS 'SCAPE NOT THE THUNDERBOLT.

Richard Redmayne went home with that innocent blood upon his head, a miscrable man. The burden of his crime had sat lightly enough upon his conscience so long as he be lieved that he had slain his daughter's false lover. Indeed, in his judgment the act had been no crime, only a just and reasonable re-

venge.

But to have murdered a man who had never injured him—to have shed innocent blood! That was different, and the burden of this fatal unnecessary deed weighed him down to the ground.

He went home to Brierwood, but not to rest. There was a nameless horror in the place—a horror of stillness and narrowness and airless ness. The familiar rooms seemed no wider than a prison cell-in the garden there wa neither air nor freedom, only a sultry heat that stifled him. The sound of Mrs. Bushs voice droning some ancient ditty, with a quavering turn at the end of each line, jarred upon his nerves to excruciation. He was in that state of mind in which a man can hardly support his own existence—in which his most natural impulse is to blow out his brains, Richard Redmayne had thought of this manner of escape from a present that was intolerable into an unknown future. He had gone up stairs to his room and had handled his pistols; had stood for a few moments irresolute with one of them in his hand, looking down the barrel, and thinking how swift a settlement that might make of all his perplexities. Yet after that brief deliberation he put the revol-

vers back into their places.
"I must see the end of this business," he said to himself. "It would be a cowardly thing to turn my back upon it."

Had it not been for this thought—had it not been for the apprehension that some innocent man might be charged with his crime—how gladly would he have fled from that narrow world to the wide pastures and broad blue lakes of his beloved Gippsland; to that newer wilder life beyond the fern-tree scrub, among the waters of many rivers winding down from breezy mountain-tops, to that fresh untrodden world where he could wander with his gun from sunrise to sunset shooting wild duck or bandicoot —where he had the freedom and the power of a savage king! For all the days of his life until now he had loved this Kentish homestead with an abiding affection—had preferred it above all other scenes, however glorious in their wilder beauty; but to-day his heart siekened at sight of the narrow fields, the patch of fertile landscape shut in by woods and hills that seemed to be within his arm's length. Today he was seized with a wild yearning for that other home beyond the southern sea.

"O God, why could I not wait?" he asked himself. "Why could I not wait to be sure of my man? My wrongs had kept so long, that they might have kept a little longer. Was there any fear that my hatred would grow cold? And to fire like that—at random—in the dark! Yet I could swear that it was his face I saw it was a trick that the devil played upon me, perhaps. And I might have drunk more than usual yesterday—I daresay I did. My brain was on fire after I had seen him, and I may described the scene in the library, repeating as have drunk a good deal without thinking what I was doing. Yet, my senses were clearenough when I fired that gun, and I can swear that it was his face I saw in the moonlight."

He was not a superstitious man—was indeed too unlearned for much superstition. But he had heard country folks talk of witchcraft, and began to think he had been the dune of some diabolical influence, so very certain was he that the face in the miniature was the face of the man he had slain.

He walked up and down by the broad flower. border where the roses were still bloomingthe roses she had loved and cared forslim aristocratic standards, but broad spreading bushes or veritable trees straggling upward in unkempt profusion. There were many of them older than himself, bushes from which his young wife had gathered nosegays for the Sabbath-day adornment of the best parlour; oldfashioned cabbage and maiden's blush and white and red moss roses, no Gloire de Dijon. or Malmaison, or Lady Banks, or later fashion-able products of the florticulturist's art.

paced to and fro in an agony of doubt and expectation. It was long past two, and the inquest at Clevedon was on, if not over. What would be the result? An open verdict, perhaps—by some person or persons unknown i In that case what should he do? Consider his own safety, his own inclination, and start at once for Brishane? How if he chose that sel fish course, the natural course for guilt; and how if, when he was gone, circumstances should so shape themselves as to weave a halter for the neck of an innocent man? Aluckless wretch might be suspected, tried, and hung be-

fore he could hear of it yonder. "No," he said to himself resolutely; "I'm not such a scoundrel as that! I'll stand to my guns. So long as there's no mistake made, I'll

be in danger, I'll give myself up."

He thought of the result of that act. It would be a hard thing to die a shameful death before the eyes of the people who had known him, and respected and liked him, from a boy; to bring the name of Redmayne, the good old name, for whose redemption from the stain of debt and difficulty he had worked so hard out yonder; to bring that time-honoured name un-der so deep a disgrace, that no future gonera-tions of honest Redmaynes could ever wash the

foul blot away. To stand confessed before the world as a midnight assassin, a wretch who had not even given his foe a chance of defending himself, a purposeless shedder of blood, whose crime bore a double odium for having been a blunder! He fancied himself hooted upon the scaffold, and jerked into eternity amidst the execution of his fellow-men. He fancied what Jim and Mrs. Jim would say when

the hideous news came to them, and a vision of that fair home which he was never to see again, and of all the things that he might have done there in years to come, arose before him. Those future unknown years seemed strangely sweet to him now that he had forfeited the right to live them.

He had caten nothing since yesterday, but he did not get through these dismal hours of suspense without an occasional "nobbler." fever devoured him, and his dry lips needed to be moistened now and then, although the spirit which he drank raw to-day did not exorcise a cooling influence upon his system. In vain did Mrs. Bush urge him to pick a bit of a savoury roasted spare-rib of pork with sage-and-onions, which she had prepared as an appropriate dinner for a sultry summer's day; somethink light and tasty," as she remarked, when recommending it to her employer. "Do-oy try and cat a bit, now, Mr. Redmayne," she pleaded. "It don't do nobody any good drink-ing raw spirits on a hempty stomick. A glass of brandy's not half the harm if yer inside's lined with good victuals. But to go on pouring that burnin' stuff on yer emptiness is regilar coolcide. There's no call for you to be upset by this here murder; and when your spirits have had a turn like that, you seem to want something substantial to settle them."

Mr. Redmayne declined the spare-rib, how-ever, nay, would not even sit down, or make any pretence of cating his dinner. He paced the garden, listened to the striking of the distant church-clock, and waited for tidings of the inquest. Somebody would surely bring the news he longed for, and yet dreaded. Somebody did. At half-past five Mrs. Bush's

goodman came home to his ten, a cool and pas-toral meal of bread-and-butter and green-stuff, which he took in the backest of back kitchens, among Mrs. Bush's pails and mops and brooms and black-lead brushes; that industrious ma-tron holding her principal kitchen, with its snow-white hearthstoned flags and shining range, a chamber for too sacred for the detilement of daily meals, and preferring to eat and drink as it were on the outskirts of Brierwood, Very quiet was Mr. Bush's usual return from his afternoon labour, nay, indeed, somewhat furtive and sneaking of aspect was Mr. Bush in a general way, as of a man who had never solved the mystery of his own existence, and felt himself more or less a mistake or superfluous atom in the scheme of creation. To-day, however, he approached the back kitchen with a victorious air, full to the brim and overflowing with startling information, and, unduly clated by the sense of his abnormal condition, no longer a man to be curtly told to eat his tea and look sharp about it, as Mrs. Bush wanted to clean herself, and wasn't going to have her back kitchen cluttered up with tea-things all the evening; a man to be deferred to rather, as the possessor of a treasure which it was in his power to impart or withold,

"Well I' he began, with a pompous air, seating himself at the narrow window table beside the window ledge, where the blacking-brushes lived, and whence came a pungent odour of

Day and Martin diluted with vinegar.

"Well, what? cried Mrs. Bush sharply, as she howed the big loaf with a broad kitchen knife. "Lord, how the man do stare! Don't sit with your mouth open like a searcerow. What's the matter now?"

"O, well," growled Mr. Bush, "if you don't want to hear nothink, I don't want to talk. There's no call to take me up short like that, as if you was a going to snap my nose off."

"It ain't handsome enough to tempt folks snapping at it," the matron replied contemptuously; "you look as big and puffed out as a Christmas turkey this afternoon. I suppose you've been loitering about Clevedon way in-stead of doing your work, and have heard somethink more about the murder."

"I haven't been loitering nowheres; but I may have heard somethink for all that," returned the outraged Bush, with a wounded air.

"Well," said Mr. Bush solemnly, with his mouth half-full of bread-and-butter, and a Cos lettuce in his right hand poised over the salt-cellar; "the inquis is over; and as I come along the road home, who should come up along of me but Sam Grinway, and says he, "Well, Bush, have you heard this here about the inquis?" and says I, "No, Samuel; is the inquis over?" and says he, "Yes, and I bin up by the west lodge and heerd all about it. They've brought in a verdick again Joseph Flood, Sir Francis's groom, and they've took him; and it was all along of Bond's daughter as he wa jealous of, and she'd been carryin' on shamful with this here Mr. Arkwright, which was a swell from London; and Joseph went proling about after dark with his gun—and took and shot him !"

"A bold-faced hussy I" cried Mrs. Bush in dignantly. "I allus said she was no good, flaunting and flaring with her starched print frocks and neck-ribbons, in spite of her father being as pious a Primitive Methody as you'd find between here and Maidstone. Why, it's her that ought to be hung, if there was or reason in the law of the land, and not the young man as did it."

Mr. Bush chumped his green-stuff meditatively, and responded to this proposition only by a dubious shake of his head. This tracing of dubious shake of his head. criminal acts back to their first causes was an advanced idea which he hardly saw his way

"Joseph Flood did it," he said, " and Joseph Flood must swing for it. The gal may ha' been flightly, I won't say as she wan't, but gals; they've as good a right to that saying as b'ys has to be b'ys."

"Hah !" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, with sup-pressed contempt, "if a gal happens to be "oodlooking, every fool in the parish will stand up for her. Lord a-mercy, Mr. Redmayne, what

turn you did give me, to be sure !"

This ejaculation was evoked by the apparition of Richard Redmayne looking in at the open lattice. He had come to the window in time to hear the news about Joseph Flood. "Is Flood in prison?" he asked, with an

ashen face which struck terror to the soul of

"Yes, sir; the've put him in Kingsbury lock-up, if Samuel Grinway speaks the truth, and I never knowed Samuel to tell a false-hood."

Mr. Redmayne waited to hear no more, but walked away from the window, went into the house to refresh himself with a final nobbler, and then set his face towards Kingsbury. No innocent man should lie in duance for his

* Lor, Bush P cried the matron in a feeble voice, as ifready to sink swooning on the back-kitchen bricks; " did you ever see any one so gashly pale as master was, when he looked in at that winder? If Joseph Flood had been his own son, he couldn't have look more took

CHAPTER XLV.

F BY THE SAME MADNESS STILL MADE BLIND."

Richard Redmayne skirted the fields once more by the familiar track, beholding the free and happy barley with indifferent eyes, all his agricultural instincts in abevance, with no room for any other thought in his mind than that he was going straight to his death. Not once did the steady course of his thoughts swerve from that direct line; not once did he speculate on remote possibilities of es ape from the law's worst penalty. He was going to give himself up to justice; he was going straight to

Strange how his thoughts fled yonder, even in this dire hour, over the width of half the world, to that other land where the skies are brighter and bluer, and the very air has an influence which makes men glad. O fair Gipps-land, never more should be wander on her plenty-yielding plains, or climb her mighty mountains; never more should he shoot wild duck on her inland seas, or follow the winding river from its upland water-shed, or spend adventurous nights hunting for strayed sheep; or sleep away the summer—noontide in the deep shade of a fern-tree gully, while his weary beasts enjoyed their spell close by; or shorthobble his horses under the moon on that liberal half-mile margin of pasture which the squatter's generous rule allows to the traveller's cattle. All that bright free open-air life was lost to him; and it seemed to him now, in this sudden darkness which he deemed the shadow of a swift advancing doom ---it seemed to him now that he might have been happy at Bulrush Meads even without Gracey—with a lessened happiness, of course, but still with a heartfelt appreciation of that bounteous land, and all it

could yield him.

By one hasty mistaken act he had cut himself off for ever from these things. It would have been sad even, dying peacefully on his bed at Brierwood, to consider that he should see that n w world no more. How much harder, then, to face the horror of an ignomini-ous doom; to know himself the destroyer of that good old name which he would have given his life to uphold! And while suffering all this loss, to know that he left his daughter's temp-ter triumphant, his daughter's early death un-

avenged. That was the sharpest sting of all. He walked slowly, and lingered now and then on his way, sitting down to smoke his pipe, and think over his position. He was scarcely in a situation in which a man would down; the ripe corn melted into a soa of gold where the edge of the uplands met the western sky. It was a very beautiful world, on a small scale — a baby-world that had never attained to the vigour and grandeur of manhood, but had kept its infantine graces and childish dimples and smiles.

He looked at the peaceful scene fondly, with mournful loving eyes. How hard he had la-boured that he might keep Brierwood and his own good name! And now both were gonehis name rendered for ever execuble, his estate

confiscated as the property of a felon.
It was growing dusk as he crossed Kingsbury common. He had waited for that, not wishing to face the light of day when he should leave John Wort's cottage, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrists."

Very peaceful was the aspect of Kingsbury this calm summer evening. The unwonted bustle and excitement of the morning had worn itself out. There may have been a few "If you've got anything to say, say it," exclaimed Mrs. Bush, with supreme disgust; "if
there's anything in this mortial world as I
hate, it's shilly-shally."

world was it's easy too. In the mightly conclave in the
tap-room of the Coach and Horses, but that was
all. A murder is an appalling event in the
records of a country village; but people cannot records of a country village; but people cannot stand still to talk about it for ever; there

must come a period of exhaustion. Richard Redmayne went straight to the little office tacked on to Mr. Wort's dwelling, lifted the latch, and went in. He had a notion that the steward would be at work here to-night, but the office was empty-a dismal chamber to look upon in the dusk, with its unpainted match board walls, against one of which hung a di-Inpidated map of the Clevedon property, much scored about with a red pencil, its ink-splashed deal desk, and battered office stools. These shabby surroundings had the true business the your, to John Wort's mind. He could not have worked in a room with easy-chairs and a Turkey carpet, like Sir Francis Clevedon's study. His business faculties would have been stultified by a morocco and mahogany desk on which he could not splash his ink freely

Mr. Worl's housekeeper heard the door open and shut, and looked into the office from a door communicating with the kitchen.

"Is your master at home?" "No, sir. He's been at Clevedon all daybeen home for a bit of dinner, even. But I expect him at any minute."

"I'll wait, then," Richard answered shortly.
You don't mind my pipe, I suppose?" This was almost a superfluous question, since the office recked with stale tobag o.

"O dear, no, sir. Master's a rare one to smoke. The housekeeper retired, and Richard took out his black ned cutty-pipe. He smiled grim ly as he filled it. How long would he be al-

lowed this constant comforter? Would they let him smoke in prison? He filled and refilled his pipe, and sat smok ing on as the shadows deepened, till the wooden wall opposite to him was weiled in darkness. The woman peeped in and asked if

he would like a light, but he answered in the negative. He would rather sit in the dark, he By and by the moon began to climb the heaveny light sent a shudder through Richard Rodmayne's frame. That soft fatal radiance brought back the horror of last night.

"The moon's always been mixed up with witch-

cmft," he thought : "and there was something I'm not such a fool as to take one man for another in a light that I could have read my Bible by, if the devil hadn't blinded me."

It was past nine o'clock and broad moonlight when John Wort came home. He came in at the office door, his habitual practice, as he had generally letters or memorands of some kind to deposit in his desk before he could settle down comfortably to his evening meal; sometimes even a letter or two to write for the night post, or for hand delivery to some defaulting tenant. He came in to-night with a very weary air, and recoiled with a start at sight of the scated figure, half in moonlight, half in shadow.

"What's the matter now?" he said sharply,

not recognising his visitor.

" A good deal," answered Richard Red-"Redmaynet Why, what brings you here

again to-night? I thought you'd cut me."
"I'd good reason to do that, John Wort, for it was your lies that brought misery and death upon my poor child."
"My lies! What do you mean by that?"

asked the steward quietly.

He was not going to put himself in a passion with Richard Redmayne, a man whom he liked —whom he pitied with all his heart.

"What do you mean by calling me a liar, Rick? I never told you a falsehood in my

life."
"What? Not when you brought your master to my house, under a false name?"

" My master ! Why, man alive, what mad-

"Your master, who had a fancy for coming to our neighbourhood on the sly, and stealing a look at his own estate, like a prince in dis-guise; or like a sneak and a liar, as he is by nature, and as he proved himself by his acts. Twas you who brought him to Brierwood, John Wort; twas you who lied about him to my sister-in-law. She would never have opened my doors to a stranger but for your recommendation"

My master! My master at Brierwood!"

"Your master, Sir Francis Clevedon."

"Now, look here, Rick Redmayne," cried Mr. Wort, folding his arms upon the desk, and facing the farmer steadily in the moonlight, " make an end of this madness at once and for ever. Sir Francis was never in Kent, to my knowledge, until be came home to take posses-

sion of his estate just a year ago." Richard Redmayne laughed aloud-a scornful strident laugh.

"What, you'll face it out, will you? He never came to Brierwood? You never brought him there, and planted him on my foolish, money-grubbing sister-in-law as Mr. Walgry? Sir Francis Clevedon and your Mr. Walgry are

not one and the same?" " As there is a God above me, they are not!" answered Mr. Wort, firmly. "Hubert Walgrave lies dead at Clevedon Hall. He changed his name to Harcross when he married an

Richard Redmayne started to his feet. "What!" he cried, " is that the truth? Is it this man's likeness I've got here in my waistcoat pocket, the miniature that was sent to my girl? Why, it's the image of Sir Francis Clevedon! Do you mean to tell me that men—strangers—could be so much alike as that; as much like each other as twin bro-

"There was a striking likeness between Sir Francis and Mr. Walgrave, though not such a

close resemblance as you make out."

"Geta light and let me show you the miniature," answered Richard Redmayne. The steward struck a lucifer, and lighted an oil lamp that hung over his desk. Mr. Redmayne put the open locket into his hand with-

out a word. "Yes," said John Wort, looking at it gravely. "This is a portrait of Hubert Walgrave; very much flattered, I grant, and making him pretty near ten years younger than he looked of late years; but not by any means a bad likeness for

"His portrait!" exclaimed Richard, with suppressed exultation. "The likeness of the man who lies murdered at Clevedon Hall?" "Yes," answered the steward impatiently. " llow many times must I tell you the same

all that."

thing?" "Then God is just," oried Richard Red-

mavne : ' " You killed !" exclaimed Mr. Wort, aghast, staring at the furmer's triumphant face with unutterable horror in his own, him! You a murderer! Rick Rednayne, you

" No, John, not mad-not mad now, or mad then; never saner than when I fired that shot. Why, when I came home from Gippsland I meant to kill him."

"For God's sake, don't tell me that! What, you, Richard Redmayne—a man we've all liked and respected; you that anybody in Kingsbury would have trusted, or stood by, through thick and thin-you confess to a dastardly murder? " Not a dastardly murder. I tell you I meant

to have his life; was there anything less that would have wiped out the score between us two? If I'd asked him out to fight me—as gentlemen used to fight each other thirty years ago—do you think he'd have done it, or listen-I tell you there was no other of settling that account. I was bound to kill

John Wort looked at him for some minutes in silent wonder, biting his nails doubtfully. No one but a raging madman would have talked like this, surely; and yet this man was per-fectly calm and collected, and spoke with an air of conviction that was more strange than the fact of his guilt.

Good God! Rick Redmayne," he exclaimed at last, with a groan, "what have you done?"
"Killed the man who killed my daughter.

You call it murder ; I call it justice "Why, you don't even know that it was this

man poor Gracey went away with !"

"Don't I? What, not when he sent her his likeness? when he was the only one that ever had the opportunity of so much as ten minutes' walk with her? Why, this man lived in my house above a month; he was the only gentleman my Gracey knew—d—n him! Come, John Wort, you were a good friend to me in years gone by: speak the truth like a man. Have you any doubt that it was this fellow who tempted my girl away?"

" No," replied the steward emphatically, " I have not P

And then after a pause he went on. (To be continued.)





The Wearthstone.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Pre-

For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

For \$10.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates. For \$20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.

For \$40.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.
For \$15.00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872,

6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records For \$80.00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family

Records. \$60.00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1971 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Fa. vily

Every body sending a club of 5 will also receive one copy of the Family Record.

Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate

Young Ladies! young men! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and packet \$8.00 for your

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

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ANOTHER LOCAL STORY.

In an early number next month, we will commence the publication of another story of | gentlemen who had thought that their walking Montreal life, which will be entitled,

HARD TO BEAT.

The story is replete with incident, and contains several local sketches which cannot fail to be interesting. It is from the pen of

MR. J. A. PHILLIPS,

Author of "From Bad to Worse," &c.

and will be handsomely illustrated by our

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

We are sorry to notice, in a portion of the English press, a disposition to continue the discussion of the question of the Geneva Arbitration now that the decision has been declared, the award made, and the case closed. The Geneva Board was a Court of final judgment; there was no appeal from their decision -except the appeal to arms which the Court was specially intended to prevent-and it is puerile to go on fighting out dead issues after the judgment of the Court has been made. As to the justness of the award we have already expressed our opinion that it as nearly " pleased both sides" as any human judgment could be expected to do, and we have no doubt that the value of the decision, as settling many important points of international law, will be of more real account to England than the fifteen millions she will have to pay. With regard, however, to the payment by England there is a grain of comfort for the grumblers about the "large sum to be paid," which is frequently overlooked, which is, that altho' the English Government will have to pay fifteen millions to the American Government for distribution amongst the sufferers by the depredations of the Alabama and other cruisers, the American Government will also have to pay a large sum-probably more than \$15,000,000to the English Government for distribution amongst Englishmen who suffered loss at the hands of the American Government during the war. These claims are now before the Mixed Commission in Washington, and with reference to them a late issue of the N. Y. Sun says :-"The prospects of the English for a pile at least equal to the Alabama allowance are brightening. The mixed commission on British and American claims has decided adversely to the United States in fourteen questions of failure to appeal. Perhaps it would be as well to leave that fifteen million dollars in England send over a balance sufficient to settle the claims of British subjects promptly, and thus save interest." We would advise the croakers, therefore, to have a little patience, for as far as the money award of the Geneva tribunal goes, and, perhaps, they may not have much to complain after all.

A CURIOUS CASE.

We have frequently alluded in these columns to the laxity of justice in the United States: but one of the most curious cases of a perversion of justice comes to us from Kentucky, and is worth telling. A man named Roberts some time ago killed a man named Coates, was arrested and committed for trial, principally on the evidence of the sister of the deceased, who saw the deed committed. Soon after his committal for trial Roberts was released on bail, and at once began his efforts to silence the

one; far from trying to avoid her, or to intimidate her, or get her removed, he paid her most assiduous attention; he was most untiring in his efforts to please her, and succeeded so well that they were married a few days before the trial took plac , and Roberts was discharged for want of 'evidence, his wife not being eligible under the law to give testimony against him, and there being no other witnesses. Had his present wife been able to give evidence Roberts would, almost certainly, have been convicted and, perhaps, hung; but he adroitly managed to substitute the noose of Hymen for the noose of the hangman, and so escaped. This is certainly a curious and novel way of tampering with a witness and opens a wide field for legal speculation; if a lawyer has a client the principal witness against whom is a woman, he has only to endeavour to bring about a marriage between the two, and his case is safe ; beside this there remains the chance of a divorce suit shortly after so that the lawyer would make a good thing out of it both ways

EPIZOOTIC INFLUENZA.

During the past week trade has been partially paralysed in Montreal by a sudden, but not very dangerous, epidemic, which has been raging with terrible virutence, and attacking man's noblest friend, the horse The disease bas been spreading more or less over the country, but did not make its appearance here to any extent until about two weeks ago. For a few days trafic was almost suspended, the City Passenger Cars ceased to run; the Grand Trunk trucks all lay idle for want of something to null them about: cabs were—to use a commercial phrase-"scarce and dear:" and stout old days were over, found themselves forced to splash through the mud-of course it rainedor remain at home. The worst of the epidemic is now past, and, altho' a few good horses have died, partly from neglect, still the number will not be large, as the disease is not dangerous if taken in time, and the horse properly cared

THE LAWS DELAYS.

The world-renowned case of "Jaradyce vs. Jarnelyce" has been fairly out-rivalled in its power of duration, by a case which was called up in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, London, lately, and which was commenced in the year Seventeen hundred and twenty-five. Some three or four thousand pounds had been paid into Court up to 1760, at which point the case seems to have rested, and not to have been disturbed again until the 27th of July last, when an inquiry was directed by the Vice-Chancellor to find out who was entitled to the money which had been lying in the Court over one hundred years. So the case is not settled yet. and, with good nursing, may last another hundred years or so. We think this is about the longest case on record, and leaves the Tichborne farce completely in the shade with regard to the point of the power of lawyers to spin a case out.

LITERARY ITEMS.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

& Galpin. Montreal. Dansellent maga-The October number of this excellent magazine contains the opening chapters of F. W. Robinson's new story, "Little Kate Kirby," which promises to be very interesting, and is handsomely illustrated by Barnard. "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Hesba Stretton, is con-cluded, and sustains its interest well to the last. Katharine S. Macquoid, the author of "Patty," contributes a clever little sketch, in two chapters entitled "Victoire's Faith," with two good trations by J. D. Watson. Professor Henry Pawcett, M.P., furnishes two good articles on "The Poor Law and the Poor"; and there are a dozen or so other stories, sketches, poems, and several good illustrations. Cassell's is one of the very best English magazines we receive and we recommend it as always containing a large quantity of excellent reading matter, on various useful and entertaining subjects, besides one or two serials by the very best English authors. It contains, usually, about a dozen fine filustrations, and, taking into account the excellent manner in which it is made up, it is a marvel of cheapness, costing only sixpence a number. It can be obtained through Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is fully up to the usual standard. The Number opens with the sixth instalment of Porte Crayon's "Mountains." Junius Henri Browne concludes his "Down the Danube" in a second paper, con-taining thirteen beautiful illustrations. An important illustrated paper, by Edward Howland, describes the improvements in the social condition of their workmen instituted by the Bro thers Cheney, silk-manufacturers, in South Manchester, Connecticut. Jacob Abbott, in another illustrated article, "The Siren of Science," gives an interesting description of the mode of numbering sonorous vibrations. Go-neva—as the place chosen for the holding of the Arbitration Tribunal, the most significant event of our time—is a city upon which the eyes of the whole world have just been turned, and is therefore very properly made the subject of an exhaustive article, written by Ralph Keeler. and containing nineteen excellent and appro printe illustrations. There are four excellen ocems in this Number : "The Listeners," both pooms in this Number: "The Listeners," out the poom and the Illustration by Margarita Willotts; "The Great Mother," by Carl Spencer; a fourth "Improvisation," by Bayard Taylor; and "Release," by S. S. Comant. The sorials are continued, and the usual quantity of short stories, editorial matter, &c.

THE BUILDING ASSOCIATION JOURNAL, is the

Building Societies as its name implies. It connins a quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter, and the low price, 50 cents person., puts it within the reach of all.

DEXTER SMITH'S Paper for October contains Stranss' world renowned "Beautiful Blue Danube" waitzes, also Cathin's famous song "Darling Minnic Lee," and the usual quantity of musical and other good reading matter. The Magazine costs \$1 per year, and is well worth

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK. New York: Harper & Bro. Montreal: Dawson Brothers

One of the usual style of Comic Almanacks, finely illustrated by eighty original pictures by that prince of caricaturists Tom. Nust.

THE first number of the Dewr, a Turkish newspaper advocating social and political reforms. ecently appeared in Constantinople, but in duct of the government, the publication of further numbers was prohibited.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Lane's Arabic Lexicon, which, it will be remembered, was entirely burnt in the fire at Mr. Watts's printing-office, has now been reprinted from the only copy saved, and will be published shortly.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS. By Anthony Trol lope. New York: Harper & Bro. Montreal Dawson Brothers. Syo., cloth \$1.75.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the celebrated planist. had such an experience in Turkey! He was sent for, when in Constantinople, to thump out some music before the Sultan in the sernello. It wasn't an easy thing to do. "You are sent for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his high-ness is doing. His highness has just got up you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath — you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dresstaking his coffee, and you reprostrate yourself nt each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your plane is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosale of rare woods.
The immonse grand plano is placed on five
Turks! The wretched men support the crushish mass on their knees. "Why," you say, "I can't play on a five-Turk plano." It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one suppose sentiment of humanity makes yo After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization the plane is placed on its walegs again The Sultan appears. After all sorts chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his highness." Mr. De Meyer suppresess one detail, however. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when, at the end, the Sultan said he must be very tired, Mr. De Meyer convinced his highness of the contrary by moving round the gallery on his hands.

THE marks and demerits of tobacco have been discussed over and over again. Not even the frequent sight of eight or pipe in the mouth of boys not yet in their teens can suggest any thing new. Accepting the practice of smoking as a stubborn fact, the query is seriously made whether those who indulge in it do not abuse the privileges which this free country gives. There is no law against smoking in the streets, nor, limitedly, on steamboats, or on our city cars. But how often are ladies in our crowded thoroughfares nauseated by an invoterate smoker who is walking before them, regardless that every puff is blown directly into the faces that every pull is blown directly into the faces of the unfortunate beings, who often vainly at-tempt to pass before him. Will a thoughtful gentleman stand pulling his eight on the front platform of a car, when the clouds of smoke roll back through open windows and door, to the annoyance and disgust of every passenger ? There are rules pertaining to good manners and ordinary politeness which the truly well-bred man seldom forgets, even in public places, and when among strangers. His careful observance of the rights and comfort of others makes him at once as entirely distinct from the class of rough ill-brod, and soldsh persons who persist in doing what they please at all times, and in all places, caring not at all how many are incommoded by their conduct.

Can any of our readers who are familiar with curlous books inform us of any history of Gretna Green and of the strange marriages which have been celebrated there? The recent death of old Simon Lang, the last of the Gretna priests is generally spoken of in the Erglish newspa He was a weaver by occupation, and inherited the matrimonial business from his father. Each was called Bishop Lang. In early days, the average number of marriages at Gretna Green were about 60 annually; but the number in intertimes rose to 400. The fees ranged from a guinea to £50 and even more; though hard-up couples were sometimes united for dram of whisky. These marriages were regular according to the loose law of Scotland, which merely required a declaration by both parties in the presence of witnesses; yet, curiously Scotch lovers have been known to b themselves to Gretna when they might have been just as easily married at home. The Gretua practice was abundened in 1826, in con-sequence of the interference of the Ecclesiasti-cal Courts; but for the 50 years in which the Green was the resort of runaway couples, 198 gentlemen, 15 officers of the army, and 13 noble men were married there. These marriages are now formally prohibited by Act of Parliament.

EVERY summer some new method of destroying mosquitoes, or, at least, of driving them away from sleeping apartments, is hanounced. We have little faith in anything except a good close netting. Burning gum-camphor, putting raw beef by the bedside, stumbling to bed in the darkness, and all such devices are of little use. But somebody thinks he has made a dis covery, and recommends that the strongest mu-riatic acid be placed in a bottle and covered with the same quantity of strong red cod-liver oil, and the bottle thoroughly shaken, until a white-colored foam appears. If such foam does not rise, a small quantity of powdered lime should be added with a little water. Pour the mixture into a dish, and place it directly under the open window. The moment the mosquito enters, it is supposed to lose the scent of blood in consc quence of the combined odor of the oil and acid being more powerful than that of blood. coming suddenly perplexed, after scrambling and skirmishing about in the dark, the mosquito is led, as it were, instinctively into the mixture, where it is either drowned in the oil or burned and at once began his efforts to silence the title of a handsome little paper published in dangerous witness. His course was a novel Philadelphia, and devoted to the interests of to death by the acid. This seems to be an ex-

collent theory, and if it holds good in practice may be worth a good deal—to retuilers and cod-liver oil.

ONE Dr. Birdsdahl has given to the public some startling facts. He has discovered that the disagreeable odor that hangs about the the disagreeable odor that hangs about the streets of our city is, in a measure, due to the putrefying paste which the industrious bill-posters unremittingly place upon bill-boards, deadwalls, curb-stones, and awning-posts. He has found that there are between four hundred and five hundred persons employed in the work of covering all the exposed and unprotected surpasses the city with flour nasts. In this amfaces of the city with flour pasts. In this em-ployment each consumed daily nearly twenty liquid quarts of material, or about ten thousand liquid quarts in the aggregate. Aquart of this paste, as generally used with an ordinary white-washing brush, would cover about twelve square yards of surface, and consequently there were one hundred and twenty thousand square yards on putrescent material spread every twenty-four hours, or eight hundred and forty thousand square vards per week. This putrid mass is believe by Dr. Birdsdahl to breed disease and death to an alarming extent.

An Ingenious Yankee—so goes the story—has just invented a large revolving machine—a scoop-net-covered with lace, and put in notion by which, water, or steam—by which he puts mosquitoes to a profitable use—these insects being big and thick where he lives. Every revolution of the net draws in an ounce of mos quitoes; these are drowned by the wonderful machine, and a ton of them when thus collected makes a splendid dressing for land, worth \$45.

Mark twain and his english editor-

To the Editor of the London Spectator. Sir,-I only venture to intrude upon you be-

cause I come, in some sense, in the interest of public morality, and this makes my mission re-sponsible. Mr. John Camden Hotten, of London, has, of his own individual motion, republished several of my books in England. I do not protest against this, for there is no law that could give effect to the protest; and, besides, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven or carth in any country, as I understand it. But my little grievance is this: My books are bad enough just as they are written; then what must they be after Mr. John Camden Hotten has composed half a dozen chapters and added the same to them? I feel that all true hearts will bleed for an author whose volume have fallen under such a dispensation as this. If a friend of yours, or even yourself, were to write a book and set it adrift among the people, with the gravest apprehensions that it was not up to what it ought to be intellectually, how would you like to have John Canden Hotton sit down and stimulate his powers, and droot two or three original chapters on the end of the book? Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you? Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering. And suppose he should entitle these chapters "Holiday Literature," "True Story of Chicago," "On Children," "Train up a Child, and away he goes," and "Vengeance," and then, on the strength of having evolved these marvels from his own ornsciousness, go and "copyright" the entire book, and put in the title page a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket, and the legend "All Rights Reserved." (I only suppose the picture; still it would be a rather real thing.) And, forther suppose that by the next thing.) And, farther, suppose that in the kindness of his heart and the exuberance of his untaught fancy, this thoroughly well-meaning innocent should expunge the modest title which you had given your book, and replace it with so foul an invention as this: "Screamers and Eyeopeners," and went and got that copyrighted, too. And suppose that on the top of this ho continually and persistently forgot to offer you a single penny or even send you a copy of your mutilated book to burn. Let one suppose all this. Let him suppose it with strength enough, and then he will know something about wee. Sometimes when I read one of these additional chapters constructed by John Camden Hotter as If I wanted to take a broom-straw and go and knock that man's brains out. Not in

anger, for I feel none. Oh! not in anger; but only to see, that is all. Mere idle curiosity.

And Mr. Hotten says that one nom de plume of mine is "Carl Byng." I hold that there is no affliction in this world that makes a man feel so down-trodden and abused as the giving him a name that, down and belong to him. How him a name that does not belong to him. How would this sinful aborigine feel if I were to call him John Camden Hottentot, and come out in the papers and say he was entitled to it by divine right? I do honestly believe it would throw him into a brain fover, if there were not an insuperable obstacle in the way

Yes-to come back to the original subject. which is the sorrow which is slowly but surely undermining my health—Mr. Hotten prints unrevised, uncorrected, and in some respects spurious books, with my name to them as author, and thus embitters his customers against one of the most innocent of men. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore if my books are to disseminate either suffering or crime among readers of our lan-guage, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house, and then I would contem plate the spectacle calmly as the dividends

I am, sir, &c., SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain"). LONDON, Sept. 20, 1872.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—A great deal of damage has been done by the recent gales. Several small crafts have been swamped and their cargoes lost, and a large quantity of timbor and deals have been cast adrift from the different coves.— Several Government clorks have been dismissed for laziness.—A new steam saw mill is being erected at Gatineau Point for Mr. Chaurette. Others are in prospect.—The Ottawa High School has, by order in Council of the Lieut.-Governor, been creeted into a collegiate institute, its new status to come into effect on the 1st of November.—The Ottawa Iligh School has, by order in Council of the Lieut.-Governor, been creeted into a collegiate institute, its new status to come into effect on the 1st of November.—The Rev. M. M. Fothergill has been appointed School Inspector of the Protestant schools of the city of Quebec, in the place of the Rev. R. G. P. Leos, deceased.—Mr. Isanc Watson has retired from the Quebec Chronicle, after five years conduct of its editorial department. His retirement is regretted by his many friends, who admire both his character and abilities.—Information has been received of the arrival of the Red River contingent at Shebandowan on the 2nd. They expected to reach Fort Garry on the 19th.—Information has been received of the arrival of the Red River contingent at Shebandowan on the 2nd. They expected to reach Fort Garry on the 19th.—Information has been received of the departure of Sandford Floming from British Columbia a route for Ottawa after having been over the entire line of the proposed Canada Pacific Railroad.—The total number of clearances granted at the Ottawa Grown Timber out in Ontario, and 61 for timber out in Quebec.—The town of Sherbrooke, P.Q., is constituted an outport of Customs, and placed under the survey of the Port of Conticooke.—The work in the Patent Oflice has increased so largely since the passing of the new Act that the number of clerks required has been recall and the United States in larger numbers than ever known before.—Mr. Scott, architect to the Publi

new enlarged and improved gallery for gentlemen of the press reporting in the House of Commons.—
Judge Dunkin had one prisoner only to try at the Court of Queen's Bench, Sweetsburgh. The Court sat one hour. The prisoner was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for stealing a cost valued at forty cents. Mr. Buchanan, Crown prosecutor.—
A man named Keller, and his daughter-in-law, have created great sendal at a place called Ragged Chute, near Bristol's Corner, Pontiac, by cohabiting together. The morality-loving inhabitants were so much shocked that they rose in their might, tarrod and feathered the guilty pair, rode them on a rail, and afterwards ducked them in a freg pond.— All the men who have been serving in the Manitoba volunteer force, and are entitled to discharge, have taken them at Fort Garry, except 85 men, who are returning to their homes in Ontario and Quebec. These 85 men left Fort Garry, or Thunder Bay route on the 7th instant, and may be expected to reach Toronto before the end of the month. Many of the men discharged at Fort Garry have accopted employment under the Government Boundary Commission for the winter.

non discharged at Fort Garry have accopped employment under the Government Boundary Commission for the winter.

United States.—Major Patrick H. King, formerly warden of the Washington Jail, and his companion, Benjamin Cooley, who were ledgers at the Old Rye House, Washington, neglected to turn off the gas in their room lately. Major King was found dead in the morning and Coaley was nearly suffected, but is slowly recovering.—Two freight trains collided near Newark, N. J., on 15th inst., killing a brakesman and wrecking several care.—The unveiling and presentation to the city of New York of Wallor Scott's monument will take place on the 25th October.—A Washington dessatch states that Vice-President Coffax has been tendered the editorial management of the New York Tribuse.—Five hundred eigar makers are on strike in New York for additional pay per thousand.—It is stated that Secretary Boutwell and Treasurer Spinner will both bring before Congress the subject of negutating for the remaining three hundred millions of the five percent. funding town.—The bricklayers' strike in Chicago is seriously interfering with the work of rebuilding the city. About one-half of the contractors have needed to the demands; the romainder appear to be firm in their intention to hold out.—The Brownsville stommer brought news that Sheriff Murtin. of Stowe county, was fatally shot at in Rio Grande city by a Mexican, while intempting to quell a disturbance at a fandange. The assessin fled to Moxico.—The bakers of New York contemplate to strike for 12 hours a day and \$15 a week. They now work 18 for \$12.—Willie, the youngest son of Joff. Davis, died of diptheria at Memphis, on 16th inst.—At Hickman's Mills, on Thursday, William and Harrison Young, sons of a wealthy farmor, quarrelled about a proposed marriage of their sister to a man manued Clemens. when Harrison procured ashot general strike in a special property to the extent of \$100,000. Sone six hundred men thrown out of singlement. The Captain reports that the barque Helen Snow, Capt.

with the best bronch-loading guns and fixed ammunition.

ENGLAND.—A passenger train on the Eastern Counties Railway ran oil the track near Kelveden station, twelve miles from Chelmsford, on 15th inst. The cars were precipitated down a high embankment and dashed to pleees. One lady was killed outright, and twenty-three other passengers were seriously wounded, many of whom are not expected to recover.—A great meeting of Internationalists is to be held in Hyde Park on the 30th of November.—An agitation has begun for the abolition of florging at Newgate as a ponalty for crime. Many letters have appeared in the Times and other journals, urging the discontinuance of the barbarous practice.—The San Jacinto, the pioneer steamship of the time to be established between Galveston and Liverpool, was launched on Saturday. The San Antonio, another vessel of this line, is nearly completed.—Five thousand labourers in the dooks in Liverpool are on strike.—The suit brought against Mr. Thomas H. Dudley, U. S. Consul at Liverpool, by a man maned Alacott, who enlisted as seaman on the privateer Alabama, for componsation for detention at Liverpool as a witness, by order of Dudley, at the time the Alabama sailed, has just been brought to a conclusion, and resulted adversely to plaintiff. The Court decided that the Geneva Tribunal had settled all questions connected with the Alabama case, and directed the verdict to be entered for the defendant.—The steamship Nura from Liverpool of Bombay, and Parthia from New York for Liverpool, were in collision on lith inst. In St. George's Chaunel. The Parthia was slightly damaged. The injuries to the Nura, if any, are not reported.—Parliament will re-assemble on the 18th of December. reported. - Par 18th of December.

reported.—Parliament will re-assemble on the 18th of December.

France—The postal treaty between France and the United States reducing the rates of postage nearly one-half, has been approved by the State Departments of the two countries. It has been submitted to the French Minister of Finance, who will consider the pecuniary features of the Treaty, and from whom a favorable report is expected. After that the early exchange of ratification is expected.—President Thiors said he had received information that the released Communists, now in Paris, had in their possession 2,000 bombs similar to those used by Orsiniand his compatriots, when they attempted to assassinate ex-Emperor Nupoleon in 1853.—Uardinal Bouncehose, who has just returned from a visit to the Holy See, assures President Thiers that the Pope will romain in Rome.—Prince Napoleop will be escorted to the frontier by a military guard.—It is rumoured that M. Thiors has requested Victor Emmanuel to recall Chevalier Nigra, Italian Minister to France, because he is a Bonapartist.

Cuna.—A decree has been issued greating new and

tor to France, because he is a Bonapartist.

Cuna.—A decree has been issued creating new and increasing old taxes, to meet the deficit in the budget and provide for the future expenses of the war. It establishes a tax af \$24 on every slave out; doubles the present expert duties and the war tax on real estate, and increases the war tax on imported goods 10 to 25 per cent on the present amount of duties. The decree is to go into effect on the 1st of January, 1873.—The difference between the receipts and expenditures of the Island is \$13,500,000.

—The Havana journals report the discovery of a conspiracy in the Guessa district, near Bayane, saying that the Cubians intend to rise and capture and kill those favoring the Spanish cause and their movements. The Spanish General had eight of the conspirators shot.

Syan.—In the Cortes, on Saturday, a debate arese

spirators shot.

Prime Minister Zorrilla told the House that no reforms could be introduced in Cuba while a single man remained in arms against the Government. As for Porta Rica, the Grevernment would keep its promises, and it would do nothing to joopardise the preservation of the colonists.

The Cortos, by a vote of 205 against 68, as voted the roply to the address from the Throne. Those who voted in the negative were Republicans and Alphonsists. There are new ten vacancies in the Cortes, and elections for members to fill them have been ordered for the 3rd of November.

Gremany.

Gremany.

been ordered for the 3rd of November.

GENMANY.—A special despatch from Berlin says it is believed in official circles in that city that the decision of the Emperor William on the San Juan Boundary question will be favorable to the government of the United States.—The North German Gazette gives authoritative denial to a current report that Prince Bismarck's health was so bad that his leave of absence has been extended for three months.—Prince Frederick Henry Albert, the brother of the Emperor William, died at Berlin on 15th inst.

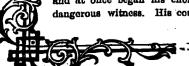
18th inst.

Brigium.—A man who participated in the Communist revolt in Paris, has surrendered himself into the custody of the police magistrates of Brussels, and made a declaration. He was an accomplice of Troppinan, who murdered an entire family near Paris. An examination of the mental condition of the man showed him to be of sound mind.

ITALY.—Twonty one new books have been added to the index expurgatorius.—The German Bishops have protested to the Pope against the molestation of the Prussian Government.

JAPAN.—A dosp atch from the East says that a rail-way between Yok chama and Yeddo in Japan has been formally ope ned by the Mikado. JANAICA.—The submarine telegraph between Ja-maica and Panaina is now in working order, and has been thrown open to public business.

EGYPT.—Hassan, the son of the Khehive, will soon start on a tour round the world. He will be absent for three years.



PICTURES IN THE COALS.

BY M. A. HOLLINGWORTH.

Companion I've none, yet I feel not alone, For into bright coals I am gazing! And fancy doth see a was company Of people and things, most amazing!

Oh mother, the best I Though gone to thy rest Ero mem'ry could stamp thy sweet face On a page of my brain, in that fanciful train Thy image the first do I truce.

When saddest my heart, thoughts of thee always

start,
The gloom from my spirit dispelling—
An angel of light, thou scom'st to my sight
Of the bright beyond ever telling.

My angol has fied! and I see in its stead Other plotures of friends I have known; They, too, from this life of serrow, and strife, On death's wings from his kingdom have, lidow

And near to my view, seem the living ones too.
Though occass between may be rolling!
Tis a mugical pen, funcy makes now and then,
The shapes in the coals thus centrolling!

Then plain to my sight, is a future made bright By the coals that discover its face! How varied and fair are those "eastles in air," Where serrow or gloom have no place!

But reality now o'vershadows my brow, And darkness the page thus depicted, I awake with a start, for I know in my heart That the coals are of lying convicted!

Though fancy may see, it is not for me The events of the future to know, What time shall unfold, is never foretold, Who shall say it is not better so?

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

. CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

I hope that among my hundred and one faults, as a story-teller, the gentle render will not accuse me of wilfully spinning out my tales with unnecessary details. If I do ever dwell for too long a time upon one subject, it is, believe me, in my innocence. I am endeavouring to convey to your mind a clear perception of the scene index treatment at a present to me.

What occasion is there, though, for prolonging this conversation at the breakfast-table, highly interesting as it doubtless must have been to the two parties concerned. I left off by pretty Miss Pheebe's saying, that

she "never-never-never could think of doing

I trust, however, that I do not number among

my readers any one so unjust to the ladies as to suppose that she kept her word.

Of course, she did think of it. Of course, she went. Of course she did not find her friends.
Of course she looked for them.

Now mind, I am most particular about this last. I therefore repeat it—of course she looked

He was a most agreeable gentleman, this Mr. Hardwicke. He was so polite. He was so evidently full of deep admiration, and yet so respectful.

spectful.

He was so grieved, too, that their search should prove fruitless, and he said that he would nover forgive himself for having spoilt her day's pleasure. But whether or not her day's pleasure had been spoilt, is a question which it would be difficult to answer satisfactorily.

Shows I am offeld, foolish follows and

She was, I am afmid, a foolish, frivolous girl, this pretty Phobe, the belle of the village, and a flirtation with a real gentleman was not an every-day occurrence.

She, therefore, sat by his side, looking very beautiful and happy, and was, perhaps, a little sorry when Hardwicke infimated, early in the afternoon, that they should turn the horse

Foolish, vain little creature; she did not no-

tico the sucoring looks cast at her as she passed along. She little thought what misery this day's pleasure-making would bring about.
Heedlessly she smiled and chatted, all unmindful of the opinion of the village people.
She meant no harm, it is true; but, oh! my young lady readors, this is a decaytable light. young lady roaders, this is a dreadfully ill-disposed world of ours, and slanderously inclined, and, believe me, it is not sufficient only to mean well, but one must pretend a little too; and by the way, I am not quite certain that you need mean well at all, if you only pretend hard

The smooth-spoken, smiling gentleman, was name than that fickle-minded, thoughtless damsel was berself.

He proposed, that when they neared the vil-lage, that she should alight at a spot where a footpath led across the fields to her father's inn. and that he should drive on alone

Acting upon this advice, the young lady alighted, and bidding him a kughing adjou, quitted her handsome cavaller with a bright flush, which, perhaps, his lips had left burning upon hor check, and pursued her way at a brisk pace

what nousonse had he been filling her pretty head. His fine speeches were yet buzzing through her brain, and she smiled triumplantly as some thought occurred to her-pro-bably how the other village maddens would envy her were she to become a tine lady-and

nt was more likely? But the bushes of the path-side were, all at once, roughly torn asunder, and a tall figure

once, roughly before her.

She uttered a little scream at the sight of the new-comer's sordid attire and grimy countenance. She thought, at first, that he was a robber, and was influitely relieved to flui, instead, that it was only her loutish lover, the willness blocker; ith. villago blacksraith.

But though this discovery at first afforded her some amount of satisfaction, it soon gave way to a feeling of indefinite alarm when her eyes fell upon the forbidding scowl which disfer Rourko's face, which seemed to her full of threatening import.

She was not going to show her fear though, and she therefore greeted him with a prodigious exhibition of self-reliance.

Why, bloss me, how you frightened one. Mr. "Yes, I did; and I was greatly relieved to

recognise your interesting countenance, which," sho added, with a laugh, "is not a very easy matter through all the smoke and cinders you

seem to be so fond of plastering it with,' "It's not such a handsome face as some folks have, may be," replied the blacksmith, with a

" No!" she said, protending not to understand to whom the allusion was made, and yet feeling in her heart that it must be to her late

he cried flercely; "and to one who's not asbamed of it!

"Very right, too," replied Miss Phœbe, making a desperate effort to appear at her case.
"And very praiseworthy; but, it you will allow me to puss, I want to got home."
"You're in a hurry?" · I nm."

He looked up as he spoke, and she met his gaze boldly, though, secretly, her heart quaked with fear. "Let me pass, then, if you please?" she said.

with all the determination she could throw into a soft, musical voice.
"I want to speak to you."

"I want to speak to you."
"What do you want, Mr. Rourke? I'm in a great hurry. If you have anything to say, cannot you talk as we walk along?"
"No! I want to talk to you now—here. This is the best time and place!"
It was a very lonely place that he had chosen, well hidden by high hedges from the sight of

well indeen by high hedges from the sight of any passer by on the road, at about a couple of hundred yards' distance.

Yes, it was very lonely. There was no one by, and it was growing dusk.

In spite of her ciforts to appear at her case, it was plain enough to see that she was well-nigh frightened out of her life.

that half his time he had not the vaguest idea

what he was talking about.

Indeed, how could be think of sunsels? He had not yet recovered from the blank astonishment into which Eleanor's strange conduct had thrown him.

Meanwhile, his friend eyed him steathily,

Mounwhile, his friend eyed him steatthily, with now and then a faint smile crossing his lips, full of a certain steatthy joy which the sight of Jerrold's trouble caused him.

Yes, it certainly was so, though it would invebeen very difficult—if, indeed, it were not wholly impossible—to have explained the cause. Towards this man, who had saved his life, Percy Hardwicke cherished a bitter hurred, and longriactwicke cheristica inter nured, and long-ed for some opportunity of doing him some in-jury. I have heard such a character, when it has appeared in a work of detion, described as grossly amatumi. And yet Shukspere knew human nature well, and yet could draw us an

And in real life are not such monsters every day to be found who do evil for the very love of it?—who ruin happy homes, stab reputations, work heaven only knows what dire mischief, without any hope of gain, without any end to

was plain enough to see that she was well-nigh frightened out of her life. "There is something wrong in this little frightened out of her life. "The blacksmith glared stereely into her white chuckle----"something wrong about the presid-

Jerrole thought that she was in pairs, came back to her side.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she answered, that gh she spoke with an evident effort.

"I am sure there is something !"
"No!"

"Certain ?"

"Quite certain?"
She spoke with a smile—a very faint smile it was, and he felt far from satisfied by her reply. But he must be satisfied he thought, and again turned to go, But again she stopped him.

" You will ask him to stop, Edward?"
"Oh, yes, of course,"
She made no answer, but as he stood with his

She made no answer, out as he stood with his hand upon the door, the question struck him as being rather a strange one, and he looked towards her, wondering.

"Why?" he asked, at length. "Would you

rather I did not?"

"You will be vexed." "You will be veren, or I! Tell me what you want."
"I should prefer your sending him away, if you do not mind."

"I do not mind, but—but— "Well, dear?"

" Pon't you think that is -- he'll fancy it's rather strange, won't be ?"

slender wrist, squeezing her as though she had been in a vice.

"Let me ge, Mr. Rourke!" she cried, struggling with him with all her little strength.

"What do you want! How dare you stop me? I will tell my father of you!"

"Hold your tongue!" he said, in a low, but savage tone. "What do you think I care who you tell? What do I care for all the village? I am as good a man as the best of 'em."

"Leave go of my arm, if you please, you're "Leave go of my arm, if you please, you're

Stop a moment, I want to speak to you."

"What do you want?"
"I want to know where you have been to-

What right-

"Will you tell me?"
"I have been to the fair."
"With whom?"
"I don't know what you mean! You're hurting my wrist! I will not tell!"
"I will know!" he thundered. "Who was 11.2"

"The gentleman who is stopping at our house usked if I would like a lift-

"And you sald, yes." "There was no harm in that, I suppose. And

"Haven't I a right to do what I think at ?"

What right have you to question me?" "Only the right of your having promised to be my wife. And if that's not enough, I make it so. Listen here!"

He dragged her towards him as he spoke, and the expression on his face was so full of vindic tive fury, that she trembled like a leaf as she thought of her utter helplessness in the power of the ruffian who threatened her.

"Listen here!" Rourke hissed into her ear brough his elenched teeth. "If you do not through his clenched teeth. drop this tomfoolery with that scented kilot who is making love to you, I will out your throat and his. Do you hear? I am not joking, mind. Now you can go."

She ran from him, and ran home without turning her head; and Rourke, having for a few moments gazed after her retreating form laughed a low sardonic laugh of triumph, and

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

When Mr. Miles's smiling guest stepped through the open window from the lawn into Edward Jerrold's drawing-room, he found its owner standing silent and motionless upon the spot where his wife had left him staring, like one in a dream, at the door which a moment before had closed upon her retreating form.
"Well, Captain," said Percy Hardwicke, laying his hand lightly upon his friend's shoulder,

"You seem to be in a brown study. What is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," roplied the other, turn-

ing round and hughing rather uneasily as he spoke. "I was only thinking."
"Composing poetry, I should say, by the look of you. A sequel to, 'Cease, rude Boreas,' ch, all follows?"

"No, no. It was—that is, it does not matter a straw what it was, does it?

"Cortainly not, if you wish it. What a fine sunret, is it not? I hope that Mrs. Jerrold is quite well to-day, and that I shall have the "Yes, yes. She will be here directly, I sup-

pose. She is quite well—that is, not very well—th teast—It's a very beautiful sunset."
And the poor Capitala, in his great confusion, made believe to admire the sky, and to point valler. "It cortainly isn't very handsome." | made believe to admire the sky, and to point "It belongs to an honest man, at any rate!" | out its beauties, though it was evident to see

siender wrist, squeezing her as though she had been in a vice.

"Let me go, Mr. Rourke!" she cried, strugwonder what it was about? I hope it was about me?" While these thoughts were passing through

his brain, his smooth face wore its accustomed mask, imperturbable as ever, with the customary smile upon his lips, carling up the ends of his pointed moustache

Jeroid did not notice him, for he was too anxious about the subject which had for some time past occupied his mind. When he had exhausted the sunset, he struggled valuly to find some other matter for conversation. His smiling friend not helping him, he presently sub-sided into an uneasy silence, during which he, in his old fashion, paced to and fro, pausing every moment to listen intently when he faucled that he heard the rustle of a dress in the

passage without.
"I wonder where she is?" he said aloud; and then, next moment, added, "She will be here in a moment, I have no doubt." But the moment was a very long one. Many

moments passed-half an hour more, and yet Eleanor came not.

"It is the same thing over again," thought Hardwicke—"exactly the same sort of enter-talament we enjoyed last night. This lady cortainly ought to be worth looking at when she make her appearance, seeing what a doal of waiting there has to be before the happy moment arrives."

As the time was slowly creeping on, and yet there were no signs of dinner, Hardwicke, who felt hungry after his ride, took out his watch, and noistly opened the case.
"Am I slow, I wonder?" he said, alond. "I

don't think my sea bath improved Mr. Jones's watch, and yet they are the best watches in London sold at his shop in the Strand. What time do you make it?"

"Half an hour past dinner-time. Your watch is perfectly correct. I wonder where she is? I think I had better send for her." He rang the bell as he spoke, and upon a servant making her appearance, sent to inquire whether Mrs. Jerrold was coming down to the

drawing-room. After a delay of a few minutes, the girl returned to say her mistress was coming, but a long time clapsed, and yet she did not make

r appearance.

Jerrold paced to and fro with gathering impatience. His smiling friend held his watch in his lands, and seemed to be extremely amused by the delay. He was so very placid and amiable a gentleman, what could possibly have

disturbed him? But at length Jerrold rang the bell, and again ent a message up-stairs. Presently an answer arrived. Mrs. Jerrold

was very unwell, and unable to come down.
Would Mr. Hardwicke kindly excuse her? Jerrold started up, and without a word to his companion, quitted the room, and rushed upstairs to his wife's room.

wife's room. He found her there, looking dreadfully ill, deadly pale, and shivering violently.
"My darling," he cried, "what has happened? What alls you? Tell me, shall I send for

n doctor 😷 "No, no!" she cried, eagerly. "There is no consion for that. It is only a violent headachs. I have been subject to them since you left. Sometimes they are very bad. You won't think me unkind in keeping my room, will you,

"The idea of asking such a question!" he said, in surprise, "Of course you musn't dream of coming downstairs. I'll try and make Hardwicke comfortable; and, besides, there are plenty of other days except to-day."

She turned away her head, and appeared for

a moment to be lost in thought, her hand cover-

though.

"Not if you make a good excuse."
"No, to be sure, as long as......"
"Yes."

"As long as he doesn't think it rude and an-

kind, I shouldn't like that."

"He will not do that, I should think." "No, no. Certainly not. He's a very sensible sort of fellow, with no nonsense about him. I wish you had been able to see him. But you

"Oh, yes," she made answer, with a ready smile, "when I am well enough."

"Oh, yes," she made answer, with a ready smile, "when I am well enough."

"You didn't tell me, though," said Jerroid, coming once more to a halt, upon his way to the door, "what your reason was for wishing him to go."

"No your must relate up though your

"No; you must not ask me, though, now. My head achos so. You won't ask me, will you, and you won't think it unkind of me, and you will send him away as soon as you can after

Just for half a moment a faint idea that this request, which his young wife had made, was extremely childish and unreasonable flushed through his mind, but the open-hearted, honest

satior was not of a nature long to harbour such a thought about one whom he so loved.

He left the room then, and slowly descended the stairs, pondering rather uneasily upon the

office which he had to perform.

Before entering the room, he came to a pause upon the door mat, and cogliated profoundly, for at least a couple of minutes, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Indeed, what conclusion could be arrive at? The position in which he was placed was an extremely

disagreeable one, and the more he thought of it, the less he liked it. However, he never yet had turned tail in the hour of danger and difficulty. He must not be afraid now. Presently some idea would occur to him. Presently!

And so the Captain turned the kandle of the door, and entered the room in which he had left his smiling friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE MOUNTAGET.

Does it not so often happen that when one expects to meet with some great difficulty, that the path proves instead smooth and easy; and, vice versa, when all looks so smiling and sunshiny, thunder-clouds are, unseen, gathering overhoud, and a storm browing, which will prosently burst with violence about one's unsus-

pecting ears?
The Captain walked into the dining-room for all the world as though he were upon his way to execution, thinking what a difficult and disagree-able task was awaiting him, and wondering how on earth he could acquit himself thereof

with any amount of credit.

But nothing of the kind was required.

He took his place before his friend, to whom he explained briefly the sudden illness of his wife, and blundered out some incoherent senences to the effect that Percy Hardwicke musi not upon any account allow this disagreeable incident to throw a shadow over the entertain-

But Hardwicke hardly heard half of what the Captain had to say, when he interrupted him by springing to his feet and protesting that he must

"Off!" repeated Jerrold. "Of course, my dear fellow!"
"Why, of course?"

"Simply, because I'm in the way."
"No, no!" replied the Captain, very faintly

"Yos, yes!" repeated Hardwicko, heartily. "Don't talk to me, for I won't listen to a sentence you have to say. I'm in the way, of course, and so shall take the liberty of taking myself off. Now, not a word, old fellow. Surely, there ought to be no feeligh coremony be-

Jerrold thought that she was in pain, and tween us two. Don't I owe you enough already

when as two. Bon't I owe you enough already—don't I owe you my life ?"

He shook hands heartly with his host, and laughingly hade him good-bye, protesting that he would fare capitally at his lin, and there was not the slightest necessity for apology.

The Capital looked after his retrenting form, feeling a little bit ashumed of himself for having allowed his cuest to make your matter preliming.

allowed his guest to go away quite so easily and with so little resistance. But then he wasso glad he was gone—so happy to get rid of him.

Are not the most generous hosts at times, glad to get rid of their dearest friends? Not because they never want to see them again, but because, just at that time, they have had enough, and too much of their company.

The Captain thought though, as he watched Hardwicks brightly ascending the bill side that

The Capitain thought though, as ne watened Hardwicko briskly ascending the hill-side, that his friend had neted very well in the little scene I have described. Yes, the smiling gentleman had, of a verity, risen at least a hundred per cent in the honest sailor's estimation.

There had been, sometimes, a triting want of frankness and sincerity noticeable in some of

Percy flurdwicke's airy talk, which rather arred upon his friend's our, but the open-hearted style in which those few hist words had been spoken, left a very favourable and lasting impression upon Jerrold's mind, which was not easily cradiented; and, though in time he came to know the hypocrite in his real colours, and to value him for what he was

the hypocrite in his real colours, and to value him for what he was. Perhaps, though, if he had been able to see the expression of his friend's face as he walked up the hill, he would not have been quite so pleased. A black cloud crossed Pergy's usually bland and manty countenance, and he savagely clenched his teeth as he muttered to himself, and ill-mannered boor," he said, a What could I expect else? And this fanciful woman, too! What does it mean, I should like to know? There's more in it than meets the eye, that's certain; and what is as certain too, is, that I will find the secret out. And then, my hady, and then my boorish friend, I won't forget the grudge I owe you." grudge I owe you."

The grudge he owed them! It was strange what grudge he could owe this man, who had saved his life—who had offered him nothing

but kindness from the first moment be made his acquaintance; and yet certain enough was it that there was a deep-rooted iii-will in Hardwicke's broast, which, growing and growing, burst forth, at last, into open animosity. Why was it so?

Why was it so t I cannot help pausing again to ask the ques-tion aithough I have no hope of finding an an-

Why did thousp, in the falle, turn upon and bite the soft-hearted husbandman, who, finding it freen, brought it home to warm it on his hearth?

Why do those who borrow our money hate us, and those who cheat us, bear us more ani-mosity than we ever hear them? But philosophising is dull work, and the Cap-

But philosophising is dull work, and the Cap-tain is impation to see how fares his young wife, and I am afraid that as yet I am getting on but slowly with this story, which will in the end have, perchance, some dark and terrible scenes in it, attiough, as yet, the interest may seem to belong most in that which is called "mild domestic."

Traplette batter ways blanus to some ar

Hardwicke being gone, Eleanor, to some extent, revived. She was not, however, well enough to leave her room, nor, indeed, to given y explanation of her motive for wishing Hard⁶ my explanation of her incitive for wishing flarter wicke to be gone, except in some sort, of vagn¹⁰ fashion to intimate that she was afraid sh-might grow worse, and then Mr. Hardwicke would have been uncomfortable had be stalp

under their roof. No great explanation, however, was necessary,

Nogreat-explaination, however, was necessary, for Jerrold was only too happy to find that her illness was not more serious.

She would not leave her room again, and lay wrapped up warmly on a couch by the fire; so that Jerrold having swallowed a few mouthfuls of dinner came upstairs to sit by her side and read to her.

The time passed planeauty appears the passed and the course of the passed planeauty appears the passed of the passed planeauty appears the passed of the passed planeauty appears the passed of the pas

The time passed pleasantly enough, and it was only upon one occasion when she had a relapse, and was speechless with pain.

iapse, and was specifies with path.
This happened when they were talking together, and in the course of conversation the
Captain had asked her some question about the
errand which had taken her out upon the pre-

vious evening.
The matter was soon enough forgotten, though, or there was nothing in it to make any impression upon his mind.

sion upon its mind. After this, though, she said that she felt very much worse, and would like to go to hed. Again he asked her whether he should summon medical assistance.

"No, no?" she roptical, with the same manifestation of engerness that she had previously

should be much easier in my inind."

No, no-there is no occasion. "If you are sure that it is nothing serious-"And can you ascribe no cause for the at-

Luck ?'

"Oh, yes; I think it is, perhaps, because I require change of air. I do not think that this falley agrees with me very well. But never "Never mind!" cried the Captain, impetu-

ously. "But we will mind! You shall go away to-morrow. Why did you not say so before? Where shall we go? Where would you like to go? Tell me!" Was it possible that the words she had spoken

were spoken thoughtlessly, and that she at the time had not entertained any idea of the possibility of a change of score It is not easy to say, but it is certain that his roply startled her considerably.

Instead of making any reply, she sat gazing at the rod embers in the grate with a strange intensity, as though she were rapidly turning over in her mind some elaborate scheme of ac-

He paid no attention to her, and presently went down stairs to fetch a book from the wont down stairs to fetch a nook from the dining-room; but when the door had closed upon him, and she had sat for a moment listen-ing to his retreating feetsteps, she sprang to her feet, as though an electric shock had suddenly vibrated through her frame

She sprang to her feet, and grasped her hunds across her burning brow.

"Oh, heaven help me!" she murmured, through her white lips. "Heaven guide my steps. How must I net? Where can I turn to for safety? How can 1 excupe?"

She soomed to struggle violently with herself, as though she would by main force govern her

mind. She scenned to strive desperately to concentrate her thoughts.

Then she paced slowly to and fro the length of the room, muttering to herself as she went. All at once an idea flashed upon her. She ran to a small table, whereon were pens, lak, and paper, and sat down to write.

But scarcely had she written half a dozen words when she paused, and throw down the

words when she paused, and threw down the pen with a weary sigh.

No, no!" she said, in a low tone, and with an accent which was fraught with angulsh unspeakable,—"no, no!—it will not do! He cannot be bought of! so. There is no hope for me—no hope—no hope!"



PERCY HARDWICKE'S TÊTE À TÊTE WITH ROURKE.

When Jerrold was on his way to the dining-room, he mot the servants upon their way to bed, and questioned one of them respecting his

"Your mistress will not allow me to send for "Tour mistress will not allow me to send for the doctor, and thinks that her attack is not se-rious, and yet I cannot help feeling uneasy. I am afraid that we may not beapplying the pro-per remedles. Pray, what did you do in her former attacks?"

"Hor former attacks?" the girl repeated, with an expression of surprise,

"Yes, when your mistress was taken ill before. She tells me that this is only one of several that she has had lately."

"Missus has not been ill before, sir, that 1

know of."
"Not ill before ?"

"Not very lately, perhaps; but a week or two

ago."
"Not since I have been here, str."

He asked no further questions, although the roply somewhat puzzled and dissatisfied him. Somehow, he could obtain no satisfactory explanation of any difficulty since he had been at

The thought had never struck him until this moment, but once having struck him he pondered upon it with growing uncastness.

He stood thinking for a while upon the threshold of the dining-room, and then the recollection of the errand that had brought him there recurring to him uncaped the deer and entered. recurring to him, opened the door and entered.

But by some accident, holding the candle carelessly, he let it fall and extinguished it.

The servants by this time had gone upstairs. and he did not like to call to them for a light. Besides, he knew, or fancied that he knew, where to put his hand upon the object of which he had come in search, and would be able to de

so in the dark.

It, however, was not dark, for the blinds had not been pulled down, and the moon was shining brightly without.

On entering the room Jerrold glanced invo-lunturily in the direction of the windows, and

saw in the garden without a tail dark figure, standing motionless, looking up at the house. Very still and motionless it was: so much so, indeed, that at first Jerrold fancied that it could not be a human figure that he saw but a bush, taking a form which had caused him to mistake it, at the first glance for a man.

But another look convinced him that he had not been mistaken. There certainly was a man in the garden, looking up at the lighted window

of the bedroom above.

What could be his motive? No good errand could he be upon, that was certain. Most probably he was a thick.

banty he was a trues.

At any rate, Jerrold was determined upon ascertaining the cause of his visit, and with this
intention he crossed the room as noiselessly as possible, with the idea of opening the window, and suddenly confronting him But upon the way, when about a yard from

the window, he stumbled over some piece of furniture which he had not noticed, and the noise startling the intruder, he instantly turned

Jerrold sprang to the window, and with some difficulty, for it was bolted at the top and bottom,

This was, however, the work of several moments, and when, at length, he got out into the garden, he looked in valu for the fugilive.

Without hesitating, he rushed forward through the bushes, and reaching an open space which commanded an uninterrupted view of the whole garden, gazed around.

But he could see no one. He vaulted lightly over the garden wall, and walked rapidly down the road, peering engerly into every dark corner that he passed.

night was very still, there was scarcely breath of air stirring strong enough to rufile the slenderest blade of grass by the road-side; and naught broke the silence save the faint rippling of the water in the brook as it hurried on its restless course in the deep shadow of the tang-led underwood that hid it from his sight.

He was not to be beaten though, yet; and made the circuit of the house, looking everywhere in the expectation of seeing or hearing something of the intruder.

Arriving at last, however, at the spot from which he had started, he entered the house, by no means pleased with the result of his strange

For some time he waited silent and anxious in the dark dinling-room, expecting that the person, whoover it was, that had been playing the spy upon his premises might return to his post, thinking that the coast was clear. ing that the coast was clear.

But in this hope he was doomed to be disap-

Half an hour passed without his again making his appearance, and then the Captain reluctantly gave up all idea of catching him.

All he could do now, was to make a tour of

inspection round the house, and make sure that the fustenings of the doors and windows were

He refrained from saying anything to Eleanor on the subject when he returned up-stairs, thinking that by so doing he would but alarm her unnecessarily; yet the matter did not very soon fade from his mind, and more than once through the course of the long, and to him rest-less, night, he raised himself upon his elbow to listen when any noise, real or imaginary, in the house below, made him fancy that the thief had

And did Eleanor sleep any more soundly than her husband?

Or did she lie long hours in the pitchy darkness with wide open eyes fixed upon vacancy, pondering upon the question which had so disturbed her a while ago, and yet remained unan-

How to escape? How to escape? From what should she fly? What danger on compassed her?

What load of sin lay heavy on her breast? Was it possible that one so young and beautiful as she was, could have committed some deadly sin, the terror of the discovery of which haunted hor day and night?

But what more likely. It was certain enough that she had a dark secret rankling in her heart.

It was certain, too, that her life was one great

> CHAPTER IX. GATILERING EVIDENCE.

Lest the reader should be tempted to think worse of our smiling friend, Mr. Peroy Hard-wicke than he absolutely deserves that we should do, I hasten to say a few words respecting his antecedents. Indeed this explanation should properly have been given at an earlier period of our story, had we not had to deal with

He was, then, a young gentleman, who, although professing himself to be very poor, had, somehow or other, contrived to gain possession of, and to squander, some considerable sums of

other matters of more importance.

money.

He was a younger son of a wealthy house, and, having good expectations, found no great difficulty in obtaining cash, promising to repay it when he should come into his own.

As, however, he was a very long while arriving at this happy climax, there was, in the end, a good deal more trouble in obtaining supplies than when first he started. He got on somehow

though, protty well for all that; and, as when he had reached the worst, he found a rich widow willing to bestow her hand and fortune upon him, he was supposed by his friends to have brought his career to a close in a very satisfactory manner.

His career, however, was not terminated by marriage. On the contrary, the rich widow having obligingly taken her departure for a bot-

ter world he bogan life in earnest.
With such carnestness and energy, however, that he very soon ran through all his money, and was obliged to begin borrowing again harder

than ever. At this point in his career, his profligate friends -more particularly those who had outen and drank to the most at his expense-gave him up

with disgust.
Indeed, there seemed no help for him now; he must go rapidly down hill, and end his days in abject misery, as is the fate of the greater part of the spendthrifts to do."

But such a fate did not await our smiling friend.

Quite the contrary.

When he had reached his last shifting, and was tossing it up as a guide to him in his future course of conduct—to settle, in fact, whether he should turn his attention to felony or suicide, the post brought him a letter from England-he was at that time, in the East India Company's service; and this letter set him upon the top of

It was to say that his elder brother-a stern It was to say that his elder prother—a stern, uncompromising relative, who, his life through, had obstimately refused to be swindled by the younger—had died suddenly, without a will, and he, Percy Hardwicke, was the heir to all

In the ordinary course of events, the younger brother had not expocted so fine a windfall, as it was in the power of the elder brother to will away many of his belongings; and from his experience of the state of feeling which his elder brother entertained towards him, he thought it extremely improbable that he would receive any valuatory length from his bands voluntary benefit from his hands.

The elder had, through his life, increased in-stead of wasted his patrimony; and when the younger stepped into his dead brother's shoes, he found, to his great satisfaction, a very large sum of money suddenly placed at his disposal, which he was very far from expecting. As he found the society of Calcutta to his

As he found the society of Chicutta to his haste, he did not for a long time entertain any idea of changing his quarters.

He lived thore for a year and more after he had received the intelligence of his brother's death; but at last, the fancy taking him, he packed up his goods and chattels, and started for England.

Upon the way the ship was wrecked, and all hands but the young officer perished.

Hardwicke was found in the last stage of ex-

Introvicke was found in the instatage of exhaustion, elinging to a spar, and drifting at the mercy of the waters. He was rescued by the Captain, and came in his ship to England. In a belt round his body he carried a sufficiency of money in notes to last him well for some

time to come; and as he was tolorably comfort able at the inn, and had moreover a love affair to occupy his attention, he had no kies of changing his quarters for a week or so.

His property all this time was in the hands of his late brother's steward—a person in whom the elder Mr. Hardwicke had placed the most implicit faith.

Implict fatth.
This good opinion, however, was not shared to any great extent by the younger, who had no very great fatth in anything that was good—in

virtue of any kind.

He did not take any active steps, though, to look into his affairs.

He was very comfortable at his inn, and meant to stop there for a while—until he was tired, at any rate.

tired, at any rate.

"He can't do a very great deal of mischief,"
thought Hardwicke; "and if he does, I can
punish him pretty severely. Most likely he is
a knave, for who is not? If he is, then, when
he hears that I took a passage in the Aurora,
and that the Aurora has gone down, he will
suppose that I have gone down also. What will
then he the consequence?

suppose that I have gone down also. What will then be the consequence?"
He asked himself this question at the break-fast-table the morning following the events which have just been recorded in the preceding

chapter.

He smiled with his customary sweetness, as he thus reflected, breaking, the while, the shell of a new-laid egg, and gazing placidly through the open window on to the green fields and sweetly-scented garden spreading out before him.

"What will, then, be the consequences?" he repeated. "My friend, the honest steward, will suppose that I am dead, and will throw off the mask of sanctity, and appropriate my little pro-perty, without any fear of being called upon for an explanation. And then, what will be the consequences of this highly ingenuous proceeding? Let me see!"

He paused in his reflections, until he had satisfactorily disposed of the egg then under discussion, and guzed out of the window with a patronizing smile, as though he would to the utmost encourage Mother Nature for her recent

"In the first place," he said, "I shall turn up in the style of other long-lost brothers dramati-cally represented; and I shall be, to use the par-lance of the vulgar, down upon him protty-considerably. Ha, ha! How very surprised he will be to see me!"

The notion of the steward's blank expression

of countenance afforded him the highest satisfaction, and caused him to laugh to himself for several moments so merrily, that Mrs. Miles. passing by the window accidentally, and peep-ing in, was carried away by admiration of his handsome face, and conveyed to the parlour her opinion that the gentleman in the parlour was the pleasantest, best-natured, kindest-hearted gentleman there had ever been within the "Blue Dragon"s" walls since the "Blue Dragon" had gone in for a house of entertainment for travellers and their cattle.

Pretty Phobe listened to this opinion of her mother's with a Cint blunk though the effects.

mother's with a faint blush, though she offered what she thought, however, is quite another

affair. What did she think? That the gentleman was very handsome, that is certain.

That he was a very fine gentleman, and a very rich gentleman, and that he loved her, oh ! o...in fact, very much indeed.

She also thought what a very fine thing it

would be to be a fine gentleman's fine hady, and ride in a carriage of her own, drawn by prancing greys.

She had not been quite able as yet to make up her mind whether grey or cream-coloured

would be the most effective.
Poor, protty little foolish head! All night long it had tossed uneasily upon its pillow, too full of thought for sleep.

Over and over again, in imagination, had she arrayed herself in gorgeous apparel—had she driven through the village street, leaving behind her the awe-struck villagers gaping through the dust at the last obtainable glimpse of her de-

parting splendour. There was one face among the others, though, which, even in the happiest scenes, would thrust itself forward somewhat unpleasantly—the face

of the blacksmith, Jabez Rourke. (To be continued.)

LEND A HAND.

Life is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand,
Life is made of thorns and crowns;
If you would the latter wenr,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold-Lond a hand:

Diadous are bought and sold;

But the crowns that good men hold

Come from noble doods alone—

Lond a hand!

Many crowns that many wear— Lond a hand: Nover in the sunlight glare; Diamonds never in them shine, Yet they hold a light divine— Lond a hand-

Hold a light that no'er shall fade-Lend a hand.
Beauty art hath never ande;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlastingly, are as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown?
Lond a hand.
When you see a brother down,
Lond him from the deep, dark night,
And place him in the morning light—
Lond a hand.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX .- Continued.

Catchem had now discovered in whose hands he was; and called ouf loudly that he would have both men punished for interfering with him in the discharge of a duty which he had promised Sir Richard before he died to perform; namely to forward the money placed in the desk at once to Aberdeen. Adam turned to Sir Richard for confirmation of this, the sick man shook his head deprecatingly.

Catchem unconscious of this by-play going on at his back struggled and raved, declaring with oaths that he would have both men taken up and put into prison if they did not at once release him from their grasp.

All this time James Frazer kept firm hold

of Catchem's arms while both men pressed his legs and body against the bureau, Adam not for a moment relaxing the hold he had of the lawyer's neck or ceasing to disgorge from his pockets the stolen money; at last Sir Richard's watch was discovered, to the guard of which Catchom's brass stamp with its C. C. was attached.

"Did Sir Richard bid ye take that to Aberdeen?" inquired Adam sharply, and then before Catchem could reply he had turned

round to Sir Richard saying:

"Wo'll better lock bim up in the armoury
your honour and send to Haddon Village for an officer to take him into the jail in Aberdeen, he had your gold watch in his pocket and your scals is all off and a brass thing tied to the gold chain."

Sir Richard signified his assent to this by a faint inclination of the head and forthwith Catchem was lifted in the arms of the two men and conveyed to the armoury in the eastern tower, thrust in and the door locked upon him.

the indignity put upon him, the bruises he had received from the two men in the rather rough way in which he was conveyed to the armoury, and alive only to the fact that a few hours were probably all that were left him of liberty, he at once set about seeing by what means he

could arrive at that consummation.

He endcavoured to throw open the window in which after many futile attempts he was at last

successful, but alas, as far as before from the desired object of freedom.

The window was nearly at the top of a high tower without corridor or any apparent means of outward communication with the main building attainable from the room in which he was north-east as if a storm was not far off and ere sunset would be upon the old Castle in all its

Catchem now bethought himself of the many doors which he had heard of being in such old castles leading to back staircases or passages, one of which might lead to the outer air, and he carefully lifted each coat of mail in hopes of finding such; in his search he came upon the sliding panel which when last closed by Sir Richard had not sprung to the snap which closed it and stood within a straw breadth from the panel to which it fitted: inserting his nenknife in the aperture it at once yielded and disclosed the staircase at the back of the inner

Catchem ascended quickly, he believed him. self ascending to an opening in the top of the tower and he pressed on notwithstanding the inky darkness which soon surrounded him; within, down below in the armoury, there we every instant danger, policemen, a jail staring him in the face; above this dark staircase might be an opening in the roof which would lead to some other part of the castle and cscape; once on the ground, in the open air, she would trust to his wits, escape from these Scotch boors would be easy enough.

Up and up he went, feeling his way with hands above and below lest he might be stunned by some projecting stone or beam; at last the cage room was gained, but alas, no means of exit from thence could be seen, the narrow slit which served for a window not being large enough to permit of his putting his head out to reconnoitre the beyond. The strip of deerskin fastened to the knob in the middle of the cage next attracted his attention, it had remained there for nearly twelve years, by the bulk which the knob formed preventing the spring going back to its place, and thus keeping the door

Catchem fancied it might be a way of opening some aperture in the roof, and pulling the skin with a quick jerk the whole came tum-bling down sweeping with it the accumulation of dust-which helped to keep the spring from

shutting.

A click! the door was again shut as suddenly as it had been so long ago upon Sir Richard, and Catchem found himsel a pri-

and he soon gave up the attempt, his chief dis-tress being not that he could not open the door, but that he must sit upon the dirty dusty floor, and that now there was no prospect of escape from the jail which was certain to have him for a tenant, for a time at least.

Catchem was finical in his taste, and in order to be fitted for the position among the aristocracy he meant to assume at no distant date now, the cultivated this taste, and it offended him to think he must perforce in case they should not come for him soon be obliged to sit down there among the dust and dirt. The cage had not been dusted since the days of Sir Richard's captivity twelve years past, it is impossi-ble to say assuredly it was dusted even then, dusters and brooms were scarce commodities in the cage, and the spiders had been busy at work forming traps to catch unwary flies; and rats which in Sir Richard's time had never come nigh the cage tower, attracted perhaps by the box of biscuits left there, had now many little homes the entrance to which was close to the stone flooring in the black walls; the bis-cuits were gone years ago but the rats stayed on, and toward night they came out to have their nightly revels in the cage. Catchem like most bipeds did not at all relish the society of rats, and when they came out one by one staring at the stranger who was invading their domain, he tried first to frighten them away by calling hish, hish, and then by waving them off with his hands, but finding these plans equally ineffectual he removed the remains of the skins and plaid which once formed the bed of Sir Richard intending to throw it after them, and by a grand coup de main frighten them off so that they would not return

so that they would not return.

He had reckoned without his host; in trying to lift what seemed to be a mingled heap of deer skin and woolen stuff, he had merely disturbed a collection of rottenness and dust, the latter falling upon his face, filling nostrils, month, eyes, and his scanty hair, with strong smelling dust and dirt, the whole space being darkened and filled with the dusty cloud of filth. Instead of frightening the rats, the dust seemed to bring them out in increased numbers. Catchem tried the effect of loud cries without avail, and as a last resource was obliged to climb the bars of the cage, clinging to them with hands and feet that he might be safe from the hungry rats he feared as well as

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Thy flerce wrath gooth over me, Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, Mine acquaintance into darkness."

A fierce hurricane of wind and sleet swept round Haddon Castle, battering the old walls and howling among the leadess branches of the beech and oak trees; bearing strong trees down to the ground and snapping the branches and younger trees in twain as if they had been formed by the hand of man and wanted the livith pith which makes them strong to resist sun and wind, and to bend under the storm rising stronger by the conflict. The windows shook and rattled in the deep casements of the chamber where the Lord of Haddon lay dying, his only attendant the old man he had persecuted almost unto death.

Sir Richard lay exhausted from the exertion and excitement he had undergone, but as be-fore perfectly sensible of all that passed around him; the fierce storm that swept round the castle, the groaning of the old trees as they bent beneath the blast, the howling of the wind rushing down the wide chimney and scattering the ashes from the hearth out on the rug and deer skins placed there to afford warmth for the feet of the invalid; all came distinctly to ear of the sick man, oppressing him with fear as only the elements with their many voices

can oppress the sick and dying.

Adam's voice too he heard, as the old man standing by his master's bed keeping watch for the least motion of face or hand by which he could understand an expressed want, gave utterance to the emotions which were passing in his mind — "Oh Lord God of my salvation incline Thine ear unto my cryl — Thou hast laid me in the deepest pit—in darkness in the deeps—Thy wrath litth hard upon me—Thou

hast afflicted me with all Thy waves—"
How differently these words sounded in the confined; closing the window to shut out the car of Sir Richard now, that he felt but too cold December wind, bleak enough at any time and then coming in fierce sweeps from the they had done in old time if coming upon Adam at his work in the garden; he heard the old man lifting up his soul in praise to his Master in the bible words which had been familiar to him from his youth.

Then he counted the old man either a fool or a hypocrite, the words of truth to which he gave utterance, as old wives fables, heaven and hell as visions of the night, eternity a myth.

Now, he would give all his land and gold, that he might live only a few years to atone for the wickedness of the past, that he might learn the deep things of God !

Alas I alas I as if a whole life of devotion could atone for one year of sin. The doctor whom Frazer had gone to seek,

came, and administering a cordial restored to Sir Richard the power of speech. "I would have been to see you during the

" You must take care and not do so again."

"Doctor tell me the truth, can I recover?"

day," said he, "but you seemed so much better yesterday I considered it unnecessary. "I excited myself too much," replied the ininvalid.

"What makes you ask such a question? you told me a few weeks ago that all your worldly affairs were settled." "I thought so then, in the past few hours,

part of which I lay dead in body, alive in all my past life; would to God I had only one year of life left!" "Sir Richard, I must not deceive you, you

may live a day or two, or you may die ere morning breaks."
"Doctor, take a pen and write what I diet-

ate." The Doctor took writing materials from a side table, and Sir Richard in a clear voice directed Alexander Waddle if he came to Haddon previous to his death, to give all the te-nantry new leases of their tarms at the rents they paid in Sir Robert's lifetime, also desiring the money to be taken from a secret cuppard which would be shewn him by Adam and of which Adam had the key, fifty thousand pounds of which was to be spent in draining

jected some hours before, to Adam, telling him where to find the cupboard in the wall, by re-moving part of the wainscoat behind the window shutter in the north window of the great dining room.

"I will go now, Sir Richard," said the Doctor "wild as the night is I have a patient to whom I must go ere I sloep, I leave you in good hands, Adam will not let anything be un-

good hands, Adam will not let anything be un-done that will be for your comfort."

The Doctor lingered a second or two, the sick man signified his willingness that he should go, he then departed saying in a low solemn voice as he left the house: "The Lord have mercy on that poor sinner's soul, he would be just now when it serves no purpose to be other-wise"

"Adam," said the dying man "where is Mrs. Lindsay and her sister?

"Weel, Sir Richard, I daresay it would be no harm to tell you where they are now, but it would do you no good, and it's none o' my bu-siness and I'll no tell."

"Adam, tell them that the child was given by Catchem (the man in the armoury) to a woman in Seven Dials, they will have plenty
of money now and if they pay Catchem well,
he'll get back the child."

"The child, Sir Richard, is with its mother

since the summer, and a bonny bairn he is, as like Sir Robert as ever a son was to its father." "Thank God I" said the dying man fervently, that is one evil less to atone for. I have leda

bad life, Adam, and now at the last my sins are coming about my bed as if they were evil spirits come to torment me before the time."
"Ye can take your sins where every sinner has to take them before they can be elemsed from the soul of man, to the Redeemer of God's elect; He is mighty to save unto the utter-most all that come to God through Him."

" It's too late now, Adam, as I have sown so

must I reap." "No," replied the old man in a strong daunt-"No," replied the old man in a strong daunt-less voice, speaking in the full assurance of faith: "it's no too late, the greatness of sin, or the shortness of time, is nothing to the Lord; we have no right to limit the power of the Holy One of Israel; one day is in His sight as a thou-sand years, and a thousand years as one day, and His word tands strong and early (bulling) and His word stands strong and sure' 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no

vise cast out.' "

"Oh, Adam, pray for me that God would for-give me for Christ's sake."

"I'll do that, Sir Richard, but pray ye to the Lord merciful and gracious yoursel, one cry from the soul of the sinner: 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is more precious in God's sight than all the prayers that the godliest man on earth could send up for you; no man can deliver his brother's soul, try to think on the love God had for poor sinuers when He sent His own Son to die that they who believe on Him should not perish but have eternal life; just only believe His own word, what He has suid and tell Him that ye do believe it."

"Pray for me, Adam, that God would give me power to call out to Him in this faith you peak of."

Adam poured out his soul, with strong cries and supplication unto the God of the spirits of all flesh, praying for light and saving grace to the poor soul now repenting in dust and ashes. Suddenly a pieroing cry of horror 'Adam! Adam!' came from the sick man and the bed shook as if the occupant were under the influence of an ague fit.

"Lord Jesus save him ere he perish," peti-

tioned Adam in strong supplication as he rose from his knees and took in his own one of Sir Richard's hands which were both uplifted as if to put away from his sight something horrible which he could neither endure nor fly from.

"Look, look, Adam, an evil one at the fireplace, opposite the foot of the bed, he mocks and derides me; he comes to torment me be-fore my time." "I weel believe that Sir Richard, I canna see him, but I believe that you do; defy him in

the name of the Lord, and call upon God to de-liver you from him, and though a thousand devils were encamped in this room, the Lord is greater than them all, and can save you out of their hands " "Adam! Adam! he points with his black and curved claw-like finger in my face, he shoots out his forked tongue in defiance and

mocking, and from his eyes streams fire to destroy me. "Avaunt Satan !" said the old man calling out aloud in a voice of thunder, and waving his band in the direction Sir Richard looked.

"In the name of Him who came from Edom with dyed garments from Bosrah, He that speaketh in righteousness mighty to save, I command you to depart to your own place, in the name of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, depart from this chamber and from this house.

The day was dawning, the storm over and gone as the words : "God be merciful to me a sinner," passed from the dying man's lips carried by the angel of mercy up to the Throne of God.

A great strugle-eternal silence. Adam closed his eyes and with uplifted hands communed with his God.

The dead man's glassy eyes spoke of mercy sought and found at the eleventh hour. (To be continued.)

WHY THE GERMANS EAT SAUERKRAUT .- The WITTHE GREMANS EAT SAUERKEAUT,—The reason why the most learned people on earth ent sauerkraut may be found, says the British Medical Journal, in the following extract from a work entitled Petri Andrew Multholi Sciencial Disc a work district Leri Antrew Matriot Senensis medici commentarii in sez libros Pedacii Dios-coridis de Materiû Medicâ. Venetits, ez oficinû Valgrisiana MDIXV. Traduit de Latin en Fran-cais, par M. Antoine du Pinet, Lyon, MDCIV. Préface, p. 13, ligne 30. Finally, in order to omit nothing which can add to the knowledge of simples, it must be noted that Nature, mo-ther and producer of all things, has created va-rious simples, which have a sympathy or natural antipathy to each other; which is a very considerable point in this matter, and has no like as a mystery and secret. And thus it has comed to me good to hint a word about it and principally of those which are used in medicine. To commence, then, with the oak and the olive: those two trees hate each other in such sort that, if you plant one in the hole from the other was dug, it will die there; and, even if you plant one near the other, they will work bling down sweeping with it the accumulation of dust-which helped to keep the spring from and improving the farms on the estate, the cach other's doath. The cabbage and the vine do the like; for it has been seen that, if you plant a cabbage at the foot of a vine, the vine whatever it was to be divided between the ladies called Agnes and like; for it has been seen that, if you plant a cabbage at the foot of a vine, the vine will recoil and draw itself away. And thus it is no marvel that the cabbage is very useful to solver topers, and that the Germans out it commonly in a compost to safeguard themselves from their wine."



HOW NEWS IS COLLECTED FOR THE NEWSPAPERS.

We now come to consider the kind of news sought for, the sources from which it was obtained, and the agents employed. As we pro-ceed, we purpose indicating those sources which the Press Association has now absorbed, and those which remain open to the enterprise of individual papers. The mode of obtaining news will, of course, remain unaltered; it is only the medium of supply which is now changed. Two broad divisions will embrace all the varieties of news: (1) political and (2) general. In the letter we include Parliamentary reports, committees, deputations, law, city intelligence, sporting, the markets, and national celebrations. By "political" is meant that which can be obtained only from exclusive sources. Certain Government departments supply items of news exclusively to London papers; but there is another species of news which anticipates great governments. mental changes. This-which is the most diff cult to obtain—is of course the most valuable, and to reach it directly is beyond the power of a provincial paper. The man relied upon for intelligence of this kind must have access to society; he must be a welcome visitor at fashlomable "drums;" he must have the entrée of all the clubs; and he must be on visiting terms with a Minister. The London paper that can secure the services of such a man has an immence advantage over all others. Its agent can penetrate into circles where the proprietor may never hope to enter, and his reward is of circles where the proprietor may never hope to enter, and his reward is of circles where the proprietor may never hope to enter, and his reward is of circles where the proprietor post. divers kinds. He may have an honorary post in the office, at a good salary; or he may have assigned to him certain law courts, the reports of which are furnished for him by studious but briefless barristers. Such a man can also serve a Minister on an emergency by means of the newspaper, and is occasionally rewarded by a subordinate official position or a colonial judgeship. This kind of agent is scarce now. The difficulty of keeping any impending change secret is very great, and the opportunities for such men to distinguish themselves are rapidly becoming rare. Nor were their secrets inviolate even after they were transmitted to the collier for they were light to be determined to editor, for they were liable to be telegraphed to some country office, through the agency of an enterprising London sub-editor. So great was the demand for exclusive information at one period, that petty Government officials and telegraph clerks traded upon information which they ought to have kept secret. This field for news will always yield the best return to the most enterprising, and it is hardly possible to conceive of any organization which shall render unnecessary the employment of a special politi-cal correspondent. For all ordinary purposes a gallery reporter will do the work most efficient-ly; he has access to local members at any time of the evening, and it the paper he represents has supported a member of Parliament, he is sure of netting valuable hints two or three times In the course of the session. Of the two divi-sions which we have made, the political has always been fostered by the leading daily news papers in the provinces, and there are few gentlemen in the gallery of the House of Com-mons whose services are not callsted on behalf of some particular country paper for the supply of this class of information. The Parliamentary reports sent by telegraph companies into the reports sent by telegraph companies into the country were always very short summaries of the proceedings in the Houses of Logishture; but upon special occasions they furnished long reports of certain speeches. Under the second class of news, the general, are included different varieties of news, all of which vary in their relative value to provincial papers. The most important are Foreign, City, Markets, and Sporting. The junior department, that of foreign news, was systematized by Baron Renter. His central office is in the City, and from thence his telegrams were distributed from thence his telegrams were distributed throughout the country.—Congregationalist.

INTELLECTUAL SNOBS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. So runs the wise saw of ancient origin. Is there any truth in it? It is applicable so far as England, in these latters days of the nineteenth century, is concerned? Or is it like many other oldfishloned proverbs, more sound than meaning —a trite saying coined by some clover indivi-dual to protect his own or the prejudices of other people. Certainly, many men and women, who have only a "little learning," do not seem to profit much by that which they possess. Their natures do not appear to be refined, or their nations ennobled thereby, while their range of mental vision is frequently as circumscribed as that of some ignorant beings who cannot pick out the letters of the alphabet. Nor in many cases are their deeds less reckless and thoughtless. If they have simply a little smattering of know-, unaccompanied by any of the restraining influences of education, they acquire a certain increase of power of doing evil, unaccompanied by any wish to refrain therefrom. It is curious to mark the effect which the consciousness of possessing knowledge has upon many people. Undoubted scholarship is frequently accompanied by pedantry and almost childish affectation. There are many learned individuals upon whose faces vanity is written in bold outline, and whose absurdly pompous guit is suggestive of overweening pride. But when the genius and culture is really there, the world can very well afford to look upon eccentricities of manner with kindness, oven if it cannot altogether ignore them. When, however, these particular quali-ties are conspicuously absent, it is not so easy to be indulgent. It is, therefore, difficult if not impossible to repart with even the smullest Snobs, of whom there are a large number mov ing about in our midst. Does not everybody know the intellectual snob? If they do not it must surely be their

own fault, for, in his little way, he makes a greatdeal of noise. He is easily recognised. He has a nasty, sneering, cynical manner, and a contemptatous, mocking laugh peculiarly his own. These are his chief controversial weapons, and prove telerably destructive, for he wields them with little mercy. Of under rather than over average ability persistent cramming he succeeds in makthe theories held by cortain celebrated thinkers and many of the arguments in support of then These theories he takes upon himself to adve cate in that objectionable manner peculiarly his own, whenever he has the opportunity. Not content with simply thinking that those who differ from him are either fools or rogues, he makes it very apparent that he does so. Perhaps they lack certain special information which he possesses. This is a fact of which he does not fail to take advantage, and use as a weapon to humiliate and discomfit them. They are cuttingly informed that they are lamentably ignorant, and have evidently never studied the subject under discussion. When they have done so, calmly, and philosophically, they will ser reason why they should change their opinion that is, of course, if they have sufficient intellect to distinguish right from wrong, which, he lets it be understood, is very doubtful, and enough honesty when they have done so to make what

reparation they can. He has done all this, But, then, it is simply impossible for him to form orronoous judgments upon any matter which he takes the trouble to think about. Nature has been so indulgent to him that he is free from many dangers which surround his brethren. He stakes his reputation purely upon his intellectual attainments. He does not pretend to be an adopt at anything else, for the simple reason that amusements which please the ordinary mind are beneath his notice. His mighty intellect would be wasted and debased if he diverted it to anything frivolous. So he reads what other men write, bitterly condemning their works, and occasionally takes the least little leap into the sea of literature himself, that then, it is simply impossible for him to form little leap into the sea of literature himself, that is to say, he writes certain tritles which, after a course of travels, at length find a resting-place in his own desk, or are utilized by the indulgent editors of third and fourth-rate publications when they are short of "copy."—Liberal Re-

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

The alterations of weight undergone by the human body in baths formed the subject of an investigation recently made by two members of the Paris Academy, who came to the conclusion that the weight of the body is maintained or increased by absorption so long as the temperature is low or moderate, but diminished by immersion in warm water.

diminished by immersion in warm water.

The discovery of rich deposits of tin in Australia bids fair to prove of great commercial importance. The Government Geologist of Southern Queensland thinks the richness of the ore quite unparalleled in any other country, and the Professor of Mining at Melbourne pronounces its abundance marvellous. It seems that Australia, as well as North America, possesses a district known as New England, in which the richest of the newly-discovered tin-bearing alluvials are found.

vials are found.

COMPARTIVELY little is yet known of the effects produced upon health by changes in the weather; but in an address recently delivered in London by Mr. John Tripe, President of the Metocrological Society, he called attention to the few leading facts which may be regarded as established. Of these the more important are, first, that very hot weather or very cold weather is invariably accompanied by an increase in disease and the death rate; and secondly, that a cold, wet summer is more favorable to health than a hot, dry summer.

As experiment has been made at Geneva by M.

health than a hot, dry summer.

An experiment has been made at Geneva by M. Alphonse de Gandolle, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent to which the habits of plants are affected by the locality in which they are grown. He produced seeds of the same species from Itussia, Scotland. Sicily and France, and sewed them at the same time and under similar conditions. It was observed that the seeds from the Northern regions were the first to germinate, and that the plants which they produced attained maturity somewhat earlier than those grown from seeds that came from warmor countries.

than these grown from seeds that came from warner countries.

Experiments to excertain the amount of loss that coal undergoes when experiments to experiments to experiments to experiments to experiments the surface of the weather. It will perhaps surprise many roaders to hear that the loss is considerable. Anthracite and cannel-coal, as might be anticipated from their compactness, suffer least; but ordinary bituminous coal loses nearly one-third in weight, and nearly one-half in gas-making quality. From this it will be understood that coal should be kept dry and under cover; and that to expose it to rain or damp is to lessen its quantity and weaken its quality. Here, too, we have an explanation of the inferiority of the great heaps of small-coal which encamber the ground in the mining districts.

ing districts.

Wherher the rattlesmake's rattle is contrived solely for the benefit of other animals, to whom its warning notes foretell the approach of the deadly repitle, has long been a question with antiralists. Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, in a recent notice of Darwin's works, calls attention to the observations of Prof. Shaler of this country in reference to this subject. He has become convinced that the rattle initiates the sounds of certain insects, and thus lares the birds who prey upon them to a point within striking distance of the snake. It is true, as Mr. Bonnett says, that this suffices to explain the apparent fasciproy; but does it account for the like influence attributed to other serpents which have no rattles.

Warn Bath in Insantry and in Burks,—Dr. Wil-

proy; but does it necount for the life influence attributed to other serpents which have no rattles.

WARN BATH IN INSANITY AND IN BURNS.—Dr. Wilkins, in his official report to the California Legislature, on insanity, refers to the warm bath as a favorite method of troutment in Italy, and in some parts of Holland and France. He states that he often saw a dozen patients in one bath-room, with their leads alone in sight, the bathing tub being covered, except a hole for the head; there they usually remain from one to three hours, in some instances six to eight hours, and occasionally for days at a time. Dr. Gudlen, of Zurich, kept a min thus immersed for five days, on account of a min thus immersed for five days, on account of a high state of excitement connected with bod-sores. The patient is represented to have sleit well a portion of the time, and to have been cared of the sores, no exhaustion or ill consequences following. The case is also related of a man scaled by steam, and not insue, who was placed by lictors in a tepid bath and kept there for three weeks, until a new cuticle had formed over the outire surface; the water was kept at an acroeable temperature, and the patient recovered without inconvenience.

FARM ITEMS.

ACCORDING to The Yarmouth Register the cranberry crop on Cape Cod is almost a total failure owing to Winter killing and the worm. An effort todrown the worm resulted in some cases in rotting the fruit.

PASCHALL Mornes says he once saved the life of a \$600 short-horned bull, sick with hoven, by placing a wisp of twisted hay in his mouth and tying it up tightly behind the horns. The working of the jaws to get rid of this incumbrance, liberates the gas in the stomach, and relief is immediate.

the stomach, and relief is immediate.

The following is said to be a sure test of a horse's age: After a horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes ever the cyclid, at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-delined wrinkle for each year of his age ever nine. If, for instance, a herse has three wrinkles, he is twelve. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get at his age.

New-Hamserther has adopted a law to regulate the quality and sale of commercial tertilizers. The manufacturer must file a bond with the State Treasurer in \$10,000, payable to the State, but with a constituent that it shall be void upon compliance with the law, which r quires that all fertilizers offered for sale shall be accompanied with a statement maning the date of manufacture, and the percentage of ammonia and other constituent parts. If these shall prove to be false (which is to be tested by the State Assayer on due application), a line of \$500 is imposed on the seller, to be presented for by the Atteriety General or any county goliciter. A fine of \$200 is General or any county solicitor. A fine of \$200 i imposed for offering fertilizers for sale without a li

cense.

The "House of All. Work,"—The horse of all work should be no less than lifteen and one-half hands in height, nor loss than lifteen and one-half hands in height, nor loss than lifte) pounds in weight, quick, lively cars, broad between the eyes, round barrol, short loins, well up in the shoulders, deep chested, square quarters, flat lors, short between the knees and pastern, hind legs well under him, speed equal to eight miles an hour on the road, and at least three miles at the plow, with sufficient blood to insure spirit, style and endurance. As in this class it is evident the mature animals are intended for breeding, they should be sound; and as the young animals must be judged on their own morits, as well as their promise of future usefulness, they also must be sound or else they ennet compete.

Cure for Diseased Potators.—The potatos di-

or else they cannot compete.

Cure for Diseased Potators.—The potatoe disease, so bad in Iroland this year, has appeared in several places in Canada, though in a mitigated form. A gendleman who expresses limself as quite certain as to the efficiency of his recipe for treating diseased potatoes—a subject which is just now engaging much attention in the English press—sends us the following:—

attention in the English press—sends us the following:

"Take the potatoes up as quickly as possible, expose them to the sun for twelve days, or thereabours, and the disease is completely stopped. They can then the kept for a length of time (say six months) when they can be converted into starch, for food or for use in the laundry."

The recipe is worthy the attention of agriculturists.—Toronto Mail.

The Farm Cape you Ber Strong—A writer in

THE EARTH CURE FOR BEE STINGS.—A writer in The Earth Cure For Bee Stings.—A writer in The Gardner's Magazine of London relates this experience: Toward the end of the Spring of this year had the misforume to be stung by a bee when in the garden, and as none of the usual antidotes were

just then available. I drow the sting from the wound and applied a little common soil, after wetting it sufficiently to admit of its being worked into the consistency of thick cream. The pain provious to the application of the soil was most intense; but in a few seconds afterward it was reduced to a dull note and nothing more, beyond a slight stiffness in the joints of the thumb, was felt afterward. I have had an opportunity of testing the same remedy since, and with the same degree of success. As the stings of bees and wasps affect some persons more than others, it is proper to remark that hitherto I have suffered most severely, lesing in one or two instances the use most coverely, losing in one or two instances the use of my hand for several days through its swelling to such a large size, and being in the most intense pain

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

INPLANES (luns.—A drop or two of camphoretted spirit rubbed on the gums will allay inflammation. CLEANING OIL PAINT.—Whitening is better than soap. Use warm water and a piece of soft flamed. Afterwards wash clean, and rub dry with chameis-

Afterwards wash clean, and rub dry with chamoisTo RENDER CORES OR STOPERS AR-THORY.—This
can be accomplished by covering with a comentounposed of red lead or inely-powdered litharge mixed
with undiluted glycerine.

To Make Corn Muffins.—Take six cups of corn
med, two cups of four, two tenspoonfuls of salt twothirds of a cup of troache, and one teaspoonful of
sola. Mix with sour milk. Bake in mulin rings.

How you Cane a Spacy Lead,—Stork the wick in How to Cure a Smory Lamp.—Sook the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in prepar-

To Detect Bab Vinegam.—You can tell whether or not your vinegar has been adultorated with sulphuric acid by first introducing a slight solution of starch, and then by adding loding. If the vinegar is pure, a blue colour will result.

OHEESE COMMY.—Grate a teacupful of rich, hard choose, and add to it a teacupful of milk, a teaspoonful of mixed unestard, and one of curry powder. Stir it over the fire till thick and smooth, and spread it over slices of buttered teast. Brown a few minutes in the oven, and serve hot.

RAISIS CAKE.—Mix one pound and a half of flour, pound of fresh butter, half a pound of loaf sugar, he grated rinds of two lemons, eight eggs, a gill of aisin wine, and a pound of Sultana raisins. Bent t all well together till perfectly smooth, and bake in quick even matter lined with buttered paper.

RENDERING CLOTH WATERFROOF.—Put half a pound of sugar of load and a like quantity of powdered aluminto a backet of soft water. Stir natil clear, and pour off into another bucket, into which place the cloth or garmont. Soak for twenty-four hours and thang up to dry without wringing. This process is said to be very effective.

said to be very effective.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Clean nicely one pint of button mushrooms, and soak them a few orinutes in apint of water in which the juice of a fresh lemon has been squeezed. Put into a stewpan a pint of new milk, two omees of butter, a little sait and white nopper, a little gated nutmer, and a tenspoonful of four. Heat and start this over the fire. Take the mushrooms from the water with your tingers, shaking ench one dry, and put them in the seasoned milk. Cover the stewpan closely, and stew for half an hour. Serve het.

To Mark Coverage Serves Been and the seasoned marks of the property of the seasoned water the seasoned the seasoned seasoned the seasoned seasoned the seasoned the

an hour. Serve hot.

To Make Cocoasur Sweet Rock.—Open the nut the eye, and pour out the milk. Then break the shell, and get out the nut; out off all the husk, so as to leave nothing but the pure white nut; chep this up fine, and put it, together with the milk, into a pickin, adding at the same time as much loaf sugar as is equal to four times the weight of the nut and milk. Now boil the whole gently tigether, and skin once or twice. The time of boiling depends upon whether hard or soft rock be preferred. The longer time produces harder rock.

Salad Dikksbuss.—I. Pound in a mortar the hard

whether hard or soft rock be preferred. The longer time produces harder rock.

Salad Dressings.—I. Pound in a mortar the hard boile i yolk of an egg.; mix with it a suit-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard flour, a mashed mealy potate, two dessert-spoonfuls each of croim and clive oil, and a table-spoonful of good vinegar. 2. Mix logether two good table-spoonfuls of clive oil, the raw yolk of an egg. a little popper, one table-spoonful of the best vinegar, a pinch of salt, and a dessert-spoonful of the best vinegar, a pinch of salt, and a dessert-spoonful of the obst vinegar. 3. Pound in a mortar two cunces of choese: add a teaspoonful of vinegar, a small quantity of salt and pepper, and by decrees dilute it with olive oil. 4. Two hard boiled yolks of eggs and two raw ditto mashed smooth, together with a table-spoonful each of croam and salad oil: add sufficient vinegar to make it prefty sharp. 5. Beat together the juice of a lenner and the raw yolks of two eggs: then, by slow degrees, drop in enough oil to convert the composition into a kind of cream, but stir gently and continuously while the oil is being added. Vinegar may replace the lenon juice if more convenient.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

California vives who have worthless men for husbands have just found out that the homestead law of that State is a nice thing. According to that law a wife alone can make a homestead of the property which she and her husband own, and on which they resule. The husband's consent is not requisite, the law stating that "the homestead land and house, not exceeding in value \$5,000, can be selected by the husband and wife, or either of them."

The first speech ever made by a colored lawyer in the criminal courts of Washington was made on Thursday by that is the criminal courts of Washington was made on Thursday by tharles M. Thomas, a recent graduate of Howard University, in defence of George M. Jenkins, also colored, who is on trial for killing his wife with a cleaver some months since, Mr. Thomas meets with no opposition whatever from the white members of the bar, many of whom congratulated him yesterday on the distinctness and merit of his argument.

ment.

D. Inking Fountains in Pauls.—The first of the public drinking fountains creeted at Paris by the munificence of Sir Richard Wallace has been recently inaugurated on the Boulevard de Villette. In form it is a small square monument, oranmented with four statuettes at the foot, sustaining a dragon-goale dome: and it is provided with two goblets fastened by a chain. This is the type for isolated fountains in squares and avounces. The other type is of ogival form, and less ornamented, designed for attachment to walls.

to walls.

In the 40 counties in England there are held annually 1.385 fairs for the exhibition of horses, eattle, and agricultural products; in the 13 counties of Wales, 245; in the 33 counties in Scotland, 240; and in the 32 counties in Iroland 93, making a total of 2.254. The largest number held in any one county in England is 135, in Cornwall: Carmarthenshire held the largest number in Wales, 43; Abordeenshire, in Neuthard, 63; and Cork, in Iroland, 15. Those fairs are held at all sensons of the year when the stock and farm products are in the best possible condition for exhibition.

condition for exhibition.

Grime and Casualties in New York.—Official statistics for the year ending in the spring of 1872 show that in the city of New York, with a population of about a million, the police arrested no less than \$4.514 pursons in the twolvementh—60.179 males and \$4.335 females. There were \$1.184 persons arrested for intexionation, and 10.389 for intexication and disorderly conduct. Of the persons arrested 77.624 could read and write: 3.407 could neither read nor write. Above 38.000 were natives of Iroland. There were \$14.427 vargams and homoless people necommodated with lodgings at the station-houses in the year.

The London newspaners mention that in the

with lodgings at the station-houses in the year.

The London newspapers mention that in the course of a month or two there will be placed a line of very large and powerful steamers at both entrances of the Straits of Magellan. For the purpose of towing sniling vessels to and from the west coat of South America through the Straits, thus doing away with the difficult and oftentimes dangerous voyages round Cape liorn. It is believed that the services of this new steam-tug company will meet with the patrongs which the venture deserves, and that the future the disaster to the vessels making the liorn will be few and far between, as the coat of towing a vessel through the Straits will, it is estimated, cost not more than £200 to £20.

The Deepers Well, in the Worke.—Twenty miles

mated, cost not more than £200 to £250.

The Devest Well, in the Winklo.—Twenty miles from Berlin is situated the village of Sporenberg. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, it occurred to the Government authorities in charge of the mines to attempt to obtain a supply of rock salt. With this end in view the sinking of a shaft or well 16 feet in diameter was commenced some five yours ago, and at a depth of 280 feet the salt was reached. The boring was continued to a further depth of 960 feet, the diameter of this bore being reduced to about 31 inches. The operations were subsequently proceduted by the nid of steam until a depth of 41% feet was attained. At this point the boring was discogness. was not no nit of steam until a depth of 4,1% feed was attained. At this point the boring was discontinued, the borer or bit being still in the salt deposit, which thus exhibits the enormout thickness of 3,90° feet. There were mechanical difficulties connected with the further prosecution of the operations.—Mining Journal.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A Max that breaks his word bids others to false to him.

him.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make the proper use of that which is to come.

It is one of the worst errors to suppose that there is another path of safety besides that of duty. The repentance that is delayed unto old age is but too often a regret for the inability be commit more

The true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinion of others than to parade his own.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement, which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

Books introduce us into the best society: they bring as into the presence of the greatest minds that

Philosophical happiness is to want little and to adoy much: vulgar happiness is want much and moy little. A MAN who had lived much in society, said that his acquaintances would till a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold all his friends.

DIGGENES, being asked of what beast the bite was most dangerous, answered :--- Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer; of tane, that of a flatterer."

That mun only is truly brave who fears nothing so

pede his way.

It knewmen that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let ponce be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.

These are two ways of going through this world. One is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for very poor pay.

Young persons should above all things beware of becimings, and by no means parloy with temptations; their greatest security is in flight, and in the study to avoid all occasions of orit.

"The greatest source of weakness to every nation."

"The greatest source of weakness to every nation under heaven," says John Smith, the great American Walker, "comes from the fact that women have so little to do, and so much to say." HAVE courage enough to review your own conduct; to condonn it where you detect faults; to around it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

Out title of things in this world is poor, at host. And yet how many of us act as though a warranted doed covered all our possessions—as though what we hold we have beyond any power to dispossess.

we note we mave beyond any power to dispossess. Three-pourts of the plansure of a holiday lie in the planning of it. There are hosts of people who could never get through life at all if it were not for perpetually droaming of the little breaks of sunshine which onliven it.

Never did a sy soul do good, but it came readier to lo the same again with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised but with mercasing joy, which made the practisor still more in ove with the fair act.

ove with the fair acc.

The range of human knowledge has increased so
marmonals that no brain can grapple with it. The The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it. The man who would know one thing well, must have the sourage to be agnorant of a thousand other things, however attractive they may be.

Fix have sufficient respect for habit—the case with which it may be formed—the difficulty with which it can be broken—the magical power with which it smoothes the rough path of duty, and embles us to look with indifference upon the alluroments of the world.

Gioon manners are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would wish to be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of these about us, a bleusint smile, a kind word, these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly somewhat. An old writer has quaintly said, "God looks not at

the oratory of our prayers, how bounds for are nor at their geometry, how long they are: nor at their arithemetic, how many they are: nor at the logic, how methodical they are: but lo looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are."

Never loss an ope-runity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a way-rule secrament; welcome it in overy fair face, every fair key, every fair lower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

oup or blossing.
Stratescare on to victory. Nover give up when you are right! Afrown is only a muscular contraction, and can't hastlong. A laugh of derision is but the modified bark of a cur. If you can be laughed out of good, or the good out of you, you are weaker in intellect than the fool, whose argument is a gullaw, and whose logic is a sucer.

and whose logic is a sucor.

PEOPLE talk of originality. What do they mean?
As soon as we are born the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end; and, after all, what onn we truly call our own but onergy, power and will? Could I point out all I lowe to my groat forerunners and contemporaries, truly there would remain but little over.—Gottle.

remain but little over.—Gottle.

With most of as, idleness is the parent not merely of uneasiness, but within of fretfulness, indevolence, and the whole host of evil passions. The phrase "nching void" may be ridioulous to those who eriticise grammatically, but it is true to those who feel humanly. To supply this void is an object, and moreover a certain offect, of a regular, and austained, and judicious method of self-instruction. The used key is bright. If the steel be wrought up and refined to a high temper, the cloudiness of the vapour will perish from it almost at the instant that it is breathed upon.

WIT AND HUMOR.

They say the new play. "The Raw Carret," cap't be beet. Of course not.

The girls of the Mo, in Missouri, are so sweet that posts speak of them as Mo-lasses. Why is the bone of the armealled the funny-bone is Because it is the humerus bone.

Waks a storm is browing, who can say whether it will be all hail, mild ale, or heavy wat?

SOME young ladies must be given to dreamy specu-ations, they build such eastles in the (h)nir. PROBLEM SOLVED FOR THE BENEFIT OF COLLIERS.
-Where do all good niggers of "To work, of course."

Tonn Odds Taken.--Four-foot-oleren-und-u-quur-or in her boots accepting six-foot-two in his stock-

Whenever tectotalors talk about drunkenness, they invariably broak the pledge, and indulge in bitter rail.

ter ran.

Stautling Fact.—Every man who commits suicide
with a pirtol must discharge his own debt o' natur. PRELIM REMARK.—" Happy is the country that has no history," as the Schoolboy said on being flogged for the third time for not knowing who was Henry the Sixth's wife.

A GENTLEMAN inquired of another whether a cer-tain doctor had any practice. "Oh, yes." was the reply, "I assisted in laying out one of his patients the other day."

"I AM spenking," said a long-winded orator, " for the benefit of potserity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, " and if you keep on much longer your au-dience will be here."

A BROKEY-HERETED widower in Indianapoles, has erected a pine slab over his wife's grave, and presented a fine piano to the girl who was kind to him during his afflictions. "I RESORT to wine to sharpen my wits," said a young spondthrift to an old one. "Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I bekan, but new I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

As one of the loading male singers in a New Haven church was running up to a very high amen last Sunday, a temporary set of teeth fell out of his mouth. Jie didn't want the false-set to voice just

A LADY, who asserts that her opinion is based upon a close observation, says that mon, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months a month before marrying her, and a month after bury-

A Boy at Kingston, seven years old, is destitute of ears, and has a good joke on his mother, who finds him difficult to box. But she makes it up on him on different portions of his hide. He says he wishes he had ears like other boys.

The latest thing in practical joking at a pyrotechnic display is to tie a strong thread to a friend's hat, at-tach the other end to a sky-rocket, and get him to let

it off. The delight of the victim is unbounded, and the experiment meets with great success. the experiment meets with great success.

Nor largary to Tuns Ur.—The woman who is reported to have advertised her desire to obtain a harband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies," advertised for an impossibility. The tendency of Roman noses is not appared.

tendency of Roman moses is not appeared.

As correspondible and somewhat misanthropic acquaintance romarks that he has often heard the property "A friend in most is a friend index t." but he says hecan't see any point in it. He has a friend in mod who is always borrowing money of him.

epithalamon.

Epithalamon.

Pere Hyacinthe adjures monastic vows:
The childless Father has become a Sponse.
Blest with his Consort in their mapfial bower,
Behold the Hyacinth a double flower.

A ciry fop who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, but was extinguished by the old man, who solumnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to soll."

As exchange says. "A Milwankee lover, dying lately, left his sweetheart, a poor girl, a fortune of twenty thousand dollars. There are few such lovers to be found." Very true: and the girs complain, that, when they are found, it is impossible to induce them to die.

A Neago hold a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock ner on the head with an axe. 'The nearo, ob-serving the man's eyes, in some four inquired, " You gwine to hit wharyon look?" " Yes." " Den." said Cuffee, " hold de cow yourself. I ain't gwine to let you hit me."

you at me,"
"Sat," cried a girl, looking down from the upper story of a grocery, addressing another girl, who was trying to enter the front door, "we've all been to exam-meeting, and we have been converted; so whom you want milk on Sunday, you'll have to come around to the back door,"

around to the back door.

The following words naturally formed the peroration of the counsel's plea for a chent in an assault and battery case at Athons, Alabama: "Let the humble asserted the thistle of the valley; let the sagactous goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, men of the jury, I say that John Gandle is not guilty."

The jury, I say that John Gamile is not guilty."

We see announced a work entitled "Gas, and All About it." We trust its author has thrown some light on that very obscure article. For instance, we hear about gas "with the illuminating power of three candles." Boes this mean that one must have three candles. "Boes this mean that one must have three candles. "Boes a light or not good one to see whether the gas is alight or not?

It is said that the characteristic of the umbretha is its tower of changing shapes. You may leave a new silk one with an ivory handle at any public gathering, and within three hours at will transform itself into high blue of Radod brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, with a handle like a telegraph gold and five fractured ribs.

A Cincinnari youth, guided by the advice of a for-

A GINGINNATI youth, guided by the advice of a for-tion-tollor, sought to make a girl love him by means of observery working from under her chair. When the time came she sprang into the air about three feet, and when she came down she landed in her lover's hair and took about two handfuls there-from, and then told him that she hated him. No match.

match.

A Genual poet has lately written a touching poem, in which the here is represented as devoured by alligators under a paint free, on the shore of lake frie in America. The hereine hours of the dreadful fate of her lover down in the glades of Florida mar the banks of Lake Superior, where she is living, and rashes down south to Lake Erie, and lays wait for that creadile, captures him, cuts him open, extracts the homes of her dead love, purchases a rich coffin, and has him interred in magnificant style in Greenwood Comercry in New York, in the State of St. Louis. The poem is too affecting.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

242. A QUARTETTE OF DECAPITATIONS.

11. Whole, when used, I'm sparkling and bright:

111. Whole, I'm a bird: pray, what is my name? Bohead me, I'm still a bird all the same; Transpose me, then I'm classed with the moun, And never expect with the rich to be seen

IV.

Whole, I'm artful; porhaps you'll call me odd fish; ftere I shall leave you to do sa you wish; Bohoad mo, I listen, if surrounded with fear. If clever you're reekoned, you'll see this quite clear; Behoad me sgain. I once saved a chibl. Who, in character as man, was both meek and mild.

23. ENIGMA.

I am, and have been always, in every age and clime, A cover for all wickedness, the friend of gailt and crime: Deeds of the direst import, deeds that must mane-

less be.
Murders, treasons, and robellions, have oft been raised by me:
I help the dark incendiary to raise his direful flame, And to the gloomestcolours I often lend a mane:
I have been, for all ages, ever since the world be-

And shall be, while this earth of ours is trod by mortal man. Again I'm all that's beautiful, the painter's bright-

Again I'm all that's beautiful, the painter's brightest dream.
The embediment of all that's fair, and the poet's favourite theme:
And lovely flowers (2) the 'sanshine ne'er has and ne'er shall see.
Will spring to life beneath my touch and bud and bloom for me.
Ah, what tender tales of love and hope to me have been embessed.
When every flower was sleeping, and the worl' had sunk to rest.
Though flowers may fade and wither, in gardon, fled, or plain.
And everything may pass away, yet I shall still remain?
244. CHARADES.

24. CHARADES.

My first is a curse, my last is a cave, My whole is a guardian, the unswer I crave 11. While you're my tirst, improve my last, My fleeting whole will soon be past.

111. Boys wearmy tirst, and eat my last : They use my whole when not steadfast. IV.

My first is a vowel, my next is a boast. And so is my lest—both good for a feast: My whole is a poem, though one of the least.

My first transpose, it will disclose
What farmers often prize:
And when I'm ill, good Doctor Pull
To do my lost he tries;
My whole dath roll in luxury.
Reader, what can the answer be ?

25. A QUINTETTE OF CONS.

1. Which are the strongest boys in a school where thouging is the instrument of instruction?

2. What is the only proper and most gented wearing of defence a husband can make use of if his

2. What is the only proper and most gented weapon of defence a husband can make use of if his
wife happens to be a shrew?

3. If the learned dogs at a fair were asked what
game at eards they preferred, what answer would
they certainly make?

4. Chesta (loq): "I say, Pompey, when Dina, de
cook, was attacked by that jackall, de oder micht,
what was de best weapon she could have taken up
in self-defence?"

5. If you were hadly in want of a handle for your
axe, and you residud at Dover, where would you look
for the requisite timber.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 41.

231. ANAGRAM-Tip Pit. 235. Engma-The Needles.

236. CHARADE-Neura-parties.

237. Double Rebus — Haml: Ocymel: Mantl: Ephonech: ReD.—Homen, 11540.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We had failed to meet supplies, as we had expected, and were making a temporary stay at Stockton. By we, I mean Charlie Brand, Doles, and "yours traily," and as we sat conversing in the room of our hotel that summer evening, there suddenly came up to us from the street the saund of a distintery. street the sound of a distant cry.

The uplifted finger and short ejaculation of Doles brought us into a listening attitude immediately. There was nothing but the indistinct ceho of the sound which had attracted our companion's notice.

Charlie dashed up a window, and thrust his curly head outside. Doles got his profile into

the same frame. "A row in some direction," suggested Brand.

"A row in some direction," suggested Brand.
Again came the long, indistinct cry.
"Row—ch?" questioned boles. "No, there shows the vermillion. I thought it was a cry of fire. Come on, boys."
Away went boles's clear, and the man was soon skipping the stairs in his headlong pace down the long flight to get outside.

"Only a few streets away, boys; try your best paces. I put up my money on Carnes's compasses that he will run out the land first.

It was getting toward midnight, and no great number of people were on the streets; but Charlie Brand, who could whistle soles inlinitably, now sang so-high that he brought many a night-cap out of bed and into the middle of the frame-work of the windows to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

"Fire! fire! fire!" It is a startling cry any-where in the middle of the night, especially if it breaks in upon the sleeping senses

It breaks in upon the steeping senses.

It was astonishing to see how quickly people
pitched into their gear and came dushing upon
the street, turning wide open eyes and mouths
toward the cardinal points, and finally headed

off with others running north.

There is nothing more keenly ludierous than a hustling, jostling, running crowd. The shaky Irish trot, the long lope, the hopping spiral spring movement, the sidewise prance, and the wheezy walk-people coming upon the scene with as many gaits as surrounded ancient Gaza.
One square away we met a column of smoke,
and a momentarily increasing wind pouring straight in upon the fire with as regular puffs as

ever emanated from the throat of a black-smith's bellows.

The fire had originated in some rough outbuildings, and when we reached the scene of action the red blaze was running out its forked, hissing tongues like an army of dragons, and happing and curling in all directions, getting over the ground with frightful rapidity.

"Pull, pull, pull, came the wind, even beginning to get the ground with frightful rapidity.

ning to squeal in its mad gice, and the flames met it half way. Everybody dashed this way and that, wild with excitement, and making praiseworthy efforts to hinder everybody else

from accomplishing anything.

In an hour the fire was under fearful headway, and all that could be done was to clear away be fore it what few things could be cared for, and bear the sick and weak to places of temporary

In the hotel where we had been awaiting our In the lotel where we had een awaring our supplies were stopping a family from Maine. They had arrived in the place some months previously, but owing to his wife's ill health and home-sickness, Mr. Meade had hesitated about investing his capital in the land of gold. We had met at table and in the evenings, and wore much interested in the family, because they had come from our own rock-ribbed State. Mr. had come from our own rock-ribbed State. Mr.
Mende, wife and daughter composed the family.
Emily Meade was a child of twelve years, one
of those rare children who can be and had been
caressed and potted without being spoiled. She
was a beautiful child, with a sunny, smiling face,
and completely free from the affectation of shyness that taints the twelve year old girl of the
period, who even at specify an are has a frameperiod, who even at spearly an age has a framework of sources in her mind whereon she aches to impule the masculine ily of the day.

Doles had had one or two wordy battles with her, and from the landing above, she more than once showered upon him the withered

petals of her gay bouquets.

One night she had pursued him around the hall with a willow wand, he having refused to tell her the story connected with a long white scar that seamed his left hand, across the palm. In vain her mother laughingly called upon her to pause, and think what a speciacle she was making of herself. Suddenly, in an angle by the door, Doles turned and caught her in his arms, in such a way that no amount of struggling would release her, so she brought her branch to-gether at the ends, and placed it, leaves and all, around his head, at which he began chanting:

"While I touch the string,
Wreath my brow with laurel,
For the tale I tell
lins for once a moral."

But a few minutes later they were sitting cosily together on the pinzza, and he was telling her about the white sear.

This brief digression is necessary to show in what relation we, or Doles especially, stood toward Mr. Meado's family at the time of which I am writing.

The fire swept southerly and then westerly, going at a fearful rate, finding terror and confusion meeting it, leaving wreck and uproar be-

By Jove !" says Doles, "it's after our old

hotel, sure. Got any luggage thore, boys?"

"All that I have there," answered Charlie,
" are a tooth-brush and two cigars."

"Come around that way," retorted Doles,

" so that you can seize your goods as they come

Yes, truly, the red fire was sweeping head— ong toward the inn. Across, the intervening long toward the inn. Across the intervening distance it ilung fold after fold of its broad, gleaming banners. Everybody worked with a will, but there wasn't water enough in Stockton, at

We helped the landlord get out all of his house hold affairs that was possible, but the boarders and travellers trying to save their effects, hin-dered calm, systematic operation. The roof was burning, and the fire creeping unseen along the outbuildings caught the rear, and began eating the foundation. Ere we were aware of the fact the flames at the back part of the house were streaming furlously from the foundation to the

"They are all out?" I questioned of the land-

lord.
"Even to the sick man," was the reply.
"Toss of property I breathed more freely. Loss of property may made up, loss of life never.

distractedly through the crowd. "Ah, is it you, Doles?" said he, "and where

"Emily, do you not know?" "Mrs. Meade fainted with terror, and while I conveyed her out to a place of safety, Emily, who was terribly worried about her mocking

bird and its fate, slipped away."
"Would she venture into the burning house?"
I questioned, aghast at possibilities,
"She is perfectly dauntless," replied her

father; "and if her bird called out in its fear wakefulness she would plunge into a furnace or whitefulness she would plung into it farmed to rescue it. My God! what is to be done?" His face was ghastly, his limbs shook so that

he had to lean against a support.

"Your room?" I shouted, for I saw that he was likely to become insensible from fear and horror. "Second story north and east," he

A ladder! a ladder!!" shouted Doles, tear "A ladder! a ladder!!" shouted Doles, tearing his boots from his feet, and buttoning his
cost closely. Charlie Brand dashed one way
and I another, in quest of the article.

I selze done which a man was bearing upon his
shoulder, with just the explanation, "Somebody
burning-up in the hotel," and the man with
but for the proceedings of self dust thank find heave

ourning-up in the note; that the hall with that forgetfalness of solf that, thank God, beams out in times of great extremity, slipped the one ejaculation—"ran!"—he hore one end along with as great rapidity as I could wish.

"Buckets!" called Charlie, "buckets form a line to the reservoir, and be ready with the

"Give him a cheer, boys, give him a cheer!" The silence was broken by one loud, wild

A broad, red loop of seething flame swung A broad, red loop of seething flame swung out from the caves and drooped around the head and lands of the hero. Just then we head him cry out. A sudden fear seized me. At such a time, in such a place, there was not a furnace flame that could wring a cry of horror from the lips of Doles. My fear was that the red blaze had swooped upon the poor child whom he had occasionally caught sight of, where she still leaned from the window, reaching down toward the brave fellow coming up to her resche. A canopy of black, stifling smoke gushed from the inside, preceded by an ominous crash. The ladder, in the thick darkness of the smoky pall ladder, in the thick darkness of the smoky pall began to tremble.
"Good God! hold hard!" shouted Charlle

Brand, springing upon the hogshead, "hold bard, he's coming down, and the roof is shaking."

as a matter of necessity, which could not be "helped?" Such comments on corrupt conduct surely encourage it; and, as men are very much influenced by the praise or blame attached to their doings, can only tend to the deteriora-tion of public action. When personal motives in public conduct become the rule rather than the exception, as we have lately seen to be the the exception, as we have lately seen to be the case in France and Spain, then woe to the public interests, to the security, peace, and social welfare of the nation! All the interests of a nation depend on the integrity of its leading men. Their lofty virtues are the public safeguard. Like Cæsar's wife, they must not only be pure, but above suspicion. A nation has a right to the best qualities of its chief men. Hence these men should be judged of by the true standard of integrity, and their comings short of it either passed over in silence, or if, mentioned, mentioned with disapprobation. People who deal in ridicule will sometimes be astonished at its exacerbating effects. Often it "Ruckets I" called Charlie, "Duckets form a line to the reservoir, and be ready with the buckets, for the hadder would catch on fire in three minutes."

As we dashed up to the burning building, Doles leaped out of the half-emptied elstern, where he had taken, as Charlie afterwards said, a sitz bath. He pressed his wet cap closely upon his dripping hair, and called out to us, "Up his dripping hair, and called out to us, "Up in the called out to us the called out to us the called out to us is the called out to us is stonished at its exacerbating astonished at its exacerbating is not so much the morit of the just on the

over-reached him than one who has laughed at him, for ridicule injures self-esteem which is a more tender feeling than that of self-interest; and the man who has once been ridiculed by another will always distrust him, because he can at any time repeat the of-fence, whereas he may not have another opportunity of over-reaching conduct. No material services rendered can compensate for wanton ridicule. Though you may obtain for a man a covoted place, or save his life, yet, if you laugh at him, you will not make him your friend. No personal faculty makes a man so much feared as that of ridicule. Great is its power in debate. in debate. Even Pitt learnt to fear the ridicule of Sheridan, Can-ning's ridicule was a more power-ful weapon in debate than Broughman's invective. The man who possesses the power of making other men ridiculous, is under a great responsibility to employ his power only to expose folly, or re-fute sophistry, to abash impu-dence, and to humble insolence, arrogant pretonsion, and self-concoit. Some of the most good-natured mon are prone to the wanton use of ridicule, as one of our poets was called a "good-ma-tured man with the worst-natured muse." Of one of the best-na-tured men of my acquaintance, who was indiscriminate in his ridicule, it was said, in days before duciling was extinct, that "it was a wonder that he had not been thol." — Colburn's New Monthly

How to be Somehopy.—Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and persever-since that will sot every object in the way of your success flying like leaves before a whirlymid. A milk and water way of doing business leaves a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not the go-aheadativeness to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, or, at best, on one of the very low rounds. Never say! can't—never admit there is such a word; it has dragged its tens of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language; but carry a whole lexicon of I cans and I wills with you, and thus armod, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish. Never envy your noighbor his success, but try and become like him, and as much better as you can. If at first you don't succeed, don't with down with despondency and I can't.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE. Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

00t. 17.
00t. 16.
5 p.m.
00t. 15,
5 p.m.
00t. 14,
5 p.m. S. D. S. D.



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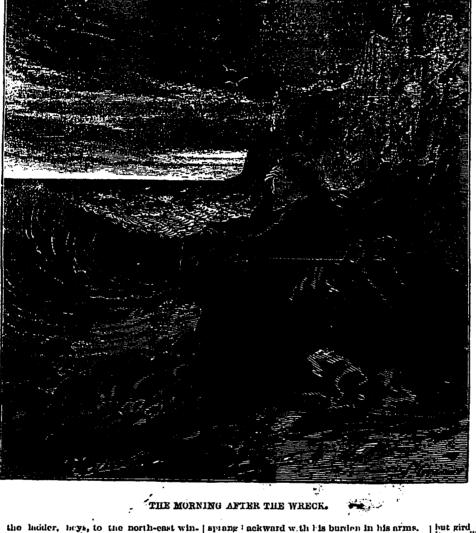
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E. DESHARATS, 1, Place Hill, and 319 St.

Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.



with the ladder, heys, to the north-east win-dows." But the ladder was short. It failed by several feet of reaching the desired locality.

At that moment a cry of horror burst from the crowd. At the second window east of morth, as the smoke gave a sudden lift, we saw Emily Meade holding the case with her bird in one hand, and leaning out with her face turned toward the flames that snapped, and flared, and lapped at her around the corner of the doomed

Doles saw ii, and just spoke a word to him-self, and then called out—

A hogshead of molasses from a neighboring grocory came down on its side in a moment, and was bounced up to the desired situation as quickly almost, as if it had been an eggshell. In an instant the foot of the ladder stood on the cask head, and Doles sprang from the ground

see the top will be after in a minute."

The latter slipped wretchedly back and forth but, mounted upon boxes, several sturdy fellows held their shoulders to the sides to steady it while Charlie, hareheaded and stripped to his shirt-sleeves stood down in the huge cistern, and tossed up the buckets filled with water, and they ran along our line of hands with astonishing

Doles was nearly stifled and quite blinded, for the gables, the whole end, and the weather-boards were a snapping, nearly crumbling coal, and shingles, bits of boards, and every flery thing dropped upon him, and drifted against him, urged by the force of the high, relentless

wind.

Up, up, up! The water dashing step by step with him, for when he could be reached no longer from the ground, an old hero—a miner from the South Forks—mounted upon a smoking, smouldering shed near by, and selzing the buckets as fast as they could be handed up to the state of the contents with all the force of him, threw their contents with all the force of his hereulean arms against the smoking ladder. The noise from the immediate crowd around had suddenly ceased, only the old 'miner on the shed, with his two movements, the down-ward woop for the buckets, and the sidewise swing of his arms to hurl the water, uttered his hourse, automaton shout-

"Up, up, up with the water !" The framework upon which, with his feet wide apart, he stood braced, smouldered away in the movements of the rough, old giant hero.

To the top, to the top of the ladder now, reaching up from the topmost round, we could discorn Doles as the white smoke bellied out—but he reels heavily to and fro, and at that very moment the old giant miner fell through as it would damage the interests of the party with the smoking frame on which he had worked with the one methodical movement peculiar to

the brakes of an engine. At this critical period Charlie Brand, smoking and panting with his exertion in the cistern, voices.

An it stant's hesitation in obeying that warn An il stant's hesitation in obeying that warning world have been fatel to scores of us, as the falling of the farther side of the building and the roof pushed up n the front, and it fell outwardly, and where a moment before a hundred persons had stood spell-bound, now erackled a heap of blackened timber and blazing ruins.

Doles was on his feet in a moment, and bearing the child across the street to where her distracted father haddleen taken before, he forset his own blisters and burns in his anxiety for

It took but little time to convince us of the sad, sad truth. The chikl's insensibility was death. Love's labor was lost.

More than one life went out in that destruct see fire; but around no other lifeless body hung so many sad, stranger faces as around this child's. Her affectionate bravery to rescue her darling bird; her dauntless manner of meeting her fate, added to the heroic conduct of her stranger friend and rescuer, took a deep hold upon the most stoical nature

The only words that Doles uttered concerning her on the day of her burial, as he bent his scorched and blistered face close to hers, which was but little marred, she having been stifled with the botsmoke, we heard him say:

4 Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand.
And the sound of a voice that is still."

STRAY THOUGHTS ON POLITICAL INTE-GRITY AND RIDICULE. It is a bad symptom of the times when per

and motives for public conduct use indeed of in a tolerant manner—when it is taken almost as a matter of course that public men should in certain circumstances act corruptly. We may sometimes hear such motives calmiy or focu-larly spoken of as if they reflected little or no discredit upon those who are actuated by them. Of this fashionable kind of candour it was wit amongst us in human shape, we should clap him on the back, and say, poor misguided an-gol." We may hear it calmly said that, be-cause salary is an object to such a man, he must aim at office, or retain it at whatever cost of consistency, self-respect, and reputation; or, that such an one is obliged to not in such or such a manner, because he is the follower of such a man, or bolongs to such a party; or that such a measure must have been brought forward because the interests of the party, not of the country, required it; or, that such a measure however desirable, cannot be brought forward or no wonder that So-and-So, being piqued at exclusion from office, opposes those by whom he has been passed over. That public men are actuated by such motives is, no doubt, but too true; but why should this conduct be glossed over as natural and pardonable, and spoken of