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THE MONTREAL GAZETTE

DEVOTED TO CYCLES, NATURAL ROMANCE &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872. TERMS \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 43.

For the Heathstone. KIND WORDS.

BY HENRY DUNBAR.

As the breath of the dew on the tender flower,
They gently fall with a softly falling power,
Refresh the heart and dispelling all woe,
And filling our souls with a soft loving glow.

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

Though fierce raging passions inhabit our breast,
Yet, like oil on the water, they soothe us to rest,
Allying all storms by a single kind word,
Which "deep in the heart strikes the tenderest chord."

In long after years the low liquid strains,
Still dear to the 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 Eternal, do tolerate and for a good many years, too, the existence of the most impudent falsehoods. Nay, a lie often flourishes like a green holly-tree, while poor little Truth withers away unregarded, like a box of mignonette on a window-sill, which a broker's man, who has seized a working man's "sticks," has declined to put into his inventory. However, the lie, we are entitled to hope, is sure to be hunted down some day, and exposed and branded with the contemptuous 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 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 Eternal 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 Judeoek and Cross had their wild-beast show, stood much further out in the Strand, and nearer Waterloo Bridge. It is odd, however, to mark how strongly early associations 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 Bunton and Cuvier still hover around the purlieus of Exeter Change; and, sometimes, peering the Strand in the night season, I have seemed to hear the howling of Fidoek's jacks, and the infernal merriment of Cross's hyena, and, however, revealed to be the harmonic revelry of a party of jokers 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 Chumee, the mad elephant, devouring 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 Chumee! He only went mad through inflammation at the root of one of his tusks. Given the toothache, or a soft corn, and down topples the Colossus of Rhodes.

Your little boy, aged eight years, and now home for his midsummer holidays, dear madam, has never seen the gloomy arcade, 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, when the wild beasts roared and howled, and the elephant went mad. In lieu of the arcade and the shops, your younger, or cognate only of a heavy, clumsy building, half-Saxon and half-Bizantine in architecture, whose cumbersome porches and ill-placed 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 Gazette*, and other newspaper offices. This place was the Strand Music Hall. Ill luck clung to it during its brief career, notwithstanding the vocal exertions of the Great Cocktobin, the Jolly Waterwagtail, and other eminent comic singers. But your little girl, dear madam, aged two and a half—bloss 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, 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 metamorphosed. I hope this last speculation in Exeter Change will be luckier than its fore-runners. The Exeter Change to which this legend refers—and, believe me, it is going to be one of the most terrible of Terrible Tales—is was the gloomy arcade, with the untenanted shops. They were not always untenanted. Sanguine, or inexperienced, 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,



MR. BUPPS MAKES A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY.

where there are flies; blackbeetles, and not 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 back as was the coal business, and "dark" the horses on which the sporting gentleman betted, they derived no benefit from the congenital dinginess of Exeter Change. A scientific person in spectacles set up an establishment for the sale of the bones of extinct animals, and 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 bibliophile, who started a stall 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, Thurloil's Road. The rashest of all the "commercial parties" who tried their luck in this ill-omened place was a pretty little milliner, who opened a shop for the sale of bonnets after the late Paris fashions. Bonnets! She had better have tried to sell coal-scuttles. But she didn't sell 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 Exeter Change? Bless you! I 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 bundle used to take charge of this Cave of Despair. He was the gorgeous guardian of the Burlington Arcade as the Captain of a penny steamer is to the captain of an ironclad man-of-war. They tried to make the little Exeter Change bundle sumptuous with gold lace and a brass-knobbed stick, but he soon grew fuddled and mousy. They never stayed long, those bundles; and they were all, in different degrees, as mad as Chumee. At all events, if they entered on their office in a state of sanity, the desolate solitude of Exeter Change very soon made cords and whips of their brains. It was not raving madness that affected the headmen of this benighted spot, but a rather harmless and babbling amenity, 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 "challenged" them with impunity. One of the bundles had a dog, and he was mad, too, wakening the lugubrious echoes of the Change with unearthly howls, and gyrating in weird pirouettes, like the demon poodle in "Faust." In quest of the stump of a tail, this mad dog didn't bite anybody—that good would the act have done him, seeing that everybody who had business in Exeter Change was as mad as he, and that people who had no business were not so mad as to come there?

Stay; from time to time, some unsophisticated stranger, some raw clothopper from the rural districts, some ingenious Jack-tar just home from sea, some foreigner who had lost himself in the great world of London, would stumble, through inadvertence or misadventure, into the Change. Strange things are said to have happened to the unwary who strayed into that obscure of arcades. Fearful stories are narrated of guiltless lambs who fell into that pit. Here is one of the darkest legends that I can recollect about Exeter Change.

It was Easter Monday—Easter about fifteen years back—and Mr. Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, junior clerk in the firm of Bag, Loaf, and

Box, Sugar brokers, of Mincing Lane, City, had a whole day's holiday from his office. City clerks 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 duros 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 languish at a Old Bailey at eight a.m., as a pleasant and lively manner of beginning the festival day. But Bag, Loaf and Box 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 senior partner, who was somewhat of a disciplinarian, was ill-in, and seldom 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 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, Grindley, the cashier, was left in charge. He was the senior employe of the house; but he didn't want any holidays—not he! Whenever his principals could persuade him to "take a day," Grindley, it was reported, used to pass it in the great hall of the Bank of England, watching the customers exchanging notes for gold, and gold for notes, and listening to the chinking of the sovereigns and the rattling 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. Grindley 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 his evenings teaching compound fractions and tare and tret to his three boys.

Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, then, had a holiday; two, rather, since Easter Sunday had also necessarily been at his disposal; so, between the closing of the office on Saturday, and the commencement of business on the evening Tuesday 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 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 relative's farmhouse among the Westmoreland fells. If he elected to remain within the metropolitan district, were there not the Crystal Palace and Cremorne; Richmond, Greenwhich, or Hampton Court; Fulney, with its water boats; Hornsey Wood House, and a score of theatres, with Easter entertainments at all of them? In fact, there was no limit to the prospect of innocent recreations to be indulged in by a young fellow in good health, with a keen appetite for enjoyment, and with money in his pocket. But, as "one little thing" is said to have prevented the late Colonel Guido Faux from crossing Vaux-

hall Bridge to accomplish his fell design of blowing 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 reveries of Eastertide. The fortunate youth was, for the nonce, the unluckiest dog in the three kingdoms. He hadn't any money in his pocket. The salary of R. G. Bupps was eighty pounds a year, which was handed to him in monthly instalments by his employers. Now, eighty pounds 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 bills of lading. Still, Rudolphus's salary was a rising one, and he had begun commercial life as an office-boy at twelve shillings a week. Now he had over thirty; and I can't help fancying that young men were not so extravagant fifteen years ago as they are now. At all events, Rudolphus Gustavus had not found it very difficult to jog along upon eighty pounds per annum, hoping for the better days when his garrison would rise to ninety or a hundred. Think of this, ye evil servants of Pall Mall and Scumerset House, grumbling over your five or six pounds a-week, paid to you by a conding 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 labours. Young Bupps lived in cheap lodgings at Cannon Town; breakfasted at a coffee-shop; dined at a luncheon-bar in Bishopsgate Street; digestion 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 moderate, never rising beyond an occasional glass of pale ale, or two pennyworth of Old Tom, cold. If he smoked cigars, his fondness for the weed never emboldened him to adventure on anything more expensive than a penny peckwick; and at home, with the aid of "retains," he sedulously colored a cannet of pipeclay soaked in oil, which he fondly believed was a real meerschaum. 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 foibles in question were gloves, scarves, and pins. The fatuous youth was passionately 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 purchase Houbigant, or Thresher and Gentry; 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, as many a poor gentleman does who can yet stroll along Pall Mall with the quiet consciousness of being suitably attired. As with his gloves and his neckties, so was it with my hero's pins. He boasted that he never gave more than three and sixpence for any one of those ornaments. They were of all designs, of the richest (imitation) gold, and adorned with (glim) coral, malachite, lapis-lazuli, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. Yet 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 rubbish.

Still, those petty extravagances went no further than to infringe on the youth's pocket-money, and cause him devoutly to wish, about the fifteenth of every month, that it was the first of the next one. A disaster much more serious had made him penniless at the particular Easter-time of which I speak. It was the old, old story. It was all about a little bill. Rudolphus Gustavus had a friend; who but Jack

Farcy, indeed, the fastest young veterinary surgeon in all Camden Town. A chum of mine, mingling between the two at the "Hoek and Spilts"—that well-known house of call for "vets"—soon opened 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, Fitzroy Square, was just the obliging sort to "do" that little bill at two months, at a moderate rate of discount. Would Rudolphus Gustavus help a friend in a pinch? Jack didn't want him to accept the bill. Not a bit of it. That formally would be performed by Whoobank. You know Whoobank, my boy; great cab proprietor of Shore-ditch—eighty hunsoms—no end of horses in his yard. Safe as the bank, Jack Farcy only required Rudolphus Gustavus to "jump up behind"—that is to say, to endorse the little bill. The credulous Bupps duly inscribed his autograph on the back of the fatal document, and he had never had any peace since. It chanced to happen before the expiration of the two months, that rattling Jack Farcy was appointed riding-master and veterinary surgeon to the Rajah of Swindolpore. At all events, he vacated from his lodgings, leaving "The Mews, Swindolpore," as an address, and Camden Town and his creditors were left to lament him. About the same time, Whoobank went away, and neglected to come back. He had been insolvent for years, and there were bills of sale on all his hunsoms and all his horses. "The unhappy Bupps" was called upon to "take up" the little bill, which could just as easily have taken up the Monument and held it in the hollow of his hand. So Mr. Jehoshaphat, through the intermediation of his solicitor, Mr. Melphioseth, of Synmonds Inn, sued him. It was three times three—that is to say, writs at three guineas a-piece, and all the honours. Poor Bupps was distracted. He rushed to Mr. Jehoshaphat, and entreated time. The tobacconist was not at all averse to forego his suit. 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 costs, and five pounds for the renewal, and find some other friend who would also "jump up behind," to make things regular. Bupps persuaded his landlady to get her husband, 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 cabinet-maker jumped up behind. Mr. Melphioseth was paid his costs; and I promise you, R. G. Bupps didn't purchase any fresh gloves, scarves, or pins during the next two months. To raise the five pounds for the renewal, he pawned the old-fashioned gold watch which his old aunt dived in Westmoreland, in one of her transient fits of generosity, had sent him. These generous fits occurred very rarely. The last time she had taken notice of him, he had received, per London and North-Western Railway, twelve guineas, a copy of Hark'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-builder in Lower Thames Street.

When the new bill came due, Rudolphus Gustavus was as unable as he had been on the previous 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 renewed, Mr. Jehoshaphat instructed Mr. Melphioseth 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 five 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 become responsible on Jack Farcy's account, to say nothing of at least fifteen pounds disbursed to Mr. Melphioseth as costs, found that he was the acceptor of a bill for thirty-seven pounds ten, which was due, and on which Mr. Jehoshaphat threatened, if the entire amount was not paid to him by Tuesday in Easter week, to sue without mercy. He was no longer accommodating. He would no longer listen to reason. He would have his rights, said Mr. Jehoshaphat.

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 Easter Monday, fifteen years ago. He had pawned or sold nearly all his small possessions. He owed six weeks' rent, and his landlady began to look reproachfully on him. Even the journeyman cabinet-maker, ordinarily the most pliable 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 sevenpence half-penny; and on Easter Tuesday morning the infernal performances of Messrs. Jehoshaphat and Melphioseth would, he knew, 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 cabinet-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 do to R. G. 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 the next best course to pursue would be to do for himself. He had written to his aunt in Westmoreland, telling her the whole truth

about the bill, and imploring her to assist him.

R. G. Bupps had passed the major part of Easter Sunday in bed, groaning.

It was a very bright, sunny morning, but the change was as dark as a cellar in the London Docks.

"Ah!" thought R. G. Bupps, as he passed the struggling official.

He cursed Mr. Melphiboseth and the rest of the legal profession generally, with much heartiness.

"I wonder what's in it," R. G. Bupps asked himself, handling the leather portfolio.

This naughty damsel was, however, to be pitied—especially by respectful presents of parasols, Paris kid gloves, and admulations for the Theatre Royal.

But, on this Easter Monday morning, with five pounds to spend—ah, how foolishly, how guiltily acquired, R. G. Bupps—the clerk felt confident of being received with complaisant smiles by his Loo.

Radolphus Gustavus Bupps had hitherto enjoyed a spotless reputation for integrity. He had been frequently entrusted with large sums by his employers, and they would have trusted him with untold wealth.

It was a rash thing, a dangerous thing, may I admit it was a dishonest thing to appropriate this sum to his own use.

I grieve, I blush, I tremble to tell it, but R. G. Bupps listened not to the grave accents of virtue.

He walked defiantly enough into the Strand again, and up Fleet Street; but he was not yet hardened to the prickings of conscience.

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a 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.

Why eastward, 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.

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purchase for her in the Poultry a pair of peach-coloured kid gloves, small seven, best make, three-and-ninety—and a French cambric pocket-handkerchief, with "Louise" elegantly worked in one corner.

They reached Richmond, and enjoyed themselves on special holidays, and when the weather is sunny (this was a very fine Easter) and somewhat warm?

They dined at Rose Cottage; but Miss Smallpegge declared that she could not eat a morsel, so, subsequently, a repast was ordered and paid for, if not partially, at the "Palace."

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"You mind your own business," bawled out at this stage of the conversation, Radolphus Gustavus Bupps.

"Come along, Ikey," whispered the tobacco-nist to his friend, "Come away. Let the raw young fool alone. He's sure to get more dippy, and lose all his money, and to-morrow we shall have him on his knees."

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Nor was Radolphus Gustavus seen much longer that night at Cremorne Gardens. The meeting with his much-dreaded creditor, and his inexorable solicitor, had somewhat sobered him, entering his room with a cup of tea, her quick eye had noted that the dressing-table was littered with bank-notes, silver, and half-pence.

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sent, gave Mr. Melphiboseth 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 Bag, Loaf, and Box's firm did not come to business until nearly two p. m.

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 Mincing Lane is now Bag, Loaf, Box, and Bupps—because, in fulness of time, the happy husband of another Miss Smallpegge—the younger sister, indeed, in the frilled trousers—who, like Alice in "David Copperfield," 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 straggler will soon accidentally discover it; he imbibes his own load, and finds his way to the nest with the information; speedily a number of others emerge, make straight for the sugar, and 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.

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NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Mary let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day. For the dreadful mortgage on the farm at last is wiped away...

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowing to the shore, by taking eggs and butter to the little village store...

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart; that lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart...

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart rejoice; I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice...

Lay by your faded calico and go with me to town. And get yourself and Bessie a new and shinier gown...

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget to thank our God in heaven for being out of debt...

[REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1893.]

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XLIII.—(Continued.)

For some minutes after this Sir Francis Cleveland was inclined to be angry, and George had to be apologetic, and to assure her husband that she had never doubted him...

"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, George, and it may have been a flattering likeness then."

"It may," said George 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, George, 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 George, "and that he seemed desperate, like a man who could do anything."

Questioned closely by her husband, George described the scene in the library, repeating as faithfully as she could every word that had been spoken by Richard Redmayne.

"This would fairly account for Harcross's objection to come here," thought Sir Francis. He kissed his wife, and gave her a free pardon for that offence which he had called matrimonial high-treason.

"But don't do it again, George. You might take up some other delusion, and I might not be able to prove an alibi quite so easily. And now I must go and talk to Vallery about this business, and perhaps to Mr. Rufnell the constable."

"O Francis, will they hang that poor farmer?" "Inevitably, I should imagine, if he shot Harcross."

"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 accusing you."

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

He 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 headquarters of the committee of investigation—a 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 darkened.

To him Sir Francis repeated the conversation reported by George, particulars which were not new to that gentleman. "Yes," said Weston, throwing away the end of his cigar, after he had smoked it out with a meditative aspect, "yes, he repeated with exceeding deliberation, 'I don't think there's 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 unaccountably 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 if of a man whose genius had coped with stupendous difficulties, and emerged victorious from the struggle.

"I think we've got a clue, Rufnell," said Sir Francis gravely. "Have you, sir?" said the constable, with a saturnine smile. "Very likely, sir; but I've got the man."

"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 against him as was ever laid before a jury."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"SOME INNOCENTS' SCAPES NOT THE THUNDERBOLT."

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

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 airlessness. The familiar rooms seemed no wider than a prison cell—in the garden there was neither air nor freedom, only a sultry heat that stifled him.

The sound of Mrs. Bush's voice droning some ancient ditty, with a quavering turn at the end of each line, jarred upon his nerves to exorcism. 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 revolvers 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 Gippisland; 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 sickened 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. To-day 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 drowsey I did. My brain was on fire after I had seen him, and I may have drunk a good deal without thinking what I was doing. Yet, my senses were clear enough when I fired that gun, and I can swear that it was his face I saw in the moonlight."

It 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 dupe 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 blooming—the roses she had loved and cared for—not slim aristocratic standards, but broad spreading bushes or veritable trees straggling upward in unkept 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; old-fashioned cabbage and maiden's bluish and white and red moss roses, no *Gloire de Dijon*, or *Malmaison*, or *Lady Banks*, or later fashionable products of the horticulturalist's art.

He 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! In that case what should he do? Consider his own safety, his own inclination, and start at once for Brisbane? How if he chose that selfish 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? A luckless wretch might be suspected, tried, and hung before he could hear of it yonder.

"No," he said to himself resolutely; "I'm not such a scoundrel as that! I'll stand by my guns. So long as there's no mistake made, I'll hold my tongue. But if an innocent man should 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 under so deep a disgrace, that no future generations 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 hooked upon the scaffold, and jerked into eternity amidst the execration 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 eaten nothing since yesterday, but he did not get through these dismal hours of suspense without an occasional "nobber." A slow 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 exercise 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; "something light and tasty," as she remarked, when recommending it to her employer. "Do-ey try and eat a bit, now, Mr. Redmayne," she pleaded. "It don't do nobody any good drinking raw spirits on a empty stomach. 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 captiveness is regular suicide. 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, however, nay, would not even sit down, or make any pretence of eating 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 tea, a cool and pastoral meal of bread-and-butter and green-stuff, which he took in the back-end of back kitchen, among Mrs. Bush's pails and mops and brooms and black-lead brushes; that industrious man holding her principal kitchen, with its snow-white hearthstone flags and shining range, a chamber far too sacred for the defilement 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 elated by the sense of his abnormal condition, no longer a man to be curiously told to eat his tea and look sharp about it, as Mrs. Bush would 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 withhold.

"Well!" 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 hewed the big loaf with a broad kitchen knife. "Lord, how the man do stare! Don't sit with your mouth open like a scarecrow. What's the matter now?"

"O, well," growled Mr. Bush, "if you don't want to hear, no thank, 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 instead of doing your work, and have heard something more about the murder."

"I haven't been loitering nowhere; but I may have heard something for all that," returned the outraged Bush, with a wounded air. "If you've got anything to say, say it," exclaimed Mrs. Bush, with supreme disgust; "if there's anything in this mortal world as I hate, it's this shilly-shally."

"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 heard all about it. They've brought in a vorlick again Joseph Flood, Sir Francis's groom, and they've took him; and it was all along of Bond's daughter as he was jealous of, and she'd been carryin' on shameful with this here Mr. Arkwright, which was a swell from London; and Joseph went profling about after dark with his gun—and took and shot him!'"

"A bold-faced hussy!" cried Mrs. Bush indignantly. "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 Methodist as you'd find between here and Maidstone. Why, it's her that ought to be hung, if there was any right 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 criminal acts back to their first causes was an advanced idea which he hardly saw his way to.

"Joseph Flood did it," he said, "and Joseph Flood must swing for it. The gal may have been flighty, I won't say as she wasn't, but gals; they've as good a right to that saying as by's has to be by's."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XLV.

"BY THE SAME MADNESS STILL MADDER 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 abeyance, 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 escape from the law's worst penalty. He was going to give himself up to justice; he was going straight to his death.

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 Gippisland, never more should he 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 in 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 short-ly hobbled 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 a new world no more. How much harder, then, to face the horror of an ignominious 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 temper triumphant, his daughter's early death unavenged. 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 care to hasten his steps. The sun was going down; the ripe corn melted into a sea 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 laboured that he might keep Brierwood and his own good name! And now both were gone—his name rendered for ever execrable, 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 more gossips that the nightly 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 stand still to talk about it for ever; there must come a period of exhaustion.

Richard Redmayne went straight to the little office tucked 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 dilapidated map of the Clevedon property, much scored about with a red pencil, its ink-splashed dead desk, and battered office stools. These shabby surroundings had the true business flavour 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. Wort'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 day—not been 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 reeked with stale tobacco.

"O dear, no, sir. Master's a rare one to smoke." The housekeeper retired, and Richard took out his black neck-cutty-pipe. He smiled grimly as he filled it. How long would he be allowed this constant comfort? Would they let him smoke in prison?

He filled and refilled his pipe, and sat smoking on as the shadows deepened, till the wooden wall opposite to him was veiled 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 said.

By and by the moon began to climb the heavenly zone, and the first glimmer of her silvery light sent a shudder through Richard Redmayne's frame. That soft fatal radiance brought back the horror of last night.

"The moon's always been mixed up with witchcraft," he thought; "and there was something worse than witchcraft in last night's business. 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 memoranda 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 seated figure, half in moonlight, half in shadow.

"What's the matter now?" he said sharply, not recognising his visitor. "A good deal," answered Richard Redmayne.

"Redmayne! 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 madness is this?"

"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 disguise; 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 he came home to take possession 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 Walgry lies dead at Clevedon Hall. He changed his name to Harcross when he married an heiress."

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 man—strangers—could be so much alike as that; as much like each other as twin brothers?"

"There was a striking likeness between Sir Francis and Mr. Walgry, though not such a close resemblance as you make out."

"G-t-a 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 without a word.

"Yes," said John Wort, looking at it gravely. "This is a portrait of Hubert Walgry; very much flatterer, 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 all that."

"His portrait!" exclaimed Richard, with suppressed exultation. "The likeness of the man who lies murdered at Clevedon Hall?"

"Yes," answered the steward impatiently. "How many times must I tell you the same thing?"

"Then God is just," cried Richard Redmayne; "I killed the right man!"

"You killed!" exclaimed Mr. Wort, aghast, staring at the farmer's triumphant face with unutterable horror in his own. You killed him! You a murderer! Rick Redmayne, you must be mad!"

"No, John, not mad—not mad now, or mad then; never sadder than when I fired that shot. Why, when I came home from Gippisland 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 listened to me? I tell you there was no other way of settling that account. I was bound to kill him."

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 perfectly 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 Mr. Gracey knew—a 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!"

And then after a pause he went on.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES IN THE COALS.

BY M. A. HOLLINGWORTH.

Companion I've none, yet I feel not alone, For into bright coals I am gazing!

be cried fiercely; "and to one who's not ashamed of it!" "Very right, too," replied Miss Phoebe, making a desperate effort to appear at her ease.



PERCY HARDWICKE'S TÊTE À TÊTE WITH HOURS.

face, and with his strong fingers encircled her slender wrist, squeezing her as though she had been in a vice.

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.

Jerrold thought that she was in pain, and came back to her side. "What is it, dear?" he asked. "Nothing!" she answered, though she spoke with an evident effort.

ing goddess. How very much cut up my friend, the honest Jack Tar, seems to be. There has, perhaps, been a quarrel. I would have given a trifle to have been here to see it.

CHAPTER VIII. IN THE MOONLIGHT. Does it not so often happen that when one expects to meet with some great difficulty, that the path proves instead smooth and easy?

between us two. Don't I owe you enough already—don't I owe you my life?" He shook hands heartily with his host, and laughingly bade him good-by, protesting that he would fare capably at his inn, and there was not the slightest necessity for apology.

Why was it so? I cannot help pausing again to ask the question although I have no hope of finding an answer.

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

Why did those who borrow our money hate us, and those who cheat us, hear us more anxiously than we ever hear them?

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 reader will not accuse me of wilfully spinning out my tales with unnecessary details.

When Jerrold was on his way to the dining-room, he met the servants upon their way to bed, and questioned one of them respecting his wife's illness.

"Your mistress will not allow me to send for the doctor, and thinks that her attack is not serious, and yet I cannot help feeling uneasy. I am afraid that we may not be applying the proper remedies. Pray, what did you do in her former attacks?"

"Her 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 I know of."

"Not ill before?"

"No, sir."

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

"Not since I have been here, sir."

He asked no further questions, although the reply somewhat puzzled and dissatisfied him.

Somewhat, he could obtain no satisfactory explanation of any difficulty since he had been at home.

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

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, 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 do 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 involuntarily in the direction of the windows, and saw in the garden without a tall 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 thief.

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 and fled.

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

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

Without hesitating, he rushed forward through the bushes, and reaching an open space which commanded an unobstructed 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 eagerly into every dark corner that he passed.

Yet, without success.

The night was very still, there was scarcely a breath of air stirring strong enough to ruffle the slender blades of grass by the roadside; and amidst 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 tangled 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 means pleased with the result of his strange adventure.

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

But in this hope he was doomed to be disappointed.

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 fastenings of the doors and windows were secure.

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 restless, 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 returned again.

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 unanswered.

How to escape? How to escape?

From what should she fly? What danger encompassed 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 her 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 living lie!

CHAPTER IX. OATH-BREAKING EVIDENCE.

Least the reader should be tempted to think worse of our smiling friend, Mr. Percy Hardwicke 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 other matters of more importance.

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 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 somewhat,

though, pretty 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 better world he began life in earnest.

With such earnestness 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 often and drunk 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.

When he had reached his last shilling, 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 the tree.

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

In the ordinary course of events, the younger brother had not expected 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 voluntary benefit from his hands.

The elder had, through his life, increased instead 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 taste, he did not for a long time entertain any idea of changing his quarters.

He lived there 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 exhaustion, clinging 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 sufficient quantity of money in notes to last him well for some time to come; and as he was tolerably comfortable at the inn, and had moreover a love affair to occupy his attention, he had no idea 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.

This good opinion, however, was not shared to any great extent by the younger, who had no very great faith 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.

"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 be the consequence?"

He asked himself this question at the breakfast-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 white, 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 property, without any fear of being called upon for an explanation. And then, what will be the consequences of this highly ingenious proceeding? Let me see!"

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

"In the first place," he said, "I shall turn up in the style of other long-lost brothers dramatically represented; and I shall be, to use the parlance of the vulgar, down upon him pretty 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 peeping 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 Phoebe listened to this opinion of her mother's with a faint blush, though she offered no opinion of her own upon the subject.

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 she loved her, oh! so—in fact, very much indeed.

She also thought what a very fine thing it would be to be a fine gentleman's fine lady, 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, pretty little foolish head! All right 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 gazing through the dust at the last obtainable glimpse of her departing splendor.

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, Jabaz Rouroke.

(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 wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand!

Crowns are not alone of gold—
Lend a hand,
Diadems are bought and sold;
But the crowns that good men hold
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand!

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand,
Never in the sunlight glare,
Diamonds never in them shine,
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand.

Hold a light that ne'er shall fade—
Lend a hand,
Jealousy art hath never made;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlastingly, are a race—
Lend a hand.

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

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IN AFTER-YEARS;
OR,
FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

Catchem had now discovered in whose hands he was; and called out 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 arm 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 Catchem's brass stamp with its C. C. was attached.

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

"I'll better lock him 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 seals in 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.

No sooner was he alone than forgetting all 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 endeavoured 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 confined; closing the window to shut out the cold December wind, bleak enough at any time and then coming in fierce sweeps from the north-east as if a storm was not far off and ere sunset would be upon the old Castle in all its fury.

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 pen-knife in the aperture it at once yielded and disclosed the staircase at the back of the inner door.

Catchem ascended quickly, he believed himself 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 was every instant danger, policemen, a jail staring him in the face; above this dark staircase might be some opening in the roof which would lead to some other part of the castle and escape; once on the ground, in the open air, she would trust to his wits, escape from these Scotch boars 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 doorknib 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 open.

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 tumbling down swooping with it the accumulation of dust which helped to keep the spring from shutting.

A creak! the door was again shut as suddenly as it had been so long ago upon Sir Richard, and Catchem found himself a prisoner.

He in vain tried to open it, it was impossible,

and he soon gave up the attempt, his chief distress 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 fidgety 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 taste, and it offended him to think he must perform 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 impossible 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 biscuits 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.

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, mouth, 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 hated.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Thy fierce wrath goeth over me,
Lover and friend be thou not far from me,
Mine acquaintance into darkness."

A fierce hurricane of wind and stout swept round Haddon Castle, battering the old walls and howling among the leafless 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 liveliest 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 before 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 the ear of the sick man, opposing 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 cry!—Thou hast laid me in the deepest pit—in darkness in the deeps—Thy wrath hath laid upon me—Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves."

How differently these words sounded in the ear of Sir Richard now, that he felt but too surely his life was fast welling away, to what 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! alas! 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 day," said he, "but you seemed so much better yesterday I considered it unnecessary."

"I excited myself too much," replied the invalid.

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

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

"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 dictate."

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 tenantry previous to their farms at the rents they paid in Sir Robert's lifetime, also desiring that the money to be taken from a secret cupboard which would be shown him by Adam and of which Adam had the key, fifty thousand pounds of which was to be spent in draining and improving the farms on the estate, the rest of the money whatever it was to be divided between the ladies called Agnes and Margaret Cunningham.

He signed the writing made by the Doctor in a hand scarcely legible, and then delivered a key attached to the bunch Catchem had ro-

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

"I will go now, Sir Richard," said the Doctor "will as the night is I have a patient to whom I must go ere I sleep, I leave you in good hands, Adam will not let anything be undone 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 otherwise."

"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 of my business and I'll not 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 go 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!" said the dying man fervently, "that is one evil less to atone for, I have led a bad life, Adam, and now at the last my sins are coming about my neck 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 cleansed from the soul of man, to the Redeemer of God's elect; He is mighty to save unto the uttermost all that come to God through Him."

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

"No," replied the old man in a strong, dumbless voice, speaking in the full assurance of faith: "It's not 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; 'on day is in His sight as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, 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 wise cast out.'"

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

"I'll do that, Sir Richard, but pray ye to the Lord merciful and gracious yourself, 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 sinners 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 said 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 speak 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 piercing cry of horror 'Adam! Adam!' came from the sick man and the bed shook as if the occupant were under the influence of an igne fit.

"Lord Jesus save him ere he perish," petitioned 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 sneezes and derides me; he comes to torment me before my time."

"I weel believe that, Sir Richard, I cannot see him, but I believe that you do; defy him in the name of the Lord, and call upon God to deliver 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."

"Avant Satan!" said the old man calling out aloud in a voice of thunder, and waving his hand 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 mightily 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 struggle—eternal silence.

Adam closed his eyes and with uplifted hands commuted 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 reason why the most learned people on earth eat sauerkraut may be found, says the *British Medical Journal*, in the following extract from a work entitled *Petri Andreae Mattholi Senensis medici commentarii in sex libros Pedacoli Dioscoridis de Materia Medica*. Venetis, ex officina Valgrutiana MDCCC.

"Tractatus de Latrone Francisci, per M. Antonium de Pinedo, Lugoni, medicum, Professore, p. 13, ligno 30."

"Finally, in order to omit nothing which can add to the knowledge of simples

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 proceed, 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 of course, remains 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.

Political news includes 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.

General news includes all the rest. It is the most difficult to obtain—is of course the most valuable, and to reach it directly is beyond the power of a provincial paper.

Intelligence of this kind must have access to a "well-to-do" man, who is not only a fashionable "drum," but must have the entire of all the clubs; and he must be on a visiting tour with a Minister.

The London paper that can secure the services of such a man has an immense advantage over all others. Its agent can penetrate into circles where the proprietor may never hope to enter, and his reward is of divers kinds.

As experience has been made at Geneva by M. Alphonse de Candolle, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent to which the habits of plants are affected by the locality in which they are grown.

Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, in a recent notice of Darwin's works, calls attention to the fact that the plants of this country in reference to this subject have become convinced that the rattle insects, and thus lures the birds who prey upon them to a point within striking distance of the snare.

Mr. W. B. Smith, in his official report to the California Legislature, on insanity, refers to the warm bath as a favorite method of treatment in Italy, and in some parts of Holland and France.

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 Ecole 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 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 the University of Queensland, who has examined the tin, 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.

Cornal disease 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 Meteorological Society, he called attention to the few leading facts which may be regarded as established.

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HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

INFLAMED GUMS.—A drop or two of camphorated spirit rubbed on the gums will allay inflammation. CLEANSE THE PAINT.—Whitening is better than cleaning. Take a piece of soft flannel. Afterwards wash clean, and rub dry with cambric.

TO MAKE COFFEE BETTER.—Take six cups of corn meal, two cups of flour, two teaspoonsful of salt, two-thirds of a cup of treacle, and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with sour milk. Bake in muffin rings.

TO DETECT BAD VINEGAR.—You can tell whether or not your vinegar has been adulterated with sulphuric acid by first introducing a slight solution of starch, and then by adding iodine. If the vinegar is pure, a blue colour will result.

TO MAKE COGNAC SWEET.—Open the nut at the eye, and pour out the milk. Then break the shell, and get out the nut; cut off all the husk, so as to leave nothing but the pure white nut; chop this up fine, and put it together with a little sugar into a mixing-bowl. Beat it with a pestle until it is as fine as meal.

CALIFORNIA WIVES who have worthless men for husbands have just found out that the homestead law of that State is a fine thing. A lady in San Francisco writes that a wife alone can make a homestead of the property which she and her husband own, and on which they reside.

THE first speech ever made by a colored lawyer in the criminal courts of Washington was made on Thursday last, by Mr. Thomas, a recent graduate of the law at the University of Virginia.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A Man that breaks his word bids others to false to 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 until old age is but too often a regret for the inability to commit more sin.

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 us into the presence of the greatest minds that ever lived.

Philosophical happiness is to want little and to enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

A Man who had lived much in society, said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that a pulpit would hold all his friends.

Drunkenness, being asked of what beast the bit was most dangerous, answered:—"Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer of fame, that of a flatterer."

It is not only in the face of the world, but in the face of the world, that a man should be true. It is not only in the face of the world, but in the face of the world, that a man should be true.

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HEARTHSTONE SPINX.

22. A QUARTETTE OF DECAPITATIONS. Whole, underneath, I've many tricks planned; Transpose me, I sometimes foolish do stand; Behind and transpose me, I'm a beautiful flower, Seen in the valley, or round summer tower.

23. ENIGMA. I am, and have been always, in every age and clime, A cover for all wickedness, the friend of guilt and crime; Deeds of the direst import, deeds that must nameless be, Murders, treasons, and robberies, have oft been raised by me;

24. CHARADES. My first is a vowel, my last is a vowel, My whole is a guardian, two answer I crave.

25. A QUINTETTE OF CONS. 1. Which are the strongest boys in a school whose fogging is the instrument of instruction?

26. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 41. 23. ANAGRAM—Tip Pit. 25. ENIGMA—The Needle.

27. DOUBLE RHYME—Hunt; Ocean; Mail; Epheura; Red.—(HOMER, LIBAN.)

28. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 41. 23. ANAGRAM—Tip Pit. 25. ENIGMA—The Needle.

29. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 41. 23. ANAGRAM—Tip Pit. 25. ENIGMA—The Needle.

30. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 41. 23. ANAGRAM—Tip Pit. 25. ENIGMA—The Needle.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

BY CAPTAIN CARNEE.

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 truly," and as we sat conversing in the room of our hotel that summer evening, the suddenly came up to us from the street the sound of a distant cry.

father; "and if her bird called out in its fear or wakefulness she would plunge into a furnace 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.

"Give him a cheer, boys, give him a cheer!" The silence was broken by one loud, wild huzzah! A broad, red loop of scorching flame swung out from the eaves and dropped around the head and hands of the hero. Just then we heard him cry out. A sudden fear seized me. At such a time, in such a place, there was not a furnace flame that could bring a cry of horror from the lips of Doles.

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 deterioration of public action.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10.

Read what an honest Quaker says: Westchester, Pa., 7th month, 10th, 1872. We value the little Ten-Dollar Sewing Machine highly. Notwithstanding my wife is a very delicate woman, she has recently, without apparent fatigue, made for me by its aid a whole suit of French habit cloths; also another light summer coat, besides many other garments.

WE WANT ENERGETIC AGENTS, MALE and FEMALE, in every section of the country, who can earn from \$5 to \$10 per day by selling the "BECKWITH \$10 SEWING MACHINE," which is highly recommended by the Scientific American, N. Y., Independent, Eclectic and Home, Pharmaceutical Journal, American Artist, American Agriculturist, &c., &c.

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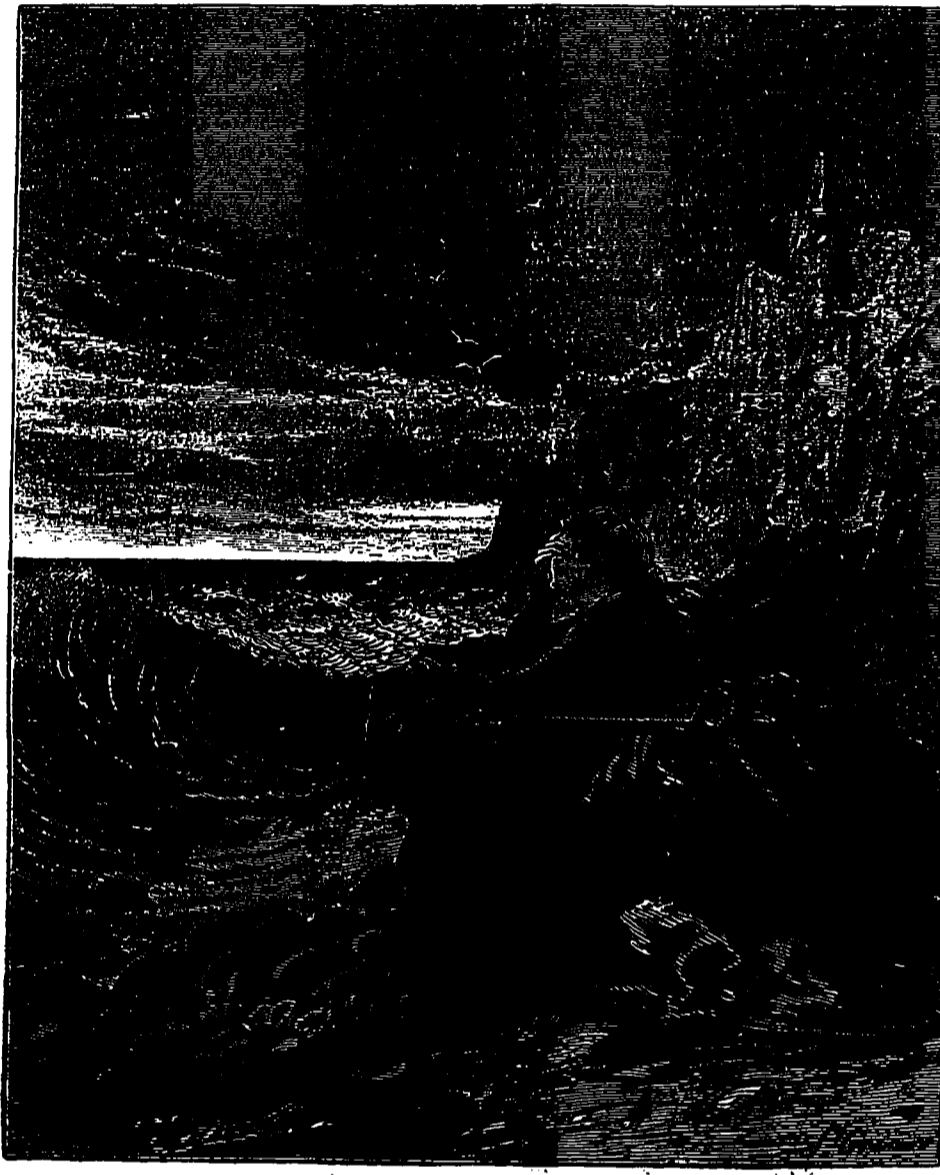
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A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.—Without Phosphorus no thought, say the Germans, and they might add, no action since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous and muscular system.

TELESCOPES. The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the stars by Church clock five, a fine star ten, landscapes twenty miles distant, and will define Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c.

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GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs.



THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Table with columns for various commodities (Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc.) and their market prices as of Oct. 18th, 1872. Includes sub-sections for Liverpool and Montreal markets.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON POLITICAL INTEGRITY AND RIDICULE.

It is a bad symptom of the times when personal motives for public conduct are judged of in a tolerant manner—when it is taken almost as a matter of course that public men should in certain circumstances act corruptly.

Advertisement for the BARBOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER, featuring a large illustration of the extinguisher and text describing its effectiveness and availability.