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THE FAVORITE

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FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(*Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.*)

CHAPTER LV.

UNEXPECTED HAPPINESS.

As Raoul had stated they would be, the sittings of the Royal Commission were opened on the day but one following the evening of the above-related conversation, innumerable forms having first been gone through — not without some discussion between the President, Monsieur de Harlai and Sforzi—with the view of rendering the exceptional action of the tribunal as effective as possible.

The public mind was extremely disturbed. The daring attitude taken by the Marquis de la Tremblais forbade hope of an easy victory over the incriminated *noblesse*. The appearance in the open streets of several gentlemen who had not previously ventured to show themselves in public, still further confirmed the supposition that the task of the Commissioners would be one of infinite difficulty.

"BENOIST, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO EXPRESS THE PLEASURE IT GIVES ME TO CONTEMPLATE YOU IN THIS PITIFUL CONDITION."

Their labors were commenced, however, in open court, by the reception of a series of complaints of ill-usage by the Marquis de la Tremblais, preferred by the *cabaretier* Nicolas, Captain de Maurevert acting as his representative and spokesman. Certainly the complaints brought forward by the captain were very insignificant, compared with the odious crimes committed by other nobles; they proved, however, a profound contempt for the laws on the part of the marquis, and were amply sufficient to constitute a grave offence.

"Monsieur de Maurevert," said President Harlai, when the captain had finished his long, and, it must be added, somewhat pompous address, "the court will retire to deliberate on your demand."

Ten minutes later the Commissioners returned into court, and their decision was made known by the mouth of the President. The Marquis de la Tremblais was commanded to deliver himself up a prisoner within twenty-four hours, on pain of being declared guilty of the crimes of rebellion and *lèse-majesté*, and as such without the pale of the law.

The reading of this proclamation produced an indescribable impression on the crowd. It was the signal that a terrible struggle had commenced between Justice and Might.

On the rising of the court, Raoul retired hastily to his own apartments, where he was almost immediately joined by De Maurevert, who, after carefully closing the door behind him, advanced joyously towards his friend, exclaiming:

"Rejoice, Raoul!—Diane is not dead, and she is still worthy of your love."

Sforzi uttered a cry of delirious joy, and threw himself upon De Maurevert's neck, weeping.

"Now," continued the captain, "ask me no more questions, but read this letter, which has just been handed to me by one of the servants of his house. It may not tell you all you desire to know, perhaps, but"——

Raoul snatched the letter from his hand and eagerly read:

"Captain, having the honor to know you personally, I address you on a matter which concerns your friend, the Chevalier Sforzi. The Demoiselle Diane d'Erlanges is now actually in my presence. If Monsieur le Chevalier desires to deliver this demoiselle from captivity, I am disposed to treat with him on the price of her ransom. My conditions are as follows:

"Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi shall quit the city by the postern-gate at nightfall this day, and proceed straight before him into the open country until he shall be accosted by one who shall approach him, saying, 'Fidelity and gratitude.' This person will be instructed to discuss the price to be paid for the ransom of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges. If the chevalier and this person shall be unable to agree, Monsieur Sforzi shall make no attempt to detain her, but shall permit her to go free."

At the foot of the letter were two lines more elegantly written; they were in the handwriting of Diane.

"Monsieur Sforzi," wrote the young girl, "I thank heaven that my captivity has protected me from the odious love of the Marquis de la Tremblais, and preserved to me the right to think of you without remorse or shame."

"Well, dear companion," cried De Maurevert, when Raoul had finished reading the letter, "what do you propose to do?"

"Can you doubt what I shall do?" replied Raoul, radiantly.

"You will go to the rendezvous, of course; but what if this letter should hide a trap?"

Raoul did not trouble himself to reply—he was intoxicated with happiness.

Seven o'clock was striking by the cathedral clock, when, dressed in a simple costume, and armed only with his sword, Raoul passed out of the postern-gate. Night was closing in, and a quarter of an hour later he was in the open country in the midst of complete darkness. The young moon at intervals shed through the openings of the heavy clouds which overspread the sky a pale and feeble light, but only sufficient to enable him to direct his course without aiding him in his researches.

Several times he paused and listened, imagining he heard, now close, now further off, the sound of a human footstep. He had at length entered on a winding pathway, when suddenly, from a bush, the bandit Croixmore appeared before him, uttering in a low tone the words "Fidelity and gratitude!"

"Let me know at once the sum you demand for the ransom of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges," said Raoul, impatiently, "and, if it is within the compass of my means, I will pay it down. As soon as you are in possession of this money you can betake yourself to some foreign country, where your person will be secure from any action that may be taken against you by the King's Commissioners. What is the sum you exact?"

"Four thousand crowns, monseigneur."

"Four thousand crowns be it."

The eyes of the bandit glittered with joy.

"And now tell me where is Diane d'Erlanges?" demanded Raoul.

"You give me your word of honor that you will not go from the bargain we have concluded?"

"A thousand times yes!" cried Sforzi.

"Take the trouble to follow me then, monseigneur; in a few minutes you shall be with Mademoiselle d'Erlanges."

At the end of a quarter of an hour Croixmore stopped before a miserable cottage, and said:

"Mademoiselle d'Erlanges is here!"

A few moments passed, and then two cries of joy blended in passionate accord—Raoul and Diane were folded in each other's arms.

The remainder of the night was passed by the lovers in one of those half-whispered conversations of which lovers only know the secret and the charm. When the first beams of morning appeared, Raoul led the young girl from the wretched hovel, and set forth on the way to the house of Monsieur de Canillhac.

As he crossed the threshold he spoke in a low tone to Croixmore, who had kept faithful and discreet watch without.

"Let me know today to what place you wish me to send your four thousand crowns," he said.

On arriving with Diane at the postern-gate of the city, though the hour was still so early, Sforzi found a large crowd assembled about a placard affixed with a dagger to one of the gate-posts. This placard consisted of a wide sheet of parchment, written in bold characters, and was the answer of the Marquis de la Tremblais—bearing his signature and seal—to the citation of the Royal Commissioners. By it the marquis outlawed throughout the length and breadth of his lands, domains, fiefs, and seigneuries the members of the Royal Commission, and commanded his vassals to sound the tocsin at their approach, and to pursue, hang, and otherwise put them to death.

Later in the day a long conversation took place between the chevalier and De Maurevert on the subject of the siege of the Marquis de la Tremblais' stronghold, in the course of which the captain observed:

"I may as well give a look in on the Chief of the Apostles; his prison is on my road, and this execrable ruffian can, better than any one, furnish us with exact and precious information as to the forces at the disposal of the Marquis de la Tremblais."

"I doubt greatly whether you will succeed in your attempt, captain—the wretch exhibits incredible impudence and assurance. To judge from his behavior, one would conclude that he is certain of impunity."

"Bah! dear Raoul; if Benoist does not answer, it is only because he is badly questioned. Give me *carte blanche*, and the devil exterminate me if, in less than an hour, I do not make him chatter like a magpie."

"Do what you think best for the interest of his majesty, De Maurevert."

"Then, sit down, Raoul, and write: 'I, the Chevalier Sforzi, Commissioner Extraordinary of the King, in the Province of Auvergne, command all clerks, sworn-tormentors, and gaolers-in-chief of the prison of Clermont to obey Captain de Maurevert, Grand Prévôt of the said province, in all that he may command as if the orders had been given by myself.' Now add your signature and seal. That will do. When shall I see you again, dear Raoul?"

A quarter of an hour after the occurrence of this conversation, the captain entered the dungeon in which the assassin Benoist was confined.

CHAPTER LVI.

A SECRET.

Firmly secured to the wall with chains, the Chief of the Apostles exhibited neither surprise nor emotion at the sight of the captain; on the contrary, a sardonic smile passed over his thin pale lips.

"Benoist," said De Maurevert, "it is impossible to express the pleasure it gives me to contemplate you in this pitiful condition. This, by the bye, is not the first time that you and I have found ourselves in the same dungeon. You remember, I daresay, the interview I once had, in your presence, with the Chevalier Sforzi, imprisoned in the château of La Tremblais? I myself shall never forget your air of glory and importance on that occasion. How things are changed! The persecuted chevalier has become a powerful seigneur, and the executioner Benoist—food for the gibbet! Who, after this, will dare to doubt the justice of Providence!"

"Captain!" cried the bandit violently, changing countenance, "you are trying to deceive me, but you will not succeed. Since when has a man—however many crimes soever he may have committed—been condemned without being first tried?"

"Since the Royal Commissioners have been established, Benoist! What!—have you been such an utter idiot as to avow to Monseigneur Sforzi that you possessed a compromising secret, and to imagine that Monsieur the Commissioner Extraordinary of the King would call you before the tribunal? Your offences are so public and well-established that the Royal Commissioners have decided that it is altogether useless to interrogate you. You have been condemned, Benoist, with flattering unanimity. I would even add, if I were not fearful of hurting your sensibility, that the sentence pronounced against you has been received with enthusiasm by the public. Why should I deceive you? What have I to gain by doing so? Be calm, Benoist. After all twenty-four hours are soon passed—I had nearly forgotten to tell you that you are to remain for twenty-four hours bound living on the wheel. Meanwhile."——

"Captain," cried the wretched prisoner, in a voice almost choked with terror, "in the name of heaven—I conjure you with joined hands—on my knees—let me speak with Monseigneur Sforzi without delay!"

"Speak with Monseigneur Sforzi—your old victim? You are mad to think of such a thing!"

"Captain, for pity's sake do not refuse my prayer! However great, however abominable my offences towards Monseigneur Sforzi have been, if I can but get to see him, he will defer my execution—he will pardon me!"

"You are delirious, Benoist."

"No, no, captain! I possess a secret—a terrible secre —that will save me from the wheel."

De Maurevert smiled in a singular manner, and opened the door of the dungeon.

"Ho, there, archer!" he cried; "conduct the prisoner to the torture chamber."

Struck dumb with terror, Benoist was led into a lofty and barred room on the ground floor of the prison, in which all the frightful paraphernalia used by the "sworn tormentor" met his eyes. As the well-known implement confronted him, he trembled violently in every limb.

De Maurevert seated himself, and the expression of gravity in his face and air was of ill augury for the terror-stricken prisoner. At four paces from the captain stood two persons, whose cold features announced the most complete insensibility: these were the recorder and the prison doctor. A little further removed stood a tall and muscular young man of jovial aspect, with frank and free manners, engaged in testing the firmness of some of his implements; it was the executioner. In the background were ranged six individuals, who watched with respectful attention the slightest movement of the public executioner of Clermont, of whom they were the assistants or valets.

"Maître Cherubin," said De Maurevert, pointing to the Chief of the Apostles, "here is a miscreant and reprobate of the worst sort; to effect his conversion, it is for you to display all your talents—to give full play to your imagination."

"Benoist was a gossip of mine once," replied Cherubin, nodding in an amicable way to the Chief of the Apostles, "and on that account I owe him my best attention. I will treat him quite as a friend."

"What do you mean by that, Maître Cherubin?" inquired De Maurevert, severely.

"I mean, seigneur, that I intend to employ on him all the most artistic means of torture of which I am master—choosing all my best tools, my sharpest pincers, my newest cords, my thickest wedges. Though I am at present but a modest provincial executioner, I am equal—I say it without boasting—to the most fortunate of my calling in Paris! I promise Benoist that he shall be submitted to a torture as learned, as perfectly performed, and as complete as he could have had at the Châtelet. What shall we commence with, monseigneur?"

The reader may with advantage be spared the horrible details of the torment to which Benoist was subjected under the accomplished hands of Maître Cherubin. Little by little the long history of his crimes was drawn from him amid vain shrieks and cries for mercy, until the recorder was fairly tired of writing, and begged of De Maurevert to be allowed to rest for a moment.

"With pleasure, monsieur," replied the captain. "It is yet quite early, and there is no need to hurry; we have all the day before us. Maître Cherubin, unfasten your friend Benoist, and place him on this bed; a little repose will render him as fresh for your further experiments as if nothing had happened. You have so far operated in a manner on which I cannot too warmly compliment you. I will inform the Royal Commissioners of your great ability, and I doubt not that, if you go on exhibiting equal zeal in the performance of your functions, you will one day be promoted to the Châtelet."

"You overwhelm me with gratitude, Monsieur le Grand Prevôt. To get to the Châtelet is the dream of my life!"

"I will do my best to forward your views, Maître Cherubin," said De Maurevert. "You had now better take advantage of Benoist's repose to go and get your breakfast. I will remain here until you return. You also, messieurs," he added, addressing the doctor and the recorder, "will no doubt be glad of the opportunity of going to breakfast. There is no need for you to return for the next two hours."

All the assistants of the horrible scene retired, and as soon as they were gone De Maurevert turned the key in the lock, and seated himself by the side of Benoist, who lay groaning and half unconscious, as Maître Cherubin had laid him.

"Benoist," said the captain, raising his voice, "there is now no one here to listen to us. Let us converse. Take advantage of my benevolence without losing a moment's time. You have so far, take my word for it, scarcely tasted of the cup of suffering prepared for your lips! You know that I never break my word. Well, I swear on my name of De Maurevert—on my honor as a gentleman—that if you reveal to me the terrible secret which you pretend would save you from death if it were known to Monseigneur Sforzi—I swear, I say, that, in consideration of your frankness, you shall not die on the scaffold. I offer you a means of escaping the wheel and the rack!"

At the last words the livid and discolored features of the patient were overspread by a faint blush; and by a powerful effort he succeeded in articulating.

"Captain," he said, "I do possess a terrible secret—a secret deeply concerning Monseigneur Sforzi; but that secret is my strength"——

"Your strength, poor wretch! It seems to me you ought to know what it is to die upon the scaffold, Maître Benoist! One last word: it does not comport either with my dignity or my birth to play the part of a pleader to you. Do you decide to remain silent or to speak? I demand a 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"It is true, captain," replied Benoist, appearing to have made up his mind, after hesitating for a moment; "everybody admits the loyalty with which you keep your oaths. You have sworn to me"——

"A truce to idle words!" cried De Maurevert.

Benoist paused for a moment to collect himself, and then, almost in a whisper, said in the captain's ear:

"I rely on your promise, captain, to save me from the scaffold. I feel my senses failing me—do not interrupt me. This is my secret:

"The Seigneur de la Tremblais, the father of the present marquis, was a man of fiercely violent habits; my master, haughty, passionate, and vindictive as he is, but feebly recalls his terrible sire. The old Marquis de la Tremblais was married to a charming and gentle young girl, whom he loved wildly—with the ferocious intensity of a tiger. He was madly jealous of her, and constantly reproached her with having been previously affianced to a cousin of hers, and accused her of preserving a guilty preference for her relative.

"I was at that time the most trusted of all the servants in the Château; and, assured of my obedience, the old marquis willingly entrusted me with important missions. I was scarcely five-and-twenty when he named me Chief of his Apostles."

"The present Marquis de la Tremblais, then, is not the founder of the beautiful institution of the Twelve Apostles?" interrupted De Maurevert. "Go on, Benoist; you tell a story delightfully."

"One night, four-and-twenty years ago, monseigneur called me to him. I found him walking furiously up and down his private closet. The room was dimly lighted by one lamp, but I could see his eyes dart lightnings in the half darkness. 'Benoist!' he said, 'I require you to do me a terrible service. I have a dreadful secret to confide to you! If you so much as think of abusing my confidence, I will have you thrown into an *oubliette*.* I have acquired the certainty that Madame de la Tremblais has odiously betrayed me; my second son owes hi birth to a crime. I will not keep before my eyes this living witness of my dishonor; this child must die! Before two days are passed, the château must have one inhabitant the less—this child of shame, or the unfaithful servant.'"

"Well?" demanded De Maurevert, observing that Benoist paused.

"Well, captain," continued the Chief of the Apostles, "two days after this interview with the marquis, monseigneur made me a present of a hundred crowns—and the château rung with my poor innocent mistress's cries; her child had disappeared."

"You had killed it?"

"I stabbed it full in the chest; but the same day a company of free-lances were passing through Auvergne, and, in the depths of a wood, where I had thrown the child, found it still living, and saved its life."

"And this child, so miraculously preserved from death?"——

"Was the Chevalier Sforzi."

"Sforzi the brother of the Marquis de la Tremblais! You are delirious, Benoist!" cried the captain, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"As truly as there is a sky above us, captain, Monseigneur Sforzi is the son of the late Marquis de la Tremblais. I have seen with my own eyes the scar of the wound left on his chest by my dagger; I have recognized in his features an indisputable likeness to my former master. But more than that, by his own lips—without suspecting that I was his murderer—Monseigneur Sforzi told me the story of his life from the moment of my attempt to kill him. Do you now understand the cause of my security, captain? A brother cannot kill a brother! My master's impunity secures mine!"

"How long have you known that Monseigneur Sforzi was the brother of your master?"

"Since the day I failed to hang Monsieur le Chevalier."

"And you have kept the secret of your discovery? Really, you have been most unfortunate with Raoul; you stab him in his infancy, try to hang him in his manhood, and here he is to-day as well as he can be!"

Taking up a pen which the recorder had left, De Maurevert proceeded to write, not too correctly, but in a clear and precise style, the confession just made by Benoist. It was a rare thing, at that period, for a man of low origin to be able to write; but Benoist knew how to sign his name, and, after many painful efforts, succeeded in attaching his signature to the parchment spread before him by De Maurevert.

"Captain," said Benoist, sinking back exhausted, "you have given me your promise."

"What promise, beloved son of Lucifer?"

"That you will save me from the scaffold."

"Oh! as to that you have nothing to fear," replied De Maurevert, accompanying his words with a strange and sinister smile; "but do not forget that if, in an hour's time, when your torture is continued, you allow one syllable of our secret to escape your lips, I shall consider myself completely disengaged from my promise."

"When my torture is continued!" shrieked Benoist.

"Why, you did not surely imagine that a trifling pressure applied to your legs would be considered as sufficient atonement for all your offences against justice? No, no, Maître Benoist—you have been submitted to the 'ordinary question;' it now remains for you to be submitted to the 'extraordinary question!'"

Without further troubling himself with the supplications of the miserable wretch, De Maurevert called in the archers, confided the prisoner to their charge, and hurried away.

"By Minerva!" he cried, "this is a great discovery!—but the last person to be informed of it is my gentle Raoul! Rather than fight against his brother, he will resign the powers given him by the king; and then what would become of my credit? Besides, if he were to resign his powers on the very eve of the combat, he would be for ever dishonored. No, no; I shall certainly not tell him anything about Maître Benoist's revelations. But then he has singular susceptibilities. If the marquis is conquered, to enable Raoul to take possession of his estates, it will become necessary to inform him as to his birth; and then he must discover that I have long known this secret! Would he forgive me? The question is beset with difficulties. The need of caution is imperative. One often repents of having said too much, rarely of having acted cautiously. There is no hurry; I can—I must wait!"

Two hours later the Chief of the Apostles died under the hands of his former friend, Maître Cherubin, to whom the captain had given certain instructions as to the application of the "extraordinary question."

In the meantime, and in spite of the philosophical conclusion he had come to, De Maurevert's doubts and perplexities of mind grew upon him, and at last, acting upon a sudden resolution, he sought Diane, whom he found alone, the chevalier being absent at the moment with the army which was engaged in the investment of the Marquis de la Tremblais' castle.

"My beloved and honored demoiselle," said De Maurevert, as soon as he found himself in the presence of Diane, "I ask permission to come at once to the subject which brings me to you."

"Speak, captain," said Diane, whom this brusque exordium filled with alarm; "some danger threatens Monsieur Sforzi?"

"Not yet, mademoiselle."

"Not yet!" repeated Diane, in trembling accents; "but some danger does threaten Monsieur Sforzi, then?"

"Alas! yes, mademoiselle—a great danger; Raoul is on the eve of involuntarily committing a crime which will fill the rest of his existence with a terrible remorse."

"In heaven's name, explain yourself, captain!"

"It is not in my power to speak, mademoiselle, save on one condition."

"On what condition, captain?"

"That you will never reveal to Raoul what I am going to confide to you. Do not question me, dear Diane; you must give me a 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"But if I am not permitted to warn Monsieur Sforzi of the danger that threatens him, of what use would be your confidence, captain?" demanded Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, more and more agitated and anxious.

"To forbid Raoul to throw himself into this danger. The devil!—I beg your pardon—I should have said, by Cupid—if you love Raoul, it will not be difficult for you to invent some pretext for keeping him by you."

"Speak, captain," cried Diane, after a brief hesitation; "I accept your condition. I swear never to reveal to Monsieur Sforzi anything you may now confide to me."

De Maurevert hesitated before replying.

"Dear and honored Diane," he said, at length, "I cannot hide from myself the fact that I am committing a grave indiscretion in confiding my secret to you, for the discretion of even the most accomplished woman hardly exceeds that of an echo. However, no matter; the danger is so pressing that there is no shrinking back. Dear and honored Diane, Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi is own brother to the Marquis de la Tremblais."

De Maurevert's communication filled Diane with anxiety.

"Oh, you are right, captain," she said; "it is impossible that Monsieur Sforzi can besiege the castle of the Marquis de la Tremblais in person. I shudder to think of these two brothers meeting face to face and hand to hand in the breach—it would be frightful—abominable! And what a terrible position is mine! Not to tell him, is knowingly to associate myself with his involuntary crime; while to tell that he must spare the marquis, is to break my sacred oath of avenging my mother!"

"But for the accident of his being exposed to the danger of becoming either a traitor or a fratricide, there would be no difficulty in the matter. In all other respects affairs are going on as well as possible. The question is, how is Raoul to be withdrawn from the position he occupies as commander-in-chief of the siege forces?"

"Alas! is not that an insurmountable difficulty, captain?"

"I think not, honored Diane. In your place I should send for him, and so work upon his feelings, by pretending that I was dying of fear for his safety—jealousy of his love of glory—doubts of his love for me, if he preferred his reputation to my sufferings—in short, wheedle him into remaining with me, instead of placing himself at the head of the troops. That done, I should get him to abandon to me the command of the royal forces, and the direction of the siege operations; I should take the château, hang the marquis, your mother would be avenged, you would marry the chevalier, who would inherit, and everybody would be amply satisfied."

Diane made no attempt to interrupt the captain; but it was easy to see, by the expression of her charmingly pure face, how much her delicacy was pained by his propositions.

"Monsieur," she replied, "I too sincerely love and esteem Monsieur Sforzi, I too highly value my own self-respect, ever to think of playing such an ignoble part. Captain—I am your very humble servant."

At this abrupt dismissal, De Maurevert rose from his seat, bowed profoundly, and quitted Diane's presence without uttering a word.

"Death and carnage!" he said to himself, as he descended the stairs of the Marquis de Canillhac's house; "the cold cruelty of this little Diane completes my studies of women! Decidedly the very best of them are not worthy of a moment's serious attention. *Tudieu!*—with her gentle air! Poor Raoul—poor Raoul!"

If De Maurevert could only have witnessed Diane's despair as soon as she was left alone, he would have passed a very different judgment upon the poor girl. Humbly kneeling before a crucifix attached to the wall, her eyes bathed in tears, and her voice broken by sobs, she prayed heaven to guide her.

A smile of strange significance illumined her features when she rose.

"Heaven be thanked," she murmured—"heaven be thanked!—Raoul has no longer anything to fear!"

Calling a page, she directed him to summon Lehardy to her presence.

In the course of the evening, she succeeded in obtaining a private audience of Monsieur de Harlai, to whom she confided the astounding intelligence conveyed to her by De Maurevert, leaving it to the wise discretion of the President of the Royal Commission to act upon it in such a manner as to serve best the public and private interests involved.

Without a moment's delay, he sought the chevalier, whom he found in his tent surrounded by the chief officers of the royal army, discussing the course to be taken in regard to the siege. At the moment of the president's joining the party, De Maurevert had explained a method of attack which had been hailed by all assembled as infallible.

"Captain!" cried Raoul, throwing himself upon his friend's neck and embracing him warmly, "your presence of mind has saved the royal cause from the shame of immediate defeat, and assured my vengeance! Death of my life!—it will at length be permitted me to wash out with his blood the outrages I have sustained at the marquis's hands!"

A cloud of sadness overspread the brow of Monsieur de Harlai as he listened to this outburst.

"Chevalier," he said, after a brief hesitation, "I must not leave you for one moment in uncertainty. I received from his majesty certain powers—one of which is to take from you the command of the army at any moment I may think necessary to do so. I now feel called upon to exercise this authority. Do not look upon this proceeding as implying the least doubt of your talents or of your probity. I swear to you, monsieur, that such is not the motive of my determination. And let me add that, with the exception of the command of the army, your powers will remain as heretofore, illimitable. You will suffer no sort of disgrace."

Monsieur de Harlai might have continued to speak without receiving any interruption from Raoul, who was completely dumbfounded. It was some little time before the use of his faculties returned to him.

"Monsieur," he cried at length, with a trembling voice, "I know that it is my duty to sub-

* A well-like dungeon in feudal castles, into which the victim was thrown and—forgotten.

mit blindly to the king's orders, however painful it may be for me to do so. But you, Monsieur de Harlai are not the king; I have the right to question you, and to demand answers to my questions. It shall not be said that I feebly allowed my honor as a soldier to be trampled on by a parliamentarian! I say boldly to your face, President of the Royal Commission, that you are a hypocrite!"

"Monsieur Sforzi!"

"Silence!" cried Raoul, violently. "Could you really imagine that, as a compensation for the shame you have put upon me, I should rest content with your lying assurances of esteem? No! If you do not frankly avow to me the real motive of your conduct—that is to say, the real cause of my disgrace—I am resolved, so as not to be suspected of felony and cowardice, to pay no more heed to your ermine cloak than you have paid to my sword! In the face of the whole army I will proclaim you a vile and cowardly calumniator!"

"Unhappy madman!" cried Monsieur de Harlai, almost indescribably agitated; "I should have borne with the resignation of a Christian your cruellest insults had they been addressed only to the Seigneur de Beaumont; but the Procureur General of his majesty's parliament cannot allow the magistracy of the kingdom to be insulted in his person. Lay to your headstrong passion the distress which is now about to fall upon you! Chevalier Sforzi, if I take away the command of the army from you, it is to spare you the commission of a crime; the Marquis de la Tremblais is your own brother."

At this revelation, terrible as it was unexpected, Sforzi turned deadly pale; then, as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt, fell to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER LVII.

EVE OF THE ASSAULT.

A fortnight passed from the time when Monsieur de Harlai revealed to Sforzi the secret of his birth. The unfortunate young man had remained bowed down with sorrow. In vain had Diane and De Maurevert, the one by gentle pleading and the other by gay conversation, endeavored to divert him from the gloom that weighed upon him.

"Dear Raoul," said De Maurevert, "your presence in the royal army has become impossible. You cannot change the course of events, and, whichever way they turn, the consequences must be painful to you. I conjure you to return to Clermont."

"To abandon my brother when he is in such a critical position," replied Raoul, "would be to give a warrant for my father's hatred of me. No, De Maurevert, I will not go. I must absolutely see my brother. Who knows but that by my entreaties and advice, I may succeed in bringing him to the submission and fidelity he owes to the king, and of saving him from destruction."

"Not even that hope is left you, Raoul! If the Marquis de la Tremblais held you in his power, instead of listening to you, he would hasten to have you strung up on a gibbet, and, instructed by past experience, would take care to have the strength of the rope thoroughly tested."

"I will never believe in the possibility of such a frightful crime!" cried Sforzi.

"I swear to you, on my honor, that the marquis expressed to me in the most precise language his intention of acting towards you as I have suggested. But, even supposing that he consented to follow your advice, do you imagine that Monsieur de Harlai would accept his compulsory submission? Not at all! Certain as he now is of being able to take the château, since I discovered the secret of its weak point, Monseigneur de Harlai will not allow any pretext to come between him and his prey. Therefore, Raoul, I repeat, you must return to Clermont."

"Never, never! Do not insist, I beg!" cried Sforzi.

"Thousand legions of devils!" exclaimed De Maurevert, losing patience. "If you wish to be rid of my importunities—or, to speak more exactly, of my remonstrances—give me at least a good reason."

"My reason, captain, is one which you might long ago have guessed; should I not for ever dishonor myself by deserting my post on the eve of the combat?"

"Good!—Now you are thinking of drawing the sword against the brother whom a minute ago you were for saving at any price!"

"Draw my sword against the Marquis de la Tremblais!" repeated Sforzi, in a tone of horror and reproach. "Ah, De Maurevert, how could such an idea enter your mind? Have no such fear! I shall know how to fulfil at once my duty as a soldier and a brother. It will be bare-headed and with my sword in its sheath that I shall ascend to the assault."

"Madman!—triple madman!" muttered the captain.

After repeated conversations of the same sort, De Maurevert, vanquished by Raoul's obstinacy of purpose, gave up all further attempts to change his resolution.

The Grand Prévôt of Auvergne, invested by Monsieur de Harlai with the command-in-chief of the royal troops, had answered with his head for the capture of the château, and had lost not a moment in taking the direction of the siege. The breaching battery, instead of firing unavailingly at the shot-proof ramparts, had been turned against the crumbling rock upon which they were built, and the important results, achieved almost as by enchantment, proved that the captain's anticipations had been entirely well founded.

From the failure of the frequent sorties he had made, the marquis at length saw clearly that his position was becoming desperate. He had several times, by signal, requested to be allowed to send a flag of truce into the royal camp; but De Maurevert pitilessly repulsed his advances.

A fortnight, to the day, and almost to the hour, a large portion of the ramparts of the château fell under the force of a volley of cannon-shot, amid shouts of wild delight raised by the royal troops.

"Death of my life!" cried De Maurevert, rubbing his hands in high glee, "the strong box is broken open; the rifling of its contents will quickly follow."

As day was closing when the breach was formed, De Maurevert deferred the assault until the following day; but, by way of precaution, he directed large fires to be lighted, and the cannonade to be continued throughout the night with redoubled vigor.

When he had given all his orders, the captain repaired to Raoul's tent with a very special object. He found the chevalier pale and thoughtful, but evidently glad to see him.

"Dear friend," said Sforzi, "I thank the chance which has brought you to me. Listen to me without interrupting me, and when you have heard what I have to say to you, do not answer me. I desire to consecrate to meditation and prayer the last few hours of my life. In spite of the difference of our character, De Maurevert, there is a strong and inexplicable sympathy between us. Dear companion, promise me that when I shall be no more, you will transfer to Mademoiselle d'Erlanges the affection you have always manifested for me. Swear that if ever she should require your arm or your intelligence, she shall not want either!"

This request furnished the captain an excellent opportunity for entering upon the subject which had occasioned his visit; nevertheless, he did not take advantage of it. Really touched by the sadness and resignation of his friend, it was with a warmth that was void of all mental reservation he cried:

"I swear, beloved Sforzi, if your dark presentiment be realized, to massacre, without mercy or pity, all aspirants to the good graces of Diane!"

"You have misunderstood me, captain," replied Sforzi, with a melancholy smile; "I do not wish you to oppress Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, but, on the contrary, to aid her with your experience and defend her with your sword. If Mademoiselle Diane thinks she will find her happiness in another love, and the man of her choice shall be worthy of her, you must look upon that man as your brother."

"Never!" cried De Maurevert, warmly. "By Orestes and Pylades, if you die I will never replace you! After having such a companion as you, it would be impossible for me to love anybody else. I promise to protect Mademoiselle d'Erlanges—let that suffice. Beyond that, I have a strong notion that, if you die, this pleasant young lady will go over to the good religion, and, for the purpose of glorifying your remembrance, take the veil."

These words caused Raoul a delight which he could not entirely conceal.

"Captain," he went on, "I have but a few words to add. Here is a will, by which I constitute you my universal legatee. I have so ill managed my fortune, however, you will find I leave you but a poor inheritance."

"Sforzi," cried De Maurevert, after rapidly scanning the contents of the will handed to him by Raoul, "if it would not be troubling you too much to take up the pen again and add another clause to this document, you would be rendering me a real service. Add, I beg, that you leave me, not only all that you possess, but also all effects, lands, moneys, and other valuables, that might have come to you had you lived; in a word, that you put me entirely in your place. Do not imagine, Raoul, that I love you the less because I take my precautions. Prudence and logic do not exclude sensibility."

Sforzi seated himself, and without hesitation modified his will to meet the wishes of his friend. When this labor was finished he took leave of the Grand Prévôt with a warm and long embrace.

"Dear companion," said De Maurevert to himself, as he went away, "in spite of the advantages I should gain by your death, I pray heaven from the very bottom of my heart to keep you safe and sound!"

At daybreak the sound of trumpets and drums mingled with the thunder of the cannonade; an extraordinary movement, a noisy and feverish activity reigned in the camp of the besiegers. De Maurevert shortly appeared arrayed in his best armor. The moment of the assault was fast approaching.

The most difficult and dangerous movement to be executed by the royal army was the descent into the ditches of the château, which were too deep and wide to be filled with fascines. Though protected by the royal batteries and furnished with long ladders, in spite of every precaution taken by De Maurevert, indeed, it was not without sensible loss that the column of attack was formed.

Bloody and obstinate was the engagement in the breach. For half an hour, detonations, cries of rage, and clashing of steel were incessant. At the end of that time, both sides, by tacit agreement, paused in their terrible work; but only for the briefest breathing space, and then the fight became a veritable butchery.

Raoul, bare-headed, dressed in a simple pourpoint, and armed only with a parade sword and dagger, pressed forward in the thickest of the fight.

"Heaven sustain, protect, and give me strength to resist the terrible temptation!" he murmured. "To take either side would be to render myself guilty of a crime against my brother or my king!"

"Chevalier!" said a gentle voice in his ear, at the moment when the *mêlée* had reached its utmost fury, "what joy it would be to be struck by one and the same bullet, so that we might die together!"

"Diane, I conjure you on my knees to fly!" Raoul almost shrieked.

"Never, Raoul! I have sworn to share the dangers of the brave men who are engaged in avenging the murder of my mother; and I will not break my oath. So long as there is a rebel in the breach, so long as there is a royal soldier there able to fight, I will not desert my post! Poor Raoul, how terrible must your sufferings be!"

"All that I have suffered till this moment is as nothing to the agony I now endure in seeing you exposed to danger! Oh, do not drive me to madness, dear Diane! Let me bear you to a place of safety! Come! come! — beloved Diane!"

Mademoiselle d'Erlanges tried to evade his embrace, but almost out of his senses with terror for her safety, he seized her and lifted her from the ground.

He had turned from the breach, when a hand of iron was laid upon his shoulder. Reduced to powerlessness by the precious load he was bearing, he uttered an exclamation of rage, and, sustaining Diane on one arm only, clutched at his dagger.

"By the god Mars!" cried a thundering voice —"it appears to me, chevalier, that you are failing both in respect to your chief and in your duty as a soldier!"

"Ah!—is it you, captain? Instead of staying me, help me to place Mademoiselle d'Erlanges in a place of security."

"Certainly not!" cried De Maurevert; "there is a time for everything, Raoul—for gallantry as well as glory. I sincerely regret that Mademoiselle d'Erlanges has obstinately insisted on partaking of our dangers, in spite of my urgent advice to her; but I cannot, and will not suffer you, Chevalier Sforzi, to abandon your post in such a cowardly manner, and set such a fatal example to the army. Fly, Raoul!—when the advantage of the day is still doubtful, when the rage of the rebels is decimating the royal troops —when blood is flowing in waves! Oh, it would be shameful! Rather than allow you to dishonor yourself so, I should prefer to blow out your brains with one of my pistols!"

While De Maurevert was thus addressing his companion, Diane contrived to free herself from Raoul's arms, and fled from him.

"Malediction!" cried Sforzi, "since it is the destiny of the Tremblais to be unable to avoid committing crimes, let my fate be accomplished! I go to fight against my brother!"

A few minutes later, De Maurevert and Raoul, leading the third column of attack, sprang with wild impetuosity into the breach; only Sforzi, before mounting, had thrown away his dagger.

At first, the new onset of the royal troops appeared to be unsuccessful.

"Thousand furies!" cried De Maurevert, his voice dominating all other sounds, "remember, companions, that to abandon your captain is to render yourselves guilty of felony, and to expose you to the penalty of being shot! Now that you are warned, do as you like. I am going forward, and I swear not to give ground!"

This address finished, De Maurevert sprang forward like a wild boar, goring and overthrowing a pack of hounds on his way; or like a buffalo, head first, bursting through all opposition. The attacking column, electrified by his example, followed him with the noise and impetuosity of an avalanche. Ten minutes later, the white flag, sprinkled with *fleur-de-lys*, floated on the bastion of the château.

"Not even a scratch!" cried De Maurevert, joyously, on meeting Raoul. "You see, beloved companion, that your presentiment was idle! By all the ten thousand virgins of Paradise!—you, too have followed us, pleasant, courageous, and adorable Mademoiselle d'Erlanges! Your heroism, worthy of antiquity, will live in history!"

(To be continued.)

A DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Queen's levees are very much longer than those of the Prince of Wales. Then, at all ceremonials where there are ladies, men are compelled to wear, as I have said, silk stockings and knee breeches, slippers and shoe-buckles. One can support this costume in tolerable comfort in a warm room, but in getting from the carriage to the door it is often like walking knee-deep in a tub of cold water. A cold hall or a draught from an open door will give very unpleasant sensations. In many of the large rooms of the palaces huge fireplaces, with great logs of wood, roar behind tall brass fenders. Once in front of one of these, the courtier who isn't a Scotchman feels as if he would never care to go away. Fortunately, most of these ceremonials are in summer, but the first of them comes in February, and London is often cool well up into June.

The ceremony of a presentation to the Queen is quite the same as that at a Prince of Wales's levee. The spelling-class of royal ladies stand up in a rigid row. On the Queen's right is the Lord Chamberlain, who reads off the names. Next to the Queen, on her left, is Alexandra, then the Queen's daughters and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Next to them stand the princes, and the whole is a phalanx which stretches entirely across the room. Behind this line, drawn up in battle array, stand three or four ranks of court ladies.

The act of presentation is very easy and simple. Formerly—indeed, until within a few years—it must have been a very perilous and important feat. The courtier (the term is used inaccurately, but there is no noun to describe a person who goes to court for a single time) was compelled to walk up a long room, and to back, bowing, out of the Queen's presence. For ladies who had trails to manage the ordeal must have been a trying one. Now it has been made quite easy. There is but one point in which a presentation to the Queen differs from that already described at the Prince of Wales's levee. You may turn your back to the Prince, but after bowing to the Queen you step off into the crowd, still facing her. There (if you have had the good luck to be presented in the diplomatic circle) you may stand and watch a most interesting pageant. To the young royalties, perhaps, it is not very amusing, though they evidently have their little joke afterward over anything unusual that occurs. It is natural enough that they should, of course, and the fatigue which they sustain entitles them to all the amusement they can get out of what must be to them a very monotonous and familiar spectacle. There is plenty in it to occupy and interest the man who sees it for the first or second time. You do not have to ask, "Who is this?" and "Who is that?" The Lord Chamberlain announces each person as he or she appears. You hear the most heroic and romantic names in English history as some insignificant boy or wizened old woman appears to represent them. They are not all, by any means, insignificant boys and wizened old women. Many of the ladies are handsome enough to be well worth looking at, whether their names be Percy or Stanhope or Brown or Smith. The young slips of girls who come to be presented for the first time, frightened and pale or flushed, one admires and feels a sense of instinctive loyalty to.

The name of each is called out loudly by the Lord Chamberlain: "The Duchess of Fincastle," "The Countess of Dorchester," "Lady Arabella Darling on her marriage," etc. The ladies bow very low, and those to whom the Queen gives her hand to kiss nearly or quite touch their knee to the carpet. No act of homage to the Queen ever seems exaggerated, her behavior being so modest and the sympathy with her so wide and sincere; but ladies very nearly kneel in shaking hands with any member of the royal family, not only at court, but elsewhere. It is not so strange-looking, the kneeling to a royal lady, but to see a stately mother or some soft maiden rendering such an act of homage to a chit of a boy or a gross young gentleman impresses one unpleasantly. The curtsey of a lady to a prince or princess is something between kneeling and that queer genuflection one meets in the English agricultural districts: the props of the boys and girls seem momentarily to be knocked away, and they suddenly catch themselves in descending. It astonished me, I remember, at a court party, to see one patrician young woman—"divinely tall" I should describe her if her decided chin and the evidently Roman turn of her nose and of her character had not put divinity out of the question—shake hands with not a very imposing young prince, and bend her regal knees into this curious and sudden little cramp. I saw her, this adventurous maid, some days afterwards in a hansom cab (shade of her grandmother, think of it!), directing with her imperious parasol the cabby to this and that shop. It struck me she should have been a Roman damsel, and have driven a chariot with three steeds abreast.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

In the rogues' gallery in the New Orleans Police Department there is a picture of "Mollie Waterman and her dog." Mollie was no thief. She was never known to steal anything in her life, yet she was classed among thieves, because her dog had a habit of stealing. Mollie would go into a store and examine goods, jewelry, laces, &c., and the dog was always at her side. She had a way of telling the dog just what she wanted out of the store, and then she went out, and the dog hung around. When the shopman's back was turned the dog never failed to lay his teeth on the very article that Mollie wanted. He punctually brought it to his mistress at her rooms. Sometimes the dog took little things that he thought Mollie might want, without any hint from her. Mollie and her dog had a perfect understanding, worked together for several years, and were very dear friends, as events proved. One day the dog was caught stealing. Mollie flew to his rescue. She exonerated the dog and actually accused herself of being the thief. The police took her at her word. She said she was willing to do all the suffering and pay the penalty, but begged the jailers to spare the dog. The jailers had the photograph of Mollie Waterman and the dog taken and hung up among the rogues. They then told her the dog had to die without judge or jury. She prayed the inexorable police to take her life, but spare the dog's. They would not listen to her appeal, and killing the dog before her eyes, they flung his bleeding carcass into her cell and locked her up. The next morning Mollie Waterman was found dead in the cell, with the dog in her arms. There was an instance of devotion. That picture is worthy of a better place than a police-office rogues' gallery. Mr. Bergh ought to look after it.

MAIDS AND MATRONS.

[In reply to verses so entitled and published in the "Canadian Illustrated News," June 14th.]

I.

Happy thoughtless creatures,
Whimsical and wild;
Quite as full of fancies
As a dreaming child.

II.

Gentle, happy beings,
Blest with calm content,
Radiant with a gladness
Pure and heaven sent.

III.

Little feet and dainty
Tripping o'er the ground,
In the waltz or polka,
Dancing madly round.

IV.

Sober feet and steady,
Sometimes very tired,
But always neat and tidy
As when first admired.

V.

Pretty little hands
Full of roguish play,
Making false pretences
At needlework all day.

VI.

Useful hands and busy
Ever swift to move,
To ease by fond caresses
The pain of those they love.

VII.

Arch, mischievous eyes,
Brimming o'er with fun,
Very often crying
When the mischief's done.

VIII.

Eyes as true as gentle,
Bright with steady gleam,
Mild and loving radiance
Shines in every beam.

IX.

Long and silken lashes
Oft with tears suffused,
Because their owner fancies
She has been ill-used.

X.

Lashes long and golden
Shading every glance,
By their modest drooping
Every charm enhance.

XI.

Eyebrows fine and shapely—
Dangerous are these—
Raised in scorn, or lowered
As their owner please.

XII.

Brows still clear and graceful,
Ne'er with passion stirred
Giving fit expression
With each gentle word.

XIII.

Prettily shaped noses,
But too apt to turn;
Frequently *retroussés*
With surprise or scorn.

XIV.

Noses, clear-cut features
For ornament and use,
Testing, savory stuffing
For turkey, duck, or goose.

XV.

Little ears too eager
For their owner's praise,
Fond of every scandal
Envious tongues may raise.

XVI.

Ears all alert to listen
For cry of pain or fear,
But steadfastly refusing
All tales of strife to hear.

XVII.

Cherry lips that tempt one
When they sweetly smile,
But, when discontented,
Pouting all the while.

XVIII.

Lips that sweetly utter
Pleasant words and kind,
Outlets for soul fondness,
Portals of the mind.

XIX.

Bright and charming creatures,
Matrons yet to be,
When matrimonial unions
Fulfil their destiny.

XX.

Maidens full developed;
Women now complete,
Knowing all the cares
That motherhood makes sweet.

"TOM BROWN."

—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

AMY'S ARTIFICE.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Burton, as their wedding cards had announced the young couple a year before, were seated at the breakfast table, with an undeniable expression of discomfort upon both faces.

Oliver himself, a fine-looking man of about twenty-four, looked out of temper.

Amy, his pretty blonde wife, looked harassed and unhappy, but not cross.

"I wish I could please you, Olly," she said, with a piteous droop in the corners of her mouth. "I do try, and if you would only give me an hour of warning, perhaps——"

"An hour of warning, perhaps," broke in Oliver, in a petulant tone; "that's just like a woman. How can I tell when I am going to meet a friend I should like to invite to dinner? Yesterday, for instance, I met Ned Heyward quite unexpectedly, and he is only in town for a few days. Of course I asked him to dinner, and found pork and potatoes."

"But you like pork and potatoes."

"But you should always provide something else. Ned detests them."

"But if Mr. Heyward had not come, the something else would have been wasted, as we all like pork and potatoes."

"I cannot understand why it is, I always find some mortifying deficiency whenever I bring any one here to dine. Last week John Hill found nothing but mutton chops and potatoes."

"It was washing day. You see, Olly, we really cannot afford to have a company dinner every day, and——"

"There, there! always the old story. We seem to afford other things very well. I don't mind the cost. I never stint you in house-keeping funds."

"No, Olly; and if you really don't mind the cost, I might——"

"Manage it any way you like, but do let me find a decent meal when I bring home an occasional friend. There, kiss, and be friends."

Amy was willing enough to put up her pretty lips for a kiss, but after her lord and master had left the house, she carried a perplexed face for a long time.

She did want her husband's home to be the most perfect spot on earth in his own eyes, and faithfully tried to make it so.

But the little wife had been brought up in a family where a limited income ruled all expenditure, and she knew well that her husband's salary required careful management to keep them out of debt.

Debt was her horror, while Oliver thought but little of a bill here and there, having as yet, had none large enough to be an annoyance.

Amy had proved herself a treasure in house-keeping—neat, orderly, and economical—and her husband was justly proud of his wife and his home.

But his reckless hospitality was a sore thorn in Amy's side.

She was glad to see his gentlemen friends when she knew they were coming to visit her, and took an innocent pride in spreading before them her choicest cooking and daintiest dishes.

But she seldom knew they were coming till Oliver put his head in her chamber door, or the kitchen, to tell her Tom, Dick or Harry had come with him to dinner, and they were in a hurry.

And it did seem to poor Amy as if an evil fate possessed Oliver to select the very worst days for such visitations.

The meal that on a busy day Oliver would have eaten with a keen relish, looked poor when he saw his fastidious friend partaking of it.

And yet, as Amy said, his salary did not warrant a company dinner for every day.

Then there were washing days, when something must be cooked that could be quickly served; ironing days, when, if they were alone Oliver declared pork and potatoes a dinner fit for a king; there were days when yesterday's big joint of meat must be eaten cold, warmed up, or wasted; days when the range would not bake well, and the dinner in prospect had to be abandoned, and a hurried meal prepared on the top of the fire.

In short, days that all housekeepers know by experience are the very last ones when they want to see strange faces at their tables.

Yet, if Amy was all ready on six days, and all in confusion on the seventh, it was surely on that very seventh that Oliver had a friend unexpectedly to dinner.

It was of no use to tell him in the morning; the sight of an old comrade's face drove the warning completely out of his mind.

So, on the morning whereof I have already written, Amy went about her daily duties with a heavy heart and a troubled face.

But the postman left her a letter, after reading which she suddenly cleared up wonderfully, and seemed immensely relieved.

"I'll try it," she said. "Perhaps Oliver will realize then what it costs."

But no word of her mysterious resolution passed her lips when her husband came home, nor did she allude to her letter.

There was no stranger at her table for three or four days, but she waited patiently, knowing Oliver would soon find a friend for her to make her first experiment in her new plan.

She was very careful always about the appointments of her table, trusting nothing to the servant in that department, so she was never afraid of any guest finding disorder or neglect there; but Oliver's idea of guest dishes had been a sore trouble to her.

"Amy," he called, about a week after the important conversation recorded. "Will Ferris has come home with me. Now don't tell me we have nothing fit to set before him."

"Can you give me half an hour?" Amy asked cheerfully.

"Yes—not more. We are going to the lodge together."

"I'll be ready."

Oliver beamed with satisfaction, as he motioned his guest to a seat at the table.

A small turkey, browned to perfection, was the leading dish, various vegetables, a dainty selection of sauces and pickles, and a most delightful pie finished the repast.

"I know Amy could do it if she tried," thought Oliver, "and now that she finds I am in earnest, she will manage to give my friends a decent meal, if they are not heralded twenty-four hours in advance."

Not a week later, another friend was invited on the spur of the moment, arriving when the dinner was actually served.

But Amy asked for only a few minutes, and magically there was served an exquisite repast, perfectly cooked.

Again and again Oliver came home with a friend, and a delightful certainty of a good dinner.

Amy never complained now of his hospitality, gave his friends a smiling welcome, and Oliver found home more charming than ever.

Two months passed, and the occasional friend came very often to dinner.

The slight restraint Oliver had felt was quite removed by the new and delightful change in Amy's management.

And yet the variety and quality of the company dishes never failed.

But Mrs. Burton, consulting her account-book, understood that the time was rapidly approaching when Oliver must understand how this magic machinery was kept in order, must see where the mysterious delicacies that appeared so promptly were procured.

So, one evening, when husband and wife were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête*, the servant handed in an envelope directed to Mr. Burton, saying—

"The boy will call in the morning."

"Boyle," said Oliver, reading the printed advertisement in the corner of the envelope; "why, it is the restaurant keeper round the corner."

"Yes," Amy said.

"But I never owed the man a penny, and here is a bill," cried Oliver, opening the folded paper in the envelope.

"I think you will find it all right," Amy said, very calmly, though a red spot burned on each cheek as she spoke.

"All right!" said the amazed Oliver; "the man must be crazy. One turkey and dressing, twenty shillings. One lemon pie, three shillings. Celery, cranberry sauce, potatoes and parsnips, ten shillings.

"That was the day Mr. Ferris dined here," said Amy, without looking up.

"One pair of roast ducks, nine shillings," read Oliver; "currant jelly, two shillings."

"That was the day Mr. Hill dined here."

Oliver gave a long whistle.

"So that was the way you did it!"

"Yes, dear."

"Hum! quails, grouse, chickens."

"You did not suppose I procured and cooked such things at a minute's notice, did you?" Amy asked, demurely.

"No; but——"

"You didn't suppose they came down the chimney ready cooked, like Santa Claus' gifts, did you?" she asked, still looking intently at her sewing.

"Well, not exactly that; but——"

"You told me that I was not to mind the expense."

"Yes; but—what is the expense?" turning over the paper. "By Jove! Amy, it is twenty-five pounds."

"Yes, that is right. I kept an account of the items."

There was a long silence.

Oliver was trying to persuade himself that it was impossible his habit of promiscuous hospitality was really so expensive, but the items stared him in the face, and a very slight effort of memory recalled nearly every dish.

Jones had complimented the lobster salad.

Smith had been enthusiastic over the *mayonnaise* of fowls.

Heyward had pronounced this *pâté* equal to Delmonico's; and Curtis had protested he never ate such pigeon pie before.

With a deep sigh, Oliver said—

"Since it is all right, I suppose I must pay it; but, was it quite fair, Amy, to spring such a mine on me? I did not realize the expense, it is true; but this bill coming in so unexpectedly will really hamper me terribly."

"No, it won't, Olly. I only wanted you to understand how expensive and troublesome it is to have unexpected company. Only let me know, and I will gladly prepare for your friends at only a small additional expense."

"But that won't pay this bill."

"No; but this will."

And Amy laid before her husband three ten-pound notes.

"Why, Amy! where did these come from?"

"You have heard me talk of Uncle Charles, the chaplain in the navy, who was away when we were married?"

"But who came home a month or two ago, you told me."

"Yes; but I did not tell you that in the letter he wrote telling me he was at father's, he sent me a cheque for fifty pounds to buy a wedding present."

"And you have spent more than half in turkeys and geese for my friends!"

"I don't regret it, Olly, for it has given you pleasure to entertain them; but we cannot afford to keep it up. I don't want to be unreasonable, for you see now, do you not, that the habit is better broken?"

"Yes; I do see it. You have brought it home to me now, Amy, and I will not vex the dearest little wife in the world again by adding unexpected company to her household cares."

So Amy lost her grievance, for Oliver gave her due notice, from that time forward, when he meant to invite a guest.

True, it was a strong temptation, when he met his friends, to run the risk and take them home, but the vision of Boyle's bill, and Amy's sacrifice of her uncle's wedding present, rose before his eyes, and he gave the invitation for another day, or let it pass.

For, after all, he found, when the appointed day came, he cared very little for the expected pleasure, and would have enjoyed a quiet dinner and evening with Amy quite as well as the company of an occasional friend.

AN INCIDENT OF THE COMMUNE.

"Just one line, dear Charles, to let you know we are both alive and well. Yours ever, in love———" was the welcome epistle I received one morning, in March, 1873, addressed from Paris unsealed, in compliance with the rule of the then German Army of Occupation. A pleasant missive it looked, half-hidden under the plate that contained a fresh egg, occupying the place of honor upon my breakfast table; and it emanated from my French brother-in-law, who, as well as my sister, had been imprisoned within the walls of that city during the whole period of the siege and subsequent bombardment. Their advent in the flesh shortly followed. Dolph was particularly wrathful. From a bright, careless Parisian, he had become a very Hannibal; his conversation was tinged blood-red, and many were the vows of vengeance muttered by him, even in his most amiable moods.

He certainly appeared to have suffered. He informed me that he had disclaimed the "Garde Nationale," and had insisted upon enrolment in the ranks of the Mobile. He had received a bullet in the leg; been half-frozen to death; and, worse than all, his black hair had turned gray. Whilst incapacitated by his wound this great misfortune had come upon him. Many were the terrible accounts I received from him of that bombardment; how he had lain in his bed shivering with terror at the unceasing boom of the cannon, which had continued morning and night, without intermission; how the whole square had been startled from their unquiet beds, on one memorable occasion, when a shell reached the Place de la Concorde and then exploded, spreading terror amongst the crowd, who could only explain the proximity of the explosion by the assumption of the fact that the Germans were inside the city.

"Charlie," continued he, with a scintillation only to be compared to cold blue steel in his otherwise mild eye—"during the whole of the siege I never saw one German—*jamais*!—and lived on nothing but carrots."

I condoled with him upon this couple of misfortunes, and particularly upon his not having had the opportunity of grasping the enemy of his country by the throat; and ultimately we settled the point as to the probable result of such an encounter to our mutual satisfaction. As to the carrots, it appears he had taken the precaution to lay in a large quantity of this succulent vegetable when the orders were issued to the inhabitants of the city to provide for those contingencies that all the world knows happened. He was eloquent in the narration of his sufferings in the "tail," as he termed it, at the butcher's shop; how he had waited from three o'clock in the early morning, and bitter cold, till noon, for the miserable dole of flesh distributed:

how he hated the butcher for never giving him fat; and how he ultimately ingratiated himself into that same butcher's good graces. The butcher's eye one morning not being so true as was its wont, directed the stroke of his cleaver upon the thumb adorning his left hand, which stroke nearly severed it; and had it not been for the prompt assistance rendered him by Dolph, undoubtedly his hand would have been permanently crippled.

However after a short stay in London, and the experiencing of some of the kindly feeling and sympathy that is the peculiar attribute of the contemporary Briton—notwithstanding he has such a blot upon his national history that at one period of it it required an imperial proclamation to ensure his abstinence from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them," whenever the sight of a foreigner offended him—Dolph rapidly recovered his spirits; and finally it was settled that we should return in company to Paris, I myself being rather curious to note the aspect of the city under the Commune, which had then been proclaimed, and which he never ceased to anathematize from the moment we stepped into a second-class carriage at London Bridge until we arrived at Dieppe, whereafter I am bound to say he exhibited much discretion. However strong were his opinions upon the existing state of things, he did not express them.

Trouble awaited us upon our arrival at Paris. The house had been left in charge of an Englishman (Dolph likes Englishmen), who, poor fellow, was possessed of but one lower limb; his deficiency in that respect, however, being amply supplied by a fair modicum of the possession denominated "British pluck." He was full of news: the capital had been summoned to surrender by the Versailles troops, who were even then concentrating outside the principal entrances to the city; and but an hour previously an officer of the Commune had been levying, en masse, the male population for the purpose of resistance, and had expressed himself but indifferently satisfied as to the truth of the statement that the owner of the house was in London; and, upon leaving, had intimated his intention of paying another visit.

Upon hearing this, Dolph dropped into a chair, and for a moment seemed overcome. Then he broke out—

"I fight for the Commune—I!"

Then he burst into satirical laughter, and finished with a shower of epithets that, in the abstract, were decidedly uncomplimentary to the Commune, personally and collectively.

His plans were shortly matured. He would depart immediately from Paris, if it were not too late. He had some slight refreshment and then took his departure; it being understood that I should remain—he making his way to Liège, where the taint of the Commune had not appeared.

He had scarcely made good his retreat when the officer before-mentioned returned, and in peremptory tones demanded who I was, and whether I was the inhabitant. I explained that I had but just arrived in Paris, and handed him a Foreign Office passport, brand-new, and bearing the signature "Granville," which he glanced over, thrust back, without abating one jot of his insolence of manner, and joined his companions in the street, who were unpleasantly noisy.

At one corner of the Rue Royale is a large perfumer's shop, which became distinguished by the bullet indentations on its façade; and it was about this spot that occurred one of the many notable encounters between the Versailles and Communistic troops, upon the occasion of the assault upon the city by the former. It was upon the ground floor of the next house but one to this that my interview with the Communists took place. It was used for a shop. I noticed the windows were secured by shutters of iron, and there was a mode of egress from the back of the shop to the little court in the rear. When the Communist officer retired, I and my one-legged friend attempted to regain the street, but to our surprise we discovered it was guarded by a person in semi-uniform, who peremptorily ordered us back into the shop, which command we had no alternative but to obey. By this time it must have been one hour before midnight, and bitterly cold. Confused shouts, the hurrying to and fro of large bodies of men, shuffling of rapid feet, the whole accompanied by much clashing and clanking, proclaimed to our listening ears that something of importance was proceeding. Presently, the whole of the various sounds seemed to leave our immediate neighborhood, and concentrate upon the Boulevard. We then heard sounds of firing, heavy and irregular, in the direction of the Rue Royale; then the comparative quietness of the street was broken, and also the door of the shop wherein we were shivering with mingled cold and—I am sorry to admit—fear, and the place quickly filled with an excited group of men, who commenced tearing down the fixtures, and seizing everything in the shape of furniture, bundling it out into the street: the formation of a barricade being the object of this Vandalism. The firing now was general, and unpleasantly near, and our alarm became intense.

"Had the Versailles troops attacked the city?"

"Yes; and all who do not intend to fight had better make themselves scarce," said my one-legged friend, hobbling to the passage leading to the cellars—a proceeding I imitated with alacrity.

We reached the court and then the cellar in safety, where we found congregated the inhabitants of the house who had not been able to take flight. It is well known that the Government troops entered the city at the Place de la Concorde, and that a barricade was at once constructed by the Communists to stop their progress. The severity of the conflict at this point cannot be better evidenced than by the appearance of the fronts of the houses, bespattered as they were by the bullets of the contending forces. We could hear the fray distinctly from our position in the cellars, and ever and anon we made peregrinations to our former position in the shop, impelled by an irresistible curiosity we could not overcome—the fray increasing in intensity at each successive visit; our return being anxiously awaited by the other inmates, amongst whom we were the only representatives of the male sex. On my return from one visit of this nature, as I reached the court, I could hear the sound of heavy blows on the gateway that faced the street, and had barely time to reach the haven of the cellar, when the door was forced, and the forecourt filled with soldiers. I heard the demand, "Anybody in this house?" then a rapid order, which was followed by the rattle of the discharge from half a dozen Chassepôts, fired up the staircase.

At this point I emerged from the cellars, as a kind of ambassador from the inmates, just as a party was being told off to search them; and great was my relief to find that the city was in the hands of the Versailles troops, and that for the present the tide of battle had rolled from our vicinity, although it was raging furiously in others. We were advised not to move from the house—which advice, by the way, we considered quite unnecessary—and after fully searching the premises, the military departed, leaving a solitary sentinel outside. My one-legged friend and I returned to the shop, and spent what remained of the night in dozing and fruitless endeavors to obtain warmth, until the light twinkling between the chinks of the shutters proclaimed sunrise. There was almost total silence where before had been sounds of armed contention; and but for the periodical tramp of the sentry outside, nothing broke the impressive stillness. I sat dozing and half asleep until, unable longer to control my curiosity, I arose and carefully slipped back the inner fastenings of the door. By the gathering light I could see my companion was sleeping, with his maimed limb propped for comfort's sake on his crutch, and looked cold and weary enough. I softly pulled the door towards me, and looked out towards the Boulevard; then turning to look down the street, my gaze rested on a dead soldier, lying almost at my feet, half in the gutter and half on the sidepath, with a staring wound in his forehead; and lying near him, another, and another. I could hardly refrain from calling out, so great was the horror the sight occasioned. I turned faint and sick, and closed the door. The noise made by the action aroused my companion, and together we searched for and discovered a piece of woollen stuff, with which we covered the remains of the soldier, lying as it were on the threshold of the house. No person appeared stirring; but, as we turned to re-enter the house, I heard a shot, and looking hastily in the direction of the Boulevard, saw a solitary man, dressed in a blouse, scudding along in the direction of the Madeleine, hotly pursued by several of the Versailles troops, who fired as they went. My curiosity to observe the sequel of this chase caused me to place my back to the shutters, and slide cautiously to the corner of the Boulevard; but I was considerably disconcerted by the apparition of the sentry, who, bringing his Chassepôt to the charge, ordered me to get within doors again; which I, nothing loth, did.

The excesses that ensued upon the subjection of the Commune are of too recent occurrence to need recapitulation. Personally, I shall always retain a lively remembrance of the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops, and its attendant horrors.

EARLY FRUIT.

It was very cold at Nice; that is my only excuse. Alas, by what slender threads one's happiness depends!

It was all arranged I was to marry Mlle. Louise early in June, and the Marquise, her mother, was commencing to treat me with something less than her customary reserve. She was a terrible woman, that Marquise. "Be treacherous," some one had told me. And I was treacherous. At particularly trying moments I looked into the eyes of my betrothed, but one can form no idea of the circumlocution I had to employ to express to the Marquise the simplest things in life. In speaking to me of the trousseau the word chemise made her blush, and one day I caused her to leave the room (I don't know why), simply because I happened to mention a pair of suspenders.

One evening Mlle. Louise was even more charming than was her wont. The air was heavy with perfume. Coffee had been served in the conservatory, and we sat beneath large magnolia trees, which were fairly bowed down with fragrant blossoms. Seated quite close to her, I sketched a thousand projects for our future, and while she listened with her great blue eyes fixed upon me, I gazed upon her graceful head; her waving blonde tress caught up from the neck; her light robe rising in a snowy fraise at the throat, and descending to a point upon the bosom; and I thought that in six weeks at the longest she would be mine.

It is so difficult to speak to young girls. Every moment there came to my mind stories which I found too gay, and which would certainly have frightened so ethereal and poetic a nature.

So, having plunged into a senseless anecdote which I did not know exactly how to get out of, I said suddenly, in order to change the conversation:

"By the way, Mademoiselle, do you like strawberries?"

"I adore them," she answered, with a dainty little movement of the lips; "but I suppose that it will be necessary to wait a little while."

The fact is that it was only the beginning of April, but I thought that one could get anything in Paris, and that very evening I sent my friend Raymond the following despatch:

"Send me a large box of strawberries from Paris at any price. HECTOR."

Three hours after I received the reply:

"Little pots make up a box. Will send as soon as possible. RAYMOND."

My friend Raymond was a jewel. Besides perfect taste and great amiability, he was so fortunate as to possess Paris, and whenever I was away, I charged him with all my commissions, trusting as much to him to order a coat as to forward me a bouquet.

The next day, early in the morning, I received a great box, well bound, and labelled with my address. It was enormous, and it was frightful to think of the number of little pots Raymond must have purchased to be able to send me a package of such respectable weight in so short a time. Under the circumstances my present became a truly royal gift, and the same day I sent it to my fiancée, together with my daily bouquet of white lilacs.

All that day I remained away from Mme. de Boiseufort's, so that the effect of my gift might be greater. The time seemed very long. I could see Mlle. Louise opening my box with the eagerness which her feminine curiosity would be sure to give rise to. Then I imagined her astonishment at the sight of the contents. She would take a berry at random (the largest), hold it delicately between her slender fingers—the little finger in the air—I could see it all as though I were there—and nibble it with her white teeth, making all sorts of pretty sensual grimaces as she ate. Decidedly it was a happy thought to send to Paris.

When evening came I presented myself at the usual hour, studiously affecting the indifferent air of a gentleman who does not think he has done anything at all remarkable.

I opened the gate, and was a little surprised not to find Mlle. Louise in the garden. Usually she came to meet me, and, after a cordial grasp of the hands, we would enter the drawing-room together.

"Bah!" I said to myself, "I shall find her in the green-house." And I ascended the steps.

She was there, to be sure. Her face was flushed and her eyes swollen, as though she had been crying. As soon as she perceived me she came forward, and said:

"Oh! sir; it was very, very horrid of you!"

Then, throwing me a glance full of reproach, she left the place.

I commenced to feel a little uneasy upon entering the drawing-room. The Marquise was standing before the mantel-piece, erect and haughty, something like the statue of the commander.

"You received my package?" I asked with my most amiable air.

"Yes, sir; yes," ground out the Marquise. (I awaited the key to this puzzle.) "And," continued she, "I consider it was a little too soon—much too soon."

"Good heavens, madame, these things have no value unless they are sent before the time for them—as early fruit, you know."

"As early fruit, sir—as early fruit! You continue your absurd mystification. Leave the house. Neither I nor my daughter will ever see you again. Leave the house!"

I was stunned. I went away completely disconcerted, asking myself if it was not some frightful dream. Arriving at the hotel, my servant handed me a letter from Raymond together with a little box:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I send you the strawberries you wish. Forgive me for not having sent them sooner, and more of them, but they are yet very rare. ***."

Without finishing the letter, I tore open the little box; it contained indeed some magnificent strawberries. What was in the box of the previous evening, then?

A frightful suspicion crossed my mind. All at once, I uttered a cry. There was a postscript:

"I hope you received last evening the box of flannel waistcoats."—*Translated.*

A KEOKUK lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull-dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up the stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The bull-dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

For the Favorite.

UNCLAIMED.

BY AMY SCUDDER.

The autumn winds drifted hollow and sad
  Thro' the orchard trees with fruit bent low,
And the faded leaves, in a whirlwind mad,
  And their death-dance, mocked their approaching woe,
While the glowing fruit, by careful hands
  Was gathered, and stored in its winter place,
Each red-cheeked apple so snug and warm,
  Lovingly pressed its neighbor's face.

But high, high up on a leafless bough,
  Coated with frost in the wintry blast.
A flawless apple lonely hung;
  Hoping 'gainst hope till the very last,
That some daring one, with a kindly hand
  Would take it down from the parent stem,
And praise and taste and relish it well,
  So its fate would be as the rest of them.

In the old farm-house, half hidden by trees,
  And roof e'ergrown with greenest moss,
A maiden lady o'er long gone youth
  Sighing and moaning, regrets its loss.
Through the thick dark waves of heavy brown hair,
  Wanders many a line of silvery grey,
While round the eyes, and sweet, sad mouth
  Stubborn, tell-tale wrinkles stray,

All lone, alone in the old brown nest.
  Parents and children all have gone.
Save this lone one, who patient waits
  Through the noon, and night, and early dawn,
In the hope of the coming of some brave one
  Tardy although his coming may be,
To save her from the chill of the winter of life,
  The fate of the fruit of the apple-tree.

ST. THOMAS.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE "HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

Desmoro stopped and stood transfixed, staring after the conveyance containing the Count d'Auvergne's daughter. He was utterly bewildered. Marguerite had recognised him—he felt assured on that point, for he had remarked her start, and her look of amazement at seeing him.

He was still gazing after her receding equipage, when the Baroness Kielmansegge lightly touched his arm with one of her gloved fingers.

"Yonder stands my carriage," spoke she, slightly inclining her head in a certain direction.

At the sound of her voice, Desmoro suddenly aroused himself, and turned round.

His face was of a deathly hue, and his companion remarked the fact. She, too, had seen and recognised Marguerite d'Auvergne, and she well understood the cause of his present agitation and pallor, and all the bitterness of her base nature was at once awakened within her.

Desmoro silently conducted the Baroness to her waiting vehicle, into which she stepped without saying a single word; her brows scowling all the while, her round cheeks flushed, her teeth gnawing her lips in angry impatience. The Baroness's conveyance was an unpretending one, and, on this occasion, she was attended by the man Matsford, who looked like one who could only see and hear as he was directed to see and hear.

The lady being seated, Desmoro mechanically raised his hat to her, and then strode rapidly away, almost unconscious of whither his steps would lead him, his very thought in a state of harassing commotion and distress. He was wondering what Marguerite would think and say at seeing him in the company of the Baroness Kielmansegge.

He was quivering in every pulse of his frame, and big drops of moisture were oozing out and standing on his brow, as he reflected on Olympia and her menaces.

The Baroness Kielmansegge leant back in her brougham, plunged deep in dark meditation. She was full of disappointment and rage, and was longing to went her feelings on him who had so excited them

She would be revenged on Desmoro—on the man who had so scorned her—oh, yes, she would take care to be amply revenged on him; she had threatened him, and what she had threatened, she would fulfil to the very utmost.

Desmoro's disdain had stirred up all her ire, all her venom, and she was ready to sacrifice him to her malice—ready to crush him under her feet, even as she would crush a poor worm.

"I have told him how I can hate, and he shall soon feel the truth of all my words!" Olympia cried, within herself. "I am not the woman to be despised with impunity, oh, no, not I. I have

him in my very grasp—so tightly in that grasp, that he shall not escape me. What care I what he knows of me and my secret, since he cannot prove anything against me? But who would put any faith in the word of an escaped convict — in the representations of a notorious bush-ranger? Bah! I laugh and defy him, while he must tremble 'neath my power. I will not endure scorn calmly, and that I will soon show him, unless—unless he repents himself of his insolence towards me, and makes amends for all he has said and done to-day," she added, fresh hope springing up in her heart—a hope that she would be able to humble Desmoro entirely to her will.

Olympia owned a most impatient spirit; she could not brook the least delay; she would not wait, as others would, for the changes which time brings about; she always required her wishes to be gratified at once, and without the slightest opposition. She had gold in plenty, and, having such, she could not understand meeting denial in any shape; and what she refused to comprehend she would not accept on any occasion, or at any mortal hand. She had no compunction whatsoever; her bosom was the repository of only selfish, unworthy, and cruel thoughts. In short, the Baroness Kielmansegge had a most depraved soul, a soul filled with darkness and wicked stains.

I am sorry to depict a character so thoroughly base as this I have placed before you; yet, had Olympia been a good and virtuous woman, my story would have been differently told, and Desmoro's fate through life might have been the contrary of what it proved to be.

When the Baroness reached home, she called Klara to her, and then the following conversation took place between them.

"Klara?"

"Gracious madame."

The Baroness Kielmansegge was lounging in an easy chair, her feet supported on a footstool, her head thrown back. She looked somewhat paler than usual, but exquisitely handsome. She was gazing on vacancy, and, as was her habit, when in deep thought, she was restlessly clasping and unclasping her smooth, white hands.

The soubrette was obediently waiting, looking as demure as possible, and entirely at her mistress's commands, no matter whatsoever such commands might be.

"Klara," again spoke the Baroness, without once removing her eyes,—"Klara, I want you to assist me in a certain little affair."

And Olympia twined her slender fingers one in another, and beat one of her feet on the floor.

She was not quite decided as to how she should broach her subject—how she should pursue her work of revenge. She did not feel any sort of reluctance at making a servant her confidante and her ally. Olympia had neither delicacy nor feeling; indeed, she was wholly deficient in all honorable and womanly points of character — she looked to, and cared only for, her own unworthy self. Her present hesitation arose from the fact of her plans not being matured. She was thirsty for vengeance on Desmoro, and yet could not decide how she was to bring that vengeance about. If she could have seized on him, there and then, and hurled him into eternal perdition, she would have done so without the slightest pause of any kind.

Klara was standing, with her arms folded across her breast, awaiting her mistress's words.

"Does Matsford care for you, Klara?" she abruptly inquired.

The woman shrugged her shoulders, and elevated her eyebrows.

"Who can truly say when a man is sincere, or otherwise, gracious madame?" dropped the abigail, with a demure sigh. "He flatters and says soft things to me; but that's nothing—all men do that sort of thing."

The Baroness was not listening to the woman; she was brooding, brooding.

Presently she sprang up, and began to walk to and fro. One wicked scheme and then another was presenting itself to her thoughts; but she appeared to be unable to make up her mind which of those schemes to adopt.

Should she write again to Desmoro, threatening to denounce him—to betray him into the hands of the law, and see what effect such a bold and terrible menace would produce upon him? Or should she get two or three men to waylay him, carry him on board a ship, and convey him at once to England — the Government of which country would be sure to handsomely reward the captors of Red Hand, the escaped convict, the somewhile notorious bushranger? Matsford, she thought, might become her willing tool in this matter, and help her to accomplish the utter ruin of the hapless Desmoro—of him who had once risked his very life in order to preserve her from danger and suspicion.

But Olympia had forgotten all she owed to Desmoro; she was only thinking how she could conjure him—how she could strike him down so that he should never be able to rise again.

"Send Matsford to me," she said abruptly turning to her abigail, who instantly disappeared in search of her fellow-servant.

The Baroness Kielmansegge meanwhile measured the room with hasty footsteps. She was still undecided how to act against Desmoro.

By-and-by a male voice arrested her steps. It was Matsford who had spoken.

"Madame the Baroness desired to see me?" said he.

"Y—es," hesitated she, mechanically reseating herself.

Then she remained silent for some few moments.

"Can you be trusted implicitly?" she inquired, looking searchingly into Matsford's face.

"I know my duty as a servant, madame," he replied.

"Yes; but——" faltered she, somewhat uneasily. "I am fully aware of that fact; but I may probably be asking you to do something more than your positive duty. Now?"

"I am Madame the Baroness's obedient servant under all circumstances," he answered, carelessly, and without the slightest hesitation of any kind.

"Well said," returned Olympia, much relieved by the man's apparent readiness to serve her. "I want you to go to Rosenthal—to the Château Rouge."

"Yes, madame."

"And to obtain a private interview with a gentleman who lives there—with him to whom you lately carried a letter for me, and whom you saw with me this morning."

"I comprehend, madame."

"His name is Symure."

"I remember it, madame."

"You must not speak to him in the presence of a third person: recollect that point distinctly."

"I shall observe, madame."

"You will be extremely cautious?"

"Madame the Baroness may depend upon her servant's attention to all her commands," the man repeated, curious to be informed of the nature of his proposed task.

"In the first place, you must inform the gentleman whence you come; that being done, you must at once proceed as I shall instruct you."

Olympia then repeated to Matsford all she wished him to say to Mr. Symure; and for upwards of an hour the Baroness held close counsel with her lackey.

Matsford felt flattered at his mistress's confidence in him, and he appeared to be her most docile pupil; her beauty and her fascinating manners had seemingly won him entirely to her purpose.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Desmoro reached home in a state difficult for me to describe. He almost dreaded to meet Marguerite. What would she think of seeing him in company with the Baroness Kielmansegge, and how could he explain matters to her so as to avoid alarming her on his account? He felt how much he was in the power of Olympia, and he knew not whither to turn or what to do. He had scorned her proffered favors, and he was aware that she would not forget that fact, or lightly pass it over.

Oh, had his affections but been free, he would have flown from her on the instant—he would have put wide seas 'twixt this wicked woman and himself—he would have defied her and all her evil machinations.

Desmoro was in the solitude of his own chamber, pondering how he should act, when the rumbling sound of carriage-wheels smote his ear.

He started up, and, glancing into the court-yard below, saw Marguerite d'Auvergne's equipage.

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Desmoro left the room and hastened to meet the lady, who had already alighted, and was making her way into the house.

She met her lover with enforced coldness. Her cheeks and lips were white, and the hand which Desmoro had taken in his trembled in his grasp.

"I did not expect to find you at home," she observed, in a hollow voice, her eyes fixed searchingly in his face.

"Did you not?" he returned, falteringly, and endeavoring to avoid her scrutiny. "I—I——" he went on stammering, and in increasing confusion—"I have a most excruciating headache, Marguerite."

She looked at him reproachfully, and bit her lips until the crimson came back to them once more.

There then ensued a somewhat lengthy and embarrassing pause, during which Desmoro led his companion into a vacant salon, the door of which a man-servant was flinging open for them.

"Where is Colonel Symure?" Desmoro inquired of the lackey.

"He is gone, monsieur," was the answer, as mademoiselle entered the apartment, followed by her lover.

Marguerite did not seat herself, but continued standing near a chair, her both hands resting on its back.

The servant had closed the door of the room, and Desmoro and Marguerite were alone together.

She was the first to speak.

"You are aware that I saw you to-day near the Pont Neuf?" said she.

"Yes, Marguerite," he replied.

"You were in the company of the Baroness Kielmansegge."

"I was, Marguerite."

Then there ensued another pause, which both appeared reluctant to break.

At last Marguerite spoke.

"Will you not explain matters to me?" she asked. "I think you ought to do so. Wherefore did I see you walking with the Baroness Kielmansegge?" she added, in a hurt tone, at the same time blanching paler than before, and sinking into a seat.

"You are ill, dear Marguerite!" said Desmoro, at once flying to her side.

She repelled his attentions, and waved him off.

"I asked you a question," she continued; "is it your intention to give me an answer?"

He gazed at her steadily for a few moments.

Her head was leaning backwards, supported by the cushion of the chair. She looked as if about to expire or swoon. Never until now had Desmoro so marked her altered appearance; the woful change which a few short months only had worked in all her features. She looked like the spectre of her former self, so thin and worn had she become.

Could he tell her the truth? Could he shock her by telling her that his life-liberty was again in jeopardy—that he was in the power of an unprincipled woman, who would betray him into the hands of power, unless he sold himself unto her and became her slave for aye? No, no, he could not tell her all this, for such intelligence would surely kill her.

What was he to do, then? He must spare her. When he reflected, he felt that he had no choice in the matter—that he must have recourse to falsehood, in order to conceal from her the true state of his present position.

"I am awaiting your reply, Desmoro," Marguerite said, finding that he still maintained his silence.

He attempted to speak, stammered out a few words, and then broke down entirely.

His manners were strangely disturbed. He looked like a guilty man; and Marguerite was beginning to suspect him of—she knew not what. Why did he not answer her query? Why did he not explain to her wherefore he had been walking with the Baroness Kielmansegge?

For the first time in all her life Marguerite d'Auvergne was jealous. Desmoro had been seen talking and walking with a beautiful woman—with one whom the world called coquette, and *intriguante*—and Marguerite's whole soul was consumed with jealous anger against her lover.

"Marguerite," said he—"Marguerite, be patient for a day or two, at the expiration of which time I may, perhaps, be able to render you a full explanation of my conduct, which, I fear, is meeting with such misconstruction at your hands."

"And is this all you can say to me?"

"All I can say at present, dear Marguerite."

She glanced at him reproachfully. For the first time she doubted his honesty towards herself, and she was letting him see that she doubted him.

She rose from her seat, and gathered her shawl around her, as if about to depart.

"You are vexed with me, Marguerite," Desmoro said, attempting to take her hand, which was denied him to touch.

"I am vexed with you!"

"Without the slightest reason, I assure you!"

She shook her head, once more drew her shawl around her, and made towards the door, without deigning to reply any further.

But Desmoro was by her side, his hand laid gently on her arm, endeavoring to detain her.

"You will not leave me in anger, Marguerite!" he cried, much excited. "You are wronging me if you are entertaining one thought of dishonorable behavior on my part! Wait until I have seen and advised with your father and my own, before you seek to accuse me of acting unworthily in any way!"

"I saw you with the Baroness Kielmansegge, with whom I was wholly unaware you had any acquaintance, and you refuse to give me the merest elucidation of the circumstance—of a circumstance which appears to me one full of mystery and ———"

"And no more, dear Marguerite, I protest to you most solemnly!" he broke forth, earnestly. "Trust me, dearest; put your utmost faith in my honesty. You shall not repent doing so; indeed, indeed you shall not!"

She turned away from him, and, shaking off his hold, sought to lay her hand upon the door-fastening. She looked faint, and as if she could hardly support herself. Desmoro was alarmed, for he had never seen her in such a condition before, and he caught her round the waist.

"Marguerite!" he exclaimed—Marguerite, be merciful to me!"

"Merciful!" repeated she, with a tinge of scorn in her accents.

"Ay, I may not again ask you to be so."

"I do not comprehend the meaning of your words."

"I dare say not," he rejoined. "Oh, Marguerite! over and over again I ask you to put your trust in me!"

She did not answer him, but drooped her head.

"Did you hear me, dearest?" he questioned, entreatingly.

Still no reply.

"Marguerite!"

Suddenly she staggered forward, and, cold and insensible, fell into his arms.

Alarmed, Desmoro bore her to a couch, and then rang for assistance.

With the servant appeared Colonel Symure.

"What is the matter?" asked the latter, seeing Marguerite's prostrate form and Desmoro's concerned looks.

The female domestics were now summoned to attend on Marguerite, who, refusing to rally from her unconscious state, was at once conveyed to a chamber. Then messengers were despatched in different directions, one for the Count d'Auvergne, and others for medical assistance.

Colonel Symure's bachelor establishment was now in the utmost possible disorder.

The Count d'Auvergne arrived in due time, so also did a doctor, and Marguerite had every attendance that her state required; but, despite all this, she could not be aroused out of her cold insensibility—she continued in the same condition as before.

Desmoro was like one distracted, and no wonder at that fact, remembering all he had to distress him at the present time; while the Count was in a state too excited and difficult for one to describe.

In the condition just described, Marguerite lay hour after hour, defying all the restoratives that they administered to her.

The whole day elapsed, yet medical aid had failed to arouse her senses; she still lay cold and wholly unconscious to all around her.

The doctors were perplexed at the case, and quite at a loss how to act, as their remedies as yet had all been fruitless.

While everything was yet in dire confusion in the Château Rouge, Matsford arrived thereat, and requested to see Mr. Symure.

"A messenger from Paris, monsieur," announced a male domestic, entering the apartment in which Desmoro was sitting, plunged deep in sorrow, anxiously awaiting intelligence of some change in Marguerite's state.

He lifted up his head on hearing the servant's voice.

"What did you say, Antoine?" inquired Desmoro, eagerly.

"A messenger from Paris, requesting to see monsieur."

Desmoro started, changed color, and began to tremble violently.

"A messenger! From whom?" stammered he, a sudden sickness pervading the region of his heart.

"He did not say, monsieur," answered the domestic. "He mentioned only that he came on business of great importance."

Desmoro rose, and then sat down again, shivering in his every limb. He was fearful that the baroness had betrayed him, and that the officers of justice were already arrived to arrest him. He did not pause to consider matters; he at once jumped at a conclusion, at the most terrible conclusion he could possible jump at.

"Is—is the messenger alone?" he inquired, his speech thick, his lips clinging together as he spoke.

Having answered in the affirmative, the domestic was ordered to show the messenger into Desmoro's presence, and forthwith Matsford appeared at the door of the apartment.

The man had a careless, happy-looking countenance, the sight of which somewhat re-assured our hero.

Matsford advanced into the room, the door of which had been closed behind him, and, hat in hand, stood before Desmoro.

"I am come from the Baroness Kielmansegge, sir," spoke Matsford, in business-like tones.

Desmoro's heart gave a painful bound in his breast, and a cold perspiration burst out of his every pore.

"Well?" said he, questioningly.

"Well, sir," returned Matsford, in an uneasy manner, resting first on one limb and then on another, apparently uncertain as to which leg he could best rely upon for support—"well, sir?"

And here the man stopped short, as if at a loss how to proceed further in the business he had undertaken to perform.

Desmoro was watching him, wondering at the hesitation and confusion he displayed, and at the probable purport of his errand there. The man had pronounced himself to be the Baroness Kielmansegge's messenger, and Desmoro had only dread anticipations of the object of his mission at the present moment.

At length, seizing courage, Matsford hastened to unburden himself of the matter he had been charged with.

"The Baroness Kielmansegge, whom I serve," said he, "has sent me hither to warn you that if you refuse to comply with certain proposals stated in this note (producing one as he spoke), she will at once proceed to publish your presence in Paris. Indeed, I myself have received instructions in the matter, which instructions I have promised Madame the Baroness to personally attend to."

Desmoro stared at the speaker, scarcely able to credit his hearing. Heavens! was he placed at the mercy of a hireling, of a common lackey? How his enemies were strengthening in numbers, and gathering around him!

Out of the man's hands he took the missive, and tore it into a score of pieces.

"You see those?" uttered Desmoro, with some of his old defiant spirit, his finger pointing to the fragments of the Baroness's communication. "Go back to your lady, and relate to her what I have done, and say that I have no fear of her."

Matsford looked surprised and perplexed at Desmoro's defiant conduct. The man had been fully informed concerning the history of the somewhile bushranger, whom his mistress had represented as being a villain of the very blackest dye, and quite deserving of the hangman's noose.

Matsford glanced down at the torn atoms of paper, and thence at Desmoro's white face, which appeared to Matsford a very good face indeed—a face full of generosity, truth, and honesty.

Matsford liked the face, and he also liked the man that owned it. This was a sudden admiration on the part of the Baroness's lackey; but, nevertheless that admiration was quite sincere. Matsford was a careless, happy fellow, one liable to be led into error from the mere fact of being too idle to question his own conduct, to learn whether such were wrong or right. He had obeyed the Baroness's commands, and without once reflecting upon what he was doing. Indeed, he did not deem it at all necessary that he should trouble his head in the least about anybody's business save his own. He looked upon himself as a sort of human machine, to be

directed either this way or that, just according to his employer's pleasure.

Presently Matsford's features relaxed into something like a smile, and he looked up good-humoredly into Desmoro's eyes, which were bent with curious and anxious scrutiny upon him.

"Sir, will you excuse me if I speak plainly to you?"

Desmoro bowed stiffly, wholly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the man's words, which, you must allow, were blunt in the extreme.

"I need not tell you, sir, that I'm an Englishman bred and born; my tongue and my bluntness will acquaint you with that fact."

"What does all this preface?"

"A good deal, sir, if you will but do me the favor of listening to me."

"Go on."

"In the first place, sir, I, Harry Matsford, am neither rogue nor liar."

"I did not accuse you of being either one or the other," answered Desmoro, quite indifferently. "What am I to understand from all this rigmarole?"

"Wait awhile, sir, and you'll see," he replied, with the utmost composure. "Now, look here, sir, although I am bound, as every good servant ought to be, to do my duty to my employer, I am not willing to wilfully lend myself to act in any ugly sort of business of any kind whatsoever. I am not saying all this out of a boastful feeling, for it would not be becoming my position to be boastful. I am simply stating a plain fact—do I express myself clearly now, sir?"

"No; far from it!" rejoined Desmoro.

Matsford looked puzzled, and was silent for some seconds.

"Sir," he said, at last, "without any further words, if you refuse to obey the Baroness's proposals—with which proposals I dare say you are in some degree acquainted—she determined to work your utter ruin. Now I can save you, and, what's more, I will do so."

Desmoro flushed, then waxed pale again. He could scarcely believe that he was in his waking senses, his amazement at the man's speech was so exceedingly great.

"You must fly from Paris—from France, sir—fly without the least delay!" added Matsford, very earnestly. "The Baroness is resolute; and her gold she will not sp re, if, with that gold, she can but reach her wishes; so you perceive that the lady is a most dangerous enemy to contend against."

"My good fellow," cried out Desmoro, with a burst of gratitude, "what has made you thus my friend? But may I really depend on your assistance in this strait; may I trust you?"

"Ah! I am deserving of being doubted, you think, seeing that I am betraying my lady's trust, in order to help you and protect you from her vengeance, which same vengeance on her part towards yourself entirely baffles my poor understanding. At all events, I shall wash my hands altogether of the Baroness Kielmansegge, and seek another situation; for this sort of intriguing and plotting don't seem to be exactly in my line."

"Will you serve me?" demanded Desmoro, eagerly, anxious to detain the man.

"You must away at once to England, sir," returned Matsford, ruefully shaking his head.

"And you shall accompany me thither?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered the lackey. "There's a girl there who jilted me, and I've not yet learned to forget her."

"You will remain then in Paris?"

"Yes, sir; or anywhere else on the Continent, so long as I am far removed from where she is. Besides, sir, I must return to the Baroness, and honorably discharge myself from her service."

"But what will you say to her inquiries respecting myself?"

"I shall, maybe, tell Madame the Baroness that you are gone to Russia, sir. I might as well tell her a big fib as a little one while I'm about it. Then off will fly my lady to Russia also. That's the plan—I can think of none better."

Desmoro reflected for a few moments before he replied.

"Nor can I" he rejoined, at last.

"Mind, sir, it is important that you quit France directly. Madame the Baroness will be in a terrible fever when she hears that her bird has flown away," laughed Matsford. "Now, sir, my business with you is over. Good-bye, sir; I wish you well, sir," he added, bowing and making his way to the door.

"Stay!" cried Desmoro, "you have done me a signal and never-to-be-forgotten service—you have preserved my very life itself. I cannot permit you to leave me unrewarded."

"Sir—Mr. Symure," flushed Matsford, somewhat indignantly, "I do not require any reward save your thanks. I did not do what I have done for lucre, or with a hope of deriving any benefit at your hands. I merely wished to serve one whom I imagined to be a persecuted gentleman—nothing more."

"You are a good fellow," responded Desmoro, with emotion, and impulsively grasping the hand of Matsford. "Heaven bless you!"

"The same to you, sir," was the brief and simple rejoinder. "Can I serve you any further?"

"Thanks—no!"

"You will quit Paris to-night, sir?" repeated the man, his fingers on the latch of the door. "Excuse me, sir, but it is highly necessary that you should do so."

Desmoro looked around, with a dazed, despairing expression.

"Good-bye, sir!" uttered Matsford; and the next instant he was gone, and Desmore was left standing in the middle of the room, looking like one whose wits were all astray.

What was he to do—what was there left for him but flight? Flight! alas! whither was he to fly? Marguerite was still lying insensible; he could not possibly quit her while she was in that lamentable state. Great heaven direct him in this his hour of sore perplexity and tribulation.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Gone! Left Paris, Matsford! Surely not; there must be some mistake!" exclaimed the Baroness Kielmansegge, after the lackey had told her his own story.

"Madame the Baroness may depend on the truth of my statement," replied the man, with the utmost self-possession, his features maintaining their usual placidity of expression.

"I can scarcely credit the fact," returned Olympia, fixing her steady, searching gaze upon her attendant, who bore her scrutiny without the least evident emotion. "When did he go, and whither?" she demanded, with much impatience and anger.

"I was told that he was gone; no further, madame, was I informed."

"You might have learned more, I think," she flashed. "You have blundered, Matsford—sorely blundered, this time."

"Indeed, madame, no!" he answered, very calmly.

"But I say you have!" was her ireful rejoinder.

"I am sorry, madame, but——"

"Sorry!" interrupted she; "and of what use to me is your sorrow?"

"Well, madame——"

"Don't answer me!" the Baroness interposed. "I will not allow any domestic to reply to me. I have a good mind to discharge you for this awkward piece of business of yours."

"Just as Madame the Baroness pleases," Matsford responded, quite independently. "I was about to inform Madame the Baroness that I wish to leave her service," he continued, in the same manner as before.

"Ha!" exclaimed she, suspiciously.

Matsford stood calmly looking at the lady; he was acting his part admirably.

"I do believe that I am being imposed upon somehow; I do believe nothing else," broke forth Olympia, with sudden vehemence.

Matsford was a well-behaved lackey; he made no rejoinder, and his countenance was just as stolid as before. He betrayed no show of guilt, no signs of uneasiness either.

"Did you hear me!" resumed the Baroness, stamping her foot upon the floor, her eyes flashing with disappointment and rage. "I say, did you hear me?"

"Perfectly, madame."

"And what have you to say in reply to me?" she demanded.

"I do not understand what reply I can possibly make Madame the Baroness!" answered the domestic. "Madame was pleased to say just now that she believed she was being imposed upon somehow; and, feeling that it was not my duty to contradict my lady, I was silent."

Olympia darted a look at the man before she spoke in reply.

"It is my firm impression that you are a knave, Matsford!" she uttered, between her closed teeth.

The man coloured, and for an instant a frown darkened his brow.

"You don't deny the accusation, eh?" sneered she.

"I am Madame the Baroness's servant, and while I am such, I am compelled to silently bear whatever she may say to me!"

Olympia bit her lips. Was she foiled in her plans, had Desmoro indeed escaped her?

"Go!" she said, in increasing anger. "Go! Ask my steward for all that may be due to you, and never let me see your face more. Begone!"

Inwardly delighted at his dismissal from the Baroness's service, Matsford bowed himself out of her presence, went to the steward, received the wages due to him, and then quitted the house; his mind inexpressibly relieved at having got clear of the Baroness Kielmansegge.

Olympia was almost wild with disappointment, and knew not what to do. She beat her palms together, and vented exclamation after exclamation, but her fury was expended in the air, and helped her nothing.

"He has not quitted Paris!" she cried out, clenching her fingers. "I am sure he has not! He has some scheme on foot to avoid me, this man, this Red Hand, who has so bewitched my senses! But I'll defeat him yet—he shall not escape me, I'm determined! How shall I act—what shall be my next scheme?" she continued, leaning her cheek upon her hand, and meditating.

"I know I have been tricked!" she went on, after a pause of some duration; "tricked by my own lackey! Perhaps he has been bribed by Desmoro—bribed to betray the trust I had reposed in him! Yes, yes, it must be so; I am sure it must be so! The varlet! I am fairly crazed when I think of how I trusted in him. Fool that I was, I have lost him; yes, at the very moment when I deemed myself secure of him, he has slipped out of my grasp, and flown, heaven alone can tell where. Ha, a thought! I'll see if Klara has any knowledge of these matters."

Saying which, the Baroness rose and rang for her tirewoman, who appeared with red eyelids, as if from recent shedding of tears.

"What is the matter?" queried Olympia, sharply.

Klara began to sob.

"Eh?" added her mistress, interrogatively.

"Gracious madam," returned the abigail, almost chokingly, "he—he is go-o-o-ing."

"Who is going?"

"Matsford, gracious madame."

"Good riddance of a rascal!" answered the Baroness, somewhat coarsely. Olympia's speech was not over-nice on occasions. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, gracious madame; and—and he doesn't seem to care a pin about me now,"

Olympia curled her lip, and uttered a scornful "Pshaw!"

Klara continued her sobbing.

"Cease this absurb folly, woman" said her mistress, harshly. "To see you thus, one would imagine that there was not another man in the world save this Matsford!"

The soubrette made no rejoinder, but subdued her sobs and wiped her eyes.

The Baroness was now pacing the room to and fro; two red spots were burning on her cheeks, and her heart was full of bitterness and malice.

"At what hour starts the train which meets the Dover packet?" she asked, suddenly pausing in her walk, and addressing Klara.

The woman named the time.

"Then I have yet two hours left for preparation," returned the Baroness, in determined accents. "Follow me to my dressing-room, Klara, I shall have need of your assistance there!"

And with those words, Olympia dashed out of the apartment, with her tirewoman at her heels.

We must now return to our hero, whom we left overwhelmed with trouble and terror.

He had confided to his father the knowledge of his newly-arisen enemy, and made him thoroughly acquaint d with all her threats and his own apprehensions.

"I must fly, father!" cried Desmoro. "I must fly at once from Paris, heaven alone can tell whither, for I know not a spot on earth that would be likely to afford a safe shelter for my unhappy head. I would have spared you this sad information, had it been possible for me to have spared you it—possible for me to have kept it all to myself. But my heaviest trial will be the fact of being compelled to leave Marguerite in her present state—hardly knowing whether she will live or die. I am almost inclined to remain here and boldly brave every danger that may threaten me, rather than leave her at such a time—at a time when beyond all others I ought to be by her side."

Colonel Symure listened to his son in breathless terror. He felt that Desmoro's security was fled, and that he was surrounded with peril.

The Colonel sat silently clasping and unclasping his trembling hands. He was quite unable to offer Desmoro any advice, for his senses were becoming dazed, and his breast was filling with an aching anguish.

"Whither shall I go?" Desmoro asked.

His listener looked up in helpless bewilderment, and wrung his fingers.

"Cannot you give me some counsel, sir?" cried the son, in great agitation. "Oh, say, say, what I am to do, and in what part of the inhabitable globe I am to seek a shelter for my persecuted head!"

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed the Colonel, looking about in utter consternation.

"There is not a single moment to be lost," pursued Desmoro; "my foe will be on the alert, watching and waiting to spring upon me. Oh, how shall I act—whither, whither shall I direct my flying steps?"

And Desmoro started up, and walked backwards and forwards, in great distress of mind.

At this instant the Count d'Auvergne entered the apartment. His face was white and pinched, and his whole appearance betokened a mind ill at ease.

He looked at the Colonel and then at Desmoro, and then dropping into a chair, began to cry like a little child.

"Marguerite will not speak or open her eyes," he sobbed, "and the doctors all say that there is no hope of her recovery—that she will die. They say that she has received some great mental shock, which has destroyed her, which is snapping the frail thread of her life."

Desmoro heard these words, and choked at hearing them.

"Is she worse?" he gasped.

"She cannot be so," rejoined the distressed parent, with a fresh burst of sorrow. "Oh, my poor darling, my poor darling, what will become of me if you are taken from me?"

Desmoro flung up his arms, and uttered a deep groan, and the Colonel buried his face in his hands, and deeply sighed.

Then the room door opened once more, and admitted the staid figure of a doctor.

"What news of my child, Doctor Ledrun?" demanded the Count, starting up in nervous disorder, his cheeks streaming with tears.

The medico gravely shook his head.

"She is sensible at last, Count," said he.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Desmoro and the Count, in a breath.

"Let me go to her—go to her at once!" the Count broke forth, in quivering syllables, making towards the door as he spoke.

"Stay, Count," returned the doctor, checking the gentleman's exit. "This restored consciousness on the part of my patient is only the last flicker of an expiring lamp. Mademoiselle's moments are numbered."

"No, no, impossible, doctor; I cannot believe that she, my only child, my beautiful Marguerite, must die! Oh, doctor, recall your words—tell me that she will live," cried the Count, almost distractedly.

"Alas!" ejaculated the medical man.

"Is all hope at an end, doctor?" inquired Desmoro, in unsteady accents.

"All, monsieur," was the rejoinder.

Desmoro's countenance fell, and a deathly sickness pervaded his whole frame.

"Mademoiselle has asked to see her friends," proceeded the doctor. "She is aware of her approaching end, and is anxious to take leave of all those she loves," he added. "But I warn you not to excite her too much by a sight of your own sorrows, else I will not answer for the consequences."

Here the doctor paused suddenly; the Count had rushed out of the room.

In the next moment the rest had followed his example, and repaired to Marguerite's apartment, where they all gathered about the dying one's bed.

The Count had flung himself on his knees, and buried his head in the counterpane.

"Desmoro," murmured Marguerite, extending her hand to him,—"Desmoro, I am about to quit you—to bid you an eternal farewell."

"Oh, Marguerite, Marguerite!" he returned, in a suffocating voice, his cold, tremulous lips pressed upon the hand she had just placed in his.

"You will forget me when I am gone," she sighed.

"Forget you, Marguerite! Never, never!"

"The Baroness Kielman-egge—what of her?" whispered she, jealous pangs disturbing her faintly throbbing breast.

"That woman—that fiend in mortal flesh—was the Madame Volderbond of whom you have heard me speak—a wicked wretch, the causer of much trouble to me," answered Desmoro. "She has recognised me, and again, as of old, I am being persecuted by her; and again I shall be forced to fly—to seek another refuge, heaven alone knows where. Now, Marguerite, you have the whole truth of the matter, which truth I only withheld, because I did not wish to alarm and pain you by letting you know into what fresh peril I had fallen."

"Forgive my suspicions, so unjust and cruel," rejoined she, her fingers pres-ing his. "I was weak and foolish, but all is over now; all, all."

And so saying, Marguerite d'Auvergne closed her eyes, and gasped for breath, quite exhausted by her speech.

Desmoro gazed at the white face before him, and for awhile no sounds were heard in the sick chamber, save the sobs of the Count d'Auvergne, and Marguerite's quick and labored breathing.

Desmoro had forgotten all about his menaced dangers, he was wholly absorbed in the solemn and agonizing scene now before him. He was about to lose a woman who loved him most devotedly—a woman whom he loved, and the time was one of sore trial to him.

The hand he held was growing colder and colder each succeeding instant, and already the death-dew was gathering on Marguerite's brow.

The doctor was standing on the opposite side of the bed, his finger on his patient's pulse, and the nurses had drawn themselves aside, and were calmly regarding the passing scene, caring little how soon it might be over, or to what extent it might be prolonged.

Perhaps no period of Desmoro's existence had been more replete with suffering than the present; and he was thinking as much while he was thus hanging over Marguerite's pillow, watching her last dying throes.

Yet he preserved an appearance of calmness: his pallor and his twitching lips were all the signs of emotion he showed. Indeed, Desmoro had been so long familiar with all sorts of anxiety, hazard, and sorrow, that he had learned to subdue his feelings, or, rather, to avoid fully demonstrating them.

He was agonized at this instant almost beyond endurance, and he was becoming quite reckless of what became of him. He thought that when Marguerite would be gone, all earthly joys would be banished for him. Nay, had the Baroness Kielmansegge appeared before him at this minute, her presence would not have disturbed him a single jot.

A whole half-hour elapsed; yet Marguerite still breathed. She was unconcious of the presence of those who were watching her very sigh.

Presently the doctor spoke.

"All is over," said he, in a low voice, his finger on his patient's wrist.

At this announcement the poor Count dropped on the floor in a heap, and Desmoro, releasing the hand he held, staggered away from the side of the bed, and sank into a chair.

Yes; the beautiful and amiable Marguerite d'Auvergne was lying white as her sheets, cold and dead.

"Marguerite, Marguerite!" up went a wild, despairing cry. "Oh, love, art thou indeed gone from me; will thy gentle smile no more meet my eyes, thy sweet voice never again reach my ears! Alas, alas, what sunshine is there in the world for Desmoro now!"

(To be continued.)

World's Exhibition, Vienna, August 19th —S. B. Scott & Co., Montreal.—Awarded Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine: Grand Medal on progress, Grand Medal of merit, and the only Sewing Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of honor.—Wood.

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

THE FAVORITE

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"THE FAVORITE"

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A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

The redoubtable Captain Jack and five of his Modoc warriors who took part in the murder of Gen. Canby have after due trial been found guilty and condemned to death. The sentence will be carried out at Fort Klamath on the 3rd proximo. The result of the trial has given unlimited satisfaction in the States, but in this country it has met with very general disapproval if not with absolute censure. This, we think, is somewhat unreasonable. But there is a disposition among writers for the Canadian Press to make the least of the doings of our neighbors; though after all in this they only follow in the steps of our American cousins, whose want of appreciation of the doings of their transatlantic brethren is notorious. The Canadian Press, so far as has come under our attention at the time of writing, seems to be unanimous in condemning the execution of the Modocs. Why? Because the prisoners "voluntarily entered the camp of their enemies and surrendered." They had, it is argued, only been fighting for their hearths and homes, and in the first instance had been compelled to take up arms in consequence of the unjust treatment to which they had been submitted. We are perfectly willing to admit that the Modocs have been harshly treated, and were in great measure justified in resorting to arms to secure their rights. But we utterly fail to see that there was any justification for the murder of Gen. Canby. So long as the Modocs confined themselves to legitimate warfare they were entitled to fair treatment under the rules of war. But when they descended to mere assassination they deserved only the fate of ordinary assassins. This is not, however, the point upon which it is our intention more particularly to dwell. While the Modoc chiefs are suffering the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of the man whom they looked upon as their lawful victim, some half-dozen convicted murderers are lying in New York gaols under sentence of —— simple imprisonment. Murder in the streets of New York, committed under comparatively small provocation — frequently none whatever — is one thing. Murder committed on the Lava Beds of the West by a parcel of half-tamed, uncivilized savages smarting under a sense of injury and oppression, is a totally different matter—a crime deserving of extreme punishment. If the ignorant Modocs are to suffer the extreme penalty, justice and common sense demand that the far viler criminals in the Tombs should meet with the full measure of their reward. Unhappily, according to the dictates of American justice a distinction in the rank or social position of the accused seldom fails to imply a difference in the manner in which the law will deal with them

"NO BLAME ATTACHES TO THE COMPANY'S SERVANTS."

Nearly all the accounts of railway accidents that occur these days are supplemented with the assurance contained in the above words. And yet how often, one is inclined to wonder, is the assertion really true. Not, we venture to say, in seven cases out of ten in which it is used. We do not wish to be understood to say that railway managers are in the habit of systematically shirking the responsibility of accidents which occur on their lines, though this is unfortunately too frequently the case. But many railway disasters are undoubtedly due to causes which do not come under the eye of the authorities. A careless workman lays a rail insecurely. By constant wear and tear the rail is loosened; some day a heavily laden train passes by, displaces the rail, and a terrible smash is the result. An overworked telegraph operator, worn out by long hours and close attention to his business, falls asleep over his instrument. Instructions reach him on which hang the lives of scores of human beings. They convey no meaning to his drowsy senses, and pass unheeded. Next day we read in the morning papers of a "Frightful Railway Accident, Forty Persons Killed, and Twice That Number Injured." An inattentive signalman neglects his lookout, with the same result, or an intoxicated conductor runs his train deliberately to destruction. Yet in many cases of accidents which have been traced to such causes we have been assured that "no blame attaches to the company's servants." Subsequent investigation has proved that the entire blame rested either on the railroad officials or on the company that overworked its employees. Of course so long as men are not perfect there will always be negligent servants. But there can be no doubt that the most fruitful cause of railroad disasters is drunkenness. It is a fearful thing to consider the load of responsibility that frequently rests on an intoxicated and incapable engine-driver or conductor. The incomprehensible thing is that the public should have allowed matters to take their own course so long without insisting that precautions should be taken to preclude the possibility of accidents arising from such a cause. No sane man would think of committing his health to the charge of a physician with whom indulgence in intoxicating liquors was a habit. And yet we are contented to go on from year to year calmly entrusting our lives to the care of men of the indulgence of some of whom we only too frequently have practical demonstration. We are glad to see that at last an effort is being made to insure perfect sobriety among railway employees. Strange to say the originators of the movement do not belong to the travelling public. The railway men themselves have had their eyes opened to the immense importance of securing sober and trustworthy servants, and, more wonderful still, have begun to act. A circular has been lately addressed by Mr. Spicer, of the Western district of the Grand Trunk, to the higher officials in his department in which after detailing the disadvantages arising from the employment of persons prone to intoxication, he asks their co-operation in inaugurating a temperance system among the employees of the road. Mr. Spicer evidently understands the importance of example as well as precept, for he himself pledges himself to total abstinence, and invites those whom he addresses to do the same. If his invitation is accepted, the example of the employers will doubtless be speedily followed by the employed, and we may look for the commencement of a new era of comparative immunity from railroad disasters. In time we have no doubt that strict temperance will be the rule with the officials of the line. The result must be a great decrease in the number of accidents; but should accidents occur as they will in the best laid out arrangements both of mice and men, there will without doubt be more truth than there has ever hitherto been in the stereotyped corollary "No Blame Attaches to the Company's Servants."

NEWS CONDENSED.

THE DOMINION.—The Prince Edward Island nominations take place on the 10th Sept. and the polling on the 17th.——The Royal Commission held two preliminary meetings the week before last and adjourned until the 4th September. Mr. Walter Vankoughnet, of Toronto has been appointed Secretary to the Commission.——It has been decided not to begin the work of deepening the channel between Quebec and Montreal till next season. Three years are to be spent on the undertaking.——Sir Robert Hodgson has been appointed Administrator of the Government of Prince Edward Island.——The $36,000 Prince Edward Island land damage debentures, recently reported as lost, have turned up in a broker's office in Halifax, where they had been left by the late Provincial Secretary of the Island.——More immigrants arrived in Canadian ports this year than during the same period in 1872, and the probability is that the returns at the close of this season will show a large increase in the population of the Dominion from this source. The settlers come from the United States as well as from Europe.

UNITED STATES.—An English and Scotch colony is about to be founded in Kansas by a gentleman who has bought a county for the purpose.——The United States Secretary of State, in a communication to Secretary Richardson upon the subject of seal oil under the Treaty of Washington, says it was understood by the American Commission to negotiate the Treaty of Washington that seal oil was not to be regarded as fish oil.——A second party of Menonites, numbering fifty persons, arrived in New York last week.——Another river steamboat disaster is reported from Helena, Ark., by which several lives were lost.

UNITED KINGDOM.—It is reported that a plot has been discovered in Newgate to release Austin Bidwell and his companions, the Bank of England forgers, by corrupting the prison officials.——Another railroad accident has occurred. By a collision between a freight and an excursion train at Retford, on the Great Northern line, four persons were killed and fifteen injured, several beyond hope of recovery.——The London house-painters and decorators are on strike.——The difference between the Manchester iron-masters and operatives will probably be submitted to a committee of arbitration.——The new programme of the Irish Home Rule party is published. It includes the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant and the substitution of a Suzeraine, to have the nominal title of King; a triennial Parliament, and a law for the confiscation of the property of absentees.

FRANCE.—Rochefort's fellow-convicts on board the vessel conveying him to New Caledonia have attempted to lynch him, considering his course as treasonable to the cause of the Communists. The officers of the ship were obliged to assign him quarters apart from the rest of the convicts.——It is stated that Prince Jerome Napoleon's formal demand for restoration to his rank as General of a division in the French army means far more than appears upon the surface of it.——The Paris *Opinion Nationale* says the negotiations looking to a fusion of the Conservatives of the Assembly with the Legitimists in the interest of Count de Chambord, have suddenly come to an end in consequence of differences upon the question of a national flag.——The Minister of Commerce states in a private letter that the differential duties upon grain imported into France in American and other foreign vessels will continue to be collected until the first of October.——Prince Napoleon has been elected President of the Council General of Corsica by a majority of 30 votes. In accepting the position he delivered an address to the Council recommending that its proceedings be confined to matters of departmental interests.——At a meeting of the members of the Left last week, it was decided to seek the support of the Left Centre to prevent the success of the plans of the Fusionists and Legitimists for the re-establishment of the Bourbon monarchy.——At a banquet given by the Prefect of the Department of Eure in honor of the Duc de Broglie, the latter in replying to a toast gave his views on the situation. He said the Government of the Republic was engaged in a struggle, not against public opinion, but against those loose principles which threaten to put an end to social order. The struggle was a perilous one; it might be a long one, and it would require, in support of the Government, the efforts of all honest citizens of the Republic. The problem which the situation presents is soon to be solved by the National Assembly without passion and without the influence of personal sympathies. He delivered high encomiums upon the character of President McMahon, whose private life he called a "model of honor." It was good fortune for France to have such a President as McMahon, whose loyalty to his country is above the ties of party. "Let us rally around him." He alluded in kind terms to ex-President Thiers, to whom, however, he thought the Assembly had manifested ample gratitude for his great services.

SPAIN.—On the whole things are beginning to look up for the Republicans. In the early part of last week, it is true, a desperate engagement took place near Berga between a force of two thousand Carlists and three columns of Republicans, which resulted in the defeat of the latter with a loss of two hundred men and a gun. A day or two later, however, the Republicans had their revenge. In a battle which also took place in the neighbourhood of Berga, the Carlists were routed, with a loss of 90 killed and 300 wounded, among the latter Generals Savalls and Tristany. The siege of Berga was immediately raised, and the Carlist force put off in full retreat. In the north-east a Republican army numbering 12,000 men, under General Sanchez Bregua, has entered Bilboa, the Carlist force of occupation retiring before them without offering battle. From the north the Government has received advice stating that the troops of the enemy are discouraged and insubordinate. On the other side we learn that the Carlist troops, who now number 28,000 men, have again invested Berga, and are organizing for a movement on Madrid, and will be ready to start in October.

PLANTS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.

BY. R. C. KEDZIE.

A great deal of nonsense originates with people who think, but do not observe. They take hold of what is really true and imagine a great deal more, by means of which they build up a tolerable "bugaboo" at which people who trust to the learning of the builders get very much frightened. Thus it is known that plants give off carbonic acid gas at night, and straightway arises a commotion as to the danger of having them in sleeping rooms at that time.

The quantity that they give out is so small that it does not compare in a slight degree with what human beings give out. We venture to say that a sleeping infant would exhale more carbonic acid in one night than a hundred hot-house plants, yet whoever suggested that the health of a mother was seriously affected by the baby resting in her arms? As to the injury from vegetation, those of us who have had to sleep at various times in the woods, with but green branches for a pillow, and the sweet wild green grass instead of a feather bed, know well after a few days of such experience, that it is the most health-giving of all luxuries, notwithstanding the "awful" amount of carbonic acid so much vegetation must give out every night. Surely if this is so injurious it ought to affect the lungs more especially than any other part of the system, yet the experience of army life is abundant that many a person, who, with lung disease, supposed he might as well "die for his country" in the woods and fields as "on a feather bed," and went into the war of the rebellion, was, if not wholly cured, much ameliorated by thus sleeping out amidst the carbonic acid of open-air vegetation.

Still facts and figures please most people. Gov. Holt addressed a letter to Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, recently on the subject. The professor replies at length. We make the following extract:

"Not to leave this matter in the condition of mere conjecture, I have gathered and analyzed specimens of air from a room where the influence of growing plants would be exhibited in a greatly exaggerated form. Thus, instead of taking the air from a room containing a few plants, I gathered it from the college green-house, where more than 6,000 plants are growing. I gathered the air before sunrise on the morning of April 16th and 17th; the room had been closed for more than twelve hours, and if the plants exhaled carbonic acid to an injurious extent, the analysis of air from such a room would certainly disclose this fact. The two specimens of air gathered on the morning of April 16th, from different parts of the room, gave 4.11, 4.00 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air, or an average of 4.03 in 10,000. The two specimens of air gathered April 17th gave 3.80 and 3.80 of carbonic acid in 10,000, or an average on the whole of 3.94 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000 of air; while the outdoor air contains 4 parts in 10,000. It will thus be seen that the air in the green-house was better than "pure country air." This deficiency of carbonic acid was doubtless due to the absorption of carbonic acid and consequent accumulation of oxygen during daylight, since the windows of the green-house were closed day and night on account of the cool weather.

"To ascertain whether the air of the green-house had more carbonic acid by night than by day, I gathered two specimens of air in different parts of the house, at 2 o'clock P.M., April 17th. These gave one 1.40 and 1.38 parts of carbonic acid in 10,000, or an average of 1.39 parts, showing that the night air contained more carbonic acid than did the air of day.

"Now, if a room in which were more than 6,000 plants, while containing less carbonic acid than any sleeping room on this continent, we may safely conclude that one or two dozen plants in a room will not exhale enough carbonic acid by night to injure the sleepers.

"It is so easy to be deceived by a name! I lately saw an article showing the beneficial and curative influence of flowers in the sick-room. Instances were related where persons were cured by the sight and smell of flowers, and without question their influence is good. Yet flowers exhale this same carbonic acid both by day and by night! The flowers, by their agreeable odor and delicate perfume impart an air of cheerfulness to the sick-chamber which will assist in the recovery from lingering disease, notwithstanding the small amount of carbonic acid which they constantly exhale.

"The presence or absence of carbonic acid is not the only question in regard to the healthfulness of plants in a room. The state of moisture in the air of the room may become an important question, especially in the case of persons afflicted with rheumatic or pulmonary complaints. But I will not take up that subject."—*Gardener's Monthly.*

GOLDEN LIL.

Lily we called her—Lil—Lil !
Why the name seemed to float in the air —
Ay! matey, seems to float still ;
For one can't seem to think she's not there,
Living, and lightsome, and free,
With her golden hair tossed in the wind ;
And yet when I heard it, you see,
I most cried my aching eyes blind.
Yes I—a big rough hulking he,
With a hide 'bout as rough as a bear ;
But, bless you, it warn't only me
As turned soft when we larnt of the scare.

She was nobody's child, so they say ;
But she came on our camp like a charm ;
And it seemed, from the very first day,
That the bairn came to keep us from harm.
All up at the gulches, and creeks,
There was fever, and Injun, and fight ;
There was flood ; they was snowed up for weeks :
And a stampede of buffler one night :
But with us, p'raps the roughest lot out,
Not a thing came to trouble the camp—
No worries to put us about,
Nor a glint of war-paint on the ramp.
The gold—why it washed out like crumb,
Wherever we tried a fresh claim ;
And for drinking—all sober !—Well, come !
All the boys here will tell you the same.

It was all on along of that wean :
She could lead the lads here with a thread.
Why some on us used to keep clean !
And now—I can't b'leeve it—she's dead.
It seems but t'other day she would sing
Like a bird—like a lark there on high ;
And her sweet little trill how 'twould ring
From among the dark firs to the sky.
Lord ! I've seen some rough cuss drop his pick,
To rub the hair out of his way,
And then a great smile would come thick,
As he'd peer where the sweet critter lay.
Why didn't Bill Smithers spoil Brown,
'Cause he rapped out a swear 'fore the child ?
Whizzfistus ! he knocked him slap down ;
And Bill of our lot the most mild.

She'd the best of the camp that had she :
Every boy would have give all he got ;
And when sharing the gold, you might see
There was always set little Lil's lot—
And that not so gold as her hair,
As it danced in the sun while she played——
When she lay there so pretty and fair,
"Why the bairn's only sleeping !" we said.
We wouldn't believe it—don't yet——
They stole her—the devils—one day—
If for each golden hair we could set
Our heel on an Injun—I'd pray !

I'd tell you—the trail—and the fight—
How we got her and brought her—at dusk ;
But somehow I haven't got right,
And my throat feels like full of a husk.
But I'll show you—just there : where the pines
Seem all sighing as soft as the sea ;
And the sun like her golden hair shines,
As it dances in webs through each tree.
We laid her down there—such a nest—
Oh, so little !—and lined it with flowers ;
Then we knelt till the sun in the west
Told as how we'd been staying for hours.
And then, with a sob, one Dick Gray
Dropt first shovel of soil of the lot ;
But stopped, just to try to say pray,
Though the words came so slow—most forgot.

Yes—just there ! There's the name on that pine—
I cut it, rough like, with my knife.
Dick Gray ? Well, mate, yes : the name's mine ;
But the sun seems gone out of my life.
See—L I L—Lil. That was all
I cut ; and the others stood by.
Now spring ; and I did it last fall—
So long, mate, and yet, oh, so nigh !
Oh, Lil ! Lil ! My little one ! There—
She was like pure gold veined in our clay.
There are angels enough and to spare !
Why did God want to take her away ?

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

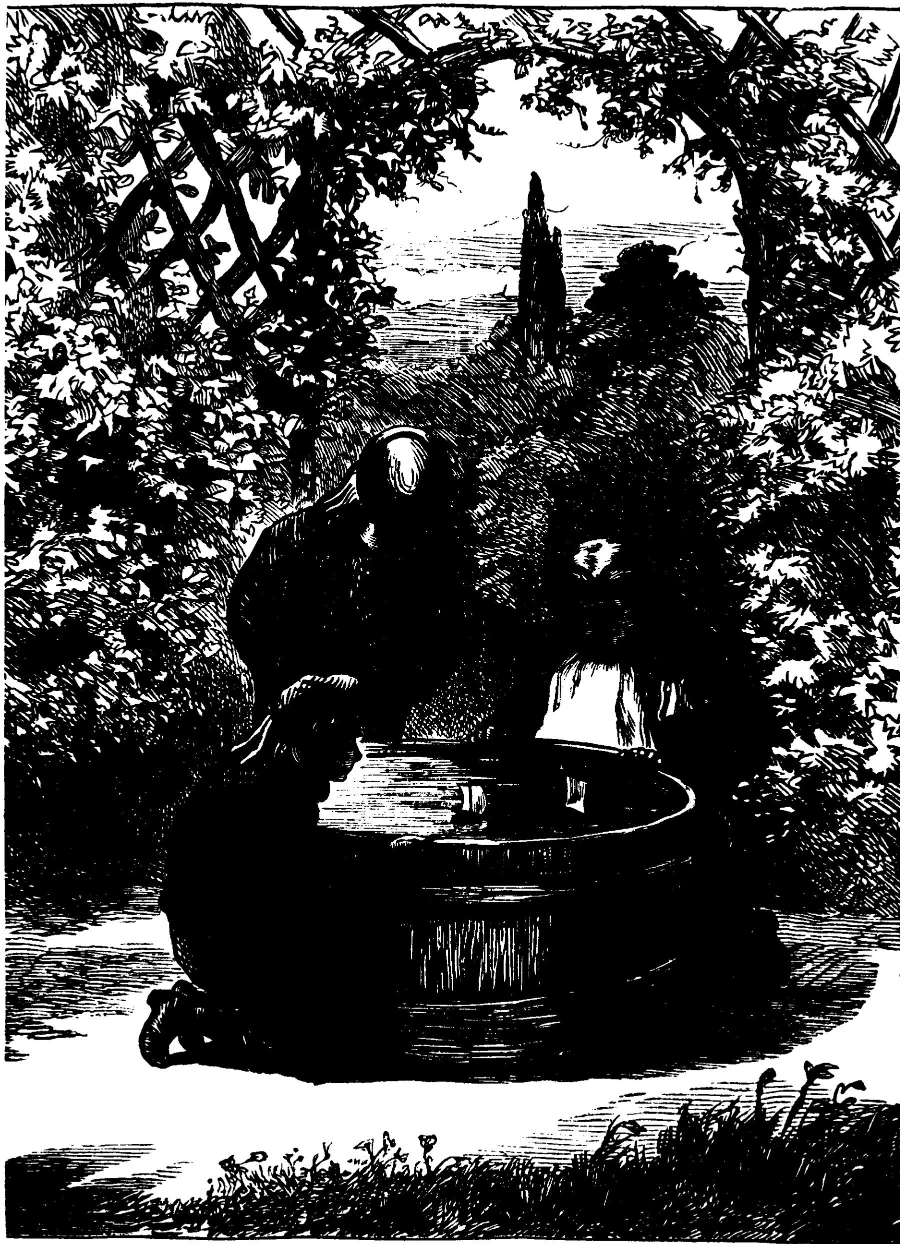
BOOK I.

CHAPTER VI.

"BY HEAVEN, I LOVE THEE BETTER THAN MYSELF.

While Lucius dreamed his dream beside the wharf where the barges lay moored under the smoky London sky, Geoffrey was following his siren from one provincial town to another, not without some enjoyment in the chase, which filled his empty life with some kind of object, no matter though it were a foolish one. Given youth, health, activity, and a handsome income, there yet remains something wanting to a man's existence, without which it is apt to become more or less a burden to him. That something is a purpose. Geoffrey having failed—from very easiness of temper, from being everybody's favorite, first in every pleasure-party, foremost in every sport that needed pluck and endurance, rather than for lack of ability—to achieve distinction at the University, had concluded that he was fit for nothing particular in life; that he had no vocation, no capacity for distinguishing himself from the ruck of his fellow men, and that the best thing he could do was to live upon the ample fortune his merchant father had amassed for him, and get as much pleasure as he could out of life.

Almost his first experience of pleasure and independence had been those two years' travel in the Far West. Pleasure in that particular instance had brought him face to face with death, but was counted pleasure nevertheless. After doing America, he had done as much of the old world as he happened to feel interested in doing, not scampering round the globe in ninety days like Mr. Cook's excursionists, but taking an autumn in Norway, a winter in Rome, a spring in Greece, a summer in Sweden, and so on, until he began to feel, in his own colloquial phrase, that he had used up the map of Europe.



"MINIATURE SHIPS ON A MINIATURE SEA."

Apart from his passion for the lovely concert-singer, Mrs. Bertram, which was strong enough to have sustained his energies had the siren sought to lure him to the summit of Mount Everest, he really enjoyed this scamper from one provincial town to another, these idle days spent in sleepy old cities, which were as new to him as any unexplored region in central Europe. The great dusky cathedrals or abbey-churches into which he strolled before breakfast, careless but not irreverent, and where he sometimes found white-robed curates and choristers chanting the matin service; the empty square, where the town-pump and a mediæval cross had it all to themselves, except on market days; the broad turnpike road beyond the High-street, where, perhaps, an avenue of elms on the outskirts of the town testified to the beneficent care of some bygone corporation not quite destitute of a regard for the picturesque; these things, which repeated themselves, with but little variety, in most of the towns he explored, were not without a certain mild interest for Mr. Hossack.

He would gaze in wondering contemplation upon those handsome red-brick houses at the best end of the High-street, those respectable middle-class houses which every one knows, and of which every English town can boast, no matter how remote from the fever of that commerce which makes the wealth of nations. Houses whose windows shine resplendent, without stain or blemish of dust, smoke or weather; houses on whose spotless doorstep no foot seems to have trodden, whose green balconies are filled with geraniums more scarlet than other geraniums, and on whose stems no faded leaf appears; houses whose sacred interior—arch-temple of those homelier British virtues, ready money and soapsuds—is shrouded from the vulgar eye by starched muslin curtain pendant from brazen rods; houses at which the tax-gatherer never calls twice, doors whose shining knockers have never trembled in the rude grasp of a dun.

Sometimes in the gloaming, Geoffrey, beheld the bald head of an elderly gentleman across the brass curtain-rod, and a pair of elderly eyes gazing gravely across the empty street, not as if they expected to see anything. The brass plate on the door would inform him of the elderly gentleman's profession—whether he was family solicitor or family surgeon, architect or banker; and then he would lose himself in a labyrinth of wonder, marvelling how this old man had borne the burden of his days in that atmosphere of monotonous respectability, always looking out of the same shining window, across the same brazen bar. He would go back to his hotel, after this small study of human life, a wiser and a happier man, thanking Providence for that agreeable combination of youth, health, and independent fortune which gave him, in a manner, the key of the universe.

Stillmington, in Warwickshire, was a place considerably in advance of the dull old market towns, where one could hear the butcher's morning salutation to his neighbor from one end of the street to the other, where, indeed, the buzzing of a lively bluebottle made an agreeable interruption of the universal silence. Stillmington lay in the bosom of a fine hunting country, and, as long as foxes were in season, was gay with the cheery clatter of horses' hoofs on its well-kept roads, the musical clink of spurs on its spotless pavements. Stillmington boasted an aristocratic hotel, none of your modern limited-liability palaces, but a family hotel, of the fine old English expensive and exclusive school, where people eat and drank in the splendid solitude of their private apartments, and stared at one another superciliously when they met in the corridors or on the staircase, instead of herding together at stated intervals to gorge themselves in the eye of their fellow man, like the passengers on board a Cunard steamer. Stillmington possessed also a wholesome spring, whose health-restoring waters were, however, somewhat out of vogue, and a public garden, through whose leafy groves meandered that silvern but weedy stream the river Still; a garden whose beauties were somewhat neglected by the upper five hundred of Stillmington, except on the occasion of an archery meeting or a croquet tournament.

In the bright April weather, all sunshine and blue skies, like a foretaste of summer, Geoffrey found himself at Stillmington. His enchantress had been delighting the ruder inhabitants of Burleysbury, the great manufacturing town fifteen miles away, whose plethora of wealth served to sustain the expensive elegance of her unproductive neighbor, and was now at Stillmington. There were to be two concerts, with an interval of a week between them, and Geoffrey, whose knowledge of Mrs. Bertram's movements was of the fullest, had ascertained that she meant to spend that interval week in Stillmington. He had followed her from town to town, through all the deviations of a most circuitous tour; now at Brighton, anon at Liverpool, now at Cheltenham, anon at York. He had heard her sing the same songs again and again, and had known no weariness. But in all his wanderings he had never yet spoken to her. It was not that he lacked boldness. He had written to her—letters enough to have made a bulky volume had he cared to publish those sentimental compositions—but on her part there had been only the sternest silence. No response whatever had been vouchsafed to those fervid epistles, offering his hand and fortune, his heart's best blood even, if she should happen to desire such a sacrifice; letters teeming with unconscious and somewhat garbled quotations from Byron, made eloquent by plagiarism from Moore, with here and there a touch of that energetic passion which glows in the love songs of Robert Burns, yet to the very core honest and manly and straightforward and true. She must have been colder than ice surely to have been unmoved by such letters.

She had recognised the writer. That he knew. However crowded the hall where she sang, Geoffrey knew that his presence was not unperceived by her. He saw a swift sudden glance shot from those deep gray eyes as she curtseyed her acknowledgment of the applause that welcomed her entrance; that keen glance which swept the crowd and rested for one ecstatic moment upon him. The lovely face never stirred from its almost statuesque repose—a pensive gravity, as of one who had done with the joys and emotions of life—yet he had fancied more than once that the eyes brightened as they recognised him; as if even to that calm spirit there were a sense of triumph in the idea of so much dogged devotion, such useless worship.

"I daresay she feels pretty much as Osiris, or Ashtaroth, or any of those ancient parties would have felt, if they had been capable of feeling, when they were propitiated with human sacrifices. She won't answer my letters, or afford me a ray of encouragement, but likes to know that there is an honest fool breaking his heart for her. No matter. I would rather break my heart for her than live happy ever afterwards, as the story-book say, with any one else. So courage, Geoffrey; let us show her how much ill-usage true lovers can bear, and still love on, and hope on, till love and hope are extinguished together in one untimely grave."

And Geoffrey, whose philosophic mind was wont thus to relieve the tedium of the toilet, would contemplate his visage in the glass as he arranged his white tie, and wonder that ill-starred passion had not made greater ravages in his countenance; that he had not grown pale and wan, and seamed with premature wrinkles.

"I wonder I'm not as grim-looking as Count Ugolino, by this time," he said to himself; and then went down to his private sitting-room at the Royal George, to eat a dinner of five courses in solitary state, for the benefit of that old established family hotel. Love as yet had not affected his appetite. He did excellent justice to the *cuisine* of the *chef* at the George, an artist far above the common type of hotel cooks.

This young worldling was not without expedients. Inaccessible as his bright particular star might be, he yet contrived to scrape acquaintance with one of the lesser lights in that planetary system of which she was a part. A little finesse and a good deal of brandy-and-soda obtained for him the friendship of a youthful pianist, whose duty it was to accompany the singers. From this youth, who wore his hair long, affected the dreamily-classical school, and believed himself a mute inglorious Chopin, Geoffrey heard all that was to be heard about Mrs. Bertram. But, alas, this all was little more than the music-sellers had already told him.

No one knew any more about her than the one fact of her supreme isolation, and that reserve of manner which was, perhaps unjustly, called pride. She lived alone; received no one, visited no one, kept her fellow-performers at the farthest possible distance. If she took a lodging, it was always remote from the quarter affected by the rest of the company; if she stayed at an hotel, it was never the hotel chosen by the others.

So much as this Geoffrey contrived to hear—not once only, but many times—without committing himself to the faintest expression of his feelings. He would have perished sooner than degrade his passion by making it the subject of vulgar gossip.

"If I cannot win her without a go-between," he said to himself, "I am not worthy of her."

Many times, stung to the quick by the freezing contempt with which she treated his letters, he had watched and lain in wait for her, deter-

mined to force an interview, should the opportunity arise. But no such opportunity had yet arisen. He would do nothing to create a scandal.

Here at Stillmington he had new hopes. The little town was almost empty, and offered a depressing prospect to the speculator who was to give the two concerts. The hunting season was over; the water-drinking and summer-holiday season had not yet begun. Stillmington had assumed its most exclusive aspect. The residents—a class who held themselves infinitely above those birds of passage who brought life and gaiety and a brisk circulation of ready money to the place—had it all to themselves. Respectable old Anglo-Indian colonels and majors paraded the sunny High-street, slow and solemn and gouty, and passed the time of day with their acquaintance on the opposite pavements in stentorian voices, which all the town might hear, and with as much confidence in the splendour of their social position as if they had been the ground-landlords of the town. Indeed, the lords of the soil were for the most part a very inferior race of men, who wore dusty coats, shabby hats with red-cotton handkerchiefs stuffed into the crown, and had a sprinkling of plaster-of-paris in their hair, and a three-foot rule sticking out of their breast-pockets—men who belonged to the bricklaying interest, and had come into Stillmington thirty years ago, footsore and penniless, in search of labour. These in their secret souls made light of the loud-voiced majors.

The town was very quiet; the glades and groves in the subscription garden—where the young lilacs put forth their tender leaves in the spring sunshine, and the first of the nightingales began her plaintive jug-jug at eventide—were lonely as those pathless regions of brushwood at the mouth of the Mississippi where the alligator riots at large among his scaly tribe. To this garden came Geoffrey, on the second day of his residence at Stillmington. Mr. Shinn, the pianist, had dropped a few words that morning, which were all-sufficient to make this one spot the most attractive in the world for Geoffrey Hossack. Mrs. Bertram and her little girl had walked here yesterday afternoon. Mr. Shinn had seen them go in at the gate while he was enjoying a meditative cigar, and thinking out a reverie in C minor during his after-dinner stroll.

Geoffrey was prompt to act upon this information. What more likely than that his divinity would walk in the same place this afternoon. There was a blue sky, a west wind as balmy as the midsummer zephyrs. All nature invited her to those verdant groves.

Mr. Hossack paid his money at the little gate, where a comfortable-looking gatekeeper was dosing over a local newspaper, and went in. Nature had liberally assisted that benevolent medico who devised and laid out the Stillmington Eden. Capability Brown himself could not have imagined a combination more picturesque. Geoffrey followed a path which wound gently through a shady grove, athwart whose undergrowth of rhododendron and laurel flashed the bright winding river. Here and there a break in the timber revealed a patch of green lawn sloping to the bank, where willows dipped their tremulous leafage into the rippling water. Ferns, and such pale flowers as will flourish in shade—primrose, wild hyacinth, and periwinkle—grew luxuriantly upon the broken ground beside the path, where art had concealed itself beneath an appearance of wildness. To the right of this grove there was a wide stretch of lawn, where the toxophilites held their festivals—where the croquet balls went perpetually on certain days of the week, from the first of May to the last of September. But happily the croquet season had not yet begun, and the birds had grove and lawn to themselves.

Geoffrey went to the end of the grove, meeting no one. He strolled down to the bank and looked at the river, contemplated the weeds with the eye of boatman and of angler.

"It ought to be a good place for jack," he muttered, yawned, and went back to the grove.

It was lonely as before. Thrushes, robins, blackbirds, burst forth with their little gushes of melody, now alone, now together, then lapsed into silence. He could hear the fish leap in the river; he could hear the faint splash of the willow branches shaken by the soft west wind. He yawned again, walked back to within a few yards of the gate, came back again, stretched himself, looked at his watch, and sank exhausted on a rustic seat under the leafy arm of a chestnut.

"I wonder if she will come to-day," he thought, wishing he had been at liberty to solace himself with a cigar. "It would be just like my luck if she didn't. If I had only seen her yesterday instead of that ass Shinn, with his confounded reverie in C minor. But there was I loafing at the other end of the town, expecting to find her looking at the shop windows, or getting a novel at the circulating library, when I ought to have been down here. And if I ever do contrive to speak to her, I wonder what she'll say. Treat me with contumely, no doubt; blight me with her scorn, as she has blighted my epistolary efforts. And yet, sometimes, I have seen a look in those gray eyes that seemed to say, 'What, are you so true? Would to God I could reward your truth!' A delusion, of course—mad as my love for her."

The mildness of the atmosphere, those little gushes of song from the birds, the booming buzz of an industrious bee, the faint ripple of the river, made a combination of sound that by and by beguiled him into forgetfulness, or not quite forgetfulness, rather a pleasant blending of waking thought and dreaming fancy. How long this pleasant respite from the cares of actual life lasted he knew not; but after a while the sweet voice of his enchantress, which had mingled itself with all his dreams, seemed to grow more distinct, ceased to be a vague murmur responsive to the voice of his heart, and sounded clear and ringing in the still afternoon atmosphere. He woke with a start, and saw a tall slim figure coming slowly along the path, half in sunshine, half in shadow—a lady with a face perfect as a Greek sculptor's Helen, dark chestnut hair, eyes of that deep gray which often seems black—a woman about whose beauty there could hardly be two opinions. She was dressed in black and gray—a well-worn black-silk dress of the simplest fashion, a loose mantle of some soft gray stuff, which draped her like a statue, a bonnet made of black lace and violets.

She was talking to a little girl with a small round face, which might or might not by and by develop into some likeness of the mother's beauty. The child carried a basket, and knelt down every now and then to gather primroses and violets on the uneven ground beside the path.

"Sweet child," said Geoffrey within himself, apostrophising the infant, "if you would only run ever so far away, and leave me quite free to talk to your mamma."

He rose and went to meet her, taking off his hat as she approached.

"I would not lose such an opportunity for worlds," he thought, "even at the risk of being considered a despicable cad. I'll speak to her."

She tried to pass him, those glorious eyes over looking him with a superb indifference, not a sign of discomposure in her countenance. But he was resolute.

"Mrs. Bertram," he began, "pray pardon me for my audacity: desperation is apt to be rash. I have tried every means of obtaining an introduction to you, and am driven to this from very despair."

She gave him a look which made him feel infinitely small in his own estimation.

"You have chosen a manner of introducing yourself which is hardly a recommendation," she said, "even were I in the habit of making acquaintances, which I am not. Pray allow me to continue my walk. Come, Flossie, pick up your basket, and come with mamma."

"How can you be so cruel?" he asked, almost piteously. "Why are you so determined to avoid me? I am not a scoundrel or a snob. If my mode of approaching you to-day seems ungentlemanlike—"

"Seems!" she repeated with languid scorn.

"If it is ungentlemanlike, you must consider that there is no other means open to me. Have I not earned some kind of right to address you by the constancy of my worship, by the unalterable devotion which has made me follow you from town to town, patiently waiting for some happy hour like this, in which I should find myself face to face with you."

"I do not know whether I ought to feel grateful for what you call your devotion," she said coldly; "but I can only say that I consider it very disagreeable to be followed from town to town in the manner you speak of, and that I shall be extremely obliged if you will discontinue your most useless pursuit."

"Must it be always useless? Is there no hope for me? My letters have told you who and what I am, and what I have dared to hope."

"Your letters?"

"Yes; you have received them, have you not?"

"I have received some very foolish letters. Are you the writer?"

"Yes; I am Geoffrey Hossack."

"And you go about the world, Mr. Hossack, asking ladies of whom you know nothing whatever to marry you," she replied, looking him full in the face, with a penetrating look in the full clear gray eyes—eyes which reminded him curiously of other eyes, yet he knew not whose.

"Upon my honor, madam," he answered gravely, and with an earnest warmth that attested his sincerity, "you are the first and the only woman I ever asked to be my wife."

That truthful tone, those candid eyes boldly meeting her gaze, may have touched her. A faint crimson flushed her cheek, and her eyelids drooped. It was the first sign of emotion he had yet seen in her face.

"If that be true, I can only acknowledge the honor of your preference, and regret that you have wasted so much devotion upon one who can never be anything more than a stranger to you."

Geoffrey shot a swift glance after the child before opening the floodgates of his passion. Blessed innocent, she had strayed off to a distant patch of sunlit verdure carpeted with wild hyacinths—"the heavens upbreaking through the earth."

"Never?" he echoed; "never more than a stranger? Is it wise to make so light of an honest passion—a love that is strong to suffer or to dare? Put me to the test, Mrs. Bertram. I don't ask you to trust me or believe in me all at once. God knows I will be patient. Only look me in the face and say, 'Geoffrey Hossack, you may hope,' and I will abide your will for all the rest. I will follow you with a spaniel's fidelity, worship you with the blind idolatry of an Indian fakir; will do for you what I should never dream of doing for myself—strive to win reputation and position. Fortune has been won for me."

"Were you the Lord Chancellor," she said, with a slow sad smile, "it would make no difference. You and I can never be more than strangers, Mr. Hossack. I am sorry for your foolish infatuation, just as I should pity a spoiled child who cried for the moon. But that young May moon sailing cold and dim in the sky yonder is as near to you as I can ever be."

"I won't believe it!" he exclaimed passionately, feeling very much like that spoiled child who will not forego his desire for the moon. "Give me only a chance. Do not be so cruel as to refuse me your friendship; let me see you sometimes, as you might if we had met in society. Forgive me for my audacity in approaching you as I have done to-day. Remember it was only by such a step I could cross the barrier that divides us. I have waited so long for this opportunity, for God's sake do not tell me that I have waited in vain."

He stood bareheaded in the fading sunlight—young, handsome—his candid face glowing with fervor and truth; a piteous appealing expression in those eyes that had been wont to look out upon life with so gay and hopeful a glance, —not a man to be lightly scorned, it would seem; not a wooer whose loyal passion a wise woman would have spurned.

"I can only repeat what I have already told you," Mrs. Bertram said quietly, as unmoved by his appeal as if beneath her statuesque beauty there had been nothing but marble; no pitiful impulsive woman's heart to be melted by his warmth, or touched by his self-abasement. "Nothing could be more foolish or more useless than this fancy—"

"Fancy!" he repeated bitterly. "It is the one heartfelt passion of a lifetime, and you call it fancy!"

"Nothing could be more foolish," she went on, regardless of his interruption. "I cannot accept your friendship in the present; I cannot contemplate the possibility of returning your affection in the future. My path in life lies clear and straight before me—very narrow, very barren, perhaps—and it must be trodden in solitude, except for that dear child. Forget your mistaken admiration for one, who has done nothing to invite it. Go back to the beaten way of life. What is that Byron says, Byron who had drained the cup of all passions? Love makes so little in a man's existence. You are young, rich, unfettered, with all the world before you, Mr. Hossack. Thank God for so many blessings, and"—with a little laugh that had some touch of bitterness—"do not cry for the moon."

She left him, with a grave inclination of the proud head, and went away to look for her child—left him planted there, ashamed of himself and his failure; loving her desperately, yet desperately angry with her; ready, had there only been a loaded pistol within reach, to blow his brains out on the spot.

CHAPTER VII.

SORROW HAS NEED OF FRIENDS.

Geoffrey went to the concert at the Stillmington Assembly Rooms that evening, his disappointment notwithstanding. Granted that he had comported himself in a mean and cad-like fashion; granted that this woman he loved was colder than granite, unapproachable as the rocky spurs of Australian mountains, whose sheer height the foot of man had never scaled; granted that his passion was of all follies the maddest, —he loved her still. That one truth remained, unshaken and abiding, fixed as the centre of this revolving globe. He loved her.

The audience at the Assembly Rooms that evening was not large; indeed, Stillmington spent so much money upon gentility as to have little left for pleasure. The Stillmingtonites visited one another in closed flies, which were solemnly announced towards the end of each entertainment as Colonel or Mr. So-and-so's carriage. The distance that divided their several abodes was of the smallest, yet he was a daring innovator who ventured to take his wife on foot to a Stillmington dinner-party, rather than immure her during the brief journey in one of Sparks's flies. Concerts, however, the Stillmingtonites approved, as a fashionable and aristocratic form of entertainment—not boisterously amusing, and appealing to the higher orders, for the most part, through the genteel medium of foreign languages. There was generally, therefore, a fair sprinkling of the *élite* of Stillmington in the Assembly Room on such occasions, and there was a fair sprinkling to-night —a faint flutter of fans, an assortment of patrician shoulders draped with opera-cloaks of white or crimson; an imposing display of elderly gentlemen with shining bald heads and fierce gray whiskers; and, on the narrower benches devoted to the vulgar herd, a sparse assemblage of tradesmen's wives and daughters in their best bonnets.

Geoffrey Hossack sat amongst the *élite*, sick at heart, yet full of eager longing, of feverish expectancy, knowing that his only hope now was to see her thus, that the fond vain dream of being something nearer to her was ended. Nothing was left him but the privilege of dogging her footsteps, of gazing at her from among the crowd, of hearing the sweet voice whose Circean strains had wrought this madness in his mind, of following her to the end of life with his obnoxious love.

"I shall become a modern Wandering Jew," he thought, "and she will hate me. I shall provoke her with my odious presence till she passes from indifference to aversion. I can't help it. My destiny is to love her, and a man can but fulfil his destiny."

She sang the old Italian song he loved so well —that melody whose pathetic tones have breathed their sad sweetness into so many ears —recalling fond memories and vain regrets, thoughts of a love that has been and is no more, or lives only beyond the grave.

To Geoffrey those pensive strains spoke of love in the present—love dominant, triumphant in its springtide of force and passion.

"Voi che sapéte che cosa è amor," he repeated to himself bitterly; "I should rather think I did. It's the only thing I do know in the present obfuscation of my faculties."

Their eyes met once in the look she cast round the room. O God, what regretful tenderness in hers! Such a look as that maddened him. Had she but looked at him thus to-day in the garden, he would surely have done something desperate—clasped her in his arms, and sworn to carry her to the uttermost ends of the earth, if thereby he might be sure of his prize. Could she look at him thus, she who had been colder than the icy breath of the polar seas when he had pleaded with all the force of his passion two short hours ago?

His eyes never left her face while she sang. When she vanished, the platform was a blank. Other performers came and went; there was other music, vocal and instrumental—to him it seemed no more than the vague murmur of a far-off waterfall in the ears of slumber. She came back again, after an interval that seemed intolerably long, and sang something of Balfe's —a poem by Longfellow, called "Daybreak"—mournful, like most of her songs, but full of music.

During the interval between the two concerts Geoffrey paced Stillmington and its environs with an indefatigable industry that might have shamed the local postman, for he at least was weary, but Geoffrey knew not weariness. Vainly did he haunt that aristocratic High-street, vainly linger by the door of the circulating library, the fancy repository, the music-shop where somebody was perpetually trying pianos with woolly basses and tinkling trebles; vainly did he stroll in and out of the garden where he had dared to molest her with his unwelcome adoration,—she was nowhere to be met with.

One comfort only remained to him, a foolish one, like all those fancies whence love derives consolation. He knew where she lived, and in the quiet dusk, when the gentle hush of evening enfolded Stillmington like a mantle, he would venture to pace the lonely street beneath her windows; would watch her taper gleaming faintly in that gray nightfall which was not yet darkness; would, as it were, project his spirit into her presence, and keep her company in spite of herself.

The street where she lodged was on the outskirts of the town, newly built—a street of mean-looking dwellings of the speculative builder's pattern; a row of square boxes, with not a variation of an inch from number one to number thirty; sordid, unpicturesque, common: habitations which even love could not beautify. Mrs. Bertram occupied the upper floor above a small haberdasher's shop, such a shop as one felt could be kept only by a widow—a scanty display of poor feminine trifles in the window, children's pinafores, cheap gloves, cheap artificial flowers, cheap finery of divers kinds, whose unsubstantial fabric a spring shower would reduce to mere pulp or rag useless even for the paper-mill.

Here, between seven and eight o'clock, Mr. Hossack used to smoke his after-dinner cigar, despairing, yet deriving a dismal pleasure from the sense of his vicinity to the beloved, like those who, in the gloaming, pace a churchyard within whose pale their treasure lies. The twinkling light shining palely athwart the white blind cheered him a little. Her hand had perhaps kindled it. She was there alone—for Geoffrey, in whom the parental instinct was unawakened, did not count a child as company—amidst those humble surroundings, she whose loveliness would enhance the splendor of a palace. Thus, with all love's exaggeration, he thought of her.

One evening he was bold enough to penetrate the little shop. "Had they any gloves that would fit him?—eights or nines he believed he required." As he had supposed, the shopkeeper was a widow. She emerged from the little parlor at the back, dressed in rusty weeds, to assist a young woman with a small pinched visage and corkscrew ringlets, who was feebly groping among the shelves and little paper packets with hieroglyphical labels.

"Lor, Matilda Jane, you never know where to find anything! There's a parcel of drab men's on the top shelf.—I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir. We have a large selection of lisle-cloth and lisle-thread gloves. You'd like lisle-thread, perhaps, as the weather's setting in so warm!"

"Yes, lisle-thread will do," answered Geoffrey, who had never worn anything but Jouvin's best, at five shillings a pair.

He seated himself, and looked round the stuffy little shop. Above this gloomy den she lived. He listened for her light step while the drab men's gloves were being hunted for.

"I think you have one of the ladies who sang at the concert lodging with you?" said this hypocrite, while he made believe to try on the thread gloves.

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Bertram: a very sweet young person; so mild and affable."

"But not chatty, mother," interjected the damsel in ringlets. "It's as much as one can do to get half-a-dozen words out of her; and it's my belief she's as proud as she can be, in spite of her soft voice."

"Hold your tongue, Matilda Jane; you're always running people down," remonstrated the matron.—"I think that pair will fit you nicely, sir," as Geoffrey thrust his strong fingers into the limp thread. "Poor dear lady, there wasn't

much pride left in her this morning, when she spoke to me about her little girl."

"Her little girl! There is nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, there is. The poor little dear has took the scarlatina. Where she could have took it, I can't imagine; for it's not in this street: indeed, we're very free from everything except measles in this part of the town; and they're everywhere, as you may say, where there's children. But the little girl has took the scarlatina somehow, and Mrs. Bertram's dreadful down-hearted about it. The poor child's got it rather bad, I grant you; but then, as I tell her mar, it's only scarlatina: those things ending with a 'tina' are very dangerous—it isn't as if it was scarlet fever."

"You are sure the child is in no danger?" cried Geoffrey anxiously; not that he cared for children in the abstract; but her child—a priceless treasure, doubtless—that must not be imperilled.

"No, sir; indeed I don't think as there's any danger. I'll allow the fever's been very high, and the child has been brought down by it; but the doctor hasn't hinted at danger. He is to look in again this evening."

"He comes twice a day, does he? That looks as if the case were serious."

"It was Mrs. Bertram's wish, sir. Feeling anxious like, she asked him."

Geoffrey was silent for a few minutes, meditating. If he could establish some kind of *rapport* between himself and these people, it would be something gained; he would feel himself nearer to his beloved in her affliction. Alas, that she should be sorrowful, and he powerless to comfort her; so much a stranger to her, that any expression of sympathy would seem an impertinence!

"I have heard Mrs. Bertram sing a great many times," he said, "and have been charmed with her singing. I am deeply interested in her (as a musical amateur), and in anything that concerns her welfare. I shall venture to call again to-morrow evening, to inquire how the little girl is going on. But pray do not mention me to Mrs. Bertram: I am quite unknown to her, and the idea that a stranger had expressed an interest in her might be displeasing. I'll take half-a-dozen pairs of gloves."

He threw down a sovereign—a delightful coin, which not often rang upon that humble counter. The widow emptied her till in order to find change for this lavish customer.

"Half-a-dozen gloves, at fifteen-pence, seven and sixpence. Thank you, sir. Is there anything in socks or pocket-handkerchiefs I can show you?"

"Not to-night, thanks. I'll look at some handkerchiefs to-morrow," said Geoffrey; and departed, rejoiced to find that by the expenditure of a few shillings he could keep himself informed of Mrs. Bertram's movements.

He went straight to the best fruiterer in the town, whose shop was on the point of closing. Here he bought some hot-house grapes, at fourteen shillings a pound, which he dispatched at once to Mrs. Bertram's lodging. He had sent her his tribute of choice flowers continually, in the course of his long pursuit, but she had never deigned to wear a blossom of his sending.

She was to sing on the following evening. "If her child is worse, she will not appear," he thought. But when he called at the little shop that afternoon, he heard the child was somewhat better, and that she meant to sing.

"There was some grapes came last night, sir, soon after you left," said the widow. "Was it you that sent them? Mrs. Bertram seemed so pleased. The poor little thing was parched with fever, and the grapes as such a comfort."

"You didn't say anything about me?" said Geoffrey.

"Not a syllable, sir."

"That's right. I'll send more grapes. If there is anything else I can do, pray let me know. I'm such a stupid fellow. You may send me a dozen of those handkerchiefs,"—without looking at the fabric, which was about good enough for his groom. "I shall be so grateful to you if you can suggest anything that I could do for the little girl."

"I don't think there's anything, sir. Her mar lets her want for nothing. But the grapes was a surprise. 'I didn't think there was any to be had,' Mrs. Bertram said. But perhaps she'd hardly go to the price, sir; for she doesn't seem to be very well off."

Pinched by poverty! What a pang the thought gave him! And he squandered his useless means without being able to purchase contentment. He had been happy enough, certainly, in his commonplace way, before he had seen her; but now that he had tasted the misery of loving her, he could not go back to that empty happiness—the joy of vulgar minds, which need only vulgar pleasures.

He was in his seat in the front row when the concert began. Whatever musical faculty might be latent in his composition stood a fair chance of development nowadays, so patiently did he sit out pianoforte solos, concertante duets, trios for piano, violin and 'cello; warblings, soprano and contralto, classical or modern; hearing all alike with the same callous ear till she appeared—a tall slim figure simply robed; a sad sweet face, full of a quiet pride that seemed to hold him aloof, yet with that fleeting look of love and pity in those tender eyes which seemed to draw him near.

To-night that serious countenance was in his eyes supremely pathetic; for he knew her secret sorrow, knew that her heart was with her sick child.

She sang one of the old familiar songs—nothing classical, only an old-fashioned English ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," a simple sentimental story of love and sorrow. The plaintive notes moved many to tears, even the Stillmingtonites, who were not easily melted, being too eminently genteel for emotion.

"Good heavens, what a fool she makes of me!" thought Geoffrey; "I who never cared a straw for music."

He waited near a little door at the back of the Assembly Rooms, by which he knew the concert people went in and out—waited until Mrs. Bertram emerged, one of the earliest. She was not alone. The landlady's daughter, the young woman in corkscrew ringlets, accompanied her. He followed them at a respectful distance, observed by neither.

Pity and impetuous love made him bold. No sooner were they in a quiet unfrequented street than he quickened his pace, came up with them, and dared once more to address the woman who had scorned him.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Bertram," he said. "I have heard of your little girl's illness, and I am so anxious to know if I can be of any use to you. Is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing," she answered sadly, not slackening her pace for a moment. "It is kind of you to wish to help me, but unless you could give my darling health and strength—she was so well and strong only a few days ago—you can do nothing. She is in God's hands; I must be patient. I daresay it is only a childish illness, which need not make me miserable. But—but she is all the world to me."

"Are you satisfied with your doctor, or shall I get you other medical advice? I will telegraph to London for any one you would like to have."

"You are very kind," she answered gently, her manner strangely different from what it had been in the garden. "No; I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the doctor who is attending my pet. He is kind, and seems clever. I thank you for your wish to help me in my trouble. Good-night."

They were in the street where she lived by this time. She made him a little curtsey, and passed on very quickly to the shop door, and vanished from his eager eyes. He paced the street for an hour, watching the light in the two little windows above the shop, before he went back to his hotel, and for him the night was sleepless. How could he rest while she was unhappy?

(To be continued.)

A GONDOLA RIDE IN VENICE.

We spent the evening yesterday, in exploring the water thoroughfares of the city. As we moved along up the Grand Canal which is about as board as Broadway, with its compact line of buildings on each side, nearly all four to five stories in height, including many large and elegant public buildings and venerable palaces, it presented the appearance of a city temporarily flooded. That it was in its natural condition no one who was brought here and set afloat in a gondola, without knowing where he was, could possibly believe.

After proceeding nearly a mile up the Grand Canal, and passing under the massive but elegant stone arch of the Rialto bridge, we turned off through one of the small canals, not more than eight feet in width, with the walls of two immense palaces towering over our heads on each side. It seemed like going in a boat through a side alley, but the gondolier managed his long boat with such skill that we neither grazed nor touched the walls, and were soon moving along through the wider interior channels, among houses and stores with their iron grated windows. Every moment other parties in gondolas, including many ladies, passed us, turning corners, angles and curves, but never coming in collision or touching each other. We passed under hundreds of arched bridges, all of them light and graceful stone or marble structures, with a few iron ones. The level of the water being only about two feet below the level of the streets it is necessary that all the bridges should be raised arches, so that the gondolier, who invariably stand in his vessel, should be able to pass under them without changing his position. Men and boys, some of the latter being small children, were swimming and diving from the doors and bridges, and mothers and sisters were looking on from the doors and windows.

It was altogether a novel scene, such as can be seen nowhere except in Venice. Mothers and fathers had their infants afloat on boards teaching them to swim with ropes tied to the boards. We finally emerged from this network of canals into the Grand Canal, a short distance above the Doge's Palace and the Bridge of Sighs. Here ocean steamers and vessels of all classes were discharging or taking on cargoes, and there was all the evidences of active commercial prosperity. A steamer for Liverpool was just taking her departure, and one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers about to depart for Trieste. Steamboats crowded with people were coming and going from the outer islands, of which there are six or seven, too distant to be connected by bridges with the main portions of the city, one of which is a favorite resort of the people, and occupied principally by gardens for refreshments. After an hour spent in rowing about near the entrance to the harbor, we returned to our hotel, well pleased with our evening's ride.

There are three or four of these interior canals that are nearly twenty feet in width, and one in the neighborhood of the Ghetto or Jews' quarter over thirty feet wide, whilst many of the others range from twelve to twenty feet. The fronts of the buildings on interior canals are very rough, and showed the mark of age in their decayed bricks. Repairs of many of these are in progress, which seems to be a matter of necessity in most cases. As the gondola glides through these water ways, surrounded by tall and dismal brick walls, with grated windows, the scene is novel, but not picturesque, though it is somewhat relieved when the bridges are passed. The lower story, there being no cellars, is always used for that purpose, and the altitude of the second story windows forbids the sight of any portion of the family department. A fair face can accordingly be seen from the balcony above, or the prattle of children and the sound of song or merriment heard, but they seem out of place in such surroundings. Some glances we have obtained of the interior of these houses satisfies us that they must not be judged by outside appearances.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

MR. COVILLE'S PATENT EASY-CHAIR.

Since the unfortunate accident to Mr. Coville while on the roof counting the shingles, says the *Danbury News*, he has been obliged to keep pretty close to his house. Last Wednesday he went out in the yard for the first time, and on Friday Mrs. Coville got him an easy chair, which proved a great comfort to him. It is one of those chairs that can be moved by the occupant to form almost any position, by means of ratchets. Mr. Coville was very much pleased with this new contrivance, and the first afternoon did nothing but sit in it and work it in all ways. He said such a chair as that did more good in this world than a hundred sermons. He had it in his room, the front bedroom upstairs, and there he would sit and look out of the window, and enjoy himself as much as a man can whose legs have been ventilated with shot. Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mrs. Coville was out in the backyard hanging up clothes, and the son was across the street drawing a lath along a picket fence. Sitting down, he grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way, and Mr. Coville came violently to the floor. For an instant the unfortunate gentleman was benumbed by the suddenness of the shock, but the next he was aroused by an acute pain in each arm, and the great drops of sweat oozed from his forehead when he found that the little finger of each hand had caught in the ratchets, and were as firmly held as if in a vice. There he lay on his back with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least move of his body aggravated the pain which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help, but Mrs. Coville was in the backyard telling Mrs. Coney, next door, that she didn't know what Coville would do without that chair, and so she didn't hear him. He pounded the floor with his stockinged feet, but the younger Coville was still drawing emotion from that fence across the way, and all other sounds were rapidly sinking into insignificance. Besides, Mr. Coville's legs were not sufficiently recovered from the late accident to permit their being profitably used as mallets. How he did despise that offspring, and how fervently he did wish the owner of that fence would light on that boy and reduce him to powder. Then he screamed again, and howled, and shouted "Maria!" But there was no response. What if he should die there alone, and in that awful shape? The perspiration started afresh, and the pain in his arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Maria!" but the matinee across the way only grew in volume, and the unconscious wife had gone into Mrs. Coney's, and was trying on that lady's redingote. Then he prayed, and howled, and coughed, and swore, and then apologized for it, and prayed and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfullest things he would do to that boy if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe. Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek, when the door opened, and Mrs. Coville appeared with a smile on her face, and Mrs. Coney's redingote on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and ploughed headlong into his stomach. Fortunately, the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something he would ever have regretted, and before he could regain his senses, Mrs. Coney dashed in and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Coville loose. He is again back in bed, with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lays all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer it himself.

HAVING IT OUT WITH HIGGINSON'S ASSISTANT.

I had a tooth right at the back of my head that ached awfully. The other two were comparatively harmless, only giving me twinges now and then when I ate or drank anything, but the one right at the back was going on like the very deuce.

I therefore called at Higginson's shop. I was not personally acquainted with Higginson, but a dark solemn-faced man, with very powerful and sinewy hands, answered me, and hearing I should like to "have it out," conducted me into an isolated apartment at the rear of the premises. It struck me that this isolation was a deep-laid scheme with a view to hiding the victim's shrieks when being operated on from other victims waiting for their turns of agony in the shop.

He motioned me to a chair, and carefully closed the double doors. Then asked to look at my tooth. I made quite sure he hadn't got a pair of pincers hidden up his cuff, and complied.

After this he inquired blandly if I had any choice as regarded instruments, and requested that I would not look at them. I smiled a sickly smile and said I had no taste that way, and averted my eyes from the ghastly ironmongery lying out in two double rows.

Presently he picked out something himself: it had hinges, to the best of my belief, and worked somehow on a pivot with hooks at the end. When he had got the greater portion of it into my mouth there was some crowding.

Previous to this, however, I had shut my eyes, and a deadly faintness came over me. I was aroused from it by a kind of wrench, then a sort of scrunch, then a species of smash, winding up with a steady pull, which brought me out of the chair half a yard or so, and finished with a crack that sent me back again suddenly and made me wink a good deal.

"That was a twister!" he said.

I replied faintly, I thought it was, and further intimated that it also happened to be the wrong tooth.

Upon this he explained that there was no getting at the right tooth till this one had been removed (I observed that I would rather he had mentioned it before beginning), and that now he would make a very short job of it.

He took for this purpose another piece of ironmongery with a screw and prongs, and set to work again. I didn't like to let him know it hurt me much, he seemed to be working with such good will. It was not, therefore, till he had had me twice out of the chair, and once under the table, that I said I thought I would rather go home, and try the rest another day.

He was a little annoyed, as I feared he would be, and, locking the door, kindly but firmly waved me back to the chair, then got another instrument, and began again. An hour later he considerately bound my head up for me with a few bandages. I then asked what there was to pay. He charged me two shillings, and as he gave me the change remarked that, on the whole, the operation had been satisfactory.

This pleased me to some extent, and it in some measure consoled me to hear him say so, feeling, as it were, he must be some sort of authority.

"Yes," he said, "I got 'em out very well, considering."

"Considering?" I repeated.

"Considering it was the first time I ever had a shy at that sort of thing," he said.

"At that sort of thing?" I echoed, faintly.

"Yes," he said; "it was the first tooth I ever pulled. Mr. Higginson attends to that part of the business. I am only the assistant."

I said, "I daresay you will acquire even greater proficiency with further experience," and then I went home and took to my bed.

SUMMER WIDOWERS.

About this time look out for summer widowers. For the past two weeks their number has been steadily increasing, and it will continue to increase for the two next to come. While the partners of their lives are enjoying the cool breezes of Newport, Shelter Island, Nahant and Long Branch, or the reinvigorating pleasures of Saratoga, the poor fellows are blistering their feet on the sidewalks and sweltering in their places of business in town. And yet, to be frank about it, they seem to submit to their fate without much reluctance. Meet them at a restaurant about 8 in the morning, and one says to another:

"What! you here?"

"Yes," is the reply. "I am a widower just now."

"So am I."

Then they order tenderloins and boiled eggs, and soon clear their plates with the keenest of appetites. To go a step further, one may say, with a close approximation to the truth, that they are inclined to enjoy, to revel in this temporary separation from their families. Some, indeed, act pretty much like boys when school is out. Not many evenings since several residents of the Heights met on business at the Academy of Music, two of them with their hair cropped as close as it could be, after the fashion which is said to be prevalent at Crow Hill and Sing Sing. In tonsorial phrase, their heads had been "shingled."

"It's so nice and cool," said one. "I don't know what my wife would say if she saw it. But it will grow again before she gets back."

"My wife's away, too," said the other, rubbing his fingers with delight through the short, bristly covering of his scalp. "I can't bear long hair, as I have to wear it, so I've just had it clipped off a little shorter."

The more this subject is examined the wider and deeper it becomes. There is a certain member of —— street —— Church who almost every night has a party of jovial friends at his house, and there they sit till after twelve, enjoying cigars, lager beer, and poker. Not that he cares anything about cards himself—in fact he can't tell a knave from a king—but his wife, good pious woman, would faint at the sight of one. Hence, no doubt, the fascination the game possesses for him, as she is five hundred miles away. Once more: There is a summer widower

whose wife is stopping with some relatives on the shores of Lake Erie. The odor of tobacco always afflicts her with nausea. With that fact he is tolerably well acquainted by this time, and yet there he sits, like a grim Turk, smoking a pipe in his parlors, in the cool of every evening.

"Won't the smell of that tobacco stick to the curtains and everything in the room ?" a caller in remarked.

"I don't think it will," was the heartless response. "But if it does, I will neutralize it somehow. Burn tar. If that won't do it, I'll try assafœtida."

The subject might be continued for columns. But the trunks will soon be brought to the door again, at which agonizing moment the summer widower disappears from light for another twelve months.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

CELEBRATED HOAXES.

There has at all times been a proneness, more or less developed, for indulgence in the practical jokes or deceptions called hoaxes; sometimes through self-interested motives, and more usually springing from a love of fun with a bit of malice in it. Antiquaries have frequently been victimised in this way, by the fabrication of articles purporting to be interesting as relics of past times. The readers of Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary* will remember the metal vessel inscribed with the letters A·D·L·L·, which Monkbarns interpreted to be "Agricola dicavit libens lubens;" but which Edie Ochiltree boldly pronounced to be, "Aikin Drum's lang ladle." This was a supposed instance of honest misconstruction by a learned man whose zeal travelled a little too fast, due to Scott's imagination; but there was a real instance in the case of Vallancey, an Irish antiquary, who found a sculptured stone on the hill of Tara, and engraged the six letters of its inscription in a costly work which he published; he made out these to mean, "To Belus, God of Fire;" but they proved to be simply some of the letters in the name of an Irishman, who, laying down lazily on the stone, incised them with a knife or chisel. In 1756, a wit, aided by an engraver, cut on a flat stone several words which were really an epitaph: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claude Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane;" but the seventy-seven letters were so skilfully divided into apparent words, syllables, and abbreviations, as to look exactly like a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius. For a long time the stone deceived antiquaries.

Gough, the celebrated archæologist, saw at a curiosity-shop a slab of stone inscribed in a curious way, bought it, had it described before the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine.* It purported to be: "Here Hardcnut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died." The shopkeeper stated that the stone had been discovered in Kennington Lane, where the palace of Hardcnut or Hardicanute is supposed to have been situated. The whole affair proved to be a hoax. George Steevens, having a grudge against Gough, procured a fragment of a chimney slab, scratched an inscription on it in rudely formed letters, and got a curiosity-dealer so to manage that Gough should see and buy the stone.

Italy is wonderfully fertile in modern antiquities, articles made to imitate ancient productions, and sold at a high price to unwary art connoisseurs. Inghirami, in his costly work on Vases (*Vasi Fittili,*) has a most absurd engraving of a vase, on which is depicted an archæologist running after Fame; the lady has her thumb to her nose, exactly in the way known to boys as "taking a sight," while three engraved Greek words represent her as saying: "Be off, my fine fellow!" No such vase existed: a hoax had been perpetrated by a rival connoisseur, which Inghirami did not discover soon enough to cancel his engraving.

There is no scarcity of instances at the present day, and in our own country, of the manufacture of antiques—more for profitable deception than for mere waggery. Roman vessels and coins are every year coming to light which the Romans never saw, and flint implements which certainly were not fabricated in the Stone Period. Numismatists and coin-collectors know, to their cost sometimes, what rogues can do in one particular department of fraudulent hoaxing. A very old silver coin is worth, in the antiquarian market, many times its weight in pure silver, or even pure gold; and hence there is a strong temptation to manufacture modern antique coins, producing at the cost of a few shillings that which will bring many pounds. There is reason to suspect that even in old times such sophistications were practised; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, in which the good specimens are found to be mixed with others evidently plated, and others, again, as evidently washed over with silver. The Greek islands are known at the present day to shelter men who make false dies of ancient coins, as a preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored up as to pass for old. The trade is a lucrative one. A certain engraver of these surreptitious dies is said to have netted two or three thousand pounds from the pockets of English tourists alone, who bought the counterfeits at high prices under the belief in their genuine antique character. The dies were really well engraved, and the coins put out of hand in clever style. That England exercises this art as well as Greece, is quite certain.

Literary hoaxes have been so numerous, that even a mere list of them would be out of the question. There have been many like that which Madame de Genlis spoke of. The Duc de Liancourt was on intimate terms with the Abbé Delille; both were at Spa; and on one particular morning the abbé was deeply chagrined at a hoax which (unknown to him) his friend had perpetrated. The duc wrote some couplets on the fête-day of Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, regular in structure, but most inane and insipid; he placed the name of the Abbé Delille beneath them, caused the verses to be printed in a few copies of a newspaper printed in another town, and contrived that one of these copies should reach the abbé, whose vexation was intense. Nearly parallel to this is the achievement of an American newspaper, a few years ago, in which some wretched verses were printed, and ascribed to the pen of the eminent poet, William Cullen Bryant; these were copied in many other papers, and came to the astonished eyes of Bryant himself. When the editor was some time afterwards asked for an explanation, he boldly avowed that his purpose was to establish the fact that, no matter how atrocious an effusion might be, the name of a poet who had established a reputation would make it true poetry in the eyes of a large majority of poetry readers.

The hoaxes which have no connection either with antiquities or with literature are not easily grouped into classes; nor, in fact, is it worth while so to do. Let us take a few at random. At Liverpool, in 1807, bills were placarded all about the town, announcing that, at one o'clock on a particular day, a splendid model of a ninety-eight-gun man-of-war, built on Lord Stanhope's plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Chisenhall Street Bridge by canal from Wigan, with a band on deck to play "Rule Britannia," which was to be sung by the celebrated Madame Catalani; and a beautifully adorned barge was to precede the model, containing Polito's hippopotamus (one of the show-sights of that day). The people attended in tens of thousands along the banks and on the bridges of the canal nearly all the way to Wigan. The daily passenger-barge arrived at its customary hour; and not until then was it known that the public had been hoaxed.

Shortly before this date, when the dreaded Bonaparte was half expected to invade England, the quiet dwellers on the south coast were in constant terror, imagining all sorts of dreadful things consequent on the arrival of the French. There lived at Chichester, not far from the coast, a family consisting of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and daughter. Some Cantabs got up a hoax to the effect that the only really safe place in England was at Cambridge; the family removed thither, and settled down near Trinity College as an impregnable station.

In 1812, a report was extensively spread about that a grand military review would be held on Wimbledon Common. As many as twenty thousand people assembled, who poured in from all quarters on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The local authorities, seeing this throng of people, and knowing at once that it denoted a hoax, caused persons to be placed on the roads of approach to disabuse the minds of the sight-seers; but this was of no avail; the rumor was believed, not the contradiction. When, however, the day wore on without the appearance of any military pageant, the populace grew angry, then mischievous; mishaps occurred, and the Common was set on fire. Hereupon messengers were sent quickly to London, and a detachment of Foot-guards marched down to remain a while on the Common until the deluded people had departed.

One of the most annoying hoaxes ever recorded was that which, about sixty years ago, was known in London as the Berners Street hoax. It drew the attention of the newspapers at the time; then of the magazines and the *Annual Register;* many years afterwards (in connection with a biographical notice of the hoaxer), of the *Quarterly Review;* and more recently, if we remember rightly, of the *Ingoldsby Legends.* Berners Street is a quiet street of hotels, and shops with private-looking windows. In 1810, it was still more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady in that street, and soon afterwards a van-load of furniture; then came a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning coaches. Presently arrived two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur, driving up as near as they could to the door, and wondering why so many lumbering vehicles were so near at hand. Six men brought a great chamber organ; a coach-maker, a clock-maker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a wine-merchant sent specimens of their goods; a brewer brought several barrels of ale; curiosity-dealers brought sundry knickknacks. A piano, linen, jewellery, wigs and head-dresses, a cartload of potatoes, books, prints, conjuring tricks, feathers, ices, jellies, were among the things brought to (or at least near) the house; while mantua-makers came with baskets of millinery and fancy articles, and opticians with telescopes. Then, after a time, trooped in from all quarters grocers, coachmen, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nursery-maids, and other servants, come in quest of situations. To crown all, persons of distinction came in their carriages—the Commander-in Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the Lord Chief-Justice, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of directors of the East India Company, an eminent parliamentary philanthropist, and the Lord Mayor. The last-named functionary—one among those who speedily saw that all had been victimised by a gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough Street police-office, and told the sitting magistrate that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners Street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was extremely ill, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his Lordship would call upon her. All the other persons of eminence had had their commiseration appealed to in a somewhat similar way. Police-officers (there were no policemen in those days) were sent to keep order in Berners Street, which was nearly choked with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another; the drivers were irritated, the disappointed tradesmen were exasperated, and a large crowd enjoyed the malicious fun. Some of the vans and goods were overturned; while a few casks of ale became a prey to the populace. All through the day, until late at night, did this extraordinary state of things continue, to the terror and dismay of the poor lady and the other inmates of the house. Every one found directly that it was a hoax; but the name of the hoaxer was not known till long afterwards. This, it appeared, was Theodore Hook, one of the most inveterate punsters and jokers of the day. He had noticed the very quiet character of Berners Street, and the name of Mrs. —— on a brass plate on one of the doors; he laid a wager with a brother wag who accompanied him, that he would make that particular house the talk of the whole town. And he assuredly did it. He devoted three or four days to writing letters, in the name of Mrs. ——, to tradesmen of all kinds, professional men, distinguished personages, and servants out of place; all couched in a lady-like style, and requesting the person addressed to come to Berners Street on the appointed day, for reasons specially stated. Hook took a furnished lodging just opposite the house, and there posted himself with two or three companions on the day in question, to enjoy the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country, and there remain *incog.* for a time; if he had been publicly known as the author of the hoax, it is probable he would have fared badly.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of hoaxer. One of his victims was Romeo Coates, a man about town in the days of the Regency—a beau, an amateur actor, who delighted in riding throu h the streets of the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this eccentric received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honor; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinised it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way through the mud to the nearest hackney-coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours. On another occasion he associated as a companion in a hoax the elder Mathews, the comedian, a man full of wit and frolic, but withal much more kindly and considerate than Hook. One day Hook and Mathews took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land on the lawn. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land-surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. They paced slowly to and fro along the lawn, pretending to measure with the fishing-rods as measuring and levelling staffs, and the fishing-lines as yard and rood measures. Presently, a parlor-window opened, and out walked the occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman. In great wrath, he demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously told him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that actual measurements were necessary to determine the exact direction which it should take. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to "talk it over;" a sumptuous dinner and the best of wines were just ready; and the alderman endeavored to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might be easily obtained without touching his lawn at all. Hook and Mathews revealed the hoax before taking their departure, and managed to talk him into a hearty laugh about it—rendered all the more easy by the fact that the dreaded canal was only a myth, and that he had entertained two such eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews.

Many of our distinguished actors have been great lovers of practical hoaxes—not only comedians and farceurs, but tragic actors, who are popularly supposed to be always in a passion of rage, jealousy, revenge, and so forth. Young the tragedian, for instance, was once driving in a gig with a friend in the outskirts of London; he pulled up at a turnpike-gate, noticed the name of the toll-collector written up over the door, and politely told the gate-woman that he wished to see Mr. —— on a matter of importance. Feeling impressed with the emphatic statement, she sent hastily for her husband the toll-collector, who was working in a neighboring field. He bustled on a clean coat, and presented himself. Young said: "I paid for a ticket at the last gate, and was told that it would free me through this; as I wish to be scrupulously exact, will you kindly tell me whether such is the case ?" "Why, of course it is!" "Can I then pass through without paying ?" The toll-collector's further reply, and his vituperation when the travellers complacently passed on, need not be here transcribed.—*Chambers's.*

TRAINING DOGS TO TAKE THE WATER.

Nearly all breeds of dogs will take the water in summer time with more or less "gusto," provided that they have not been disgusted with their introduction to that element when puppies. Certainly retrievers ought not to be backward in so doing, and yet one comes across many who seem to have a great aversion to wetting their toes, especially if it be at all cold. In nine cases out of ten this aversion arises from their having been thrown, by some stupid idiot, neck and crop into deep water; because, when puppies, they did not very likely, on a cold winter's day, dash into it *con amore* after a stick or stone. This little lot of fun (?) for the ignorant master will cost him dear, for in all probability the dog, unless he be an extra hardy sort, will never forget it, and will shirk water like poison, for the rest of his days.

So let us start with one never-to-be-forgotten rule—never force a dog under any circumstances into the water. If he does not take to it of his own accord, and you fail to coax him in, you may as well give up all idea of making a water-dog of him. There can be no fun in pushing an unwilling dog into water simply to see him flounder out of it again, and shirk even the bank for a long time to come. With most dogs that are not of decidedly water-breeds, and with many even of these, it is simply a question of judicious or injudicious management in their early days, whether they become fond of water, or the reverse.

Now for a first lesson. Do not attempt it until the puppy is six months old, and the water is as warm as you would care to face yourself. Go to some pond or ford, or any water where a dog can walk in gradually, without suddenly plumping head over heels into deep water. If the puppy shirks the edge, which is improbable, unless he has been ducked, you can do nothing but sit down on the bank and coax your young friend into good spirits, and so allay the nervous system. Then, when he no longer seems "cowed," toss a bit of biscuit to the edge of the water, next into a few inches of water, and then a little farther out, as the dog's confidence increases, and so on until at last he has to swim for it. Once he has found himself possessed of the art, it is only a question of judicious management to make him an M.A. Do not ask too much of him at first. Two or three short swims on warm days will be enough. This plan will be found to answer with eight out of ten dogs, be they never so shy at first. If, however, it fails, you had better try him, through his affection for you, by crossing the ford yourself and coaxing him to follow you. The bridge or what-not which carries you over must be stoutly denied to the dog. When you are on the opposite bank call the dog and walk away from the brook. After racing up and down the bank for a some time, he will probably take the fatal plunge, for which you must reward him. Repeat this, if it comes off, two or three times daily, and the dog will soon get over his aversion. If this fails, coax him to join some other water-dogs in a moor hen-hunt. For a last remedy, catch a duck, tie a string to its legs, and send it adrift in a shallow pond. When it finds itself a prisoner such a flapping and squattering will be the result that if your young hopeful does not go in at that, you may rename him "Riddle," and give him up.

Of course you must not expect too much in the aquatic line from smooth terriers, toy-dogs, and pets. Bull-terriers, however, when once they take to it, are undeniable in this respect. I do not think mastiffs are likely pupils. Not long since I came upon a judge of that noble breed trying to force a fawn-colored monster into a lake. His success was brilliant; he spoilt a new light-colored suit, and eventually got the poor beast in up to its belly. He was immensely disgusted at the dog not going in like an otter.

When about to practise your dog at water work, "drop him" on the bank, take off his collar and check-cord, toss in an indiarubber ball or rabbit (if you have plenty more stuffed ones at home), and then—"Go in and fetch it." Avoid throwing in sticks, stones, &c., as the dog will only "chaw" away at them, and harden his mouth. Most dogs take mighty chumps at first at the object that they are retrieving from water, so it is well that they should have something soft to operate upon. As the dog lands, retire some way from the bank, and call him up to you quickly to deliver up what he has retrieved. Most dogs have a bad trick of dropping their mouthful on the bank after they have landed; then comes the usual shake, beginning at the tip of the nose and ending at the tip of the tail; after which off they go, forgetful of what they have brought ashore. So be particular that they bring what they have retrieved right up to you, at some distance from the water, before they get their reward.

As regards diving, practically it is useless, but it is an amusing performance to show to your friends. Begin with a bit of cheese sunk in a few inches of clear water, in a stable bucket, or any vessel where the dog can see it and get it easily. Next put a stone in your pocket handkerchief and throw it into a foot of water (with gravel bottom if possible, and running stream; a muddy bottom when stirred up will hide the

handkerchief), and so on, increasing the depth six inches at a time, till the dog, if he comes to like it, will eventually fish it up from a depth of several feet.

SOCIETY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Society renders the place impossible for strangers. When I say "society" I mean the absence of it, and when I speak of "absence of society," I allude to the peculiar characteristics which constitute society, and of which there is not a shadow apparent in the Turkish capital. Constituted as they still are, the Turks must be put out of the question, for, with the exception of heavy dinner-parties, where each devours as much as he can, and then smokes until it is time to be off, there are no other means of meeting. And, indeed, when Turks and Europeans do meet in this wise, there is little conversation possible beyond a more or less genuine inquiry into each other's health, past and present, and questions as to how Constantinople pleases; which are invariably met by an affirmative reply. The principal men in the State sometime ventures upon politics, but that is a ground upon which I cannot enter: nor did the *"gros bonnets"*—"great guns"—of the place ever invite me to a discussion upon the decreased influence of England, the fear of Russia, the fallen prestige of the Catholic protecting power, and the necessity to encourage the Bulgarian schism as a means of checking Russian influence through the channel of orthodoxy. As to Christian population, it consists of Greeks who do not much care for each other, the old Phanariot families having little regard for the newly-made *soi-distant* Greek millionaires, and the Sciotes showing considerable contempt for those who are not of their own proud origin. Then, again, the Greeks of Marseilles like to think themselves the kings of finance, and look down upon the Greeks of Smyrna; while the Greeks of Odessa sneer somewhat at all the others. The result shows that a kindred feeling between them is at a discount, and, beyond a few formal visits, parties are generally made up of relatives who belong to the several classes I have pointed to. Next come the Armenians. These may be divided into Armeno-Catholics, who deplore the loss of Monseignor Hassoun, and have no other talk; the Armeno-Catholic Schismatics, who, from resisting the Latinising tendencies of Monseignor Hassoun, have something more to say, as they naturally have more to explain; and finally, the Gregorian Armenians, who have nothing whatever to say. Then the Levantines, or Perotes, who, in their own mind, constitute the aristocracy of the place, and are composed of the descendants of French, Italian and German settlers. Most of them boast a common origin. Their ancestors appear to have made a little profit out of their knowledge of the Turkish language, and to have settled in the country with a view of making a little more out of the ignorance by the Turks of any other language than their own. If, then, the Perotes will not receive the Armenians, and the latter will not see those of their own origin who differ with them in religious tendency; if, besides, the Greeks are divided as they are, what becomes of society, since the elements of it cannot amalgamate? Add to this the unwillingness of the husbands to dress in evening garb after a fatiguing day's work at the Galata counting-houses, and the total absence of curiosity in regard to the scientific or literary progress of the age, and it will be seen that there is no reason why, there being no court, there should be any society. Apparently nobody reads. A library of 100 volumes is a huge one. There are no concerts except when some benighted being gives one at his own expense, and then everybody talks or yawns; or when some good-natured diplomatist wishes to encourage an artist, and it is thought the fashionable thing to be present. "What a charming concert! there were so many people and such pretty dresses!" Nobody draws, at least I suppose so, from the fact that there are only three masters, who are still looking out for pupils in a million of inhabitants. Sculpture has never been attempted, because it would be a crime to imitate Phidias, or possibly to excel him. The play is little favored, though there is but one theatre, and the reason given is that the opera was burnt, and the people who went to the opera no longer go to the play, (*sic*). In fact, the thousand and one amusements which are born of the desire for recreation of an intellectual people are wholly wanting in Constantinople. Of course there are two or three exceptions to confirm the rule, but it would be too long and may be indiscreet, to dilate on the subject and its causes. I end as I began: Were Constantinople 200 years backward, instead of 100, it would certainly be the most charming of all places in the world. Sedan chairs, however, and galoches, do not go well with dresses from Worth, and no roads with spring-carriages from Peter's.—*Jerningham's To and From Constantinople.*

THE MODERN INQUISITION.

No one reads without a becoming thrill of horror of the tortures inflicted in the Inquisitions of the past. Human ingenuity was stretched to the utmost to devise means of inflicting the most exquisite pangs and still preserve life. But what we blush most at was that the system was justified; and society, even religion, brought to look upon it as a necessity.

In these modern days we find that an Inquisition has also been erected. Its victims are moving in our midst, and the chief Inquisitor an honored person. The old Inquisition was a custom of the time, and so is the modern. Fashion is the name given to the present temple of torture, and women are the chief victims. The boot was an ingenious instrument of pain, in which the foot was squeezed by torturing wedge and band; but it had one merit—it was rarely applied, and the pangs were comparatively temporary in their duration; but now-a-days we find few of our sisters who are not undergoing the same punishment, not occasionally, but permanently, commenced when the victim is yet a child, and continued into old age. Fashion insists that our women shall wear their boots two sizes too small for them, so the foot is jammed into the leather torture, and the sufferer compelled to walk, to perform the usual household duties, and even take her pleasure with this instrument of torture, inflicting agonies upon the nerves of the pedal extremities. The heel of the boot, to add to the pain, is made high, and placed nearly under the centre of the foot, so that the weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, which are forced together, while the ankles become weakened, and the muscles of the calves of the legs ache with the unnatural strain. There is no relief. From eight years of age to eighty, this cruel vice is applied, and the victim is required to smile and declare that she experiences no pain.

Another device for producing pain is placing upon the head a quantity of pads and false hair, which, by their weight and the heat they produce, cause continual headaches. The system of hanging the heavy weight of petticoats, crinoline and dress from the waist, causing a pressure upon the delicate organs of the stomach and producing unwholesome heat, while the extremities are lightly clad in thin stockings and exposed to draughts, is not without its value as a means of destroying health and producing pain; and even the simple plan of tying ligatures round the legs until the veins swell and become varicose is not to be passed without some notice. But the most fiendish torture which the High Inquisitor Fashion reserves for his victims is the corset!

Imagine an ingeniously constructed machine of silk, cotton or other strong material, stiffened and strengthened with ribs of whalebone and flat blades of steel, in which the body is crushed by degrees, by which the ribs are displaced, by which the organs of the abdomen are forced down into the pelvis, and the organs of the chest jammed up into the throat, by which the breathing capacity of the lungs is lessened, and the digestive powers of the organs of the stomach are impaired, and by which the general vitality of the system is lowered. Imagine all these, and you have some idea of the terrible instrument called a corset. It is applied early; and the little girl, before she has left the nursery, is fastened in this fashionable vise, which she is condemned to wear, day by day, until the latest hour of her existence. As she grows older, instead of receiving greater freedom, the instrument is fastened tighter and the waist made smaller. Does she desire exercise, this figure-screw produces lassitude, and she wearies; does she go to a party, an extra degree of tightness has to be submitted to; so that, after each dance, it is painful to see her chest heaving up and down, with the exertion of the upper half of her crippled lungs trying to supply oxygen to her system; is it a fashionable dinner, "grace" before meat is insisted upon, and she picks about as much food as would satisfy a healthy sparrow, and keeps up a false appearance of vitality in her system with an extra dose of wine. Begun in the nursery, followed up in the boarding school, the corset is continued through life, till death frees the victim from her pangs!

Through all this torture woman must make no groan. The agony may be severe, but no cry must pass her lips. Her life one torment, she must never confess it, but while bruised and squeezed and worried, she must smile and be agreeable! Surely woman would be a nobler martyr if the cause were nobler; and Fashion is a cruel Inquisitor whose tortures are commenced so early and continued so relentlessly through the entire life of her victims.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESEN.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

It was a large, airy hall in which the "confirmation youth" met. The window panes were very small and numerous, and had leaden sashes; the walls were of roughly hewn lumber; and in a corner stood a huge mangle or rolling-press for smoothing linen. On one side of the hall sat all the boys on benches, one behind another; on the opposite side the young girls; and the pastor at a little table in the middle of the floor. Right before him lay a large, open Bible with massive silver clasps, a yellow silk handkerchief, and a pair of horn spectacles, which he frequently rubbed, and sometimes put on his nose. The pastor had thin gray hair and a large, smooth, benevolent face, always with a pleasant smile on it. He had the faculty of making sermons out of everything; his texts he chose from everywhere, and often far away from Luther's Catechism and Pontoppidan's Explanations. His object was, not to teach theory and doctrine, but, as he said himself, to bring religion down to the axe and the plough; and in this he was eminently successful. In his youth he had visited foreign countries, and evidently once had cherished hopes of a grander lot than a country parsonage. Not that disappointment had embittered him; on the contrary, these glowing dreams of his youth had imparted a warmer flush to many dreary years to come; and even now, when he was old and gray, this warm, youthful nature would often break through the official crust and shed a certain strong, poetic glow over all his thoughts and actions. It was from this man that Gunnar's artistic nature received its strongest and most decisive impulse. He had not been many times at the parsonage before the pastor's attention was attracted to him; for he made good answers, and his questions betokened a thoughtful and original mind. Then some one of the girls had told one of the pastor's daughters that the "Henjumhei boy," as he was commonly called, was such a wonder for making pictures; and when, on request, he brought with him some of his sketches, the pastor praised them and asked his permission to take them in and show them to his family. The result of this was an invitation to dinner at the parsonage, which Gunnar, of course, was only too happy to accept. The pastor and the young ladies treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him every possible encouragement to go on in the study of his art. In the evening they showed him a great many curious books, which he had never seen before, and beautiful engravings of foreign cities and countries, where there were flowers and sunshine all the year round. Gunnar was dumb with astonishment at all the wonderful things he heard and saw, and did not even remember that it was time to go home, until the old clock surprised him by striking midnight. When he bade them all good night they gave him several books to take home, and paper to draw on.

This first visit to the parsonage was a great event in Gunnar's life; for, from that time, his longing took a fresh start, and it grew and grew, until it outgrew every thought and emotion of his soul. He was seventeen years now, tall and slender, and fair to look at. His features were not strongly marked, but of a delicate and almost maidenly cut; the expression was clear and open. His eyes were of the deepest blue; and had a kind of inward gaze, which, especially when he smiled, impressed you as a happy consciousness of some beautiful vision within. Had he known the privilege claimed by artists, of wearing the hair long, he might have been accused of affectation; but as artists and their fashions were equally foreign to him, the peculiar cut of his hair, in violation of all parish laws, might be owing to an overruling sense of harmony in lines and proportions; for the light, wavy contour of the hair certainly formed a favorable frame for his fair and youthful features.

Spring was again near, and the day came for his confirmation. It was a clear, blessed spring Sunday,—a day on which you might feel that it is sabbath, even if you did not know it. And to the young people, who were standing that morning at the little country church waiting for their pastor, it was sabbath in a peculiar sense. First came the deacon, and read the paper giving the order* in which they were to stand in the aisle during the catechising. Gunnar's name was called first, Lars Henjum's second. Gunnar had long been an object of envy among the other boys, on account of the attention paid to him by "gentlefolks"; but that the pastor should have ventured such a breach on the traditions of the parish as to put a houseman's son highest in the aisle on a confirmation Sunday, was more than any one had expected. And, of course, no one was more zealous in denouncing Gunnar than Lars Henjum; for, as he said, he was the man who had been cheated. Thus it was with unholy feelings that Lars approached the altar.

By and by the congregation assembled; all the men took their seats on the right side, the women on the left. The youth were ranged in two long rows, from the altar down to the door, the boys standing beside the men's pews, and the girls opposite. All were dressed in the national costume of the valley; the boys in short, wool-colored jackets, scarlet, silver-buttoned vests, and light, tight-fitting breeches fastened at the knees with shining silver buckles; while the girls, with their rich blonde hair, their bright scarlet bodices, their snow-white linen sleeves and bosoms clasped with large silver brooches, their short, black skirts with edges interwoven with green and red stripes, formed with their transitions and combinations of color the most charming picture that ever delighted a *genre*-painter's eye. In their hands they held their hymn-books and carefully folded white handkerchiefs.

Every child looks forward with many hopes and plans to the day of confirmation, for it is the distinct stepping-stone from childhood to youth: beyond lie the dreams of womanhood and the rights of manhood. In this chiefly rests the solemnity of the rite.

When the hymns were sung and the catechising at an end, the venerable pastor addressed his simple, earnest words to the young, exhorting them to remain ever faithful to their baptismal vow, which they were this day to repeat in the presence of the congregation. His words came from his heart, and to the heart they went. The girls wept, and many a boy struggled hard to keep back the unwelcome tears. After the sermon they all knelt at the altar, and while the pastor laid his hands upon their heads, they made their vow to forsake the flesh, the world, and the Devil. Then, when all were gone, the pastor called Gunnar into his study, where he talked long and earnestly with him about his future. There was, said he, an academy of art in the capital; and if it was the wish of both Gunnar and his father that he should cultivate his talent in this direction, he would be glad to do anything in his power to promote his interests. From his university days he knew many wealthy and influential people in the capital who would probably be willing to render him assistance. Gunnar thanked the pastor for his good advice, said he would consider his proposition, and before many weeks bring him back an answer. But weeks came and went, and the more he thought, the more he wavered; for there was something that kept him back.

The next year, Ragnhild and Gudrun were confirmed.

* It is regarded as a great honor to stand highest in the aisle on confirmation Sunday. It is customary to have the candidates arranged according to scholarship, but more than proper regard is generally paid to the social position of the parents.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SKEE-RACE.*

The winter is pathless in the distant valleys of Norway, and it would be hard to live there if it were not for the skees. Therefore ministers, judges, and other officers of the government, do all in their power to encourage the use of skees, and often hold races, at which the best runner is rewarded with a fine bear-rifle or some other valuable prize. The judge of our valley was himself a good sportsman, and liked to see the young lads quick on their feet and firm on their legs. This winter (it was the second after Gunnar's confirmation) he had appointed a skee-race to take place on the steep hill near his house, and had invited all the young men in the parish to contend. The rifle he was to give himself, and it was of a new and very superior kind. In the evening there was to be a dance in the large court-hall, and the lad who took the prize was to have the right of choice among all the maidens, gardman's or houseman's daughter, and to open the dance.

The judge had a fine large estate, the next east of Henjum; his fields gently sloped from the buildings down toward the fjord, but behind the mansion they took a sudden rise toward the mountains. The slope was steep and rough, and frequently broken by wood-piles and fences; and the track in which the skee-runners were to test their skill was intentionally laid over the roughest part of the slope and over every possible obstacle; for a fence or a wood-pile made what is called "a good jump."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The bright moonshine made the snow-covered ground sparkle as if sprinkled with numberless stars, and the restless aurora spread its glimmering blades of light like an immense heaven-reaching fan. Now it circled the heavens from the east to the western glaciers, now it folded itself up into one single, luminous, quivering blade, and now again it suddenly swept along the horizon, so that you seemed to feel the cold, fresh waft of the air in your face. The peasants say that the aurora has to fan the moon and the stars to make them blaze higher, as at this season they must serve in place of the sun. Here the extremes of nature meet; never was light brighter than here, neither has that place been found where darkness is blacker. But this evening it was all light: the frost was hard as flint and clear as crystal. From twenty to thirty young lads, with their staves and skees on their shoulders, were gathered at the foot of the hill, and about double the number of young girls were standing in little groups as spectators.

To be continued.

* Skees, or skier, are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from six to ten feet long, but only a few inches broad. They are made of tough pine-wood, and are smoothly polished on the under side to make them glide the more easily over the surface of the snow. In the middle there are bands to put the feet in, and the front end is strongly bent upward. This enables the skee, when in motion, to slide over hillocks, logs, and other obstacles, instead of thrusting against them. The skee only goes in straight lines; still, the runner can, even when moving with the utmost speed, change his course at pleasure, by means of a long staff, which he carries for this purpose. Skees are especially convenient for sliding down hill, but are also for walking in deep snow far superior to the common American snow-shoes.

THE girls in a Springfield, Mass., factory, are supplied by the proprietors with chewing gum, in order that they may not waste time in talking.

WHEN a country editor is exhausted for news, he puts in a paragraph telling how some beautiful ladies have called on him and cheered his toilsome path with sweet flowers. Then his contemporaries revile him, and he answers back, and business becomes brisk again. Thus are our Greeleys and Raymonds trained.

For the Favorite.

THE DREAM.

BY H. A. LE GAULT.

I had a dream; such a beautiful dream,
All lighted up by the moon's soft beam;
And there was one who kissed my brow,
As Heaven received the sacred vow!

I was up when the mountain air was sweet,
When the grand old hills stood up to meet
The drooping clouds; there I to you
Bent down in a love as fond and true.

The air was filled with an echo of glee!
For Earth was brighter than Heaven to me!
And he said, My darling! I'll never forget
As sure as the hills and clouds have met.

Then we wandered away to the pebbly shore,
Where the gentle stream was telling it o'er;
And every gay little bird we met,
Was singing the song: I'll never forget!

Ah! many and many a day's gone by,
Since thus we wandered he and I,
The moon's grown pale! and the dream is past!
Such days are ever too happy to last.

The mountain top is grey and brown,
The clouds are drooping with sadness down;
And the murmuring stream as it runs along,
Is singing a sad and plaintive song!

My eyes are dim, with the tears they've shed,
The joy of my heart is long since dead!
But a still small voice is murmuring yet,
The song as of old: I'll never forget!

TROY, N. Y.

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE SIXTH DRAGOONS (INNISKILLINGS) AND THE CARABINEERS (SIXTH DRAGOON GUARDS).

That most distinguished regiment, the Sixth Dragoons, was first enrolled in 1688, on the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in Devonshire first reaching Ireland. The Protestant part of Ireland, deeply moved by the news of a Protestant succession, and the expulsion of their old enemy James, resolved to do their utmost to help forward the good cause, and, foremost of all, the city of Londonderry drew its sword.

This staunch city, which derived its name from the Londoners who had settled there in the reign of James the First, was prompt in action, nor was there much time to lose. Lord Mountjoy's regiment, which had many Protestants in its ranks, was soon ordered to march to Dublin, and it was to be relieved by a newly-raised corps of the Earl of Antrim's, which was all Catholic. A Protestant town-guard was therefore enrolled, and on the appearance of the Earl of Antrim and his men the city gates were slammed in his face: two companies of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment were also refused admittance at Inniskilling, and a determined resistance was organized by David Cairne, Esq., of Knockmany, and other brave Protestant gentlemen. These two towns at least were snatched out of the fire for William of Orange. Gustavus Hamilton, Esquire, was at once elected governor of Inniskilling, and colonel of the new-levied companies of horse and foot, and Thomas Lloyd made lieutenant-colonel, while Colonel Lundy took on himself the defence of Londonderry, fifty-five miles distant from its sturdy little ally.

It was full time the Protestant swords were ground sharp, for the day after the Prince of Orange was proclaimed King of England (March 11th, 1689) King James landed at Kinsale with five thousand armed Frenchmen at his back. At the first flash of the Jacobite swords the scared country people came crowding into Inniskilling with their cows and horses. Crum Castle, with Bible and crown blazoned on its flag, soon after drove off James's troops, and a party of his dragoons were snapped up at Armagh. Some Protestant horse gallantly saved Monaghan Castle, and the Jacobite Irish were mown down at Ardtray Bridge.

On the other hand, the Protestants, too, had their cloudy days. Captain Hunter and his band were surprised and cut down near Comber, and a party of Inniskillings were destroyed on the banks of the Aughaclane.

King James moved on Londonderry, and commenced a siege on which Macaulay has thrown so brilliant a light that it needs no mention here. The Inniskilling men were, in the meanwhile, untiring in their attacks on the enemy. They seemed to live on horseback, and were quick as swallows, and tormenting as gadflies. Colonel Lloyd made a dash into the enemy's quarters, and burning the fortifications at Augher, swept back into Inniskilling a great haul of Jacobite cattle. He killed one hundred of King James's troopers at Belleek, taking thirty prisoners and two guns, threw a relief into Ballyshannon, took the castle of Ballynacarrey, in county Cavan, and carried off from the Omagh pastures two hundred horses, with which he quickly mounted three more troops of Inniskillings.

Nor did the Inniskilling men, in the midst of their success, forget the half-starved Protestants of Londonderry. They advanced to their relief, but Sarsfield threatening Ballyshannon, and Sutherland Belturbet, they turned back, half reluctantly, to defend their own town, on which the enemy now seemed closing in with circles of steel and fire. Lloyd attacking Belturbet, the Jacobites fled, leaving a few dragoons stranded in the church. They however soon surrendered when the musket-barrels began to gather thick in the churchyard, and with them were taken eighty troop horses and seven hundred muskets, which helped the Inniskillings to raise some fresh companies of zealous Protestants.

Londonderry was not yet relieved when King James's generals made a determined effort to crush the Inniskillingers, and three divisions were sent against them. The first division, under Sarsfield, Colonel Lloyd, by a forced march, surprised at night, putting numbers to the sword. The Duke of Berwick did better, for he destroyed two companies of Inniskilling Foot, but dare not venture to attack the town and retired to Londonderry. Major-General Justin M'Carthy (Viscount Mountcashel) came forward next with more men than his predecessors. But the Inniskillings had the instinct of victory in them, and no superiority of numbers could alarm them now. They first routed his advanced guard, and slew two hundred men; the same day, at Newton Butler, boldly crossing a dangerous bog, they got at the main body of James's men, killed two thousand, drowned five hundred, and took five hundred prisoners, including Colonel Anthony Hamilton and the luckless Mountcashel himself. They also captured eight guns, an armful of standards, and the whole of the enemy's baggage.

It was on this occasion that Sir Albert Cunningham was allowed to embody six hundred of the unregimented Inniskilling men into a dragoon regiment of twelve troops, which now bears the title of the Sixth, or Inniskilling Regiment of Dragoons. The very day the great blow was struck at Newton Butler the Protestant vessels forced the boom at Londonderry, and James's dispirited generals raised the siege (July the 31st, 1689), which had continued one hundred and five days.

The month after, Marshal Schomberg arrived, with ten thousand men, to drive James out of Ireland, and began by besieging Carrickfergus. The brave Inniskilling Dragoons are thus described by Story, the historian of these wars, who states, "I went three miles beyond the camp, where I met the Inniskilling horse and dragoons, whom the duke had ordered to be an advance guard to his army. I wondered much to see their horses and equipage, hearing before what feats had been done by them. They were three regiments in all, and most of the troopers and dragoons had their waiting-men mounted upon garrons (small horses). Some of them had holsters, and others their pistols hung at their sword-belts."

Our regiment had hitherto been considered a useful but still irregular yeoman force, but in 1690, William the Third, grateful for its service, added it to the regular army. They soon after proved the justness of the distinction by helping to take Belturbet, and routing the Duke of Berwick's cavalry at Cavan, and in this Kaffir-like war they were congratulated on having scoured the country, and brought into Belturbet a thousand head of cattle. After helping to capture the castles of Killeshandra and Ballinacargy, they had their ample share in the great battle of the Boyne, and in that medley of English, Dutch, Brandenburgers, Danes, Swiss, and Frenchmen, they carved themselves out a red road to glory. Schomberg, with the centre and the right wing, had already plunged into the Boyne, when William, always heroic at great moments, drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of four troops of the Inniskillings, told them he had often heard of their bravery, and now he should see it. The four captains in vain begged the king, already wounded, not to cross the river within shot of the enemy, but he replied. "Yes, I will see you over." As he crossed a dragoon was shot dead, and a bullet struck one of the king's pistols. On the opposite bank the king pulled off the bandage from his wounded shoulder, and brandishing his sword, led the Inniskillings against a body of Jacobites three times as numerous as themselves. The enemy fled, but fresh forces drove back the Protestants. Again William charged and overthrew the enemy. The Duke of Berwick was struck down and nearly killed. The Inniskillings had scarcely time to reform, before they had to line the hedges to cover the retreat of some of Ginkill's Dutch dragoons, and again, in a final and general charge, they routed the discomfited Irish.

The regiment, it is believed, lost about one hundred troopers in this battle, and they left forty-two men on the field of Aghrim, when the death of the French general, St. Ruth, as he came riding down Kilcommoden Hill, cast James's army into confusion. While blockading Sligo, a detachment of the Inniskillings were surprised by James's men, who killed about twenty of them, including Colonel Sir Albert Cunningham. As he stood among the prisoners, an Irish sergeant came up and said, "Albert is your name, and by a Halbert you shall die." And instantly slew him. This was in 1691, and the fall of Limerick in that year terminated the war.

In 1715, the Earl of Stair became colonel of the regiment, and the same year they fought against the Pretender's men at the doubtful battle of Sheriffmuir. They were at that period called the Black Dragoons, it is supposed from their being at the time mounted on black horses.

In 1742, George the Second (who had now numbered the regiment the Sixth) sent the Inniskillings to Flanders to the aid of Maria Theresa. At Dettingen they cut to pieces the flower of the French horse in repeated daring charges, and they gained especial glory by overthrowing the French cuirassiers with the loss of only two men and eighteen horses. At Fontenoy they also fought gallantly to cover the retreat. At Roucoux, in 1746, they distinguished themselves against the infantry of Marshal Saxe, and at Val, in 1747, they tumbled over squadron after squadron of the French. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the regiment was reduced to two hundred and eighty-five, officers and men. In 1751, the uniform was scarlet, faced and lined with yellow; the waistcoat and breeches were yellow. The cocked hats were bound with silver lace. The boots of jacked leather reached to the knee. The cloaks were of scarlet cloth with yellow collar. The horse furniture was yellow, the castle of Inniskilling being embroidered at each corner. The light troop added to the regiment in 1756 were called Hussars, then a term little known to us.

At Minden, in 1759, the Inniskillings were led by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Harvey, being brigaded with the Blues and First Dragoon Guards. They soon after the battle surprised Frischer's corps of two thousand men near Wetter, and took four hundred prisoners, Colonel Harvey attacking Frischer's brother and slaying him with his broadsword. In 1760, the Sixth distinguished themselves again by routing the French cavalry, near Liebenau, and chasing them across the river Dymel. The Marquis of Granby especially praised their gallant behavior on this occasion, and Prince Ferdinand declared they had performed "prodigies of valor." The same year they drove the French through the streets of Zierenberg with great loss. They did well at Campen, where they unsuccessfully tried to surprise the camp of the Marquis de Castries, and they drove back the French infantry at Kirch Denkern, where they forded the river Asse, but the thick woods and marshes of Westphalia prevented their free action; in 1762, they surprised the French camp at Groebenstein.

On the peace of Fontainebleau in 1763, the light troop was disbanded, and Colonel Harvey was succeeded by Major Robert Rickart Hepburn.

In 1793, on the war with revolutionary France, the regiment was augmented to nine troops, and sent to Ostend, to join the Duke of York just as he had taken Valenciennes, in French Flanders. They were then sent to cover the siege of Dunkirk, into which place the French were hurrying soldiers, in every coach and waggon they could obtain. These desperate men soon attacked the covering army, and the Inniskillings, dismounting, formed as infantry. Losing their way in the retreat near the village of Rexpolde, the regiment repulsed the red-caps, but lost their sick men, women, and baggage. The duke soon afterwards raised the siege. They defeated a sharp attack at Cateau in 1794, and were victorious against the republicans at Tournay, when thirty thousand French fought under Pichegru. They joined in the great charge with the Scots Greys and Bays, and lost only three men. In 1795, they crossed the Rhine on the ice, and suffered much in the winter retreat that followed the Duke of York's hopeless attempt to face an army of enthusiasts.

In 1797, General Johnston was succeeded in the colonelcy by the Earl of Pembroke, who commanded the regiment for the succeeding thirty years. In 1802, the regiment was reduced to five hundred and fifty-three men, and augmented again at the war with France in 1803. For the two next years the Inniskillings lay at Brighton ready to repel Napoleon's threatened invasion, and during the Peninsular war they remained in Ireland fretting for battle. All that happened to them memorable was that they changed their cocked hats and feathers for brass helmets, and their high boots and breeches for cloth trousers and short boots. At last came the eagle flight of Napoleon from Elba to Paris, the trumpet blast of war sounded in the ears of our dragoons, and off they sailed, four hundred and fifty of them, under the command of Colonel Joseph Muter, eager to cross swords with these French sabreurs they had heard so much of from our Peninsular men. The Sixth was brigaded with the Royal Dragoons and Scots Greys, under the command of Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B., and the men were reviewed on May the 24th, 1815, by the Prince of Orange and the Earl of Uxbridge, and on the 29th inspected by the Duke and Blucher. They had been for six quiet weeks in Belgian cantonments when, on the morning of June the 16th, the bugle sounded the assembly, and they were soon mounted and on the road to Quatre Bras, where Ney had fallen on our outposts; and our brave Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder, were abiding the terrible onset. Marching by Enghien and Nivelles, the Sixth arrived at Quatre Bras before midnight, and bivouacked in a corn-field on the left of the Charleroi road. In the retreat to Waterloo the next day the Inniskilling Dragoons helped to cover the army.

On the morning of the great battle the Royals, Greys, and Inniskillings were formed on the left of the Brussels road, supporting Picton's Division which crowned the heights. After the failure of the ceaseless attacks on Hougoumont, and the repulse of the cuirassiers by our centre, twenty thousand French infantry rushed on the left, where the Inniskillings were formed. As the French bayonets glittered upon the crest, the Earl of Uxbridge ordered the three eager regiments to deploy and charge. Allowing our retiring infantry and guns to pass through their nine squadrons, the horsemen, with one resolute shout, bore down with increasing speed, and bore irresistible as the whirlwind, on the French columns. Our dragoons cut to pieces or forced back the heads of the columns, and sabred the French grenadiers as they fled or as they tried to rally. The Inniskillings in particular cut off and made prisoners a large body of French infantry. As usual with English cavalry, too impetuous and too little kept in hand, they pierced to the rear of the enemy's position, and, going too far, were charged when in disorder, and much cut up by the French lancers. On Ponsonby's fall, Colonel Muter, of the Inniskillings, took command of the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fiennes Miller of the regiment. Miller had already had a horse shot under him, and had received several bayonet wounds. Later in the day (five P.M.) he was again wounded, and left the regiment under the command of Captain Madox. Half an hour later Colonel Muter was wounded, and the command of the brigade then devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Clifton, of the Royal Dragoons. In the final charge the Sixth again distinguished itself. In this hard day's fighting the regiment lost a lieutenant and adjutant, two troop sergeant-majors, three sergeants, six corporals, one trumpeter, seventy-five privates, and one hundred and sixty-four horses, while more than one hundred men were wounded.

Colonel Muter and Lieutenant-Colonel Miller were both made Companions of the Bath, and Captain Madox became major.

In 1827, the Honorable Sir William Lumley, G.C.B., succeeded the Earl of Pembroke as colonel, and in 1840 was himself succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Stratton. Sir Joseph, dying the same year, was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir G. P. Adams, K.C.B. In 1842, the regiment furnished escort to the Queen on her visit to Edinburgh. This regiment's deeds of prowess in the Crimea we need not refer to, as we incorporated them lately in our article on the Scots Greys, and the charge of the Heavy Brigade. The first squadron of the Inniskillings, commanded by Captain Hunt, seem to have gone straight as a rifle bullet at the centre of the enemy.

The Sixth Regiment of Dragoon Guards (the Carabineers) were originally raised by Baron Lumley and other loyal gentlemen on the first outbreak of the Monmouth rebellion. In July, 1685, they were constituted into a regiment of cuirassiers, with Lord Lumley as colonel, and ranked as the Ninth Horse. Its colonel, having been in Charles the Second's reign master of the horse to Queen Catherine, it received the title of the Queen Dowager's Regiment. The men rode long-tailed horses, wore scarlet uniforms faced with sea-green (Catherine's favorite color), wore back and breast pieces, and carried broadswords, pistols, and carbines. The troopers had sea-green ribands in their broad-brimmed hats, and at the heads and tails of their horses, and their standard was also sea-green.

The Carabineers first blooded their swords in the battle of the Boyne, where, with green twigs in their hats, they followed Schomberg against the Irish Jacobites; and it was woe to the James's man, with the strip of white paper in his helmet, who came before their fell swords. At the siege of Limerick (1690), later in this ruthless war, an advanced picket of the regiment, under Major Wood, cut its way through crowds of the enemy, and, finally, aided by some Dutch and Danish horse, slew two hundred of the enemy under the very cannon of the town.

Against the Rapparees, those savage freebooters who adhered to the cause of James, the Carabineers were relentless, perpetually surprising and cutting them down, and recovering the cattle that were stolen. On one occasion, Major Wood with thirty-four troopers, and one hundred and ten fusiliers, overthrew eight hundred of the rebels, killing one hundred, and taking about one hundred prisoners, and all this victory with the loss of only one poor corporal, and three men wounded. At the siege of Aghrim, two abreast, they forced a difficult pass (their apparently certain destruction being lamented even by the enemy), and charging along the edge of a bog, bore down all before them. They lost seven men and five horses in this fight, and Major Wood and fourteen troopers were wounded. The next day they took the castle of Banagher, and to "bang Banagher" is, as our Irish readers well know, the climax of everything. By these acts of valor, and such as these, the regiment won from King William the title of "The King's Carabineers," a title suggested by Louis the Fourteenth's name for his select regiments of horse.

In 1692, the regiment, jealous of the Dutch troops, and the favor shown them, mutinied at Charing Cross, and refused to embark for the war in Flanders till their arrears were paid. Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, however, soon awoke their patriotism, and persuaded them to sail. They fought well at Neerlanden, covered the retreat by the bridge of Neer-Hespen, and three times broke the ranks of the French cavalry.

In 1704, the Carabineers joined Marlborough's army, and were highly useful at Schellenberg in driving the retreating French into the Danube. At Blenheim, "that famous victory," the Carabineers formed one squadron of the advanced guard, when the three squadrons were attacked by five French. Colonel Palmer of the Carabineers, scattered the enemy, and killed twenty of them, which so vexed Marshal Tallard, that it is said he gave all his after orders in hurry and confusion. The Carabineers next broke up the French musketeers, and helped in the final charge. The regiment lost many officers in this battle. In 1705, when piercing the French lines, the Carabineers rode down the Spanish and Bavarian horse-guards; but at Ra-

millies they gathered their fullest harvest of laurels. Seven hundred of our horse were led against one thousand Bavarians and Spanish cavalry. The Spaniards, everywhere beaten back, threw down their arms, and the regiment took four officers and forty-six men prisoners, captured several guns and mortars, and seized the colors of the French Royal Bombadiers.

During the campaigns, from 1702 to 1706, the Carabineers, like the English horse, served without armour; but in 1707 they were again supplied with steel breast and back pieces. At Oudenarde, in 1708, they passed the Scheldt on a pontoon bridge, supported the infantry in their advance, helped to drive the French musketeers from hedge to hedge, thickset to thickset, and assisted in the pursuit along the Ghent road. In November of that year they forced the passage of the Scheldt, and helped to relieve Brussels. At Malplaquet the Carabineers repulsed the French gendarmes, were driven back in disorder by Boufler's grand charge of the garde-du-corps, light horse, and horse grenadiers of the household, yet, nevertheless, finally drove Louis the Fourteenth's favorite horsemen from the field. In 1711, they were surprised in a night attack near Douay. The troopers rushed out in their shirts to attack the French, while others crept under heaps of saddles. Eventually, some of the Buffs, half-dressed, drove off the enemy. The Carabineers in this affair lost Major Robinson and fifty-seven horses, several men were killed and wounded, sixty Frenchmen were left dead, and the allies lost fifty men and had eighty wounded. The proclamation of peace soon recalled the regiment to England.

On the accession of George the First, the regiment's facings were changed from seagreen to yellow. In 1751, they seem to have worn silver-laced cocked hats, and scarlet cloaks with yellow collars.

In the French war of 1756, the Carabineers served with distinction, particularly at Warbourg, where they carried slaughter into the French ranks, astonished the Marquis of Granby, and won commendation from the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. At Groebenstein they joined actively in the pursuit of the French, and in the subsequent war of posts earned a full share of glory. In 1768, their facings were turned to white, and their second and third standards were to be of white damask. In 1793, their number was fixed at five hundred and seventy-two, and some short men on small horses were turned into light troops. In 1794, under the Duke of York, they broke the French right flank, and chased the enemy over the Margue. Our subsequent retreat before the French, left the Carabineers little opportunity of gaining fresh laurels. In 1798, it was a picket of the Sixth under Lieutenant De Passey, which fled before the French who had landed at Killala. In a subsequent action the Kerry, Longford, and Kilkenny Militia retired in confusion, and the Sixth Dragon Guards had three men killed and five wounded, and lost all their troop baggage.

In the miserable affair at Monte Video, in 1807, the Carabineers were also sufferers. They had to charge a battery in one of the streets, and lost thirty-nine men, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kingston and Captain Burrell were shot dead.

In 1812, the regiment's cocked hats were exchanged for helmets, and in 1815, the jacked leather boots and breeches were replaced by blue-gray cloth trousers and short boots. In 1823, helmets with bear-skin crests were issued, and in 1828 they resumed wearing gauntlet-gloves, which had been laid aside about half a century. Three troops of the Carabineers were on duty in 1838 at Her Majesty's coronation.

The regiment has since ennobled itself at Sebastopol and Delhi.—*All the Year Round.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Plan for a Garden.—The farmer's fruit and vegetable garden should be so arranged that it can be easily cultivated by horse-power. It is a good plan to lay out a rod or more at each end, of greensward where the horse can be turned around while either cultivating or plowing it. This would do away with a great deal of back-breaking work, and serve to keep the weeds well under, and the ground so stirred up that the crops would be highly remunerative. Grape-vines could be planted along each side of the garden and trained to trellises or fences. The vegetables should be planted in rows from north to south, and so far apart that the horse could be driven between the rows. Then dwarf pears and apples, plums, cherries and peach trees, could be planted in the same way, at one side, and kept under good culture. Thus arranged there would be hardly any hand-weeding or hoeing, for a one-horse steel plow could take their place, and the farmer, with very little trouble, could daily enjoy the products of both garden and orchard.

Watering House Plants.—The English *Garden* is inclined to dispute the rule that water "should be given in moderately small quantities, and supplied frequently." If the causes of failure where plants are cultivated in windows were minutely investigated, the dribbling system of watering would be found to be the principal cause. A plant ought not to be watered until it is in a fit condition to receive a liberal supply of that element, having previously secured a good drainage, in order that all superabundant water may be quickly carried off. Those who are constantly dribbling a moderately small quantity of water upon their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition for any length of time. This must be obvious to all, for it is quite evident that the moderately small quantity of water frequently given would keep the surface of the soil moist, while at the same time, from the effects of good drainage, which is essential to the well-being of all plants in an artificial state, all the lower roots would perish for want of water, and the plant would become sickly and eventually die.

Lawns in Summer.—We have touched the renewing and improving of lawns time and time again, says the Cleveland *Herald*, yet every now and then we are button-holed on the street with: "I wish you would tell me what to do with my lawns." Well, we ask about it. "Why, somehow, the grass seems to have got thin, and don't look good and strong; the soil is rather light, although every year I have given it a top dressing of manure in the fall and raked it off in the spring."

Yes, we say, just as many another man, void of the knowledge of the wants of the grass roots, has done. You have supplied a little stimulus, and a very little one, to enable the plant to make a first start in the spring, by reason of the ammoniacal alkali obtained from the leaching of the manure during the winter; and as soon as that is exhausted, which generally is ere the heated season comes in, the plant has nothing but the poor old soil and its broken roots to support it. Now, if you would first sow over your lawn fine bone meal at the rate of eight bushels to the acre, then plaster at the rate of one bushel to the acre, then cover the whole half an inch thick with fine garden soil, leaf mold, or fine chip mold from an old wood yard pile, and then sow clean blue grass seed at the rate of two bushels to the acre, and rake the whole with a fine tooth iron rake, finishing by rolling, we guarantee a lawn that will stay fresh and green all summer, no matter how dry the season.

FAMILY MATTERS.

To Renovate Black Silk.—There is nothing better for renovating black silk than sponging it well with liquid ammonia and warm water. Liquid ammonia is also superior to soda or soap for washing hairbrushes—a few drops in tepid water. It also cleanses greasy parts about collars and wrists of men's dark coats.

Squeaking Boots and Shoes.—To prevent the soles of boots or shoes from squeaking, says the *Shoe and Leather Chronicle*, rasp, with a coarse rasp, the outsole and insole, and every other piece of leather that comes in contact in friction by the action of the foot. Then apply freely good wheat or rye paste. If this is well attended to from heel to toe, the boot or shoe will not squeak.

Baked Stuffed Tomatoes.—Select very large sized Troply tomatoes and cut out a space at the stem end, taking care not to break the outer skin, fill up this cavity with a stuffing of bread rubbed through a colander, butter, salt, pepper and a little sugar; put back the stem end, which should have been cut out in a circular form, carefully, so that it will fit in closely; place the tomatoes in a baking pan and bake for one hour. If well managed they can be made to retain their shape.

Ketchup for Fish, or Elderberry Soy.—Pour a quart of boiling vinegar over a quart of elderberries picked from the stalks, and set it in a cool oven all night; then strain the liquor from the berries, and boil it up with a blade of mace, a little ginger, salt, some whole peppers, and a quarter of a pound of anchovies, until they are all dissolved. When cold, put it into bottles after it has been strained, and cork it down. Some prefer the spice put into the bottles; but either way it is a good and not expensive soy.

Potato Chops.—Boil and mash some nice mealy potatoes; then with one or two well-beaten eggs make them into a paste, work it well, dust it over with flour, and roll out. Take some nice thin neck of mutton or lamb chops, carefully trim off the fat, pepper and salt them on both sides, cut the paste into shape, cover over like a puff, pinch the edges, and fry of a light brown; they look better if about an inch of the bone is left visible. Any kind of cold under-done meat, minced fine and seasoned nicely, can be used instead of the chops; it is excellent way of cooking cold meat.

Indian Huckleberry Pudding.—Boil one quart of fresh milk. Take it from the fire, and stir into it two-thirds of a coffee-cupful of Indian meal. Add to it, when cool, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet, one tablespoonful of molasses, a pinch of salt, and a quart of huckleberries or blueberries. Dip a pudding bag into the boiling water; scatter flour all over the inside of it, and turn in the pudding. Boil for two hours, leaving room in the bag for it to swell one-third. Serve with a rich, foaming sauce, made with half a cupful of butter and one cupful of white sugar, stirred well together. Add a grated nutmeg, or tablespoonful of currant wine, and three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, putting in just as it is served.

Plain Seed Cake.—Take 3lb. of fine flour, set it before the fire until it is warm; melt ½lb. of butter in a sufficient quantity of milk and water to mix the cake, beat three eggs well, add to them two tablespoonfuls of very thick yeast, beat together, and put some of the milk and butter to them quite warm; then put the whole into the flour, and add the rest of the milk and butter by degrees, and with a spoon keep stirring and beating the mixture, which should be as stiff as you can get it. Cover it over, and set it before the fire an hour; then take it up and add 1oz. of carraway seeds, a teaspoonful of ginger, and sugar to taste, mix well, butter a cake tin, put in the cake, set it before the fire till it rises to the top, then put it into the oven; as soon as it is baked turn it out and let it stand till cold with the top downwards. We use this as luncheon cake, and when stale cut it in slices and toast and butter it for tea.

Uses of Waste Paper.—A writer in one of our exchanges says that few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot or tea pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing it in suds. Rubbing them with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tin ware after scouring them. If a little soap be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit each can, is laid directly upon the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpet than straw. It is thinner, warmer, and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between the other coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper upon it, and thus save the paint and woodwork from damage.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Chinese journal published at Pekin has reached its two thousandth volume. Three and a half yards of silk are used to print each number, and the subscribers who have the whole series, rejoice in the possession of about one thousand three hundred miles of periodical literature. These silken annuals of the Flowery Kingdom are said to be tremendously dull.

Art of Swimming.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion or ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface and will continue therefore if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the art of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may lose the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollections of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in many cases.

The Paris *Figaro* is just now creating considerable amusement among American residents of the French metropolis by its extravagantly drawn pictures of American life. Recently it sketched the operations of a band of assassins in New Hampshire, which will astonish those denizens of that quiet rural commonwealth who happen to read it. All their victims had the same mark, the severing of the carotid artery. Once the police came suddenly upon the band, but the members fled and ran through the town at full speed, passing a photograph gallery in their flight. The photographer at once turned his lens upon them and had all their photographs in a twinkling. The next morning they were recognized as residents of the town, and were all arrested. Another story told by this veracious *Figaro* was about an American millionaire who packed his father in a pork barrel in order to send him home as freight, and save the price of passage demanded for a corpse.

That Little Bill.—A curious coincidence lately happened at Liege. A foreign merchant came to that town to look up some debtors, and meeting one of them in the street, observed that he was looking for him, as he thought it was high time that the account between them should be settled. "I should be only too glad," replied M. X., "but you cannot draw blood from a stone." "Then," said the creditor, "I shall have recourse to extreme measures." "Now I think of it," cried X., "I shall soon receive an important legacy. I will, therefore, give you a bill at three months for the whole amount, and this I promise to meet." "Very well. Where shall I find you?" inquired the merchant. "At No. 29 Rue Robermont." The bill having become due last week, a clerk was sent by the creditor to the above address. As No. 29 proved to be the cemetery, the messenger suspected a joke, but, nevertheless, inquired of the porter whether M. X. was within. "Certainly," replied the man, "he has been here since yesterday." "I am come about a bill." "A bill upon X.! I tell you he was buried yesterday." X. had only intended to play an unworthy trick upon his creditor, but he actually died a little before the expiration of the three months, and therefore occupied the mournful abode he had named in jest.

M. Felix Regamey is a great artist. He occupied in Paris as high a rank as Nast and Matt Morgan do here as cartoonists. He made too free with his pencil, and the Thiers government gave him notice to quit. He decided to enter upon a new field, and is now the master of an almost unique art. His speciality may be thus described. A large sheet of whitened canvas is placed upon an easel. The artist, neatly dressed, makes his appearance on the stage, and ascending a short flight of steps writes in bold characters the name of the person whose portrait he is about to make. He then interposes his body between the audience and his work, and thus conceals his operations. With only two crayons, a black and a red, he fulfils his task. In a minute and a half he steps aside and reveals a comically exaggerated picture of whoever his subject may chance to be. The facial lines are all perfect, and position and many minor details are carefully observed. The remarkable thing about these sketches is, that apart altogether from their extraordinary rapidity, they possess great intrinsic merit, and would be capital if they took half an hour instead of a minute to accomplish on some much easier scale than that adopted by the caricaturist. M. Regamey appears at Niblo's Garden, New York.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"A man was caught fishing for trout on a gentleman's land," so a contemporary commences his interesting poaching account.

News is scarce in Minnesota; in the effort to present something fresh, a Lanesboro paper has found it necessary to publish the Ten Commandments.

A merchant who has a class in Sunday-school, asked, "What is solitude?" and was visibly disturbed when a miserable boy answered:—"The store that don't advertise."

The title of a religious article on "Mirth as a Means of Grace," is perverted by a rural compositor into "Mirth as a Means of Grease." He was doubtless thinking of the proverb, "Laugh and grow fat."

To see how eagerly a human being will catch at a straw, it is not necessary to witness a drowning. The phenomenon is now manifest chiefly in saloons, where one end of the straw is immersed in a tumbler.

The use of tobacco should certainly be taught in the public schools. It has been proved so many times over and over again that it is not only not injurious but positively healthy, that its use should not be neglected.

A rural reporter, in narrating the incidents attending the capsizing of a boat, remarks:—"Thanks to the zeal and activity displayed by the boatmen, nobody was lost. Indeed, one woman more was saved than had been in the boat."

Dr. Dio Lewis brought much laughter from a Utica audience by some advice to married men. He was speaking of the eye. "Gaze into your wife's eye and you will see yourself looking exceedingly small." This was what evolved the laugh.

A Western editor, anxious to do justice to the description of a croquet party he attended, longs for a "pen plucked by the queen of fairies from the brightest and most gorgeously tinted tuft of the bird of Paradise, and dipped in golden ink."

Here's a chance for the girls. A Pottsville "patient" advertises: "Fair Offer—To the Public—I have too many boys, and no girls. Two boys came to my house this week. They are twins. I will swap one or both of them for a girl. W. H. B."

The Tycoon knows how to start a newspaper. He does not offer big beets, nor prize squashes, nor oroide jewelry as premiums for subscribers. Having taken an interest in the publication of a newspaper at the Japanese capital, he has issued an order that all men of certain social and political circles shall take it or be beheaded.

An extensive land-slide in Oregon lately carried an entire township into an adjoining county, and the residents of that wandering town now refuse to pay their taxes in the county they slid from, because they are not there; nor will they pay them in the county into which they slid, because they say they don't belong there.

A man in Pennsylvania has invented a rat-trap that is made to operate upon the selfish passions of the poor rat, and lure him into trouble. A mirror is set in the back part of the device, beyond the bait, and as his ratship is out on a foraging expedition he espies the bait; at the same time believes his own image in the mirror to be another rat making for it on the other side. This is too much for rat nature to stand and be cool over, so he rushes for the bait, and is caught.

The old Duke of B——, as is well known, was a confirmed hypochondriac. Buddle met him one day coming from Sir James Clarke's, whom he had been consulting on his complicated ailments. The Duke of B—— was looking profoundly melancholy and out of humor.

"Well," said Buddle, with his usual cheery voice, "what did Sir James say?"

"What did he say!" answered the duke, with the greatest irritation; "the dashed fool said I had a temperament!"

"*Temper*, he meant," remarked Buddle, aside, and went his way.

At a large dinner-party once the poet Rogers

was speaking of the inconvenience of having windows formed of one sheet of glass.

"They look as if there were no glass," he said. "A short time ago, as I sat at the table with my back to one of these panes, it appeared to me that the window was open, and such was the force of imagination that I actually took cold."

"Dear me," said Mr. Babbage, who sat opposite, "how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination! When I sleep unexpectedly away from home, and consequently have no night-cap, I should naturally catch cold. But, by tying a piece of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining I have a night-cap on, and catch no cold at all."

A BANGOR woman got angry with a directory canvasser because that young gentleman would not take the name of her six-months' old baby.

IN Washington, the other day, a feminine member of a coloured operatic troupe went into a dry goods store and called for some flesh-coloured hose. The clerk placed before her a box of black stockings, and she went away highly indignant.

The total absence of boot-jacks, pomatum pots, and other household missiles in the remains of Swiss lacustrine villages leads Dr. Hartmann, the distinguished ethnologist, to the conclusion that the domestic cat was unknown to pre-historic man.

A SCIENTIFIC paper has the inhumanity to make the following base statement, without any attempt to prepare its readers for the blow: "Spiral shells are only straight cones twisted round a central axis." But then plum puddings are only rhomboidal parallelograms conglomerated into prehensile globes, and the most centrifugal marble that ever waltzed down the ringing grooves of change—small change of course, as marbles are twenty a penny—began its career of iniquity as the parallelopipedon of a synchronous but amorphous chunk of protoplastic clay.

A YOUNG lawyer of Chicago, disappointed in love, demanded poison from a druggist, but was considerately given several delicate little powders of prepared chalk instead. He then went to the residence of the adored one, who was sojourning at Valaparaiso, Ind. He again offered his hand, which she unconditionally refused, whereupon he cried: "At your door is my death;" and swallowed the powders. The family doctor was sent for, but, after tasting one of the powders, he calmly awaited the result. The young man laid down and longed for the drowsiness which precedes death. Nothing came. Then they sent him back to his mother.

BROWN, a young insurance friend of ours, says the Boston *Traveller*, had the fifth anniversary of his wooden wedding occur about a week ago, and his friends determined to celebrate his wooden wedding by a surprise party. Brown came in yesterday and told us how they succeeded. They commenced by sending a servant round with a team to take Brown and his wife out to ride at about seven. Then they began to come with presents and materials for supper. There was a little party of five came first, all laden—hands full. They all got nicely inside the garden gate, which shuts with a spring, when Brown's big mastiff, who is always left unchained in his master's absence, came round the corner and surprised them. One woman steppe on her dress, and in her fall so demoralized a fragile black walnut book-case she carried, that it was afterwards done up in a bundle and presented as kindling-wood. Another fellow got safely out of the yard, all but part of his pants, while old Smithers, who weighs 220 pounds, plunged wildly, with the eight-gallon pail of ice cream he carried, through Brown's glass hot-house in the corner of the yard, and surprised some $30 worth of exotics. Finally, they fixed things up and got into the house, and, as it was about time for Brown's return they commenced laying the supper-table. They got down a tea set of rare china that a friend of Brown's in the trade had loaned him a week before, and broke two pieces, so that Brown has since been obliged to mortgage his hen-house and buy the set; and the comments of Mrs. Brown, when she saw the condition of the carpet, were sarcastic in the extreme. Finally, as a crowning touch, they tried to hang out Chinese lanterns, with the word "Welcome" on them, on the porch over the front door. They succeeded in hanging two lanterns, and when they had saved the house from the fiery fiend there wasn't porch enough left to pay for the trouble of trying to hang out any more. Then they sat down and waited for Brown and his wife to come home. We draw the veil over the scene that followed their return. Some scenes are too joyous to be described in cold, cold words.

OUR PUZZLER.

58. DOUBLE PYRAMID PUZZLE.

1. This is a female sovereign's name.
2. A sailor you'll find this will proclaim.
3. A black bird this will certainly state.
4. Part of your chair this will indicate.
5. The head of a rat now please call to mind.
6. A creature of the monkey kind.
7. A Dorsetshire town you'll find this, I think.
8. This to sing and to noisily drink.
9. A Christmas berry this brings to light.
   In my centrals a seaport you'll find, if you work out my parts aright.

59. REBUS.

1. A seaport in Gallicia (here Sir John Moore fell); 2. A province on the frontier of Portugal; 3. A strong seaport in Catalonia; 4. A town in Biscay, where Wellington defeated the French in 1813; 6. A town in Estremadura, where General Hill defeated the French in 1812; 6. A province bounded by the Pyrenees; 7. A cape on the coast of Andalusia, where Nelson defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain; 8. An ancient town of Andalusia; 9. A city in Leon where Wellington defeated the French in 1812. The initials of the above, read downwards, will name a celebrated Spanish author.

60. CHARADES.

I.

One of the vowels for my first select.
In my second a vehicle you may detect.
My third will name a farmer's tool, I wot.
My whole, combined, is a tale by Walter Scott.

II.

Dexterity my first, egotistical my second;
My third will suffocate, and an edible plant
My whole may be reckoned.

61. PROVERBS.

S——n to do a m——n a——n. S——e w——l and s——d w——l. P————n is the t——i of t——e. W——e t——e is a w——l t——e is a w—y.

62. CHARADE.

Sail on, fair first across the main,
Your ancient beauty yet retain—
To some a purer joy
Than hybrid monsters, that convey
But little semblance to betray,
As little greatness to gainsay
Your fame, or their alloy.

So you, who have a next in life,
In all your loving, upward strife,
In this the name may see.
It may be woman, may be man;
The song-bird hath it—in its plan,
All things that breathe, since time began,
Or since all life's decree.

Prized for his friendship or his sense,
Loved for a seaman's competence,
The sailor prides a whole.
Next to my last (his joy and boast)
Of his, the secret pride and toast,
(There won by love's sweet influence most)
Where ocean's waters roll.

63. ANAGRAMS ON INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

1. Coil rum butcher's shop; Coin to a pack; 3. Long tin drives; 4. Shorn fin, link jar; 5. Get no pegs here, son; 6. Hi! Garrick, what rid; 7. Mr. Wag star million; 8. West did braver; 9. Sam, serve jag hare; 10. Hah! very dumpy; 11. What san jet; 12. Die to gain rue.

64. CHARADE.

My first in splendor moves, and lives
In palaces so grand;
Every word he speaks is law,
All bow at his command.

My second in his little craft,
Sails o'er the stormy sea,
And strives to earn his daily bread
By working honestly.

By river sides my whole is seen,
A pretty little bird;
When on the wing 'tis very swift,
Though it is seldom heard.

ANSWERS.

35. CHARADE.—Bargain.
36. CONUNDRUM.—A bass (base) player.
37. CHARADE.—Beau, Tie, Full,—Beautiful.
38. CONTRARY MEANING.—To cleave.
39. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Summer, Warmth, thus: 1. SaW; 2. UmbrellA; 3. MurmuR; 4. MadaM; 5. EvanescenT, 6. RicH.
40. SQUARE WORDS—

1.	2.	3.
R A L P H	P E S T H	T R E N T
A S E L E	E M E R Y	R O V E R
L E G A L	S E L I M	E V O R A
P L A C E	T R I C E	N E R A C
H E L E N	H Y M E N	T R A C E

41. ENIGMA.—Lock, Lock of hair, Lock of Canal, Lock.
42. LETTER PUZZLES.—1. Strength, Ideality. 2. Disproportionableness. 3. Ear, Are, Era, Rae, Aer, Rea. 4. Arseniously (there are also other words).
43. CHARADE.—Life-boat.
44. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Landseer, Painters, Reynolds, thus:—1. LePeR; 2. AdAgE; 3. NoIsY; 4. DomiNicaN; 5. SoTtO; 6. EvangElicaL; 7. EdReD; 8. RoSeS.
45. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
C H E W	C O O T	S W A N
H E A R	O U S E	W A V E
E A S E	O S S A	A V O W
W R E N	T E A L	N E W S

46. ENIGMA.—Mane, Main, Main Chance.
47. LOGOGRIPH.—Zebra, Bear, Bare, Cear (care), day by day.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 6th, 1873.

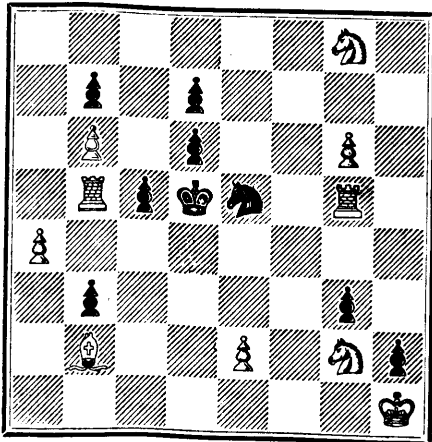
*** *All communications relating to Chess must be addressed* "CHECKMATE, *London, Ont.*"

*** *We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."*

PROBLEM No. 1.

BY F. C. COLLINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 2.

BY MRS. TOWNSEND.

White.	*Black.*
K. at Q. B. 6th	K. at K. B. sq.
Q. at Q. Kt. 3rd	
B. at K. R. 4th.	

White to play and mate in two moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

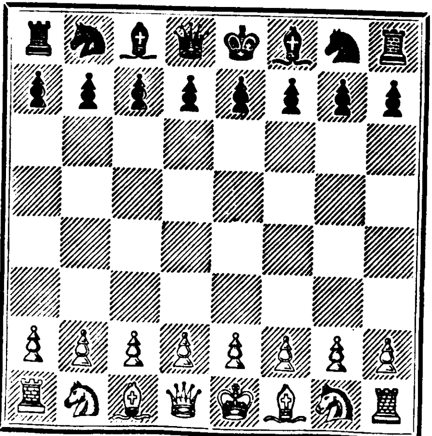
BY "CHECKMATE."

The Chess Board and Men.

Now, young readers, having given our older friends a couple of problems—a real puzzle, one of them—to engage their attention for a short time, we will stop right here, and see if you can learn something about the "royal" game from me. You see I have here a checkered board, alternate squares of white and black—sixty-four in all,—this is the field upon which we will place the mimic soldiery. In this box I have sixteen white and as many black chessmen. I'll place them on the board. There. Now observe

THE CHESSMEN IN BATTLE ARRAY.

THE BLACK MEN.



THE WHITE MEN.

Pay particular attention to the position of the board—a white square at each player's right hand corner.

Now, the men. Each player has sixteen men—those nearest are called pieces and in front of them stand the pawns. The pieces have different names. Those in the four outside corners are called Rooks, or Castles, next to them are the Knights, then the Bishops, leaving in the centre the King and the Queen. The white King at the commencement of a game always stands on a black square, the white Queen on a white one—so you may see at a glance on the diagram which is the King and which the Queen. The black King and Queen must be placed opposite White's pieces of the same name, so that we have the black King on a white square and the black Queen on a black square. It is very important that you should remember this.

As each King has on his side of the board a Bishop, Knight and Rook, they are distinguished from those on the Queen's side by being named King's Bishop, King's Knight, King's Rook, the others being called Queen's Bishop, Queen's Knight and Queen's Rook.

The pawns are known by the pieces behind them, as King's Rook's pawn, King's pawn, Queen's Knight's pawn, and so on.

It is as well that you should now understand that in writing the names of the chessmen it is customary to save labor and space by abbreviation, thus K. for King, Q. for Queen, K. B. for King's Bishop, Q. Kt. for Queen's Knight, Q. R. for Queen's Rook, K. B. P. for King's Bishop's pawn, &c.

We have now learned how to place the board and the men and the titles of the several pieces and pawns, but do not know yet how to move. Before learning the moves, however, it will be necessary to master some method of describing them upon the board. That is not an easy matter, but we shall try to make it easy for you.

The board is divided into ranks, files and diagonals. A line of squares across a board is called a rank, a line of squares up or down the board is termed a file, the other lines are diagonals.

The files are named after the piece which stands at either end, so we speak of the King's file, Queen's file, Queen's Rook's file, and so on.

The ranks are numbered, each player counting from his own side of the board from 1 to 8. The pieces now stand upon the first or royal rank, the pawns upon the second rank, that in front of the pawns is the third rank, and Black's pieces are standing on White's eighth rank, although they are upon his own first rank.

If we want to describe the moves of the pawn, we may do so in this way, each player moving alternately:

White.	*Black.*
1. P. to K. 4th	1. P. to K. 4th
2. P. to K. B. 4th	

and we understand that first White's King's pawn is advanced two squares from his present position, that is, to his King's fourth rank, then Black replies by an exactly similar move, White then pushes out his K. B. P. two squares. I think you will have no trouble now to understand my way of telling you how the several chessmen move.

Accustom yourselves to placing the men on the board; learn the names so that you can call them at sight; and in the next FAVORITE I will tell you how the men are moved about the board.

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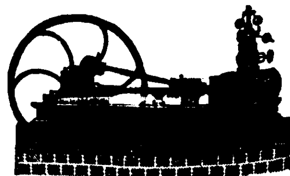

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