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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

No. 32

For the Hearthstone. A FRAGMENT.

BY AMY SOUDDER.

Two hearts throbbed wildly, madly, And hungry grief ganwed deep; Two storm-tossed souls looked sadly Through eyes that could not weep,

Two hands met, clasped firmly, Pulsing with nervous life; Two lives were stripped, made barren By Fate's koen pruning knife.

Two death-bed scenes made gloomy By look of Love's sweet prayer, And dimming eyes see only The form of gaunt Despair.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

THE BEAD WITNESS

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CORAL KAR-DROP.

It may be asked what was the object or cir. eninstance that had infused so new and intense a degree of horror into that which already over-whelmed Lillian Tremaine. It was this. Plainly visible on the white sheet beneath the skeleto frame, just where it had dropped from the mouldering ear in the slow process of mortal decay, lay a pink coral ear-ring out in the form of a heart; and carefully laid away in a casket containing the few little trinkets the young girl possessed was another pink corni our-ring-

upstairs had belonged to her dead mother. squatters had belonged to her dead mother. In-squatteneously with the first glimpse Lillian had caught of that tiny ornament in the chest, there had risen distinctly on her mind the remem-brance of a long past conversation held with her sistor whilst they were overlooking together the simple contents for the jewel case. Marguret had then asserted she had seen the mate of that garring in her mother's car the lest time who ear-ring in her mother's ear the last time she had behold her in life, and felt assured it must have been burled with her as it never had been seen since, and was not of sufficient intrinsic value to have tempted dishonest cupidity. The gold clusp of that in the casket was broken, thus accounting for Mrs. Tromaine's having worn only one of the car-rings, which she had probably forgotten to remove, during her last

"A strangely unsuitable ornament for a corpse!" Lillian had sadly remarked.
"Certainly," Margaret had rejoined in a tone of equal sadness, "but our poor mother died I have been told of contagious fever, and it was so diffioult at the time to procure assistants for the dead, or dying, that Mrs. Stukely had to render the last and services to her, herself. In conse-quence of the peculiar circumstances things

mny have been somewhat hurried."

As Liftin standing in the vault recalled all this, and noted at the same time the long fair hair still adhering to the deshloss skull, hair similar in colour and texture to the rich tre compassing the face of Mrs. Tremaine in the portrait that hung in the sitting-room, there thashed across her mind the terrible fear or rether certainty that the ghastly relies of mortali-ty before her, were the mortal remains of her poor young mother, foully murdered, perhaps by a husband's hand; and that this awful scores as the mysterious bond that united house keeper and muster.

Lillian, young and healthy, soon recovered consciousness, and then came after a time the full romembrance of her terrible situation, joined to a wild wish to flee at once from this abode of But could she? How retrace berster through the long suite of cellars, rooms, corridors, traversed for the first time that night? How many unknown pitfalls might beset her path! More than one gaping rent in the floor-ing had she noted on her way thither, more than one yawning opening leading down to un

Ah! Margaret was right in warning her against unlawful curiosity and her obstinacy had met its just roward.

Her head was beginning to grow giddy with the terrors of her situation, and the close exhalations surrounding her were already asserting their strength even over her healthy fram Strange lights flashed before her eyes Strange lights flashed before her eyes—strange sounds, all she well knew results of her excited disturbed imagination, sounded in her ears Well if she did yield to the faintness again insidiously sterling over her, and lie down there and die, was it a thing to be greatly feared? What had life left for her now, especially that this appalling discovery had been added to all its former intolerable troubles?

But the thought of how Margaret would grieve and fret over her disappearance recurred to her recollection, and for the sake of that dear sister the only being on earth who loved her—she would make an effort to preserve the life now nearly slipping from her grasp. Almost me-cianically sho commenced, groping for the lan-tern so as not to leave it behind her, a tell-tale evidence of her stolen visit that might betray her later to her father or Mrs. Stukely. Kneeling on the ground she prosecuted her search perseveringly, though every mental faculty was steeped in the consciousness of that awful object steeped in the consciousness of that awful object beside her. Perspiration streamed from every pore, the wild beating of the heart was audible in that solemn stillness, and finshes of heat, then loy chills ran through her frame, filling her with a sickness like that of death.



" AGAIN I WARN YOU TO THINK OF YOUR CHILDREN LESS, OF YOUR HUSBAND MORE, OR IT WILL BE WORSE FOR YOU."

of her nerves even though it might arise from a harmless mouse scurrying behind the chest, or running across her feet, would, it seemed to her, end in madness or death. Ah! would not God come to her help, even though, through her head-strong obstinacy, she had so little claim on His mercy! For Margaret's sake—Margaret who was so meek and holy-He would surely

Heaven be praised, here was candle and lan torn; but what was the tiny splint that her Angors touched at the same time. A diamond large as the Koh-i-noor would have been of le large as the Koh-i-noor would have been of less value to her just then. It was a match that had probably fallen out of the lantern, and if she could only light it she was saved. Her hand trembled at first so much that she scarcely dared make the attempt, but after a time she ventured, and was successful. The little blue flame leaped into life, faintly fickered, and just as she had succeeded in lighting the candle, went out, affeeted perhaps by the impure atmosphere of the

Closing the lantern to prevent a similar accident to the candie it contained, she shut down with reverential fear the lid of the chest over its chastly contents, locked it, and then passed out, breathing more freely when she had turned the key in the penderous door behind her. Very slowly she pursued her way back, walking al-most like one in a trance with tight-set teeth and distended eyes, looking neither to right nor left, till the door opening into the east wing was reached, locked, and then with a long drawn preath she commenced mounting the stairs breath she commoned mounting the sunia leading to her fither's room. Well was it for her that his slumber was so heavy, for every faculty engrossed with one awful thought, she abruptly entered, walked over to the watch guard, took it down, placed the keys in the small drawer, locked it and restored the gold unri to its accustomed place without the slight est attempt at conceniment; then of shuddering horror at the unconscious sleeper

Soon after sho was sitting beside her sleening sister's bed, pale and worn—looking as if ten additional yours had been added to her life. Scarchingly—cagerly she was recalling all that she had over heard related concerning her dead mother's last illness and death, and the more fully her mind wont back on that page, the deeper became her perplexity. Had she not been often told by her sister Margaret, who was

Any noise now in the present fearful tension | age when that sad event had improved, and certainly would madden me. Should my worst consequently capable of close observation, that fours be realized, I will reveal all to Margaret, Mrs. Tremains had died a few days after Lillings birth, of malignant typhold fever, then house which will then be to us as accursed. If carrying desolation into countless homes throughout the county. Had not Margaret also related how the village doctor had tonderly and pityingly stroked her head on the occasion of his last visit to Tremaine Court after their mother's death; whispering her that she must not cry too much because God had taken her dear mamma to Heaven. Had not the ckild also caught a glimpse through the half open door of that bed-room into which she was not allowed to enter for fear of contagion of the coffin lying in state with tapers burning at head and foot; and did she not remember clearly the nomp attending the funeral besitting in all thing mistress of Tremaine Court? Lastly, bac Lillian herself knelt and prayed with Margaret iu Brampton church-rard, in the family vault, where her mother's mortal remains lay with those of so many generations of dead Treer mother's

And what was there sesingt all this mass of evidence? Nothing save a tiny coral car drop and a similarity in texture and colour of a tres of hair. Surely there might be many coral ear drops of similar design and color us there had certainly been many women with long blonds hair in the world. Ab, what a relief if she could take this belief to her had I It would deliver her from a palpable norror that would otherwise haunt her through life. The remembrance of that akcieton form in the Eault below remove the terrible suspicion that had taken

possession of her.

Dreamily she nace, took from a drawer a casket and drew forth a coral car-ring. After carnestly scrutinizing it she put it back with a sick shudder, whispering: "Fearfully alike!" Again she relapsed into roverie. The clorgyman who had attended her poor mother during the closing months of her life had elequently spoken to Margaret of that mother's sublime resigns tion, her conrageous offering of her life to God. asking only that He should guard her orphase

darlings.
Suddenly the sin raised her head with a light of determination in her luminous eyes, and she

murmured:
"Yes, I will wisit that vault again, compare the ear-drop there with this, see if there be no surer cine to identification of those mortal rea clear, quickwitted child over seven years of mains than those possess. To live in this un-

any new discovery leads me to hope I have been needlessly torturing myself with unreal fears, I will keep the secret of the vault and never shock or grieve my gentle sister with it, at least not for long years to come. the dawn breaking. Lillian, Lillian, where is Lillian, Lillian, where is same window yesterday morning, longing for a piece of gay ribbon to tie amid her bair? I must throw open the window, I am sufficut Inst The pure morning air will do poor Mar. garet no harm."

Taking the precaution of throwing an additional covering over the sleeper, she unclosed the casement, and throwing back her hair, bared her burning, throbbing brow to the pure, bared her burning, throbbing fresh breeze that came rustling over the mea dows freighted with the sweet odors and sounds

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ROGER TREMAINE.

The Tremaine family was one of the oldest in the county to which it belonged, and the male representatives of the line had long been fumed for their good looks, spendthrift qualities and inck of principle. For four or live successive generations each heir, on attaining his major-ity, had found himself in possession of nothing save his ancient name and the ancestral man sion, Tremaine Court, kept in the family by a strict entail. Regularly each succeeding heir strict entitit. Itegularly each succeeding heir had at once turned his thoughts to matrimony as the only means of salvation, looked about for an helress, wood, and—aided by his handsome person and elegant manners—won her; then, us a sequence, either broke the new Mrs. Tre maine's heart, or varied the programme before that end was quite accomplished, by dying prematurely; in all cases taking care, however, to

spend every available shilling, and to leave the next heir as poor as he had been himself. Roger Tramaine, of whom our story treats, was true to the traditions of his race, so much so, that the reckless reputation he had at an early age won for himself interfered with his

cemed to think the turf and chase the chief nims of man's existence; and its bacclanatian feasts were matters of public comment, A prim, straight-laced personage, a Miss Rad-

way, who had, as she averred, seen better days, an assertion supported by an apparently good education, filled the post of housekeeper, cher-ishing in her heart all the white the chimorieni hope that she might yet become mistross where she was now only manager. This expectation was derived in a great measure from the singu-iar influence her firm, caim nature, cold and in passable as her mind was shrewd and calculating, had obtained over her employer. She came to the latter with the highest recommendations, which she so far proved worthy of, that slander or gossip never meddled with her mane, and the reckless visitors at Tremaine Court would as soon have thought of paying court to Medusa in person as of addressing a complime: 'A this stern model of property.'

to this stern model of propriety.

Roger Tremaine at length stading out that beiresses and their friends looked coully on him, uddenly one morning packed up his wardrobe and announced his intention of visiting the Continent. Before a week, perfect stillness had fallen on Tremaine Court, and Miss Radway was left undisturbed mistress of the establish-

From one fashionable watering place to another Mr. Tremaine carried his hambome person and stylish wardrobe, eschewing with comson and stylish wardrobe, eschewing with com-mendable prudence cards and wine, and con-ducting himself, at least outwardly, in an irre-preachable manner. His projects were at length successful. At 8pa he met an invalid hady tra-velling with her only daughter, a young, light-hearted girl of nineteen. Not trusting to the tokens of weath surrounding them on all sides, he made secret sampless and found that Wesordens of weath surrounding them on an sides, he made secret enquiries, and found that Mrs. O'Halloran was the widow of a wealthy Belfast merchant, who had left a large fortune divided betwee: his wife and child, the mother's share reverting to the daughter after her decease. Pact of "IssO'Halloran's fortune consisted in an estate in England, Hillingdom Manor, which brought a confortable veryly revenue. brought a consfortable yearly revenue.

Yes, the girl was wealthy without a doubt, if of a gistocratic birth, at least of responsible tenting, with no traditional friends to come par-entagy, with no troublesome trachds to como between ther and a husband's dalams and au-thority; so Roger Tremaine set himself to the task of winning the helress. The enterprise was an easy one. Both mother and daughter were simple, kind-hearted women, and dazzled by the suitor's brilliant, personal gifts and high social standing, as well as favorably impressed by the strict regularity of his conduct and kis insidious professions of kind and noble feelings, they accepted his suit without taking the prethey accepted his suit without taking the pre-caution of making dose enquiries into his untecedents. They were married quietly, Mrs. O'Hallorin's weak health preventing any attempt at pomp or ceremony. It was arranged that the new-married couple should return at once to Tremaine Court, where Mrs. O'Halbran should also proceed when her health was in some measure re-established, to take up her ermanent residence with them.

A few lines from Mr. Tremaine himself in-terned Miss Itadway of the destruction of her presumptuous hopes, and filled her heart with he most intense hatred of the new mistress of Tremaine Court before she had ever seen her.
The bride and groom arrived, festivities and

visiting were the order of the day; but even in the midst of the bridal galeties the poor young wife began to see the worful mistake she had Neglect and unkindness, accompanied ly reckless expenditure of the fortune she had brought him, planted many a thern in her pillow, whilst, on the other hand, the haughty and overbearing housekeeper fought with stub born obstinacy to maintain the supremuey she had enjoyed during Mr. Tremaine's bachelor

A daughter-the Margaret mentioned in our tale—was born after a your of marriage; but this circumstance added no golden link to the conjugal chain that already weighed so heavily on the ill-mated pair; the father taking a dis-like, from the first, to the plain, sickly little being who had disappointed his hopes of a son.

Letters came from abroad provious to this, unnouncing first the increasing liness, then the death of Mrs. O'Halloran; and her daughter, unwilling to sadden the mother's last days on earth by hints of her own nuhappiness, allowed the sick woman to die in the delusion that the great alm of her latter years had been won, and that her child was united to a man worthy of hor affection and trust.

Though young Mrs. Tremaine had arrived a Though young and a comment of the stranger in her new home, unsupported by the countenance of wealthy friends or aristocratic relations, she soon won the respect and sympactical in which he which the thy of the members of the circle in which ow moved; and first among those was Mrs. Atherton, who soon learned to esteem and nity the wife as thoroughly as she despised the lus-band. But the master of Tremaine Court cured not to receive much society within its precincts. meant from the old fox-hunting, turf-loving set, who clung to him all the mere closely since his wice-cellar was well stocked, kennels and stables in first-rate order, so the young wife yielded in this point as she had done in so many others, and responded but slightly to the overtures of friendship made by Mrs. Atherton and the other ladies of the neighborhood.

After a lapse of seven years, whose sad tale of sorrow, strife and unkindness poor Mrs. Tro. maine revealed to none, a promise of materalty was again vouchsafed her; but from the very first the anticipated event filled her with the saddest forebodings, and she looked on her days on earth as numbered. Amid the manyanxious thoughts that harrassed her was the fear that despite the large fortune she had brought her worthless husband, her children might yet come to know the pangs of poverty or be despelled perpaps of their rights to favor the children of a early age won for himself interiered with his perpayed the fortunes of his house project of building up the fortunes of his house anow, as so many of his predecessors had done by a wealthy matrimonial alliance. Tremaine court was the resort of wild, gay spirits, who greater part of the inheritance derived from



their grandmother. Mrs. O'Halloran, which in heritance she had steadfastly insisted on keep-ing, at least in great part, intact, despite Mr. Tremaine's urgent demands that she should permit him to sell it.

This step, however, had to be taken without the knowledge of her husband or of Miss Radway, and on one of those rare occasions on which she visited the neighboring village alone, she stopped at a notary's office and gave him all requisite instructions, begging him, when the will was ready, if she did not come to his place within a given time, to call at Tremaine Court under some special pretext, bringing the paper with him so that she might sign it. Time sped on and Mrs. Tremaine, weak and

alling, closely watched, moreover, by both housekeeper and husband, who seemed to have conceived a faint inkiling of her intentions, found no opportunity of going to Brompton unaccom-panied. In consequence, the notary one day after more than six weeks' protracted waiting, drove up with his clerk to the front entrance of

Tremaine Court.
The master was in the stables, deeply engaged in consultation with his groom regarding the failing health of a favorite hunter, when Miss Radway, who was standing at an upper win-dow, caught a glimpse of the scrivener's keen, sallow face, and at once recognized him. Bid-ding a messenger look up Mr. Tremaine in the ding a messenger look up Mr. Tremaine in the stables, kennels, or wherever else he was wont to be at that hour, and tell him that he was urgently wanted in the library, she hurried down stairs and entered the latter apartment a moment after Mr. Black had been shown in. Mrs. Tremaine was already there. Under presence of wanting something from one of the shelves, she held her ground despite the new-present state of the latter apartment. comer's pointed information that he had called to see Mrs. Tremaine on business, till the door again opened and the master of the house en-

The notary, who possessed an admirable amount of self-possession, smilingly expressed his delight at seeing the latter, as he was sure he would aid him in inducing Mrs. Tremaine to allow herself to be put down as a member of a committee then organizing for the collecting of twist for building a new church in Roompton.

committee then organizing for the conceting of funds for building a new church in Brompton. Now, had Mr. Tremaine been disposed to be-lieve this statement, delivered with calm, easy, yet most deferential courtesy, a glance at his wife's agitated face and changing colour would at once have enlightened him as to the truth. A satirical smile on his handsone, haughty face, he listened to this plausible explanation, and then said:

"Mrs. Tremaine is at liberty to do as she

likes."
"I think you had better call again. I am scarcely prepared to give you a decisive answer to-day," stammered the hostess, anxious, even in the midst of her mental trouble, to leave a loop-hole for a future visit from the man of law. The latter, bowing low, withdrew, and Mr. Tro-maine, without look or word to his wife, abruptly retreated, and returned to his conversation with his groom.

From this out, Mrs. Tremaine felt that she was more closely watched than ever, so closely that the project nearest to her heart remained unfulfilled. By skilfully cross-questioning Mr. Black's cierk, Miss Radway had discovered with certainty that a will, leaving all she possessed to her children, had been drawn up, and that entlemen of high standing in the county were

gentlemen or right standing in the county were
to be manned executors, so as to ensure the due
corrected this intelligence was communicated
to Roger Tremaine by his housekeeper, the pair
sat together awhile in moody silence, broken at
length by the former's exclaiming with a flerce

"A pleasant prospect, indeed? Yes, if she gets over her confinement safely, which she will, of course, because nobody wants her to, she will carry her project into execution as sure

as fate."

"But she must not get over it, Roger Tremaine," said his companion in low, sinister accents. "She must not be allowed to get over it, and make a will that will render you little better than a beggar, thus defrauding you of the only reward you have gained for having been tide eight or nine long years to a wife that you never loved."

"What are you mining at, woman? You surely do not mean that—"
"Hush! I mean anything and everything that would tend to the object in view, that of securing you in possession of the fortune securing bought," and, she might have added, of restoring him that liberty, the necessary step to the realization of the dream of her life, her becoming his wife.

becoming in whic.

Mr. Tremaine sprang to his feet and paced the room with rapid, nervous tread, whilst his dark brows gathered in deep thought.

"Do nothing rash, fomomber," he at length said. "Every other means must be resorted to before anything so desperate is even hinted at."

"As you will: but they'll prove of no avail, I warn you. I have read that poor puppet wife of yours well, and with all her vaccillation and chicken-heartedness, there is at the bottom, as is the case with so many of those fair-haired eyed women, a fund of unconquerable pride

"Enough!" he retorted angrily. "From Adam downwards men have always found a temptress at their elbow."

Miss Radway's lip curled in a bitter, sardonic smile, that said as plainly as words could

And from Adam downwards they have never

required much tempting to make them fall;"
but she made no verbal reply, and her master abruptly left the apartment, slamming the door behind him.
On he went to Mrs. Tremaine's rooms, which

were in the oldest but most pleasantly situated part of the building known as the east wing. On entering the boulder, he found her sitting in a low easy chair, her arm encircling her little daughter, whilst an expression of unuterable sadness shadowed her thin pallid features. Throwing himself on a sofa he said: "You had better send the child out in the air. She is

too much iu-doors—too much with an invalid."
Tears rose to Mrs. Tremaine's eyes, and she whispered, built to herself: "She may have me but a short time with

her. All women in your state of health have such fancies," he carclessly rejoined. "Take your hat, Margaret, and gather Mamma some flowers."

The docile child obeyed, though with a slow, halting step, for the hip disease which had at-tacked her in early infancy had stubbornly re-sisted all the resources of medicine or art.

"Margaret, I wish to speak to you seriously on a most important subject. It is very probable, indeed almost certain, that you will have a safe, happy time, but, novertheless, it is wise to take all possible precautions, and I think it would be a prudent step for you to make your

For one brief moment a look of Joy gleamed in his listener's wan features as she asked her-In his listener's wan features as she asked herself; was it really possible that an opportunity
was here offered her of carrying quietly and
openly into execution the project for which she
had so long plotted in secret? but another moment's reflection, bringing with it the remembrance of her husband's ignoble character and

soul, crushed that hope within her, putting her at the same time on her guard against any new perfidy he might be meditating.

"Make my will? Certainly!" she tranquilly replied. "It is my duty to protect my child, or perhaps I should say children," she added, whilst a faint flush rose to her cheek.

"Do you not think their father is capable of doing that?" he harphly interprotated.

doing that?" he harshly interrogated.
"You are still a young and handsome man,
Roger, and would probably marry again, 'Tis
to protect them against such a casualty that I

would wish to make a will." Drawing near her he bent down, and in a low, almost menacing voice, said:
"I will tell you what sort of a will you must

make—one leaving the inheritunce bequeathed by your mother to me, your husband, the natu-ral guardian of my children."

"And to what purpose, Roger? Will not the large revenues accruing therefrom be paid over regularly to you for long, long years to come; and is it not natural I should wish to keep the fortune bequeathed me by my mother for them? You know the mills and other property in Belfast that I brought you have already passed from our possession—let there be something, then, kept for our helpless children."

"You seem to think only of them, Mrs. Tremaine! You must remember that I, too, have claims which cannot be overlooked. You must

protect them also, do you hear?"

A look of determination stole over the invalid's usually sad, listless face, and her month became firm as marble; but scarcely noting this, her husband continued:

"You must, I again repeat it, Margaret, make a will leaving me unconditionally all you pos-

"I cannot—I will not do that. Ah! Roger, not cannot—I will not do that. Ah! Roger, how quickly would everything be spent or sold, and the proceeds devoted to paying fresh gambling debts and restocking stables and kennels? What would be the future of my poor children

"Again I warn you to think of your children "Again I warn you to think of your ciniaren icas, of your husband more, or it will be worse for you," and casting a dark sinister glance upon her, he left the apartment as abruptly as he had entered it. Tho wife covered her face with her thin hands, but the tears came rolling "Father, in Thee I have put my trust, let

me not be confounded!" Nothing more desolate and dreary than the Nothing more describe and dreary than the life led by Mrs. Tremaine at the actual time could have been imagined. Alling constantly, in body and mind, she saw approaching daily, nearer and nearer, an ordeal which her sad heart foreboded she would not outlive, whilst she heart not not better to be constant. had not one friend or protector to turn to—one

kindly voice to whisper hope and comfort.

In the first days of her married life, with health and youth buoyant to aid her, she had struggled bravely against the tyranny which even then Miss Rudway sought to exercise over the household, but long years ago she had given up the unequal contest, leaving the housekeeper virtually mistress of the establishment. Years had but rendered Roget Tremaine more stern and heartless, and look or tone of love never fell now on that ear that had once known naught

else.

Most happly for herself, the young wife, once convinced of the utter weith assess of the earthly prop which she had chosen for her support through life, turned the all the wasn't of her foring, impulsive return to that source of ny silling consolation to the weary and heavy-laded the loving promises of her Saviour. Carel ity, constantly did she seek to inculcate in the mind of her infant daughter the gospel truths and lessons from which she herself had truths and lessons from which she herself had derived so much consolation, and it was in her mother's arms, at her mother's knee, that Mar-garet Treathine acquired that perfect trust and faith in Gcd—that blessed spirit of resignation— which satisfied her for long years under bodily aliments and other trials that would otherwise have crushed her to the earth. On two different occasions subsequent to the

On two different occasions subsequent to the first painful into view that had taken place between them regarding the subject, Mr. Tremaine had renewed his efforts to coerce his wife into making a will in accordance with his wishes, but with a calm impressiveness that exasperated him almost to frenzy, she had re-

The decisive and anxiously looked for hour ame at length Mrs. Trenvalue yeve birth, to a girl, who, even in the first hours of her existence, gave promise of rare beauty and health; and Mr. Tremning gnawed his finger nails with rage, firstly at the advent of a daughter, when he so eagerly desired a son-for more than a century past main heirs had never falled the line of Tremnine,—and secondly at the likeli-hood that the patient would recover. The phy-sician who had been for months past in attendance on the latter, triumphantly announced a few days after the baby's birth—little dreaming bow unwelcome the intelligence would prove that Mrs. Trunnino's recovery was not only certain, but that her health would probably prove better than it had done for years previous. That very evening, however, feverish symptomy of an alarming and peculiar nature set in, and the doctor, somewhat at fault at first, finally announced that his patient was suffering from an attack of severe typhoid fever, a malady just then prevailing to a most severe extent

Ah, the gloomy joy that shone luridly in the depths of Mr. Tremaine's dark pitlicas eyes when that intelligence was announced to him—the look of relief that overspread his features! For weeks past Miss Radway had been pernetu ally repeating to him in one form or another that either his wife must be induced to make a will in his favour, or else extreme measures must be resorted to, for that the worst use she would make of her restoration to health would would make of her relidiren, by stringent legal procautions, all she possessed. Now, unprin-cipled and lawless as was Tremaine, regarding his wife with a dislike that partook almost of hatred and loathing, and terribly in want of that pecuniary aid which she was likely in future to pecuniary aid which she was likely in future to refuse him, he still recoiled from the thought of the great crime with which his evil genius, Miss Radway, strove to familiarize his mind. She, untroubled by such scruples, with one end steadily in view, would, like a Borgia or a Tullia, have walked to it, if necessary, over the dead bodies of her victims. Of what value was the like of the nurs pulling receives where the life of the pure, puling woman who stood between her and the long-coveted title of mis-tress of Tromaine Court. That its master, if free, would make her his wife, she had no doubt whatever. Why, she had become so necessary to him that in every difficulty or trouble he sought her advice at once, yielding in most things to her wishes or opinions. True, he never addressed her in lover-like tones or words, but when he should owe her freedom, affluence, when the binding link of this new and terrible mystery should exist between them, could she not coerce or threaten him into compliance with her wishes if such an extreme step should prove necessary.

The intelligence that Mrs. Tremaine was dan

It was a lover summer afternoon, and the windows of the sick room were thrown open to admit the perfumed air that proved so welcome to the burning brow and parched lips of the poor invalid. Fiercely the fever was rioting in her veins, and amidst the incoherent whisperings of delirium pierced the anxious, restless wish that time and opportunity might be given her to protect efficiently the rights of her helpless children. About seven in the evening Doctor Stewart called, and after carnestly studying the rapid pulse and thick-coated tongue. ing the rapid pulse and thick—coated tongue, turned to Miss Radway, who stood with anxious face beside the patient, a model of watchful devotion to all appearance, and said:

"The crisis is at hand. About midnight we will probably know whether it will be life or death. Well for her that she has such careful, intelligent nursing as you give her, Miss Rad-

way."

The doctor left, darkness set in, and then the housekeeper, after drawing the window curtains, and adjusting the night lamp, took her usual seat in the deep shadow beside the bed, whilst the husband paced the room with long, rapid strides. What a solemn, weird vigil it was. The loud ticking of the clock, the only sound audible, the death-like stillness of that emaciated figure on the bed, the restless sinister sinnes of the man and woman that watched it glance of the man and woman that watched it so narrown, longing, not for signs of returning health, but of coming death, watching not for the soft glow of life to steal over the white face, but the ashen grayness of dissolution.

At length the woman spoke, in a low, husky

voice:

"Should the crisis prove favorable, you must be ready, Mr. Tremnine, to act with decision

and energy."
"What is it you would have me do?" "Remember, in the first place, that it de-pends on you whether you will see yourself im-poverished, beggared, for the sake of two puling children, or assure yourself future independence and wealth. But, tell me, have you at hand the will I asked you to have drawn up in which your wife leaves you the full enjoyment of all he possesses, and makes over to you the lands

and properties left her by her late mother?"
"It is here—in this chony box."
"Then nothing remains but for Mrs. Tre-

maine to sign it, and if she lives she must do it by free will or by force."
"It will prove a more difficult task to make her do so, Hannah, than you perhaps imagine. Three times already have I tried and failed." "I will try but once and succeed. Liston!" and she bent low and whispered a few words in

her companion's ear. He started, shuddered slightly, but the temptress hastily continued in the same low, sup-

"Remember, no faint-heartedness to-day to be bitterly regretted to-morrow. Your fate is in your own hands if you will but selze and make yourself master of it. When she awakes, ask her once again will she sign the will; if sh still refuse, be prepared for the other alterna-

(To be continued.)

THE STAR'S VIGIL.

BT JANET MACDONALD. "Watchful Star! thy vigit keeping In the silent sky;
See how Earth is awsetly sleeping—Lay thy cressit by!"

Star. "What the Earth, in penceful slumber, Needs nor care nor light. Anxious sens of Gean number Each slow hour of night;

"I, their solemn watches sharing, Chase the gloom away; And, aloft my cresset bearing, Guide them on their way.

"Thus, tho' Earth be calmly sleeping, I no rost will take, But my vigal still be keeping For the Seaman's sake."

[Cloud.

" Steadfast Star! thy bright devotion Shames my darker view; Cheer thou still the sons of Ocean— To thy mission true;

"Nor in vein, thou brilliant beauty, Hold their hearts in thrall; Guide thom in the way of duty, Whatsoc'er befall!"

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RECOVERED TREASURE

Richard Redmayne went back to Brierwood after his visit to Hetheridge churchyard, and the dreary days went on. A ghost pacing those garden walks, or loitering under the old cedar, could hardly have been a more dismal figure than the farmer, with his listless gait and hag-gard face, unshaven chin and slovenly attire, He was waiting idly for his agents in London to do something; speculation on the possibility of discovering his enemy by the interven-tion of the sexton—a dreary business altogether; his land in other hands, no work to be done, no interest in the young green corn, no care, no hope; his whole being consumed by one fatul passion—more constant than love, more vitter than jealousy.

He had not spoken to John Wort since that night when he burst in upon the agent in his little office, sudden and violent as a thunderbolt. The two men avoided each other, Mr. Wort had his own reasons for that avoidance, and lichard Redmayne shrunk from all companionship. He smoked all day long, drank more than he had been used to drink in the old days, and paced the weedy gravel path, or lay at full length under the cedar, lost in gloomy thought. If he had needed any external influence to sharpen his sense of loss, the familiar home, once so happy and now so desolate, would have furnished that influence; every flower in the garden, every petty trifle in the house, where all things were old and familiar, was in some wise associated with his daughter. He could not have felt her death more intensely if he had spent his days

colour when, after some weeks of sultry and oppressive weather, there came a great storm -one of those tempests which spread con-sternation overall the country side, filling the souls of farmers with hideous visions of beaten corn and lightning-struck cattle, and which people talk of and remember for the rest of the year. It was on a Sunday evening, just after church-time, when the first thunder-peal roared hoarsely among the distant hills, and the first vivid flash of forked lightning zigzugged across the low leaden sky. Richard Red-mayne was sitting under the cedar, smoking, as usual, with an unread Sunday paper lying on his knee, and his eyes fixed dreamily on the line of poplars that rose above the garden wall. He was not afraid of a little thunder and lightning, and sat for a couple of hours, after this first swelling chord in the tempestuous symphony, watching the progress of the storm with a gloomy delight in its awful grandeur, with almost a sense of relief in this sudden awaken-ing of earth and sky from their summer silence, as if his own sluggish heart were stirred and lightened a little by the storm.

It was only when the rain began to fall in torrents, and Mrs. Bush came out, dripping like a rustic naiad, under a dilapidated cotton umbrella, to entreat him pitcously to come indoors, that he roused himself from that mor-bid sympathy with the elements, and rose from his bench under the cedar, stretching himself, and looking round him half bewildered.

" It's that dark as you can't see your hand before you, Mr. Redmayne, between whiles, and that vivid when it lightens as you can dextin-guish every leaf on the trees, and to think of your sitting here all the time! My good man says as how you must have gone to Kingsbury village. I've been that fidgety about you, I didn't know what to do; so at last I says to my william, "If I gets wet to the bone, I'll go and see if he's in the garden;" and as soon as I came to the edge of the grass, which is like a bog, it lightened just in my eyes like, and I see you sitting here like a statter. You'll be a lucky man, Mr. Redmayne, if you're not laid up with the rheumaticks along of this night's work.

"A few drops of rain won't hurt me, Mrs. Bush; but I'll come indoors, if you like. The storm is worth watching; but I reckon it'll be bad for Davis's corn. It's lucky the hops are no forwarder." Davis was the tenant, for whom Mr. Redmayne had some natural compassion, as became a man whose interests and desires had once been bounded by those hedgerows.

He went indoors to oblige Mrs. Bush, but would not allow the garden door to be barred that night, and sat up long after the house-keeper and her husband had gone to their roos in their garret-till the tempest was over, and the sun was shining on the sodden trees and beaten flower-beds, and the birds were twit-tering in the calm morning air, as in the overture to William Tell. He walked round the garden, looking idly at the ruin of roses and jasmine, carnations and lavender bushes, before he went upstairs to his room.

It was late when he came down to his solitry breakfast, and the countenance of Mrs.

The communication when she brought him his dish of eggs and bacon.

"Such a calamity, Mr. Redmayne I" she ex-claimed; " I felt certain sure as the storm would do some damage; and it have, Mr. Davis have had a fine young heifer struck dead, and the pollard beech in Martinmas field is blown

"The old pollard beech ?" cried Richard "the tree my mother was so fond of,—and Grace too. I'm sorry for that." Mrs. Bush shook her head in a dismal way,

and sighed plaintively. He so rarely men-tioned his daughter, although she was bursting with sympathy.
"And so she was, Mr. Redmayne—poor dear

love-uncommon fond of Martinmas field and that old tree. I've seen her take her book or her fancy work up there many an afternoon, when you was in foreign parts. 'I'm tired of the garden, Mrs. Bush,' she'd say; 'I think I'll go up to Martinmas field, and sit a-bit.' And I used to say, 'Do, Miss Gracey; you look to want a blow of fresh air;' for she was very nale that last autumn before we lost her, poe dear. And when the hop-picking was about, she'd sit under the pollard beech talking to the children, no matter how dirty nor how ragged, she was that gentle with 'em! It was enough

"I'm sorry the old beech is gone," said Richard thoughtfully. He remembered a tea-drinking they had had by that tree one mild afternoon in the hop-harvest, and Grace singing her simple ballads to them afterwards by the light of the henter's moon. What a changed world it was without her !

He made short work of his breakfast, which was as flavourlesss as all the rest of his dismal meals; and set out immediately afterwards to inspect the fallen beech in Martinmas field. Very rarely had he trodden the land tenanted by Farmer Davis, but to day he was bent on seeing the nature of the accident which had robbed him of one of his favourite landmarks, the tree that had been ancient in the time of his great-grandfather.

The ruin was complete; the massive trunk snapped like the spar of a storm-driven vessel, broken short off within three feet from the roots. A couple of farm labourers—men who had worked for Richard Redmayne when he farmed his own laud-were already hard at work digging out the roots, which spread wide about the base of the fallen tree. Farmer Davis was a smart man, in the Transatlantic sense of the word, and did not suffer the grass to grow

under his feet.
"Gettin' rid of this here old beech will give him a rood of land more at this corner." said one of the men, when Mr. Redmayno had surveved the scene, and said a word or two about the storm. "He allus did grumble about this tree. the grass was that sour under it; so now he'll bo happy."
"I'm sorry it's gone, for all that," replied

Rick, contemplating it gloomily.

Ho scated himself on a gate close by, and watched the men at their work, idly and hopelessly, thinking of the days that were gone. He sat for nearly an hour without speaking a word; and the men glanced at him now and then furtively, wondering at the change that had come upon him since the old time when they had called him master. He took his pipe from his pocket, and solaced himself with that silent He was sitting thus, with his eyes and nights beside her grave,

The longest day had dragged its slow length along, and the corn was beginning to change of the root from a little hollow into which the blandly, "Sometimes, in the long vacation."

dead leaves had drifted, tossed some glittering object away with the leaves upon his spade and uttered a cry of surprise, as he stooped to pick it up.

"Why, what's this here?" he exclaimed, turning it over in his broad hand. "A gold broach." It was not a brooch, but a large oval locket. Richard Redmayne roused himself from his reverie to see what this stir was about; and at sight of that golden toy broke out with a loud oath, that startled the men more than the finding of the treasure.

"It's Grace's locket," ho cried; "the locket my daughter lost three years ago! See if there isn't a bunch of blue flowers painted inside." He had heard the history of the locket from

Mrs. James, and had forgotton no detail of the one gift which the fatal stranger had sent his child

"It's uncommon hard to open," said the man, operating upon the trinket with his clumsy thumb. "Yes, here's the blue flowers, sure enough, and I suppose there ain't no doubt about the locket being your property,

"And here's a sovereign for you and your mate," replied Richard Redmayne, tossing the coin into the man's hand.

He took the locket, and sat for some time looking at it thoughtfully as it lay in the palm of his hand—poor relic of the dead. She had worn it round her neck every day, Mrs. James had told him; had loved it for the sake of the treacherous giver. "I ought to 'tve thought of hunting for it about here," he said to himself, "knowing she was fond of sitting under the beech. I suppose it dropped from her ribbon and fell into the hollow, and so were having around the deal leaves. got buried among the dead leaves. And she grieved for the loss of it, Hannah told mo. Poor child, poor child; she was no more than a child to be tempted by such toys."

He put the trinket into his pocket, and walked slowly homewards; and from that time forward he carried it about him, with his keys and loose money, in an indiscriminate hoap. The spring, which was made to defy the eye of jealousy was not proof against this rough usage, and became loosened from constant friction. Thus it happened that, when Mr. Redmayne dropped the locket one day, the false back flew open, and the miniature stood revealed.

He swooped upon it as a kite upon its prey. Yes, this was the face he had heard of; but how much handsomer and younger than Mrs. James's description had led him to suppose! He sat for an hour gazing at it, and thinking of the time when he should come face to face with its owner, should look into the eyes of the living man as he now looked into the eves of the picture. Nemesis had put this portrait in his way.
"It'll be hard if I don't find him now," he

said to himself.

He wont up to London, took the miniature to a photographer, and had it copied carefully, painted in as finished a manner as the original; and this copy he gave to Mr. Kendel, the private inquirer.
"You told me you could do somethis if

you had a picture of the man I want to find.

he said; " and here is his miniature." "An uncommonly good-looking fellow," remarked Mr. Kendel, as he examined the photograph. "I'll do my best, of course, Mr. Redmayne, and the portrait may be of some use; but if I were you, I wouldn't build too much on finding the man."

CHAPTER XXX,

"LOOK BACK! A THOUGHT WHICH BORDERS ON

THE London season waned, and Mr. and Mrs. Walgravo Harcross went on a duty visit to Mr. Vallory, at the villa in the Isle of Wight: not an unpleasant abiding—place after the perpetual streets and squares, with their dingy foliage and smoky skies. They had the Arion, on board which smart craft Mr. Harcross could lie under an awning and read metaphysics, without giving himself much trouble to follow the propositions of his author; while Augusta talked society talk with the bosom friend of the moment. Of course they came to Ryde when the place was fullest, and it was only a migration from a larger heaven of Dinners and At Homes to a smaller, with slight variations and amendments in the way of yachting and picnicking.

Weston was with thom. He was now much

to useful a person to be neglected by his uncle; he had indeed become, by his inexhaustible industry and undeviating watchfulness, the very life and soul of the firm in Old Jewry. There was still a tradition that in affairs of magnitude Mr. Vallory's voice was as the voice of Delphi; but Mr. Vallory indulged his gout a good deal, gave his fine mind not a little to the science of dining; and the rising generation of City men were tolerably satisfied with the counsels and services of Weston. He was less inclined to formality than the seniors of Harcross and Vallery had been; brought his own mind to bear upon a case at a moment's notice; would take up his pen and dash off the very letter in the vain endeavour to compose which a client had been racking his brain by day and night for a week, Ho leaned less on counsels' opinion than the firm had been wont to lean; and indeed did not scruple to profess a good-humoured con-tempt for the gentlemen of the long robe. The business widened under his fostering care; he business widened under his fostering care; he was always to be found; and his ante-chamber, a spacious room where a couple of clerks worked all day at two huge copying machines, damping, pressing, drying the autograph epistles of the chief, was usually full of busy men cating their hearts out in the agony of waiting. He was free of access to all, and there was now much less of that wise. now much less of that winnowing in the sieve now much tess of that winnowing in the neve of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, articled clorks, or junior partners. So great was Mr. Weston Vallory's power of dispatching business, so rapid his comprehension of every legal entanglement, every undeveloped yearning of the client's mind, that the junior partners found themselves reduced for the most next to drawing up small agreements, filling part to drawing up small agreements, filling in contracts that Weston had skeletoned, writing insignificant letters, and such small details. Weston held the business in the palm of his hand, and yet he was able to attend his cousin's "at homes," and escort her to classi-oal matinces when Hubert Harcross was too busy. A man at his club asked him one day if he ever went to bed, to which Weston replied



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THE ELECTIONS.

Before this reaches the eves of our readers the bulk of the elections for the Dominion Parliament will have taken place; and from present indications the present ministry promises and to enter on the next session with an increased working majority. Up to the time of writing seventeen ministerialists have been elected, and not a single member of the opposition. The most exciting contest which has taken place so far, was in Kingston on 1st inst, where Sir John A. McDonald was opposed by Mr. Carruthers; the contest was keen and the Grits put forth their whole strength to defeat the Premier, but without success, he being elected by a majority of 132 out of a vote of 1338, thus proving that Kingston is still true to her old love. The attempt of the Grits

"To beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall;"

was a bold one and they fought the fight out to the bitter end with pluck and persistency, and their defeat will doubtless have the effect of greatly discouraging them through the remainder of the campaign. There is no doubt that the present government will receive generally that full and thorough endorsement which their action for the past five years entitles it to.

EMANCIPATING THE BLACKS.

The emancipation of the slaves in the British West India islands went into effect on 1st August 1834; on which date upwards of eight hundred thousand slaves were given their liberty; the English government purchasing them from the owners at a cost of one hundred millions of dollars, or about one hundred and twenty five dollars each. The Question of slavery in the British possessions was one which had attracted public attention in England for nearly fifty years, and it was mainly due to the exertions of Lord Wilbertorce that the great

effort was at last attained, and the greatest blot which ever disgraced the escutcheon of England removed. Since then almost every civilized nation has followed in the footstens of England and abolished slavery in their dominions, the only exceptions being Spain and Portugal in their colonies, and Brazil in her own territory. On account of these few remaining relies of barbarism the slave trade is not yet fully stamped out, altho' it is but rarely now that we hear of an attempt to "run" a cargo of slaves. In barbarous countries, where "might makes right" slavery still exists, and will continue to do so until the light of Christianity is let in on them; and occasionally, as we get a slight peep at that terra incognita. Equatorial Africa, we hear of tribes in the most abject state of slavery. It has always been the custom of the black and colored inhabitants of the West Indies to commemorate the day by rejoicings of various kinds, pic-nics, dances, feasts, &c., and make it a general holiday; this year our colored citizens in Montreal observed the day-or rather evening-by a concert and ball in Saint Patrick's Hall. The concert was quite creditable, and the affair passed off much more enjoyable in point of order than many of the similar entertainments got up by the "white folks." Amongst the performers, Mrs. Van Schaick distinguished herself greatly as a pianist, playing several difficult selections with great taste and excellent execution. The duncing was of the "jolly" order, and not only the colored ladies and gentlemen, but the large number of whites who attended, partly out of sympathy, partly out of curiosity, seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly.

THE HERALD EXPEDITION.

It does seem rather hard that ill-natured and skeptical people will insist in believing that Mr. Stanley never met Dr. Livingstone at all; and that the pathetic meeting so graphically described occurred only in the imagination of the "great special." It appears hard, but it is only the result of the reputation for unreliability which the Herald has gained for itself; while every one will admit the great enterprise of the paper in gathering news, still its constant disposition to manufacture when the real article cannot be had, is too well known for much confidence to be placed in any report which appears exclusively in the Herald. and which has no other confirmation than the assection of that paper. Mr. Stanley has been dined, and wined, and lionized in Paris; and has been offered, it is said, \$50,000 for a book of his wonderful travels; but there is still great doubt in the public mind as to whether he really did find Livingstone. Letters have, of course, been received by Mr. Bennett purporting to be written by Dr. Livingstone, but they smell strongly of the "back office," which has always played so conspicuous a part in Herald " special correspondence," and we scarcely think there will be much general confidence in their genuineness until confirmatory letters from the Doctor are received by other parties. A London despatch says that Rawlinson, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, announces that he has heard nothing from Livingstone, and regards the Nile problem as unsolved. This throws a serious doubt on Mr. Stanley's story; for if he had spent Christmas with Dr. Livingstone in Ujiji, as he states, the Doctor would undoubtedly have taken advantage of the opportunity to receive a hearty endorsement from the public send a report to the Royal Geographical Society. It is possible that such might be in existence, and Mr. Stanley might prefer to deliver it in person; but if he has no such report it will tend very greatly to increase the growing unbelief in his story. When the Herald expedition started, that paper proudly announced that Mr. Bennett's instructions to Mr. Stanley were simply, "Find Dr. Livingstone, dead or alive." Mr. Stanley lins preferred to find him alive; but while we would rejoice in knowing that the Doctor really lives, we confess that we feel constrainonce again I find myself borne away in a basonce again I find myself borne away in a basonce again I find myself borne away in a basonce again I find myself borne away in a basis the case, cum gruno salis.

> Another View .- A tabular statement re cently appeared in some of the city papers, showing that the number of prisoners in Jail on the first day of July, for the last ton years, had gradually diminished. From this it was very reasonably inferred that, on the whole, lawles ness and crime had decreased in the District of

> The following is another tabular statement, referring exclusively to the city. It gives the number of convictions for offences against statutes and by-laws of the City of Montreal, from 1861 to 1871, both inclusive, being for the most part for potty misdemeanors.

or hord mrader	TC# TO S
Years.	Convictions.
1861	4928
1862	5181
1863	6453
1864	6972
1865	
1866	7266
1807	7086
1868	7025
1860	7030
1870	7070
1871	7157

Taking the population of the city in 1861 at 00,000, and in 1871 at 110,000, it would seem that whilst the population had increased by about 30 per cent, the convictions had increased by some 45 per cent.—Montreat Witness.

(For the Hearthstone.) AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY G. M. JACOBS.

Like the majority of my sex, I have leved in several cases, "not wisely but too well." At-though I will not complain that I have been much deceived, but like others who have lived much decoived, but his others who have fived before me, and who will live after me, I feel sure that if my time were to come over again, I should act differently. But I cannot grumble, many of my race have had unhappler lives than I have had, although all my dispring have been taken from me by one chance or another, and were any of us to meet we would not again recognize each other.

recognize each other.

In my youthful days I was much admired, even the very spots upon my face were said to be marks of beauly, my eyes sparkling even now, were then like balls of fire; my skin was said to be incomparable; without vanity I was very beautiful, and every one said I was the greatest beauty they over saw. My ancestors I believe originally earne from the Island of Malka, but except in my figure, I bore but few traces of my origin. My life has been a very chequered one. I drew my first breath in a mud recognize each other. chequered one. I drew my first breath in a mud categorized and. Turew my first treath in a mud cabin somewhere in the South of Ireland, and yet I claim I am not an Irish woman. My attractive form soon elevated me to a very high sphere of society. I have no recollection of my parents, when very young they wore taken from me or I from them, therefore, I had but little of a tender mother's care. But I still had but fow a no cared in my carly life. But now but few or no cares in my early life. But now I am old and have but few traces of my beauty, my splendid skin has failed, with teeth quite gone, and traces of hair protruding from my mouth. I have in the place of admiration, con-tempt and pity, except in the estimation of one. I have outlived my time, and am worthless for the purposes for which I was created. My twenty years of life have been however full of events. I have seen much of human life, much to admire, much to feel sorry for. As I before remarked, I have none of my progeny to comfort me in my old age, although I have given birth to maety-two children, not one remained with me; by a strange futality most of my little ones met with a watery grave. The few survi-vors are so scattered, that were I in actual want, I could not appeal to any of them, and although I have no kith or kin that I know of, the race that I belong to are very numerous. And once upon a time, many years ago, one of them caused the elevation of a very poor boy to the Chief Magistracy of a very large city. But now old and decrepted, even my own, the Feline race pass me as worn out and worthless; but let all this pass. Although spurned by nearly every one, I have still my one warm constant friend in the family I am living with. Years ago I was brought to them one dark night, carefully tied up in a basket, that I might not remember the

way back to my humble home, and although the place I was brought to was almost a palace, I still pined and refused food for two or three days, and would not be content. But I soon torgot my old friends, and learned to love the beautiful girl whose playmate I was to be. What romps we used to have—how many balls what romps we used to have—how many balls of cotton I have ravelled, perhaps purposely, to see the dear girl get laughingly out of patience. I remember once killing a great favourite of hess, a canary bird, who they said sang so sweetly, that apart from my instinctive desire for its life, I think I hated it, because she loved it. I remember well her coming into the elegant breakfirst-troom with her golden har loose over her handsome shoulders and her loose over her handsome shoulders, and her merry laugh running to embrace poor puss, when her great big blue eyes opened to their widest extent as she saw her pretty warbler lying by my side quice dead. I was in disgrace for some days after that, but was soon restored to favour, and I think level the more because there was a pet less. As year after year flow by I saw the girl who I leved so much, grow tailer and tailer, and more beautiful every day. I did not wonder that all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were doing homage to her, one very handsome man in particular, and his devotion seemed more acceptable than all the rest, and he appeared as if he worshipped her; so I was not surprised when one moonlight night, as I lay comfortably coiled up by side of her on the damask covered sofs, to see him fall upon his knees, and implore her to be his own. How beautiful and hely appeared her tearful smile as she silently gave him her pure white hand, and when lamps were brought in, and he whispered something to the father, and she to the mother, they looked a very happy group. Summer past and winter came, but before it ended it brought sore trouble to them; for the dear old home was in confusion, servants running for doctors and nurses; no one noticing me, not even my darling mistress, but I watched her well as she came silently and tearfully from the sick room, her large blue eyes red with weeping. And soon the once cheerful home was black with mourning, the vast rooms which once looked so gay, wore a sombre look as the master of the house was carried to his last home by grief stricken friends. Oh! how queenly she looked in her deep deep mourning, pale, but if possible still more beautiful. But soon the handsome man to whom she had promised herself, brought back some of her rosy colour, and a few of her bright smiles. But not many weeks had passed before and mother and daughter weeping.
were there rudely handling and numbering the and mother and daughter weeping. Strangers elegant furniture. I thought her poor heart would break as they tore the crape covering off ket, and carried in a heavy country waggon to home so different. There were no damask was plain and humble, still their two rooms would have been comfort enough for me, could I have seen my darling smile. I did not care for the grand carpets and luxuries, except that my dear mistress must miss them so much. As day after day passed, and no one came to cheer or comfort, I saw they were deserted by chier or comfort. I saw they were descried by their old friends. My poor old mistress now quite helpless, the troubles seemed too much for her; but not so with my dear young lady, she bore up resolutely, seeming to gather cour-age from her misfortunes; and although the smile had vanished from her dimpled check. her form was more erect, her eye if possible more brilliant, she looked in her melancholy still more lovely. During the day she was my

companion no more, and as I dozed in front of the small fire by the side of her poor old mother, I watched anxiously for her return.

She never comes empty handed, always bring-

ing some fittle dainty for the poor old fady, and a shadow of a smile for poor puss. Many a night have I been her only companion, sat by her side as she completed the task which was

to bring them the morrow's meal. How I cursed helplessness that I was only poor puss, and id do nothing to help my durling. How then

and pale sne was getting to be, but the weaker her body seemed to be, the more resolute was her will. She could not have lived lone the

oft she would arge her poor weak daugnter to finish this or that piece of work that they might

never forget it, the poor dear was just going to her daily toil, it was a very dark and dismal morning when the postman put a foreign look-ing letter in her hand. She knew the handwriting at ones, the colour came and went over her marble like face, tremblingly she tottered into her mother's room, when she came out the brightest of smiles beamed through her tears originest of smies beamed through her tears. Age and apathy seemed also to have left her mother, as she walked proudly to her accustomed seat. They talked now of happy days to come when Edward should return. She went to work no more, and was now my constant companion once again. But how anxious she was accepted to everywher her was, every knock seemed to overpower her, and many were ber disappointments. He came at last, her own dear brother. Oh! how she greeted him amilds smiles and tears, and dung around his neck. He was a fine looking dark man, the very image of my darling, only she was fair, and now even I remembered him, a youth leaving home for some distant land yours. youth leaving home for some distant land year before. She was so engrossed that I lay on the hearth unnoticed. I was soon again tied up in a basket, and carried this time in a fine carriage to a fine house, though not so elegant as the one we once had, but still the damask lounges were there, and the elegant mirrors, but more still the bright smiles and rosy books

came back to my darling.

I get plenty to cat now, and cat with a more cheerful heart than when food was so searce. I hope no more changes will come. My old age I hope will terminute in my present happy

Montreal, July 19, 1872.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—The Boston flour mills wore burned on 7th ult., together with a large smount of wheat. Loss, \$80,000 to \$100,000.—The Herald in a Washington despatch states that General Storling. U. S. Consular agent, in his report of the investigation of Consul-General Butler's affairs sustains the many charges deemed official, ami reveals a frightful state of affairs. The report has been at the State Department for several wooks. Among the many charges sustained are ignorance and neglect of office, violenes, malicious procedution of missionaries and certain Americans in the Egyptian army, appointing consular agents without authority for pecuniary and other considerations, dismissal of authorized consular officers retaining money turned over by missionaries belonging to a minor child, abuse of official power, and supposed complicity in the assault on Missionary Strange, by Strogolo his outside man.—Letters from Choctaw County state that the Congregational Investigating Committee now there, has discovered that of over two million dollars paid for their Missouri lands, none of it has been received by the tribe, but passed into the lands of a Blattimore lawyer named Latrobe, and the five delegates to Washington from that nation.—A terrible steambont explosion occurred on the Mississippi River, about two miles above Metricsor. Lown, about one of elock on the morning of 55th dt. The raft boat James Malburg, boand up, exploded her boiler with fearful effect. Of 25 persons on board, only 10 were saved, as far as can be ascertained at last accounts, and several of these were body scaled and otherwise injured. The pilot of the Malburg was badly wounded. The first and second engineers and firemon were scaded. Captain Malburg and Tom Wilson, pilot, are among the missing. Caose unknown.—While a circus procession was passing the Prairie City Bank, Terre Haute, Ind., on 31st ult., attracting the attention of the officers, a their Edipod in the backway and story for the officer, and the Edipod of the first hear.

Traine City Dank, Terre Hande, and a ther slipped in the backway and stole \$30,000.

Canada.—It is currently reported that Messes. Blake and McKenzie will prolonger submit to the dictation of the Globe, and that they will purchase the black and McKenzie will prolonger submit to the dictation of the Globe, and that they will purchase the black and for the Taronto Telegraph, and ran a respectable newspaper.—Wolfville is in a state of excitement from four cases of small pox appearing there, supposed to have been introduced by sailors' clothing. The patients are young girls, three of them sisters residing together.—The new stock of the Halffax Bunking Company is all subscribed.—The new brick and stone Episcopal church at Yarmouth is completed, and will be consecrated by Bishop Binney.—The office of the Adjudant-General of Militia, vacant by the death of Colonel Sinclair, is to be filled by of Colonel Lawrie, whose position of Brigade Major will, it is said, be taken by Licut.—Colonel Sawjer.—Despatches received from the North-West report all going on well. Noarly 4.000 immigrants have arrived this summer.—A very destructive fire occurred at Ottawa on 28th ult., by which the Mathewson Hotel on York street and the fine cut-stone block on Sussex street, comprising Mortimer's drug store, Nyo's tobacconist store. Rarlett's confectionary, Medow's stove and larilware store, Fanikner's dry goods store, and Alerman McDougall's large hardware store, with once two other smaller shops. Cordingly & Laurin's Mrs. Evans, who lived over Nyo's, the owner of the block consumed, perished in the flames, and her husbond barely escaped with his life, he being badly burnt. Two female domestics threw themsolves out of the third story window, their night dressing being burnt of them, and one of them broke her back by the fall; she cannot live. The other girl caped with slight injuries. Loss, \$550; insurance, \$40,000.

Escland,—At the Goodwood races, on the 31st ult. the Goodwood stakes were won by Spennithorn, the

ance, \$40,000.

ENGLAND.—At the Goodwood races, on the 31st ult. the Goodwood stakes were wen by Spennithern, the winner of the Northumberland plate. Richmond was second, Kingeraft third; 16 ran.—Sir James O'Connell, brother of Daniel O'Connell, died on 22th nit.—There is authority for the statement that there is complete harmony in the Board of Arbitration u, in the Alabama claims, and a speedy settlement of all questions before the Tribunal is expected within a few weeks.—The Teachers' Convention has decided to take steps for the organization of an Universal Teachers' Association. The general society will be under the presidency of the Teachers' Association of Geneva, Switzerland.—Wm. Brad-ford, the American artist, has received commissions siety will be under the presidency of the Teachers' Association of Geneva, Switzerland. — Wm. Bradford, the American artist, has received commissions from the Queen and the Marquis of Lorne to paint for them several pictures representing scenes in the Arctic ocean. — The race for the Goodwood Cupoccurred on 1st inst., and was wen by Favonius; Albert Victor second; Verdure third. Only live horses ran. The course was two and a half miles.

bert Victor second; Vordure third. Only live horses ran. The course was two and a half miles.

Switzerland.—Advices to the 1st inst. state that a despatch from Geneva says that absolutely no particulars are obtainable of the proceedings at the latest sitting of the Tribunal of Arbitration. The general statement is put forth, on apparently credible authority, that all grave questions have been settled, and that the arbitrators are now studying the details of the prospective adjustment. No official communication will, however, be furnished to the press until the final settlement, which is likely to be reached much sooner than was expected.—Another despatch says that the English representatives on the supplementary case established the belief of the signers that England faithfully executed her laws in connection with the Confederate cruisers. The American agents have in consequence submitted a rotor to the effect that the question cannot be judged from the mere standpoint of English law along and urging that England's liability for ravages committed by privateers arises principally from her nonfulfilment of the maxims of international law.

Srain.—The statement that the guestion is

fulfilment of the maxims of international law.

Spain.—The statement that the government intends selling the property which has been seized belonging to persons engaged in the Cuban insurrection is denied.—Accounts have been received at the Department of War of the defeat of enother band of Carlist insurgents in the first department, with the loss of 8 killed and 39 wounded.—An official report is made to the Department of War, announcing the total defeat of Cartillo's band of Carlists, numbering one thousand men, which has maintained its organization in the north of Spain. Thirteen Carlists were killed and forty-five captured, ten of whom are wounded. The defeated insurgents carried fifty wounded with them. The defeat of another band of insurgents is reported with the loss of three men killed and many wounded.

France.—A report is in circulation that the Due

three men killed and many wounded.

France.—A report is in circulation that the Duc D'Aumale intends resigning his soat in the Assembly.—The French Government contemplates the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico, the death of Jusres having removed the only obstacle thereto.—A magnificent railway station at Metz has been destroyed by fire. This is the fourth large fire which has occurred in this city within twelve months.—The total subscription to the new French loan amounts to four milliard francs, while but three milliards were called for. Of the amount 500 millions of francs have been subscribed by Gorman capitalists in the city of Berlin.

Germany:—Three cases of Asiatic cholera have

GREANY.—Three cases of Asiatic cholera have occurred in Berlin.—The Carr will leave St. Petersburg toward the close of August, on his visit to the Emperor of Germany. He is expected to arrive in Berlin on the sixth of September.—An orthogolic with passengers, white crossing the railroad have food for the morrow. One day, I shall

track in Kustrin, was run into by the mail train, and dashed to pieces. Eight passengers were killed out-right, and of the others in the emnibus more escuped injury.

JAPAN.—Advices from Japan say the Mikado has avoided the difficulty about the presentation of foreign Ministers by consenting to both parties standing during the reception, which satisfies the English Minister. The first party presented was Admiral Jonkins, of the U.S. Navy.

MEXICO.—Banlshed revolutionists are returning to Mexico.—Banlshed revolutionists are returning to Mexico.—Tolographic communication will be opened to the City of Mexico in a few days.—Rocha and the revolutionary chiefs are to hold a conference on the 28th at Monterey.—The revolution is virtually ended.

ITALY.—The Pope will shortly issue an encyclical letter, declaring the Society of American Catholics to be separated from the Church of Rome, and placing them under the ban of major excommunication.

CHNA.--Disaffection and threatened revolt are reported among the Chinese troops at foo Chow. The crows of two vossels wrooked on the coast of Formosa were massacred by the natives. Austria. --The Vienna Industrial Exhibition for all nations will commonce on May 1st, 1873, and close on October 31st of that year.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The August number of "OLD AND NEW" opens with a decided arowal of views on "The Two Engands," one friendly and the other hostile to the United States. This is followed by a careful and useful summary from the official documents of the American States of the Stat o med states. This is followed by a careful and useful summary from the official documents of the American and British Cases at Geneva. "The Vicar's Daughter" and "Ups and Downs" are continued; Mr. Martineau's second powerful article on "God in Nature" is given; and there is a pleasing sketch of three unknown "Livos of Saints." There are some valuable book notices; an instructive Italian public document (translated) on the condition of the working-men in Italy; Mr. Hale's judgment on the Coliscum-which he seems to think had more mault than music; a pretty musical interlude headed "A Quartette in Council. No. III;" a refreshing paper on an uncommonly jolly swamp, very sensonable for hot weather, called "Sphagnum;" and other good matter.

tette in Council, No. 111," a retreshing paper to have uncommonly Jolly swamp, very seasonable for het weather, called "Sphagnum;" and other good Latter.

Lippincorra' Magazing for August is more than usually brilliant and attractive. The opening article, "A Switchback Excursion," by Il. C. Sheafor, is one of the most pleasing sketches which have lately been contributed to the periodical pross. It delineates, with an appreciative skill, the charming scenery of the Lehigh Valley, and presents, in a popular manner, considerable information respecting one of the most important and delightful sections of Pennsylvania. It is illustrated in a profuse and masterly manner. Another illustrated article of great -attractiveness is the cencluding nortion of "Travels in the Air." This paper is full of recitals of during and singular adventures in aeromantics, and whilst furnishing many curious and valuable faces, offers a liberal share of healthful excitement. "Eccentric Englishmen." by the Lady lisanche Murphy, is a lively and entertaining contribution, replete with now and striking anecdates of distinguished and peculiar characters. "Camp-Meetings in the West Fifty Years Ago," by William Gooper Howells, father of William D. Howells, the talented and accomplished editor of the Attante Monthin, gives a concise and necurate account of those religious gatherings in the wild regions of the West, to which the Camp-Meetings" of a later period, in every section of the country, owe their origin. This paper possesses much value as a contribution to the history of a custom which is likely soon to disappear from among as. The lifth and six portions of "The Private Attanter of "Valuria Alphon," of a style of great literary excellence. The description of Hugues Meryes's picture, entitled "La Folle," for which a sum amounting to a fortune was paid, is specially necitive side. The contributions to fiction contained in this issue of the Magazine are numerous and brilliant. Mr. Black's charming story, "The Strange Adventures of a Planton,"

Smoker." Upon the whole this number is one of a particularly entertaining character.

Happen's Macazine for August is crowded with fresh seasonable, and attractive matter, illustrated with sixty-five engravings, and presents a meet brilliant array of contributors, including the names of Charles Heade, Anthony Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Emilio Castelar, Justin McCarthy, Porte Crayon, Hayard Taylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Eugene Lawrence, Charles K. Tuckerman, George Ward Nichols, is magnificently illustrated by Charles Parsons. Porte Crayon, Southern sketches, "The Mountains," are resumed, with twelve illustrations in interesting article of travel, "On the Oronics," including among its illustrations some beautiful pietures of Anticoh, especially timely just now, in view of the earthquake which recently devastated that city. In its sorial stories Happen's Magazins is now especially brilliant. This number contains the opening chapters of Charles Reade's new novel. "A St. julcton: A Story of To-day," which is written in the nuthor's most animated style, and promises to be one of the brightest of his productions. Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington," grows more charming at every step of its progress. Emilie Castelar contributes a third paper on: The Republican Movement in Europe," concluding his review of the Latin peoples.

Engene Lawrence gives us a masterly and compressing viction pages volumes of information, Charles K. Tuckerman, recently our Minister to Charles K. Tuckerman, recently our Minister to

and picturesque in style, and compressing within the limits of eighteen pages volumes of information, Charles K. Tuckerman, recently our Minister to Greece, tells the story of the Marathon Massacre, the details of which are of great interest. Justin McCarthy contributes a short story, entitled "The Widow's Mite," Bayard Taylor gives us the first of a series of poetical improvisations. Harriet Prescut Stafford contributes two charming bits of verse; Miss Constance F. Woolson's poom, "Cornfields," brings vividly before us an Ohio scene in midsummer; Miss Constantina E. Brooks, in spirited verse, tells the story of "The Battle of Murct, A. D. 1213; and Miss Kate P. Osgood's "Jimmy," an illustrated poem portrays to the life a Nineteenth Ceutury youngster. In addition to this variety of matter, there are the five Editorial Departments, each ably covering its respective field.

AN UNMANAGRABLE ECOL.—Up in the Lehigh Val-ley there is a hetelkeeper who has a mountain about a quarter of a mile from his house, and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea it he could fix things so that a magnificent echo would be heard from the mountain by persons who stood at his hotel and hal-leed. He thought the phonomecon might attract vi-sitors.

leed. He thought the phenomeron might server visitors.

Ite engaged a boy named Jim Simms, who lived over on the mountain, to be en hand every day from twelve to two, and to secrete himself behind a little clump of trees, and when he saw anybody on the root of the hotel, and heard them calling, to repont their words fifty or sixty times in a voice which should grow fainter and fainter. He made Jim practice, and the result was splendid. So one day the landlerd announced that he had discovered that a noble eche could be heard from the roof of the hotel. He took a lot of people up to let them enjoy the discovery.

echo could be heard from the roof of the heich. He took a lot of people up to let them enjoy the discovery.

The guests called for half an hour, but without hearing any cube. The landlord was erimson with rage; but just as he was about to give it up the voice of Jim came saling over the river to this effect: "Bin down to the spring fur mother. Fire away, new, I'm all right." The guests smiled. The landlord glided down-stairs and tore ever to Simma's, where he shook James up a fow times, and gave him a lecture and some fresh instructions. In a few days the landlord rushed up a now crowd of guests to hear the echo. It worked grandly for a while, but all of a sudden it stopped in the middle of an impressive revorberation. In vain the callers strove to awake the echo. It was dumb. But, presently, in answer to an exceedingly besisterous cry, the following strain was wafted across from Mr. Simms: "You come over here and make him glume my knife, and then I'll hollor. He's a sottin' on me." The landlord dropped down-stairs and charged over to the mountain. There was Mr. James Simms lying prone upon the ground, with a big boy holding him down and whacking him. Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged in a game of mumblynes, during which face big hoy had seized Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged in a game of mumblynes, during which face big hoy had seized Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged the sixed Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged the sixed Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged the sixed Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged the sixed Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged the sixed Mr. Simms and his antagonist had engaged to thome. Scended the stairs, and mailed the trap door fast. No more eshees for him.





THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the boautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer.
The dream of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearningery,
The striving after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need.
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves the friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, sofily breathed,
When justice threatens nigh.
The sorrowings of a contrate heart
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss.
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That make up love's first blies;
It was a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high.
These hands have clasped, these lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word. The cruci and the officer word,
That wounded as it fell.
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but cannot tell:
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept.
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love, Be firm, and just, and true; So shall a light that cannot fade Ream on thee from on high; And angel votes say to thee, These things snall never die.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

"TINY."

Dull as Julia had been throughout the day for want of company, she would gladly have dis-pensed with the company of her consin Everard. He was conflicus to her-gentle, even; he never made an allusion to those old times when he tried to make her love him, and Laurence Dray-ton himself could not have treated her with more delleate consideration; yet Miss Temple could not heat case in Mr. Grantley's presence. The subtle undercurrent of evil power made itself felt, and her instinct shrank from it. • I was to have met Brakenbury and some

o I was to have not Brakenbury and some other men," he said; obst I was late, and missed them. So I thought I would give the evening to you and Mr. Drayton, Julia. I should like to know him better like to know him better, as we are so soon to be related. I never was a favourite of his, I know; but I suppose I may count upon a show of welcome, and that, after all, is as much as one really gets anywhere."

Mr. Grantley could not be less than cynical in

his kindliest mood. The world to him was as he saw it through his own hard want of faithand to him affection meant schish passion; friendship, sellish interest. Of love in its higher, purer sense, he knew nothing. Friendship, as has come down to us in tradition, grand, devoted, and self-sacrificing, he never had believed in, or he had forgotten his belief.
"Laurence will be glad to find you here," she said, "or he would not have accepted your in-

vitation to Brookdale. He never says more than he means."
"Rarely as much, my dear cousin; simplicity

is not his most remarkable characteristic. you give me that rose, Julia, unless it is destined for another purpose?"

Julia gave it bim without meeting his gaze.

The time has passed when the deep meaning attached to his most careless words affected

her.
"I broke it from the stem unthinkingly," she

said, and you may have it."

She left the conservatory then, and went into the drawing-room. He followed her with the flower, which he placed in a tiny Sevres vase. He evidently intended to stay.

"Orayton went to Southampton in the hope of seeing Eugene," he said. "I am afraid he will be too late. The Osprey sailed yesterday morning. It is as well they did not meet. Eugene had better have his way in this—he will settle down more contentedly when he returns." "So Laurence said." So Laurence said."

"So Laurence said."

"You seem to thoroughly appreciate your intended, Julla; I like him better than I did. But, seriously, you ought to think with deep consideration before you take the final step. There was much good common-sense in Eugene's advice, and you will see it in later years better than you do now. Your rostition as the lady of the constant of the control of the contr than you do now. Your position as the hely of Brookdale is not to be lightly thrown away."

o'That is a subject to which I would rather not listen," Miss Temple said, with grave decisiveness. "I would rather marry Mr. Drayton if he were ever so poor than another if he were ten times as rich as the master of our old house."

"Within six months." said Grandey referring Within six months," said Grantley, referring to the time Laurence had fixed for the mar-"What if Eugene should not have re-

"It will make no difference to us." "Well," he said, with a sigh, "I, hope for your buppiness, Julia. Mr. brayton is one with whom any woman might be happy. He is handsome, too, in his way, and the difference between his age and yours is not greater than I have seen. His disposition is all that could be desired, and if his position were assured I would accept him without reserve. But, Julia, as your oldest living relative, I must protest against so early a date. Your father loved and trusted me; he left you and Eugene in Margaret's care and mine, and I should be doing less than my duty if I did not give you my advice in this. I say it in the purest kindness: he is not by birth or position the man you should have chosen."

Julia's large eyes flus and an Indignant remon-rance. It was in her heart to ask what matstrance. It was in her heart to ask what mat-tered it whether he was born in a palace, or the smallest tenement ever rented at three-and stapence weekly, so that he had the soul, and brain, and body of a true gentleman. Grantley saw the angry pride in her fair face, and heard the impatient tapping of her little foot on the

floor.

"It is a tender topic, I know," he said, depre-catingly. "I would say nothing, but there is the future to think of. Apart from his profes sion, which is the most precarious of all, his income is a small one. You could hold no place in society."

i I never cared for society," said Julia, quietly. "I never spent a season in town without feeling mantterable weariness. The solo aim and end of life seemed to be to make tollettes and visit—make tollettes and be visited. There is nothing so empty, nothing so purposeless, as the form of existence society prescribes."

a Philosophic little soul! You have taken

quite a Draytonic tinge aiready, I see. It is the most misanthropical assertion I ever heard made by a beautiful young girl. With your turn

of mind, you will be a confirmed coquette when you are thirty or so."

Miss Temple chafed at the relationship which

gave him the right to speak to her in that way. A tite-à-lite with Everard was the direst penance which could have been inflicted upon her.

which could have been inflicted upon her.

"If you could always keep out of society," he
went on, "you might retain those little oddities
which are so charming now. But you cannot
keep out of society, Julia. You are as innocent
as a child as yet, and have a child's independent
turn of thought; but when you have once been
drawn into the charmed circle, you will be as
other women no. You are becautiful, and men orawn into the charmed circle, you will be as other women are. You are beautiful, and men will tell you so. You will feel your power, and you will use it. You will mensure your husband by the men you meet, and you will find him somewhat outre, and you will wish, perhaps, tout you had not been so eager to have the fetters riveted."

"Never while Laurence loves me, and he always will love me."

ways will love me."

"Most likely. He is thirty and some odd years now; his hair is going gray, and he is gra-ver in deportment than some men of forty-five. You are barely twenty, and have a quarter of a century of beauty before you. You have your most dangerous and fascinating time to come. Your passions are in their lorancy, your power untried, and when your passions and your power have grown, you will be in danger, especially with such a man."
"Why should I be?" she asked, listening

any shape, except as the husband of my cousin.

Miss Julia Temple, of Brookdale."

Grantley's slow, deep hatred of Julia's betrothed would not be entirely suppressed. It peeped out in the undertone of irony in his voice, in the veiled sarcasm of his eye. There was something singularly cruol in the man's nature, and it carried him away in spite of his high breeding and strong self-control. He was tor-turing Julia, and took a delight in it, though he knew it was not wise.

She was praying inwardly for Laurence to return, when he made his appearance. If he was surprised or displeased at finding Everard there, neither emotion found expression. Before this man he was always on his guard.

"Julia tells me you have been to Southampton," said Grantley, rising to shake lands with him. "You had your journey for nothing, I fear?"

"Scarcely for nothing. I wanted to see Eugene, if possible, and I was just a little too late. The Osprey sailed yesterday."

"So I understand."

"I thought at the last moment Eugene might change his mind," Laurence said; "but he did not. I heard of him at the Queen's Hotel; saw his name, in fact, in the visitors' book. He wore the same coat in which he left Brookdale ... at least, I should judge so by the walter's descrip-

tion."

"There can be no doubt that he is gone," said "There can be no doubt that he is gone," said against her will, "Why should I ever change?"
Mr. Grantley, "His course of life is settled for the present at least, and it is my opinion he its bitter frony made her almost doubt herself, "Because you will be older and wiser. You "Why should you think so?"

"It would be an easy way, certainly; but I have a morbid horror of putting him out of the way by violent means. I should like him todie a painless death—one that would not disfigure him either."

The chemist smiled. He was an experienced surgeon, and a profound toxicologist; but his skill was not so profitably employed that way as in dispensing tonics and restoratives, cosmetics, face-powders and paint, hair-dyes, bathwashes, and alcoholic nerve drugs to the ladies

of Mayfair,

"You wish to poison him ?" he said, "Strych-

nia would suit you best; but the penalty is heavy—in fact, I could not sell you any."

Mr. Grantley looked at him in dignified sur-

• I should have thought such a law would only have applied generally. Then he smiled in depreciation of his own hauteur. • That law, Mr. Jones, will not let you supply me with a drug for a dog, but you may supply a common photographer with a sufficient quality of deadly chemicals to depopulate a parish."

1 it is absurd, when you put it in that light. Is
the doz a large one?"

"Very--a mustli, bred from a bloodhound."

eVery-a mustiff, bred from a bloothound."

Rather a dangerous animal to have loose amongst strangers," said the chemist, taking down a bottle, the contents of which, by their pale, metallic thit, Everard recognized as prusticable to the fact of sectors. sic acid. •• Is he fond of sweets ??

al think so. I have seen him eateh sugar, piece after piece, when it has been thrown to him in play."
"That would be the best to give him this, then

intense and passionate love of children. Ho could be merclessly and deliberately cruel to his fellow men, but he had a kindly smile for the most unattractive village urchin that might

the most unattractive vinage urenin that might channe to come in his way.

This little one who stole in now was perhaps server years of age, plump, pretty, and well cared for, and with no distinctive stampsuch as seems to grow upon patrician cisidren even in their cradle.

"A little visitor to one of the servants," he thought holding out his hand, as she gluned shyly at him with her round brown eyes. " Come here, done "

She went to him frankly enough. He lifted ber to his knee, and putted her check. Sho took first to studying his watch-chain, and then

took first to studying his watch-chain, and then to studying his face with a child's grave curiosity. Then she made the result known to him.

1 like you; but you are not like my father."

We will hope not," he said, feeling in his pocket for some silver, and finding two half-crowns, which he passed into her dimpled hand as he rang the hell. "Now, what will you do with that money?" with that money?"

She put up her pretty, innocent face for a she put up her pretty, innocent face for a kiss, and he gave her one, wondering at the time at the holy instinct that tells children in whom to find their friends. Mrs. Parrill enter-ed at the moment, and paused to look at him. "You are a nice little girl," he said, putting her down. "What is your name?" "Jenny."
"Thy sometimes..."Fine Hawkins."

o Jenny."

"Tiny, sometimes...Tiny Hawkins."

He pushed his chair back, and swept a glunce so fierce at Ada Darrill that she caught the child in her arms and recolled,

"Not," he said, "not the child of the man who "who fell....."

"Yes," said Mrs. Darrill, "I fetched her yesterday. You wished her to be taken care of, and I brought her here till we can arrange what is to be done with her."

"Take her away, please and never let me see

to be done with her."

"Take her away, please, and never let me see her again. I have an objection to strange children in the house. I thought you knew it."

"I am sorry, Mr. Grantley. She is a poor, homeless little thing, and you seemed interested in her. I did not find her in the best of care. She has no father or mother."

She has no father or mother." " He was scarcely aloss to her," said Everard, motioning her to go. " See that she is kindly treated, but keep her out of my sight, please." Margaret came in five minutes inter. He was sitting with his forehead in his hand, and his heavy eyes fixed upon the carpet. The mighty task he had set himself and him sometimes.

"You are very pale, Everard," she said, " Does your head ache?"

She drew his head to her shoulder, and laid her cool hand on his brow. He let it rest there, glad of so much sympathy for once. . You could not be paler, Everard, it you had

on a spectre."

"I have seen a spectre, Margaret. The dead have their revenge when they leave tiving mo-mories behind them, Seience will full you there is more nerve destroying power in a nightmare than in the worst of physical dangers, and I

had a night mare not long ago."

He said no more then, and Margaret did not question him. Constant tension must tell upon the strongest nerves, and the recent strain upon his had been protracted and heavy too.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ALTERNATIVE. Later in the evening, when Everard had rested, and slept undisturbed for about two hours, he took Margaret somewhat more into his confidence. Proud even in his crime, he had tried to bear the weight of his task alone,

and to keep his sister guiltless even in know-ledge; but there was no one cise he could trust. He knew that she would help him, though she might shudder at what she had to do. "Send Edward to me," he said to her, "I am closely watched, Margaret. I have so vigi-lant a for, that I shall be glad when the struggle is over."

"We should have been happier had it never begun," said Miss Grantley, with a remorseful sigh. •• It was a sinful ambition, and I have feared lest it should tempt you into crime. I thank heaven from my heart that it has not

done so yet."

If Everard could have thanked heaven, it would have been because she did not know what

know, if I were you. 'Pon my word, Temple, you know, it looks strunge to see him send for you in your own house; you give way to him too much--'pon my word you do, you know. Any one might really think be was master hero and not you. They really might, you know-

"I owe so much to him," said Edward, graciously, "that I can afford to overlook any mis-take he makes in that way. Besides, he is many years older than I, and he looks upon me as a

"I shall want to see him soon—not that he would per manue the bearing the playful per name the new master of Brookdale had found for Ada's husband, and Uncle George took his more metalors. It will prepare us for the new relationship." husband, and Uncle George took his one with pleasure. He was twenty points better than his young patron, and about forty better than she would gratify it if it brought us to rain, the flaxen-haired victim, whose guiness might But we must not shrink from trilles, so he may as well, to all intents and purposes, have been transferred to his pockets without the prelimin-ary trouble of playing.

"You did not return till last evening." said

Everard, looking at Edward Danvers Templo with his heavy brows lowered; "how was "I lost the train, Mr. Grantley."

"It was an error to lose the train, Mr. Edward Danvers Temple," said Grantley, with something suppressed and savage in his tone, "and we cannot afford to perpetrate errors just now. The carriage went for you to St. Leonards station and returned without you. You, of course, came on to Hastings, and then hired u fly.

"Who told you so?"
"No one. I know your blind neglect of the trilles that make safety and success too well to need telling what you would do. I send a close carriage for you to a station that, though scarcely two miles farther, is ten times less public and more remote, and you come down to the main station, where you are known, where every guard and porter touches his cap to you, and recognizes you as the master of Brookdale you not see your peril, you purblind, miserable cur? Have you not sense or soul sufficient to know that your position, your future—your very life-hangs upon your strict attention to the merest detail of my instructions? I have staked the present and lost salvation over the game I have to play, and then I find myself endangered

Edward Danvers Temple cowered before him



MARGARET PRANTLEY MEETS HER OLD LOVER.

will have breathed a poisoned atmosphere, and grown to like the poison. Men win make love

When I am married?" " My dear cousin, the men of society scarcely think it worth while to make love till a woman is married. Innocent girlhood is as free from peril as Una was with the llon by her side. Men will make love to you, and you will like it. Your bitterest regret will be when your time is past, and men no longer think you worth the trouble or the risk."

"You have no right to tell me this, Everard, even if it be true."
"I am to blame for anticipating the pleasure "I am to blame for anticipating the pleasure of the discovery, my dear cousin; but you will be no worse for a little worldly knowledge. Had you had more of it, your choice would be different, believe me. You will never thank me for telling you this, Julia; but some day you will be sorry that you did not take my advice, and marry a well-bred man."

"Are you a well-bred man, Mr. Grantley?"

"Do not be augry, my dear cousin, please. If I play the leonoclast in reterence to your hero, it is for your own sake. Jealousy has a larger share in his organization dain you know at pre-

Why tell me this in his absence?"

"Good taste would not permit me to say it to him personally. I speak to you in consinty confidence. You will have an exacting, proud, sternly-particular husband, who would be angry if you looked or sailed at another."

"If there is so much peril in society," said Julia, "Laurence shall keep out of it alto

"It he can, I think you would tire of a lite rary hermitage. Silent genius is very well in its way; but when you transform a bookish man into a husband, you make either a fool or a tyrant of him. I believe you make him both with considerable success, as a rule. Life show with considerative state expension and author's wife. It is not all poetry and dreams."

In spite of herself, in spite of her deep and

steadfast love for Laurence Drayton, this cold and selfish cyndeism threw a shadow of doubt, had heard other men speak in the same strain. and, worse still, she had heard wo on of he own rank, and beautiful like herself, talk of the holiest things with a laugh, as if there were no thing left to reverence.

"Marriage is one of those things to which you cannot serve an apprenticeship," he went on with a merciless want of pity for the fair illusions he was breaking down. "The indenture are not to be cancelled, except under extran circumstances, generally attended by the inter-vention of Lord Penzance, and those disagree. able persons who give one publicity in the news papers. The bond is for life. A man might put up with seven years of Leah if he could go in for Rachel at the expiration of that period; but we do not, unfortunately, manage things in that way now. What a hard time poor Leah must way now. What a hard time toor Leah must have had of it, by the way, when Rachel took Brookdale likely to rouse his instincts."

"Prease choose some other subject, Everard?"

"Out, demokable, with pleasure; but what better can I choose? All I have said hears directly or indirectly on your here, and I are disparaging him. I can endure the tendency he disparaging him. I can endure the tendency he is the jurchase of two or three useless trilles for the toilet; "a poor, faithful brute enough, but a certain indefinable something if it were not a certain indefinable something which suggests the pen and the midnight oit, one would not very much mind walking through Pall-mall with him. I could telerate him in "Why not have him shot?"

**Why not have being gossip, and "I am not said, after some few minutes of politogossip, and the midness of two or three useless trilles for our saying more. He sat there then in strange, reflective silence, leaving the tea untasted. Presently the door opened again, and ho glanced up with a frown; but it relaxed as a little girl came in.

**One part of this man's singular nature was an other politogossip, and the jurchase of two or three useless trilles for our saying more. He sat there then in strange, reflective silence, leaving the tea untasted. Presently the door opened again, and ho glanced up with a frown; but it relaxed as a little girl came in.

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think will bring him back, so I sent it after

"Where did you send it to?"
"America; by the Atlantic cable. The New York police have instructions by this time to watch every soul who lands from the Osprey, till they find Eugene, and then give him my

Had he placed the point of a sword to Ever-ard Grantley's breast, and driven it slowly in, the effect could not have been stronger. Ho turned deadly pale, and seemed to sieken with his patter. He grasped the arm of the chair in which he sat, and tried to rise, and then sank back again.

"You are ill, Everard," said Julia, quietly, "No; it is nothing. If you will give me a glass of water, please. Your room is very hot, Mr. Drayton. I am not accustomed to an atmosphere so close,"

"I am sorry," said Laurence, lowering one of the windows from the top, He selt a silent thrill of exultation. He had

touched his enemy at host.

"I thought of staying an hour or so," said Grantley, when he had partly drank the water; "but when I have this kind of attack I am not well indoors. You will bring Julia home, Mr. Drayton; and as the season is so far advanced now, could you not spend Christmas with us?"

had prayed for the rejection of that invitation, "No one will be more welcome," he said. have done. It will prepare us for the new rela-

He had his overcoat on then, and his hat in his hand. Laurence accompanied him to the But we must not shrink from trilles, so he may door, and said—
"You will see us, then, at Brookdale on Tues-

"Yes, you will meet a few nice people, but most trouble."

"By no means; there are plenty of kennels." "But Brutus is not used to a kennel," smiled not retrent before it is too late? He would for

Mr. Drayton. "He must be where I am, or where something of mine is, if it be but the mastiff, when bred from a bloodhound, is the most faithful and doelle dog you can have."

"Is he bred from a bloodbound?" "Oh, yes." " Well, so that you can answer for him, bring

"I have that impression, Mr. Drayton. The reason for it is searcely worth giving."

"I have an impression that he will be seen in England soon," said Mr. Drayton, looking Grantley calmiy and steadily in the eye, "I had some important information to give him when I went to Southampton, of such a nature as I think will brine him hack, so I sent it after the souther properties. This is terribly strong, What you have there would destroy a whole coolorical collection."

whole zoological collection."

He gave Grantley a small phial, carefully stoppered and labelled. At that moment Everard wished fervently that Laurence Drayton were a dog, to whom he might throw pieces of sugar flavoured with prussic acid. • Why was this man sent to be unconsciously

why was this man sent to be unconsciously my bliter foe?" he asked binnesh, aske left the handsome shop, and went towards the Haymarket, with a vague idea of spending a few hours at the opera and behind the scenes. It was part of his philosophy to economise his time to the end, whatever the end might best to ent of dainty food and driots delicious wines, revel in beauty, and glut broaself with luxury, like Sardampahus, no many what the price, risk, or penalty. "What matal instinct made him send that message through the cable—a fatal instinct, for it may determine Eugene's fate." Inte."

When he went home next day, there haggard look about his face which told of a rest-less night. Margaret told him he seemed very thred. A restraint had fullen between them, Any one in but she loved her brother as tenderly as ever, "Yes, I am tired," he said. "I played eards till you know." the morning, and did not care to go to bed af-terwards. Is Edward at home?"

"He returned by the last train yesterday."

"She says she can answer for him."
"Woman-like, it is her fancy, and I suppose well come. These little dangers are the worst we can prepare for the great ones, and meet We can prepare for the great ones, and meet

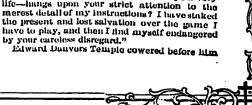
"Nothing much. My instinct warned me long since of the one source of bitter perfit—that on with not be in the way,"

"It was naything gone wrong, Everard?"
"Nothing much. My instinct warned me long since of the one source of bitter perfit—that wretched scribbler, with whom Julia is so made will not be in the way,"
"It was naything gone wrong, Everard?"
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or give "It is too late," he said, with deep-toned emoldest of old coats. He is goutle enough. The phasis. "I have my purpose in my grasp, and mustiff, when bred from a bloodbound, is the I shall not fall, though Fate itself seems to fight against me. Let me have some ten, and see that no one disturbs me, I wish to think

of what is best." Miss Grantley rang the bell, and gave the or-ders at the door. She took the tray when the servant brought it, placed it on a small table by

door to say" Mrs. Darrill went to London yesterday,





like a dog under an impending hash. Every syllable uttered in that deadly, concentrated voice made his heart shiver.

"I took care not to let any one see me," he said, humbly. "I had my Inverness buttoned when I left the platform, and I kept it so till I

"When you were at the station, did you notice a tall, wiry man, with a long fron-gray mous-tache, and a slight stoop?"

"With a rather old-fashloned overcoat, and a black saths cravat?"

"He was talking to the inspector as I got into "And I have seen him twice since I returned -twice within these few hours. That man is a detective, Mr. Edward Danvers Temple. I knew him in London, for he was pointed out to me. He is as stealthy and as sure as Satan, and he is on the trail. He has come down to make in-quiries concerning Eugene. Judge if I set too high a value on the points of detail I gave you

in my instructions."

"I did not know, Mr. Grantley. I am very sorry. How's a fellow to think of things as you do? You oughtn't to be down upon me."

Ife was stopped by a flerely-muttered oath, "How's a fellow to think! Oughtn't to be own! Where did the young American gentigman, Edward Danvers Temple, pick up that London slang? On my soul, you might almost he taken for that ill-trained drunken cub, Theodore. And if you are ever taken for him—if any tone, or speech, or manner of yours should lead to such a mistake——"

He finished the sentence with a glance which made the master of Brookdale tremble, and

even that seemed to awer him.
"You are such a cur," he said, bitterly. "I should have better hopes, a better liking, if you did not stand and shiver when I speak to you. Come, look me in the face; see if there is a

Come, look me in the face; see if there is a morsel of nerve or courage left in you."

"If we flow can I?" said the young man, sullenly,
"How can I, when you make me shiver through and through with fright? You are like a demon—that's what you are. If you don't drop it, Everard Grantley," he added, driven to desperation in his fears; "If you don't treat me more like what you want me to be, I'll throw up the whole infernal game, and sell you, so help me—"

His life had never been in such peril as it was then. He saw the demon he had spoken of leap into Everard's eyes, and he turned with a shrick of terror. Grantley reached him with a sliding bound, such as a tiger might give, dragged him back, and took him by the throat. He fring him into a corner, and picked up a pliant

riding-whip.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Grantley?"

"Teach you to remember that you threat-ened to sell me. I thoroughly believe you, my young friend, and I know you would do it if you dared—if you did not know that wherever you might hide I should find you, and trample you on of the world. Come here!"

Edward Danvers Temple ran from him like a rat, making vain attempts to get through the wall. He uttered shrick after shrick, like a frightened girl, and when he felt himself pin-

loned, his screams were pitiable.

But the lash fell mercllessly. All the scorn, contempt, and dislike that Evernd had fell for his spiritless, inclegant accomplice found yent now. It would have been hard to say how it would have ended, had not an interruption

Those wild cries for help had reached Ada Darrill, and she entered, followed by Margaret. The young man broke from Everard's grasp, and threw himself into Ada's arms, with the

"And he would have said the same before the whole household," said Everard, throwing the whip down with a savage sneer. "If that cub is the son of Clarence Temple, Mrs. Darrill, there must be some taint in your own blood strong enough to have obliterated every trace of the Temples in him."

Ada did not reply to the bitter taunt. She had never, even in her acting days, looked so well as now, when she stood sheltering the youth, looking quite prepared to do battle for "You cruel coward!" she said, pressing the

frightened tearful face to her breast, "He is but a boy to you. Why have you done this?" "Let him tell you, Take him from my right The subdued ferocity of his tone warned her

not to reply. Margaret took her gently towards the door, and closed it upon her and the youth who had called her "mother." The bitter passions, long pent up in silence, held in bondage by the man's indomitable

nerve, had come to the surface now that he had danger to meet. In his mighty rage at being fought against and partly thwarted, he felt as if he could have stood alone against the universe.

"Something has gone wrong," Margaret said, as her brother paced to and fro with heavy strides. "You had better confide in me, Ever-"Why should I trouble you? If I could make

you my confidente more than I have done I would, for you are the only one whom I can trust. Margaret.

the last word with intenso feeling. and taking both her hands, stood looking into

"Let me say this while it is in my heart. If I ever have one regret—If I lose in the bitter struggle, and have to loave the world if it shall have mastered me, my one single sorrow will be for you, because, in being true and staunch to me, you have made some sacrifice of pride and truth, and the high nobility that was always in your character.'

I would do much to see you happy, Ever-

"I would do much to see you happy, Everard; but is there no other way?"

"Is there?" he said, hercely. "Can I retreat one step in safety? Must I not go on, if my every footfall is a print of death? For the man who has done what I have done, Margaret, there is no such thing as going back."

"I never saw you like this before."

"I never felt like this before. I never thought I could so lose my temper. I thought I had

I could so lose my temper. I thought I had myself in more control.

"You are in danger, Everard."
"There is a possible danger; but I shall avert

"There is a possible danger; but I shall ever the It. I must sleep to-night. I want to see him; but it would not be wise to trust myself in his presence yet. You have the key?"

"Of that?" and she pointed to the closed

Yes; give it me."

"Yes; give it me."
"Not to-night, Everard."
"Perhaps it is as well," he said; "but I must see him in the morning. Something must be done before Laurence Drayton comes to Brook. dale. Our secret would not be safe with him in dale. Our secret would need the house. Engene must accept what I have ollered, and take the oath I put to him—or there alternative."

"He must die! There is no help for it, Mar garei. It is his life or mine, and, though I atmost love him, he must die if he will not take my terms. I will give him till Monday to determine; there must not be a living secret in Bronkdale after that might."

Murgaret said nothing, but she made a men-tal resolution of her own.

"This is not the time to speak of it," she said, after a long pause; "you are excited and want rest. I think he will accept your terms, and you know his promise once given will be held sacred."

"Yes; he is a gentleman to the core. How different to that wretched cur whom we are obliged to use. The taint in him is ineradic-

"Why were you so violent?"
"He uttered a threat—said in his London slang that he would sell me—and so, if he dured, he would. He has the spirit of a Judas, and

would take hangman's money."

The next moment he was sorry for having said those two last words. They made him think of a mental picture—a crowd—a scaffold,

shifts of a mental picture—a crowd—a scanoid, and a dumb figure swinging from a rope. He shuddered from head to foot. "You are not well," Margaret said; "your nerves are overstrained, you have overtaxed your strength. I hope you will rest to-night." He hoped so too; but he feared his dreams

would be haunted, as his thoughts were, by the kiss of a little child, who had made him think of the dead man as he had seen him with his broken arm and a black dent in his forchead. There was a warning in the turn events had taken-his instinct told him that the crisis

He was quicter next morning when he woke, and Margaret gave him the key of the closed wing when he asked for it. She was dressed in her riding-habit, and the groom stood at the door with her horse.

"Romember," she said, calmly, "not a hair of his head must be injured, no matter what may come of his obstinacy. If you fall, I may He will do much for me. Give me you r.omise."

"For this time, at least."

She went out, and he assisted her to the saddle. She was a splendid horsewoman, and riding was her favourite exercise. The day was cold, but the bright and bracing atmosphere made a canter through the green lanes pleasant enough, and the groom had to try the speed of

his horse in following her.
She went so swiftly that she nearly rode over a gentleman upon whom she came at a sudden turn in the lane. He had to catch the bridle of her horse to saye himself, and then his bearded

face looked at her with a smile.

"Your jardon," he said; "I had not time to get out of our way."

The deep toned voice and bearded face seemed strangely familiar to her. He was bronzed with travel, and there was a thread of silver here and there in his thick black hair, but he heart, faithful to the memory of an old love, went back to him as she had seen him thirteen

" Mr. Fleming?" she said. gazed at her with curious carnestness. He took

her left hand, and felt the fingers through her glove.
"There is no ring," he said, lifting the hand
"There is no ring," he said, lifting the hand to his lips. "You are Margaret Grantley still, I told you I should come back for you, Margaret, and I have kept my word."

(To be continued.)

BOOKWORMS.

The famous Bourdaloue read every year St. Paul, St. Chrysosiom, and Cleero. He may surely be called a bookworm of the beetle type, for the works of St. Chysostom are contained in eleven folios. He must have completed his annual task at least fifty times. Sir William Jones read through the works of Cero every But for an ordinary reader to set him year. But for an ordinary reader to set min-self to such a task would be to give him a life-long distaste for literature. We admire more the desultory reading of the book-lover. This is exhibited in his mounting a ladder for one book, pitching upon another, and, in his de-lighted perusal of the latter, forgetting the pri-mary chiefe of his search. Mr. Eursten, we are mary object of his search. Mr. Burton, we are glid to say, regrets that in Diblin's hibliogra-phical works he estimates everything by its pe-cumary value. "Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy-russia, morocco, embossing marbling, gilding—all crowding on one another till one feels sufficiented with riches. There is a feeling, at the same time, of the utter use less pomp of the whole thing. Volumes, in the condition in which he generally describes them, are no more fitted for use and consultation than white kid gloves and silk stockings are for hard work. Books should be used decently and respectfully—reverently, if you will, but let there be no teleration for the doctrine that there are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Brummel said of his Dresden was the greatest collector of modern times. The only son of Mr. T. Phillips, a Manchester ma-nufacturer, he was educated at Rugby and Uni-versity, Oxford. The future hibliomaniac was born in 1792, and soon after his father removed o his beautiful residence on the Costwold Hills, Middlehill. On the death of his father he succeeded to a large fortune, and thus had the means of gratifying his passion for collecting MSS, and books, the former particularly. That he was a genuine bibliophile the following remark by a writer in the Atheneaum, Feb. 10, 1872, proves :- "The late baronet was not only a fine scholar, but he was one of the most learned men of the age. No one, if judging from the men of the age. No one, if judging from the works issued from its private press, could form any idea of the vast range of his knowledge and acquirements in nearly every branch of historical and antiquarian lore." Few persons have any idea of the vast extent of his collection. It essentially rich in MSS .- no less than 60,000 in number, contained in 24,000 boxes. Three thousand of these are described in Hannel "Ca salogi Librarum Manuscriptorum." 1830. bought several entire libraries, and when the intelligent bookseller Thorpe issued a catalogue chole. His collection is rich in Greek MSS., monastic cartularies, and genealogical and his-torical papers. Sir Thomas died Feb. 6, this year, and great curiosity was naturally feit as

Navge be above your business, no matter what that colling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nows at his work quirrols with his broad and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrols with his own sparks! there is no shame about any bouest calling. Don't be ufraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

to the disposition of his unrivalled library. A few days before his death he made a will bequenthing Thirlestane House at Cheltenham,

with the morary, to his youngest daughter (he let so male issue), Mrs. Fenwick. The eldest a ... ar married Mr. J. Orchard Halliwell, the emment Shakespearian critic; but Sir Thomas, by his will, strictly forbade his eldest daughter, or her husband or gove Deman Culture. with the library, to his youngest daughter the

or her husband, or any Roman Cutholic, ever to enter the house.—Churchman's Shilling Maga-

When a man on the shady side of middle life has the fortitude to look around him to note the number of his old and valued friends he is shocked to find how meagare is the list. One after another has disappeared, from no other cause than that their physical manufacture of the statement of the st powors, originally vigorous has succumbed in the foverish, and we might also say, insane, battle of life.

SWINDLED.

There came along some fellows with a lightning rod for salo— The patent, spiral, galvano-electric, white wire cubic;
The only red that always made a streak of lightning quail,
Or glance, harmlessly impotent, from the protected gable.

By their insenious fables of capricious lightning's frenks,
They raised the hair of Tompkins and caused his nerves to thrill
With droadful apprehension of these premiseuous stronks,
Fraught with danger and destruction to his new donicito.

And they persuaded Tompkins, while his mind was in that state, That he'd better have his premises forthwith made lightning proof.

Delay, be felt, was dangerous, and he could hardly wait, While those travelling electricians were working on his roof.

Now make things safe," said Tompkins, "regardless of expense!"
Full soon his dwelling bristled with those clouddofying spears;
Each chimney and each gable was placed on its
defense. actonse.

And extra rods wore set, in deference to Tompkins's fears.

The rade meandered o'er the house in mazes rami-Twined o'er the upright, o'er the wings, o'er lintel and o'er shed:—
Tompkins surveyed the scone, the while his bosom swelled with pride.
And be longed to see some lightning by those discomfied.

The lightning gave a prompt response to Tompkins's defiance, And launched its furid boits in incessant fusilinde, "Twas doubted whether victory would favor force, a science,

So impetuous was the lightning in its vindictive vaid.

It was a lively skirmish and the ground was much By tishtnine bolts; and all the folks in town were terrified:
And milk, for miles around, was soured; and Tomp-kins's brindle pup
Got in the way of one small strenk and it removed his hide.

The spectacle was gorgeous. In a fiery entaract, Streaks of assorted lightning on that dwelling downward swood With blinding, zigzag flashes and forked tongues. In It seemed, in spite of lightning rods, that Tompkins must be "scooped."

But the rods seemed doing nobly, and Tompkins laughed with glee.

To think how he had got the start of what he so had feared.

When lo! with wild explosion the earth quaked fearfully,

And Tompkins and his house and family all disappeared.

Then all the town philosophers assembled, and they wrangled
About the scientific causes of that catastrophe;
And the wiser ones decided that the lightning had
get tangled, Among so many rods, and "busted things" in getting free.

· Buffalo Courier.

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in after-years:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a lovely place in both its surroundings and appointments, the beautiful villa residence at Bayswater in which Lord Nairn and

his lady dwelt during the London season, The morning on which Catchem left the Rottenburgh Herald with the servant, who promised it would be placed where his Lord sure to see it, was one of those mornings in carly autumn when the air seems to be sweeter and the sun to shine more brightly, as if both wished to be remembered gratefully in the cold, dull days so soon to come.

The morning room into which the servant had carried the newspaper and placed it on the top of several others lying on a small table to the right of Lord Nairn's sent at the breakfast table, was a room furnished according to Lady Nairn's particular orders, and almost

The furniture, which was rose-colored satin, being covered with fluted muslin, so thin as to seem the production of an Indian loom, the rose-colored satin under the billowy puffings the cloud-like muslin shading, from rose to pale pink and white, giving the appearance of crushed roses of various hues, the drapery from fauteulls and sofas being of plaited lace instead of the usual fringe trimming. The walls were entirely covered with exquisite water color drawings, the frames being slight and made in open tracery work so as not to attract the eye from the drawings they were made, not to adorn, but to protect. Mirrors were placed between each window, reaching from floor to ceiling, the frames of which were composed of wrenths of water lilies with their leaves. In front of each were statuettes supporting flower vases filled with fresh blossoms of graceful form and gorgeous color. The windows reaching to the floor opened out on the mossy green lawn, where oleanders covered with their waxlike rich blossoms of crimson and pink oppressed the air with perfume.

In this paradisc was scated Lady Nairn, a

beautiful young woman, whose fair hair, unconfined by a comb or ribbon, fell in undulating tresses over her morning dress of pale blue silk, which set off alike the white throat and roselesf cheek of its wearer.

Lady Nairn was a petted wife, and one who returned her Lord's love with interest, being almost child-like in her expression of the happiness she felt in being his. Where he was was home to her; and home or happiness without him could not be. It was the intense feeling of love for her husband which made her desire to live in London while his parliamentary duties obliged him to be there, and this which made hor wish her house to be a beautiful home rather than a grand mansion. Every morning, previous to Lord Nairn's appearance in the brunkfast room, his lady place plate a bouquet fresh from garden or hot house plate a bouquet fresh from garden or not house culled by her own fair hands, and arranged in accordance with what she knew to be his peculiar taste.

Lady Nairn had not long to wait her lord's to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard to one side after a burst or song to one side after a burst or so

appearance. On coming into the room he acknowledged his pretty wife's presence with a smile. Going to the breakfast table he took up the bouquet from his plate, smelt it, and still holding it in his hand, crossed over to where his wife sat before the fire and pressed his lips to her cheek

his lips to her cheek. Lord Nairn was a middle-sized man, bald, the little hair he had left him was dark brown, large full soft oyes, brown also—the unmistakable mark of cultivation—from father to sou in every feature; the mouth most expressive of all, denoting wit, sense, benevo-lence, as the emotions of his mind brought

Lord Nairn was a man of large heart and cultivated mind, a British peer. His voice was ever listened to with respect in the House, his vote was always given on the side of the poor man's right. He feared God, and the prayer of his soul, which each day ascended to the Throne of Grace was: "Lord, keep my heart and tongue and hands from sinning; let not my heart conceive or harbor evil thoughts of my fellow-sinners; let not my tongue he silent when it should be loud in denouncing the oppressor, or in taking the part of the oppressed: let my hand be open to give of what Thou hast given me, to all who need."

His life showed that his prayer was heard. In the miserable cellars and garrets, where the poor of Loudon do most congregate, he was so well known that he went and came alone unharmed where a policeman feared to enter un-less accompanied by his fellow. The jails and hospitals knew him well; and many there were who had gone to jail and hospital wishing for death, hoping that death would bring auni-hilation, who came forth from both, taught by zens in their own or some other land, to sing the Lord's songs, to bless the Redeemer who came to save them, even them, and to walk on their way rejoicing because they knew there was prepared for them a golden crown, a white robe and a mansion in the heavens.

Nor was his life wanting in sacrifice, that he might not cause his weak brother to err. Accustomed to the use of wine every day of his life, and fully alive to the fact that he was permitted to drink that which gladdens the heart of man, he could not close his eyes to the sad truth which met him everywhere, that this very gladness could be, and is made the destroyer; and he vowed a vow unto the Lord that no strong drink should touch his lips or be used in his house; that whatsoever others did. as for him and his house, they should serve the Lord; and the blessing came down in a shower on his head, as if the windows of heaven had been opened. His home was the hanpiest place in all the world to him and all who dwelt therein; his wife, beautiful, gentle and true, deeming her husband the beau ideal of all that was loving, great and good; his beautiful children were healthy and strong; his domestics faithful and attached, each one personally to him and his.

It is true, several of the latter, on hearing

from himself the stringent laws which were for the future to rule in his house, preventing the use of strong drink in any of its various phases, objected strongly to what they deemed a curtailing of their rights and comforts; one or two going the length of resigning their places in the household. But this was only what he looked for, and he made the best of it until the one who had thought himself most aggrieved. who had been in the service of Lord Nairn' father when the present lord was a boy, and never heard of such new fangled notions before again; it was harder to live with strangers than

to live without strong drink.

It was from Lord Nairn that Ernest De Vere had learned to walk in the ways of pleasantness and peace; when as a mero boy he was taken by the former to the haunts of misery, taught to feel for the woes of others, and to tread the pleasant upward path leading to the city where the tree of life is blooming, and where casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, the denizens thereof live in joy which it hath not entered into the heart of man

to conceive. " Come and breathe the fresh air, Ida," said his Lordship, as he kissed his wife's check, "I am a few minutes late this morning, but I feel as if I do not care to eat until I have gone out for a while to see how the flowers bloom and hear the birds sing."

" I have gone to breathe the fresh air two or three times since I came down stairs," was the wife's reply, "and I have got quite a hungry feeling, as if it were time to be eating! but if you will promise to be a good boy in future, and never take so long a time in dressing again, I will go out for exactly three minutes with you."

" I promise."
" To be good?"

" To be good."

" And never lazy again."

"And never again lazy for evermore. Now, surely that will do, won't it?" " Yes, that will do; and I'll kiss you because

you're good," said Lady Nairn, as standing up she put her arm around his neck, drawing down his head to a level with her own, that she might press her pretty lips to his cheek. "Come, then," replied her husband, "and because you're good I'll let you bear the little

And they went, Lord Nairn taking his wife's hand and leading her out as if she had been a little girl.

The skies without being overcast, were driptumn showers which come accompanied with a rainbow, as if to show that they only intend to pay a visit and be gone, come to remind us of the sweet summer rain that is over and will not return for so many long, cold, weary

They stayed their steps on the marble veran dah, the pillars of which were covered with rich living beauty from the morning glo. y and other bright-hued morning creepers, all of them seeming to lean forward, as if they would go out into the mild fresh min from under the sloping roof of the house "Look, Ida, at that little bird out in the

rain under the dripping leaves of the old apple tree, what a merry little fellow, with his chirp and twitter. Ask him to tell you his story, and why he sits singing there under the min. "I know his story, and why he sits and ings out in the rain. He is waiting for his sings out in the rain.

the rustle of her wings out in the lane by the

garden gate."
"What a pretty little bird romance you have made out of the robin red breast, Ida. When they ask me to write a story for the London Journal I'll coax you to write it for me, and you will make me the hero instead of the bird."

"Very well; if you will come into breakfast now, I'll write a story about a Lord who fell in love with a poor little white dove, and he was the best husband in all the world; and she the happiest dove that ever was seen, happier than

erowned queen."
" Come, then."

Lord Nairn rung for breakfast, and having almost completed the most pleasant of all meals, singled out a paper, which was always an agree-able after breakfast half hour pastime for his lady, as it was published in her own county of Hants, and generally gave news of those she knew and wished to hear about. Handing this over to her, his eye fell upon a newspaper covered with cream-laid paper and addressed in an unknown, but very good hand. He saw at a glance that it must have come from some private person, not from a newspaper office; and his curiosity thus excited, he tore off the cover and opened the paper, that he might ascertain from its contents why it was sent and

who the sender.

He was not long in finding out the reason of its coming, the long ink-line at once attracting his attention to the words, "Sad exposure

in high life."

Lord Nairn read the paragraph twice over, weighing it well in his own mind as he did so.
"Who brought this paper here, Taylor?" said he, addressing the servant in waiting, at the same time holding up the newspaper and Lord Nairn and helped by him to be good citi- the white strip of paper on which the address

"I do not know, my Lord," was the servant's ply. "I suppose John must have taken it in and placed it on your table when it was delivered to him at the door. Shall I inquire?"

" No, tell John to come here."

"No, tell sonn to come nere."

The servant left the room, and in a few seconds returned, accompanied by the man who spoke to Catchem in the morning.

"Who brought this paper?" inquired Levi Naisa negative this gaper?

Nairn, again holding the paper as before. "A clergyman, my Lord, brought it this morning, and desired me at once to place it on the table with the morning papers."

"A clergyman!" repeated his Lordship in

tone of surprise.

'Eyes, my Lord; leastwise a gentleman dressed like a dissenting parson, but not a hat and collarless coat like a church elergyman." "A dissenting clergyman, ah, I see," said his master, as if he had now got the clue to who had sent the paper; "he did not leave

"No, my Lord," replied the man, "but I am sure he was a parson; anyhow he had just the quiet look they have, and spoke kind like."

"Was he a small man, or tall?"

"He was middle-sized, and had a white and reddish whiskers, and spoke slow and

"I think I know the man. Go to the coachman and esk if the gentleman who came home with me yesterday, and whom he drove beyond Bayswater, asked my name." John bowed and left the room, presently re-

turning to say:
"My Lord, Bronson says the gentleman be drove out past Bayswater asked your name and if you were married." Lord Nairn signified by a look that he was

satisfied. John left the room, and the other was desired to follow him. 'You have not much of the curiosity

your sex, Ida, or you would have asked what all this was about," said Lord Nairn when they were alone. "I understand that you wanted to know who sent you the newspaper in your hand, and that you found out that it was a dissenting

"You are right so far, but the reason, wished so particularly to know who sent it is because of a most extraordinary paragraph which is marked by a black line, so as to attract my attention," and as he spoke he put down the slip of paper on which the address was writ-ten, and then for the first time discovered that it was closed by a couple of wafers, which had been stamped with a seal, on which a capital

clergyman who rode up here with you yester-

C was engraved. "Ah!" said he, as he examined the seal, "the name of the clergyman who accompanied me home yesterday is Campbell. There is a capital C in old English letter on the wafer. That is quite as satisfactory as if he had signed his name, which I can easily understand his motive for not wishing to do. Before you real this paragraph, which is a most painful one and concerns us both, I must tell a little of my acquaintance with Mr. Campbell.

"Some three months ago I met him in one of the lowest districts of the city. It was he who took me into the garret where the poor women we sent with her children to Canada lived, and whom he had been supporting dur-ing the father's illness out of his own private means. Since then I have gon with him to many places where the most abject misery prevailed. I have good reason to esteem him highly for his work's sake. He gave me his name and address in Kent street several weeks ago, and since then we have met almost every second day. It was not necessary to tell him my name, and I did not do so.

"Yesterday he walked with me to where left my carriage in Edgeware Road, and as we walked along said he was on his way to beyoud Bayswater. I therefore asked him to accompany me, saying that my carriage would take him to his destination. On our way I told him of my departure for the Continent in the course of a few days, and accidentally mentioned that Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay were to

form two of our party.

" He at once asked whether the lady was the one the Duke of Wellington had given away in St. George's, Hanover Square, six months ago. I of course replied in the affirmative. He then asked if Ernest De Vere was to be of our party, and, on being told he was, almost immediately spoke of the necessity there was of sending one at Ernest's age with those who were likely to lead him in the way of uprightness and truth, of the influence ladies were likely to exercise in the formation of his char-; that now it was one of high moral standing, and expressing an earnest hope the he might be kept from the evil which was n.

the world. "A. the time, all this secured words,





Lord Nairn handed the newspaper to his wife, who read and re-read it with horror and amazement.

Dear George," said she at last, "this cannot be true."

"My dear Ida, no one dare publish such a vile story unless it were truth. A man publishing such a tale without being able to substantiate it would lay himself open to an ac-tion of damages which would ruin him, perhaps to imprisonment. The characters of in their rank of life are not to be trifled with lightly. The paper is six months' old, published a few days after Colonel Lindsay's marriage. It has most likely been brought under his or Sir Richard Cuninghame's notice at once, either of whom would, of course, be willing to pay any som or go to any trouble to

That this has been done there is no doubt, but with that we have nothing to do. Our course is very plain. We must give up the proposed visit to Italy at present, and I regret it very much, because I know that to you it will be a great disappointment."

Lady Nairn did not answer, but sat looking out at the falling rain as if she would there and a solution of the mysterious story she had just heard, and could neither believe, or wholly reject it as untrue.

Her husband drew his chair close to her's,

and putting his arm round her, looked in her

face, saying:

"You are more disappointed than I thought you would have been, but you must see it is an imperative necessity for us not to go; you not associate with such women."

"Dear George, you mistake me entirely. I was not thinking of myself, or my own pleasure or doings in any way. I am so sorry for dear Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Cuninghame. Oh, can ars, Lindsay and Miss Cuninghame. Oh, 1 cannot believe this terrible story is true of them; it is so foreign to the nature of young girls to be cruel in any way, and there are the control of the cruel in any way, and the cruel in any way. girls to be cruel in any way, and they are both so amiable and good. Do you remember how Miss Cuninghame tended the old servant dur-

ing his illness?'
"I do, but this may have been imperative necessity with them, lest in his illness, weak in mind as well as body, he might disclose what he probably knows full well.

Their fondness for that old man seemed to

be very romantic before; now I view it in another light. You remember their marriage jaunt was put a stop to on account of his illness and confinement in some unjust way in a mad-house. I asked Lindsay about it at the time, but it was evidently a subject he did not wish to speak of, and as we have all episodes in our families which we do not like to lay

bare to our friends, I thought no more of it." "Dear George, would it not be well to give Mrs Lindsay an opportunity of defending herself, by letting her know something of this?" Nairn absolutely stared in his wife's face, with an expression half astonished, half

"Is it possible you can be so simple, Ida," said he; "why, were I to do so, Colonel Lindsay would shoot me. If he did not, he would be either a fool or a coward."

Lady Nairn put her arm within her husband's, clasping it closely to her, as if she fear-ed Colonel Lindsay was about to come into the

ed Colonel Lindsay was about to come into the room that instant for some such purpose.

"Oh George, cannot we go to Scotland and visit our friends there, and set off to-day?"

"That," said her Lord, smiling, "would be impossible. I will most willingly go to Scotland in a day or two, but we are engaged to meet the Lindsays at the Duke of Theirsonald's this evening. I will then tell Lindsay we cannot go with them to the Continent, and I must also let Lord Cromatee know of this. It would scarcely be fair to allow your this. It would scarcely be fair to allow your sister and her husband to continue an intimacy with persons they may regret ever hav-

"I do hope," said Lady Nairn, "they will never talk of it to any one. It would be so much better, even if it is true, that no one else should ever hear of it."

come home with me.

"I hope they will." [To be continued.]

BLOOD FOOD.

Dr. Whoeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya, the Celebrated Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonlo. This elegant and agreeable preparation owes its remarkable efficacy and reliability to its action in curing Dyspensia, and restoring the Blood to a healthy condition. It immediately creates a vigorous appointe, perfects digestion, and onables the sounds to disserve sufficient food to nourish and build up the vital organs. It never fails to remove all impurities of the blood of a Scrotulous or Consumptive nature, rapidly restoring healthy action of the langs. Where there is shortness of breathing, cough, expectoration, night sweats, with pro-traiting and general debility, this remody acts like a churm, a few bottles frequently cradicating all traces of discounting, suppression and exhausting discharges, it is positively certain to relieve, and pule, foeble children, of debilitated constitutions, speedily develope a strong viality. Neuralgia and rhounatism, sick headache and constipation, with bilious attack, yield to this extraordinary modicine at ence, and all the organs of the body are energized and vitalized. Sold at \$1.00.

How To Carte Owls.—An American paper says:
"When you discover one on a tree, and find that it
is looking at you, all that you have to do is to turn
round the tree several times, when the owl's attention will been firmly fixed, that forgetting the excessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow
your metions until it wrings its head off."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A GUNDONER pile-driver has been used in the construction of a new wharfat Longue Island. From the account of its performances it appears to have given perfect satisfaction. It is constructed in such a manner as to utilize both the projectile force and recoil.

The salts of platinum and irridium furnish an In-delible link for writing or designing on paper, wood, or wher similar surfaces, whoa used as follows: The writing or design, having been executed by a pen, is submitted to the action of vapor of mercury, which throws the metal into a state in which it resists all chemical agents except a few which would also de-struct the organic surface on which the writing or de-sign is executed

The oxygen light of Tossic du Motay, which has been for some time past in operation upon some of the principal boulevards of Paris, has been found unsatisfactory in several particulars, and we are informed that the lights have been removed. In addition to the use of burning gas with oxygen, this process requires the introduction of a super-enhurering apparatus. It would seem that practical difficulties other than the cheap preparation of oxygen gas must be overcome before an oxygen light can be made successful. The oxygen light of Tessie du Motay, which has

A NEW and powerful thermo-electric buttery has been invented by Noë, of Vienna. The alloys used are us yet kept seerot. It is rated that ten of the elements of this battery are equal to one Daniell cell, and twenty equal one Bunson cell. Seventy-two elements arranged for intensity decompose water rapidly, two series of thirty-six and operate a Ruhnikerif adi, and four series of eighteen produce powerful electro-magnets. If all that is said of it betrue, we have at last arrived at the time when electricity may be turned on like steam, water, gas, or any other agent in common use.

in common use.

The Correct Weight of Mill...—Mr. Gail Borden, of White Plains, N. Y., who conducts an establishment for preparing condensed mills, has been making some experiments for the purpose of determining the correct weight of crude milk. He look the milk of several cows, and, mingling it together and then thoroughly cooling it, he had it necurately weighed. The result was that a quart of milk, so measured and weighed on delicate scales, was equal to 2b. 2½ oz. The tests were made with different samples of milk at different times, but without materially altering the weight. Mr. Borden has adopted the above as a true weight of a quart of milk of fair average quality. Hence, any person who buys milk may determine by weight, with satisfactory accuracy, whether he receives a quart when he is required to pay for that quantity.

that quantity.

The sweet exudation that appears on the leaves of the alder, maple, rose, and some other trees, has been examined by M. Boussingault, who finds that it is composed of about 55 per cent. of cane sugar, 25 of inverted sugar, and 20 of destrine. In the healthy state the sugars claborated by the leaves of these trees, under the influence of light and warmth, past into the tissues of the plant by the descending sap, but in certain diseased condition these succharine products accumulate on the upper surface of the leaves, either because they are produced in excessive quantity, or because they are produced in excessive quantity, or because they are produced by the sap is hindered by the presence of an excess of dextrine. This diseased state, Mr. Boussingault thinks, is not the result solely of meteorological conditions, though they exert a certain indusnee; neither is it produced by the puncture of the leaves by insects, since the most careful watching failed to detect their presence until after the exadation had commenced.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

GLOVE CLEANING.—Put the band in the glove, and while on the strutch, carefully rub with a line piece of old flannel dipped in benzole. One night's experience to the atmosphere will rid them of all smell.

LIME-JUICE AND GLYCERINE.—Ulive-oil—bleached if the cream be wanted white-twe-ray ounces; interest, two ounces; ossence of lemon, 100 drops. Of course, this is simply a lubricating preparation.

Rice as in India.—The way they boil rice in India is as follows:—Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a tablospoonful of salt; then throw in one pint of rice, after it has been well then throw in one pint of rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; lot it boil twenty minutes. Throw it out on a cullender, and drain off the water. When this has been done, put the rice back into the can or saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand by the fire for some minutes, or until required to be dished up; thus the grains appear separate, and not mashed together.

Erner Gluer.—An excellent liquid glue is made by dissolving glue in liquid ether. The other will only dissolve a certain amount of glue, consequently the solution cannot be made too thick. The glue thus made is about the thickness of treacle, and is doubly as tenacious as that made with hot water. If a few bits of indurarubber, cut into scraps the size of a buckshot, be added, and the solution be allowed to stand a few days, being stirred frequently, it will be all the better, and will resist the dampness twice as well as glue made with water.

as glue made with water.

To Prevent Discoloration of the Skin from a Blow or Fall.—Take a little dry starch or arrow-root, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to provent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be effectually applied some hours after. Raw meat is not always at hand, and some children have an insurmountable repugnance to let it be applied. These applications are, however, of uncertain effect. There is no remedy for a black eye but bathing in warm water, which is often very tedious.

It would scarcely be fair to allow your r and her husband to continue an intiw with persons they may regret ever havknown, and to whom they were introduced to known, and to whom they were introduced to the fair to the merce str in two or three twice-positive at hour, when thoroughly mixed with the butter add gently new milk (or cream if wanted rich), stirring all the while till of the proper thickness. Flavour with salt, pepper, a little grated nutmer, and a small piece of lemon pool; boil up together. Just before serving add lemon juice to taste, and stir in the yolk of one egg off the first. Great care is required in stirring in the flour and milk ever the fire to prevent lumping.

"It will never become known through Lord Cromatee, and your sister is too much your sister to permit of her allowing herself to think evil, far less talk of it; so there is not the least tear of the story becoming public by my showing this panagraph to Cromatee, which it is absolutely my duty to do."

"I won't go out this evening."

"I won't go out this evening."

"I am pleased to hear you say so. I shall just stay half an hour, and then return to let you know what Cromatee says about going to sendand. Perhaps your sister and he may cork tight.

bell until reduced one third. When cool, bottle, and cork tight.

ICING.—Whites of 4 eggs, I pound powdered white sugar, lemon, vanilla, or other seasoning. Break the whites into a bread, clean, cool dien. Threw a small handful of sugar upon them, and begin whipping it in with long, even strokes of the beater. A few minutes later throw in more sugar, and keep adding it at intervals until it is all used up. Bont perseverinely always with a regular, eweeping movement of the whisk, until the icing is of a smooth fine and firm texture. Hislf an hour's heating should be sufficient if done well. If not stiff enough, put in more sugar. A little practice will teach you when your cad is gained. If you season with lemen juice, allow, in measuring your sugar, for the additional liquid. Lemon-juice or a very little intrarie acid whitens the icing. Use at least a quarter of a pound to each egg. This method of making icing was taught me by a confectioner as easier and surer than the old plan of beating the eggs first and alone. I have used no other since my first trial of it. The fresting hardons in one-fourth the time required under the former plan, and not more than half the time is consumed in the manufacture. I have often icided a cake but two hours before it was cut, and found the sugar dry all through. Pour the icing is consumed in the manufacture. I have often icided a cake but two hours before it was cut, and found the sugar dry all through. Pour the icing is consumed in the injudy will estipe of the leaf is of such a shape that the liquid will settle of itself to its place it is best to let it do so. If you spread it, use a broad-bladed knife dippad in cold water. If it is as thick with sugar as it should be, you need not lay on more than one coat. You may set it in a moderate oven for three minutes if you are in great haster. The better plan is to dry in a sunny window where the air can get at it, and where there is no dust. Color loing by putting the grated peel of a lemon or orange in a thin muslin bag, straining

FARM ITEMS.

Summer-Fallows on strong, clayey land are often the best and cheapest means of killing weeds and cricking the soil at the same time. A true summorfallow is preparing land for a crop, and then not soming it until the next senson. It cleans the land and concentrates the plant-food, which is rendered available in two years into manure for one crop, Instead of raising two wheat orups of fifteen bushels cach, it enables us to raise one crop of thirty bushels, and cleans the land at the same time.

and cleans the land at the same time.

Werds,—We have one of the best elimates in the world for killing weeds. Our hot summers and dry winds will take the sapont of even a thistle or quack-root, or a plant of purslane, if we only use the means necessary to dissever its connection with the soil. The lengthsh farmer is obliged to spend in ordinary seasons far more labor to kill quack than is required here. We ought to have the cleanest farms in the world. And yet it is not too much to say that on thousands of farms in the United States the woods run away with half the profits. We again and again urge our readers to make an earnest effort to kill the weeds, and to make thorough work of it.

Buckey Course was ether that it is not consequent.

the weeds, and to make thorough work of it.

Bit case Caues Fra Acas.—But it is not morely in the details of farming operations that we should aim to render our labor more effective—we must more than ever strive to get larger crops per acre. It is wages will compel us to raise larger crops or not to raise any. It costs no more to plow and plant and cultivate an acre of postnoss that will yield 300 hushels than one that yields loss than one hundred, and where there are many, weeds little if any more to dig them. It may cost twelve cents a bushels to dig postatoes in the one case, and only four cents in the other. A field of wheat yielding less than ton bushels per acre, and so full of thistles that it is almost impossible to bind it, will cost more to harvest than a clean crop yielding thirty-five bushels per acre. And the same principle holds good with all our crops.

Artend to the same principle holds good with all our crops.

And the same principle holds good with all our crops.

Artend to the Corn.—During the busy season the farmer has a multitude of cares and in the multiplicity of his labors, the corn field is very likely to be neclected. The chearing of sheep, working upon the public highway, cutting clover, etc., come crowding upon him at this season, and the huybandman, not being able to do everything at onee, has to neglect some, oral leastdefer a pertion of the work unit some of the most urrent duties have been performed or hire a part of the work done, which is not always a convenient thing to do.

In our opinion, the farmer is never the gainer by neglecting the corn field in the early stage of the growth of this crop. let other departments of the duties he as pressing as they may. On the most of our soils, especially old or manured fields, weeds will make their appearance very soon after the corn is an and unless as nearly war is waged, they will soon outstrip it in growth and when once the pest get a strong hold upon the earth, an immense amount of labor is required to eradicate it.

We may safety ostimate that one day's labor in the corn field, when the young bades are sufficiently high to mark the rows, is better than three day's labor when the field has a two weeks growth. A corn field which receives close attention from the start will be kept clean during the whole season of growth with comparatively little labor; but let the weeds once get the advantage, and overy bushel of grain received will be carned penny for penny.

Corn which cele lean during the whole season of growth with comparatively little labor; but let the weeds once get the advantage, and overy bushel of grain received will be carned penny for penny.

Corn third, the advantage, and overy bushel of grain received will be carned penny for penny.

Corn third, the advantage, and overy bushel of grain received will be carned penny for penny.

Corn whire celv a good first in the carly stage in the p

WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE FIRST GAME OF LIPE.-Bawl. THE toper's favorite bird-Swallswa. A COWARDLY ASSAULT-To boat a retreat.

Ir thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

A Figurean see in the water in the dark : is it because of his pa'r-o'fins ? HANDGUFFS are like guide-books, because they are made for two wrists.

To become the lion of a party, it is not necessary o make a beast of one's self. IT is not round sentences, but pointed ones, that are sure to stick in the memory.

No wonder stolon kisses get buzzed about; they always travel from mouth to mouth.
What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? The word wholesome. How (if you have Imagination) you can Keep Cool this Weather.—lee the thermometer.

STRENGE BUT TRUE .- When a good shot fires at a ot of partridges, he makes them all quait. When is a murderer like a gun 7--When he's lot off. We've heard lots of these reports lately.

A Bir of Advice.--Laugh not at any man for his az retrousse, for you never can tell what may turn It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for market

country the tree t is the axle-tree. is the axic-tree.

As exchange says: "A clock in a New York factory has been seized by the workmen, because it has not struck for eight hours."

17 doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is ; if a rudo follow kisses hor, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nese.

IRRITABLE scholarster: "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"
—Dall boy: "A mouse, sir."

FROM THE SCHOOLROOM.—Question: What is the most lively city in Europe? Annex Berlin, because it is always unthe Spree. The measures spoken of in music refer generally to time. An exception is made in the case of handoraus, which furnish music by the harrel.

organs, which turns must by the sarror.

John Billings says: "If a man has got eighty
thousand dollars at interest and owns the house he
lives in, it n'n't much trouble to be a philosopher."

Wosnekrul...—A poor man, who had been blind for
ten years, rising an hour earlier than usual the other
dny, went down to the breakfast-table and took up a
cup and saw, sir.

cup and saw, sir.

A youth who had applied for a marriage lincense in New York the other day, was reminded by the clerk of the two previous applications, and said, Yes, but the other two girls didn't know I wanted to get married till I showed them the document—this one does.

A NEWSPAPER PUPP.—"It was a grand scene; the orator standing on the platform talking; many of the audience slooping tranquilly in their scats, others crying like a child at some of his jokes; and when he announced that he could never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deaf-ening."

cning."

A grogy is told of a soldier who was frozen in St. boria. It is last remark was, "It is ex—" be then fruze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some physicians found him, after having laid fruzen for one hundred and fifteen years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being rostored he concluded his sentence with—"ceedingly cold."

concluded his sontence with—"ceedingly cold."

A Cool. CAPTAIN.—Une of our frigates being at anchor on a winter's night, in the Downs, in a tromendous lead,, the ground Broke, and so like ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rabbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right:—who would stop out such a night as this?"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

CALAUTY is often a whip to virtue and a spur to a great mind. A Mouse can drink no more than its fill from the mightiest river,

Evenv undertaking is involved in its faults, as the fire in its snoke.

Taurn sometimes tastes like medicine, but that is an evidence that we are ill.

an evidence that we are ill.

We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants loss is richer than he that has little and wants loss is richer than he that has much but wants more.

A GREAT nature revenls itself less by its ecoapter than by its recoveries, as sickness shows the native visor of the constitution.

Over incomes should be like our shoes. If too small they gall and pinch us; but if soo large they will cause us to samuble and to trip.

A INSULTS, "says a modern philosopher," are like counterfeit money; we consist hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

Uron examining the biography of illustrious men.

Upon examining the biography of illustrious men, we shall generally find some female about them to whose instigation a great part of their merit is to be ascribed.

Norming 'more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

Pales happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Wor to the falsehood! it allords no relief to the breast, like truth: it gives us no comfort, pains him who forces it, and like an arrow directed by $n \gcd$, the back and wounds the archer.

Do not talk about yourself or your family, to the exclusion of other topics. What if you are clever, and a little more so than other people, it may not be that other folks will think so, whatever they ought to

Max at first deceive, knowing it; but by the constant use of deception they cease to even know that they are doing it. Gradually it blinds the moral sense. And it is in this direction that great lies are loss harmful than little ones.

As effort to speak for the mere sake of speaking-to speak finely for the sake of fine speaking, and that others may know of it—the disease of word-making -sounding words, in which nevertheless no idea is audible—is consistent with no man's dignity.

Ir is a noble and a great thing to ever the blem-ishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his per-fection; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.

Kind words are the bright flowers of carta constence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and make the weighod-down spirits more glad than all other blessings the earth can give.

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place where we tear off the mark of guarded and suspicious cold-ness which the world forces as to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts.

Petrification of the Body.—In Italy, it has been the study of a number of scientific men to preserve the human body for ages by means of various processes. Certain munimitying preparations give to the body the strauge property of resuming all the appearances of scep, after it has remained some hours in the water, and admits of the closest anatomical study of it. Other preparations give to the body the hardness, of stone, and enable it to resist adminits the interaction of the closest anatomical study of it. Other preparations give to the body the hardness, of stone, and enable it to resist adminits the interaction of the theory of the combined action of heat and co.4. This change in the substance of the human frame must not be considered analogous to, much less bientical with, the ancient Egyptian mode of preserving the body by embalming it. In that system the cavity of the body was filled with myrth, fragrant herbs and ajices, while the body was tightly enveloped and swathed in folds of cere-cloth, linen, and hark, so as to exclude the air; and it was then put into a case which was hermedically closed. It will thus be soon that the preservation of the body by tannin, and by preventing the action of the atmosphere, was the converting the action of the atmosphere, was the converting to years, the result of the legistem was the converting it into a shriveled, blackened, or discolored form; revolling to the sight, and having the appearance of a monkey rather than that of a human being. The Italian method, above noticed, converts the human form into a statue, the features remaining precisely as they were when death took place. Had this system been resorted to by the Egyptians, and carried out by the Greeks and Romans, who borrowed their learning from them, the world ulight, at this day, be able to gaze on the life-like corpse of the human form into a statue, the features remaining precisely as they were when death took place. Had this system been resorted to by the Egyptians, and carried out by the Greeks and Roman

INTRODUCTIONS.—We can vory readily understand why women should be shy of holding converse with men without the ceremony of an introduction, but the stiffness and formality which mark the meeting of two women, who do not know each other, is something altogether inexplicable. Gentlemen speak to onch other in the street or in the cars, when there occasion, ask necessary questions, give courteous of two wonder, who do not know each after, speak to cathing altogether insysticable. Gentlemen speak to considerable mysticable. Gentlemen speak to considerable makers, and think nething of it. But let a ladd want to know the point of the compans, or the locality of a street, and she will puzzle her haughty head to any conceivable extent rather than approach one of her sister shoppors with a query. Falling finally to work out the problem, she is certain to select a man as the person to whom to apply. The same shyness of each other marks all the meetings of women unintroduced. The calmness and serenity with which they given each other's existence has something almost sublime about it, and the hauteur with which they receive a volunteered hint of a loose broastpin or a falling shawl from one of their own ex contrasts strangely with the gracious smile that greets similar attentions when ofered by gentlemen. Of course there are exceptions to this rate, but they are only exceptions. Nor do we think the fact cited the result of affectation of any kind. On the contray, most women seem utterly unconcious of any such peculiarity in themselves or others around them. And yet even highly sensible women do things of the kind one exchanging a word, while each of them women of good sense, whosat for weeks at desks not to five apart, engaged in the same work, without one exchanging a word, while each of them cannot become finally sensible women do them cannot be to have a specific and the two woman-workers became hoosen friends almost immediately. During all the time each wanted to know the other, each shifted remains and the two woman-workers became hoosen friends almost immediately. During all the time each wanted to know the other, each shifted was an impassable barrior which mother was sufficiently aggressive to overstep. Two mon under shinilar circumstances would have been acquainted within less than an hour, while a man and a woman would have been acquainted within less than an hour, while a man and a woman would have be

ADVANTAGEN OF CRYING.—Some of the greatest modorn physicians, chiefly English and French, have written treaties on the advantages of groaning and crying, in general, and especially during surgical operations. They contond that greaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give may to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it generally some as either to groan or cry. One tolks of a man who rough the streeth of the

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

191. REBUS.

Whole, I am the surname of a colchrated novelist; certail me, and I am at the same time what you do at this present moment, and what you will have done when you lay this paper aside. Transpose, and I am an affectionnte term: ngain transpose, and I am coward. Behead me, I am a vorb; transpose, and I am a nimertant organ: again transpose, and I am a portion of time. Restore my head and tail, and take away part of my body, and I am very fragile as a support, but am sometimes used as a musical instrument; allow my head and tail to exchange places, and I hecome an animal; again remove a part of my body, and transpose, and I am a colour.

JENNE H.

102. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Inc. DOI BLE ACROSTIC.
The bird on the tree did warble with gloc,
The river went marmaring by;
The sun in the west was sinking to rest,
The brezzes so softly did sight.
When it I espied, and to fetch it I hied,
To give it to her whom I love.
She blush'd like its name, as I gave her the same,
As we walk'd to and fro in the grove.

He's standing in front of his class;
They're pleased at all he may say;
 Curtail'd, it was made by a lass,
That Rome was not built in a day.
 In reading them many delicht,
Helping to while awny time.
 The good old days of, "'tis right,
To after its praises in rhyme.
 Helping to while awny time.

193, SQUARE WORDS, 1. Virtuons : a lake of European Russia; to for-give: quick : posterior. 2. To defeat : seent; to excito; a female name; 2

river.
3. A man's name; a measure; to hurl (roversed);
French for splendour; parts in music.
C. Marsu.

191. ENIGMAS.

1.

I float on the sea; I grow on a tree;
In sickness my uses are found;
Of thieres I'm the dread; and sportsmen, 'tis said,
In me find a musical sound.

Worn out with hunger, I espiod,
A tree well hung with fruit:
Perhaps 'Is poisonous, gaid I;
I'll try if it he mate.
Reveal to me thy name, fair tree,
That I to cat may dore:
And if thy fruit will rescue me.
My life, say, will thou space?
The generous tree I plainly heard
Its name salabrious give;
And, aftering no other word,
Enjoined me to survive.

S. R.

S. R., Jamnica.

195, REBUS. 1. A Christian name, and a mear relation.
2. A kind of fruit, and a consonant.
3. A consonant, and a quantity of paper.
4. A Christian name, and a pretence.
5. A flower, and a Christian name.
6. A newarte, and a span.
7. An animal, and a vegetable.
8. Beneath, and a useful article.
9. A stone, and a denizen of the air.
10. Fresh, and a fortress.
11. What we have in winter, and a particle.
The initials, if read downwards wight, will

The initials, if read downwards wright, will name a celebrated British poet. R. CROSSLEY. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 30. 183. Cross Pezzlu.

184.—Squam Wouns :

1. CHILL HOSEA IS 4 A C LF 4 B R DAGES

185, CHARADE.—Mist, rust (Mistrust.) 186, Pezzle.—Gronso. 187, Pezzle.—Shakespearo.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

July 31st, 7872. Market moderately active. Wheat was quoted at le to le lower in the West this forenoon. Liverpool quotations unchanged as shown by latest telegrams received on Change:--

July 31st. 2.30 p. m. 8. d. f. d. 27 0 ac (0) 0 10 9 ac (1) 1 11 10 ac (0) 0 11 9 ac (1) 10 5. d. 8, d. 27 0 @ 00 0 10 9 # 11 1 11 10 # 00 0

OATMEAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Quotations are \$4,-50 for Lower Canada, and \$4.70 to \$4.80 for Upper Canada brands.

PELS, P bush of 66 lbs.—Market Quiet: holders usk 85c. to 85c., according to quality.

Outs, P bush of 32 lbs.—Dull and nominal at 27c to

CORN.—Murket quiet. Nominal rates are 56je to 57je.

Barley, P bush of 48lbs.—Nominal at 45c to 50c. according to quality. according to quality.

Butter, per lb.—In limited demand at 14c for new, and 7c for old.

CHEESE, to ib.—Quiet. Holders ask 9 to to 9 to, ne-Post, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. Now Mess, \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess, scarce at \$14.00 to \$14.25.

LAND.—Winter rendered firm at 104c per lb. Ashes, \$\psi\$ 100 lbs.—Pots quiet. Firsts, \$6.25 to \$6.75. Poarls quiet. Firsts, \$9.75.



THE HEARTHSTONE.

ENGAGED MR. HOLLY. TO

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I first started in life, it was as salesmat In the very small establishment of Mr. Brusle, stationer. It was not a very remunerative situation, but old Mr. Brusle was a kind old man, Mrs. Brusie a nice, talkative old lady, and Dolly Brosle often came into the store on busy days and stood behind the counter beside me; days and stood behind the counter beside me; and just for this reason I would not have taken double wages with Mr. Throgmorton, the only other stationer of the town—not that he offered them, truth compels me to add.

Dear little bolly! she had brown eyes and a

dimple in her chin, and she sang like a prima doma. She had had lessons from a German Franklin and an Italian Signor; and the old man quite forgot Throgmorton and his glit ginman quite forgot Throgmorton and his gilt gingerbread window when he sat with his hand-kerchief over his head of an evening: n I listened to her songs. The plano was old and tinkling, but none of us ever thought of that. It was sing this and sing that, and "let us have that over again," until the clock struck eleven sometimes; then I was obliged to go. Old Mr. Brusle and my father had been friends, and I was not a clerk only, but a privileged friend as well, and all the excuse I needed for coming every night was given in the words, "I want to hear the singing." Well, any one might have wanted to hear it, for that matter—not merely a boy who was in love.

Things went on In this way for three years, when, one afternoon, old Mr. Brusle, shutting

when, one afternoon, old Mr, Brusle, shutting the drawer of his desk with a lang, said: "It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. Throgmorton has beaten me. I'm not making a cent, and I shall break up business. The old woman and I can manage on what we have, with only one child, and I can rest and stop idegeting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, too. There's no other teacher in Hamilton, now that Fraulcin Hulse has gone back to Germany, and she can have some finery in that way. But the old show is a mockery, and I've

way. But the old shop is a mockery, and I've known it a good while,"
So that was the end of that Areadian time. The stock and fixtures were sold out. Throgmorton bought the stock, and the shop was altered into a parior; and I wrote to my uncle in New York, who had promised to take me-into its business if I wished it, and he tele-graphed, "Come next week." And then one

graphed, "Come next week." And then one day I asked bolly to walk down into the meadows and see if the blackborries were ripe.

We took two little baskets, and the herries were hanging plump and large and purpleblack; but before we picked one, I drew her to a quiet place under a great maple and put my arm about her walst, and said:

(Chelle was leave bout best [feel to you dow!)

"bolly, you know just how I feel to you, don't you? You know I love you."

Sho nestled up to me a little closer, and I took both her tiny, plump brown hands in

"Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly?" said. "Will you think that I am doing my

1 said. "Will you think that I am doing my best all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me?"

She said nothing for a while, and in the pause I heard a bird sing a whole song through. Then, sweeter than any birds' song, came her

voice:
"Yos. Tom. I'll wait."
And then we picked the blackbarries, and wenthone again through the meadows.
"We'll not speak of it yot, Tom," said Dolly.
"At home I mean; they think me such a chief

I don't want to break the charm,

time they'll guess that I'm a woman; and they like you, Tom."

The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go.
"God bloss you!" said the old mun. 'The old lady kissed me. I pressed my lips to Dolly's forchead. In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural. And then I was forchead. In that moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural. And then I was gone—down the little street with its semi-detached cottager, out into the country road, My trunk had been at the station for hours. I heard the which of the train the rest of the semi-detached country road. the whistle of the train; I saw the red glare of the iron monster's eye; I heard the snort and the tramp. He was ready for me, and the city and its whirl awaited me.

For a while I was bewildered in the city, then

very busy, then flushed with the prospect of being rapidly advanced, and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sooner than I expected. ask rony to biny was sooner than respected.

I wrote her joyous letters. She wrote pleasant ones back to me. We did not make them open love-letters, but both understood the love at the bottom of them. And so the months glided by. For six I had no holldny. Them agridgingly given week was given me, and I hurried down to Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Dolly was localized. down to Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Dolly was lovelier than ever. She walked over to the depot with me when I loft, leaning on my arm. The train had not come in yet—the one for New York; but the other had set down some passengers. from the city. One, a stout gentleman of thirty-five, having given his portmuntent to a porter, advanced to bolly.

"How do you do, Miss Brusle?" said he.

She held out her hand shyly.

"How do you do, Mr. Holly? Tom, this is Mr. Holly. Mr. Holly, Mr. Hearn."

He bowed; so dld I. But the fellow had such an air with him that I hated him. How did she know him? I had never seen him be-

"Who is he?" asked I, in a whisper, as the porter called Mr. Holly back for directions.
"He has something to do with the opera, I

think," said Dolly.

Then came the shrick of the whistle at the depot. On thundered the cars.

"All abourd for New York!" yelled a voice.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Dolly.
"Good-bye!" said I; but I stared at Mr.

You'll be left, Tom," said Dolly.

I hurried away. I found a seat. I thrust my head out of the window. Dolly was widking away on Mr. Holly's arm, and his head was

very close to hers—very.

I made a fool of myself next day. I wrote
Dolly an indignant letter. She wrote me a
spirited answer. I demanded an explanation us to how she came to know Holly, in the next: and before any answer came to this, old Mrs. Brusle walked into our place with her shopping

bag in her hand, one morning.

"I want you to take me to some nice store,
"Om," she said, "if you can spare an hour or
so. I'm going to buy a black silk for Dolly, and she told me to tell you all about it, as you seem

I maked the permission necessary, and called a carriage. Once within it, the old lady began;
"You see, Dolly will need to be dressed hand-bomely. She starts next month."

"Starts for where?" said I.
"All over, mostly," said the old lady. "It's all settled, you know, between her and Mr.

"Settled!" cried I.

"Settled !" cried I.
"Yes," said the old lady. "I knew you'd be pleased with the good news. She was singing in the choir, and he happened to go there to church, and he asked an introduction and got it, and the later than the said part will be asked an introduction and got it. and called next day. It's very sudden, very; Dolly did not but she wouldn't engage herself to him without flush crimson.

our consent; and it's such a fine thing, that we our consent; and it's such a line thing, that we can't refuse; so we've conso; led. She'll frel homesick, no doubt, away from us; but we mustn't think of that. I try not to;" and then the old hady put her kerchief to her eyes.

"She told you to tell me it" I said.

"Oh, yos," said the old hady.

My heart was on are, my blood was bolling; but I made no sign.

"You tay in the city all night don't you?" I

" You may in the city all night, don't you?" I

She said she would, and gave me the number

her all the happiness that the deserves," said I.
The old lady heard no sarcasm in my voice.
"I will, Tom," she said; " and do come to see us soon. We'll be lonely without holly."
So it was over; and the thing that was most terrible to dream of had fallen on me, and I lived. And holly wrote no letter and made no sign. It was as though she were dead, and she was dead to me. was dead to me.

" I'm sorry to say that I have come down to bring bad news," said I.

" Bad news P said Mr. Bursle. "Pm sorry

"Bad news !" said Mr. Bursle. "I'm sorry for that my boy. What is it?"
"It afflicts you, sir," said I; "not me. Yes, Dolly, it is true; and ill as you have used me, my heart bleeds for you. I come only because worse would happen if I were slient, and I beg you to believe that I am actuated by no spirit of revenge. You may not credit me, but I wish that any other man had this to do. Mr. Holly is, and has been for two full years, a married man."

She said she would, and governor of her stopping place.

After the shopping was over, I went home and took from my trunk a little parcel of letters a lock of hair, a ribbon—Heaven knows wint trashy bits of love treasure—put them in a large business envelope, and walked over 10 the old lady's boarding-house with them.

"Tell Dolly that I sent her that, and wish her all the happiness that the despress," said I.

"The old lady heard no sarcasm in my voice."

"The old lady heard no sarcasm in my voice."

"Well?" said the old man.

"Well?" said the old hady.

"Goon, Tom," said Dolly.

"Well?" said the old lady.
"Good, Tom," said Dolly.
"His wife is a cousin of the lady my uncle married," said I. "If you don't believe me, I can ofter proof of the fact. He is married."
"Of course I knew that," said Dolly. "His wife is quite a celebrated contraite,"
"Knew that he was a married man?" said

Shors.—In ancient times, only the solor of the feet were covered with the shee, or merecorrectly speaking, the sandal. Its construction was very simple: a sole tied around the foot and ankle with thongs, or straps, called shoo-lutchets. At first, those soles were of wood, course and clumsy, but answoring the purpose for which here were devised—protection to the feet from the hot sand, and from the flinty stone which paves what are called roads, but are not really much more than bridle-paths, in Syria. It was the duty of a servant to carry those for his master, to put them on, and to take them off. To do this signified inferiority, as all who are acquainted with the ancient history of the kast already know. The putting on and putting off of shoos and the transfer of them, have had certain meanings with different nations. In Brasit, to wear shoe is a sign that one is a free man. A slave goes burefoot in that country. In conveying property, the Jows took off a shoe and the transfer of them, have had certain meanings with different nations. In Brasit, to wear shoe is a sign that one is a free man. A slave goes burefoot in that country. In conveying property, the Jows took off a shoe and the street barrefoot. At their solemn for appearing a holy place and in presence of their superiors, they kept their heads covered, but removed their sandals. The latter custom is still observed by the Orientals. But shoes gradually become ornamental, as well as useful undeymbolical articles, and they have in many countries varied from reign to reign in shape and adornments. Wealth has been displayed in their decoration, as in other articles, and they have in many countries varied from reign to reign in shape and adornments. Wealth has been displayed in their decoration, as in other articles, and they have in many control of the read of the state of the state

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Although the moss requires to

ioxture and form of its ramilications.
Although the moss requires to
have aconstantly moist atmosphere
within the glass, yet it takes but
little water, because the evaporation from the soil condenses in the
inner surface of the glass shade,
and descends in the form of water
down it again. The shade should
never he taken off; when water is
needed, a small quantity may be
poured between the outside of the
shade and the side of the pan,
which will find its way under the
edge of the glass to the earth which
is inside,—Cor. Country Gentleman.

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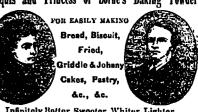
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Of course I made no confidence, and I worked as hard us ever. The work of a wholesale weelen house does not slacken because a clerk weden house does not stacken because a clerk is crossed in love or jitted. Bules and boxes and bundles went out and came in all the same; and what did it matter if I looked pale and lost my appetite, so that I did my figuring and writing and all the rest of it correctly?

But one day, as I looked up from a box I had been marking, I saw a sight that made me sick with trace Holts, and no one size, with between

with rage. Holly, and no one else, with his light side whiskers and his glossy but and marvel-ously square shoulders. He was talking to my uncle, and spreared to be on intimate terms with ulm. I stood still and stared at him. In a fe moments he saw me, and putting up his eye-glass, bowed. I made no bow in return. Then he

came across the room. "I don't think it's a mistake," said he. "I met you at the depot at Hamilton, with Miss Brusle." I remember," I said.

"She's very well, and in a little futter of course," said he. "I suppose you've had letters?" "Excuse me. I'm needed elsewhere," I said,

and dashed away.

An hour after, my uncle coming across me,

"So you know Holly, Tom? He's not a bad fellow, though a bit of a puppy. He's made a good deal of money in the theatrical line; manager and all that, you know. Married a sort of cousin of my wife's two years ago, so we're a little sociable."

· Is he a married man ?" I asked.

"Is he a married man r" I asked.

"Oh, yes; why not?" said my uncle.

"Uncle Harold," said I, "you must lot me run up to Hamilton to-night. It's a life and death matter; I must go."

"What is the matter, Tom?" said my un-

cie.
"I can't tell you," said I; "but I must go."
"Then you must," said my uncle; "but if it
wasn't you, you'd never come back. Don't be
longer than you can help, as it is."
If he had but known how long every moment

I travelled on the night train, and reached the dear little brown cottage when its windows were golden in the sunrise. The old lady was getting breakfast. Dolly was milking the cow;

seemed to me, he might have spared the warn

her father at work in the garden. It was a sweet picture, and I had come to turn its joy into sorrow; but better that, than to let worse sorrow come. I can truly say that I, as much as might be, forgot myself in that moment.
"You Tom?" cried Mrs. Brusle. "Why
Tom!" cried the old lady; "so you thought
you'd see our girl off after all? You know she

Dolly did not look at me, but I saw her face

ON THE BEACH. I. "I don't understand you. What can this

And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," "And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," said Mrs. Brusle. "Mrs. Holly and she will travel together. But, Odear! perhaps Mrs. Holly isn't nice. Is that it ?"

I stared from one to the other.

"Mrs. Brusle," said I, " what did you tell me hen you came down to New York? As I understood you, that Dolly was engaged to Holly, and that you were buying the wedding

"Gracious mo." cried the old lady. "Noth-

· Did you think that Tom ?" cried Dolly. I asked her to explain.
"Oh, dear me! Why, Tom, I have engaged to travel with him as one of a quartette company that he has just formed. A foreign gentle-man and our tenor at church, Mr. Motley, and Mrs. Holly and I; and I shall make a great deal of money, and-Oh, Tom, that's why you sent back my letters."

back my letters."

I opened my arms, and Dolly ran into them without thinking of the old folks.

"What a miserable wretch I have been for the last five wocks!" said I.

And Dolly began to ery upon my shoulder.

"You see how it is, sir," I said to Mr. Brusle.

"I'm not rich, but I love Dolly dearly; and if she'll take me as I am, I shall be the happlest follow under the sun. And for Heaven's sake, Dolly, don't mind breaking your engagement with that fellow. Stay at home, and sing to us. I don't wan't you running about the country, no matter how much money you make her. try, no matter how much money you make by

So the engagement was broken; and though my uncle said it was most imprudent, Dolly and I were married that winter,

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