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# MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE & NOVELS

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For the Illustration,  
A FRAGMENT.

BY AMY SOUDDER.

Two hearts throbbed wildly, madly,  
And bright grief grieved 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 keen 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 1858.]

## THE BEAD WITNESS; OR, LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER IV.  
THE CORAL EAR-DROP.

It may be asked what was the object or circumstance that had infused so new and intense a degree of horror into that which already overwhelmed Lillian Tremaine. It was this. Plainly visible on the white sheet beneath the skeleton frame, just where it had dropped from the mouldering ear in the slow process of mortal decay, lay a pink coral ear-ring 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 coral ear-ring—  
"I shuddered to see that the earrings which had belonged to her dead mother." Instantaneously with the first glimpse Lillian had caught of that tiny ornament in the chest, there had risen distinctly on her mind the remembrance of a long past conversation held with her sister whilst they were overlooking together the simple contents for the jewel case. Margaret had then asserted she had seen the mate of that ear-ring in her mother's ear the last time she had beheld her in life, and felt assured it must have been buried with her as it never had been seen since, and was not of sufficient intrinsic value to have tempted dishonest cupidity. The gold clasp of that in the casket was broken, thus accounting for Mrs. Tremaine's having worn only one of the ear-rings, which she had probably forgotten to remove, during her last illness.

"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 difficult at the time to procure assistants for the dead, or dying, that Mrs. Stukely had to render the last sad services to her, herself. In consequence of the peculiar circumstances things may have been somewhat hurried."

As Lillian standing in the vault recalled all this, and noted at the same time the long hair still adhering to the fleshless skull, hair similar in colour and texture to the rich tresses encompassing the face of Mrs. Tremaine in the portrait that hung in the sitting-room, there flashed across her mind the terrible fear or rather certainty that the ghastly relics of mortality before her, were the mortal remains of her poor young mother, foully murdered, perhaps by a husband's hand; and that this awful secret was the mysterious bond that united house-keeper and master.

Lillian, young and healthy, soon recovered consciousness, and then came after a time the full remembrance of her terrible situation, joined to a wild wish to see at once from this abode of horror. But could she? How retraced her steps 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 flooring had she noted on her way thither, more than one yawning opening leading down to unknown depths.

Al! Margaret was right in warning her against unlawful curiosity and her obstinacy had met its just reward.  
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 frame. Strange lights flashed before her eyes—strange sounds, all she well know results of her excited disturbed imagination, sounded in her ears. Well if she did yield to the faintness again ineluctably stealing 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 grope and frot 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 mechanically she commenced, groping for the lantern 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. Knocking on the ground she prosecuted her search perseveringly, though every mental faculty was steeped in the consciousness of that awful object beside her. Respiration steamed from every pore, the wild beating of the heart was audible in that solemn stillness, and flushes of heat, then icy 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."

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

Heaven be praised, here was candle and lantern; but what was the tiny spirit that her fingers touched at the same time. A diamond, 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 flickered, and just as she had succeeded in lighting the candle, went out, at-footed perhaps by the impure atmosphere of the vault.

Closing the lantern to prevent a similar accident to the candle it contained, she shut down with reverential fear the lid of the chest over its ghastly contents, locked it, and then passed out, breathing more freely when she had turned the key in the ponderous door behind her. Very slowly she pursued her way back, walking almost like one in a trance with light-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 breath she commenced mounting the stairs leading to her father'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 guard to its accustomed place without the slightest attempt at concealment; then with a look of shuddering horror at the unconscious sleeper left the room.

Soon after she was sitting beside her sleeping sister's bed, pale and worn—looking as if ten additional years had been added to her life. Searchingly—eagerly 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 went back on that page, the deeper became her perplexity. Had she not been often told by her sister Margaret, who was a clear, quick-witted child over seven years of

age when that sad event had happened, and consequently capable of close observation, that Mrs. Tremaine had died a few days after Lillian's birth, of malignant typhoid fever, then carrying desolation into countless homes throughout the county. Had not Margaret also related how the village doctor had tenderly 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 child 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 pomp attending the funeral bedding in all things the mistress of Tremaine Court? Lastly, had not Lillian herself knelt and prayed with Margaret in Brampton church-yard, in the family vault, where her mother's mortal remains lay with those of so many generations of dead Tremaine's.

And what was there against all this mass of evidence? Nothing save a tiny coral ear drop, and a similarity in texture and colour of a tress of hair. Surely there might be many coral ear-drops of similar design, and color as there had certainly been many women with long blonde hair in the world. Ah, what a relief if she could take this bell to her home! It would deliver her from a palpable horror that would otherwise haunt her through life. The remembrance of that skeleton form in the vault below would lose half of its terrors if she could only remove the terrible suspicion that had taken possession of her.

Dreamily she awoke, took from a drawer a casket and drew forth a coral ear-ring. After earnestly scrutinizing it she put it back with a sick shudder, whispering: "Fearfully alike!" Again she relapsed into reverie. The clergyman who had attended her poor mother during the closing months of her life had eloquently spoken to Margaret of that mother's sublime resignation, her courageous offering of her life to God, asking only that He should guard her orphaned darling.

Suddenly the girl raised her head with a light of determination in her luminous eyes, and she murmured:  
"Yes, I will visit that vault again, compare the ear-drop there with this, see if there be no surer clue to identification of those mortal remains than those I possess. To live in this un-

certainly would madden me. Should my worst fears be realized, I will reveal all to Margaret, and together we will secretly depart from this house which will then be to us as accursed. If 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. There is the dawn breaking. Lillian, Lillian, where is the thoughtless girl that looked out from the same window yesterday morning, longing for a piece of gay ribbon to be amid her hair? Oh, I must throw open the window, I am suffocating! The pure morning air will do poor Margaret 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, fresh breeze that came rustling over the meadows freighted with the sweet odors and sounds of early morning.

### 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 famed for their good looks, spendthrift qualities and lack of principle. For four or five successive generations each heir, on attaining his majority, had found himself in possession of nothing save his ancient name and the ancestral mansion, Tremaine Court, kept in the family by a strict entail. Regularly each succeeding heir had at once turned his thoughts to matrimony as the only means of salvation, looked about for an heiress, wooed, and—aided by his handsome person and elegant manners—won her; then, as a sequence, either broke the new Mrs. Tremaine'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 Tremaine, 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 project of building up the fortunes of his house anew, as so many of his predecessors had done by a wealthy matrimonial alliance. Tremaine Court was the resort of wild, gay spirits, who

seemed to think the turf and chase the chief aims of man's existence; and his imprudent fondle were matters of public comment.  
A prim, straight-necked personage, a Miss Rodway, who had, as she averred, seen better days, an assertion supported by an apparently good education, filled the post of housekeeper, chortling in her heart all the while the chimera hope that she might yet become mistress where she was now only manager. This expectation was derived in a great measure from the singular influence her firm, calm nature, cold and impassable 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 slender or gossip never meddled with her name, and the reckless visitors at Tremaine Court would as soon have thought of paying court to Medusa in person as of addressing a complimentary note to this stern model of propriety.

Roger Tremaine at length finding out that Miss Rodway and her friends looked coldly on him, suddenly 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 Rodway was left undisturbed mistress of the establishment.

From one fashionable watering place to another Mr. Tremaine carried his handsome person and stylish wardrobe, eschewing with commendable prudence cards and wine, and conducting himself, at least outwardly, in an irreproachable manner. His projects were at length successful. At Spa he met an invalid lady travelling with her only daughter, a young, light-hearted girl of nineteen. Not trusting to the tokens of wealth surrounding them on all 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 between his wife and child, the mother's share reverting to the daughter after her decease. Part of Mrs. O'Halloran's fortune consisted in an estate in England, Hillingdon Manor, which brought a comfortable yearly revenue.

Yes, the girl was wealthy without a doubt, if not of aristocratic birth, at least of respectable standing, with no troublesome friends to contend against her and a husband's claims and family; so Roger Tremaine set himself to the task of winning the heiress. 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 his insidious professions of kind and noble feelings, they accepted his suit without taking the precaution of making close enquiries into his antecedents. They were married quietly, Mrs. O'Halloran's weak health preventing any attempt at pomp or ceremony. It was arranged that the now-married couple should return at once to Tremaine Court, where Mrs. O'Halloran should also proceed when her health was in some measure re-established, to take up her permanent residence with them.

A few lines from Mr. Tremaine himself informed Miss Rodway of the destruction of her presumptuous hopes, and filled her heart with the most intense hatred of the now 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 gaieties, so loudly on the ill-matched pair; the father taking a dislike, from the first, to the plain, sickly little being who had disappointed his hopes of a son.

Letters came from abroad previous to this, announcing first the increasing illness, 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 unhappiness, allowed the sick woman to die in the delusion that the great aim of her latter years had been won, and that her child was united to a man worthy of her affection and trust.

Though young Mrs. Tremaine had arrived a stranger in her new home, unsupported by the countenance of wealthy friends or aristocratic relations, she soon won the respect and sympathy of the members of the circle in which she now moved; and first among those was Mrs. Atherton, who soon learned to esteem and pity the wife as thoroughly as she despised the husband. But the master of Tremaine Court could not to receive much society within its precincts, apart from the old fox-hunting, turf-loving set, who clung to him all the more closely since his wife's death was well stocked, kennels and stables in awe-inspiring order, and 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. Tremaine revealed to none, a promise of maternity 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 many anxious thoughts that harassed 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 despoiled of their rights to favor the children of a second wife. To prevent this she resolved on privately making a will protecting them as much as possible, and leaving for their benefit the greater part of the inheritance derived from



their grandmother, Mrs. O'Halloran, which inheritance she had steadfastly insisted on keeping...

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...

Time sped on and Mrs. Tremaine, weak and ailing, closely watched, moreover, by both housekeeper and husband, who seemed to have conceived a faint inkling of her intentions...

The master was in the stables, deeply engaged in consultation with his groom regarding the falling health of a favorite hunter, when Miss Radway, who was standing at an upper window, caught a glimpse of the scrivener's keen, sallow face...

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 funds for building a new church in Brompton...

Now, had Mr. Tremaine been disposed to believe 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.

"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 future visit from the man of law.

"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 tied eight or nine long years to a wife that you never loved."

"What are you hinting at, woman? You surely do not mean that—" "Hush! I mean anything and everything that would bring about the death of your wife, and secure you in possession of the fortune so dearly 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."

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, remember," 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'm sure. I have read that poor puppet well of yours well, and with all her vacillation and chicken-heartedness, there is at the bottom, as is the case with so many of those fair-haired, dove-eyed women, a fund of unconquerable pride and obstinacy."

"Enough! enough!" he retorted angrily. "From Adam downwards man 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 have done: "The man 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 boudoir, he found her sitting in a low easy chair, her arm encircling her little daughter, whilst an expression of unutterable 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 in-doors—too much with an invalid." Tears rose to Mrs. Tremaine's eyes, and she whispered, half to herself: "She may have me but a short time with her."

"All women in your state of health have such fancies," she carelessly 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 attacked her in early infancy had stubbornly resisted all the resources of medicine or art.

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 that your father is capable of 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 of a will you must make—one leaving the inheritance bequeathed by your mother to me, your husband, the natural 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 Belgrave 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 mouth 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 possess."

"I 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 then?"

"Again I warn you to think of your children less, 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. The wife covered her face with her thin hands, but she was rolling through, whilst her lips faintly murmured: "Father, in Thee I have put my trust, let me not be confounded!"

Nothing more desolate and dreary than the life led by Mrs. Tremaine at the actual time could have been imagined. Ailing 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 had not one friend or protector to turn to—no 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 Radway 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 Roger Tremaine more stern and heartless, and look or tone of love never fell now on that ear that had once known naught else.

Most happily for herself, the young wife, once convinced of the utter worthlessness of the earthly joys which she had chosen for her support through life, turned with all the warmth of her loving, impulsive nature to the source of a better consolation in the weary and heavy-laden, the loving promises of her Saviour. Carefully, constantly did she seek to inculcate in the mind of her infant daughter the gospel 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 Margaret Tremaine acquired that perfect trust and faith in God—that blessed spirit of resignation—which sustained her for long years under bodily ailments and other trials that would otherwise have crushed her to the earth.

On two different occasions subsequent to the first painful interview 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 impassiveness that exasperated him almost to frenzy, she had refused.

The decisive and anxiously looked for hour came at length. Mrs. Tremaine gave birth to a girl, who, even in the first hours of her existence, gave promise of rare beauty and health; and Mr. Tremaine gnawed his fingers with rage, firstly at the advent of a daughter, when he so eagerly desired a son—for more than a century past male heirs had never failed the line of Tremaine,—and secondly at the likelihood that the patient would recover. The physician who had been for months past in attendance on the latter, triumphantly announced a few days after the baby's birth—little dreaming how unwelcome the intelligence would prove—that Mrs. Tremaine'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 symptoms 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 throughout the county.

Ah, the gloomy joy that shone luridly in the depths of Mr. Tremaine's dark pitiless eyes when that intelligence was announced to him—the look of relief that overspread his features! For weeks past Miss Radway had been perpetually 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 be to settle on her children, by stringent legal proceedings, all she possessed. Now, unprincipled 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 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 and steadily in view, would, like a Borgias or a Tallis, have walked to it, if necessary, over the dead bodies of her victims. Of what value was the life of the pure, pining woman who stood between her and the long-coveted title of mistress of Tremaine 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, affection, and 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 dangerously ill of the fever then exciting such universal fear, terrified the servants greatly, and household and monthly nurse took flight immediately. The cook, however, remained, on condition that nothing but her legitimate duties should be expected of her.

It was a lovely 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. Piteously the fever was riding in her veins, and amidst the incoherent whispirings of delirium pierced the anxious, restless wish that time and opportunity might be given her to protest efficiently the rights of her helpless children. About seven in the evening Doctor Stewart called, and after earnestly studying 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 Radway."

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 encausted figure on the bed, the restless sinister glance of the man and woman that watched it so narrowly, 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. Tremaine, to act with decision and energy."

"What is it you would have me do?" "Remember, in the first place, that it depends on you whether you will see yourself impoverished, beggared, for the sake of two pining children, or assure yourself future independence and wealth. But, tell me, have you up at hand the will I asked you to have drawn up in which your wife leaves you the full enjoyment of all she possesses, and makes over to you the lands and properties left her by her late mother?"

"It is here—in this ebony box." "Then nothing remains but for Mrs. Tremaine 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. Listen!" 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, suppressed tone: "Remember, no faint-heartedness to-day to be bitterly regretted to-morrow. Your fate is in your own hands if you will but seize and make yourself master of it. When she awakes, ask her once again will she sign the will; if she still refuse, be prepared for the other alternative."

(To be continued.)

THE STAR'S VIGIL.

BY JANEY MACDONALD.

"Watchful Star! thy vigil keeping in the silent day; See how Earth is sweetly sleeping— Lay thy cross by."

Star.

"What tho' Earth, in peaceful slumber, Needs no care nor light, Anxious none of Ocean number Reach slow hour of night."

"I, their solemn watches sharing, Chase the gloom away; And, soft my cross bending, Guide them on their way."

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

Cloud.

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

"Nor in vain, tho' brilliant beauty, Hold their hearts in thrall; Guide them in the way of duty, Whatsoever befall!"

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

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BROOVED TREASURE.

Richard Redmayne went back to Brierwood after his visit to Hetheridge churchyard, and the dreary days went on. A guest 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 haggard 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 intervention 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 cure, no hope; his whole being consumed by one fatal passion—more constant than love, more bitter 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 thunder-bolt. The two men avoided each other. Mr. Wort had his own reasons for that avoidance, and Richard Redmayne shrunk from all day long, drank more than he had been used to drink in the old days, and paced the weedy gravel path, or lay 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, every all things were old and familiar, was in some way associated with his daughter. He could not have felt her death more intensely if he had spent his days and nights beside her grave. The longest day had dragged its slow length along, and the corn was beginning to change

colour when, after some weeks of sultry and oppressive weather, there came a great storm—one of those tempests which spread consternation over all 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 zigzagged across the low leaden sky. Richard Redmayne 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 awakening 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 piteously to come indoors, that he roused himself from that morbid 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 whites, and that vivid when it lightens as you can distinguish 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 foggy about you, I didn't know what to do; so at last I say to my William, 'If I get 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 stammer. You'll be a lucky man, Mr. Redmayne, if you're not laid up with the rheumatics 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 housekeeper and her husband had gone to their room in their garret—all the tempest was over, and the sun was shining on the sodden trees and beaten flower-beds, and the birds were twittering 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 solitary breakfast, and the countenance of Mrs. Bush was solemn with the weight of a startling communication when she brought him his dish of eggs and bacon.

"Such a calamity, Mr. Redmayne!" she exclaimed; "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 down."

"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 mentioned 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 Grace; you look to want a blow of fresh air;' for she was very pale that last autumn before we lost her, poor 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 to bring the tears into your eyes to see her."

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

He made short work of his breakfast, which was as flavourless 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 land—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 rod of land more at this corner," said one of the men, when Mr. Redmayne had surveyed 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 be happy."

"I'm sorry it's gone, for all that," replied Rick, contemplating it gloomily.

He seated 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 allotropic comforter. He was sitting thus, with his eyes fixed on the distant horizon, when one of the men, who had been digging out a rugged arm of the root from a little hollow into which the

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 brooch."

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," he 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 forgotten 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, sir, so here it is."

"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 've 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 got buried among the dead leaves. And she grieved for the loss of it, Hannah told me. 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 heap. 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 eyes of the picture. Nemesis had put this portrait in his way.

"I'll be hard if I don't find him now," he said to himself. He went up to London, took the miniature to a photographer, and had it copied carefully, printed in as finished a manner as the original, and this copy he gave to Mr. Kendal, the private inquirer.

"You told me you could do something 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. Kendal, 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 DESPAIR."

The London season waned, and Mr. and Mrs. Walgrave Harcourt went on 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. Harcourt 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 them. He was now much too 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 Harcourt and Vallory 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 what a client had been racking his brain by day and night for a week. He leaned less on counsels' opinion than the firm had been wont to lean; and indeed did not scruple to profess a good-humoured contempt for the gentlemen of the long robe. The 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 eating their hearts out in the agony of waiting. He was free of access to all, and there was now much less of that winnowing in the sieve of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, articulated clerks, 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 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 home; and escort her to classical matinees when Hubert Harcourt was too busy. A man at his club asked him one day if he ever went to bed, to which Weston replied blandly, "Sometimes, in the long vacation."

PAGE

MISSING



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WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPRING.

MARKET REPORT.

THE ELECTIONS.

Before this reaches the eyes of our readers the bulk of the elections for the Dominion Parliament will have taken place; and from present indications the present ministry promises to receive a hearty endorsement from the public and to enter on the next session with an increased working majority.

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.

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 footsteps of England and abolished slavery in their dominions, the only exceptions being Spain and Portugal in their colonies, and Brazil in her own territory.

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.

ANOTHER VIEW.—A tabular statement recently appeared in some of the city papers, showing that the number of prisoners in jail on the first day of July, for the last ten years, had gradually diminished. From this it was very reasonably inferred that, on the whole, lawlessness and crime had decreased in the District of Montreal.

Table with 2 columns: Years, Convictions. 1861 4929, 1862 5181, 1863 6153, 1864 6972, 1865 6948, 1866 7368, 1867 7088, 1868 7025, 1869 7030, 1870 7070, 1871 7167.

Taking the population of the city in 1861 at 90,000, 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.—Montreal Witness.

(For the Hearthstone.) AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY G. M. JACOBS.

Like the majority of my sex, I have loved in several cases, "not wisely but too well." Although I will not complain that I have been much deceived, but like others who have lived before me, and who will live after me, I feel sure that if my time were to come over again, I should act differently.

In my youthful days I was much admired, even the very spots upon my face were said to be marks of beauty, 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 ever saw.

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EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The Boston four mills were burned on 27th ult., together with a large amount of property to the value of \$100,000. The fire started in a Washington despatch office, and General Sterling, U. S. Consul agent, in his report of the investigation of Consul-General Butler's affairs sustains the official, and assumes that the fire is in a Washington despatch office, and the fire started in a Washington despatch office, and the fire started in a Washington despatch office.

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track in Kurtrin, was run into by the mail train, and dashed to pieces. Eight passengers were killed outright, and of the others in the omnibus some escaped injury.

JAPAN.—Advises from Y-puan 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 Feilding, of the U. S. Navy.

MEXICO.—Banished revolutionists are returning to Mexico. Telegraphic communication will be opened to the City of Mexico in a few days. The banished revolutionist chiefs are to hold a conference on the 23rd of 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 its members under the ban of excommunication.

CHINA.—Disaffection and threatened revolt are reported among the Chinese troops at Foo Chow. The crews of two vessels wrecked on the coast of Formosa were massacred by the natives.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna Industrial Exhibition for all nations will commence 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 array of views on "The Two England's," one friendly and the other hostile to the United States. This is followed by a very interesting summary from the official documents of the American and British Cases at Geneva.

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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, 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 yearning cry, The striving after better hopes— These things shall never die.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENTE.

Author of Love's Requiem, &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

"TINY."

Dull as Julia had been throughout the day for want of company, she would gladly have dispensed with the company of her cousin Everard. He was courteous to her—gentle, even; he never made an allusion to those old times when he tried to make her love him, and Laurence Drayton himself could not have treated her with more delicate consideration than Miss Temple could not bear to see Mr. Grantley's presence. The subtle undercurrent of evil power made itself felt, and her instinct shrank from it.

"I was to have met Brantley and some other men," he said; "but 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, as you 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."

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 little while with Everard was the dearest penance 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 are. You are beautiful, and men will tell you so. You will feel your power, and you will use it. You will measure your husband by the men you meet, and you will find him somewhat out of, and you will wish, perhaps, that you had not been so eager to have the fetters riveted."

"I have that impression, Mr. Drayton. The reason for it is scarcely worth giving." "I have an impression that he will be seen in England soon," said Mr. Drayton, looking Grantley calmly and steadily in the eye.

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 cruel in the man's nature, and it carried him away in spite of his high breeding and strong self-control.

"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; he wore the same coat in which he left Brookdale—at least, I should judge so by the waiter's description."

"I have that impression, Mr. Drayton. The reason for it is scarcely worth giving." "I have an impression that he will be seen in England soon," said Mr. Drayton, looking Grantley calmly and steadily in the eye.

"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 to die a painless death—one that would not disgrace him either."

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intense and passionate love of children. He could be mercilessly and deliberately cruel to his fellow men, but he had a kindly smile for the most unattractive village urchin that might chance to come in his way.

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MARGARET BRANTLEY MEETS HER OLD LOVER.

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 knowledge; but there was in one else he could trust. He knew that she would help him, though she might shudder at what she had to do.

Edward Danvers Temple covered before him



like a dog under an impending lash. Every syllable uttered in that dandy, 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 changed my dress."

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

"With a rather old-fashioned overcoat, and a black satin cravat?"

"Yes."

"He was talking to the Inspector as I got into the fly."

"And I have seen him twice since I returned—twice within these few hours. That man is a detective, Mr. Edward Danvers Temple. I know him in London, for he was pointed out to me. He is as steady and as sure as Satan, and he is on the trail. He has come down to make inquiries 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."

He was stopped by a fiercely-muttered oath. "How's a fellow to think of oughtn't to be down! Where did the young American gentleman, Edward Danvers Temple, pick up that London slang? On my soul, you might almost be taken for that ill-trained drunken cobbler, 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 amaze 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 morsel of nerve or courage left in you."

"How can I?" said the young man, sulkily. "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 shriek of terror, such as a tiger might give, dragged him back, and took him by the throat. He flung him into a corner, and picked up a plant riding-whip.

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

"Teach you to remember that you threatened 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 out of the world. Come here!"

Edward Danvers Temple ran from him like a rat, making vain attempts to get through the wall. He uttered a shriek after shriek like a frightened girl, and when he felt himself pincered, his screams were pitiable.

But the lash fell mercilessly. All the scorn, contempt, and dislike that Everard had felt for his spiritless, inelegant accomplice found vent now. It would have been hard to say how it would have ended, had not an interruption come.

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 one joyful word—

"Mother!"

"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 him—she was so.

"You cruel coward!" she said, pressing the frightened fearful face to her breast. "He is but a boy to you. Why have you done this?"

"Let him tell you. Take him from my sight now."

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, Everard."

"Why should I trouble you? If I could make you my confidante more than I have done, I would, for you are the only one whom I can trust, Margaret."

He spoke the last word with intense feeling, and taking both her hands, stood looking into her eyes.

"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 leave the world if I 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, Everard; but is there no other way?"

"Is there?" he said, fiercely. "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 thought I could see you like this before. I never thought I could see you like this before. I thought I had myself in more control."

"You are in danger, Everard."

"There is a possible danger; but I shall avert 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 wing.

"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 Brookdale. Our secret would not be safe with him in the house. Eugene must accept what I have offered, and take the oath I put to him—or there is the alternative."

"What?"

"He must die! There is no help for it, Margaret. It is his life or mine, and though I almost 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 Brookdale after that night."

Margaret said nothing, but she made a mental 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 creature whom we are obliged to use. The taint in him is ineradicable."

"Why were you so violent?"

"He uttered a threat—and in his London slang that he would sell me—and so, if he dared, 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 momentary picture—a crowd—a scaffold, and a dumb figure swinging from a rope. He shuddered from head to foot.

"You are not well," Margaret said; "your nerves are overstrained, and 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 forehead. There was a warning in the turn events had taken—his instinct told him that the crisis was near.

He was quieter 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.

"Remember," 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 not. He will do much for me. Give me your promise."

"For this time, at least."

She went out, and he assisted her to the saddle. She was a splendid horsewoman, and riding was her favorite exercise. The day was cool, but the bright and bracing atmosphere made a counter 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 save himself, and then his bearded face looked at her with a smile.

"Your pardon," 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 her heart, faithful to the memory of an old love, went back to him as she had seen him thirteen years ago.

"Mr. Fleming?" she said.

He smiled with a world of tenderness, and gazed at her with curious earnestness. He took her left hand, and felt the fingers through her glove.

"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. Chrysostom, and Cleero. He may surely be called a bookworm of the beetle type, for the works of St. Chrysostom are contained in eleven folios. He must have completed his annual task at least fifty times. Sir William Jones read through the works of Cleero every year. But for an ordinary reader to set himself to such a task would be to give him a life-long distant 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 delighted perusal of the latter, forgetting the primary object of his search. Mr. Burton, we are glad to say, regrets that in Diblin's bibliographical works he estimates everything by its pecuniary value. "Everything is too comfortable, luxurious, and easy—suspension, embossing, marbling, gilding—all crowding on one another till one feels suffocated with riches. There is a feeling, at the same time, of the utter useless 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 toleration for the doctrine that these are volumes too splendid for use, too fine almost to be looked at, as Brunnel said of his Dresden china." The late Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., was the greatest collector of books in the only son of Mr. T. Phillips, a Manchester manufacturer, who was educated at Rugby and University, Oxford. The future bibliomaniac was born in 1792, and soon after his father removed to his beautiful residence on the Costwell 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 *Athenaeum*, 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 works issued from his private press, could form any idea of the vast range of his knowledge and acquisitions in nearly every branch of historical and antiquarian lore." Few persons have any idea of the vast extent of his collection. It was essentially rich in MSS.—no less than 60,000 in number, contained in 21,000 boxes. Three thousand of these are described in *Insel's Catalogue Librorum Manuscriptorum*, 1830. He bought several entire libraries, and when the intelligent bookseller Thorpe issued a catalogue of 1,400 vols. of MSS. Sir Thomas ordered the whole. His collection is rich in Greek MSS., monastic cartularies, and genealogical and historical papers. Sir Thomas died Feb. 6, this year, and great curiosity was naturally felt as to the disposition of his unrivalled library. A few days before his death he made a will bequeathing Thirlestane House at Cheltenham, with the library, to his youngest daughter (the late Miss Maitland), Mrs. Fenwick. The oldest daughter married Mr. J. Orchard Halliwell, the eminent Shakespearean critic; but Sir Thomas, by his will, strictly forbade his eldest daughter, or her husband, or any Roman Catholic, ever to enter the house.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

Nay, be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor snail who quarrels with his own spurs. There is no shame about any honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

Wasn't 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 meagre is the list. One after another has disappeared, not by any other cause than that their physical powers, originally vigorous, have succumbed in the feverish, and we might also say, insupportable life,

SWINDLED.

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

By their ingenious fables of capricious lightning's freaks,  
They raised the hair of Tompkins and caused his lightning proof.  
With dramatic apprehension of those promiscuous streaks,  
Fraught with danger and destruction to his new domicile.

And they persuaded Tompkins, while his mind was in that state,  
That he'd better have his promises forthwith made lightning proof.  
Delay, he 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 cloud-defying spears;  
Each chimney and each gable was placed on its defense,  
And extra rods were set, in deference to Tompkins's fears.

The rods meandered o'er the house in mazes ramified,  
Twined o'er the upright, o'er the wings, o'er the lintel and o'er the eave;  
Tompkins surveyed the scene, the while his bosom swelled with pride,  
And he longed to see some lightning by those devices confuted.

The lightning gave a prompt response to Tompkins's defiance,  
And launched his lurid bolts in incessant fusillade,  
'Twas doubted whether victory would favor force, or science,  
So impetuous was the lightning in its vindictive raid.

It was a lively skirmish and the ground was much torn up  
By lightning bolts; and all the folks in town were terrified;  
And milk, for miles around, was soured; and Tompkins's brindle pup  
Got in the way of one small streak and it removed his hide.

The spectacle was gorgeous. In a fiery entrant,  
Streaks of assorted lightning on that dwelling down-ward swooped;  
With blinding, zigzag flashes and forked tongues. In fact,  
It seemed, in spite of lightning rods, that Tompkins must be "accoped."

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 wisest ones decided that the lightning had got tangled  
Among so many rods, and "busted things" in getting free.

Buffalo Courier.

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1866.)

IN AFTER-YEARS;  
OR,  
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 Catechism left the *Rottenburgh Herald* with the servant, who promised to be placed where his Lord was sure to see it, was one of those mornings in early 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 seat at the breakfast table, was a room furnished according to Lady Nairn's particular orders, and almost unique in its way.

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 of the cloud-like muslin shading, from rose to pale pink and white, giving the appearance of crushed roses of various hues, the drapery from fauteuils 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 wreaths 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 wax-like rich blossoms of crimson and pink oppressed the air with perfume.

In this paradise was seated 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 roseleaf 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 her wish her home to be a beautiful home rather than a grand mansion. Every morning, previous to Lord Nairn's appearance in the breakfast room, his lady placed by his side a bouquet fresh from garden or hot house called 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

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.

Lord Nairn was a middle-sized man, bald, the little hair he had left him was dark brown, large full soft eyes, brown also—the unmistakable mark of cultivation—from father to son in every feature; the mouth most expressive of all, denoting wit, sense, benevolence, as the emotions of his mind brought each quality into play.

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 be 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 London do most congregate, he was so well known that he went and came alone unharmed where a policeman feared to enter unless 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 annihilation, who came forth from both, taught by Lord Nairn and helped by him to be good citizens 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 their 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 gladdener 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 blessing, they should save 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 happiest place in all the world to him and all who dwelt therein; his wife, beautiful, gentle and true, denoting her husband the best 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 to 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's father when the present Lord was a boy, and never heard of such new fangled notions before, came back to say he wanted his old place 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 mere 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 cheek, "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 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 hear the little birds sing."

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 dripping with rain, one of those soft, gentle autumn 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 months.

They stayed their steps on the marble veranda, the pillars of which were covered with rich living beauty from the morning glory and other bright-hued morning creepers, all of them seeming to lean forward, as if they would go out into the mild fresh rain 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 rain."

"I know his story, and why he sits and sings out in the rain. He is waiting for his mate as I waited for mine a little while ago, and his little bird heart won't long turn towards so long. I don't know how his pretty head turns to one side after a burst or song, as if he heard

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 a crowned 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 agreeable 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. Handling 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 the white strip of paper on which the address was written.

"I do not know, my Lord," was the servant's reply. "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."

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 Lord 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 a tone of surprise.

"Yes, my Lord; leastwise a gentleman dressed like a dissenting parson, but not a hat and collarless coat like a church clergyman."

"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 his name?"

"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 civil."

"I think I know the man. Go to the coachman and ask if the gentleman who drove by your way yesterday, and whom he drove beyond Bayswater, asked my name?"

"I-in-law and left the room, presently returning to say—

"My Lord, Dr. Branson says the gentleman he 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 clergyman who rode up here with you yesterday."

"You are right so far, but the reason is wished so particularly to know who sent it 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 written, 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 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 read 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 during the father's illness out of his own private means. Since then I have gone 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 I left my carriage in Edgeware Road, and as we walked along said he was on his way to accompany 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 C. at 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 of Ernest's ago with those who were likely to lead him in the way of upright, honest and truth, of the influence ladies were likely to exercise in the formation of his character; that now it was one of high moral standing, and expressing an earnest hope that he might be kept from the evil which was in the world."

"At the time, all this seemed absurd,



SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A GEORGE... pile-driver has been used in the construction of the Longue Island.

The salts of platinum and iridium furnish a liquid for writing or drawing on paper, wood, or other solid, which is used as follows:

The oxygen light of Tessie du Motay, which has been for some time in operation in some of the principal boulevards of Paris, has been found unsatisfactory in several particulars.

A NEW and powerful thermo-electric battery has been invented by Noe of Vienna. The battery consists of ten of the elements of Daniell cells.

THE CORRECT WEIGHT OF MILK.—Mr. Gail Borden, of White Plains, N. Y., who conducts an establishment for preparing condensed milk, has been making some experiments for the purpose of determining the correct weight of crude milk.

The sweet exudation that appears on the leaves of the alder, maple, rose, and some other trees, has been examined by M. Bousignault.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. GLOVE CLEANING.—Put the band in the glove, and while on the stretch carefully wash a fine piece of old flannel dipped in benzole.

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 tablespoonful of salt.

WIT AND HUMOUR. THE FIRST GAME OF LIPS.—Bart. The top's favorite bird—Swallows. A cowardly assault.—To beat a retreat.

FARM ITEMS.

BEST FALLOW on strong, clayey land are often the best and cheapest means of killing weeds and enriching the soil at the same time.

WAGES.—We have one of the best farmers in the world for killing weeds. Our hot summers and dry weather will take the sap out of even a thistle or quack.

BROOD CUPS PER ACRES.—But it is not merely in the details of farming operations that we should endeavor to render our labor more effective.

ATTEND 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 neglected.

WE SAFELY estimate that one day's labor in the corn field, when the young blades are sufficiently high to mark the rows, is better than three days' labor when the field has a two weeks' growth.

PERFECTING 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.

AN EFFORT to speak for the mere sake of speaking—to speak in the name of the speaking, and that others may know of it—the disease of word-making.

IT IS a noble and a great thing to cover the blameless and to execute the failings of a friend, to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfection to bury his weaknesses in silence.

HEARTHSTONE PHOENIX. Whole, I am the emblem of a celebrated novelist; curtain me, and I am at the same time what you do at this present moment.

102. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. The bird on the tree did warble with gloe. The river went murmuring by; The sun in the west was sinking to rest.

103. SQUARE WORDS. 1. Virtuous: a lake of European Russia; to forgive; quick; posterior. 2. To defeat: recent; to excite; a female name; a river.

104. ENIGMAS. 1. Boat on the sea; I row on a tree; In sickness I am the dead and sportsman, 'tis said, In me find a musical sound.

105. REBUS. 1. A Christian name, and a near relation. 2. A kind of fruit, and a consonant. 3. A consonant, and a quantity of paper.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 30. 106. CHARADE.—Mist, Mist (Mistral). 107. PUZZLE.—Grouse. 108. PUZZLE.—Shakespeare.

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE. July 31st, 1872. Market moderately active. Wheat was quoted at 1c to 1c lower in the West this forenoon.

Flour..... 27 00 00 27 00 00 Red Wheat... 10 90 11 10 90 11 10 90 White... 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 10

How to CATCH OWLS.—An American paper says: "When you discover one on a tree, and you are looking at it, all that you have to do is to turn it around the tree several times, when the owl's attention will be so firmly fixed, that forgetting the occasion of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motions until it wrings its head out."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

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

TRUTH sometimes tastes like medicine, but that is an evidence that we are ill. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

WOP to the falsehood! it affords no relief to the breast, like truth: it gives us no comfort, pains him who forces it, and like an arrow directed by a god, flies 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 do.

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

AN EFFORT to speak for the mere sake of speaking—to speak in the name of the speaking, and that others may know of it—the disease of word-making.

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ENGAGED TO MR. HOLLY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I first started in life, it was as salesman in the very small establishment of Mr. Brusle...

Dear little Dolly! she had brown eyes and a dimple in her chin, and she sang like a German...

Things went on in this way for three years, when, one afternoon, old Mr. Brusle, shutting the drawer of his desk with a bang, 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."

"So that was the end of that Arendian time. The stock and fixtures were sold out. Throgmorton bought the stock, and the shop was...

"I'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At home I mean; they think me such a child yet."

"The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go. 'God bless you!' said the old man. The old lady kissed me. I pressed my lips to Dolly's forehead."

"Who is he?" asked I, in a whisper, as the porter called Mr. Holly back for directions.

"How do you do, Miss Brusle?" said he. She held out her hand to me.

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

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

"I'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At home I mean; they think me such a child yet."

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"I'm sorry to say that I have come down to bring bad news," said I. "But news?" said Mr. Brusle. "I'm sorry for that my boy. What is it?"

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Shoes.—In ancient times, only the soles of the feet were covered with the shoe, or more correctly speaking, the sandal. Its construction was very simple: a sole tied around the foot and ankle with thongs, or straps, called shoe-lashes. At first, these shoes were made of wood, coarse and clumsy, but answering the purpose for which they were devised—protection to the feet from the hot sand, and from the flinty stones 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 these 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 East already know. The putting on and putting off of shoes and the transfer of them, have had certain meanings with different nations. In Brazil, to wear a shoe is a sign that one is a free man. A slave goes barefoot in that country. In conveying property, the Jews took off a shoe and gave it to the purchaser. In times of great mourning they indicated their grief by appearing in the street barefoot. At their solemn funerals, on entering 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 became ornamental, as well as useful and undignified articles, and they have in many countries varied from reign to reign in shape and ornaments. Wealth has been displayed in their decoration, as in other articles of dress. In the old Roman triumph the conqueror appeared in buckles embossed with pearls. Even the barbaric Huns paraded their spoils on their feet; the shoes of Alaric their chief were encrusted with gold and precious stones. But poor Montezuma, of Mexico, carried this kind of extravagance to its height, for the soles of his shoes were of solid gold. Men have shown quite as much vanity in women in the adornment of their feet. In the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and the first of her successors, the courtiers wore shoes and spurs with a kind of bell attached, which jingled at every step. There was an age of rosettes, and of long-poled shoes, and of shoes carried to such a height that diamonds were sometimes set in the buckles. A portrait of Charles II. has what is called a pointed toe, like any dandy of his day. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette exercised great taste and care in selecting her shoes, refusing to get off her singularly beautiful foot to vivandage—that foot which at last pressed the scaffold. It is said that when her husband was taken from the scaffold, one of her little shoes fell off, and was preserved as a memento of the unhappy queen by the person who obtained to pick it up.

A PRETTY PARLOR ORNAMENT.—An interesting ornament for the sitting room or parlor may be easily obtained by growing one of the club moss tribe under a glass shade, such as are used to protect small vases and other articles, and of any size that offers—a china dish that is three or four inches deep, or a common flower-pot pan. The latter will do very well, and vegetable mold or sand, and get from a nurseryman or florist a plant of one of the common varieties of club moss—place this in the soil in the pan, and then the glass shade over it, pressing it down a little into the soil. The earth being light, the moss will grow rapidly and will climb up and fill the inside of the glass. It requires to be kept in a window near the light, and soon becomes a pleasing object from the delicate texture and form of its ramifications.

Although the moss requires to have constantly 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 be 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.—Cur. Country Gentleman.

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ON THE BEACH.

Of course I made no confidence, and I worked as hard as ever. The work of a wholesale woman house does not slacken because a clerk is crossed in love or filled. Bales 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 slight that made me sick with rage. Holly, and no one else, with his light side whiskers and his glossy hat and marvelously square shoulders. He was talking to my uncle, and seemed to be on intimate terms with him. I fixed still and stared at him. In a few moments he saw me, and putting up his eyes, 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 flutter of course," said he. "I suppose you've had letters?"

"Because me, I'm needed elsewhere," I said, and dashed away. An hour after, my uncle coming across me, said: "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. "Oh, yes; why not?" said my uncle. "Uncle Harold," said I, "you must let me run up to Hamilton to-night. It's a life and death matter; I must go."

"What is the matter, Tom?" said my uncle. "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 seemed to me, he might have spared the warning.

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

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

"I don't understand you. What can this mean?"

"And it's a great deal nicer for Dolly," said Mrs. Brusle. "Mrs. Holly and she will travel together. How I'd like to see Mrs. Holly! nice. Is that it?"

I turned from one to the other. "Mrs. Brusle," said I, "what did you tell me when you came down to New York? As I understood you, that Dolly was engaged to Mr. Holly, and that you were buying the wedding dresses?"

"Gracious me!" cried the old lady. "Nothing of the sort!"

"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 gentleman and our tutor at church, Mr. Modley, 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."

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 weeks!" said I. And Dolly began to cry 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 happiest fellow 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 want you running about the country, no matter how much money you make by it."

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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