

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XLII.

"I saw pale kings and princes, too:
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
They cried: 'La Belle Dame, sans merci,
Hath thee in thrall.'"

The long penance of dinner is over at last, thank God! I may intermit my hopeless roarings, melancholy as those of any caged zoological beast. Roger and Zephine must also faintly suspend their reminiscences. There being no lady of the house, I have taken upon myself to hasten the date of our departure. Before Mrs. Zephine has finished her last grape, I have swept her inconspicuously away into the drawing room. But I might as well have let it alone, almost before you could say "knife" they are after us. I suppose that when three are eager to come, and only two anxious to stay—(I acquit my old friend and his nephew of any over hurry to rejoin us)—the three must needs get their way. Anyhow, here they all five are! I am so hot! so hot! Nothing heats one like bellowing, and being miserable, and a failure. I have again taken advantage of the mistressless condition of the establishment, have drawn back the window curtains and lifted the heavy sash. The night always soothes me. There is something so stilling in the far placidity of the stars—in the sweet sharpness of the night winds. I have sat down on a couch in the embrasure alone.

When the men come in, I remain alone. It does not at all surprise or vex me. I have nothing pleasant to say to any one. Also, I think I must be almost hidden by the droop of the curtains. Roger, indeed, sent his eyes round the room on his first entry, as if searching for something or somebody. It cannot be Mrs. Huntley, who is right under his nose, and who is, indeed, saying something playful to him over the top of her black fan. For once, he does not hear her. He is still looking. Then he catches a glimpse of my skirts, and comes straight toward me. Thank God! it was me he was looking for. I feel a little throb of disused gladness, as I realize this.

"Are you not cold?" he says, perceiving the open window.

"Not I!" reply I, brusquely—"nought never comes to harm."

"I wish you would have a shawl!" he says, as the evening wind comes, with the tartness of autumn, to his face.

"Why do you not say, 'do for my sake!' as Algy once said to me, when he mistook me in the dark for Mrs. Huntley?" reply I, with a mocking laugh—"I am not sure that he did not add *darling*, but I will excuse that!"

At the mention of Algy, a shade crosses his face, and his eye travels to where, in the dignified solitude of a corner, my eldest brother is sitting, biting his lips, and reading "Alice Through the Looking Glass," upside down.

"Foolish fellow! I wish he had not come!"

"I dare say he returns the compliment."

"I wish she would leave him alone!" he says, with an accent of impatience, more to himself than to me.

"That is so likely," say I quickly; "so much her way, is not it?"

I suppose something in the exceeding bitterness of my tone strikes him, for his eyes return from Algy to me.

"Nancy," he says, speaking with a sort of hesitating impulse, while a dark flush crosses his face, "it has occurred to me once or twice—if the idea had been less unappealingly absurd, it would have occurred to me many times—that you are—*are jealous* of Zephine and me! You jealous of me!"

There is such a depth of emphasis in his last words—such a wealth of reproachful appeal in the eyes that are bent on me—that I can answer nothing. I say neither yes nor nay. He has sat down on the couch beside me.

"Tell me," he says, with a low, quick excitement—"and for God's sake do not grow scarlet, and turn your head aside as you mostly have done—did you, or did you not know that—*Musgrave* was to be here to-day?"

"I did not—indeed I did not!" I cry, with passionate eagerness, thankful for once to be able to tell the truth; "we none of us did—not even Barbara!"

He repeats my last words with a slight sarcastic inflection, "Not even Barbara!"

A moment's pause.

"Why did you stop talking so suddenly, the moment that we interrupted you?" he asks, with an abruptness that is almost harsh—"what were you talking about?"

Phew! how hot it is! even though one is by the open window—even despite the cool moistness of the night wind.

"I was—I was—I was—congratulating him!" I say, doing the very thing he has forbidden me, reddening and turning half away. He makes no rejoinder; only I hear him sigh and put his hand with a quick impatient movement to his head.

"You believe me?" I ask, timidly, laying my hand on his arm.

"No, I do not!" he replies, shaking off my touch, and turning his stern and glittering eyes full upon me. "I should be a fool and an idiot if I did!"

Then he rises hastily and leaves me. I watch him as he joins the other men. They are all round her now—all but Musgrave.

Algy has left his corner and his reversed picture book, moved thereto by the unparalleled audacity of young Parker, who has pulled one of the sofa-cushions down on the floor, and is squatting on it like a great toad at her feet, examining a gnat-bite on her sacred arm.

Even the old host is doing the agreeable according to his light. In a very loud voice he is narrating a long anecdote about a pretty girl that he once saw at a windmill near Seville, during the Peninsula. With a most unholty chuckle he is trying to hint that there was more between him and the young lady than it well becomes him to tell; but fortunately no one but I is listening to him.

I turn away my head, and look out of the window up at Charles Wain, and all my other bright old friends. No one is heeding me—no one sees me; so I drop my hot cheek on the sill.

Suddenly I start up. Someone is approaching me; so one has thrown himself with careless freedom on the couch beside me. It is Algy.

Having utterly failed in dislodging Mr. Parker from his cushion—having had a suggestion on his part, on the treatment of the

great life, passed over in silent contempt—has retired from the circle in dungeon.

"This is lively, is not it?" he says, in an aggressively loud voice, as if he were quarrelsome anxious to be overheard.

I say "Hush!" apprehensively.

"As no one makes the slightest attempt to entertain us, we must entertain each other, I suppose!"

"Yes, dear old boy!" I say, affectionately, "why not?—it would not be the first time by many."

"That does not make it any the more amusing!" he says, harshly. "I say, Nancy"—his eyes fixing themselves with sullen greediness on the central figure of the group he has left—on the slight round arm (after all, not half so round or so white as Barbara's or mine)—which is still under treatment.

"I'm sure of a good deal for those sort of bites?"—her arm is bad you know."

"Bad!" echo I, scornfully; "bad!" why, I am all lumps, more or less, and so is Barbara! who minds us?"

"You ought to make your old man—'Auld Robin Gray'—mind you," he says, with a disagreeable laugh. "It is his business, but he does not seem to see it, does he? ha! ha!"

"I wish!" cry I, passionately; then I stop myself. After all, he is hardly himself to-night, poor Algy!

"By the bye," he says, presently, with a wretchedly assumed air of carelessness, "is it true—is it as well to come to the fountain head at once—it is true that *once*—some time in the dark ages, he—thought fit to engage himself to *her*?" (with a fierce accent on the last word).

A pain runs through my heart. Well, that is nothing new, nowadays. He too has heard it, then.

"I do not know!" I answer, faintly.

"What! he has not told you? *Kept it dark!* eh?" (with the same hateful laugh).

"He has kept nothing dark!" I answer, indignantly. "One day he began to tell me something, and I stopped him! I would not hear; I did not want to hear, I believe; I am sure that they are—only—old friends."

"Old friends!" he echoes, with a smile, in comparison of which our host's satyr-like seems pleasant and chaste. "Old friends!" you call yourself a woman of the world? (indeed I call myself nothing of the kind), "you call yourself a woman of the world, and believe that! They looked like old friends at dinner to-day, did not they? A little less than kin, and more than kind! Ha! ha!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Partridges are not General Parker's strong point, and the few he ever had his nephew has already shot. Roger must, therefore, for one day abstain from turnip-ridges.

To amuse us, however, and keep us all sociably together, and bridge the yawning gulf between breakfast and dinner, we are to be sent on an expedition. Not only an expedition, but a picnic. This is perhaps a little risky in a climate like ours, and in a month so doubtfully hovering on the borders of winter as September; but the sun is shining and we therefore make up our minds, contrary to all precedent, that he must necessarily go on shining.

Some ten miles away there is a spot whence one can see seven counties, not to speak of the sea, a mountain or two, and some other trifles; and thither Mr. Parker is kindly going to bowl us down on his coach.

A drive on a coach is always to me a most doubtful joy; the ascent, labor; the drive itself, long anxiety and peal; the descent, agony, and sometimes shame. However, that is neither here nor there. I am going. It is still half an hour till the time appointed for our departure, and I am sitting alone in my room when Roger enters.

"Nancy," he says, coming quickly toward me, "have you any idea what sort of a whip that boy is?"

"Not the slightest!" reply I, shortly.

I feel as hard as a flint to-day. Algy's words last night seemed to have confirmed and given a solid reality to my worst fears. He has walked to the window and is looking out.

"Are you nervous?" say I, with a slightly sarcastic smile.

He does not appear to notice the sarcasm.

"Yes," he says, "that is just what I am. He is a mad sort of fellow, and a coach is not the sort of a thing to play tricks with!"

"No," say I, indifferently. It seems to me of infinitely little consequence whether we are upset or not.

"That is what I came to speak to you about!" he says, still looking out of the window. "Zephine—"

"Is nervous, too?" ask I, smiling disagreeably. "What a curious coincidence!"

"I do not know whether she is nervous or not!" he answers, quickly; "I never asked her, but it seems that Huntley would never let her go on a drag; he had seen some bad accidents, and it had given him a fright—"

"And so you and she are going to stay at home?" say I, coldly, but breathing a little heavily and whitening.

"Stay at home!" he echoes, impatiently, "of course not; why should we? The fact is (beginning to speak quickly in clear and eager explanation), 'that I heard them talking of this plan yesterday, and so I thought I would be on the safe side, and send over to Tempest for the pony carriage, and it is here now, and—'"

"And you are going to drive her in it?" I say, still speaking quietly, and smiling.

"I wish to Heaven that you would not take the words out of my mouth," he cries, losing his temper a little; while his brows contract into a slight and most unwonted frown.

"What I wish to know is, will you drive her?"

"I?"

"Yes, you; I know—(speaking with a sort of deprecation)—'I know that you are not fond of her; she is not a woman that other women are apt to get on with; but it would not be for long! I tell you candidly' (with a look of sincere anxiety), I do not half like trusting you to Parker!—I think you are as likely as not to come to grief."

"To come to grief?" repeat I, with a harsh, dry laugh; "ha! ha! perhaps I have done that already."

"But will you?" he asks, eagerly, not heeding my sorry mirth, and taking my hand, "I would drive you myself, if I could, and if"—(almost humbly)—"if it would not bore you; but you see"—rather slowly—"about the carriage, she—she

asked me, and one does not like to say 'No' to such an old friend!"

"Old friend!" At the phrase, Algy's sneering white face rises before my mind's eye.

"Will you?" he repeats, looking pleadingly at me, with the gray darkness of his eyes.

"No, I will not!" I reply, resolutely, and still with that unimpaired mirth; "whatever else I may be, I will not be a *spoilsport*!"

"A *spoilsport*!" he echoes, passionately, while his face darkens, and hardens with impatient anger; "good God! will you never understand?"

Then he hastily leaves the room. And so it comes to pass that, half an hour later, I am crawling up with a sick heart to the box seat, pitiously calling on all around me to hold down my garments during my ascent.

The grooms have let go the horses' heads, and have climbed up in dapper lightness at the back; we are through the first gate! Bah! that was a near shave of the post; yes, we are off, off for a long day's pleasuring! The very thought is enough to put anyone in low spirits, is not it?

Barbara and Musgrave are behind us; and at the back our old host and Algy. The two latter are, I think, especially likely to enjoy themselves; as the raw morning air has got down the old gentleman's throat, and he is coughing like a wheezy old squirrel; and Algy is in a dumb frenzy. I am no great judge of coachmanship, but we have not gone a quarter of a mile, before it is borne in on my mind that Mr. Parker has about as much idea of driving as a tomat.

The team do what is good in their eyes; we must throw ourselves on their clemency and discretion, for clearly our only hope is in them. He has not an idar of keeping them together; they are all over the place; the wheelers' reins are all loose on their backs. We seem to have an irresistible tendency toward bordering to the right, which keeps us hovering over the ditch. However, fortunately, the road is very broad—one of the old coach roads—and the vehicles we meet are few and anxious to get out of our way. Such as they are, I will do ourselves the justice to say that we try our best to run down each and all of them.

It is September, as I have before said. The leaves are still all green, only a stray bramble reddening here and there; but most of the midsummer edgeworks are gathered to their rest. Only a lagging few, the slight-throated blue-bell, the uncouth ragwort, the little, tight scabius, remain. At least, the berries are here, however.

While each red hip shows where a faint rose blossom fell; while the elder holds stontly aloft her flat, black clusters; while the briary claps the hawthorn-hedge, we cannot complain. Not only the main things of Nature, but all her odds and ends, are so exceedingly fair and daintily wrought.

It is one of those days which look charming, when seen through the window; bright and sunny, with lights that fly, and shadows that pursue; but it is a very different matter when one comes to feel it. There is a bleak, keen wind, that sends the clouds racing through the heavens, and that blows right in our teeth; nearly strangling me by the violence with which it takes hold of my head.

There has been no rain for a week or two, and it is a chalky country. The dust is waltzing in white whirlwinds along the road. High up as we are it reaches us, and thrusts its fine and choking powder up our noses.

"I suppose," say I, doubtfully, looking up at the shifting uncertainty of the heavens and trying to speak in a sprightly tone, a feat which I find rather hard in accomplishment, with such a blast cutting my eyes, and making me gasp—"I suppose that it will not rain?"

"Rain! not it!" replies our coachman, with contemptuous cheerfulness.

"The glass was going down," I say, humbly, "and I think I felt a drop just now."

"Impossible! it could not rain with this wind."

He says this with such a jovial and robust certainty of scorn, that I am half inclined to mistrust the sky's evidence—to disbelieve in the big drop that so indubitably splashed into my eye just now.

"But in case it does rain," continue I, pertinaciously, "I suppose that there is a house near, or some place where we can take refuge?"

"No, there is no house nearer than a couple of miles"—making the statement with the easiest composure—"but it will not rain."

"Perhaps," says I, with a sinking heart, "there is a wood—trees?"

"Well, no, there is not much in the way of trees—except Scotch firs—there are plenty of them—it is a bare sort of place—that is the beauty of it, you know" (with a tone of confident pride); "there is a monstrously fine view from it! one can see seven counties!"

"Yes," say I, faintly, "so I have heard."

At this point the old gentleman is understood to be bawling something from the back. By the utter morosity of Algy's face—faintly seen in the distance—I conjecture that it is a joke; and by the chuckling agony of zest with which the old man is delivered of it, I further conclude that it is something slightly unclean, but, thanks to the wind, none of us overhear a word of it.

The wind's spirits are rising. Its play is becoming ever more and more boisterous. It would be difficult to imagine anything disagreeable than it is making itself; but perhaps it will keep off the rain. Thinking this I try to bear its blows and buffets—its slaps on the face—its boxes on the ear—with greater patience. We have left the broad and safe highroad; Mr. Parker having, in an evil moment, bethought himself of a short cut. We are, therefore, entangled in a labyrinth of cross-roads—fingerposts, guideless, solitary. So solitary, indeed, that we meet only one vacant boy of tender years, of whom, when we enquire the way, the wind absolutely refuses to allow us to hear a word of the broad Doric of his answer. At last, after many bold and stout declarations on the part of Mr. Parker, that he will not be beaten—that he knows the way as well as he does his ABC—and that he will find it if he stays till midnight—he is compelled, by the joint and miserable clamor of us all, to turn back—a frightful process, as the road is narrow, and the coach will not lock)—to retrace our steps, and take the despaired high road, where we had left it. These manoeuvres naturally have taken some time. It is three o'clock in the afternoon before we at length reach the great

spread of desolate, broad moorland, which is our destination. For more than an hour, absolute silence has fallen upon us. Like poor Yorick, we are "quite, quite chapfallen!" Even the gallant old gentleman could not make a dirty jest even if he was to be shot for it. Mr. Parker alone maintains his exasperating good spirits. We find Roger and Mrs. Huntley sitting on the heather waiting for us. There is a good deal of relief—as it seems to me—in the former's eye, as he sees us appear on the scene; and a good deal of another expression, as he watches the masterly manner in which we pull up all the four horses floundering together on their haunches; the leaders, moreover, exhibiting a mysterious desire to turn round and look in the wheelers' faces.

"Here we are!" cries Mr. Parker, joyously; "I have brought you along capitally, have not I?—but I am afraid we are a little late—eh, Mrs. Huntley? I hope we have not kept you long."

"Is it late?" she replies, with a smile and a fine hypocricy—for she looks hungry—"I did not know; we have been quite happy!"

Roger has risen, and is coming to help me down, but I say, crossly, "Do not, please; Algy manages best!" Algy, however, has no intention of helping anybody down. He has helped himself down; and, without a word or a look to any of his fellow-travelers, has thrown himself down on the heather at Mrs. Huntley's feet, and is relieving his mind by audible animadversions on our late triumphant progress. I am therefore left to the tender mercies of the grooms; at least I should have been, if Mr. Musgrave had not taken pity on me, and guided my uncertain feet and the petticoats which Zephine is doing his playful best to turn over my head, down the steep declivity of the ladder. This, as you may guess, does not help to restore my equanimity. However, I am down, now, on firm ground; and at least, we are free of the dust. My eyes are still full of grit, but I suppose they will get over that. I turn them disconsolately about.

On a fine sunny day—with butterflies hovering over the heather flowers, and bees sucking honey from the gorse—with little mild airs playing about, and a turquoise sky shining overhead—it might be a spot on which to lie and dream dreams of paradise; but now! The sun has finally retired, and hid his sulky face for the day; the heather is over; and, though the gorse is not, yet it gives no fragrance to the raw air. All over the great rolling expanse there is a heavy, leaden look, caught from the angry heavens above. The great clouds are gathering themselves together to battle; and the mighty wind, with nothing to check its progress, is sweeping over the great plain, and singing with eerie, loud mournfulness.

I shudder.

"Where are the Scotch firs?" I say, querulously, to Mr. Parker, who by this time has joined me; "you said there were plenty of them! where are they?"

"Where?" (looking cheerfully around), "oh, there!" (pointing to where one lightning-riven little wreck bends its sickly head to the gale). "Ah! I see there had been one, after all, I thought there had been more."

My heart sinks. Is that one withered, scathed little stick to be our sole protection against the storm, so evidently quickly coming up?

"Fine view, is not it?" pursues my companion, not in the least perceiving my depression, and complacently surveying the prospect. "Of course it might have been clearer; but, after all, you get a very good idea of it."

I turn my faint eyes in the same direction as his. Down on the horizon the sullen rain clouds are settling, and, to meet them, there stretches a dead, colorless flat, dotted with little round trees, little church spires, little houses, little fields, little hedges—one of those mappy views, that lack even the beauties of a map—the nice pink and green and blue lines which so gayly define the boundaries of each county.

"Very extensive, is not it?" he says, proudly; "you know you can see—"

"Seven counties!" interrupt I, sharply, snapping the words out of his mouth. "Yes, I know, you told me."

The horses have been led away to the distant ale-house. The coach stands forlorn and solitary on the moor. Some of us, looking at the threatening aspect of the weather, have suggested that we too should make for shelter; but this rejection is indignantly vetoed by Mr. Parker.

"Rain! not a bit of it! It is not *thinking* of raining! The wind! what is the matter with the wind! Nice and fresh! Much better than one of those muggy days, when you can hardly breathe!"

CHAPTER XLV.

The cloth is therefore laid, with the dead heather-flowers beneath it, and the low leaden sky above. As large stones as can be found have to be sought on the moorland road to weight it, and hinder our banquet from flying bodily away. It is at last spread—cold lamb, cold partridges, chickens, *mayonnaise*, cakes, pastry—they have just been arranged in their defenseless nakedness under the eye of heaven, when the rain begins. And when it begins, it begins to some purpose. It deceives us with no false hopes—no breaking in the serried clouds—with no flying glimpes of blue sky. Down it comes—straight, straight down, on the lamb, on the *mayonnaise*, splash into the butter. Each of us seizes the viand dearest to his or her heart, and tries to shelter it beneath his or her umbrella. But in vain! The great slant storm reaches it under the puny defence. Even Mr. Parker has to change the form of his consolation, though not the spirit. He can no longer deny that it is raining; but what he now says is that it will not last—that it is only a shower—that he is very glad to see it come down so hard at first, as it is all the more certain to be soon over.

Nobody has the heart to contradict him, though everybody knows that it is a lie. Mrs. Huntley, at the first drop, had made for the coach, and now sits in it, serene and dry. Algy follows her, with a chicken and a champagne bottle. I sit doggedly still, where I am, on the cold moor.

Roger has not spoken to me since my rude reception of him on arriving, but he now comes up to me.

"Had you not better follow her example?" he asks, speaking rather formally, and looking toward the coach, where, with smiling profile, and neat hair, my rival is sitting, revelling among the flesh-pots.

Something in the sight of her sleek, smooth tidiness, joined to the consciousness of my own miserable, blowed disorder, stings me more even than the rain-drops are doing.

"Not I!" I answer, brusquely; that is what I trust I shall never do!"

He passes by my sneer without notice. "In this rain you will be drenched in two minutes."

"Apres!"

"Apres?" he repeats, impatiently; "apres! you will catch your death of cold!"

"And you will be a widower!" replied I, with a bitter smile.

Barbara is as obstinate as I am. She, too, seems to prefer the spite of the elements to disturbing the *tele-a-tele* in the coach. Musgrave has made her as comfortable as he can, with her back against the poor little Scotch fir, and a plaid over both their heads.

The feast proceeds in solemn silence. Even if we had the heart to talk, the difficulty of making ourselves heard would quite check the inclination.

There are little puddles in all our plates—the bread and cakes are *pap*—the lamb is damp and flabby, and the *mayonnaise* is reduced to a sort of watery whey.

Mr. Parker is the only one who, under these circumstances, makes any attempt to pretend that we are enjoying ourselves.

"This is not so bad, after all," he says, still with that unconquerable accent of joviality. He has to say it three times, and to put up his hands to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet, before any one hears him. When they do, "answer comes there none!"

I indeed, am not in a position for conversation at the exact moment that the demand is made upon me. I have just come to the end of a long wrestle with my umbrella. It has at last got its wicked will, and has turned right inside out! All its whalebones are aspiring heavenward. It is transformed into a melancholy *cup*—like a great, ugly flower, on a bare stalk. I lay the remains calmly down beside me, and affront the blast and the tempest alone! I have a brown hat on—at least, it was brown when we set off—I am just wondering, therefore, with a sort of stupid curiosity, why the *will* that so plenteously distills from its brim, and so madly races down my cold nose, should be *sky-blue*, when I perceive that Barbara has left her shelter, and her lover, and is standing beside me.

"Poor Nancy!" she says, with a softly compassionate laugh, "how wet you are! come under the plaid with me! you have no notion how warm it keeps you; and the tree, though it does not look much, saves one a bit, too—and Frank does not mind being wet—come quick!"

I am too wretched to object. No waterproof could stand the deluge to which mine has been subjected. My shoulder-blades feel moist and *sticky*; my hair is in little dismal ropes, and dreadful runlets are coursing down my throat, and under my clothes.

Without any remonstrance, I snuggle under the plaid with Barbara—with a little of the feeling of soothing and dependence with which, long ago, in the dear old dead days at home, I used, when I was a naughty child, or a bruised child—and I was very often both—to creep to her for consolation.

Thanks to the wind, and to our proximity, we are able to talk without a fear of being overheard.

"You are wrong," Barbara says, glancing first toward the coach, and then turning the serene and limpid gravity of her blue eyes on me; "you are making a mistake."

I do not affect to understand her.

"Am I?" I say, indignantly; "I am doing nothing of the kind! it is only my own idea—ask Algy."

"Algy" (with a little accent of scorn)—"poor Algy—he is in such a fit state for judging, is not he?"

We both involuntarily look toward him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Employment for Ladies.

In all the little etoeters which appear from time to time, says the writer, the chief attraction to the buyer is novelty of idea. Of course the execution of it, the workmanship, whether of needle, paint-brush, or any other helpmeet, must be satisfactory and well done; but with respect to the small trivials—if I may use the term—to which I now particularly allude, superior work alone will not be certain to meet with a purchaser. For instance, no one buys pen-wipers made in an ordinary commonplace fashion, however neatly they are made; but if a novelty in form or ornament, if a new idea is brought forward, the probability is that some one seeing it will wish to possess it. The same remark holds good with regard to toilette cushions; one simply covered with muslin and lace, however daintily adorned, would doubtless stand many a day waiting to be bought; but when something out of the common appears, the waiting is shortened. Speaking of these cushions reminds me of pretty ones I have seen lately. A small square cushion is covered with bright-colored silk or satin; a pretty little picture—of one or two figures, of birds, of flowers, according to desire—is painted on a small square of white or cream satin; this square is bordered with lace, and placed diamond-wise on the larger square of the cushion. All toilette cushions in these days are much less in size than those in use some years ago. To return to my former theme. There are various kinds of letter-weights; many of them are not ornamental. The other day I saw one which was so. A rather large stone, gray in color, oblong-shape, rounded in form, such an one as can be picked up on any seabeach; on this commonplace stone a red single dahlia was painted, and this simple idea made an ornamental letter-weight for the drawing-room writing-table. These instances will illustrate my meaning; of course it would not repay us in spending all our time in making trifles of this kind, but if new ideas come into our minds, we may perchance be able to make some profit out of them.

PERSONALITIES.

What the World of Eminent Folks is Saying and Doing.

President Arthur is credited with having a fine barytone voice for singing.

Mr. James Russell Lowell wrote the inscription for the memorial window presented recently by American citizens to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Eng. in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Wellington spoke of Abd-el-Kader as "a captain, who, with more troops and better arms, would have made Algiers unconquerable." Marshal St. Arnaud is alleged to have said unhesitatingly to Napoleon III., "Ah, if Abd-el were a Frenchman we should have another Napoleon." "Perhaps it is as well for me then that he is an Arab," was the dry imperial reply.

Canon Case, whose death is announced, will be much regretted both by members of the Roman Catholic Church, to which he of late years belonged, and of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a distinguished cleric in early life. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was a prominent member of the early Tractarian Ritualistic School. He was for some time curate of All Saints, Margaret street, London, and, like many of his fellow curates of that church, joined the Church of Rome. Possessed of considerable private means, Canon Case enriched and adorned the Catholic church at Gloucester, of which he was rector for years.

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We predict a high premium for the stock of The Bolt and Iron Co. They are moving into their new works which cover about an acre of ground, all the men and machinery on the ground floor, so arranged that the best results will be had at the smallest cost. They pay a ten per cent. dividend this year; they will do better next; they carry a large amount over, after payment of dividend, to the credit of profit and loss, and will continue to accumulate a large surplus each year from the sales of their lands besides their profits in manufacturing; the business is profitable now and constantly increasing. They withdrew the stock from the market at the beginning of the year. They are now about to offer the unallotted stock to pay for improvements. This affords an opportunity to investors that they cannot often have, an opportunity to become interested in a proved valuable and established business, manufacturing goods that are as stable as the iron from which they are manufactured. The time will come when the stock may be considered cheap at \$200, now the limited amount of unallotted stock may be had at par to those who are first to secure it. No fires can destroy their premises, they are fireproof, their locality is increasing in value and other projected factories seek location on the surplus land belonging to the Company which will help to multiply its value.

A man who is advertising "lodgings to let for early risers," adds: "Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers kept on the adjoining premises."

QUERY?

The question is often asked: Can fluids be charged with electricity? And is so, will they retain it?

We find by experience that all or nearly all minerals, gums and vegetable substances, in their crude state, are capable of receiving and retaining electricity. We also find that any electric in its crude state, is an electric when held in solution by chemical or other means. As for example, steel, one of the strongest electric when held in solution by chemical means, is capable of being strongly charged and containing electricity, and so are all other electric to some extent. We find also that pure animal grease is not capable of being charged to any extent with electricity; but all mineral gums and vegetable oils, we believe, are capable of being charged with and retaining electricity to a greater or less extent. Bones, blood, muscles and sinews are not composed of rock sand or glass, but of mineral and vegetable substances, mysteriously combined, rendering them capable of being acted upon by electricity. The system of man, as with animated nature, is capable of receiving and imparting electricity. It is a part of our being without which we could not exist. Briggs Electric Oil contains no animal grease, rock sand or glass, and is highly charged with electricity, hence its great success in the treatment of diseases such as rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous diseases. It stimulates to action the weak or dormant functions of our beings. It assists nature to overcome disease. The want of proper action of the liver and kidneys is the cause of more mortality than all other causes combined. Electricity strengthens and tones the liver and kidneys. It acts directly on the digestive and urinary organs, destroying or counteracting the effect of the overflow of deadly poisons from the vital organs above named, which is dispersed through the system by the medium of the life fluid, the blood.

Prince Napoleon's son is being educated at Cheltenham College. His late imperial cousin was at Woolwich, the Duke of Genoa at Harrow, and the son of Don Carlos is at a Roman Catholic school near Windsor.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 450 elegant rooms, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—George Washington.

A Letter from Goldsmith. In a private letter Wm. Goldsmith, of Colingwood, Ont., writes: After trying almost every remedy I heard recommended, and failing to get relief, I was cured of Chronic Dyspepsia and water-brash by one bottle of Dr. Hoffman's German Bitters. Price 50 cents. Hoffman's German Bitters.

The Empress of Austria has ordered a printing-press, and is going to print her own poems. Many a poor poet, who can get no one else to do it, would be glad to follow her example.

Catarrah—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto Canada.

Near Bozeman, on the N.P.R.R., is a curve which if prolonged would make a circle 600 feet in diameter. This is a very sharp curve, as 720 is the smallest diameter deemed safe.

No. 22

WANTED UPHOLSTERERS, STEADY employment. Apply at once, GEO. L. TICKELL & SONS, Belleville, Ont.

MILLER'S MAY-APPLE TONIC Positively cures Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. Write for free pamphlet, or mail 50c. for package. E. MILLER & CO., Dresden, Ont.

COUNTRY STORE-KEEPERS—Save money by using the celebrated Walker Butter Worker; all sizes in stock; prices on application to JAMES PARK & SON, 41 to 47 St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE—Village of Erin, on Elora Branch Credit Valley Railway. Best stand in town; doing best business; satisfactory reasons for selling. Will exchange for good farm property. JAMES CROZIER, Erin, Ontario.

WOOLLEN MACHINERY FOR SALE—Four sets of Davis & Furber iron, frame cards, also jacks, operators, pickers, Crompton looms, twistors, and other woollen machinery at a bargain. GEO. W. ARNOLD, 57 and 59 Federal street, Troy, N.Y.

\$25 REWARD—STOLEN, THE 23RD April, from my stable, lot 4, 3rd concession, East York bay horse, 16 hands high, black points, fired hind leg, bone spavined. Any person leading to his recovery will receive the above reward. JAMES SMITH, Don P. O.

FARM FOR SALE—300 ACRES in the Township of Wallace, on gravel road between Listowel and Palmerston; 250 acres cleared, 50 acres hardwood bush; soil clay loam; well watered by spring creek; two large barns and frame house; good markets convenient; also school and churches. This farm is adapted either for grain or stock; the growing crop may be purchased with it. Terms reasonable. Apply to W. SPAULDING, Palmerston.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—SASH AND Door and Furniture Factory, and Saw Mill, in the Township of Palmerston; commodious buildings; well located and fitted up with best machinery. A rare chance for a practical man to secure a valuable property in a good business centre. Apply to Box D, Palmerston.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED Rubber, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT LAND and Emigration Bureau, Headquarters 1124 King-st., W., Toronto. Established offices, Montreal, Buffalo, and London. First prize for finding employment for all classes. Excursions to Manitoba and the west every two weeks. Shepard's rebate receipts good to land buyers for \$25, and a with each Railway Ticket. The largest agency on land and sea in the Dominion. Free Manitoba reading room in connection; all Manitoba papers on file. Address, SHEPARD SCOBELL & CO., 1124 King st., W., Toronto.

LANDS, 30,000 ACRES in the Valley, unequalled for stock-raising, dairying, and general farming, with good water and near timber, better and cheaper in the end than Homesteads in Dakota or Manitoba, and more profitable for investment than Government Bonds. Will be sold at great bargains during the next 60 days, in single farms or larger tracts, on terms to suit buyers. Rare chance for colonies or neighborhoods. For terms, description, &c., address M. G. WILLARD, Mankato, Minn.

F. E. DIXON & CO.

Manufacturers of Star Five

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Agents Wanted Everywhere

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Celebrated Chatham Waggon

having the improved arm and elastic truss rod applied to the axles. The cheapest and at the same time guaranteed the strongest and easiest running farm waggon made in Ontario. Correspondence solicited. Address

Chatham Manuf'g Co., (Limited).

Chatham, Ont., 7th June, 1883.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk

Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every

Saturday during the summer months to

Portland every alternate Thursday during the

winter months. Sailing dates from Quebec:

Oregon, 7th July. Sarnia, 28th July.

Montreal, 14th July. Ontario, 4th August.

Toronto, 21st. Dominion, 11th.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool,

\$50, \$30, \$25, \$20, return, \$80, \$40, \$30, \$25.

According to steamer and berth. Intermediate,

\$40. Steerage, \$24. The saloons and staterooms

in these steamers are amply fitted, where but

little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are

carried on them. For further particulars apply to

any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local

agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,

General Agents, Montreal.

CONSUMPTION!

Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Dis-

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Together with diseases of the Eye, Ear and

Heart, successfully treated at ne

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past 18 years.

If impossible to call personally for an exami-

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The Rossin is the largest hotel in Ontario.

Only two blocks from Union station, corner

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pointments, large corridors, lofty ceiling,

spacious, clean, and well ventilated rooms

(the whole house having been painted, frescoed,

and decorated this spring), detached

and en suite, and all the attentive employees

in every department, together with unex-

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the travelling public. Elevator running

day and night. Hot and cold baths on each

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in each bad-room. Prices graduated.

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BELL'S TAN AND FRECKLE LOTION.

It possesses a delightful fragrance, and imparts a clearness to the skin which is perfectly astonishing. Is warranted harmless, is used by thousands, and never fails to give the utmost satisfaction.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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SKIN BEAUTIFIER!

This elegant preparation is Warranted a sure

cure for all Skin Diseases such as Pimples,

Blotches, Ulcers, Humors, and all Eruptions

from whatever cause arising. It positively

and effectually removes them all in a few days

and is the only effectual remedy ever introduced.

One package will cure any case. As a

Beautifier of the complexion it is unrivalled,

removing Tan, Freckles, and all blemishes.

It makes the skin soft and white, and restores

it to its natural purity and beauty. It is a true

remedy, safe and certain in its action, and does

not injure the skin. Price one dollar, (\$1).

Sold by all druggists, or sent in plain wrap-

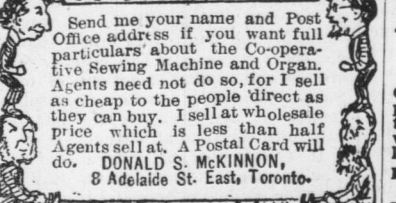
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Sole proprietors for Canada.

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Box 285 St. Catharines, Ont.



Send me your name and Post Office address if you want full particulars about the Co-operative Sewing Machine and Organ.

Agents need not do so, for I sell as cheap to the people direct as they can buy.

Price which is less than half Agents sell at. A Postal Card will do.

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SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire spring, which

yields readily to every movement of the wearer, the most

Perfect Fitting and comfortable corset ever made is

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It is endorsed by the Best Physicians. For sale by all

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Lady Agents Wanted.

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DALBY'S INKS AND MUCILAGE.

BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET.

THE GREAT

HERBAL

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CATARRH CURE

Satisfaction Guaranteed or

Money Refunded.

AMOUNT REQUIRED TO CURE

As Follows:

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES will purify

the blood, eradicated all humors,

blotch, or boil, to the most ma-

gnificent form of scrofulous ulcer.

ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleans-

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renovate the entire system.

ONE TO TWO BOTTLES will cure

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Piles, Biliousness and Jaundice,

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ONE TO SIX BOTTLES, by cleans-

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will in all cases relieve, and in

most cases cure that common,

loathsome, and dangerous disease,

CATARRH.

ONE TO THREE BOTTLES will regu-

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ONE TO FOUR BOTTLES will reinvig-

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Female weakness and all its

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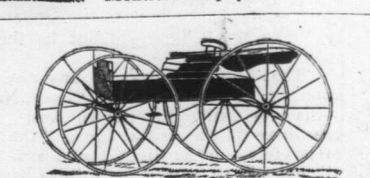
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NO STRAIN ON THE SEATED OR BUTTONS WHEN STOPPING. Send 25c, 50c, or 50c. for sample pairs Athletic Suspenders. **TURNER BROS.** 774 Craig street, Montreal, and 786 Washington street, Boston. Mention this paper.



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