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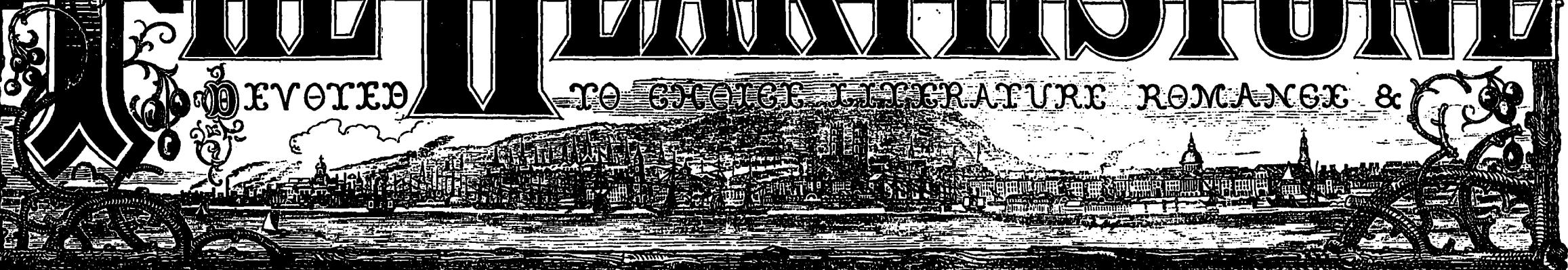
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MOTHER HEARTHSTONE



VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, { PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

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No. 21.

For the Hearthstone.
JOYS IN SORROWS.

BY J. A. TURNER.

Through many sorrows thou hast been,
Wear'y Pilgrim of this life:
They have nerfed thee for the battle,
They have armed thee for the strife.

Though the breath of disappointment
Though the sun be hid from sight;
And thought dark be all around thee,
And thy mid-day black as night.

Though the black and heavy surges
Cleave, with thunder o'er thy head:
Thee the friends that once you trusted
Are forever from you fled;

Though calamities have crossed thee,
Darkness deep hath hid thy way.
Bright may be the sun above thee,
Soon will shine eternal day.

Look up, sad spirit, and be strong,
Ask for strength and then receive;
For God is ready to bestow,
His command is to believe.

He will never turn thee from His
If you come to Him for grace;
He has never hidden any,
Saying "Seek in vain my face."

For the Hearthstone.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE CANTEEN.

The wedding trip of Arthur and Jessie was a short one, but a very happy one. Once in a while a shadow of an old sorrow would fit across the brain of Arthur, but one glance at the bright, joyous face by his side would quickly dispel the vision, and he would be gay and happy again. As for Jessie all the warm impression of her nature thawed naturally and quietly out under the influence of the sun of her adoration. Their holiday was brief—several weeks—but they thoroughly enjoyed it. There is scarcely any city, except, perhaps, Paris—when Paris was at her zenith—where two weeks can be more thoroughly enjoyed by persons who have no business but pleasure, than they can be in New York. The splendid vistas of streets, the magnificent buildings, the teeming population, all so earnest and busy; the glories of Central Park, the calm quiet repose of Greenwood, the flash and glow of the theatres, the splendors of the opera, the roar and bustle of Broadway, the vivid vitality of the whole place tend to make up a picture of fascination which it is difficult to rival. Jessie had never been in any larger city than Montreal, and the glories of the opera and the wonders of the theatre were all new pleasures to her, and she drank them in with avidity, and turned from them with regret when the brief holiday had passed away and they were obliged to return. Although her life had been a happy one, yet it seemed to her she had never known what true happiness was until within these two weeks. Still she was not sorry to return to Montreal, as she pictured quieter domestic joys which would more than compensate for the giddy round of pleasure she was saluted with.

Mr. Lubbock sailed for England at the time specified, and left Arthur Austin in full charge of the business, unless Mr. Lowndes should take a fancy to visit Canada. Mr. Lubbock expected to be absent about a year, and Arthur was duly installed as master of his house during his absence. The old gentleman had taken care to raise Arthur's salary to a liberal figure so that he may not feel dependent on his wife, whose settlement had been a very liberal one securing her \$2,000 a year during her uncle's lifetime and one half of his fortune at his death.

It was about a week after Mr. Lubbock had sailed that Arthur was walking up Jacques Cartier Square when he felt a hand laid lightly on his shoulder, and a voice, which sounded familiar saluted him with:

"Dear boy, how magnificently you are looking; allow me to congratulate you on your improved appearance and also on your improved prospects. I had the pleasure of witnessing that interesting little ceremony at the Cathedral a couple of weeks ago, and I assure you it affected me deeply."

"Why, Bob, old fellow I am astonished to see you; and should certainly never have recognised you, your appearance has so much changed, you look so—so—"

"Seedy, dear boy, don't be delicate about expressions. Confoundedly seedy, if you feel in a humor for using adjectives. I confess the fact, dear boy, luck has run dead against me, and I believe I am about the most impudent and seedy individual in Montreal!"

"I am really sorry to hear that, and you know, old fellow you have only to call on me for any help you need; but, where have you been these last two years that I have never heard from you; and how did you come to Montreal?"

"Dear boy, one question at a time; the story is long, and standing here is not pleasant; let us adjourn to a quiet retreat I know in the neighborhood where we can obtain food for the body as well as the mind, and where we will not be disturbed."

They walked down Notre Dame St. to Claudio and down that almost to St. Paul's when Brydon stopped in front of Joe Bee's Canteen.

"Let us enter," he said. "The exterior is not inviting and the interior is very little more so, but it is cheap, very cheap—and as a natural



"HERE'S YOUR TWO-EYED BEEFSTEAK, AND YOUR MULLED ALE."

consequence extremely acceptable to a man whose finances are in a condition of consumption. The fare is simple, but nutritious; and wonderfully filling, a little of it goes a long way. Let us enter."

"No," said Arthur, "I do not believe in visiting saloons; and I don't like the appearance of this one."

"More prejudice, dear boy. Enter and refresh your drooping spirits with the bounding cocktail, or the foaming tankard. Besides," he added in more serious tones, "I have something very particular to say to you."

"You have certainly selected a very curious place," said Arthur, "but it makes little difference to me."

They entered—not the saloon where two rotten cheeses, a heap o'ham knuckles and piles of fat looking bread, bountifully displayed on the counter, are the prowayding features, but a side room which bore over its entrance door, the pretentious sign "Oyster Saloon, meals &c."

It was a low, dark, mean looking room, furnished with a few heavy square tables and some benches and chairs; in one corner stood a platform which looked as if it had been used for a piano, if the place had ever been a music hall, and the walls were ornamented with a few rude pictures on sporting subjects. Mr. Brydon led the way to a side table, and sat with the air of a man who had been there before."

Arthur sat opposite him and waited with some impatience the communication which Brydon had said he had to make to him.

Mr. Brydon settled the seedy looking hat firmly on his head, drew into one pocket and produced an old clay pipe black with age, into another and brought out a handful of tobacco, filled the pipe and carefully returned the few grains lost in his hand to his pocket. He then divested himself into another pocket and producing a match, lighted his pipe and took two or three contemplative whiffs.

"Sit down, dear boy, and refresh," said Mr. Brydon. "Allow me to recommend the beer; the presence of water is plainly recognisable, but it retains some of its ancient flavor, and is not bad, all things considered. Mr. Beef," continued he, as that personage entered the room, "will you oblige me with one of your excellent steaks and a tankard of mulled ale; my friend will take—?"

tented himself with simply discharging him. Brydon took the discharges in the light of an injustice, and tried hard to throw the guilt on Arthur; but Mr. Austin so scouted the idea that he quickly changed his tactics and tried to conciliate the friend he had endeavored to abuse.

Arthur was of an easy, forgiving disposition, and soon forgot the injustice and wrong Brydon had tried to do him. At that time Arthur was rather wild—as young men with plenty of money generally will be—and Brydon soon established himself as his boon companion. They had numerous "sprees" together, and Brydon was closely connected in a transaction which Arthur had every desire to blot from his memory, and every wish to keep concealed from the rest of the world. Brydon, after he left Mr. Austin, had for a while run a Faro Bank on the Bowery; but for some ugly tales had been told to the police, and one night a descent was made on it, and the proprietor and inmates arrested. It does not take much trouble or ingenuity—but generally a good deal of money—for the keeper the condisclosure of his "lay out," "cheeks," &c. of a New York Faro Bank to escape from the clutches of a New York Judge, and so Robert Brydon suffered nothing more than a heavy fine, and He remained about New York for a few months after this, figuring conspicuously as a "sport" attending the races, driving a fast team in the Park, wearing a big diamond pin in his shirt bosom, and otherwise playing the heavy swell. Then he disappeared, and Arthur Austin had seen or heard nothing of him for over two years, when they suddenly met in Jacques Cartier Square.

When Brydon left New York, Arthur Austin was at the height of his success, and reported to be enormously wealthy. In a few months more the collapse had come, and he was reduced to almost beggary. What Brydon had been doing in those two years and a half, and what had reduced him from the gay cavalier to the seedy individual he now was, were matters of conjecture to Arthur Austin.

"Sit down, dear boy, and refresh," said Mr. Brydon. "Allow me to recommend the beer; the presence of water is plainly recognisable, but it retains some of its ancient flavor, and is not bad, all things considered. Mr. Beef," continued he, as that personage entered the room, "will you oblige me with one of your excellent steaks and a tankard of mulled ale; my friend will take—?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Arthur. "I do not

need any lunch, and I never take any intoxicating liquor."

"Pew!" whistled Mr. Beef, "you're a cold water customer, are you? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you were," he continued, with a supercilious glance; "you look like it."

"Dear boy, dear boy," said Mr. Brydon, "you don't mean to say that you have come the cold water dodge! Sorry to hear it, very; it ruins the coating of the stomach, and brings a man to an early and uncomfortable grave. You won't take anything? then I must drink alone. Mr. Beef, would you oblige me by seeing that that steak is fat and of fair proportion; I feel slightly peckish."

"Yes, you generally do feel 'peckish' when you come in here," responded Mr. Beef, as he went into the bar-room to execute the order. Before leaving the room, however, he took the poker out of the coal scuttle, gave it a preliminary pull at it, "pardon my keeping you in suspense, and I prefer entering upon a serious subject on a full stomach, it gives one more confidence. Dear boy, that was a very pleasant ceremony I witnessed the other day, and I congratulate you on your good taste; Mrs. Austin, No. 2, is certainly a very charming little lady, and I do not wonder at your susceptible heart being captured by her beauty, without taking into account the ulterior attraction of her uncle's fortune."

"Brydon," said Arthur at last, "you have very nearly finished that herring, and my time is precious, what is it you have to tell me?"

"Excellent refreshment, and filling at the price," said Mr. Brydon, quite imperiously; "but, rather dry and needing more fluid to wash it down. Mr. Beef, will you oblige me with another mug of beer, cold this time the poker imparted rather greasy flavor to the last lot. Now, dear boy," he continued, after his meal had been replenished and he had taken a good pull at it, "pardon my keeping you in suspense, and I prefer entering upon a serious subject on a full stomach, it gives one more confidence. Dear boy, that was a very pleasant ceremony I witnessed the other day, and I congratulate you on your good taste; Mrs. Austin, No. 2."

"Dear boy, dear boy," said Mr. Brydon, "you mean, not is?" There is no use dragging up that old story of my folly and its punishment. I will save you the trouble of repeating the tale of how a beardless boy not twenty became enamored of a pretty bullet dancer, with a well turned ankle and captivating black eyes; of how he followed her, in his infatuation to a small village in Pennsylvania and—in a moment of madness—married her; of his awaking from his wild dream, to find that she was wicked, abandoned, vile; all that a woman should not be, and that he was tied to her for life; of his ineffectual efforts to get rid of her; of the year of misery he passed. No, there is no need for you to repeat that old story I remember it only too well; it is only too deeply engraved on my heart and is the one dark memory of my life. But thank God! it is only a memory, death has closed that page of my life, and I do not desire to have it reopened."

"Not the least doubt of it, dear boy, and quite proper on your part; but I fail to understand your allusion to death."

"My wretched wife died four years ago; just about the time of the failure of Austin and Son. Oh! don't look incredulous. I have a letter from the doctor who attended her, and the undertaker who buried her; the latter enclosed bills which I paid; but, altho' the gentlemen were prompt enough to send me their bills, they were never polite enough to forward receipts for the money. I also saw an announcement of my wife's death in a Savannah paper; in which place she was playing at the time. Besides, you know I was allowing my wife \$2,000 a year at that time and her quarterly allowance has not since been claimed; nor that I could have paid it, because our failure left me without the means to do so, but because there was no one to pay it to."

"What a wonderful memory the dear boy has!" said Mr. Brydon rather mockingly, "but incorrect as facts. Miss Ellie Barron—or to speak more correctly, Miss Austin, No. 1—must

THE HEARTHSTONE.

be a very remarkable person to die in Savannah four years ago, and to have been alive and well in New York two months ago, when I had the pleasure of seeing her."

"Alive!" shouted Arthur Austin starting from his chair.

"Not the least doubt of it, dear boy; alive and kicking, absolutely kicking, for I saw her kick a bell-boy at the St. Charles Hotel, because he refused to furnish a couple of brandies and soda without payment in advance."

"It's a lie."

"Perfectly true, dear boy, perfectly true; the doctor's, and the undertaker's letters and bills were ingenious forgeries, very neatly executed by a friend of yours who desired to relieve your mind of a load of grief. Your first wife is alive and very anxious to find you, as she is confoundedly hard up and would like her allowances renewed. The pleasant little ceremony I witnessed at the Cathedral, was, no doubt, very enjoyable to you; but it was a sad mistake for you, dear boy; it is an awkward thing to commit bigamy."

"Bigamy! Oh Heavens! Poor Jessie, poor Jessie!" exclaimed Arthur, clasping his head in his hands and leaning forward on the table;

"My poor little darling."

"Yes, yes, it is rather hard on the little lady with the golden hair; but it is rather harder on the other lady, Mrs. Austin, No 1."

"Robert Brydon," said Arthur rising and looking at his companion with a vengeance, "I know you to be a scoundrel, a thief, a liar and an unprincipled adventurer."

"Don't be complimentary, dear boy, please don't, or you will make me blush."

"You will remember," continued Arthur, "that I induced my father to sue you once when you forged his name; I have . . . been your friend in good repute, and evil repute; I would even be your friend now, for we played together as children and grew up almost as brothers; but, by Heaven! if you are bating any of your infernal plots against me I will wound you to death like a dog. You are trying to raise the phantom of my past misery to blight the happiness of the present but have a care. I know enough of your past life to send you to prison, and I will do it if you try to annoy me."

"Don't, dear boy, don't. I have been there, and I can't say I like it; the grub is meager, and their drink is bad, only water and poor at that. I have resided in Sing Sing two years and have no desire to return there; besides, dear boy, you forget I am quite safe in Canada, altho' I might be in danger in the States."

"What does your story mean?" said Arthur, restraining himself with an effort and again taking his seat. "Is it an attempt to extort money from me?"

"Extort money," said Mr. Brydon suddenly changing his manner, and rising and speaking with great force and emphasis, totally different from his former quiet, bantering style; "To extort money? Yes; but it is more than that. Arthur Austin, it is to pay off an old score; I have had a debt of hate against you for a long time and I mean to pay it, Arthur Austin; when I have crossed my path three times in my life, and I mean to lie down across yours for the rest of yours, or my existence, so that you cannot get rid of me. Excuse me, dear boy," he continued, suddenly changing his manner again, and resuming his seat, "I am afraid I was a little excited; I hope you will pardon me, and allow me to tell you a little story. Can you remember twelve years ago, Arthur Austin, when we were at school together? Can you remember how you bullied me? I can. Do you remember thrashing me? I do. Do you think I have ever forgotten those days, no, no, I remember well every blow you gave me, every cross or hard word you used, and I swore then that when I came to manhood I would return you 'blow for blow,' and I mean to keep my oath. Oh! I kept on good terms with you, was always your good friend, but it was only because the nearer I was to you, the deeper I could strike. My first blow filled you; you remarked just now that I forged your father's name. I did; yes, I forged his name and tried to throw the guilt on you; I failed and was discharged; that was the second time you crossed my path. I still kept on good terms with you and bidden my time. One night I was fool enough to introduce you to the girl on whom I had set my heart, and who I believed loved me; your baby face, your smooth plausible manner, and your wealth, won her from me. You married her. Well Ellie Barron never was a good lot, and you found that out very shortly after your marriage, when the scales had dropped from your eyes. You tried to get divorced from her, but Miss Ellie was too clever to have committed any act since her marriage which gave you any legal claim to cast her off. Oh! no, virgin, devilish was she, she was too clever to give you the power to throw her aside when you discovered what she had been. Bad as she was—none knew better than I, how bad—I loved her, wildly, passionately, loved her then, love her now, and shall always love her." He had spoken hereafter, his voice gaining depth and passion, although it was only slightly raised. He paused now, overcome by genuine emotion, his voice almost choked by the thick, quick sobs which rose to his throat. Any one looking at him now would scarcely have recognized the easy-going, self-possessed, cynical individual who had been speaking a few minutes before. After a short pause, he continued: "When she first told me she was going to marry you, I meant to shoot you, I waited for you one whole night outside her house, but you did not visit her; I dogged your footsteps for three whole days, watching for an opportunity to murder you, and finding none. Then I changed my mind; death was too quick a punishment for you; I would wait, and seek some more lasting means of torturing you, as you tortured me. You will remember, dear boy," he continued, again changing to his light, playful manner, "that I assisted at that little ceremony at which Miss Ellie Barron became Mrs. Austin, No. 1. I assisted at one or two of the amusing little matrimonial squabbles in which you indulged; I assisted in furnishing you information about your wife's former character; I assisted in defeating your application for divorce; and I assisted at something else which you did not suspect—your wife's funeral, which never took place." It was speaking earnestly and bitterly again, and the wicked, devilish look was on his face. "After your separation from your wife, she returned to the stage—she could scarcely be said to have ever left it—and I met her. I had some money then, and I could afford to pay for a whim. I thought that if death relieved you of your wife—or to speak more correctly, if you supposed death had relieved you—you would probably marry again. I proposed a scheme to Ellie; she loved you none too well, and joined with me readily. I wrote the letters and bills you received; I prepared the advertisement for the Savannah papers, which, by the way, was contradicted next day, although you did not see that, I laid my plan carefully, and then I came North and was with you in New York when you received the letters which had been posted by Ellie herself. I remember well your joy at their receipt, and I expected to see you a married man in less than a year, but your confounded failure drove you from New York and spoiled your chance of marrying for some time. I thought I was failed again, but fortune has fa-

vored me at last. You are married now, married well and worthily; and I hold the dagger in my hand which can fall and destroy your happiness and commit you to prison whenever I please; and I please to keep the dagger suspended above you."

(To be continued.)

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1802.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

In the course of these wanderings, in which he met with much hospitality and kindness in solitary homesteads, where his bright face and cheery voice won a joyful welcome, Mr. Redmayne came upon a lowland farm in Gippsland, whose owners had fallen on evil days; the rough loghouse was empty, the land neglected, and a family of squatters who had taken up their abode in one of the barns told him that the estate was to be sold by auction at Brisbane, in something less than a fortnight.

He went over the land, and his practised eye was quick to perceive its value. It had been badly worked, and the man who owned it had gone at a rapid pace to the dogs; but the squatters told Mr. Redmayne that this late proprietor had drunk himself into delirium tremens three or four times a year and had squandered every six-pence he earned playing "poker" and other equally intellectual games with any wandering stranger whom Providence sent in his way. The farm had fallen into bad odour by reason of his nonsuccess, and had been put up to auction already, and withdrawn from sale, the biddings not reaching the reserved price which the late owner's trade assignees had put upon it.

"You might get it by private contract, I assure you," said the squatter, when he perceived Mr. Redmayne's inclination to buy, "if you was to look sharp about it, and make yer offer to the auctioneer between this and nex' Tuesday week."

Richard Redmayne was fascinated by the place, which was called Bulrush Meads, there being a considerable tract of low-lying meadow land, with a broad stream meandering through it, richly fringed with tall bulrushes—superb land for stock. There was hill as well as dale and the site of the rough log dwelling-house was as picturesque as anything he had seen in his holiday ramble. What a king he might be here with Grace, he thought to himself. The life would not be rough for her, safe sheltered under his wing, and with honest Kentish lasses for her servants. His quick eye told him how the place might be improved: a roomy parlour built out on one side, with a wide veranda supported by rustic pillars, a pleasant shelter beneath which his darling might sit and work on sunny afternoons. And what a prospect for those gentle eyes to gaze upon! what a varied sweep of hill and valley, bright silver streamlet flashing athwart greenest of meadows, a thousand sheep looking no bigger than so many daisies upon the distant uplands, and far away on the left the landscape a forest of almost tropical richness! A couple of bedchambers could be added above, wooden like the rest of the house, which was strongly though roughly built. Vines and pumpkins climbed to the shingle roof, and all kinds of flowers, brighter and larger than the blossoms of his native land, overspread the neglected garden.

On one side of the low rumbling edifice there was an orchard of peach-trees; on the other a grove of cabbage-palms, eighty feet high, their tall trunks entwined by a luxuriant flowering parasite; a giant fig-tree spread its broad leaves near at hand, side by side with a huge stinging-nettle tree, all a-glitter with silvery spicule, like a vegetable needle manufactory.

The fancy once having seized upon him was not to be put away. He was very fond of Brierwood—fond with a traditional love which was an instinct of his mind; but he had always been more or less cramped in that narrow orbit. This rough-and-ready life, with such wide space for roaming and adventure, suited him a great deal better than the dot-and-go-one round of a farmer's existence at home. And then the novelty of the thing had a powerful witchery. To take this neglected estate in hand, and make it a model of high farming, was a task worth an enterprising man's labour. At Brierwood everything was so narrow, his best experiments had failed for want of room. Here, in this wide field, he saw his way to certain fortune.

Feavered by visions of a veritable Arcadia, of which his beloved Grace should be queen; fired too by the squatter, who hung about him as he explored the place, and was eager to curry favour with a probable purchaser, cherishing his own peculiar vision of a comfortable berth under the new rule—Mr. Redmayne ultimately resolved to make a bid for Bulrush Meads, and mounted his horse to ride to Brisbane. He did between thirty and forty miles a day, sometimes riding from daybreak till sunset along a narrow channel cut through a bush so dense that it would have been impossible to swerve to the right or the left, sometimes crossing grassy hills two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at nightfall hobbling his horse on the dewy sward. Wherever he met with human habitations, he met with kindness and hospitality; and so prospering as he went, he reached the city in time to attend the sale. He made no attempt at negotiation, thinking it wiser to await the hazard of the auction. Circumstances favoured him; the bidders were feeble and spiritless; and Mr. Redmayne bought Bulrush Meads for one thousand seven hundred pounds—just one hundred above the reserved price. The auctioneer congratulated him upon having got the estate for an old song, and drank a bottle of champagne at the lucky purchaser's expense.

"And upon my word, it ought to be a threecornered case," he said, "considering your luck, Mr. Redmayne."

All legal rites being duly performed, Richard Redmayne went back to take possession of his estate, thoroughly delighted with his investment. He left the squatter as kind of caretaker, giving him a ten-pound note as an advance payment for work to be done in the

way of repairing fences and improving boundaries.

"If I find you know anything about farming, I shall take you on as a regular hand when I come back," he said; "and I shall come back as soon as ever I can settle my affairs in England."

He meant to let Brierwood, or to leave his brother James in possession, if things had gone as prosperously as James asserted they had gone in his absence, and thus work the two estates. For himself it seemed to him that no state of existence could be so delicious as a wild free life at Bulrush Meads, with a prosperous farm-yard and a goodly array of corn ricks, a comfortable hearth by which the wandering stranger might rest, a hospitable table at which there should always be room enough for the traveller, and half-a-dozen good saddle-horses in his stable. He would teach Grace to ride, and she could caunter about the farm with him, ride beside him many a mile on moonlight nights across that splendid country, over grassy hill-tops that looked down on the broad waters of the southern sea.

The fact that the life might be somewhat lonely for his daughter flashed across his mind occasionally; but he dismissed the notion carelessly enough. What mode of existence could be duller than her life at Brierwood? In Kent she was only a small farmer's daughter. Here in these backwoods she would be a queen; and he had confidence enough in her affection to believe that any life would be acceptable to that girl that was to be shared with him.

Of the day when she might desire to form new ties he thought but vaguely. No doubt that time would come: some handsome young emigrant would woo and win her; but even that event need not result in separation between father and daughter. There was room enough at Bulrush Meads for a patriarchal household; and Richard Redmayne could fancy himself sitting under his vine-clad verandah, cool and spacious as a Sevillian patio, with a noisy crowd of grandchildren clambering on his knees.

"I will never part with her," he said to himself soundly.

He sailed from Brisbane early in March, and arrived at Liverpool towards the end of May. He had received no letters from home for some months before his departure; but this was the result of his own nomadic habits rather than of any neglect on the part of his correspondents. The last bore the date of October, and told him that all was well. He was not a man to be tormented by morbid apprehension of possible evil. He made his homeward journey in high spirits, full of hopes and schemes for the future. He had a rude map of Bulrush Meads, which he used to spread out before him on the cuff-table and ponder upon for an hour at a stretch, with a pencil in his hand, marking out so many acres for wheat here, so many for barley there, inferior tracts for mangold-wurzel, patches of turnips, and bits of outlying land that would grow beans, wide level pastures for his cattle; dotting down hedges and boundaries, putting in every five-barred gate which was to impart to that fertile wilderness the trim aspect of an English farm.

And so it came to the end of May, bright joyous weather, the first flush and bloom of summer, and Richard Redmayne, with a heart as light as a feather, trod firmly on the soil of his native land. He left no time. Up to London as fast as an express train could carry him, from one railway-station to another in a rapid hansom, at London-bridge terminus just in time to catch the train for Tunbridge, from Tunbridge home-wards in a fly. He could scarcely sit quietly in the vehicle, as the familiar hedgerows went by him, so eager was he to arrive at the end of his journey. "I could walk faster than this," he said to himself; and this impatience was so great upon him at last, that he called to the driver to stop, got out hurriedly, and paid and dismissed him within a mile of Brierwood.

He felt freer when he stood alone amidst the still evening landscape. It was sunset—a sunset in early summer after a cloudless day. The western sky was like a sea of gold, and over all the heaven there was a pale tinge of rose colour. There were woods near at hand, and even in his feverish haste Richard Redmayne stopped for a minute or so to listen to the song of a nightingale—a new sound to him after those musicless forests yonder, with only the sharp ringing note of the bellbird, or the mocking tones of the laughing jackass. There was not a shorn elm in the hedge-row that he did not recognize. How familiar, how sweet the scene was! If he had come across that waste of waters only for this, his voyage would hardly have seemed profitless. The landscape moved him as if it had been a living soul—a human creature he had fondly loved.

But it was not for this he had returned; it was for Grace's sake, and for hers only. On

every other account it would have suited him better to remain yonder, and set his new estate going. His home-sickness had been only a yearning to see that one beloved face, to feel the gentle touch of that one dear hand.

A quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him in front of the old house. There it stood, stout and substantial as when he left it, a goodly homestead, untouched by wind or weather, with the sturdy air of old age. The garden was all ablaze with flowers; there were flower-pots on the window-sills—bow-pots, his mother had called them—and the upper casements stood open. He looked up at the windows of his daughter's room, half hoping to catch a glimpse of her bright head above the geraniums and mimosa; but he could see nothing. Everything about the house looked orderly and prosperous; he heard the geese screaming and the turkeys gobbling in the farmyard, and that deep lowing of cows which has always something awful in it. All things were very fair in the golden evening light. If there were trouble in store for him, the outward aspect of his home gave him no hint of that trouble.

At the last moment, with his hand upon the bell, he changed his mind. He had given them no notice of his return by letter. He would go round to the back, slip in quietly through the garden, and take them all by surprise. And Grace? He could fancy her shrick of joy, her wild rush into his outspread arms. The picture was in his mind as he went round by a narrow strip of orchard into the garden behind the house. It had never entered into his thoughts that there could be anything amiss.

All was very still; the day's work was over; it was the one delicious hour of breathing-time before supper—the hour in which even aunt Hannah's tongue was wont to be at rest, while

she sat with folded hands and shambled—an hour in which the fumes of uncle James's pipe ascended like incense burnt before the shrine of the goddess Hestia.

The parlour window was wide open; he went up to it softly over the close-cut grass, and looked in. Yes, his brother and sister-in-law sat in the very attitudes he had sensed: James Redmayne, smoking with a solemn face, his legs stretched on a chair, and a huge silk handkerchief spread over his knees. He looked older and a shade more careworn, the wanlooker thought. Aunt Hannah slept in her stiff-backed wooden armchair by the empty hearth, and on her face too there were signs of care.

"If I hadn't seen the grass as I came along, I should have thought from Jim's face there was a bad look-out for the lad," Richard Redmayne said to himself.

But where was Grace?

In her own room, perhaps, making some bit of finery for her next Sunday's adornment, or reading a novel in the best parlour, or in the garden. He glanced behind him, but could see no light dress flitting by the distant flower-borders, or between the gray old trunks of the apple-trees.

It chilled him a little. The delay would be but a few moments, doubtless. She was somewhere near at hand, and would fly to him like a mad thing at the sound of his voice; but he had so laughed at her, that he was sorry for her, and he had confidence enough in her affection to believe that any life would be acceptable to that girl that was to be shared with him.

"Jim," he said gently, not wishing to awaken aunt Hannah so suddenly from her slumber.

James Redmayne let his long churchwarden pipe slip through his fingers.

"My God!" he cried, "is it a ghost?"

"A very substantial one, old fellow—thirteen stone in the saddle. It's your affectionate brother Richard in the flesh, and sharp-set enough to enjoy an honest English supper presently."

He stepped lightly across the low windowsill into the room.

"Where's Grace?"

Dusk as it was he saw the white change on his brother's face, the awful look which Hannah Redmayne turned upon him as she opened her eyes and beheld him standing there.

"Where's my daughter?" he cried sharply.

The dead silence that followed turned his heart to stone. Those two scared faces, the white dumb lips of his brother, and the silence were enough.

"Is she dead?" he asked, in a low hoarse voice; "is she dead? Speak out, can't you, and have done with it!"

Aunt Hannah was the first to find courage to speak.

"She is not dead, Richard—at least we have no cause to think so. She may be well and happy, for anything we know. But, O dear, dear, dear! I didn't you got James's letter, telling you everything, with a copy of the letter she wrote to me when she went away?"

"When she went away" repeated the father sternly; "when she went away! I thought I left her in your care, Hannah Redmayne?"

"And God knows I took good care of her, Richard. But could I help it, if she had the heart to deceive me—to steal away one dark morning, without leaving a trace of where she was gone? But you must have got the letter, surely?"

"I got no letter, after the one about the hopping. I was out of the way of letters; and I thought my daughter was safe with you. Do you think I would have left her, woman, if I hadn't thought that?"

He dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking at them with an awful face. He who had been all life and eagerness five minutes ago seemed changed into a man of stone.

"What has become of my child?" he said, in the same stern accusing tone. "Begin at the beginning. She is not dead; but she is gone. When did she go, and how?"

"On the 11th of last November, secretly, stealing away one morning at seven o'clock, when we were all busy. But her letter will tell you the most. We know so little."

Mrs. James went to a side-table where there was a huge mahogany desk, which she unlocked, and from which she took Grace's poor little letter. It had been read and re-read many times. The folds of the paper were almost worn through. Richard Redmayne read it aloud twice

THE HEARTHSTONE.

BEDTIME.

BY LULU.

The little ones have gone to bed—
I hear no other sound,
Except the ticking of the clock,
So still is all around.

The little clothes are folded up—
And laid upon the chair;
By Katie's own wee cunning hands
All put away with care.

The little weaver in the crib,
With close, golden curls,
Is nearer to her mother's heart
Than India's shining pearls.

And while I gaze with loving pride,
On each fair, golden tree,
A brook of pity, grown to pain,
Comes for the motherless.

And warmly still my heart goes out
To those who lonely weep,
For that in all their cradle-beds,
No little darlings sleep.

Ah, many a mother thinks, at night,
With aching heart and head,
How in the cold and dark, alone,
Her baby's gone to bed.

From the loving mother-arms;
From homes sheltering nest,
Under the daisies and the stars,
Her little one doth rest.

Yet, grieving mothers, not so warm,
Nor safe, their earthly bed,
The Saviour's bosom pillows now,
Thy sleeping treasure's head.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?" Clarence Spencer to whom the words had been addressed, turned from his ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper for Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, the pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His look indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom upon his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

" Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I hear and see enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice rose higher; reason was unfeigned; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered his house, and had caught a sign of the storm.

Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more: He thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

" Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man, and after a brief pause he answered,

"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

The merchant smiled, and sat down. His face beamed with goodness, and an earnest light was in his calm blue eye.

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him now pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her?"

"That is enough. I know you love her."

"Oh! Mr. Wardle,—I—"

"You love her as well as you did when you married her?"

"Better! better! I love her more and more."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"Loves me in return!"

"Aye,—what do you think about it?"

"I don't think anything about it.—I KNOW!"

"You know she loves you?"

"Yes!"

"And you know that deep down in her heart she holds your love as a most sacred treasure?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

"A moment's hesitation, and then,—'Yes, yes, I am heartily sorry.'"

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly: Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Is she not probably, in the seclusion of her home, suffering more keenly than you are?"

"I doubt that, Mr. Wardle. At all events, I hope she may not be suffering more."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you realize where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it home!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye, you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home.—Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it: I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why?—Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the same affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so, you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know?—Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can?'—Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden." By and by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the trains will suddenly run out from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keener and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he erges and covers with the wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your cottage with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Aye, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir,—have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Dare you thus try to imitate your Divine Teacher? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear that she would respect and esteem you less for the deed?—Tell me,—Do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? O, Clarence, if you would but try!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the chambers, and had sat down with her sewing in her lap. But she could not put her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the hall. Certainly she knew what that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her,—and he said to her, in broken accents—

"Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear!"

And she, trying to speak, pillowied her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. O! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," he said, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy!"

"Always!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the store, to touch the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife gave who gave it to me?"

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye,—and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flesh and the jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off;—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

• • •

The Queensland papers report the marriage of two South Sea Islanders, with English wives, in the month of April, which have yet occurred. The Indians who have thus broken through the bonds of custom are the Misses Harriet Charlesworth and Ann Sims. The former is native of Wallford, in the county of Essex, and is aged twenty-five. The latter is one year younger, and Beckinston, in Somersetshire, is entitled to be distinguished as the first European wife of an Indian. They are natives of the island of Lifu, and intend to return to their island home immediately, carrying their spouses with them. They were Christians before coming to Queensland. They were Christians before coming to Queensland. One of them was able to sign the marriage register in a handwriting which I have seen, and which is quite good. The Indian women, however, are somewhat puzzled at the interrogations respecting the degrees of kindred. Their wives are only late arrivals in the colony, having come out by the *Indus* on her last trip. The idea comes gains ground that the Indians, Charlesworth and Sims, are half-caste, or even half-Sasakians, which may become Christian under domestic influences, are looking out for English wives in England, the *Indus* on her next trip will not lack a fair cargo of passengers.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DREAMS.

Men of consummate activity, even when imaginative, are sound and heavy sleepers, such as Napoleon was; and in sound and heavy sleep the imagination is not dreaming. But in the imaginative, as such, sleep is so light that nothing but a light film severs them from the outer world; and in light sleep, dreaming is never for an instant interrupted. The life of the imagination is a fulness, a disengagement, a sterile idealism. It is well that sleep should bring them in dreams a one of sundry compensations. Not that the dreams of the imaginative in their brief and feverish slumbers is joyous—for it is; but it satisfies their hunger for movement. A morbid consciousness is commonly an accompaniment of the imaginative temperament. And there is one sin which men of imagination commit themselves in dreams to be always committing—divulging some secret, some hidden sin in the sanctuary of their souls. In dreams, likewise—and in dreams exclusively—they feel the utmost bitterness of remorse. There are few more striking features of dreams than that dreams, while reproducing the past, restore the feelings which we had in connection with any particular phase or event of the past. If we dream of our childhood, we have the feelings of our childhood; if of our youth, we have the feelings of our youth. Awake, we can recall the past by memory, but not by feeling; so that, in truth, we cannot, awake, be said to renew to ourselves that sense of enchantment at all. Asleep, we roll the years back, and have again, when dreaming of days long gone by, the emotions of youth or of childhood. It looks as if there were a profound, more potent memory than the memory of the mind, and as if the soul never forgot what it had once felt, though the mind may often forget that which it has surveyed with the keenest attention. As related to the great question of immortality, this point is of supreme importance. We are inclined to pride ourselves on our intellect, its treasures, its achievements—to boast of our reason as our divinest prerogative. But our intellect decays, and our reason grows feeble and confused. Our soul, however, in dreams, has an undying, an uninhabited freshness, as it ever in sympathy communes with the invisible, which is its kingdom and its home. Dreams, therefore, violently oppose psychical identity in its most various aspects to a vulgar Materialism. Frequent is the debate whether dreams have any bearing on the immediate future—whether they have a prophetic significance, and whether in the fulfillment of seeming prophecies there is more than mere coincidence. Assuredly it is not foolish to dream prophetic because we may err in interpreting them, and to talk of coincidence is merely to employ a meaningless word. Let dreams, however, be the predictions, and the preludes of the immediate future or not, they dart—and that is better—bold and consulting my into the remotest futurity. We know from our personal experiences in dreams, and from its countless transfigurations, that we shall be divinely and for ever awake when the dreams of earth are no more. Both God sleep? Does God dream? If God sleeps not, dreams not, could the universe be so rich in beauty, or could there be grander and grander mysteries? The German, Schubert, has written an interesting work on "The Symbolism of Dreaming," which ventures into a region that English authors seldom approach. In the works of Richter, also, there are many suggestive hints on the subject of dreams—a subject well suited to Richter's singular genius.—*Freight*.

ORIGIN OF THE WEDDING RING.

Some doubt seems to exist in the minds of antiquaries and others as to the origin of the symbol of the ring, that most important feature in our marriage service, as in by-gone ages it was given to the bride only as a gift amongst other presents. The form of it was doubtless a symbol of eternity. It was the custom amongst the Anglo-Saxons for children to be betrothed at an early age, and at such ceremonies the bridegroom gave the "wed" (whence our word wedding) or pledge, which consisted of a number of valuable, amongst others a ring, which was placed on the girl's right hand, where it remained until it was transferred to her left when she was married. On that occasion the bridegroom put the ring on each of the bride's left hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, "in the name of the Father;" at the second, "in the name of the Son;" at the third, "in the name of the Holy Ghost;" and at the fourth, "Amen;" after which the father presented the husband with one of the bride's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority, whilst the bride was made fully aware of the fact by a blow on her head given with a shoe. The husband bound himself down by oath to use his wife well, in failing of which she might leave him, although he was allowed by prescriptive right to bestow on her and his apprentices moderate chastigation. Popular opinion in time formed itself into law, and even now-a-days there is an idea current in some part of the country that the husband may beat his wife, provided that the stick be no longer than the wifeler's arm and no thicker than his middle finger. An old Welsh law considered three blows of a broom stick a fair punishment upon any part of the lady's body except her head. These were queer honest days, when people believed in the truth of the doggerel!

"A woman, a whale, and a walnut tree,
The more they're beaten the better they be."

Now, however, there are such personages as policemen and stipendiary magistrates, such punishment as the treadmills and the cat, as many a ruffianly wife-beater has found out to his cost.

VENETIAN LADIES.

The beauty of the Venetian ladies is proverbial, but still more striking in the peasantry from the suburbs or the surrounding country. Among this class, the women are tall, strong, dark and majestic; the men are handsome; and the old physical type is kept, but the moral peculiarities have disappeared with the national customs and gayety; and one could now hardly find a gondolier able to recite the stanzas of Tasso. Once in a while you meet with what seems to be the original of some portrait which you have seen and admired in a gallery, and you remain dazzled by the richness of forms and complexion which you thought had never existed but in the mind of an artist. These people are proud of their city and its past glory, and think themselves particularly fortunate in being born here; but they are naturally courteous and kind, and you never meet with coarseness and vulgarity. A class of women fast disappearing now, known as water-sellers, are very picturesque. They come in a black cloth hat, trimmed with ribbons and feathers, a very short-waisted black cloth dress, with sleeves of coarse, white linen, and a broadcloth cap, a apron, red, blue or yellow. The foot of their stockings is cut off, and they go barefoot, carrying their pails on their shoulders by means of a

long stick with hooks on both ends. They are generally young, with regular features. When they have earned their marriage portion (not a very large one, probably), they return to their native place. The Venetian ladies *par excellence* have fine black hair and eyes, and look very brilliant by gaslight. Some are very handsome. It is at the theaters that friendly calls are made, every family having a box, or rather a small apartment with a large window opening upon the house, but entirely separated from that of its neighbor. A door opens on the corridor and each proprietor of a box has his own key,

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CONTENTS.

STORIES.

FROM BAD TO WORSE. A story of Montreal Life. By J. A. Phillips, Chap. IV.

BROOKDALE. By Ernest Brent, Chap. VI., VII. IN AFTER-YEARS. By Mrs. Alexander Ross, Chap. XI.

TO THE BITTER END. By Miss M. E. Braddon, Chap. XIX.

SENTENCE TO DEATH. By Mary Kyle Dallas.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

EDITORIAL.

In Black and White. The Baptism of Fire.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Individuality in Dreams. Freeright.—Origin of the Wedding Ring.—Veuetian Ladies.—

Ideas about God.—Polite Children. Advance.—The German Steel.—Social Branches.—Our Places of Worship. By Lizzie Branson.—Nothing remains at rest.—Greenhorns. Liberal Review. The last Furore.—Definition of Darling.—Brick Pomery.—Costume. Victoria Magazine.—Wedding dresses. Harper's Bazar.—Praise Children. Health and Home.—Men as they are. Family Fern.

POETRY.

JOYS IN SORROWS. By J. A. Tumber.—Bedtime.

Eventide. By Dr. Norman Smith.—

Maggie and me. By Robert Brydon.

NEWS ITEMS, GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

FAIRY ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX, MARKET REPORT

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

There is a general feeling that all contracts and agreements are much safer and better if they are expressed in writing, or, in the common phrase, "put in black and white." To this we perfectly agree, and it would certainly save much of the trouble and bother which occurs in business transactions, and greatly reduce the number of lawsuits, if all our contracts and arrangements were reduced to writing at the time they were entered into; much ill-feeling and disruption of social relations would also be avoided. But paper arrangements are by no means infallible, and even the most carefully drawn and laboriously prepared arrangements are susceptible of misunderstanding; a more forcible misunderstanding of which fact it would be harder to find than the late misunderstanding of the Treaty of Washington, so carefully prepared by the Joint High Commissioners. The fact is, that in making written agreements each party tried just as much to "get the best of it," as if it was a mere verbal formality, which could be repudiated or not at pleasure. If all men were perfect we would need no black and white agreements, and a man's word would be better than one half the bonds now executed are. In making written agreements the smartest man has, of course, the greatest advantage, and many a man of only moderate intelligence has found to his cost that he has signed a contract which really means just exactly what he did not intend to say. Amongst the ignorant and uneducated the feeling of confidence in anything which appears in black and white doubtless two important lessons:

First, the utter folly of allowing such houses to be built at all, and most especially in huge blocks, with simply lath and plaster divisions. If those houses had been properly built of brick, each separated from the other by a good party wall, and covered with tin, the fire would probably have been confined to the house in which it occurred. It is most unfair

to pit our firemen—without a supply of water—against such tinder-boxes as these houses are, as the general public are always disposed to throw the blame of a large conflagration on the inefficiency of the Fire Department, while it is not the fault of the men of the Department at all—for thirty better firemen or braver men it would have been hard to find—but of the erroneous laws which permit the erection of such dangerous buildings as they frequently have to battle against; and of the inefficient means of combating the flames which they command. In all large cities, commanding good water-power, the experiment has been tried of having a fire department independent of other appliance than the natural force of the water-power; but as the city has grown and extended over new levels, and buildings of larger size and greater height have been erected, it has been found that the old appliances were not sufficient, and new forces must be obtained to successfully battle against the fire king. Hand engines were for a long time used in almost all large cities, but they were found to be insufficient and finally the only power which can combat against fire, with an even chance of success, was introduced; that power is the steam engine. To successfully fight fire it is necessary to bring its own element to fight against it; water alone is very good; but water and steam—the result of fire and water combined—is the best defence against fire; and this brings us to the second lesson taught us by the fire.

The projectors of Joint Stock Companies of all sorts, Patent right men, men who want to make everybody's fortune but their own, but who generally end by ruining everybody but themselves, are very fond of black and white. They ask you to take nothing on hearsay; they spoil paper plentifully and spill ink liberally; they deluge you with prospectuses, inundation you with plans and specifications; and perfectly amaze you at the quantity of figures and facts

so-called—with which they can furnish you. Yet most of these enterprises, which are to revolutionize everything, and everybody but themselves are mere fancy sketches of the power of black and white, and the influence it has on men. When a man offers in newspaper advertisement to show any one how to make twenty dollars, by simply forwarding twenty-five cents for the receipt, you may safely set him down at once as a fraud of the first water; and yet, so great is the world's faith in black and white, that there are hundreds of men who make quite a large income by offering to furnish impossibilities at ridiculously small rates, and the credulous public swallows the bait, forwards the money, and receives in return what they really desire, nothing.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

A few weeks ago we had an article on the dangerous nature of the houses built in Montreal, and especially of that class of buildings which are "run up" so extensively every summer, and are called, by courtesy, brick houses; but which are, in reality, nothing but wooden houses—flimsily built at that—with a thin veneer of brick, one brick thick, picked around them, so as to render them more dangerous than an ordinary wooden house when any number of them happen to be on fire. Our warning was only too much needed, and on 16th inst. it was shown that our fears were only too well grounded. About half-past six a fire was discovered in a house on Workman street, one of a row of these egg-shell structures. The alarm was at once given, but as the houses were at the extreme end of the city—in fact some of them were outside the city limits—it was about fifteen minutes before the firemen got to work, and then there was little or no water, hydrants being scarce in that part of the town, and the water-pressure low. The houses were all built on the card-board plan; wooden frames, a thin coating of brick, wooden partitions dividing one from the other, and "fire-proof" roofs—it is scarcely necessary to remark how nicely the "fire-proof" roofs burn, they usually do. Of course the fire ran through the frail structures as if they were so much tinder, and, getting between the wood and the one brick, burnt away happily and comfortably, sheltered by the brick, where the firemen could not get at it. The firemen worked well, but having little or no water, and their enemy having such an advantage from the nature of the material it was feeding on, they were almost powerless; and the entire block would probably have been destroyed had it not been for the steam fire engine—which, unfortunately did not arrive until the fire had been burning nearly two hours. As soon as the steam engine had got to work she took the easiest way of getting at the fire, by throwing so strong a stream that she knocked down the card-board walls, and the fire could be got at, and was speedily extinguished; not, however, before sixteen dwellings had been destroyed, and about fifty families rendered homeless. The loss will amount to over \$20,000, which falls principally on poor people, many of whom are almost utterly ruined by the calamity. The houses were all occupied by labourers and mechanics, and there was comparatively little insurance.

The fire teaches two important lessons: First, the utter folly of allowing such houses to be built at all, and most especially in huge blocks, with simply lath and plaster divisions. If those houses had been properly built of brick, each separated from the other by a good party wall, and covered with tin, the fire would probably have been confined to the house in which it occurred. It is most unfair

to be despatched from Three Rivers immediately. The buildings for the accommodation of immigrants at the Grand Trunk depot, Levis, are nearly finished.

UNITED STATES.—The Coliseum for the Boston Musical Festival is progressing rapidly, and there is no doubt of its being completed in time. Amples arrangements are being made for the members of the press, and a special room will be provided for them.

NEW YORK.—Ray, a worth citizen of Troy, was murdered near his dwelling, with his master unknown. Sunbury is again in the news in New York.—A crime, similar in its features to the celebrated Nathan murder, was perpetrated in New York on 12th inst. C. H. Phelps, a jeweller, residing on 34th street, 6th Avenue, was shot dead while trying to collect his premises, and during such efforts apparently discharged a pistol at him, the ball striking effect in the left breast, wounding him fatally. The robbers escaped, leaving a bat behind them.—A negro in jail in Louisville, Ky., charged with rape on a white lady, was taken out by five men and hanged to a tree, and afterwards shot with pistols on the 13th instant. The negro, named John Williams, was a slave of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, and was shot dead by the company's agents, who had come to collect his wages.

PIRE.—A disastrous fire has been raging in the woods of Long Island during the past two weeks, destroying much valuable timber and cordwood. Many fires have been started by Indians, who have been compelled to burn over a wide extent of land to drive game, and were destroyed. The fire is probably half a million dollars insured for \$80,000.—A disastrous fire has been raging in the woods of Long Island during the past two weeks, destroying much valuable timber and cordwood. Many fires have been started by Indians, who have been compelled to burn over a wide extent of land to drive game, and were destroyed. The fire is probably half a million dollars insured for \$80,000.—A disastrous fire has been raging in the woods of Long Island during the past two weeks, destroying much valuable timber and cordwood. Many fires have been started by Indians, who have been compelled to burn over a wide extent of land to drive game, and were destroyed. 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THE HEARTHSTONE.

For the Hearthstone.
EVENTIDE.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

Now each golden tint of day
From the earthland fades away;
In the pensive twilight hour,
And the dusky, wavy shadows
Softly creep along the meadows.
O'er each tiny sleeping flower.

From the woodlands and the plain
Comes the low, thrilling train;
Hark! from the forest trees;
The brooklets evening song
That the zephyrs waft along—
As they whisper through the trees.

Song so sweet that oft we wander
By the streamlets bank and bower
To the angel choir above,
At their fine notes harmonious,
Methinks music more melodious,
In the sacred courts of love.

Gently o'er our heart is stealing,
As we list a holy feeling
That subdues our every thought;
And we seem to catch a vision,
Of that far-off land of yon—
With celestial beauty fraught.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. GRANTLEY'S KINDNESS.

Mr. Temple heard of Grantley's proposal, and its result, when he returned from Hulkin late at night. He could not help feeling some astonishment, not possibly tinged with scorn, when Julia told him the details. He knew that so much tenderness and passion were foreign to Everard's true nature.

"And so you gave him a decided negative," said Eugene. "He told me what he was going to do, and I let him try, though I hoped from my soul it would turn out as it has."

"Then why did you let him try?" inquired Mr. Drayton, who had been an interested listener to Julia's recital.

"He said he did not think I gave him fair play. In fact, he said several things which I cannot repeat at this particular moment, so I told him he might try his fortune in the chase."

"And he is going to leave Brookdale," said Julia; "and he makes me feel as though I had driven him away."

Laurence Drayton smiled.

"He may have intended to give you that impression, little sister, and so win from your pity more than he could hope from your affection. Everard Grantley will not break his heart, dependent on it, unless it is with disappointment at the loss of your money."

He was sorry the next instant when the grieved face told him the pain he had given her. She liked to think that even the love she did not want was disinterested.

"If he does go I shall not be very sorry," Eugene observed. "One likes to be master of one's own house sometimes, and I have drifted into such a helpless habit of looking to him for everything that I shall never regain my liberty of action till I have learned how to manage without him. He is a very good fellow, and always welcome here. He has done me service, and I like him; but a temporary separation may be better for both of us."

It happened that when Everard came in with a sombre brow, and imparted his intention, Mr. Temple was by no means so surprised or sorry as Grantley had anticipated.

"I suppose Julia has told you," Grantley began. "I spoke to her, as I said."

"Yes; she told me. And the result was just what I expected," was the consolatory reply.

"I have noticed that when cousins fall in love, it is, as a rule, a one-sided matter. How can you suppose she would care for you as a husband when you have been almost like a brother to her since goodness knows when?"

"Well, it is over," said Grantley, "and I must bear it as best I can. I shall go away from here for a time."

"Not very long, I hope?"

"That I cannot say. It is time I began to see if I have a place in the world."

"You never need let that trouble you, Everard, while Brookdale is mine."

"No; while Brookdale is yours," repeated the other, in a tone which made Eugene open his eyes. "But, my dear fellow, we do not know how long Brookdale may be yours. I have more than half an idea that this woman we have been pensioning so heavily is but an impostor after all, and the real wife of Clarence Temple is somewhere about with her child!"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because one Mrs. Darrill, as she chooses to be called, said as much in one of her drunken fits. Intoxication is her normal condition now, and had she been what she professed to be it would have been a mercy to keep her from this stale place even if we had to send her over the cliffs into the sea!"

"Don't talk like that, Everard, even in jest."

"On my word, I am perfectly serious, Eugene. The honour of the family is very dear to me."

"Will you inquire into the truth of her statement?"

"Her raving rather. I will on one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"That you do not mention a word of this to Laurence Drayton."

"Very well," said Eugene, after a little deliberation. "I did want to tell him, and take counsel with him; but if you had rather not—"

"I had much rather not. Remember, my dear Eugene, that this is a thing which concerns our family only, and no stranger, however interesting a friend, should be taken into the secret. I am but a very humble member of the family; but its honour is as dear to me as it is to you, while Brookdale's master, instead of a poor cousin dependent on its master."

Eugene never liked Grantley less than when he affected that humility. It did not sit well upon him.

"I never have given, and never shall give you cause to remember that fate made me, and not you, master of Brookdale, Everard. You are always welcome here. This is your home as much as mine, and for the rest—"

"I know—I know," interrupted Grantley, pressing his hand. "You are the most princely fellow in the world, Eugene, and I beg your pardon for the last remark. It will take me some time to forget last night, and rambling about, I shall require occupation. I cannot find a better than seeing how much truth there is in Mrs. Darrill's drink-inspired revelation. You could not rest, I am sure, with such a dread hanging over you."

"I should only care for Julia. A man can do anything, but a girl used to such a life as

hers has been would find the world a bitter place to be cast into. You must find out the whole truth, Everard, and let me know."

"I will; but I do not think there is much to fear. We have already, to a certain extent, been weak in trifling, which, after all, had better have taken its course, for you see, even should she be the impostor I think, we lay ourselves open to grave suspicion by having paid her to keep out of the way."

"If that were the worst we should not have much to fear. It may be too late to say it now, but I wish I had not mentioned the proceeding. It was a dreadful thing to do, no matter how bad she may have been. It has haunted me sometimes."

"Why should it? Who would have believed her story? A little strategy effected without expense what must eventually have happened after a fearful scandal. She is kindly treated and well cared for where she is, and even they cannot keep her without drink."

"How is that?"

"They dare not. Her whole system is alcoholized. She lives on the poison which is killing her."

Eugene shuddered.

"Still it does seem a dreadful thing," he said.

"I often think of it when I ramble at will amongst those beautiful old woods here, and picture to myself a poor wretch shut away in a—"

"Hush."

They had been talking so intently that they did not hear the door open, and Laurence Drayton stood within a few feet of them before

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S HISTORY.

On the morning when Everard Grantley left Brookdale for London, the letter he had sent to Mrs. Darrill was the topic of some serious discussion at the late breakfast table in the drawing-room at No. 11 Daley-street. It lay open by the side of Mr. Darrill's plate, and by the glasses he gave it from time to time it had evidently put him in a very uneasy frame of mind.

"He might have written in a different tone, I think," he said, lifting his cup slowly to his lips. "That everyday bit of ordinary life was not such an easy matter as it might have been; and Mr. George Darrill was, perhaps, glad of the newspaper, which hid the almost paralytic trembling of his hand from the gaze of a disputed lad of one or two and twenty, who sat on his left. "What does he mean by speaking of me as 'your gentlemanly husband'? I shall give him my mind one of these days."

"So I would just, if I were you," said the lad, with a sneer. "Only wait till you can afford it. You often have been going to give Mr. Grantley your mind; but somehow you forgot it when he under-

"If you interrupt your father while he is speaking to me, you will leave the table," she said, quietly.

"Will—"

"The—dear."



THE BELLE OF BULLESQUE.

they noticed his approach. He had a very quiet footstep.

Mr. Grantley did not stay long then. The fancy he had that Laurence knew the story of his rejection by Julia made his society more distasteful than ever, and Everard did not care to dissemble when nothing was to be gained by it.

He retired on the plea of having letters to write, and he wrote one in his bed-room. It was addressed to Mrs. Darrill, 14, Daley-street, Russell-square, and ran as follows:

DEAR MAM—I shall be in town to-morrow, and will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you, and see how some very important business to do with your gentlemanly husband. I should like to use your gentle influence towards keeping him at home. It may be well to let me see the boy also.—Yours truly,

EVERARD GRANTLEY.

Late as it was he walked down to the village, and posted the letter with his own hand. He had found that the care of trifles formed no inconsiderable portion of success.

Brookdale lay before him, grim and solemn in the night, when he returned, and he regarded it in silence, with a singular smile.

"A grand old place," he soliloquized. "It would be something to be its master. How glorious existence would be with such a home and such a woman as Edith Wyatt for his mistress. If I could only change places now with my fair-haired young cousin."

Mr. Grantley went by the first train in the morning. Eugene would have accompanied him to the station, but Everard preferred going by himself.

"Lend me the dog-cart and a groom, and send my luggage after me," he said quietly.

"I want to get all the pain of parting over before I reach the platform. Ask Julia to think of the exile now and then, and take care of Margaret for me."

"I am sorry you are going," said Eugene, touched at the last moment by a thought that he had perhaps behaved foolishly. "Suppose you put it off?"

"Where would be the use, my dear Eugene? It must come some day. Besides, we understand each other, and you know what I have to do; and pardon me if I once more remind you not to talk of our family matters to Mr. Drayton. He may be your intimate friend, but he is not mine, and as you cannot very well talk of your own personal affairs without touching upon mine I must beg of you to use discretion."

Eugene promised, and they shook hands in the hall. The master of Brookdale left a cheque for a liberal amount in his cousin's grasp. Grantley accepted it with some show of reluctance, but he took an early opportunity of looking to see how much it was for.

"And now good-bye," he said turning from Eugene to his sister. "Leaving Brookdale is not such an easy matter as I thought it would be; but I dare say I shall have harder things to endure before I come back."

"Let me come with you to the station, Everard," Margaret asked.

"She wanted to be with him to the last moment."

"No," he said, with rather a sad smile; "I shall go alone."

He kissed her tenderly, and his hand was not quite steady as he lighted a cigar. The purest feeling in his nature was the love he bore for Margaret, and the quiet sorrow in her face went with him long after Brookdale was left behind.

"I know—I know," interrupted Grantley, pressing his hand. "You are the most princely fellow in the world, Eugene, and I beg your pardon for the last remark. It will take me some time to forget last night, and rambling about, I shall require occupation. I cannot find a better than seeing how much truth there is in Mrs. Darrill's drink-inspired revelation. You could not rest, I am sure, with such a dread hanging over you."

"I should only care for Julia. A man can do anything, but a girl used to such a life as

she has been would find the world a bitter place to be cast into. You must find out the whole truth, Everard, and let me know."

"He kept up appearances very skilfully for awhile. He took her to a handsome villa in the suburbs, and she saw the brougham in the coach-house, a pair of horses in the stable, and the household comprised two maid-servants, a coachman, and a boy in livery. He never mentioned what his income was, or how obtained, and she never thought of asking him. If a serpent crept in in the shape of a vague insidiousness that there was an air of unreality about the whole, she would not listen to it; she would not have her paradise spoiled by a foreboding of what might never be.

So they had three months of such happiness as she had scarcely hoped for. There was her brought to take her to the stage-door, a devoted husband to wait for and accompany her home, and never trouble her by small jealousies. Every woman, let her be tempted never so sorely, turns by instinct to the good and pure, and when her love is well required—when she has no indifference, cruelty, or neglect to change the beauty of her nature—when a man has enough sense and strength of soul to win and keep her respect—she is sure to be content with her lot, even if it be a poor one.

Ada was very happy. In the quiet mornings spent at home, she learned to regret the glories and glitter of her avocation. She steadily refused the gifts which accompanied the same admiration of the rich patrons who came behind the scenes, and whom, the manager hinted, it was bad policy to offend. An actress no matter how talented and beautiful, finds it easier to be popular in front of the house than behind the brazier.

It was some years before he ventured to show his face in England again. He made a tour of the States with a lady of the company, then took her to San Francisco, where her *physique* and her horsemanship enabled her to star in such pieces as required more in the way of primitive drapery and muscular daring than genuine acting. She was a fortune to Darrill III. In an evil hour for him, she married the good-looking leading juvenile of the establishment, and recommended her English friend to return to his wife.

It was excellent advice; but Ada had heard of his doings abroad, and written to him in such terms as made him shrink from the idea of meeting her. And there were other things in the way. He had managed the appropriation of the money cleverly enough to escape a criminal accusation, but his character was gone irretrievably, and he had been away nearly three years.

During that period Ada, left to herself, her child dead, her husband a thing with whom she had no common bond, her own beauty unimpaired, and her stage position improving, had not much time or inclination for regret after the first bitterness was over. She had been married to him privately, and people, noting his protracted absence, began to question whether she was really his wife, she took her first step downward when she left that question unanswered.

When she was three and twenty—when Darrill had been away two years—chance threw her in Clarence Temple's way. He had heard frequently of the glorious creature who lived to his heart that she never had been George Darrill's wife. Had she told Temple the truth, he was so madly infatuated that he would have forgiven her, procured a divorce from Darrill, and given her his name honourably. As it was, she was born with a terrible risk of discovery hanging over her always.

A son was born—Theodore—and was six months old when George Darrill, spent down to his last shilling, and indebted to his gentlemanly appearance for the charitable sympathy which procured him his journey home, skulked back to London, and lingered about the stage-door for a chance of seeing his wife. On the first night he heard she was married, saw her come out with her husband, her nurse, and her infant, and she did not recognize him.

Indeed, it would have been difficult to recognize the gaunt, hollow-eyed wretch he looked then as the handsome reprobate always in faultless dress, with a dainty flower in his coat.

Some men would have been mad with jealousy. Perhaps there was some bitterness in George Darrill's heart, but it was that he was homeless and hungry in the streets, while another was going, as he had gone, to the luxurious villa with the lovely actress.

George Darrill tried to look like an injured man, looked at the stars, and invoked their sympathy; thought of the nearest bridge, the dark river, and the wife who had wronged him. He shot a few mandarin oranges down the dingy entry to the stage door, forgetting the American journey and the San Francisco equestrian. And then he wondered how much Ada would pay him weekly to keep his return unknown to her rich husband.

He found her an easier prey than he expected. A note left at the theatre brought her to him when she ought to have been at rehearsal, and the system of extortions began. It went on for a month, and then Clarence Temple found them together in Darrill's apartments. He took summary vengeance on the gentlemanly George, and left Ada with a few contemptuous words. The Temples were not a race of men who could be weak or cruel to womanhood, so he spared her any public degradation. He sent his lawyer to her next day with a settlement of two hundred per annum on the child, Theodore, and left the rich husband.

Shortly after, they saw an account in a New York paper of his marriage with a Miss Ellen Danvers; and from that time Clarence Temple was heard of in England no more.

He was gone, and there was no hope of his return. George Darrill was slinking after Ada like a spaniel, bearing bitter words, open scorn, and favour shown to rivals before his eyes, with spiteful humility. He made no terms with her—he could have canceled her engagements, or laid an embargo on her salary, had he chosen to exert a pluse of the marriage law, which, however wisely intended, permits of infamous abuse—in the case of professional women especially; but he knew his game too well to risk it. He waited patiently, and his time came.

Pity, habit, old memories, the want of fidelity—even of such dog-like fidelity as his—all had their influence, and one evening, in a temporary pique with an admirer who had not kept his promise, she said to gentlemanly Darrill, as he opened her carriage door—

"You may come with me, George."

It was an unwise step, if a proper one. George Darrill became too attentive, and being shut out

THE HEARTHSTONE.

There was twelve pounds a week now, instead of seven, at stake; so the "gentleman" George, if he did not stay at home, kept out of sight with more docility than dignity. But out of sight or visible, he had an evil influence over his wife. Then there were children born at intervals between two and three years each, and at every inevitable interruption her place had to be filled by another lady, sometimes with more agile limbs, and a newer, fresher face, and all this tended to weaken Adam's popularity, and show the management that it was possible to do without her. Then her voice thickened slightly, her refined nervous system required stimulants, and at the comparatively early age of five and thirty she was judged too heavy for burlesque, so they cut her salary down from twelve to three pounds a week, and put her in for farce and light comedy characters.

She had never saved a shilling. The death of three out of four children—stately little atoms, whom she had not time to nurse—made her somewhat restless; and there was more brandy consumed in the house than would have been prescribed medicinally. Theodore lived, and so did Walter, George Darrill's third child, and nearly all the love in her soul went to him.

Her acquaintance with Cranbury was of recent date. He met her at the theatre, and made an intimacy with her husband, which resulted in his becoming a frequent guest in Daley-street. Cranbury saw Theodore there, and struck by an extraordinary resemblance which he bore to Eugene Temple, let fall some observations which resulted in the whole history being told to him.

(To be continued.)

For the *Hearthstone*.
MAGGIE AND ME.

1871.

BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

Folk a' ha'e their troubles, but h'ye an' st'ame,
E'en comforts are troubles in a but the name;
I can't ha'e half the ill's the ill's that I dre'
It wasna the feelin' 'twen Maggie and me.

But we've learn'd in the last twenty years o' our
lives,
She, to ken her guideman—I, to ken my guidewife;
An' the ill's that h'ye are half'd, do ye see—
The a' half to Maggie, the other to me.

Lane synge, when we talk'd o' the days we micht
I thought a' the burden wad rest upon me;
But I found, when the tear-draps o' sorrow did
rain,
That the a' half were Maggie's,—but half were my
ain.

Hand in hand we ha'e croos'd the braid ocean,—an'
ain' mail;
We ha'e struggit thegither through foul an' through
fair;
If but a glint o' comfort e'er glintend h'er e'e,
There were twa—an' for Maggie, the ither for me.

An' noo that we've come to the doonwooth o' life,
An' east a look back on the strugge an' strife—
It we've made ony blunders — ye'll count twa or
three;
They warn't intidit by Maggie nor me.

An' in our journey we've done onto, gude,
Or helpit the needy, us a' bodies should;
Or dichtit the fair frae the sufferer's o'e;
The credit is shur'd awteen Maggie and me.

SEQUEL TO "MAGGIE AND ME."

1872.

But now my dear Maggie's been summon'd awn',
An' I'm left a' alone to the storms as they blow;
An' my grief-stretcher'd heart pushes tears frae my
o'e;
For my loss, at the partin' 'twon Maggie and me.

I miss her right sairly, baith morning an' night;
An' a' thair the day there's a blank to my sight;
I miss her in hunders o' ways I can't name,—
For our auncie chouf'rous' house is no like my hame.

Whan weariet an' saggit at nicht, comin' hame,
Suro welcome frae Maggie giv strength to my
o'e;
An' the took she wad gie, her fair love's speakin'
o'e;
Was paynent enough for a day's-wark, for mo.

Our coose we hause,—we' a' thing we richt,
Where I read, an' shoo wud, through the winter fo' nicht;
Is chang'd n' thorger,—there's naething the same;
An' the cauld cheerless hause is no like my hame.

Twas here where we mightit our tears o'er our
cares,
Twas here where we knelt like nicht at our pray're,
An' the Big Bulk we road on, is still lyin' ther';
But I read now in silence—has Maggie to hear!

Some fancy that love only dwells wi' the young;
But the sterter our harshlin' the closer we clung;
An' her bright, lookin' look often frightened' gray.
The care frae my face, sin' my baiths turn'd gray.

Justances, synge, she ca'n't in her auld humely way,
When I held her, an' bugg'd her, right keenly, to
stay;
She kin'd me fu' fondly, but whisper'd — "Oh,
Na!"

Then, dream-like, she did frae my love-hold awa'.
They tell me, nae tears ever darken the eyes;
Of those who have found them a hame in the skies;
But in the suns that have gane, towards lor'd a'nes be-
low!

May Ho, who from sorrow ascended above,
To ready the "Mansion's" pone and o'e,
Look mindfully down, an' prepare, when I dae.
A Heaven-built hause, for Maggie and me.

Hespeler, Ontario, May 1872.

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of 1868.]

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

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

For the last few seconds a third person, Sir Richard Cunningham, had been standing inside the door of the Angel watching Margaret and her new acquaintance, intent if possible, on hearing what they said. Sir Richard Cunningham thought that the outline of the girl's figure as she let the shawl slip from one arm while talking to the stranger, was very like one he had known in his own home, and the tone of her voice, although he could not distinguish the words, had the silvery ring of a familiar voice he hated, and as the stranger took her hand to help her into the chaise he came hastily forward;

Margaret had just put down her double veil, and Sir Richard who now was certain that he

saw before him one of the twins, put his hand rudely on her shoulder saying in accents far from mild as he did so,

"Girl put up your veil."

"Hands off," cried the stranger turning fiercely round and facing Sir Richard, the sight of whom seemed to increase the anger his action and words had called forth. "It's you, is it?" continued he speaking in a louder tone than before, "you'll not get so easily off with this girl, as you did with the old man last night, hands off or I'll crack your skull for you."

Sir Richard by way of answer, endeavoured to raise the veil himself still keeping firm hold of Margaret's shoulder; the stranger felt the hand he held in his trembling, and saw that the girl was overwhelmed with dread, lifting a heavy riding whip which he carried in his hand, he struck Sir Richard a blow on the head which for the moment stunned him, making him reel and seek support from the house wall by which they stood.

The dog seemed to understand Sir Richard was no friend to his companion of the morning, and seizing him by the leg fastened his teeth in his flesh, the man battling with the dog alone, no one seeming inclined to interfere in his behalf.

The stranger lifted Margaret into the chaise as if she had been a feather, and springing after her with a step of which his weight gave little promise, drove off at a rapid rate in an opposite direction to Holborn.

Sir Richard with the help of one of the waiters having rid himself of the dog, called out,

"A hundred pounds to the man who brings back that girl."

"It's a big price," said a bystander, "if I had a horse I would try."

"You'd be a great fool if you would," said another, "if I were to call him, the pork butcher that took her away, and she's his daughter."

"Who is the?" inquired Sir Richard. "I'll have him arrested for assault. What did you say was his name?" addressing the man who had spoken last.

"Don't turn your deaf ear next time, your man's gone, and as to the assault, it was deuced little for you, a beggarly Scotch fellow pretending to be a gentleman, who thinks well stand by and see you insult an English girl."

"A hundred pounds for the man or the girl," shouted Sir Richard; he would have been safe to off a hundred thousand, it would have taken the best horse in London with a quick witted man on his back, to overtake the chaise at the rate it was driven, and through the by-lanes and side streets in which the burly stranger took his way.

For full fifteen minutes the little pony slackened not his pace, but flew as if he thought his oats for the next month depended on the rate at which he went on that morning.

The stranger by and by stayed the pony, calling to him.

"Stop you foolish thing, that's the way with you, once set you a going you'd run yourself off your legs if we'd let you."

"There's no fear of our friend now," said he addressing Margaret. "He'd be a clever chap who would find us out here, let alone run after us; do you know him?" added he inquiringly.

"Yes" she replied, "I knew him very well, he is a bad man."

The stranger looked in her face as she spoke, her veil still streaming down behind, as Sir Richard had pulled it; the fair young face was as white as marble and seemed almost as rigid.

"He's like a bad man, what way did you come to know him, when you're only in London a few days."

"It is my grandfather."

"Your grandfather is he so?" said the man in accents of surprise, and evidently a little put out by the announcement "I wish I haven't put my fingers into tar."

"Yes he is my grandfather, but he is a very wicked man, he tried to kill my sister and me, we were almost dead when Adam found us, we could neither speak or move."

"Who is Adam?"

"He was Papa's servant before he died and he is with us now, it was to search for him I came out this morning."

"Don't your servant live in the same lodgin' with you?"

"Yes" said Margaret leaving a deep sigh,

"but he went out yesterday and he has not come home since, unless he has come this morning; we are afraid Sir Richard has found him and put him in jail."

"How was your servant dressed?"

"In grey shepherd's clothes, with a plaid."

"And a Highland bonnet, and great coarse shoes with buckles?" asked the stranger thinking as he spoke of a scene he had witnessed the past evening in which an old man so dressed and the person his companion called Sir Richard, were the prominent actors.

"Yes" replied Margaret, "did you see him?"

"I think I did, last night; but if I did your old grandfather the Angel took him away in a cab, but I think I know the other fellow that went with them, and if I'm right George Cox'll find him out."

A loud yelping in rear of the chaise attracted the attention of its owner, and turning round he exclaimed,

"Well that beats print, if there's not the poor limping dog after us full chase."

Stopping the pony he called to the poor tired brute who at once jumped up into the chaise, and panting with the unwonted exercise of running after them it lay down at Margaret's feet with lolling tongue and shut eyes, almost breathless.

A short time brought them to Thaives Inn where at the door of number three they were met by Mr. George Cox, clerk and poet, who was just about to depart for his labours in Cecil street.

"Mr. Hopkins!" exclaimed that young gentleman in evident surprise as the pony chaise with its inmates stopped in front of the door step on which he stood; he looked at Margaret, then again at Mr. Hopkins who indulged in a quiet laugh at the perplexity which Mr. George's look and tone of voice betrayed.

"Yes Mr. George just me, I've bought home your young lady lodger, and a new dog to you, help the young lady out and jump in yourself and I'll tell you something you'll like to hear and something you can do to the burglar."

"Always happy to do anything to serve Mr. Hopkins" replied Mr. George lifting his hat as

he helped Margaret to descend from the chaise. Having expressed her grateful thanks to Mr. Hopkins, she swiftly passed Susan, who was busy whitening the door step, and running up stairs followed by her companion found her sister still fast asleep.

Mr. George Cox took the seat vacated by Margaret beside his friend Mr. Hopkins, pork butcher of Faringdon within. A wealthy man was Mr. Hopkins and moreover a jolly kind-hearted fellow but the principal claim which he possessed to the poet's regard consisted in his being father to that angelic being and yet sensible girl who knew the attractive qualities of mutton chops and oysters; Miss Maria Theresa Hopkins.

"Who is them lodgers of yours?" began Mr. Hopkins.

"They are," said George, and then stopped; "well, it's not easy to tell you at once who they are, but I call them 'The twin sisters of the Lake-washed mountains.'

"The twin sisters of what?" said his astonished listener.

"The Lake-washed mountains," again repeated Mr. George; "but to tell you the truth I do not wish to speak much about them. There is a hidden mystery connected with them which I hope to unravel. They are also in deep distress just now. There will be something published by-and-by about them."

"In the poet's corner of a newspaper, eh, George?" asked Mr. Hopkins, his eyes twinkling with merriment.

"No, sir," hastily answered Mr. George; "but I really cannot betray the confidence placed in me by talking on the subject at present. How is Miss Maria Theresa and Mrs. Hopkins?"

"That's well thought of, George. They're well, and Theresa is coming to your place in Cecil street to-day between one and two, to invite you to a hop they're to have next week, a great affair. She and Susan Ann Wiggins are busy preparing their frocks for it already."

"You mean Miss Selina Angelina, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes, yes," replied the good-tempered, jolly man, laughing heartily, "Selina Angelina or any other name you like. I was godfather when she was christened, and the parson named her Susan Ann, but if it suits you and Tressie and Susan herself better for her to be Selina Angelina, Selina Angelina be it. By the bye, as to this lost servant of your lodgers, I saw Catchem and an old chap that the one I brought home calls her grandfather, take the servant or else a man that answers the same description, off in a cab last night. The old man resisted bravely, but it was no go; they said he was crazy, and tucked him in between them, and away they went. If you could hear anything about where he is, we might be able to get him out of their clutches."

"I'm going to try; I daresay, in a few days. I'll hear something about him."

Mr. George was put down at the top of Cecil street, and made his way to what Mr. Catchem called his (Catchem's) Law Chambers.

The duties were not arduous, and after dusting a little bit in front of each side of the desk, which, rising in the middle, sloped down at each side so as to accommodate two clerks, which were due now to Mr. Catchem, could by any device employ, to Mr. Cox's great chagrin, who was socially inclined, and liked company.

The desks in order, each with a few packets of paper tied with red tape, to look business-like, Mr. Cox placed his own stool, also one in front of the vacant desk, which he dusted in honour of his expected visitors. He knew Miss Selina Angelina would come with Miss Hopkins, to whom she was a sort of double, and he wished that the office and his surroundings in general should appear as important as possible in the eyes of both ladies.

Everything was in the best order, every preparation was made for receiving the young ladies, down to the fresh paring of Mr. Cox's nails which was always done on an improved plan, but Mr. Catchem, contrary to all precedent, did not make his appearance. Twelve o'clock came, but no Mr. Catchem. Mr. Cox shut the office up, went to dinner and returned early, that Mr. Catchem might go at once and so be out of the way when the young ladies arrived.

But, to his dismay, no Mr. Catchem had made his appearance. Soon after, however, Sir Richard came. The clerk was too well informed to say his master had not been in the office that day, and so, in hopes that Mr. Catchem would soon make his debut, Mr. George showed Sir Richard into the sanctum, informing him that his master was then in a neighbouring office consulting with another lawyer on a case of great difficulty, which Mr. Catchem's experience, it was hoped, would enable him to elucidate.

This was the stereotyped excuse which Catchem taught his various clerks, as they served him in succession, to give at any time he was absent in office hours.

Sir Richard, however, had not long to wait. The lawyer at last made his appearance, and, being warned as he entered that Sir Richard was in the sanctum, by Mr. Cox pointing his pen in the direction of that delectable retreat, he retired a few steps from the doorway, motioning with his forefinger for Mr. Cox to come out and speak with him there.

Mr. Cox came out accordingly, and saw at a glance that his principal had been indulging too freely in his favorite ale late into the past night, and had only at the last moment been able to tear himself away from the soft repose of his couch.

"I want you," said Catchem, closing the office door and speaking very low, "to go to Lord Cranston's, in Belgrave, and ask the footman who opens the door if the Misses Cunningham have just arrived. If he says no, ask him if Lady Hamilton is at home, and tell him that it is the gentleman who calls at eleven o'clock every day who sent you. When you come back call me out to the passage to tell me your message. So as to be back soon you can take a cab. Set off about two minutes after I enter my own office."

Mr. Cox bowed obedience. He was delighted with being sent on this mission. By it he had already found out the hitherto secret of Lady Hamilton's residence, and he could make good use of that for the benefit of the twin sisters; but just at present he had two reasons for wishing to remain in the office, one of which was his desire to hear the conversation between the two worthies in the sanctum, in order to find out to what abode they had consigned Adam, and the other no less important one was his expectation of seeing Miss Hopkins, whose

visit might justly be termed an appointment, as her father had given him intimation of it.

Mr. Cox, although it was his use and wont during the past two years to kneel down to listen at the keyhole of the sanctum when he was at all curious about the subject of the conversation between Catchem and his clients, had never once been caught in the act, and moreover, he had no fear that he ever would. Catchem's shoes sometimes creaked, but if they did not he was quite safe. He always had due warning, the door lock was an old one, and had lost its spring, so it required to be held with firm hand, and the grasp thus taken vibrated through the whole lock, giving a distinct warning to the ear at the keyhole to be off.

On the occasion in question Catchem, on entering the sanctum, merely closed the door without springing the bolt of the lock; he did so on purpose.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Night-Watchman's Adventure.

BY CLARENCE F. BUEHLER.

As a general rule, night-watchmen are the most sombre and uncommunicative of men. What light there is in them is not of the sun-shine, but of the aurora borealis. But we do not say this by way of disparagement, for they are just what they have to be in the natural order of things. To illustrate by a parallel case: the owl is not the gravest of birds simply because he belongs to the genus *Strix*, but for the further reason that he has a bad habit of turning night into day.

But when a night watchman has anything which he considers worth telling, you may take it for granted that it is something out of the common run.

Martin Dipper was one of the most efficient night-watchmen I ever knew, for you could no more catch him asleep than you could the proverbial weasel. Every hair on his head seemed charged with electricity, and constantly on the alert; and it was very evident that stroking his hair would produce the same sound as rubbing a cat's fur in the wrong direction.

The building under his nightly charge was a large silk warehouse on the outskirts of the city, and within a stone's throw of a large field, on which, at the period embraced in my story, a circus company had pitched its tent. As such exhibitions had often brought bad characters into the neighborhood, Martin was even more vigilant than usual, and fearing that he might fall asleep, he took along a small building to act as deputy.

The night which Martin had such terrible cause to remember was a very gusty one in the latter part of the autumn, and the old tree in front of the warehouse was showering down its crimson foliage as if the red snow that is sometimes seen in the Polar regions was falling in huge flakes.

He was a strict temperance man, and as every night-watchman requires some stimulant, he was in the habit of taking a pint of coffee with him and warming it during the night.

Between twelve and one o'clock he went upstairs for that purpose, as the only fire-place in the building was in a small room on the second floor. After splitting up some old boxes, he made a blazing fire on the hearth, which lighted up the little room so resplendently that his lantern became a mere superfluity. The warmth was so grateful to his rheumatic limbs that he kept putting on fuel long after he had drunk his allowance of hot coffee. It was his custom to inspect the doors and windows on the ground-floor of the building at regular intervals; so at two o'clock he went down-stairs for that purpose, leaving the dog in a comfortable den by the fire. He had completed his round of inspection, and was on his way upstairs again, when he heard a tremendous crash of glass, followed by a howl from the dog, a scuffling sound, and all was still again. Martin cocked his Colt's revolver and rushed into the room, only to find the window-sash scattered to fragments and the dog gone.

How was that state of things to be accounted for? The dog couldn't have jumped through the window, because the scuffling sound succeeded the crash, and furthermore, all the glass broken from the window was strewed upon the floor of the room, showing conclusively that the window must have been broken from the outside.

Martin was nonplussed for once; and the more he revolved the matter in his mind, the more it seemed that some supernatural agency had been at work. A glance from the window satisfied him that no human being could reach it except by means of a ladder; for although the tree we have mentioned stood directly in front of it, the intervening distance was too great for any one to use the tree as a means of access to the window.

Martin then concluded to examine the ground immediately under the window for traces left by the feet of a ladder, and by rameeons for a living, and his practised eye could even trace a muskrat. He was aware of the risk attached to such a course, but that could not deter him from seeking a clue to the disappearance of his favorite dog. He was on the point of going out, when it occurred to him that his duty to his employer, which was a paramount consideration in his mind, forbade that he should take so much a step, and that he had already been guilty of gross negligence in leaving the broken window for an instant. So he hurried back to the room from which the dog had disappeared, and prepared to watch there until morning. The fate of the dog had warned him of the danger of having a light in the room, and thus making himself a conspicuous target to any one or anything outside; so he extinguished the fire, covered up his lantern in one corner of the apartment, and sat in the dark with his finger on the trigger of his pistol, awaiting further developments. At this juncture there was a pull in the gale, which had raged with maniacal fury for several hours, and Martin's acute ear heard an indistinct sound below that was evidently caused by some one creeping on his hands and knees, for Martin had often heard hunters crawling in that manner to surprise their game.

A momentary silence ensued, and then he heard the tree violently agitated, as if some giant were ascending it; for there was no wind blowing at the time. A moment afterward, what appeared to Martin to be the leg of a burglar was thrust through the window, and he fired one barrel of his revolver at it, but was unable to fire a second, as the exploded percussion-cap had got wedged in behind the chamber of the pistol so as to prevent it from revolving.

But Martin meant business; so he threw the revolver at the mysterious object, and then saluted with his bowie-knife. But it soon dropped from his paralyzed hand as he was jerked through the window, and found himself in the coils of a bon-constrictor!

There was a menagerie attached to the circus, and the tent containing the former had blown down, the pole of it falling upon the serpent's cage, and so bending the iron rods as to let out its inmates.

Some hours afterward the circus employees were engaged in repairing damages, when they were horrified to see the bon returning to its cage with the insensible night-watchman in its powerful folds!

If Martin had offered the least resistance the constrictor would have crushed every bone in his body; but as he fainted immediately, it supposed he was dead, and was conveying him back to its cage to perform the process of digestion at its leisure, for it was already surfeited with the dog which it had swallowed. Upon being attacked by the man, the bon at once dropped its prey, and he received medical aid as promptly as possible, but remained unconscious for upwards of twenty-four hours.

The morning after that memorable night, Martin's employer was taking a horseback ride at an early hour, when he noticed that the front window of the warehouse had been shattered to atoms; so no theorom entered the building with his private key, but found no clue to Martin, except the revolver with one barrel discharged lying on the floor, and the bowie-knife upon the ground out-side. He forthwith made inquiries about the neighborhood, and was

informed of the singular occurrence at the circus.

"What was the color of the man's hair?" he asked, with a view to identifying him.

"White as the driven snow," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "it must have been a different man, for Martin's hair was black as a coal."

"Don't be too sure he isn't the same man," observed a bystander, "for such an adventure as that would turn any man's hair white in five minutes."

The proprietor of the warehouse evidently thought the suggestion entitled to some weight, for he straightway repaired to the bedside of the wretched man, and instantly recognized him as the faithful watchman, in spite of his snow-white hair.

Martin was ultimately restored to health, and strange to say, the order of nature is reversed in his case, and as he grows older his hair is gradually recovering its pristine blackness, so that by the time he is three score and ten his locks will be as dark as Cimmerian darkness itself.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THIS weather may be dark and rainy; very well-lauish between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

A LADY was once asked the reason why she always came so early to church—"Because," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

THOUGH sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, may be annoying, they are not to be despised, yet the chief source of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an underrug of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are lot on long leases.

IT is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insidious consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

NEVER buy anything which with propriety you can afford to do without; for those who possess greater fortunes than they really possess. This is sometimes a fatal circumstance. In attempting to live up to their reputed income, they frequently bring ruin upon themselves. The grand principle of economy is the dissipation of vanity.

GOOD-NATURE is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. One may own an exquisite picture, or a choice jewel, or a rare book, or a costly casket, and few derive any pleasure from it. One having precious stones may flash a moment's admiration upon spectators; but good-nature brings happiness to scores and hundreds, and the best of it, that it takes nothing from the possessor.

WHO can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as fomites, and of a man as an individual; who never begins a thing, but always commences it; who does not choose, but elects; who does not help, but always hinders; who does not buy, but always purchases; who only a longer a mendicant; with whom a servant is always a domineering master; where he is not a mount; who does not say anything, but states it, and does not end, but terminates it; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live, but resides; with whom place is a locality; and things do not happen, but transpire.

PENNS in love with each other quarrel about who they would never think of quarrelling about if they were in love, and who are in reality. Some lovers quarrel during their courtship, and continue to quarrel all through their lives. Yet they may be exceedingly fond of each other, and when death separates them, the survivor is heart-broken. How strange this seems! We are enabled, however, to account for it. So much is experienced by little ills which seems to indicate a lack of full and vibrant recuperation. Although quarrels—even frequent ones—are not incompatible with true love, they should, nevertheless, be avoided.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A WESTERN traveler came up to a log cabin and asked for a drink, which was supplied by a good looking young woman. As she was the first woman he had seen in several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young hostess who had never seen a dime before, looked at it a moment with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied what she chose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss."

FROM "PUNCH."

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET INQUIRY.—What is the difference between a Sofa and its fair occupants?—About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-o'-woman!

THE CUCKOO.

(Dr. Watts—Adapted to an uncertain Spring time.)
"Tis the voice of the Cuckoo.
I heard him come, plain;
But came here too soon—
Shall I hear him again?

Snow!—The Master drops his snowball, saying what she sees the Ali Baba's Garter Case. See, think the little smoke a little of the shop, but she knows the Government will show that they mean business by sticking to their counter.

A "COUNTER-CASE."—Shop lifting.

FROM "FUN."

TAKING HEART.—Under the alarming title of "ladies and heart-disease," a paragraph from the *British Medical Journal* reveals the secret that the fair sex is, as compared with the male sex, almost exempt from the most serious organic diseases of the heart. Oh, the softness of man! This is why follows are all trying to negotiate an exchange of hearts with the dear creatures.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANCE.—The fourpenny-bit, it is said, is the only coin that will bring a man more wealth. We only hope that it will be our good fortune to hold plenty of the "Good Threes" well known to the old lady of Threadneedle-street.

OH what does a philosopher in threadbare garments remind us?—A poor sort of knowledge.

HOW ARE THEY OFF FOR SOFA?—Unless we are under a grave misapprehension, one of the best novelties of the day may be found—mirabile dictu—in a music-hall programme—a marvellous "Tub-performance." This ought to be a thoroughly clean trick, and should find a host of imitators. Of course, their virtuous could not refuse to license the hall where such a performance takes place.

A "COUNTER-CASE."—Shop lifting.

FROM "THE HORNET."

GENERAL REY, the Spanish Minister of War, has been signed. Efforts are being made to induce him to withdraw his Rey-signature and Rey-store his services to the country, but he appears to be in no hurry—Rey to do so.

HARK!

What is the gambler's Paradise?—Reho responds,—a pair-o'-dice.

More than a thousand shocks of earthquake have recently been felt in California within the space of two days. What a shocking place California must be.

FROM "JUDY."

The Spondthrift's Prayer—Leave me a loan, will you?

EXTRAORDINARY Phenomenon.—A foot of arms.

IT is dangerous to take a nap when travelling?

—Because the train runs over sleepers.

A CATASTROPHE.—A party of Americans went hunting, and after a day's sport, returned with a shot at a bear, as trophy.

EXTRAORDINARY MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—The marlin man who stopped out into the other night found a fish in his ear when he got home.

A CERTAIN celebrated sculptor's talents are said to be so infectious, that even the people who sit to him make faces.

It's very odd that a sovereign should be under a crown.

PERSONS who cannot stick to their oaths ought to swear by gum.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

AS the summer season is now rapidly approaching we give this week's number of receipts for refreshing summer drinks:

TAKE four pounds of lump sugar, two ounces of claret wine, three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quart of boiling water; mix, and when cold, add a pint of boiling milk; let it stand twelve hours, then pour through a jelly-bag.

Two tablespoonsfuls of Scotch oatmeal put into a large tumbler, or small jug, and filled with clean, cold water; add a spoonful of sugar, and allow to settle; then add a spoonful of yeast, stir it well, and it forms a most refreshing drink in hot weather, and it quenches thirst more than any liquid.

TAKE one pound finely-powdered loaf-sugar, one ounce of tartaric acid, and twenty drops of essence of lemon. Mix immediately, and keep very dry. Two or three spoonfuls of this, stirred briskly in a tumbler three parts full of water add two tablespoonsfuls of the syrup, and a scruple of carbonate of soda; stir well, and drink while effervescent.

CHERRY REVIVING DRINK.—Take a pint of the juice of cherries, strain it, add a small quantity of brandy, mix with it half a pound of sugar, add one ounce of tartaric acid, bottle and cork well. To a tumbler three parts full of water add two tablespoonsfuls of the syrup, and a scruple of carbonate of soda; stir well, and drink while effervescent.

IMPERIAL.—Another receipt for a refreshing and wholesome beverage, if either heated from the weather or feverish from indisposition: Put into a jug that will contain three pints, half an ounce of cream of tartar, the juice of a lemon, and the rind, pared very thin; pour boiling water over these, and add sugar to taste; then cool it, and it is fit for use.

GIN-OR-POP.—Take one pint of water, a pound of sugar, and a pint of yeast; boil the water, add the sugar, and stir in the yeast, then add the gin or pop.

LEMONADE AT LAIR.—The juice of seven lemons, which will produce about half a pint; the same quantity of wine, three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quart of boiling water; mix, and when cold, add a pint of boiling milk; let it stand twelve hours, then pour through a jelly-bag.

LEMONADE AT LAIN.—The juice of seven lemons, which will produce about half a pint; the same quantity of wine, three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quart of boiling water; mix, and when cold, add a pint of boiling milk; let it stand twelve hours, then pour through a jelly-bag.

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