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THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 261.)

CHAPTER XLVIII.—AN OBLIGING OFFICIAL.

The official ran to get some water, leaving the two visitors alone. The door had scarcely closed before Mistress Preston revived, and said—

"I was ill, but I seemed worse in order to get rid of him. The soldiers and many constables are now outside, waiting to capture or shoot you. The chief of the Secret Department is himself directing them. Happily, they none of them know you, and are waiting for me to give them the signal that you are the man they seek. But our coming here—this delay—even the sight of my face, will warn them of something wrong—that I am deceiving them; and the merest fancy of that kind will suffice. I am sure they wouldn't mind shooting me into the bargain, if they suspected me of betraying them when I have undertaken to betray you!"

"You have done that—you, my own sister—the daughter of a long line of nobles?"

"I have."
"I cannot conceal from you, then, the fact that, even if you save my life now, we can never be as brother and sister."

"Oh, no; I understand! Quick! What will you do? Will you be so cruel—can you be capable of the torture—to let me see you die in effect by my own hands—before my own face?"

"I forgive you, at least—will help you, in any case—will give you chances of reformation, if you will take them. Will you take them?"

"Fly! fly! We can talk of this another day."

"No! You have given me a new reason for despising life. Swear to me you will change this life of yours, thoroughly, and then I will try to save this unhappy life of mine."

"I do swear!"

"Your card! Write down your address where I may find you. Ah! thank you!"

"No, no; you must not come there; I forgot."

"Be at the foot of London Bridge to-morrow night at eight—the City end."

"I will!"

"Now, kiss me for once as a sister, and remember that, if you seek a brother, you know the path. Time may do much. Let us go forth!"

"Are you prepared? What will you do or say?" said the alarmed girl.

"I scarcely know; but come! Delay and hesitation will be the most fatal manifestations. What was the signal you were to give them in coming forth, as a proof that you had found the right man?"

"I was to throw my veil back from my face over my head the instant I reached the centre of the quadrangle in your company, and then leave you—or, at all events, leave you the earliest possible moment after."

"Can we not go back into the building, and there separate unseen, and you come forth alone?"

"Oh, no! no! The chief himself was at the principal door watching before we came in, and the place will be almost empty by now."

The official here came running back, apologising for his having so far to go to fetch some water, and found the lady in part recovered.

"Could you favour me by sending one of your people for a chair?" asked Lord Langton—or, as we should rather call him, Daniel Sterne, for by that name had he introduced himself to the hospital managers.

The gentleman was very polite, went himself to see it done, and again there was a moment for secret talk.

"Get you into that chair alone," said Lord Langton. "If they speak to you, and you find they saw you go out with me, you can say what you please. I shall be gone."

She had no time to ask for explanations, for the gentleman returned to say the chair was ready.

We may note here a fact that Mr. Daniel Sterne had already marked—how much the official was impressed with the beauty of Mistress Maria—a "child of the hospital," as he had once called her in speaking to Mr. Sterne.

"I see you have a private gate yonder," said Mr. Sterne, pointing. "Would that save me much in point of distance in going towards the Edgware Road?"

"Oh, yes; but chairs cannot go that way."

"This lady and I separate now. Unfortunately, I have an appointment that cannot be postponed—"

"Would the lady accept my services so far as to see her to her lodgings?"

"I thank you most cordially in her name, and accept it for her. Would you first favour me with a pass through the gate?"

"Willingly."

The official led the way, but Mr. Sterne, before he got to the door, called to him, and said, with a smile—

"Would you favour me with your arm? I have had a most agitating interview this morning with this lady. I dare not fully accept her story, and therefore wish not to leave this place in her company till I have quite satisfied myself. You understand?"

"Oh, yes; and think you are quite right."

"Will you favour me with your arm? I have been ill of late, and am very feeble."

"Most gladly. Pray lean on me!"

And thus the two men went forth. Daniel Sterne met more than one man whose eyes sought eagerly to look into the faces of himself and companion, but drew back seeing it was the respected manager of the hospital.

The gate was reached—opened—passed! And while poor Mistress Maria Clementina was a minute or two later facing in alarm the infuriated chief, who absolutely disbelieved her story that it was not Lord Langton, but a relative of that it was not Lord Langton, but a relative of her own she had strangely found, that personage himself was striding away towards his home on London Bridge, with the conviction that his hours were now measured—that he must instantly seek quite new shelter, and there determine, once for all, what to do as to the pursuance of his mission.

CHAPTER XLIX.—SIR RICHARD'S UNNATURAL BEHAVIOUR.

The discovery of which Humphrey Arkdale had been the instrument, had an effect on more persons than those supposed alone to be concerned in it.

It may be remembered that the mercer, when he heard the particulars of the fate of the child that had been supposed dead, had evinced more than ordinary interest, though no one noticed the circumstance; and even if they had, they could by no possibility guess at the reason.

Christina was the first to perceive the effect on her father. That night, when she came to kiss him as usual, before going to bed, he did not jest with her, as he generally did, covering his affection in a show of play. No; he held her fondly a long time, stroked back her hair, gazed wistfully in her eyes, and then, to her astonishment, she saw tears in his.

At that sight, her own tears sprang instantly forth, and then, with a kind of laugh of sympathy, she sat herself on his knee, and said—

"Dear, dear papa, what is the matter? I won't go to bed till you have told me. You are not angry with me about my refusal to do what you wished as to Lord Langton?"

"Oh, no! God be thanked that you were so much wiser than I."

The thought she had aroused still further troubled him. He put her from him, got up, and walked about the room in undisguised emotion.

Christina followed, put one hand in his and the other round his neck, and whispered—

"Do—do tell me, or I shall think you won't trust me—that you don't think me capable of trust."

"Teena, is it a fact that you really love me?"

"Why, papa, are you going out of your senses? If you ask me that again, I shall really be obliged to get a mad doctor for you."

"Teena, darling, I am in no mood for this talk. Answer me—look in my face, look into your own soul, and think before you speak what such words mean—what they ought to mean, what sacrifices they may ask—those few simple words: Do you love me?"

"If I did not," cried Christina, with the tears again oozing forth, "I must surely be the most graceless, abandoned creature the world has ever seen! I own you have been so good to me, so indulgent, that I often in my prayers to God say to him I am sure I do not love papa enough; but God knows, for all that, that I do love you with all the little strength to love that he has given me! Dear, dear papa, you do not, cannot surely mean to give me such a dreadful idea as this—that you are beginning, after all these years, to doubt my love?"

"After all these years! Ah, there's the sting! God help me! After all these years! But come, Christina, forgive the old man's folly, and tell him—show him what you could do for him."

"I could die for you, I think, papa."

"Ah! but to live for me, and—and— Well, good night, Christina, good night! The blue devils have got full possession of me just for this once; don't let them get hold of you."

Before she could stop him, he kissed her, and left her abruptly.

She would not go to bed, but sat up, as if reading, hour after hour in silence, wonder, and grief, as to the meaning of this most extraordinary behaviour, to which she could not perceive even the remotest clue of explanation.

And during those same hours she heard his heavy step pacing to and fro.

Should she go to him?

She did not like to do so, because, with all her love for and devotion to him, he had never resigned the right to command, or she, even in heart, forgotten the duty to obey. He evidently did not wish to talk more with her just then.

"Oh," thought she, "it must be some secret trouble affecting his business, or property, or perhaps even his life."

His life! Then it must be through Lord Langton!

Ha, yes! she saw it now. He was in danger, perhaps, both of the scaffold and the loss of all his wealth, and he was perhaps thinking how she would, in poverty and bitterness of soul, reflect on him for his imprudent behaviour, which had led to her sacrifice.

Oh, did he but know how much she honoured him for that behaviour—how willingly she would have shared the same danger in the same cause!

Yes, she must go and tell him that.

She found his bedroom door locked. He answered her kindly, but would not open to her.

Then she went, and gave up in her bed to all the sickness and sorrowfulness of soul this incident naturally brought on her.

What was the mercer doing all this while?

Let us look in upon him. He sits at a little writing-table, where he always keeps materials ready for business memoranda, which he is fond of making while dressing at leisure. Before him is a little wagon-headed trunk of some foreign wood, deep crimson in colour, and highly scented.

He has drawn from this a letter, and he is reading it for the fifth or sixth time this night.

This is the letter:—

HONOURED SIR,—This comes, hoping you are well, from John Forbes, who, maybe, you will remember is a servant to an old acquaintance of yours, not now to be named.

It's a sad business I'm writing about, but I do hope, honoured sir, you will make the best of things by taking to this helpless child as I send, with my wife's best care to keep it safe and warm.

This child, honoured sir, is the daughter of one which I do believe you would go down on your knees any day to serve—as God knows I would—and as I'm now sorry to show you—I mean about myself. You must know who I mean.

This child was just going off to that receptacle for all the wickedest women's brats alive—not that I say none of them are good, and unfortunate, and to be pitied; but what's one out of a dozen? Not enough, in the words of Scripture, to leaven the whole lump. I'm talking about the Foundling.

What do I want to do to save that child? Why, by the help of my wife—God in heaven bless her for giving way to me!—we have sent our own child instead to the hospital, and now send this one to you.

God forgive you if you refuse or desert the babe of your benefactor, now you are called on by sufferers like me to "Go and do likewise!"

I won't tell you a lie. I don't now that my wife would have been able to do such a thing but for our own danger at this time, which is great, and which, maybe, might have caused our child to be left an orphan to the parish in our flight.

That helps us to make up our mind, I being mixed up in the same bad business; and so, to enable us to get more safely through, as well as to save both the dear children, we have done what I tell to you.

From, honoured sir, yours to command,
JOHN FORBES.

He put the letter by after this perusal, locked the chest, and began to undress.

It was useless going to bed; he knew he should not sleep.

He went to look out at the window. The air, as he opened it, blew freshly, crisply, almost frost-like. The stars were out in wondrous splendour, and seemed in their softness to be gazing on him, and his sudden and great trouble, in tender sympathy.

He wanted not to be looked at—he wanted solitude, there to get the strength to do the right thing, over which his spirit groaned in unendurable anguish. He shut down the window, went to the bedside, knelt, and prayed, abandoning himself before he had done to an intensity of grief that would have unsettled poor Christina's reason only to have heard it, and been told it was all about herself.

CHAPTER L.—LIFE'S SEE-SAW.

Up and down—how strangely goes that connecting plank of fact, which often bears two men at its extremities, linked together in one destiny, but under the operation of the law that when the one rises the other must fall!

So was it to be now with the mercer and another of the characters of our history.

The morning succeeding this night of anguish at Blackheath, the mercer received the following note:—

DEAR SIR RICHARD,—I have found my sister, but am bound to tell you, while desiring you and your daughter to receive her with me for one night only, that she is at present utterly unworthy—how unworthy I hardly know how to describe to you, without inflicting so much pain on us both that, at all events, I forbear till I see you to go into the details; but as my sister, she must not be abandoned without an effort. When you see her, you will perhaps think me almost brutal for speaking thus of one to whom God has given such a frame. Ah, my friend, I would willingly exchange all her beauty for a few gleams only of honesty, and sweet, pure, womanly instinct. It is a frightful blow to me, but must be borne. She has given me absolute proofs. We shall be with you in the evening.

DANIEL STERNE.

It would be difficult to describe the astonishment—the relief—the extravagant outpouring of joy with which the mercer first read these lines.

He did not stop to weigh them or doubt them—they were too delicious for such mental operations. No; he accepted them in heartfelt, boundless gratitude, forgetting even the grief and shame of Daniel Sterne, while he revelled in the reprieve to himself.

But then, slowly he began to recall the fact that another child had been sent to the Foundling instead of Christina, and that most probably it was this child, who was now a woman, whom Lord Langton had found. And then all his doubts and anxieties came back.

Christina had at breakfast the full benefit of these changes. She was delighted, then alarmed; but the mercer, after a while, caught on her face a strangely thoughtful and perplexed look, as if she were asking herself what these moods, following the last night's trouble, had been about.

He evidently was determined not to let her dwell on such themes.

"They would go off to Bath," he said, gaily, "and drink the waters. Yes, they wanted change—wanted relief. They would go and enjoy a fashionable life for a few weeks, and laugh at the absurdities of Beau Nash."

In the absence of his mind, the mercer actually forgot to show Daniel Sterne's letter, till Christina, who knew he had received one, and guessed his change of feeling must be due to that letter, asked him about it.

Then, with a sort of shame and sorrow at his own selfish forgetfulness, he produced it; and as Christina read it, the mercer became conscious through her of the extreme gravity of the communication. His face grew serious, his manner composed and sympathetic, and then they talked together for some time on this sad incident for the earl, and wondered what plan he had in view for his sister that they might promote.

But the mercer was conscious during this talk of Christina's eye being often directed to him

with an inquiring, wistful, almost pained expression of face, which at times seemed even to pass into a feeling of awe and dread.

"What is she speculating about now?" asked the mercer of himself in terror. "How senseless it was of me to forget myself so much last night! When will she forget it, I wonder? She must forget it! Ay, God knows I must make her forget it somehow!"

The evening has come, and with it Lord Langton and Mistress Maria Clementina.

She has pleaded hard for liberty to put on her fashionable clothes, but the earl has sternly forbidden her to change the black in which she had met him at the Foundling. Accordingly, nothing can be more lady-like, attractive, or lovely than this youthful, blooming creature, whom the earl introduces with the words—

"My sister!"

Christina came to her, took her by the hand, spoke sweet and kind words; and Mistress Preston, after a long and earnest look at her, as if for Paul Arkdale's sake, shed some tears, as if in acknowledgment of the kindness.

The earl then said aloud—

"My friends, I have brought this lady here first, that you, Sir Richard may, as my friend, go yourself into her story, and satisfy yourself, for me, that I have drawn the right conclusion from it.

"Her name—the name by which she is at present known—is Maria Clementina Preston. She was left as a babe at the hospital in the way described by Humphrey Arkdale. The man's name who left her is still preserved in the archives of the institution, and it is the same as the one mentioned by Arkdale."

"What name was that?" demanded the mercer, whose brow had again clouded, and whose demeanour was that of a man in extreme embarrassment.

"John Forbes!"

"The story is not true! it cannot be true! You are imposed on!" exclaimed the angry mercer, whose agitation was even greater than his anger.

"Sir Richard!" remonstrated the earl.

"Christina, come with me for a few moments. Mr. Sterne, will you and this lady spare us a few moments, and I shall return, and endeavour to throw fresh light on this mystery?"

Full of amazement, Christina was led away into another room up-stairs, quite out of reach of the hearing of those below.

The mercer locked the door the moment they were inside, then cried out, in tones of piercing grief—

"Oh, Teena, darling, the blow has fallen that I thought an hour ago was averted! Do you not guess what it is I have to tell you?"

"No, no, dear papa! But let it be what it will, God, who sees into my heart, knows it can and shall make no change in me."

"Not if you find I have no natural right over you—that no blood of mine flows in your veins—that other and nobler relatives wait to claim you the instant they know the truth?"

"Oh, papa, darling papa, you do not surely mean that I—I am——"

"I do mean it, Teena. You are the sister of Lord Langton, and not this woman, who is, I fancy, a kind of beautiful devil—I know, at least, she has bewitched Paul Arkdale.

"But come, the bolt is sped, and cannot by any art of man be returned to the cross-bow. What I have said will prove to be true; and when we come back to this room, Teena, you and I will be, perhaps, divided in destiny for evermore!"

"No, papa; there, at least, you are wrong. Were he twenty brothers in one, he would certainly not make me change my filial devotion to you. Oh, never! never!"

"Come, then, let us go back to them."

They went back, and found the earl and his supposed sister sitting very far apart, having scarcely spoken a single word to each other during this extraordinary absence of Sir Richard and his daughter.

The knight's first act was to go to Lord Langton, put John Forbes' letter into his hand, and ask him to read it aloud.

Christina watched Mistress Preston narrowly while the letter was being read, partly in doubt whether or not she was a vile imposter, and partly in womanly sympathy with her bitter disappointment, if she had really believed the story.

"I don't believe a word of it!" was the first remark elicited from Mistress Preston. "It's convenient to get rid of me, I dare say!"

Then she burst out into a flood of passionate tears, and bewailed her hard fate.

And then, going up to Lord Langton, she said, with the utmost power of all her fascinations—

"My dear lord—I will not call you brother, not yet, though you have once called me sister, for I am not worthy of you, but I will try to be! Do not, then—on my knees I entreat you—believe this foolish story, which—which—"

"Must be true, madam," interposed Lord Langton, "for I now recognise the man who wrote that letter as one of my father's most devoted retainers. Nor is that all. But I pray you to rise and listen."

She got up, and took a chair, as he went on: "Do you not understand that Sir Richard Constable and his daughter are living witnesses of the truth? Sir Richard received the child, accepted the trust, educated her as his own: behold my sister where she stands!"

Mistress Preston started, giving Christina a long, angry, threatening look, full of malice, and yet full of curiosity. The earl went on:—

"The first hour I saw that lady, some secret and, to me, inexplicable bond of sympathy drew me to her. Ask her if she did not feel something of a corresponding kind."

"I did! I did! Oh, my dear, dear brother, is it—is it really so?"

"My sister!"

Mistress Preston looked on as they flew to each other's arms, and embraced each other warmly; and she forgot for a moment her own position in enviously watching them, and thinking of the Paradise she had just seen opened, and then lost. Christina now whispered to the earl—

"Say a word to papa! he is almost broken-hearted. I cannot leave him!"

The earl took Christina to Sir Richard, and said—

"Oh, best of friends! How can I sufficiently thank you for giving me this woman instead of that?"

The words were said so low that it was supposed that they would not be heard; but Mistress Preston's ears were quick, and what she could not quite hear she guessed near enough for the truth. The earl went on—

"Christina, Sir Richard, is yours more than mine. You shall ever be to me in all that concerns her what she tells me, already defyingly, she means to be—that is, your veritable daughter, claiming only a daughter's rights, but intending always to claim them."

Then Christina caught the mercer round the neck, and wept many happy tears before she allowed her face to be once more visible.

"Sir Richard," called out the voice of the earl from the further end of the room, some minutes later, and after an embarrassing silence on all sides, "when I came to you, it was with the intention to tell you the whole truth about this unhappy woman. She must pardon me, therefore, if I still tell it. I will spare her just as much and no more than I would have spared her when, as a brother, I believed myself to some extent a sharer in all her degradation. Friends, look upon her in all her beauty, and then hear what she is—a spy!"

"A spy!" almost shouted the mercer.

"A spy!" timidly murmured Christina.

"Not a spy only on one side, but a double spy, playing now the traitor to this side, now to that—betrayed, probably, of both!"

Mistress Preston's beautiful face became almost fearful in the looks she cast round, before starting off towards the door.

"Stay, beautiful mistress," said the earl, loudly.

"No, I will not!" almost screamed Mistress

Preston. "I will not stay to be—he so brutally insulted!" Again there was a passion of tears.

"Pardon me, you shall stay!" said the earl, calmly, and interposing between her and the door. Then he went on:—

"To myself she has been most attentive. She, it appears, has already denounced me to the Government. My life has been almost miraculously preserved from the effect of her acts, and to-day, or rather yesterday, for it is, I see, past midnight, we came almost fresh from a new effort, which you, friends, ought to know of."

"This tender, delicate, fragile bit of God's handiwork—this creature, formed to be the delight and glory of humanity, had it only a soul in harmony with such a body—this Mistress Maria Clementina Preston has been laying herself out for me by seeming distresses, has drawn me to her to speak in tones of kindness—to offer her acts of kindness, and all the while she was leading me to my political murderers (no doubt, for a price), who lay in wait outside!"

"Stop, Sir Richard. Touch her not. And you, my dear, sweet sister, do not yet turn away from her in disgust. Let me be just. When she found, or professed to find, I was her brother, she was then conscience-stricken, and she did save me. Thank her for that as I do! And now tell me what we shall do with her."

"I warn you distinctly what she will do to us the moment she leaves us, and is free. She will inform against us, and you, Sir Richard, who know me only as coming to England on private business, will, I doubt not, be implicated by this pretty, musical voice, as she tells her story in some infernal calumny of rebellion and what not! Time presses. I repeat my question—What shall we do with her?"

Mistress Preston, who had looked defyingly, almost triumphantly, during parts of this speech, as if acknowledging how accurately her most secret thoughts were understood, began to change colour a bit, as she saw her own danger through their danger.

Was it likely they would let her go as she was, in such a mood?

Pretty Mistress Maria began to change at once, and tried hard to disclaim all the ideas imputed to her.

"What did you propose to do with her when you thought her your sister?" asked the mercer.

"Forgive her with all my heart and soul, on one condition," replied Lord Langton—"that she would allow me, or rather you, to so shape her life that she might reinstate herself in her own natural self-respect, which would also involve ours. That is what I meant to do with my sister."

"And what do you wish as regards Mistress Preston, no longer your sister?" continued the knight.

"I wish to do exactly the same thing, only I will do what I can for her with even greater liberality, were it only for the relief I experience to find that what I do she must henceforth own is done for her sake, not mine."

Then he went nearer to her, as he added, in a kindly tone—

"Speak, then, Mistress Maria. Give me absolute securities that you will not in any way mention the name of this worthy knight, who abhors my supposed schemes; and as to myself, you may do as you like—make friend or foe of me, which I care not, but for your own sake."

"What is it you offer me?" asked Mistress Preston, speaking as if in great distress and confusion of thought.

"The shelter of a home, which this worthy gentleman will find for you; means for religious and moral culture; finally, if my means permit, a moderate independence for life, that shall make even your brief relationship to me something pleasant and useful to reflect on."

"And if I refuse your help, and demand liberty to go out?"

Christina now interposed, saying to her father—

"Dear papa, may I, in your name, ask this young lady—who has really suffered so much that I cannot but pity her—to stay with me, be my guest for a few days, and let us two women together talk the matter over?"

"Do as your heart impels you," said the admiring mercer, conscious at the same time that Christina's step was about the most prudent one that could be taken under existing circumstances.

Christina went to the unhappy woman, who stood there a picture of the intensest humiliation, took her hand, slid an arm round her waist, kissed her, felt the rebellious heart begin to swell, saw the chastening tears begin to flow, then she turned, and said—

"My dear brother, do I understand you that Maria is the daughter of one of our father's most devoted adherents, and that she has therefore been sacrificed, positively sacrificed from her birth, for my sake?"

"That is so, Christina, and I waited but for you to find that out. I had not forgotten it, trust me! I wanted only to stir the nature that must exist in this most lovely of forms. If she will listen to you, she shall find in me, in you, and in your father lasting friends—friends who will never desert her!"

Maria could bear this no longer. Her heart gave way. She cried out in tones of the bitterest anguish, "Oh, I do want friends! I never had one good one yet! I will change! I will be all you wish me, if you will forgive and forget what an infamous thing I have been. Oh, if you will but receive me—give me a chance for a new life—save me from that detestable wretch who has employed me, and bribed me, and corrupted me, and who now threatens me with a gaol if he ever sees in me one womanly instinct or compunction—oh, save me from him, and I will be so grateful—will again be to you what my father was to your father—you devoted servant, your very slave!"

Here emotion became too strong, and hysteric shrieks of laughter and terrible sobs and cries of agony ended the scene, in a way sad for all, but not without leaving some element of hope of a better future for the spy, and of greater safety for those who might so soon have been her victims.

CHAPTER XL.—CHRISTINA AND MISTRESS PRESTON.

Christina, in spite of having spent one of the happiest evenings of her life, went to her chamber that night with an aching heart.

Why was this? She had not only found a brother, but had heard she had not been entirely without a mother's love, for Lord Langton described to her her first and last parting with her mother—how the wretched lady had first placed her in her nurse's arms, with an agonised prayer to God, then snatched her back again and again, and covered her with kisses and tears—how, at last, when the men who were waiting to take her to the sea began to murmur at the delay, she stood proudly up, and said—

"Fear me not, sirs. I trust Lord Langton's wife can suffer for her king as well as any of you. My babe, farewell! To that Parent who will never forsake thee, as I must now, I give thee!"

"He has never forsaken me," murmured Christina, as she sat, half veiled in soft brown hair, at her little quaint Bible-stand, "never, never! and oh, how wicked I must be to be miserable—for to be miserable with so many blessings one must be wicked!"

That old Bible-stand, with the wax candles on each side, was Christina's confessional, and every night, when her clothes were half put off, and her maid sent to bed, she went and knelt there, and told everything she had done or thought amiss to that ear which seemed never deaf to her or heedless.

To-night she laid her head down on the book, and sobbed out—

"Yes, I have been wicked, very wicked! I have been actually jealous of this poor creature because Stephen thinks so much of her beauty; and because I see it is no wonder Paul should love her, and, having loved her, could never love again, and I have almost hated her, poor, friendless soul!"

She had risen, and was standing before the mirror, trying to humble herself by thinking how poor her beauty was as compared to Maria's, when a sound like that of a child sobbing in its sleep reached her ear. It came from the ad-

joining room, where her maid usually slept, but which had this night been given up to Maria.

In a moment Christina was at the door, with her heart full of tenderest pity. She opened the door gently, and found her fair neighbour sitting on the bed, with her face buried in her hands.

"Dear Maria," said she, "I thought you were asleep, or I would not have left you."

"Alas, my lady, I am too wicked and too unhappy to sleep!" sobbed Maria.

"It has been the same with myself," murmured Christina.

"What, you! you wicked!" exclaimed Paul's enchantress, half satirically, as if thinking Christina too poor a creature to be even wicked.

"More so than you think, dear Maria," answered she, sadly; "but I have sought forgiveness and comfort, and I trust have found it. And you, Maria—you who have borne the burden that was meant for me, and fallen under it—will you not go to Him also?"

"Christina, let me look at you," said Maria, suddenly, putting her hands on the girl's shoulders, and holding her off.

Christina blushed, and tried to draw away from her.

"Ah, my lady, I begin to have a thought," said Maria. "I begin to understand what was all strange to me, indeed! indeed!"

She gazed so fixedly and rudely in Christina's face that the latter disengaged herself almost angrily.

"Come, madam," said she; "I thought to comfort you, and did not come here to gossip at this time of the night."

"Nay, pray do not leave me," cried Maria, with the earnestness of a frightened child. "Let me come and sit beside you till you are asleep; I will steal away so quietly."

Christina hesitated, but Maria persisted; and presently Lord Langton's sister was undressing, attended by the daughter of her mother's old servant.

Christina soon began to repent of her kindness, for she was no sooner in bed than her companion, instead of sitting by her as she had requested to be allowed to do, walked about the room, handling and examining jewels, etc., with the freedom of a sister.

"Ah, what a charming fan!" cried she.

"Do keep it, please," said Christina, sleepily.

"That I will, my dear," returned Maria, "for it is the first gift I ever had from a woman. Heavens!"

"What is the matter?" asked Christina.

"I have always wished so for an emerald ring. What a divine beauty this is! Oh, you happy girl!"

Christina gave her the ring also, and Maria ran and kissed her in an ecstasy of delight, but still went on with her researches and exclamations, till at last she had quite a heap of treasures to carry back to her room with her.

"Bless me! what have we here?" she cried, as she opened the drawer of the Bible stand. "A diary!"

"Madam, I allow no one to go to that drawer," said Christina, sitting up hastily, and rubbing her sleepy eyes.

"Nay; I'll have a peep, if I die for it," laughed Maria. "What pretty writing!"

August 3rd.—Went to an auction at Lord N's. Were very late—saw nothing we wanted. Mr. Garrick had bought all the china. Saw a great number of handsome gentlemen, and could not help thinking how far above them all is—

"Scratch! Ah, indeed!" laughed Maria. "And pray, does it tell us further who 'Scratch' is?"

"I shall take it as a great impertinence, Mistress Preston, if you do not put down that book instantly."

August 4th (read Maria).—Saw him in church—was so happy, and felt so good. Papa has told him to come and see the garden this evening. How well he spoke! There is more sense in three words of his than three thousand words from the fops I shall meet at Lady Stairs' tomorrow.

"Madam," cried poor Christina, "do you intend to insult me? I insist—I entreat—I—"

"Don't cry, child; I am doing no harm. I really must know more of this incomparable gentleman."

August 6th.—

Christina ran bare-footed across the room, and seized the book, but Maria snatched it from her, and holding it high above her with one hand, kept her off with the other while she read, in a taunting, sarcastic voice, from a more recently written page—

Shall I ever be happy again? Oh, what a night this has been! Saw him at the play. He was in a box nearly opposite ours, with a bold hussey with painted cheeks.

Maria laughed aloud.

"Oh, Mr. Incomparable! no saint, then, after all!"

Christina hid her face in her hands. Maria evidently did not understand a word of what she was reading. Oh, if she could but get the book from her before she did!

"If you do not instantly put that down," said she, more imperiously than she had yet spoken, "or if you read another word, I will ring my bell, and have you shown to a lodging more in accordance with your manners."

"Wait a bit, my love-sick damsel," said Maria, grasping her arm, while she held the book nearer to the lights, and went on:—

"Oh, dear, pale face! Shall I ever forget it? How cruel it seemed to tear my eyes away from it! What sufferings must have been his to drive him to such an act! Alas, I love him more than ever! How can I help it? I am glad his good, kind brother is here. I thought he looked at me as if he guessed my misery."

"Madam, you shall repent this," cried Christina, passionately. "Will you let go my arm? You hurt me."

"Nay; 'tis such pretty reading, I must go on," said Maria. "Besides, I see a word here that interests me. What is it?"

And she read—

He has gone! I have been afraid to show my face all day, for I know I have looked like a ghost, as I do now. Papa says it will be foolish and wrong in me to give him another thought, but I believe he knows all the time he tells me to do what is impossible. I think he knows I can never at my prayers say, "God bless my dear father," without my heart crying out, if my lips do not, "And oh, God, bless Paul!"

The little book fell to the floor. Christina and Mistress Preston stood looking at one another. Christina was pale and trembling; Maria flushed with passion.

"So," she burst out, after a long silence, "this is the incomparable gentleman, is it? This is the being whose absence makes auctions dull; whose presence turns church into heaven? Your father's pretty 'prentice, Paul Arkdale, is the hero of all this trash, is he? And who, my lady, is the painted hussey, may I ask?"

Christina's strength gave way, and she began to weep. Maria watched her with scornful eyes, thinking to herself—

"I know now why the poor 'prentice was hard to win. I know now whose eyes he was thinking of when he looked through mine instead of at them. But she shall never know, I'll take care of that."

Then, picking up the diary, she gave it to Christina, saying—

"Here, child, dry up your silly tears, and make one more entry in your book. I will tell you what to say. Say, 'Paul does not love me; the woman he does love has told me so;' and let that be the end of this baby's romance of yours, or I will make you the laughing-stock of all the town. Paul loves me. Do you hear?" she said, catching her arm almost savagely; "he loves me, and I love him, and I want his love; what is it to you? Take your fine brother, and welcome, but leave me Paul."

"Does he indeed love you?" said Christina.

"Does he not? Have you not seen the misery

your father has caused him by forbidding him to see me?"

"Yes, I believe it; I believe he does love you. Will you go now, Maria? I would be alone. I have something to ask of God."

"What? A curse on me?"

"No; a blessing on the woman Paul loves; that she may repent of her sins, and be made worthy of him."

Maria looked at her fixedly, then pushed her from her, and ran past her to her own room, where she wept and cried—

"Oh, she is too wise for me, with all her simplicity. Paul, oh, my Paul, hadst thou seen us two to-night which wouldst thou love? She will win thee from me yet; I feel she will!"

An hour afterwards, when, from sleeplessness and curiosity, Maria peeped into Christina's room, there was a little white figure still kneeling at the Bible-desk.

Maria drew back suddenly, with a look of awe on her face, and went quietly to bed.

To be continued.

THE HAIR.

IN Charles the Second's time, the hair was worn in the most extravagant length, and the clergy perhaps surpassed all in this respect. In William the Second's time, the amount of a man's property and money was pretty correctly estimated by the magnitude of his peruke; and, indeed, there was, as it has been termed, "a crusade against natural hair. There is an amusing paragraph in No. 272 of the *Spectator* in reference to the ladies:—"All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods are requested to be there before the service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation." In George the Second's time, the pigtail and shorter length of the hair generally, with a profusion of powder, came into vogue; but in George the Third's time, gave way to the most abominable style that has ever been adopted. The hair was allowed to grow, and was dressed in various ways, about once every two or three months. This fashion lasted some twenty years; and this is almost incredible, when we consider the details of treatment. The *London Magazine* for May, 1768, tells us that false locks to supply deficiency of native hair, pomatum in proportion, greasy wool to bolster up the adopted locks, and grey powder to conceal the dust, were the materials. It may be readily imagined that on opening the mass at the end of three months, a horrible sight presented itself; in fact, it is much to be wondered at that the amount of life present did not, as in the case of the sailor's biscuits, walk away with the head. It was necessary to use very strong and poisonous remedies.

In 1777 we find the following piece of poetry in the same magazine:—

"Give Chloë a bushel of horsehair and wool,
Of paste and pomatum a pound,
Ten yards of grey ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
And gauze to encompass it round."

This art of hairdressing became very much developed at this time, and has increased ever since. Ladies actually wore flowers, bunches of fruit, and other things in profusion on their heads. After the French revolution, a reaction took place; the quantity of hair was somewhat diminished, small hanging curls, and a frizzly bush, being the most usual.

Hair powder has been very much adulterated, and in George the Second's time, heavy penalties were imposed upon such a practice. It may not be generally known that actual scarcity of bread was produced by the enormous use of wheat starch for hair powder. In 1795, Mr. Pitt, at any rate, thought it a proper subject for taxation; so that the passing of a statute diminished the prevalence of white heads, and English ladies began to put on an appearance in public without a lot of powder sprinkled about them, "much to their praise on the score of cleanliness, and without the smallest diminution of their native charms."

We have thus seen how freakish people in different times have been about their hair. It has



been a "universal vanity." Different styles have varied in accordance with varying notions of taste. It has had its social, political, and religious bearings. Amongst the Romans its condition was distinctive of the freeman and the slave. It has been also characteristic of kings, clergy, noblesse, or others. Gregory of Tours tells us that in many of the royal families of France long hair was, at times, the privilege only of kings and princes, and that to cut off the hair of a son of France was at one time a sign of exclusion from the right of royalty, and reduction to the rank of the common subject. Its political significance is illustrated in the case of the Cavalier and Roundhead.

WHEN ?

SOMETHING in either heart unspoken,
Only a glance of the tell-tale eyes—
Of Love's dear secret a starting token.
Given by a witness that never lies!

Then we parted, his brave ship sailing
Over the breakers, through mist and rain;
Autumn winds round the bleak cliffs walling,
Night's wild longing—day's weary pain.

Winter is past, but my heart is breaking,
Summer is coming over the sea;
All things living to new life waking—
When will my lover come back to me?

TERRACE BANK.

PERHAPS in no way is the prosperity of the mercantile community of Montreal so strongly evidenced, as by the style of the private residences which have sprung up within the past few years in the western part of the city. The green fields which bordered our beautiful mountain are rapidly disappearing, and even the slope of the mountain has been encroached upon, and is becoming dotted with handsome mansions. Terrace Bank, which we have engraved, is the residence of John Redpath, Esq., one of our best known and wealthiest citizens. It occupies a commanding situation on the mountain side, and from its size and the style of its architecture forms one of the most conspicuous private residences in the city or neighbourhood. The entrance tower is upwards of eighty feet in height, and the main portion of the house from the terrace to the cornice, over forty feet. The frontage towards the town is eighty feet exclusive of a small wing, and the depth, not including the prominent bay windows, is fifty-seven feet. The stone used in the body of the work is rock-faced limestone, but the bay-windows, quoins, balconies, and dormer windows, are of Ohio sandstone, moulded and dressed. The

style of the architecture, as will be seen, is "domestic Gothic."

MARGUERITE.

PALE golden hair,
Waving as the billowy sea,
Wreathing, like the ivy free,
Her brow so fair.

Deep, thoughtful eyes,
Seeming, through their lashes bright,
Jewels set in golden light,
Dropp'd from the skies.

A voice so clear—
Like the tinkling of vesper bells
Coming soft through mossy dells
Gladd'ning the car.

A smile most sweet,
Beaming like the sun's bright ray
Stealing through some cloister grey,
Had Marguerite.

Ah, she is gone!
Like violet faded in the sun
Her life is spent, her course is run—
Sweet Marguerite?

ETHELREDA.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 5, 1867.

THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher, in order to extend the circulation of the READER, offers the following liberal inducements to persons who will interest themselves in forming clubs. Any one sending him the names of three new subscribers, with cash in advance for one year's subscription, will receive by return mail a copy of Garneau's History of Canada, 2 vols., originally published at \$2.50. Any one forwarding the names of ten new subscribers with one year's subscription, each in advance will receive, in addition to the above, a copy of Christie's History of Canada, 6 vols., just published at \$6.00. With a slight expenditure of effort hundreds of our country friends may thus become the possessors of one or both of these excellent histories of the land of their birth or adoption.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE EMPIRE.

UNDER this title the Hon. Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia has recently published a pamphlet in England, which we have perused with much interest. Not that we coincide in many of the views expressed by the writer, but because his main object is one with which we heartily sympathise, and because the spirit and tone of the work are worthy of all praise, differing widely in that respect from his former pamphlet on the Union of the British North American Provinces. In that, he attempted to combat old opinions which he had frequently, openly and publicly advanced; in the present instance, he has given utterance to speculations which it is known he has cherished for years. He is in earnest now and consistent with himself; and one accords to him that respectful attention which his undoubted talents ought always to command, when wisely and honestly directed. The change that has taken place in Mr. Howe's sentiments and language may be imagined from the manner in which he speaks of his fellow-colonists, some of them his political opponents, and whom, a short time ago, he denounced in the bitterest terms in his vocabulary. Alluding to his pet scheme of introducing colonists into the Imperial Parliament, he says: "If I were a resident in these Islands, I would say, let us hear what such such men as Mr. Verdon of Victoria, Mr. Galt from Canada, or Mr. Tilley from New Brunswick, have to say even on domestic topics, because their testimony would be all the more valuable, as they would have no interest in the matter." We suspect that, like most men of sanguine temperament, his anger is as short-lived as it is violent.

Mr. Howe's plan for the organization of the Empire is sufficiently simple, whatever its other merits may be. It is confined to the representation of the colonies in the British House of Commons and to their contribution in men and money to the defence of the Empire. On neither point does he expend much argument, unless the following enumeration of the advantages that would accrue from the presence of members of the Colonial cabinets in the Imperial Parliament may be considered such:—

1. We get rid of all questions about franchise and the modes of election, which might or might not correspond to those that obtain in England.

2. We are secure of men truly representing the majority in each Colony, because they would speak in the name, and bring with them the authority of the cabinets and constituents they represented.

3. We have no trouble about changing them, as they would sit till their successors, duly accredited, announced, the fact of a change of administration,

4. We would have no contested elections or questions about bribery and corruption, to waste the time of Parliament.

5. We are secure by this mode of obtaining the best men, because only the best can win their way (?) into those Colonial Cabinets, of whom the flower would be selected by their colleagues to represent the intellect and character of such Province, on the floor of Parliament.

6. We do nothing more, in fact, than permit Colonial Ministers to defend their policy, and explain their conduct, before Parliament, as British Ministers do now, thus training them in the highest school of politics for the better discharge of their duties at home.

We give this extract as the best specimen of Mr. Howe's scheme which we can find in his pamphlet; and though it may be a work of supererogation to criticise a programme which is never likely to be adopted, either in the Mother Country or the Colonies, we shall endeavour to point out a few of its most obvious faults. The proposed representation would be a mere sham representation and might be followed by serious consequences. For instance, it might lead to the imposition of taxes on the Colonies by the Imperial Parliament, on the plea that they were represented in the House of Commons, thus obviating the constitutional difficulty which is their present safeguard in that respect; the Colonial Members would be few in number, and their votes would be of little weight in a division; and Colonial Ministers have enough to do at home, if they attend to their business, without attending the Imperial Parliament for eight or nine months of each year. How, too, would the English House of Commons be expected, against all principle, to admit members into their body who had been chosen by no constituents? They would be the unelected members of an elected house of parliament, an anomaly, an exceptional caste, branded with the mark of inferiority. Again, Mr. Howe intends that the colonies should supply soldiers for the British army, when necessary, for the defence of the British isles. This is the wildest dream of all. In the first place, the colonies, with their sparse population, have no soldiers to send; and if they had, they could not cross the ocean, if England was at war with a great maritime power, the only enemy she has to dread. No large body of troops—and a small one would be of no use—can navigate the Atlantic or Pacific, in these days of fleets propelled by steam, without the danger of being massacred by wholesale. There are other objections that might be urged against Mr. Howe's project of organization, but we shall not say more on that head.

It must be admitted, nevertheless, that he has done well in entering upon this question. The grand old Colonial Empire of England was based on Protection, and passed away with the advent of Free Trade, to which it is wholly antagonistic. We hope, however, to see it revived, but it must be under a new aspect, though not quite that contemplated by Mr. Howe, or we are much mistaken.

Several schemes having that object in view have been performed, but none that has yet commanded public attention to any extent. Our own belief is, that the gradual formation of a Colonial Navy affords a better promise of the organization of the Empire than any plan that has hitherto been mooted. The late Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Cardwell, while in office, recommended to the Maritime Provinces to organize a Naval Reserve force from the large body of seamen and fishermen who constitute so considerable a portion of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland especially. These would be governed by the same laws, and liable to the performance of the same duties as the Naval Reserve in the British Isles. We perceive, too, that the Colony of Victoria has recently purchased from the Home Government a couple of iron clads, to be the property of the Colony, and to be used for local purposes, such, we suppose, as the schooner *La Canadienne* is employed for by this Province. These might be but small beginnings, but so is the acorn from which is to spring the future oak. When a few shivering

adventurers landed on Plymouth Rock, even the most sanguine would scarcely have ventured to prophesy that they were laying the foundations of a nation such as the United States have become and are likely to become. A Navy which Britain and her possessions, from India and Australia to Canada, might own in the beginning of the next century might be counted by hundreds, and leave England long in her true position of the Mistress of the Sea, and the guardian of the peace of the world. The Confederation of the North American Provinces, if successfully accomplished, may prove the preliminary step to such a consummation; and we imagine, that it would not be difficult to find an equivalent for Mr. Howe's notion of Colonial representation in the Imperial Legislature.

A WAGER FOR A WIFE.

"WELL, Fitzgerald, welcome to Lowmoor," exclaimed my old friend Garnett, as I stepped out of the carriage at his front-door. There was not much animation in the greeting, but he clasped my hand as only an Englishman does, and only he after long years of separation. We had last shaken hands (how vividly the scene came before me!) in the fringe of jungle skirting the bloody field of Russoolnoor. Garnett was leading his company to the front, and we had only time for a hurried greeting before the guns opened upon our position. He was struck down soon after by a grape-shot, carried back to the cantonments, and sent home invalided. I had gone through the thickest of the fire at Chillianwallah after that served in China and North America (it is to be hoped, *non sine gloria*), and had now availed myself of leave of absence from Chatham to run down by the Great Northern to Lowmoor.

"Come in; Harvey, see to the things," so I was ushered through a conservatory that looked like the Garden of Eden after barracks, and introduced to Mrs. Garnett.

"We are going to have the Comptons over here to-morrow, Fitzgerald, Julia is the belle of Hertfordshire. I wish you would follow my example—sell out, and settle down."

"To tell you the truth, I have been thinking of it. There is nothing to be seen in the way of service now, unless a man likes being tomahawked by a Maori. Besides, you have found such comfortable quarters, that even without the charms of your friend Julia I could find it in my heart to give up soldiering."

"Wery well, Mr. Fitzgerald," observed my hostess: "you shall have a fair field and no favour when the Comptons come."

"You had better surrender at discretion, you see. But it is just seven. Shall my wife give you a cup of tea? No? That's right; you and I can't stand that before muton and the *Feuve Clicquot*. Let me take you to dress."

I had plenty of time during dinner to admire Mrs. Garnett. She was lively and intelligent (how prone we bachelors are to look to this point in a friend's wife!), stately, and most certainly handsome. Her nose was slightly aquiline, her eyes were dark, and as large as lustrous; abundance of black hair was gathered up at the back, and fastened, after the fashions of the Athenian matrons, with a tie of golden grasshoppers. Mindful, as all women are, of effect, she had enhanced these charms by the addition of a large but simply-formed pair of jet earrings, which contrasted with her neck like the points of black rock one sees high up by the side of an Alpine glacier. The menu was unexceptionable, *equipage en suite* excellent of its kind, and in first-rate taste. I could see (what one likes to see in all military wives) that Garnett was, in her opinion, the hero of every campaign in which he had served. Knowing his means used to be somewhat slender, and that seedy-looking fellows, who might have been dilapidated uncles, but who were more probably Jewish usurers, used to call at his quarters a good deal, I must own to a pleasing surprise that Garnett had feathered his nest so well.

At length the door was closed, and he and I drew round to the fire.

"Very glad to see you once more, Fitzgerald. Try this magnum; 'tis cold enough for anything out of doors; and tell me how you like Mrs. Garnett."

"I have been envying your luck ever since I saw her; but I hope I have not gone on to break the tenth commandment in my admiration. You always were fortunate; and if you promise me such a paragon amongst the Comptons tomorrow, why, I'll engage to marry her without seeing her!"

"Well, Fitz, that's exactly what I did with my wife!"

"Ah! you made love to Lady This and That in some *salon* at the West End, and induced her to provide you with what we fellows all want sooner or later—a pretty wife, and a consideration for taking her. Talk of the marriage-brokers of Bokhara! You may find their English types, only twice as clever, in every Belgravia ball-room!"

"Don't be cynical, and help yourself. Whatever you feel, I enjoy this wine a good deal better than the Russoolnoor grape. Mrs. Garnett shall put off the Comptons' visit, if you despise a friend's kind offices."

"Nay, heaven forbid! But, by way of encouragement to one who has long forgotten how to make pretty speeches to the women, tell me what you mean by marriage before sight, before even love at first sight?"

"You will stare at the avowal, but I engaged to marry my wife for a wager before I had seen her. I don't mind telling you all about it, now that I have drawn such a prize in the lottery."

"I am all ears."

Then Garnett told his story, something in the following way:—

When I became convalescent, and it was time to rejoin the regiment, I was ordered to the depot of the "Highland Invincibles," at Kenmare. It is rather a jolly station, with plenty of trout-fishing, Killarney handy for pic-nics and salmon, and with McGillicuddy's Reeks, far away in the blue distance, shining like the Ghauts of our old country. The first night I messed with the fellows, of course we spoke of the attractions of the place. I learnt there was plenty of dinner-giving and dancing, and that flirtations were not altogether unknown to the black-eyed daughters of Erin round Kenmare. There was a Miss Bryan, however, with whom no one could succeed in getting intimate. She was heiress of an old curmudgeon, who sat in his library and read himself blind; and being descended from Brian Boiroimbe, that blessed harper of mythical memory, was naturally as proud as she was exclusive. The Darrells gave a dinner, and young Tremlett (you remember him?) took her in. Though not given to much bashfulness,

a very well able to hold his own against any amount of *badinage*, he confessed he could not do on with her. At the Mulrooney's dance another sub took the fair Helen in hand, but succeeded no better. At length the senior lieutenant, who commanded the depot, a man who did not condescend to attack a lady's defences unless she were very obdurate or very beautiful, was put into requisition, and ordered to the front like a forlorn hope. I well remember his disgusted looks that night at mess, when the others rallied him on his defeat. He could not engage her in conversation, or even induce her to give him a second waltz. It was the first time, he vowed, he had ever been so thwarted, and he had had a pretty large experience, he flattered himself. However, his star had now visibly paled; even Tremlett proceeded to doubt his previous victories, and such scepticism was worse than the gallant lieutenant's defeat in the present instance. Of course I laughed at them all, and hinted that things had degenerated very much with the regiment while I had been away. In old days Miss Bryan would soon have fallen before a lady-killer of the "Invincibles." I was eagerly brought to risk the adventure myself, or, as they preferred putting it, to regain their lost laurels. "Come, Garnett," was the cry, "go in and win: with that interesting wound and moustache that has smelt powder, you must succeed!" I need hardly tell you, Fitz, that my accounts were then in some confusion, to speak

euphemistically; ready money was always acceptable in those days, and any little spice of chance that could be brought in might fill my exchequer, at the same time that it contributed to the general interest in my undertaking, so I said—

"I am open to go in and win, too; even to marry the fair Helen, if the governor walks before long!"

Derisive laughter resounded through her Majesty's mess-room at this.

"Let the galled jade wince!" I said; "who's for a bet? My horses are not come over yet, but I shall be happy to accommodate any gentleman with a pony, I might even stand a monkey—eh, Tremlett?"

"All right," said that worthy, "if she didn't look at me, she won't at you! Done along with you for a monkey!"

"And my young friend Anderson, eh?"

"I am game for a pony, any day," he replied.

"And you, oh most puissant lieutenant, you of the well-curled love-locks and affable address, what say you? Will you, too, ride on this quest?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Hopebetimes; put me down, too. I had an ugly bill from Cox's sent in the other morning. They find a fellow out even down here."

"Very well; pass me a cheroot, and let me think out my plans."

The smoking censer of gold, filled with charcoal, that we took from the summer palace of Rajah Bang Hukah, and which now is always reverentially placed after dinner in the centre of the "Invincibles'" mess for the gallant fellows to light their weeds at, was handed to me. While the fragrant vapour curled around I matured my design, and by the time our post-prandial rubber was over, and all the old stories told once more, I was prepared for immediate action.

The first thing to do was to find out the lady's habits. I learned that she used to walk daily by the side of the little river that ran past her father's domain. I sent to Dublin for a complete trout-fisher's equipment, and diligently began whipping the stream. Sure enough Miss Bryan came on the opposite side the first morning, and every morning after for a week. I posted my servant, with a huge basket and landing-net, a field behind me. Still there was something wanting. I had not softened Miss Bryan's mind towards our sex, and nothing could be effected with her till that was done. Luckily, her cousin Mantell was at the depot, and was a great friend of mine. Tennyson's "Princess" was just out, and I persuaded him to send her a copy as a birthday present. The charm soon worked, for I speedily saw her reading it as she took her daily walk. There was still an item of my equipment wanting. I inserted an advertisement in the Kenmare Journal, requesting any one who had a terrier clever at taking the water to apply to "R. G., The Barracks." I wish you could have seen the letters that came. The fellows used to be highly amused at them. They would run in the following style:—"Respected sir, I have a little bit of a kur from county Kildare his father's name Jumper 2 years old next Ester swims like his riv'nce's head the mornin' after a wake." or, "I have a tarryhere black and white kills rats of a pure breed, named Captain and has no objection to water when he can't help it." The one that we chose eventually was selected, I believe, entirely because of his own owner's pathetic letter:—"I am a poor lone man my wife Died the yeare of the famine and has won dog Bojer which was Biddis and doesn't like to part him. If you would humbly like to take him for five shillins may God reward you and lave you long with your wife which is a terrible dog for water and would niver go with me when I had drunk potheen." A sorry-looking animal, this same Bojer was, of a sulphur colour, and but an indifferent temper; yet he soon attached himself firmly to his new master.

A few nights later I made the announcement to the men at mess, that on the morrow I should cast the die. Fast and furious was the fun and the betting. Next day I sallied forth and contrived to reach a famous "sickle" on

the river, about twenty yards from a deep hole, just as Miss Bryan appeared on the opposite side coming towards me. Now was the time; I made a sudden but fanciful "strike" at a fish, and suffered my flies to be borne on steadily by the current towards the hole. Sims, the man, was of course at the end of the field with Bojer, where I had placed them to look interesting by a huge fish panner. As I turned round to shout "Sims! the gaff—quick! quick!" I contrived to step straight forward into the pool, and took a tolerable header to begin with (seeing it was a very hot morning). When I came up I spluttered, and kicked, and roared "Help! quick, help!" and as I saw Miss Bryan opposite, fainting with terror, I intensified it by taking a quiet dive to the bottom, where I had noticed a stump, "convenient," as the natives say. I clung to this, and held on a few seconds, contemplating my chances and the green streaks of water that rolled on over my head. Up I came again, and lay as if exhausted, with a good amount of splashing on the surface for a minute. Sims came by panting (I knew he could not swim) and ran in up to his knees, halloing meanwhile to a couple of Paddies, who were running across from a flax field to render aid. Bojer had also sprang in, and was contributing (as I desired) to the confusion. However, as he seized me most unceremoniously by the collar of the coat, and took rather too large a portion of my neck with it to be pleasant, I found it needful once more to dive to the post, just as I saw Miss Bryan gesticulating frantically to the Paddies to save me, and she would give them any money they wished! Thus stimulated, as soon as they had recovered from their run, one observed carelessly, "Faith, Mike, will ye tak care of my toggery? When ye save life, save also your coat."

"Monomondiquit!" roared the other. "Holy Moses! how could it be!"

He walked in up to his neck, and stretched to me, but, in my frantic efforts to save myself, I managed (drowning people always do) to thrust further in just out of his clutches.

Meanwhile Sims had torn out a railing from the hedge, and handed it to the valiant wader. As I saw he meditated poking my ribs with it, I judged it prudent to descend to my friendly stump a third time. When I once more emerged, I was evidently exhausted.

"Hoorny, ye spalpeen!" observed the Paddy on the Bank, "tak my shillelagh and just clutch his honour's feet with it! It's ill work touching a man till he's well drowned, Mike!"

Now, however, as I floated nearer them, Sims jumped in, and, holding Mike's hand, lugged me out, to all appearance in a swoon. I had calculated the place nicely, a hand-bridge, some thirty yards off, crossed the stream. Miss Bryan had passed over this, and in extreme agitation, while she sent Mike off at once to barracks for a doctor, knelt down by me, raised my head, and tenderly chafed my hands. It was a trying position, Fitzgerald, and was not improved when she applied her scent-bottle to my nose and hung over me to assure herself life was not extinct. I kept my eyes closed, and if I breathed at all took care to do it "stertorously," as the manuals on drowning say. While Mike and Sims were rushing for the doctor, and I was receiving Miss Bryan's *petits soins*, Paddy was lighting his doodeen and commenting on the situation.

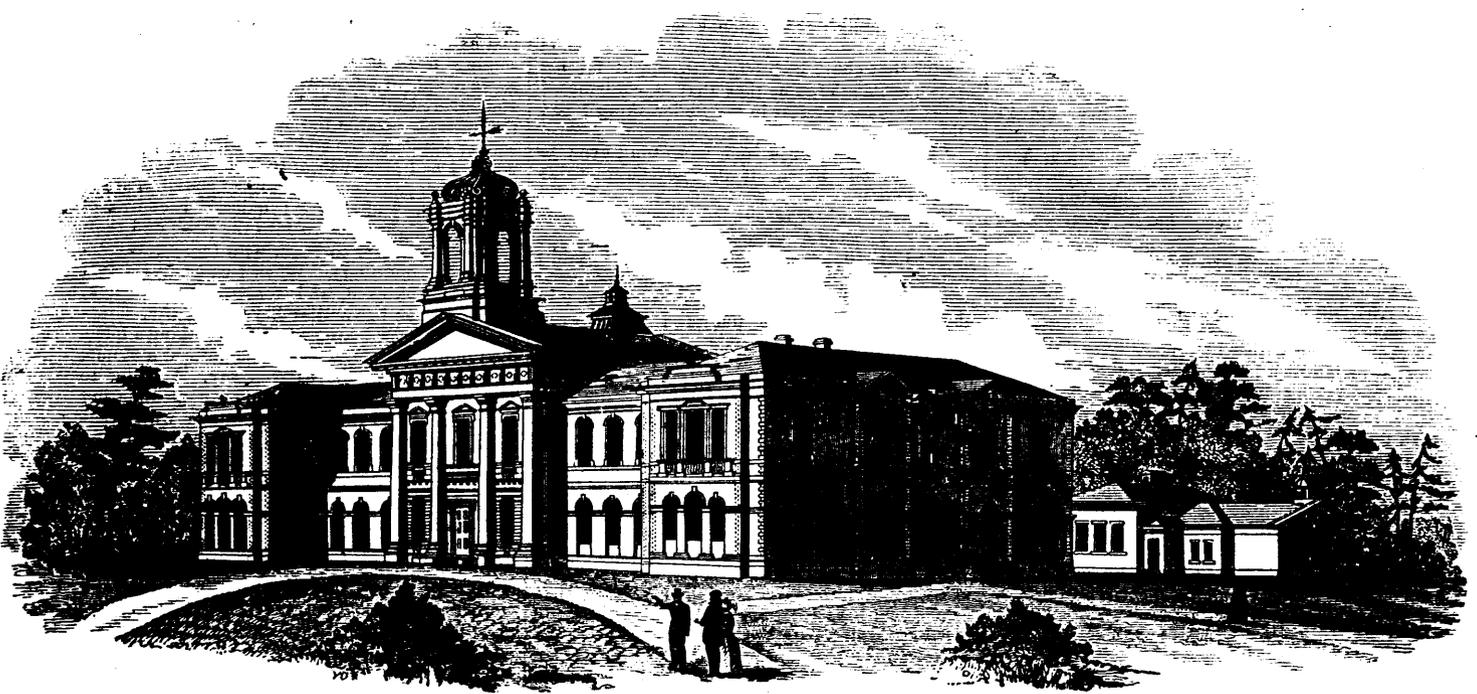
"Bedad, my lady, he must be one of Father Mathew's boys; they're all fond of cold water."

"Oh, mercy! will they never come back?" exclaimed Miss Bryan.

"Aisy now, the lad will soon come round again; he's a proper gentleman, and I shouldn't mind waking him with Larry and Mike. It's they are the boys to stritch a corpse at an infarment!"

"If he would but open his eyes I should not think him so bad!" but he could not open his eyes and meet Helen Bryan's sorrowful, anxious look, though he did see it from under his furtively opening eyelashes.

"Oh, faith, why would the poor gentleman go



Education Building, Toronto.

dhrowning himself? Life isn't too hard for an officer like this broth of a boy."

At length the messengers were heard driving in breathless haste to the end of the field. In company with the regimental doctor, Harland (who was deep in my book on the "event"), they soon ran up. Harland took my wrist, and spite of my holding my breath till I was half-suffocated, soon discovered my secret. However, he terrified me to some purpose by saying, "Madam, I fear he has swallowed a quantity of water; I think I must apply the stomach-pump." How ignominious to be found out, I reflected. There would be nothing for it but marvellously to recover before stomach pump was inserted, or else to have tetanus so vigorously that no human efforts should be able to introduce it. While I pondered on these devices, Miss Bryan knelt with her hands clasped in despair, gazing, first at me lying to all appearance hopelessly insensible, and then at Harland, who was occupied in opening my shirt collar, raising my head, and so on. While thus engaged he took the opportunity to whisper in my ear, "You cunning dog I lie still, I won't betray you!" Then, addressing himself to Miss Bryan, he seized the chance of comforting her, assuring her I only wanted rest, but that it was imperatively necessary I should at once be put to bed. While the two Paddies and Sims carried me on a hurdle to her father's house, that clever practitioner Harland gave Miss Bryan his arm, and did his best to improve his opportunity and cut me out on our way up the hill. I knew how the mess would roar at it all, and how he would enlarge on his intimacy with the fair heiress at my expense, but there was nothing for it but to remain quiet.

We were met by Mr. Bryan at the door, who felt my hands, and exclaimed that they were very warm. "Ah, he is reviving already," said Harland. I took the hint, moaned once or twice, and opened my eyes, to see Miss Bryan's suffused with joyful tears. Then I was borne up-stairs; where Sims and Harland tucked me up. Soon the latter and Mr. Bryan came up with brandy and sal-volatile and plenty of hot bricks, but I thought it as well slowly to recover consciousness after the internal stimulants had been administered, and before the outward appliances were called into use.

Now came the difficult part of the enterprise; to win the young lady's affections after so strongly exciting her sympathy on my behalf. I had entered upon the frolic without much reflection, but I confess to you, Fitz, that when I was in the scrape it seemed to be acting very dishon-

ourably towards Miss Bryan to steal her love by false pretences while receiving so much kindness under her father's roof.

These meditations were deepened after breakfast next morning, when I found myself well enough to descend to the conservatory. I had spied Miss Bryan working there beside her canaries as I entered the drawing-room, and forthwith joined her. I began by introducing myself to her, but was told that Harland had done that already. The question was, was I better and stronger to-day? Having answered this to her satisfaction, we talked on general subjects; and I must own, though she is my wife now, that I discovered depth of feeling and knowledge of the world combined in her, which somewhat surprised me, considering how little she seemed to go into society round Kenmare. She told me, however, that they went to London every spring. Of course we soon found out friends known to both of us, and spent a very pleasant morning chatting together till lunch.

After that meal, rendered somewhat serious to me by the recollection of what I had to do, I ventured to ask Mr. Bryan to admit me to his library, where repute spoke of several choice Elzevirs. That was the sure way to the old man's heart. After admiring them, I told him unreservedly of the whole scheme, excusing myself on the score of thoughtlessness, for engaging in a frolic which had turned out so real that it was absolutely necessary, as a gentleman, that I should inform him of it before prosecuting my acquaintance with his daughter any longer. He took it very much better than I ever expected him to do—much better, in short, than I deserved. Harland soon came over and prescribed, with a sly twinkle in his eye, rest and abstinence from all excitement for a few days more. Of course I remained where I was. Luckily Sir Ralph Garnett, slain at Hexham, was a direct ancestor of mine, which much consoled Mr. Bryan for entertaining me. The fair Helen had now some one to accompany her on her lonely rambles by the river, or to canter by her side on the breezy moors. I returned to mess that day week an accepted suitor, and to do them justice, the fellows paid up in full, only stipulating that they should all dance at the wedding. You know what a bore married men are to garrison society, so I soon sold out, and am a great deal happier with Helen and her fortune (old Bryan died three years ago), than I ever deserved to be.

"Well," I said, "thanks for your story. I still think you a lucky fellow, and, better still a clever

deviser. With your talents you would have made a good general."

"Come, come, Fitz, you are jealous. Sherry? No; then we will join Helen."

Next day the Comptons came. Garnett gave me a sly poke in the ribs as we returned from trying a new breech-loading rifle on the young rooks, and encountered Mr. Compton, a great man personally and mentally too, in that he was chairman of petty sessions and sheriff of the county. His daughter and her mother accompanied him—the latter a pleasant, good-looking matron as ever incurred the profane criticism of our American friends; the former—well, how to describe her? I am not much of a lady's man, perhaps it will be enough to say she was slightly built and lithe, with large brown eyes, and what the affected poetry of the day calls "a wealth of flaxen hair." I must say I was highly prepossessed in her favour at first sight, and did not need the egging on which Garnett every evening when we retired to the billiard-room was careful to give me. No one need expect details of our love-making. A man who has seen as much of it as I have, in all quarters of the world, becomes rather callous to sentiment, and is not exactly the best companion for gushing young ladies. Miss Compton was very sensible, and a very few words in the course of the next fortnight sufficed to show how the land lay, and that I had only to put in my claim and take possession. A few days after, Garnett and old Compton rode on ahead while his daughter and I surveyed the prospect over a fair expanse of country—as beautiful a home scene, with its grey towers, and hay ricks, and nestling villages, and masses of foliage, as may be found even in that beautiful county, Herts. When we turned our horses on to the common, both were silent awhile (how is it that a fine view always makes one thoughtful?), or perhaps an idea of what was to come next made us pensive. At length I said, "Julia, I am a man of few words; shall it be Yes or No?"

"Yes," said the lady, with a frankness that would have delighted Abernethy.

"Very well, let's have a gallop." And so we galloped. That's all.

G. M. WATKINS.

A good cement for the temporary closing of small holes or cracks in metal is said to be made of starch, by forming it into a paste with a concentrated solution of chlorate of zinc. This hardens rapidly, but remains soft under water. It remains efficient for a year.

THE EDUCATION OFFICES AND NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS, TORONTO.

THE importance, as a part of a National system of Education, of a Normal School for the training of teachers engaged attention in Upper Canada as early as 1836. No practical steps, however, were taken until ten years later, when the Chief Superintendent of Schools presented a report to the Legislature on a system of Public Elementary Instruction for Upper Canada, which resulted in the passage of a school law appropriating £1500 for furnishing suitable buildings, and an annual grant of £1500 for the support of a Normal School, placing it under the management of a Board of Education and the Chief Superintendent of Schools.

On the 1st November, 1847, the Normal School for Upper Canada was opened in the Government House, Toronto, but on the removal of the Government from Montreal to that city in 1849 it became necessary to remove the school to other premises. Measures were immediately adopted for the erection of buildings for the Institution, the Legislature appropriating in 1850, the sum of £15,000 for the purchase of a site and the erection of a building, and an additional sum of £10,000 in 1852, making in all £25,000.

The corner stone of the new buildings was laid on 2nd July, 1851, by His Excellency the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, in the presence of the members of the Legislature and the citizens of Toronto; and the premises were formally opened by a public meeting in the theatre of the Institution, on the 24th November, 1852.

The establishment consists of a Normal School and two Model Schools. The students in the former are teachers-in-training, whose ages vary from 16 or 18 to 30, while the pupils in the latter are children between the ages of 5 and 16 years. In the Normal School, the teachers-in-training are instructed in the principles of education and the best methods of communicating knowledge to the youth placed under their care; in the Model Schools they are taught to give practical

effect to those instructions, under the direction of teachers previously trained in the Normal School. The Model Schools are designed, by both the system of instruction pursued and general arrangement, to be the *model* for all the public schools of the Province.

The general management of the Institution is intrusted to the Council of Public Instruction, appointed by the Crown, and its governmental superintendence to the Chief Superintendent of Schools.

Of the external appearance of the buildings, our readers can form their own opinion, from the engraving which accompanies this notice. The principal structure contains the Education Offices, and the male and female class rooms, theatres, museum, retiring rooms, and masters' rooms in connection with the Normal School. The Model schools are shown in the rear of the engraving.

The situation of the schools is very pleasant. They occupy the centre of an open square of about seven and a half acres of ground in an elevated part of the city, from whence a very fine view may be obtained of the bay, the peninsula, and the lake beyond.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA.

CANADA possesses two of the most remarkable bridges in the world, the Victoria spanning the St. Lawrence, and the Suspension Bridge across the Niagara River, represented in our engraving. This marvellous bridge is supported by four cables, each of which is nine-and-a-half inches in diameter, and composed of eight thousand wires; the towers are fifteen feet square at the base and eight feet at the top; their height is sixty-six feet. The span of the bridge is eight hundred feet. It was, as the majority of our readers are probably aware, thrown across the river to connect the Great Western Railway with the New York Central, and other lines in the State of New York. It has two floors, the lower for pedestrians and carriages, and the upper for the use of the railway. The view

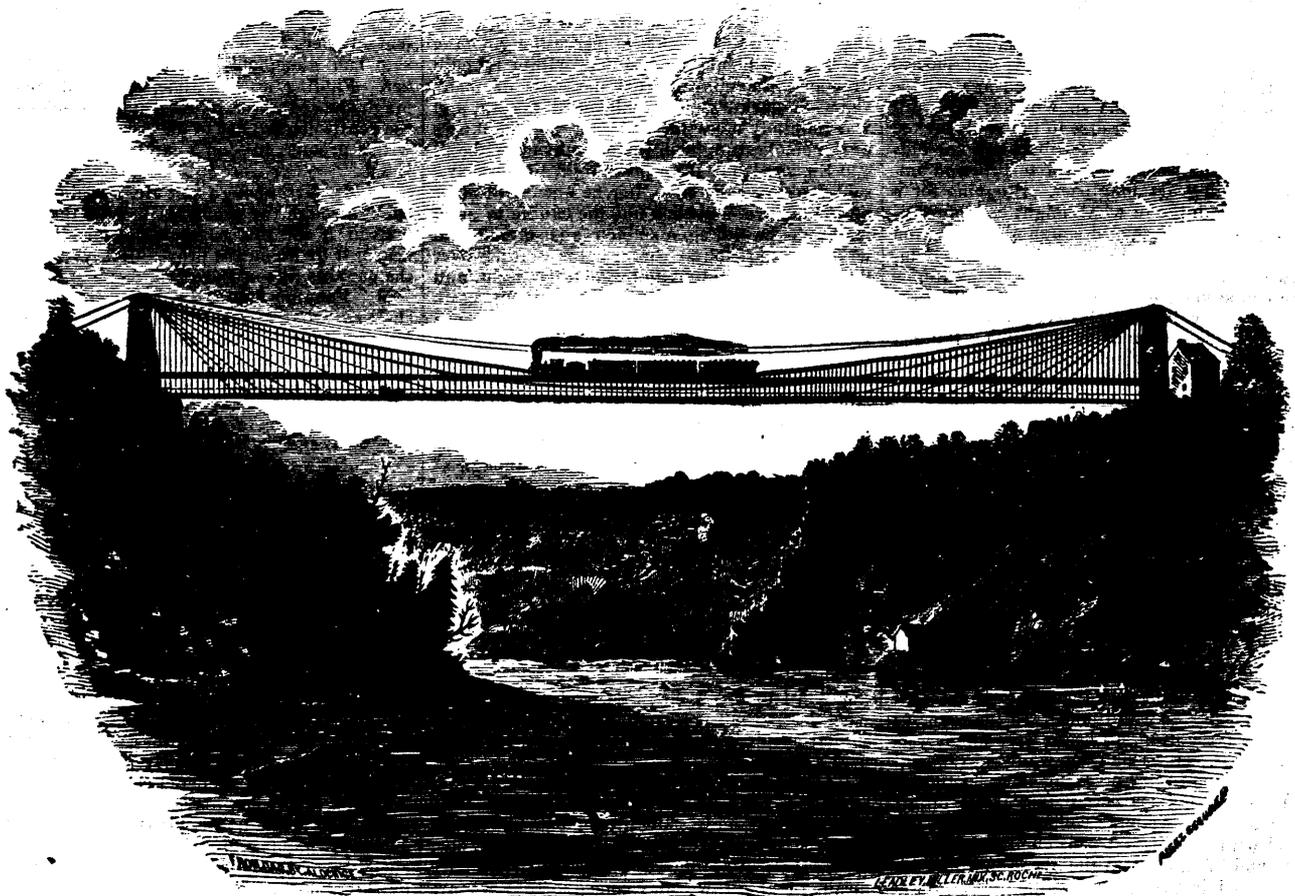
from the bridge is striking in the extreme; beneath at a distance of two hundred and sixty feet the water rushes and boils in its onward course; in the distance the Falls are seen in their wondrous grandeur; whilst the strangely precipitous banks of the river fringed with a growth of stunted pine, form no unimportant addition to the majesty of the picture.

The bridge, we believe, is so solid in its weight and staying, that not the slightest motion is communicated to it by the severest gales of wind which blow up the gorge which it spans. The cost of the structure was \$500,000.

The London *Court Journal* says that in ancient times when the "kilt" was the prevailing covering for gentlemen, the ladies wore a very elegant skirt of Grecian derivation, which might be resuscitated. Like crinoline, it gave great freedom in walking, but unlike it, there was no distension. The skirt was of the full circumference of the present fashion, touching the fore step in front and sweeping behind; a frog button was placed above each knee, about two inches from which the skirt was split downward and trimmed. The stockings were similar to the Highland hose gartered below the knee, so that "the pretty leg" of the lady had the same free scope in stepping out as their kilted "Lord of the Isles."

Great fortunes have not unfrequently been realized by the invention of some toy for children which meets the approval of the juvenile critics. The inventor of the common street toy known as the "Return Ball" is said to "have realized \$100,000. The inventor of the Walking Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago, made \$75,000 by his patent. The dancing "Jim Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

A NOVEL anchor was lately tested in Baltimore harbour, triangular in shape, having six flukes, working on pivots, and when one side is embedded the upper part closes; thus, it is claimed, preventing fouling.



Suspension Bridge, Niagara.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

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Continued from page 270.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FAMILY VAULT.

THE vestry of the little church of Belair was a chilly and desolate-looking room, with its flagged floor and whitewashed walls; with its straight-backed oaken chairs, and its little iron-barred window; and not all the efforts of the rheumatic old sexton, who had lighted it up with a couple of wax-candles and a sputtering fire of damp wood, could make it seem even tolerably cheerful. Hardly had six o'clock done striking, when the vicar and Sir Michael arrived. Five minutes later came Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Penning, thickly powdered with snow-flakes, they having walked down together, arm-in-arm, from the Hall. When all were assembled, the vicar opened a private cupboard, and silently poured out four glasses of the excellent port of which a small supply was always kept in stock; and in silence it was discussed.

"I named the hour of six as that for our meeting here," said the vicar, "because I thought that what we are about to do had better be done under the friendly shade of darkness. Whatever may be the result of our visit here this evening, we need not take the public into our confidence, unless after-circumstances should compel us to do so. Jenkins, the sexton, is discretion itself; and the position of this church is so solitary, that I hardly think it likely that we shall be observed by any inquisitive busy-bodies from the outside. And now, gentlemen, if you are ready, we will proceed to business."

Jenkins being summoned, produced a huge horn lantern, which he proceeded to light up with one of the wax-candles; and then taking a large key from its nail on the wall, he led the way out of the church; and so by a narrow gravelled path round one corner of the edifice to a spot where an iron door let into the wall, with a grating above it, and reached by a descent of three or four steps, indicated the entrance to the family vault of the Spencelaughs. The old man turned the creaking key, and pushed back the heavy door. Contrasted against the whiteness outside, for the snow-flakes were still falling steadily, the entrance to the vault looked like the black cavernous vestibule to some old-world dungeon, some place of torture and imprisonment in years long past. Stopping for a moment to indulge in what might be appropriately termed a churchyard cough, the old sexton picked up his lantern again, and went slowly in, followed, one after one, by the others. If the atmosphere had seemed cold and marrow-chilling in the room above, it was twice as cold and marrow-chilling in this cavern of dead people. Ranged on the marble slabs which ran round three sides of the vault were the black coffins of several generations of dead and gone Spencelaughs, all with a terrible sameness about them, seen by that dim light, as though they were merely the multiplied coffins of one dead person, who loved a frequent change of domicile. Ah, no! some three or four of them were those of children—blossoms plucked at their sweetest, while somewhat of Heaven's dew still lingered upon them.

Although so few hours had passed since the funeral of Sir Philip, all traces of that ceremony had already been removed. The great flag over the centre of the vault had been put back into its place, and the baronet had found a last home on the slab appointed for him. A hushed and solemn feeling crept over the hearts of the four visitors as they gazed around. In the reverent presence of the dead, all heads were uncovered.

"This, sir, is the coffin you want to examine," said the sexton in dry creaking tones, as though the hinges of his voice were in want of oiling. "This is Master Arthur's coffin."

And with that his old arms encircled a child's coffin, and lifted it on to the black marble table which stood in the centre of the vault. As he did so, a wreath of yellow everlastings slipped off it, and fell to the ground.

"The poor child was not quite forgotten," said the vicar, as he picked up the wreath.—"By whom was this placed here, Jenkins?"

"By Miss Frederica, sir, Every eighteenth of October—that was the day Master Arthur died—she comes and puts a fresh wreath on his coffin. She has never once missed doing it all these years. You see, sir, she and Master Arthur were play-fellows when they were children together, and very fond of one another. Lord! I remember them both coming hand in hand to church, as if it was only t'other day.—Master Arthur died when Miss Freddy was away from home; and the first time she came here after she got back, I thought the pretty darling's heart would have broke. However, she got over it in time; but every year since then, she has brought a wreath like what you see, and put it with her own hands on the coffin, and said a little prayer to herself, and then gone quietly away."

"You have usually a good memory for such things," said the vicar: "tell me, do you remember the funeral of Master Arthur Spencelaugh?"

"That I do, sir," said the old man eagerly. "I recollect it as well as if it had happened only yesterday; and a shabby funeral it were, though it's I that says so. Sir Philip was away in India at that time, and Lady Spencelaugh was too ill to come; so there was just nobody to see the last of the poor lad, but that lame and ugly Dr. Kreefes, and a couple of undertaker's men. Mr. Rolfe, he were curate here at that time, and a fast reader he was surely; and he soon gabbled through the Service; and they all seemed glad to hurry the poor little chap out of sight.—Before Sir Philip came home, there was a pretty white tablet to the memory of Master Arthur put up by my Lady, just over the family pew; and many a time has Sir Philip come here by himself to read what there is written on it about his boy; and sometimes he would say: 'It was a sad day's work for me, Jenkins, when my poor Arthur died.'"

The old man paused, more from lack of breath than want of words. It might be nothing more than fancy, but to every one there it seemed as if the light shed by the lantern was slowly growing dimmer and less able to pierce the gloom of the vault, which seemed to hold within its chill precincts the concentrated darkness of many years—a darkness that thickened the air, and was infinitely more intense than the blackness of the blackest night in the churchyard without.

"Eh, sirs! but it's a poor light to work by," said Jenkins; and so saying, he opened the door of the lantern, and took out the candle to snuff it; but as he did so, a sudden gust of mingled wind and snow burst through the grating over the iron door, and extinguished the light, and sweeping through the vault, rushed out again by the way it had come; and as it did so, it seemed to the excited fancy of more than one there present as though the silent people lying so near them turned over in their resting-places, and whispered uneasily among themselves.

Jenkins was the only one entirely unmoved by this little accident. The old sexton was as much at home among dead people as though he were smoking his pipe in his own chimney-corner; and he probably felt a sort of kindly contempt for such of them as rested humbly in the churchyard, as a class of individuals who had a weakness for intruding their bones on the notice of survivors. He now proceeded deliberately to strike a match on the sole of his boot, and to re-light the candle, muttering something to himself meanwhile about its being pleasant seasonable weather.

"Am I to begin, sir?" he said to the vicar, when he had put the candle out of the way of a similar accident. "I have got my screw-driver here ready."

"One cannot help feeling somewhat reluctant to intrude upon the sacred repose of the dead," said the vicar, addressing his companions. "But in an exceptional case like the present one, where the truth cannot be arrived at by ordinary means, I think we may consider that we are fully justified in taking such a step.—Jenkins, you may begin."

Jenkins whipped the screw-driver nimbly out of his pocket, and then proceeded to rub his nose with it appreciatively, while regarding the coffin with a critical eye; evidently he had a ghastly sort of relish for the task before him.

"My screw, gentlemen, don't seem inclined to bite," said Jenkins, speaking thus of the nail. But at last the screw did bite, yielding slowly and grudgingly to the force of the implement. "A famous fellow!" said the old man, holding up the nail between his thumb and finger. "One of Death's double-teeth—he, he!"

All present turned suddenly. They felt, by the quick keen rush of snow-laden air, that the iron door was being opened by some one from the outside. They turned, to see a black snow-sprinkled figure, half standing, half crouching, at the entrance to the vault. It was a woman's figure; but the face was hidden, in part by the black hood drawn closely over the head, and in part by the white delicate hands.

"Oh, not too late! say that I am not too late!" It was Lady Spencelaugh's voice, but strangely altered. She staggered forward as she spoke, like one suddenly struck blind, till she stood by the table in the centre of the vault on which rested the little coffin. "Do not touch that!" she exclaimed. "It contains not what you seek—what it does contain matters not. I confess everything. Arthur Spencelaugh did not die. I sent him away to White Grange, from which place he was taken to America by the Kreefes. I wanted the title and estates for my own son. I have carried the wretched secret about with me for twenty years, only to have it wrrenched from me at the moment the reward seemed in my grasp. Pardon me—pity me, if you will: I care not: I only ask to die—to die!"

As the last words came almost inaudibly from her lips, she sank in a dead faint on the floor of the vault. Mr. Greenhough ran to support her; and then, with the assistance of the other gentlemen, she was carried out, and through the church-yard, and into the vestry. Scarcely had they got there with their burden, when Mrs. Winch made her appearance. That faithful retainer, having left Lady Spencelaugh for a few minutes, and missing her when she returned, had divined, as by instinct, whether her Ladyship had gone, and had at once hurried after her. Finding after a time, that Lady Spencelaugh shewed signs of returning consciousness, the gentlemen left her to the care of the landlady, with a promise to send a carriage down from the Hall.

As Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Penning walked back through the snowy park, said the former: "Even if all this be true that we have just heard, it by no means proves that your man is the genuine Simon Pure."

Mr. Penning smiled a little loftily. "We shall see what we shall see," he said, with the air of an oracle; and with that, as by mutual consent, the affair was put on one side for the morrow's settlement; and Greenhough related a capital story of a hanging judge, which Penning capped with "a good thing, sir, told me by Dawkins, Q. C."

"Cheer up, my Lady," whispered Mrs. Winch reassuringly in the ear of the prostrate woman, whose head lay on her shoulder. "All is not lost even after what you have told them. The game is still our own. You remember the words of the telegram: 'The Ocean Child has foundered with all on board.' Nothing can keep Mr. Gaston out of the title and the estates; and, for his sake, what you have said to-night will be hushed up and forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WAITING FOR JERRY.

The clock had just struck nine on the evening of the day which had witnessed such strange events at Belair, and Gurney Brackenridge was sitting at home in slippers, concocting for himself a tumbler of his favourite beverage. He was alone in the house, for Hannah had got a few days' holiday to visit some friends, and the chemist's domestic comforts were looked after by Mrs. Jakeway in the interim.

The world had prospered somewhat with Gurney Brackenridge since we saw him last. Al-

though he had never received the three hundred pounds which had been promised him in case he should succeed in a certain service, which, as events turned out, it had been found impossible to perform, he had yet been handsomely paid for his trouble in other ways, and especially for the neat detective-like style in which he had tracked John English from Persey Bay to a berth on board the *Ocean Child*, fast clipper-ship, bound for New-York. Then, again, it was satisfactory to know that the widow's long-standing promise to marry him was likely at last to have a speedy fulfilment. Mrs. Winch had been in strangely good spirits ever since the receipt of his telegram containing the news of the loss of the *Ocean Child*, which had foundered a few days after leaving the Mersey, and while Brackenridge was still in Liverpool. The first of May had been fixed for the forthcoming nuptials; and, all things considered, the chemist ought to have been, if not in happy, at least in a contented frame of mind. But such was by no means the case. The old sore was still festering secretly, and he refused to let it heal. He felt himself to be an ill-used and terribly aggrieved individual, because his future wife still persisted in her resolution not to enlighten him as to the nature of the secret bond which held her and Lady Spencelaugh so firmly together, and mixed up the interests of both so inexplicably with those of John English. Not only did the widow refuse to enlighten him now, but she gave him, besides, distinctly to understand that even after marriage, the secret would remain as heretofore her own property, and be in no wise shared by him; and he was too well acquainted with the resolute character of Martha Winch not to feel certain that she would keep her word in this respect in spite of all that he might say or do. Therefore did Gurney Brackenridge brood darkly over the slight which, as he conceived, was put upon him. Besides, how utterly and inconceivably foolish on the part of any one in possession of a secret affecting the happiness and welfare of another, and that other a person high up in the social scale, one who could well afford to pay for the keeping of it, to allow such a golden chance to slip, when it might be had, for the mere grasping! It was not the chemist's style of doing business. To him it would have been as a little gold-mine; as a perennial source of income; bringing with it possibilities of unlimited cessation from work, with French brandy in unstinted quantity, and an exciting life in London or Paris.

His dark reverie was suddenly put to flight by the familiar click of the garden gate, followed next minute by a loud double-knock at the front door. "That's Jerry's knock, I'll wager anything. What can the fool want with me to-night?"

He got up, and opened the door with a cordial greeting, for he always made a point of keeping in Jerry's good graces. "What has brought you here, my man, at this time of the night?" said Brackenridge, as Jerry sat down bashfully on the proffered chair, while his bright eyes roved purposelessly about the little room.

"Jerry has just come from Belair," said the lad. "He has got to post a letter for my Lady; and he was to leave another here on the way.—There were five black crows sitting all of a row as Jerry went through the park this afternoon: that means that something bad is going to happen to somebody."

The chemist held out his hand impatiently for the letter, and Jerry, after a little fumbling, produced it. Brackenridge at once recognized the widow's writing. He tore it open, and read as under:

"Dear Gurney—I have been up at Belair all day, and am just going home, very tired, and far from well. I send you this by Jerry, to save you the trouble of walking down to-night, as I shall at once go to bed on reaching home. Look in, however, in the morning, as you go to business. Sincerely yours,
M. W."

"I might have known better," murmured the chemist, bitterly to himself as he refolded the note, "than to think that she would let out anything of importance to me."

He paused for a moment, with the letter still

between his fingers. What was it that Jerry had said? That he was taking to the post a letter written by Lady Spencelaugh! Any letter written by Lady Spencelaugh might, perchance, contain some reference to that secret which, day and night, weighed so heavily on the chemist's mind. Such being the case, supposing that he, Brackenridge, could get at the contents of this letter, might he not, by such means, chance to light on the key of the secret, and so, despite the widow's efforts, constitute himself master of the situation? The thought was a grand one—one that made his blood flush hotly in his veins; but how to carry it out? Jerry's incorruptibility as a messenger was known to him of old: by artifice only could he hope to obtain possession of the letter. But how? He mixed himself another tumbler of his favourite stimulant, in the hope that it might tend to sharpen his dulled wits, chatting meanwhile with Jerry on any indifferent topic that came uppermost.—Ah! an excellent thought! Suggested by the Fiend, doubtless; but none the worse for that.

"And is Mogaddo quite well?" said the chemist, changing the conversation abruptly.

"The salubrity of his lordship's health is wonderful," answered Jerry.

"Then he pines no longer for the loss of the pretty Pipanta?" said Brackenridge.

"Alas! no. The darling is forgotten already," said the simpleton mournfully—"forgotten by all but Jerry. But the memory of Pipanta is still dear to Jerry's heart."

"Would Jerry like to see his Pipanta again?" asked the chemist.

"Pipanta is dead, and buried under the Witches' Oak, and will never dance to her lord's music again. The great Katsango charmed her life out of her. And now, only the Lord Mogaddo is left who whispers strange secrets in Jerry's ear at the full of the moon."

"Yes, but I can conjure back the ghost of Pipanta, so that Jerry can see it, but not touch it," said the chemist.

"But Jerry is afraid of ghosts," urged the lad. "Jerry will be a ghost himself some day, and dance at midnight under the Witches' Oak, and frighten folk till they go crazy. He! he! a grand life! a rare life!"

"But it would not frighten you to see Pipanta," said Brackenridge. "You shall see her dance as she used to do, on that window-blind."

"But you won't let her come near Jerry?" said the lad with a look of terror.

"Don't be afraid, man," said the chemist. "I've no wish to harm you." Speaking thus, he opened a door which led into another room; and after an absence of about half a minute, he returned, carrying something white in his hand—a handkerchief saturated with some liquid which diffused a faint, peculiar odour through the room. Jerry's eyes were fixed on him suspiciously. "Tut, man! you're not afraid of me, I hope," said the chemist with a boisterous laugh. "You haven't got the pluck of a mouse. Chut! how you tremble. I tell you again, you have nothing to fear. Now keep your eyes fixed firmly on the blind of the window opposite to you, while I hold this for you to smell at, and presently you will see the figure of the pretty Pipanta begin to shew itself on the blind faint at first, and then clearer and clearer, till you will see her as plainly as though she were alive before you."

Even before he had done speaking, he had placed himself behind Jerry's chair, and half encircling the lad with one arm, pressed the saturated handkerchief to his nostrils, with the other. Jerry made one or two abortive efforts to get away, but the chemist's iron arm held him remorselessly; and in a few seconds the lad's eyes closed softly, his head drooped backward against Brackenridge's chest, while an expression strangely sweet and solemn diffused itself over his face, which but a minute before had been troubled by a dim suspicion of the chemist's good faith, mingled with a vague dread of the coming apparition.

"Jericho! why, the lad's gone already!" said Brackenridge to himself. "It doesn't take much to knock him over, anyhow." Speaking thus, he flung the handkerchief to the other side of

the room, and lifting Jerry in his arms, as easily as though he were a child, he deposited the unconscious lad on a sofa, with his head supported by the cushions. "Now for the letter!" muttered Brackenridge. One by one Jerry's pockets were lightly examined, and then his hat; but the letter was nowhere to be found. "It must be here," murmured the chemist, as he proceeded to unbutton Jerry's waistcoat. And there it was; and there, too, was Jerry's pet, Mogaddo; and just as the chemist's fingers were on the point of grasping the paper, the reptile, lifting its head angrily from the folds of flannel in which it had been concealed, made a swift sudden dart, and bit Brackenridge in the wrist. The chemist drew back his hand with a fearful oath, but next instant he had seized the reptile firmly between his thumb and finger, and, dragging it from its cozy nest, he carried it writhing across the room, and throwing open a back-window, hurled it with all his strength far out into the frosty night. His next proceeding was to take a piece of live-coal from the fire, and holding it with the tongs, to press it firmly on his wrist at the spot where the reptile had bitten it, till he had burned away the flesh almost to the bone. The agony was so intense that great drops of perspiration burst out on his forehead, and he bit his lip till he left a mark on it which was visible for several days. When he had put back the coal into the fire, he hastened to pour out and drink off half a tumbler of neat brandy; and after that he proceeded to bandage up his wrist, as well as he was able, with his disengaged hand.

Now for the letter. Poor Jerry still lay without sense or motion, utterly unconscious of the fate which had befallen his favourite. Brackenridge took the letter without fear. He saw, with some surprise, that the address was unmistakably in a man's writing; but as the envelope was merely fastened in the ordinary way, and not sealed, there would be no difficulty in mastering the contents. A little copper kettle was boiling cheerily by the fire, and all that it was requisite to do was to let the current of steam play on the gummed part of the envelope, for a little while, and the thing was done. The chemist's fingers trembled a little as he took the folded paper out of the envelope, and turned to the lamp to read it.

Next moment, a wild intense pang of baffled rage and despair shot from the chemist's heart, and held him as though he were possessed by a demon; while from his lips, as blue as those of a dead man, proceeded a string of imprecations so intense and dreadful that they could only make themselves heard in a sort of half-choked whisper. The letter was not from Lady Spencelaugh at all, but was merely a note from Sir Gaston to some friend in London, stating that, in consequence of certain unpleasant proceedings at home, he should not be able to keep an appointment as agreed upon. In the first access of his rage, the chemist crumpled up the letter between his fingers, and flung it into the fire, and was only roused to a sense of what he had done by seeing it burst into a blaze. The sight sobered him in an instant. What excuse could he possibly make to Jerry, who was the most faithful of messengers, for destroying the letter? There was only one excuse possible for him, and that was to deny ever having seen the letter—he could lie as hard as anybody if needs were—and to persuade the simpleton that he had lost it on the road from Belair. Yes, that was the only way practicable out of the confounded mess he had got himself into.

To be continued.

A young boy in St. Louis recently made an unexpected and somewhat appalling voyage through the air. He was playing ball with some young companions, when a sudden and violent storm of rain and wind came on. The children took shelter under some trees; but this boy, about ten years old, was suddenly caught up by the whirling gusts, and carried over a fence some twenty or thirty yards distant, and landed upon the top of a shanty, without, however, sustaining serious injury.

SIR GUY'S GOBLET.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

IT was the second or third day of December, when the postman, after a long period of total abstinence from double-knocking at our door, fell away into moderation, and left us a couple of letters.

We were living alone together, my brother's widow and I, and our interests, and consequently our correspondents, were not numerous. She was my senior by — no matter how many years, but quite enough to render the arrangement a perfectly proper one, even according to the most severe conventional code, although I was unmarried, and still called a girl by verbally well-disposed friends.

My brother had been dead about eighteen months. He had died worn out, broken down, used up,—these are several phrases descriptive of the same thing. In plain English, he had "gone to his death" in the columns of a daily paper,—gone to it as unflinchingly, as heroically, as cheerfully as any one of that gallant band who made the never-to-be-too-frequently-quoted charge at Balaclava. But he belonged to a noble army of martyrs whose deeds do not get recorded by laureates: so when he fell down in fighting the hard fight of the daily press, the ranks closed, and nobody missed him,—nobody, at least, save his wife and his sister. Very few people seem to be missed when they fall out of their places, however it may be in reality.

It is a fact, and therefore in the face of all precedent, I will state it, but there never existed a grain of anything save the kindest feeling between my sister-in-law and myself. She had never feared my "interference." I had never accused her even in my heart of attempting to alienate Guy's affections from me. The result of this abnegation of the time-honoured rights of sisters-in-law was, that while Guy lived we all carried on the war merrily and happily; and when Guy died, we decided that it would be very hard for the two who were left to part. She was alone in the world, and I was virtually, though not nominally, alone too. There was an uncle of my mother's alive, to be sure; but he was like my father's crest to me, merely a badge of respectability,—nothing more, to be mentioned in a modulated voice even to myself,—a baronet,—Sir Guy Pomfret. My mother had felt that she was taking almost a liberty in naming her only son after the mighty head of her house. But she had done it, and even dared to apprise him of it,—which act of fealty Sir Guy rewarded by sending my brother a little morocco box containing a small embossed silver mug,—"goblet" he called it in his letter; but as it was not capable of containing half a pint of anything, we declined using the more pretentious appellation, and it came to be known in the household as "Guy's mug."

Of course we were sitting at our breakfast-table when these two letters arrived. Everybody is sitting at breakfast when letters arrive, in fiction. We were discussing our probable chances of passing a very dreary Christmas, when the girl who served us in our uncomfortable lodgings came in with our letters, which we seized with the eagerness people who have not received a written word for weeks only can feel.

Mine was the shorter, and so was read the sooner of the two; but, short as it was, it was very staggering. It was dated from "The Towers, —shire," and was to the following effect:

MY DEAR MISS DUNBAR (I was the dear Miss Dunbar).—My father and I were speaking yesterday of how much it was to be regretted that we did not see more of your dear mother while she was alive. This misfortune is, however, not to be remedied now—"hardly," I thought—"but we, at least, may know each other. We expect a few friends down at Christmas: you must come to us then, as we very much wish to make your acquaintance. Come down on the 23rd, if you can conveniently, by the 11 a. m. train; you will be met at the Playford station. We were extremely sorry to hear of your brother's death. I send this under cover to his lawyer, who is most likely in possession of your address.

My father desires his kind regards, and joins with me in hoping that we shall soon see you.

In the meantime believe me to be,

Your affectionate cousin,

RACHAEL POMFRET.

The reader will agree with me that this letter from "my affectionate cousin Rachael Pomfret," an utter stranger even by name to me, must have been very staggering. It was some minutes before I could realize that it was not a bit of an absurd dream. But by the time my sister had read her letter I had accepted mine as a fact, and knew that I was broad awake.

"Helen," I began, as she put her letter back into its envelope, "here's an invitation to the Towers."

"And who are the Towers?" Helen asked. We were such strangers to my mother's kin, that my brother had scarcely even named them to his wife.

"It's the Pomfrets," I replied, and then I gave her the letter.

"O, Guy's mug," she said, half smiling, as she stretched out her hand for it. Then she read it quickly, and said, "Well, dear,—you'll go?"

I had watched her as she read, and I had marked the flush that spread over her sweet, serious face as she came to the careless, cold mention of the death of the one who had been everything to her.

"You will go?" she repeated, as she gave it back to me. "It may be such a good thing for you, Georgie. You will go?"

Now I was young, and I sighed for a change from the dull routine of the life I had led for what seemed so long a time. This promised to be such a pleasant change! My ideas of country-house Christmas festivities were chiefly gained from "Pickwick." I pictured the Towers as a sort of revised and improved "Manor Farm." Sir Guy already loomed before me,—a slightly refined old Wardle; and in the writer of the note I have transcribed I half hoped to find a "maiden aunt," amenable to the advances of some unknown Tracey Tupman. The prospect was a very seductive one to me; but that cold mention of my brother, together with no mention at all being made of his wife, weighed the balance against going down very heavily. So I shook my head with a great air of determination, and said, "No, I shouldn't think of it."

Helen rested her elbow on the table, and put her cheek on her hand, and looked at me inquiringly. I returned her steady gaze, partly because I wanted her to see that I meant what I said, and partly because she was so pleasant to look at.

She was such a pretty woman this widow of my brother's,—such a gentle, Madonna-faced woman,—with her small, egg-shaped face, her deep blue eyes, and her shining smooth dark brown hair. She had a sweet voice, and a sweet smile too,—a smile that crept over her lips, not like a ray of sunlight, but like a pure moonbeam. Yet it was not a cold or unmeaning smile at all; on the contrary, it said more than any other smile I have ever seen. She smiled now when my steady gaze began to relax a little, and the silent lips said so sweetly and well, "You will go?" that I answered the mute appeal by saying,—

"Do you really think I had better, Heba?"

She nodded and laughed.

"Yes, really, for several reasons: one is, that you are too young and too pretty to drift about the world by yourself, and when once the Pomfrets see you, they will awaken to that fact, for you're like my Guy, Georgie, you get liked directly."

"Well, that's one reason,—a very flattering way you have worded it, too; but that's not enough; you said there were several; give me another."

"Here is another," she said, giving me her letter and getting up from the table as she spoke. "I haven't consulted you, Georgie dear, because it's no use consulting any one about a step that you feel sure you'll have to take whatever may be said against it." She walked away to the window as she finished speaking, and stood there looking out, while I read a rather long letter from a lady in Hertfordshire, who, after making out a portentous list of requirements, agreed to accept Mrs. Dunbar's services as a resident governess, if she (Helen) could con-

scientiously declare that she came up to them (the requirements).

"Why have you done this?" I asked hastily getting up and going over to her.

"Because I was obliged to do it, Georgie," she answered without turning her head? "and I feared that you would be obliged to follow my example. Poor Guy! how miserable he would have been if he had ever thought that was before his pet sister;" she put her hand fondly on my arm then, and I saw there were tears in her eyes.

"O Nellie, he'd have been ten times more miserable to think it was before you," I said, kissing her; and then she told me more about our circumstances, and I realized that this move of hers, miserable as it was to contemplate, was also necessary.

"I will set about getting a situation too, at once," I said, firmly.

"No you will not," she replied; "not till you return from your visit to the Towers. I am not going to this Mrs. Weston till the holidays are over, so I shall be here to help you when you come back from the Pomfrets; go there you shall, I'm determined; you ought to know them."

So it was settled that I should go to my relations, and then such an ignominious difficulty arose! I had been in mourning so long, that my colored dresses were all hopelessly, unalterably old-fashioned, and then my black was meagre and shabby. Even Helen shook her head over this obstacle. But at last she said,—

"You must go, and you must look nice, Georgie; will you agree to leave it all to me, and to ask no questions?"

I began protesting, but she stopped me by saying,—

"Of course you will; why did I ask you, when you have always been the best girl in the world to me? Before we go any further, though, what is it you most want?"

I modestly mentioned at least a dozen articles. Amongst others a hat. I could not go into the country without a hat.

Helen was jotting things down in her notebook. "A hat naturally,—the travelling-dress shall be one of your strong points, Georgie, because of first impressions, you know; now leave it all to me, and when you come back you shall help to get me ready for Mrs. Weston."

I was very much puzzled a few hours after this by seeing Helen get out of a cab at the door, and wait while the servant plunged half of her person into the vehicle several times, emerging after each plunge with a parcel. I knew that Mrs. Guy had a horror of debt. I also knew that Mrs. Guy had very little spare money. But I had been told to ask no questions, so I examined the contents of the parcels in grateful and admiring silence.

By the 23rd my wardrobe was quite ready. True, it was not extensive, but in my eyes it was very perfect. Helen's taste was too true for one thing to fight with another, whatever the scale. There was nothing to find fault with in the gray travelling-dress and jacket braided with black, and in the small black hat with a ptarmigan's wing in it, in which I went down to Playford.

"Mind you make a good impression on them," Mrs. Guy said, when she kissed me at parting, and I colored all over my face in my girlish vanity, and felt that it was not impossible that I might do so. I know I think plenty of chestnut hair and gray eyes pretty on other people, and my poor mother used to say that I had the "real Dunbar figure," which was considered wonderfully willowy and good, but none of the fair Dunbars—not even dear Guy, who was so like me—had my terribly black lashes and eyebrows.

Miss Pomfret had not told me when the train reached Playford, and I had forgotten to look at a railway bill, and there was no one in the carriage with whom I dared to enter into conversation. My fellow-travellers all looked "good style," but they did not look "good natured." Stay! I wronged one of them by saying this.

The exception was a fine, fair, distinguished-looking young man—one scarcely saw that he was handsome at first—of about eight or nine and twenty. He had jumped into the carriage

immediately after me, and he now sat just opposite to me, with an opossum rug over his knees, and the last number of "Punch" in his hand. When he had looked through that, he folded his arms and looked through the window, and I saw that his profile and expression were both fine and high-bred. "Some young lord of the manor going down to spend his Christmas at his ancestral halls," I thought, romantically. And I went on to wonder if he would not be rather desolate in those halls if he were not married, and to speculate as to whether he was a neighbor of Sir Guy Pomfret's or not?

My speculations on the point deepened in interest, when about four o'clock we ran into the Playford station, and he got out and looked up and down the platform. A servant in livery ran up at once, touching his hat, and respectfully smiling a welcome. "Here you are, sir," he said. "Master has sent the stanhope, thinking you'd like to drive the Don at once."

"That's right, Green," my handsome fellow-traveller answered, in one of those strong, sonorous voices that seem to tell of the power within. "Are they all well at home?" he added; and the man replied,—

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir; all well."

I had been standing looking on and listening all this time (it was only a minute or two, but it seemed a long time to me, since no one came forward to make me welcome); but at this point I was recalled to a sense of my position by a porter coming up and asking,—

"Do you want your box carried anywhere, miss?"

"I think it will be sent for," I stammered out hastily. Then as the gentleman and his servant walked away, I added, "I am going to the Towers,—Sir Guy Pomfret's."

"This way then, miss," the man replied, shouldering my box, and I followed him down the station out into the yard, where a tiny wagonette and a New Forest pony were drawn up. A groom in stable dress stood by the pony's head, and as I came in he asked if I was Miss Dunbar.

On my replying that I was, he said, "Miss Pomfret had sent her own pony for me, and would I like to drive?"

"No, thank you," I answered; and then I got in, and the groom took the reins and the driving-seat, and we made our way out of the yard.

Out of the quiet station yard, and into the midst of a brilliantly animated scene. In the middle of the broad country road, well kept and amber-hued as that of a park, a stanhope, between the shafts of which was a magnificently made dark-brown horse, was pulled up. The driver—my distinguished-looking fellow-traveller—was in the act of taking off his hat to a young lady who was just checking a pair of ponies abreast of him.

A lovely young lady, with a wild blush-rose complexion, and masses of fair hair billowing out from beneath her small cavalier hat. As she sat a little back, drawing up her fine mouthed little steeds, I thought that I had never seen anything so glittering and pretty in my life. Her flashing blue eyes, her face dimpling with smiles, the perfect ease with which she held the reins and restrained the fiery little creatures that were drawing her shell-like phaeton, the sheen of the black velvet and the soft gray tone about the grebe in which she was clothed,—all made up a picture that it is impossible to forget, as it was fair to look upon.

Broad as the road was, there was scarcely room for the wagonette to pass the two other carriages, and the lady I have described did not turn her eyes in our direction. So we drew up and waited.

"What do you think of grandpapa's last present?" the lady was saying as we came out. "I wanted him to wait for you to choose the ponies, but he would not."

"They are handsome enough," the gentleman replied. "You all look very well together. 'Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen,' was the quotation that rose to my lips when I first caught sight of you."

"How absurd you are, Guy," she replied. ("Guy! What a thoroughly county name Guy

must be," I thought.) "How absurd you are, Guy; now give me room to pass, and let me get on, or I shall have such a little drive to-day, in consequence of my ill-luck in meeting you."

She looked through her long lashes with a half-childish, half-demure smile. No man could have imagined for one instant that she meant seriously that she considered that meeting a piece of ill-luck. But he looked grave at once, and made more room for her to pass, as if there had not been plenty of room already.

She gave her ponies a sharp flick, and as they sprang forward she called out,—

"Good by—till dinner," and the picture was broken up.

I felt so sorry for it,—so very sorry that those two handsome young people had vanished before I knew anything about them. As we drove slowly along—for Miss Pomfret's pony was very fat, and by no means fast—I made up little stories, of which the Fairy Queen and the one who had bestowed the title upon her were the hero and heroine. "We shall meet at dinner," she had said. I saw it at all. She was the "lady of the land," and had an entertainment that night, to which he with the long yellow moustache and blue eyes had come expressly from town. I think at this juncture I looked down distastefully at my plain gray dress trimmed with black braid. The beauty of black velvet and lustrous grebe was very much before me. Ere the feeling became dissatisfaction we reached the Towers, and drove up between tall iron gates through a paved court-yard, bordered with grand old oaks and cedars, to the entrance door of the Pomfrets' family mansion.

I saw at once that it was not a bit like the "Manor Farm" in "Pickwick." What it was like I shall attempt to tell you.

It was a very wide house of red brick, with that time-honoured tint on it that only houses that have centuries full of traditions hanging over them can hope to have. There was a deep fosse in front of the house, and this was filled in with luxuriantly grown laurels and other evergreens, whose brightly-polished leaves broke the straight line of the bottoms of all the lower windows. To the right other large iron gates gave access to a broad lawn, encircled with higher shrubs. To the left a wide flight of steps led away to the gardens. The stables and other offices were in the rear of the house, between it and a hill that was crowned with a couple of ruined towers, the fragments of what had been the abode of the family when the Norman king gave the estate to the first Pomfret, the founder of the race. There was an American garden, and a lake, and the loveliest winding, tumbling, turbulent stream meandering through the grounds that was ever seen. But all these things I knew afterwards. All I could see now was that the house was stately-looking, but full of bright life apparently; for from every window there streamed a flood of light, and voices full of warm, hearty tones were borne out into the coldness of the December air.

It was all so much more grand than I had expected, that I felt terribly nervous about walking in through that ponderous door, and facing the Pomfrets alone. But it had to be done; so I did it without a sign of the hesitation I felt. I know now that the entrance-hall is furnished more like a banquetting-hall, with its buffets and huge tankards of silver and gold (rather different these to poor Guy's mug), its big leathern couches and capacious chairs,—its grandly-pannelled oak walks, hung with shields, and adorned at regular intervals with life-size figures of men in armor,—and its floor luxuriously carpeted with Persian rugs, and tiger, and bear and deer-skins. I know all this now,—as I know myself, or better perhaps; but it was all lost upon me then, as I hovered somewhere in the rear of the big Swiss who acted as porter, who went on and announced me to some one, who forthwith came out from a room and made me welcome.

This some one was a kindly-looking, small, slightly deformed lady, who came up and kissed me, saying,—

"Good gracious! can you be Georgina's daughter? My dear child, you're as old as she

was when I saw her last." Then she bustled about a little, rang a bell, and finally sent me to my room, under the care of her own maid, Percival.

Before any of my fears and shortcomings can be accepted by the reader as natural, it must be fully understood that, though I was a town-bred girl, I had seen nothing of "society." I had lived a Bohemian life with my brother till he married, and after his marriage I had lived in absolute quiet with his wife; so now I had not a single precedent to go upon at the Towers,—nothing but my womanly instincts, and I feared that these might prove insufficient.

For example, I felt abject before Percival, as she, after having had my box unstrapped by a subordinate, proceeded to unpack it. I knew what it contained, and knew what she would think of what it contained, and wished I had n't come to the Towers in a breath. Then I wished she would speak to me; and then I remembered that it was not her part to volunteer speech. And then I looked in the cheval-glass, and saw myself reflected at full length, and wished, askingly, that I was not so much more substantial-looking than that brilliant apparition in the velvet and grebe who had met the other brilliant apparition at the station.

Presently some tea in a grayish-white cup and some shavings of bread and butter were brought to me,—a deep, fat arm-chair having been previously wheeled round to the fire, and a table placed beside it, by Percival. Then that oppressive person announced her intention of leaving me for an hour, till it was time to come back and dress for dinner, and I was left alone.

Alone at last!—and how very small I felt, to be sure, in that lofty room, whose corners were lost in shade, for all the wax-candles that were lavishly burning themselves away for my enlightenment on the mantel-piece and dressing-table. What a mantel-piece it was too!—carved into a hundred quaint conceits and flowery fancies, in such rich-looking dark oak. As I sat there, tired, and warm, and excited, I began to make out stories for the many ladies of the house of Pomfret who must have sat where I was sitting now, and warmed themselves in other days.

Those other days,—ah! how the romance of them grew upon and bewildered me as I sat lost in the depths of the arm-chair, looking round at the dressing-table that was so different to anything I had ever seen before—out of Wardour Street. No muslin covered its big carved oak legs,—no little fanciful arrangement of quilled ribbon and fluted lace ran round its border. It stood uncovered in its dark, hard beauty; for I know it to have possessed that latter attribute, now that I am aware that Gibbon's imagination and hand both worked upon it. What a massive silver-framed old glass it was that stood upon it!—an unbecoming old glass, too, I remember, for all its grandeur,—a glass that made me look green when I stood before it, and that threw my nose into a queer line that feature never had from nature.

For I had to rouse myself from my deep dreamy fancies, and stand to be dressed before that old glass at last. Percival came back, and I gathered my disordered mind together under her auspices, and sat myself down before my stately toilet altar to be dressed for my first Christmas evening in a country house.

I felt very much depressed when, the foundation of fine starched skirts and silk slips laid, Percival, the terrible only old maid I had ever had to wait upon me, brought out my prize dress,—a fleecy thing, all cloudy white tulle and puffiness, that Helen had taken special pains with. This had been designed as a sort of crowning glory,—a thing in which to appear at some great county ball,—a robe in which to be seen by the "Prince Charming" who was to be seen and conquered by me during my visit. And now Percival took it out for me to go down to dinner in. I spoke at last, suggesting mildly that "there was no company, was there?"

"Only the company staying in the house,—about twenty," Percival replied, standing before me like a respectable Fate, with the tulle dress gathered up over her arm.

"Then I will wear black silk," I contrived to say, firmly. So at last I got dressed in that, with a great white gauze cloud over me called a scarf. And then my hour was come, and I went down as well as I could to the Pomfrets' drawing-room.

I shall never forget the desire I had to say, "Please, don't!" when the before-mentioned gorgeous Swiss threw open the drawing-room door, and announced "Miss Dunbar." A shiver possessed me from head to foot, and something went wrong with a vein in the back of my head, and the walls wriggled, and the floor surged, and the ceiling came swooping down!—and I found myself erect after it all, and shaking hands with an old gentleman, who was thin and gray, and had a very hooked nose.

He was my great uncle, Sir Guy Pomfret. He did not say much to me, but what he did say was kindly meant and so kindly expressed. I found myself sitting down after a minute, looking up at him as he stood before me, questioning me as to my journey; and then I found myself answering him coherently enough, though a shy glance which I had given to the left nearly made my brain reel again.

There were several people in the room, but it was large, and they stood in detached groups, and so did not strike the eye at once. At first when I came in I was only conscious of light and size. But by the time I had sat down and answered Sir Guy's questions I was capable of distinguishing forms. The little deformed lady was doing the honors vivaciously I gathered, and then to my left were a couple that I started forward to look more fully at,—the Fairy Queen and my handsome fellow-traveller.

What a fairy queen she looked now, to be sure! She absolutely glittered in her fair beauty and her crystalline white silk. She was playing with a big, white-feathered fan and a bouquet of Christmas roses, and a scent-bottle, and a glove that was half and half off, as I looked at her. And he stood opposite to her, glancing admiringly at all her coquettish efforts, smiling grand cynically the while,—a perfect type of the tawny-bearded, blue-eyed, well-grown young Englishman, looking in his severe black and narrow, tape-like tie not a bit like a mute or a waiter (*vide* the comic writers), but thoroughly bred as he was,—the result of race and good society.

He was brought up to me soon, and introduced by the sprightly deformed lady (who was, I found, the same Rachael Pomfret, who had written to me) as "your cousin Georgie,—I shall drop the 'Miss Dunbar' Guy Pomfret."

Then, as I half rose (not quite knowing what to do, fearing nervously that I should commit some solecism in manners whatever I did), and returned his bow, Miss Pomfret added,—

"And now come across and get known to another cousin, my dear," and before I knew what was happening, I was face to face with the Fairy Queen, who held out a slender, white, jewelled hand to me, and laughed and flashed out smiles, and made me feel very material indeed as she made herself momentarily more fascinating, when Miss Rachael had named her as "Ida Pomfret."

I have no very distinct recollection of what went on before or at dinner. I only know I heard my own name repeated several times, and many people came and said kind things to me for my "mother's sake." I gladly, gratefully acknowledged that it was for her sake, solely and wholly, that I was a favoured guest in this grand old place.

But after a time my mind seems to have accepted the situation, and cleared and steadied itself, for all the later events of that evening are well outlined in my memory. We had not been back in the drawing-room long before Ida came and sat down by me, and shot off some bright little sentences at me.

"So I nearly played the part of Juggernaut's car to you," she began. "Aunt Rachael meant you to be a surprise to us all, and kept your coming a dead secret: I didn't in the least know who it was in that horrid little car of hers."

The Fairy Queen really looked, as she said it, as if it came to her by right divine to drive over

such mere mortals as myself. She was lying back in a low chair without any arms to it, and her dress sprang out on either side in great rolling waves of glittering white. Her golden hair stood out in strong relief like a glory against the dark background of the velvet chair. Altogether she looked such a dainty creature that it seemed a little thing that she should be regardless of the lives of others,

"You did see me then?" I asked.
"Well, I saw you without seeing you, if you can understand that; I was taken up with showing Guy my new ponies; you never saw him before, did you?"

"Whom?"
"Guy,—my cousin,—your cousin, too, isn't he? O no, your second-cousin, that's it."

"No, I never saw him before."
"He's my salvation at Christmas," the blonde beauty said, with a little yawn; "he gets up charades. Do you like charades? And we always have a ball or two while he is here."

"Is this his home, or yours?"
"My home now,—his in time to come. I live with grandpapa and aunt Rachael; Guy is the heir." She dropped her voice to a whisper as she said this, then she raised it again suddenly to ask, "Do you like Christmas better in the country than in London?"

"I have never spent a Christmas in the country yet," I replied.

"O, you lucky girl," she cried; "and I have never spent one out of it: I'd give anything—except my ponies—to go to town and see all the burlesques; I don't care for the pantomimes; have you seen many?"

"I told her 'Yes;' while Guy was alive I saw all such things, now 'I was sick of them,'" I added, passionately.

"Who was Guy?" she asked, soberly, and she seemed sorry when I told her he was my brother.

But such a bright creature cannot be sorry long for the troubles of others. She was up dancing away towards the piano, in answer to somebody's request that she would sing, before the mist had cleared off my eyes which the mention of Guy had caused. When I could see clearly again, Guy Pomfret, my other cousin, was standing talking to her while she fluttered over some music, and seemed unable to make a choice of a song.

Presently, however, she found one, or he found it for her. At any rate he placed it, and kept his hand ready to turn the page while she sang, and I got drawn up nearer to them by her voice, and watched his face as he watched hers.

She had a ringing, clear, flexible voice. I can express what its sound was by naming a color more clearly than in any other way,—it was a bright blue,—it was like a silver bell, as cold and with as much feeling.

She was singing a plaintive, passionate ballad, and she sang it correctly and cleverly; but I felt dissatisfied with the way in which she warbled out those reproachful words,—

"You should have told me that before, Jamie,
You should have told me that before, laddie."

I was glad when Guy Pomfret looked dissatisfied, too, and stopped her before she had finished it quite, by saying,—

"You never can do that, *mignonne*: try something else."

She frowned for an instant, and then got up, saying, "No, no, some one else, and then I will try to do justice to another of your favourites, Guy; it's not for want of desire to please you that I failed this time, sir," she added, in a low voice, with a little laugh that was slightly tinged with vexation.

I did not hear what his answer was, for at that moment Miss Rachael spoke to me.

"Do you sing, my dear?—will you oblige us?"

"I shall be very happy," I answered, and then I felt horribly hot and uncomfortable. My voice was a low, rolling, tremulous contralto,—what would it sound like after that silver bell!

"Will you like to try some of mine, or will you sing something of your own?" Ida asked, good-naturedly; and then Mr. Pomfret came

forward to "see if he could help me to a selection," he said, and I knew that I was fairly committed to it, so I said "I would try what I knew best"; and, half-staggered by my own temerity, I sang some verses poor Guy had written and composed once after a visit to the Dunbar side of our family.

"There's a breath of freedom on the ground
Where wild the heather grows,
That makes it dearer to my heart
Than England's emblem rose;
It springs around the thistle,
The stern flower of the north,
It decks the plains of England,
And the bonnets of the Forth.

"Those purple sprigs: no flowers, sure,
Blooming in other dells,
Are half so sweet to Scottish hearts
As Scotland's heather bells.
For on mountain brow, by lowland loch,
Through every kind of weather,
We roamed about, unchecked, unchid,
O'er plains of gorse and heather.

"We still can claim a Scottish name,
And the Scotch blood in us tells,
As here on England's ground we roam,
Through Scotland's heather bells.
For the breath of freedom on the soil
Where wild the heather grows;
They hold their own most gallantly
Against the English rose."

They all thanked me graciously, and said kind things, all save Ida. She leant back still further on the couch she occupied like a throne, and said "such things were beyond her; it was impossible for her to make an effort to be historical, and understand those allusions to the times of Wallace, she supposed." She said this to her cousin Guy, and I did feel very grateful to him for not seeming to think it witty, and for making her no answer.

I went to bed that night very tired and very much bewildered, and very much interested in them all. It was so funny that they should be my own people, and still so far from me in all real interest and sympathy. Even while I was accusing them of this in my heart, I was made to feel myself an ingrate by Miss Pomfret coming in to bid me good night again.

The kind, sprightly old lady stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, and sat herself down in the arm-chair opposite to it.

"I have come to tell you a little about the state of affairs here, my dear," she began, briskly: "I must have you know all about us and care all about us. In the first place, you must know that it's a cherished plan of my father's to see Guy and Ida married to each other?"

"Is it?" I replied.

"Yes; both my brothers are dead. Ida is the only child of my second brother Arthur, and Arthur was his father's favourite; in the same way Ida is his favourite grandchild; she has always lived here; he wants her to be mistress of the Towers, and as she can't be unless she marries Guy, why he wants her to marry Guy, you see."

"And how do they both like the plan?" I asked, beginning to be intensely interested in the romance which had commenced (for me) just outside the railway station.

Miss Pomfret laughed and shook her head. "Ida likes it well enough, but Guy is insupportable; the fact is, my dear, I'm not so fond of my niece as I am of my nephew."

"What a beauty she is!" I exclaimed.
"Yes, she is; and she has never thought of or cared for any one besides her beauty from the moment she knew its power. Guy is a great deal too good for her; but that is not what I came in to say. Have you brought your habit with you?"

"I haven't one," I confessed, with blushes.

"Can you ride?"

"I used to ride a good deal with Guy in a rough sort of way when we were out for our autumn trips."

"Ah, well! we'll see about a habit for you; meantime you must wear an old skirt. Ida has planned a ride for to-morrow, meaning to take Guy out by herself. Now I mean you to go too, my dear." Then the old lady patted me on the cheek, and left me.

Wishing to think well of what was so lovely,

I tried hard not to see on the following day that Ida either grudged me the pleasure Miss Pomfret had procured for me, or that she disliked my society. She opened her great starry blue eyes when I came down in the skirt and a half-tight, seal-skin jacket, and shrugged her own well-habited shoulders when we walked out to mount our horses, and she saw that a very handsome brown gelding had been prepared for me. Then she turned away, and Guy Pomfret put her up on her own beautiful mare Guinevere, and when she was mounted, she (Ida) realized Tennyson's description of that peerless queen very well. I thought—

"She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly hopes for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss,
Upon her perfect lips.

Then my turn came, and I was horribly afraid lest I might fail to rise like a bird to the saddle as Ida had done, and was proportionately grateful to Mr. Pomfret and Fate when I found myself securely seated without having blundered at all.

"Puck is a charming horse, Miss Dunbar, but he likes to have his own way on the turf," Mr. Pomfret said, as he settled me. Then he added, good-naturedly, almost in a whisper, "Don't let him get his head,—ride him on the curb."

"Thanks. I'll attend to your direction," I replied; and then Mr. Pomfret mounted his own powerful hunter, and we started.

Though it was midwinter,—Christmas Eve in fact,—there was no crispness in the air and no frost on the ground. The roads were muddy and heavy, and the atmosphere mild and humid. We rode slowly for three or four miles along the highway, and then Ida proposed that we should go on some downs that bordered the road, and "have a sharp canter in a sharper air."

"Remember," Mr. Guy Pomfret muttered, as we took the turf, and I nodded assent, and drew my curb-rein a trifle tighter.

Puck went along over the billowing downs in a grand charging canter for about a couple of hundred yards. Then Ida Pomfret's mare flashed past us, the rider sitting erect and fair, her horse evidently well in hand, though it was going at racing speed. As she bounded ahead, Puck did something extraordinary with all his legs at once (Guy told me afterwards that he bucked), threw up his head, then lowered it suddenly with a jerk, and then went off in the wake of a mare at a pace that stretched him out flat nearly, and made my brain whirl.

I do not think that I was terrified, though I was well aware that I had no more control over Puck than I had over destiny. I was dimly conscious of Ida branching off to the right, while I was borne straight on towards what looked like a wall of blue sky. Another moment and I knew that I was nearing the brow of a steep hill. Another and other hoofs than Puck's sounded in my ears close behind me—then something rose with a crashing noise, and crushed against me—a sharp pain smote through my chest—a roar sounded in my ears—horses seemed to be about and around me on every side, and it was all darkness.

When it came light again—that is, when I opened my eyes—I found myself lying on a green mound half-way down the slope of a steep hill, with my head resting on Guy Pomfret's arm, and Puck standing close by, looking brightly unconscious of having done anything wrong. "What did I do?" I asked, and Guy replied, "Came an awful cropper with Puck in galloping down a slope; but you're not hurt—tell me?—you're not hurt?"

I roused myself then, and found that my foot was in pain and turned the wrong way,—my ankle was sprained, in fact. But how about Puck? I was much more anxious about the handsome, brilliant-looking little brown horse than about myself.

"Puck is all right," Mr. Pomfret said.

"And where is she?"

"Ida?"

"Yes."

"Here she comes," he replied, gravely, as Miss

Ida made her appearance round a knoll. "I sent her to find a boy to come and take Puck back."

Miss Ida Pomfret came up and leant forward gracefully on her pommel, still sitting well back in the saddle, to speak to me. "I hope you're not hurt; but I never saw such rash riding in my life, Miss Dunbar."

"Nor did I, but it was not Miss Dunbar's," Mr. Pomfret replied; and I said,—

"I really think it was you started Puck." I said it most innocently, and saw with surprise that she colored like fire.

"I suppose you will have nerve enough to ride home, if this boy leads Puck," she asked; and I said,—

"O yes"; but Mr. Pomfret shook his head.

"Miss Dunbar has sprained her ankle, Ida."

"Then how is she to get home?" Ida asked, "if you won't let her ride; she can't walk."

"You will see how she is to get home," he answered, picking me up in his arms, as he spoke. Then he mounted his own horse, holding me easily the while; and I submitted passively through sheer amazement.

"Really, Guy!" Miss Ida exclaimed, indignantly, "do you think I am going to make one of such a procession?"

"That you'll please yourself about," he replied, coolly; then he told the boy to lead Puck home carefully, and started up the hill at a slow pace.

I was half faint with the pain, and presently he saw that I was, I suppose, for he said,—

"The sooner I get you home, the better for your ankle, Miss Dunbar. This old fellow's gallop is like a rocking-chair: tell me if you can bear it?"

He slackened the reins, and the horse went off like an arrow at once.

"Yes, I can bear this," I murmured, as he grasped me more firmly, and Guy Pomfret said,—

"That's right,—that's plucky," and then sang,—

"Gruut liebehen auch? Der Mond scheint hell.
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell
Gruut liebehen auch vor Todten?"

"Say more of 'Lenore' I roused myself to utter, as he paused; but he merely repeated the three lines he had already sung, and promised to read me the whole of the marvellous ballad that same afternoon.

I heard Mr. Pomfret tell his aunt when we reached home that "Ida had started off in the way that she knew Puck would never stand, and that Miss Dunbar managed him cleverly till he went down with her." And I saw Miss Rachael and her nephew exchange queer little sympathetic glances: but I did not know what they meant.

I think that I was almost glad that my ankle was sprained. It was well worth enduring all the pain I did endure, to be made so much of by the two people I liked best at the Towers. Sir Guy came and looked at me as I was stretched out on a couch in Miss Rachael's boudoir (she would not have me imprisoned in my bedroom, she said); looked at me through his eyeglass, and remarked, "It was a pity; but still fortunate that I was not disfigured at all." But Miss Pomfret and her nephew stayed with me, and did all they could to amuse me; she making little well-meaning readjustments of the pillows at brief intervals: he reading me "Lenore," and uttering well-adjusted phrases relative to the poem, that made me half afraid to mention it.

Ida was not agreeable when she came home. The accident was, in some nameless way, made to further me in the family, if I may use such an expression. She had "enjoyed her ride immensely," she said, before she was questioned concerning it,— "enjoyed her ride immensely, as you can only enjoy a ride when you feel sure nothing awkward can possibly happen," she added, carelessly glancing at me. No one encouraged her to remain with us, so she soon lounged away, gracefully holding up her habit with one hand, the most regal-looking little amazon fairy I had ever seen.

Of course my ankle was well enough for me to get down stairs and join the family circle the following day. Who would not have put pain

aside to be with the Pomfrets on such high festival as they held at that culminating point of the season, Christmas Day?

I could not go to church, but I was up and dressed, and down in the drawing-room, ready to receive them when they returned. Ida looked like an Angola cat,—lovelier than ever, in gray or mauve-colored velvet and fur. What a beauty that girl was to be sure! How could any other woman hope to be looked at beside her?

There was a large company to dinner,—a highborn, wealthy company, who were, to my surprise, to the full as joyous, "rollicking," almost as any of the Bohemians with whom I had been wont to associate with during my brother's life.

After dinner we played at Spanish Merchant, and Buried Cities, and then, as something was said about dancing,—

"Are you fond of it?" Guy Pomfret asked me in a low voice, and I answered, with tears in my eyes,—

"O yes; but I can't now," looking at my ankle.

He did not say a word more to me, but turned to his kind old aunt.

"Why treat her to more dead-sea fruits than must be hers in life," he said; "Miss Dunbar is fond of dancing, and Puck has contrived to impair her capability for gratifying that fondness."

"Ida has contrived, you mean," the old lady replied (I only knew that she said this afterwards): "well, let us tell stories; you begin."

So the idea of dancing was given up, and "story telling" was made the order of what remained of the evening.

Guy Pomfret reserved his contribution till the last. Then he told a pretty poetical legend, about an old gorgeously embossed golden vase, with handles and a cover, that had been in the family for generations. It was a touching, pretty story in itself, and he told it touchingly; so much so that I, feeling my foolish tears would flow if I stayed listening to his thrilling voice any longer, went away by myself to the study.

Presently he followed me. I had buried myself on a couch, and was sobbing over the memory his story had evoked: the memory of my brilliant, bright, darling brother, who, two years ago, had told us a story of a goblet in comic verse.

He soon won me to tell him "what was grieving me"; won me to speak of my dead brother, and Helen; of our quiet life so soon to be broken up, and my sister's gentle beauty, and loving kindness. I even told him of Guy's mug.

"Some day or other I will tell you more about that than even you know," he said, smiling; "now come back to the others, or Ida will be after us."

We went back, and found that I had been missed, really missed. Both Sir Guy and Ida asked me, "where I had been all this time," almost eagerly, and old Miss Rachael nodded and laughed at me, and looked generally encouraging.

A week or two after this, I was writing to Helen, and I suppose that some of the dejection I was feeling on her account made itself manifest in my face, for Mr. Pomfret asked me, "why I wrote things that made me feel miserable," and I told him.

"You need not be parted from her unless you both like it," he said quickly. "I have promised to finish that romance of 'Guy's Mug' for you;—here it is." Then he went on to tell me how, a short time before, he had gone into a money-changer's shop in the Strand, and while he was receiving English silver for his French gold, a lady had entered and pawned a watch and a ring and a little silver goblet with the name of "Guy Dunbar" on it. "I guessed it was my poor cousin's widow then," he added, "and I disliked her for what I now know was done solely to save Guy's sister; she wanted you to come here, and I for one bless her for the act, for, Georgie, I want you to stay with me always."

So the end of my letter to Helen was all hope and happiness, and a few months afterwards my health, as Mrs. Pomfret, was drunk by all the family out of "Guy's Mug."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C.—The "Lion in the Path" was commenced in No. 53, the first number of the illustrated series. We stated in our last, that "Brought to Light" would be completed in a few weeks.

IGNORANT.—The only remedy is a pair of spectacles, but we would advise you to obtain them from a respectable optician, who will understand what you require. Many persons seriously damage their eye-sight by wearing too powerful glasses.

HATTIE.—The plural of the word "glassful" is "glassfuls;" the same rule applies to "spoonful."

NOVICE.—The origin of the phrase used by theatrical performers when they intend to abridge a play or an act. "We will John Audley it," is said to be as follows:—In the year 1749, Shuter was master of a droll at Bartholomew Fair, and it was his custom to lengthen the exhibition until a sufficient number of persons were gathered at the door to fill the house. This event was signified by an attendant popping his head in at the gallery door and shouting "John Audley," as if enquiring for a person of that name. Shuter understood the hint, and at once closed the entertainment, and the gates of the booth were thrown open for a new auditory.

C. E. B.—The literal meaning of *sub rosa* is "under the rose," but in speaking of anything done or sold, *sub rosa*, it is meant that the thing is done or said secretly or confidentially. Among the ancients the rose was regarded as the emblem of silence.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, with pleasure. FRED. A.—We are unable to give a definite reply to your query at present.

JANE.—The first Roman Catholic missions established in Canada were by four Recollet fathers who were brought from France by Champlain in 1615. The first regular Protestant church service performed in Montreal was in the Recollet chapel, kindly granted by Franciscan Friars to the Church of Scotland. The Church of England was indebted to the courtesy of the same order for its first regular service in Quebec.

ADA.—The verses are respectfully declined. AN ENQUIRER.—People do not know. The supposition that the forbidden fruit of which Eve partook, and then handed to Adam, was an apple, is one of the thousand and one popular notions which are religiously believed in by many, and are handed down from generation to generation, although without the shadow of evidence to support them. The Scriptures are silent as to the name of the fruit of the "tree which was in the midst of the garden," and speculation is vain. "An Inquirer" knows quite as much on the subject as "the ministers and others" of whom she writes.

PASTIMES.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our friends who take an interest in the column original contributions of Puzzles, Charades, Problems, &c. Solutions should in each case accompany questions forwarded.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A songster. 7. A part of the hand.
2. A country of Europe. 8. The French term in the affirmative.
3. Part of a book. 9. A fictional story.
4. A river in Italy. 10. A title of nobility.
5. A river in Russia.
6. A tempest.

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name a British statesman and one of his oratorical subjects:

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Whole, I signify to spare; beheaded, I am a verb; again, and I am a prayer.
2. My whole is to cling; beheaded, I have permission: curtailed and transposed, I am a female's name.
3. My whole is a balance; transposed, I am used in attire; intersected and transposed, I am for exchange; beheaded, I become a liquor; again, and I am a French article.
4. My whole denotes celerity; beheaded and transposed, I am a poetical term for the sea; curtailed, I am a river in England.

CHARADES.

- 1. My first is part of the body, my second is pain, and my whole a continued pain.
2. My first is formal, my second a flower, and my whole a flower.
3. I am a word of 8 letters; My 3, 6, 7, 8, is anger. My 1, 6, 3, 5, 2, is a woman's name. My 7, 8, 1, is brilliant. My 2, 7, 8, is what no lady likes to talk about. My 1, 5, 4, 2, 7, 8, is an illusion. My whole changes two into one.

My first is quite, quite equal, And to be level claims; My second owns no equal, For blue blood's in his veins; My whole is glorious, perfect—God's richest gift to man. I crave it for my riddle; Bestow it, if you can.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. When is a compositor punctuating like a stoker?
2. Why is an unmarried knight like a horse's girth?
3. What is the centre of gravity?

ENIGMA.

Framed from my birth to serve the cause of truth, I flatter neither beauty, age, nor youth. 'Tis my trade, I freely will confess, To make display of what I don't possess. Full off in me, though young, old age appears; Grown old, I show the bloom of early years. In me the lilies with the roses vie, And all regard me with a curious eye. I boast that I am true; and yet, forsooth, I oft expose no more than half the truth. Graceful and polished, I evince the skill By Garrick so much praised, of standing still. Yet, without movement, every motion make. Which fancy may suggest and shape can take.

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL ENIGMA, &c. No. 66.

Historical Enigma.—Robert Bruce—1. Riche-lieu. 2. Oldcastle. 3. Blackstone. 4. Eich-horn. 5. Ridley. 6. Talleyrand. 7. Burns. 8. Ruyter. 9. Usher. 10. Cook. 11. Erasmus.

Charades.—1. Mince-pie. 2. Moonbeam. Riddles.—1, M. T. 2, X. S. 3, N. V. 4, Postage stamps.

Double Acrostic.—Snow, Five.—Self, Nap-thali, Order, Woe.

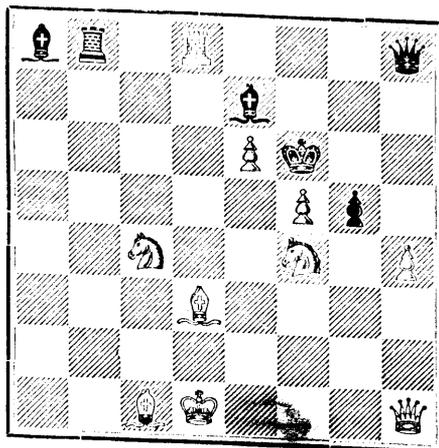
Word Capping.—1. Jane. 2. Paste. 3. Deal. Problem.—The number is 23.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 49.

By THEO. M. BROWN, PENN YANN, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

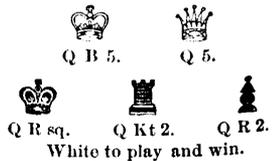
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 47.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K 3. 2. R checks. 3. B to Q 3 Mate.
BLACK. Kt takes Q or (a.) K takes Kt.

(a.) If B takes R, the Q checks at Q 3, and then gives mate, if R takes Kt, the B checks at Q B 6, and Q mates next move, if R to Kt 3, the Q checks at Q 3, and the R then mates, and, finally, if R is played to K B 4, the Kt checks at Q B 3, and the B mates.

ENIGMA NO. 21.

(From King and Horwitz's Chess Studies.)



SOLUTION OF ENIGMA, NO. 18.

- WHITE. 1. R to Q Kt 6. 2. B takes R P. 3. B to K B 2. 4. R to Q Kt 6. 5. P to Kt 4 Mate.
BLACK. K to Kt 4 (best.) P to Kt 7. K to R 4. P Queens.

If Black plays, 1. P to Kt 7, White mates in four, by a (ch) with P, and 3. K to Kt 3, and 4. R to Kt 6.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA, NO. 19.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 5. 2. Q to Q Kt 4 (ch.) 3. Q to K B 4, Mate.
BLACK. K to K 5, or Q 5, or (a b.) K moves. K to Q 3. K moves. K to K B 4. K moves.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A MAIDEN SPEECH.—Ask papa. THE CRY OF THE WEAK-EYED.—"Down with the dust!"

PERPETUAL MOTION DISCOVERED.—The winding up of public companies.

A RELIEF.—If the trees could speak, to what officer would they appeal?—The re-lieving officer.

AN OUT-AND-OUT-ER.—Our friend, Dacey Greyling, is such an ardent angler that, when he can do nothing else, he fishes for a compliment.

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system? Because, though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyances of other people.

SAVE THE PIECES.—Tom wrote to John, from the country, that he was "constantly employed in breaking colts." John wrote in reply, all he had to say about it was—"save the pieces."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The bellman of one of our chief watering-places caused much amusement lately by the announcement of the sale of a fishing-boat, "with her sails, oars, and other impertinences."

MOTHER-WIT.—At one of the schools in Cornwall, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

OVER-AFFECTION.—The attachment of some ladies to their lapdogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. We have heard of a lapdog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg. Its mistress thus expressed her compassion—"Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick."

WHY is hope like a decayed cheese?—Because thousands live on it.

WHY is a person in deep thought like a soldier in camp?—Because he is in tent.

WHY is the second son's fortune like a fair complexion?—It is spoiled by the son and heir.

A MAN being awakened by the captain of a passage-boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerably replied, "Oh, it won't hurt 'em; they're an old pair."

"You are quite welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

QUEER thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can-cancel it; and if I can-cancel it, I can't sell it.