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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

TERMS, \ \Single Cours, 5 CKN rs.

No. 12.

COTTUIN LATVAS

BY S. W. DUFFIELD

The bes from the clover bloom
Is ready to lift his wings;
I found him gathering honey
Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough
The twigs and the stubble brings;
He is building his love a cettage
Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself— What do you think he sings; Nothing! I.e gets no music Out of the common things!

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM BEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS ALLXANDER ROHS.

CHAPTER V .- (Continued.)

He knocked at the castle door, a knock speaking of one baving authority; a servant in livery opened the door, while Adam, who had long been installed a sort of Seneschal, came forward, dressed in plain clothes to welcome

the visitor.
The light from the chandeller hanging in the The light from the chandeller hanging in the centre of the hall, fell directly on Sir Richard, as he took off his hat and gloves, placing them on the same table on which when last in the hall, he had placed the dead dog.

"Sir Richard," said Adam, in a voice replete with surprise, dread, and disappointment, his face expressive of anything but satisfaction at the return of his long absent master.

An old the almost blind from one followed

An old dog almost blind from age, followed Adam into the hall, went up to Sir Richard, souffed about his feet, walked round him two or three times, and then bounded up to his breast, ending by lying down upon his long lost master's feet, and heating the floor with his ample tail. Sir Richard bent down to fondle the dog, taking no notice of Adam's recognition, although it was most satisfactors to fine. tion, although it was most satisfactory to fine as known and acknowledged at once.

"Caser, poor Caser, this is a good welcome home, I hope you will live many years to give

me such a welcome "

"You are welcome home, Sn Richard," his old servant, now somewhat recovered from his

surprise, found breath to say.

4 Forced prayers are no devotion, Adam, 1 have no thanks to give for such a welcome, " was

the ungracious reply.

"To whom do these gloves belong?" askec. Sir Richard, pointing to several pairs lying on

"They were Sir Robert's sir, and the young ladies will not allow them to be moved." "And those canes, these hats?" pointing to

each as they were named. "These also belonged to Sir Robert, the coung ladies will not have anything that belonged to his person touched, or removed out

"Have them burned by to-morrow morning, let them never offend my sight again," spoken in a calm voice as if he gave an ordinary com

mand.
"What rooms do you use now?"

"When we have no company, the lower dining and drawing rooms, there has been no company here since Sir Robert's death."

"Open the drawing room."

The old man did as he was bid, Sir Richard walked into a handsome room, the dark moroon velvet curtains, and carpets of which set off by contrast, the silver and gold plate with which the sideboard was laden, a large fire burning in the grate was the only light in the room, the red glow and deep shadows it flung around, giving an air of solemn beauty that accorded well with the pictures of old knights in their armour, and their ladies in the pow-dered hair, and stiff ruff of the time when Mary of Guise held Court at Holyrood, who looked down from the old walls, on the last man of their race, as he came among them again from his long banishment.

"You have made quite an improvement here," said Sir Richard, as he quitted the dining room, "who are in the drawing room? I hear several voices."

"Lady Morton, the two young ladies, and General Lindsay's son, Captain Arthur."

"Who is Lady Morton?" "Lady Hamilton's sister."

"Who brought young Lindmy here?"

"He came with Lady Morton, the young ladies were visiting for a week at Inchdrewer since Sir Robert's death, Lady Morton and Captain Lindsay accompanied them home."

"Has Lady Hamilton been here since I went "The night of Sir Robert's death, she came

here about midnight, after the body was laid out, and remained an hour by his side in prayer; she was never here before, she has not been since."

" Open the drawing room door." Adam did as he was bid, announcing "Sir Richard Cuninghame," repeating the name



A FRIENDLY GREETING.

fear as the unexpected guest approached them, I man be believed to be his father was, that I young girls, he turned with the utmost suavity while their visitors looked with awe on the nan whom they saw for the first time, and had so long believed to be a tenant of the tomb.

Sir Richard lowed with studied politeness to Lady Morton and Captain Lindsay, and seating himself opposite the twin girls, who occupied one couch, examined carefully, first the features

of Agnes, then those of Margaret. If there had been the least shade of likeness to Lady Hamilton, in either face, the colour of eye or hair, the form of check or lip, the slightest expression or air of her he had worshipped as a divinity in his youth, and strive as he might, could not now in his old age tear from his heart, but loved with all the romance of a boy, all the strength of his manhood, if the dimple from her smile, the uplifting of her eye, had only left the slightest impress on these young faces, what a different fate in life might have been theirs; nay not only theirs alone, its influence would have shown itself in all their after life, extending even to the death bed of the hard old man who sat with almost bated breath, searching for the Douglas eyo, the Douglas hand, anything however slight, which could strike the electric chain which bound him to Isabel Douglas. No, it could not be, there was neither shade nor line of the Douglas blood in either fair face, it was Hamilton, all Hamilton, the hated eye, the hated air of handsome William Hamilton, the very face which excited all his evil passions in the boy he stole, because he fancied that to him his mother's brow and lip were given; and when the boy grew, and he saw he was every inch a Hamilton, he in his hatred of the father in the innocent son, became day by day more fiendlike, until the seed he had sown with so nendike, until the seed he had sown with so unsparing a hand, bore fruit, and the boy be-came a man who also wished for revenge; and he had it, most amply, while his persecutor counting the days and weary hours, longing for death and it came not, passed an age of worldly woe, between the bare wall of a prison cell in

his own Castle. The two girls evinced no surprise, but And did the law of retribution not work also he had gained all the information, which face coloured deeply, and seemed to shrink with in the life of Robert Cuninghame? hated as the

matted gray head in the castern tower, came between him and every soft loving caress of his beautiful wife, every dimpled smile of his innocent children; and now those tenderly cherished and dearly loved daughters were i the power of the man, he himself had helped to make twice a fiend.

The entrance of Sir Richard had filled everyone present with the utmost surprise, except the girls, they knew he had been confined in the eastern tower, that he had made his escupe there from, that the story of his death abroad was a myth, and they had been in daily fear of his walking in upon them, as he had now

But it was not the courtly gentleman who now sat opposite them, they expected to see but a bearded maniac, and the shiver which passed through each slight frame, as they glanced furtively at the cold glittering black eye, which seemed to scan their immost thoughts with the intense look fixed on their faces, told what they knew already that they had more cause to dread the same man than the mad-

man of their imagination. They had often talked to each other of the captive of the tower, and in their walks around the Castle, and its pleasure grounds would start at each hare or rabbit that crossed their paths, fancying the fiend like man their father had sent them to feed would start forth upon them, and perhaps tear them to pieces; so strong had this fear grown upon them, that they did not dare to leave the house, not even to wander on the lawn dotted with its little flower beds, with-

out being accompanied by Adam.

Now that the real Sir Richard was before them, their hearts beating almost audibly, as their eyes fell under the piercing glance of those basilisk eyes, they intuitively felt, that the handsomely dressed punctilious gentleman, they now knew as their grandfather, was a hundred times more to be dreaded than the

naniac their fevered fancies had conjured up. When Sir Richard had satisfied himself that

to Lady Morton saying.
"Lady Morton, I believe?"

The lady bowed in acknowledgement to her

" I had the happiness of knowing your sister, Lady Hamilton, as Miss Douglas; since she be-came Lady of Inchdrewer we have scarcely met." "Lady Hamilton leaves her Castle walls so

seldom, this does not surprise me," was the lady's answer "besides your long absence abroad made it impossible, for those who never left their Scottish homes to see you."

"True, this night is the first time in eighteen

years, I have entered the doors of my own Cas-tle; I find things have not deteriorated in my absence, I am old now, I will not again be inclined to roum." As he spoke the two girls looked at him with

great wondering eyes, and each asked herself the same question; "could their lather have been labouring under a delusion, when he sent them to feed the prisoner in the tower chamber ?'

"Lady Hamilton must be many years your senior," continued Sir Richard, still addressing Lady Morton.

"She certainly is my senior, although I am frequently mortified by having her called the younger of the two, she looks so much younger than I do, yet I have no cause to complain," continued she smiling, "we Douglasses are a long lived race, a stranger would not fancy I had counted forty years."

As Lady Morton ceased speaking, Sir Richard gazed in unfeigned surprise, at the smooth check and bright eyes of the speaker, the long heavy curls of her raven hair, her slight elastic figure, all betokening a woman scarce thirty years old.

"Lady Hamilton must have passed a life of greater happiness, than falls to the lot of most mortals, if with ten years more than you have

seen, she seems younger than you."
"As you know Sir Richard, she has not been exempt from the ills of life, she has had more than one startling episode of grief, the loss of would be highly improper, as well as useles

her oldest son, the first and sorest; her gallant young husband's death, so far from home, he, the brave and true, the loved of all, his grave so unapproachable in the deep blue sea, over which she cannot weep; and then fair Margaret Ifamilton's departure, we could scarcely call it death, we almost saw her enter the heavens; these to most women would be griefs which kill, but Isabel has a consolation known to few in the strong faith which for her forms a bridge over which she passes at will to hold commu-nion with her beloved dead.

When Lady Morton ceased speaking, there

was a pause of some minutes, interupting which her Ladyship said as if the circumstance had just occurred to her.

"Sir Richard allow me to introduce you to

Captain Arthur Lindsay, a distant relation of yours, and your heir at law but for these young

The inclination Sir Richard gave his head The inclination Sir Richard gave his head when introduced to Captain Lindsay, was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, causing the lady to imagine he did not exactly realize who the young gentleman was, and she added "a son of General Lindsay you know."

"I was aware of the young man's name and parentage previous to entering the room," was the ungracious reply, delivered with a stony British stare full in the face of the person spoken of.

spoken of.

Lady Morton now recollected a fend which had naily Morion now reconserved a sent which may subsisted between the Cuninghames and Lindsay's for two or three generations tack; Sir Robert had wisely ignored such time respected usages, decuring them more honoured in the breach than the observance, but it was evident the old foul was sacred in Sir . ichnid's eves. the old fend was sacred in Sir . ichard's eyes, and she resolved to shape her course accordingly, "Can you send me home to night Sir Rich-

and 9" she asked, "I have been here for a week, and my own carriage was sent back to Inch-drewer to do daty for Lady Hamilton, her's having met with an accident."

⁶ My carriage is at your Ladyship's service, shall I order it? was Sir Richard's prompt reply, with his hand already on the bell pull.
⁶ Thank you very much.

The lady accompanied by the twin sisters, at once retired to arounge her dress for her drive home, it was a short distance, not over five miles, and she felt glad to leaven house, where tittle foresight was required to see the spirit of discord had entered together with the master, whose return would be loosed upon by his grand children, and dependants, as their mis-

Arrived within the precincts of the room occupied by Isaly Morton during her visit to Haddon, the two girls gave attenues to their feelings, throwing her arms around Lady Mor-ton's neck. Agnes was the first to speak. "Oh Lady Morton, what shall become of us?

that terrible man he looked in both our faces as if he would slay us, and he has not yet spo-ken one word to either Margaret or me."

"There is but one course left for you to pur-sue. Sir Richard Cuninghame has never borno a character of great aimiability or consideration for others, but report generally lessens the good in us, and magnifies the evil; there is a soft side in every human heart, you must be loving, dutiful to him, find favour in his sight, endeavour to think of him only as the parent of the father you have loved so well; and pray to God to enable you to do your duty, be assured it will all come right in the end."

"I cannot be loving, or what others would call dutiful to him, I know too much of his evil deeds. The last words we ever heard our dear Father speak were words of warning, Fidding us beware of this awful man."

"My dear Agnes," replied Lady Morton smiling, "your imagination has carried you beyond your better judgment, when your Father was in life, and for years before you were born, Sir Richard Cuninghame was deemed. a tenunt of the grave, how then could your Father have warned you to beware of him T "Take my word for it the best course for you o pursue is a conciliatory one, I know you think he will endeavour to make you give up Arthur Lindsay, and no doubt he will, but in a few years you will be free to judge for yourself; he cannot disinherit you, and if he could. Arthur Lindsay is his heir, do what is right and cave the result to God, pray to him to lead you in the way you should go, so will ye have

good success."
"I cannot love Sir Richard Cuninghame, I loathed and dreaded him before ever I saw his face, I could not let my eyes rest on his were it to make me Queen of England from sea to sea, and as to giving up Arthur Lindsay, one whom my darling Father approved so highly as the husband of my choice, never, never; Oh! Lady Morton take us with you to Inchdrewer, I could not sleep within the same walls which shelter that terrible man. I know Lady Hamilton will make us welcome, she told us she loved us as her own children."

The girl paused exhausted by the emotion she could not control, standing in front of Ludy Morton, with clasped hands, her eyes almost wild with excitement, she waited for the reply which she believed was to scal her

Lady Morton put her arm round the excited girl's waist, and drawing her towards her, sat down on a soft, placing one of the sisters

"Listen to me." said she, "and I will in a few words convince you that what you propose,



In the first place you owen duty to your Grand-father that no reasoning whatever can excuse you from, the love you gave your Father which of its own accord, growing with your growth, and strengthening with your strength, you must as far as possible transfer to him. I do not propose that you should for one moment forget your beloved dead."

That would be impossible," exclaimed both girls in one breath.

"I know it would, neither is it desirable;

some of the most blessed hours of our existence are those spent in recalling the counsels, the love and care bestowed upon us by those who have passed from our sight. But Sir Richard is your grandfather, your natural guar-dian, and as such is entitled to whatever affection you are able to bestow; believe me, my dear children, his life has been a very loyeless one, you will not be wasting your affection on an already surcharged heart, there has been little stirring of the depths of love in his own soul, and to that little a very weak response: but to show you that he is not all unworthy, I will tell you a secret, he was once Lady Hamilton's love. Now you both, all helpless as you feel yourselves to be, have a great work, given you of God to perform, to bring this wayward man by the puritying influence of this mighty power of love into the green pastures of the Lord, and by the quiet waters of His grace;

will you try?
"I cannot," replied Agnes, her

hands clasped convulsively to her breast,
"But I will try," said Margaret in a voice replete with emotion, her tears falling down like rdn. "You know not what a hard task you have set me; if you knew what we know, how he persecuted our dear Father, when he was but a little child, so small that his very helplessness would have pleaded for him int e breast of a savage. Oh! with all those memories it will indeed be a hard task."
"Margaret, dear child," said her self elected

monitor, "do you remember how breathless we all were the morning we climbed the steep heights of Ben More, how often we sat down to rest by the way, and how near we were giving up the attempt to reach the top?"

I do, and how we forgot all our toilsome ascent, when we saw the sun rise from out the

"Then so shall it be with you, the Master has left us word, "Pray for them who despite-fully use you," "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted '

"Now for a few words more; listen to me Agnes, until you are twenty-one years of age, you dare not oppose your Grandfather by continning to see, or even to correspond with Arthur Lindsay; the law gives Sir Richard full power over all your actions for nearly six years to come, he dislikes Arthur for the same reason that he disliked his father, and his grandfather, because he is a Lindsay; keep your own counsel, say nothing of your engagement until you are free to choose for yourself."

"Arthur Lindsay is well worth waiting for, you will be a wiser wife at twenty-one, than at eighteen, and Arthur will be better able to surround you with the comforts you have been accustomed to from your birth.

As she ceased speaking, Lady orton kissed Agnes bidding her good bye; to Margaret she

"Go nobly on in the good path you have chosen; the Lord give thee a rich reward."
Sir Richard handed Lady Morton to the car-

ringe, with the punctilious courtesy of his early manhood, going out on the piazza, and remaining there until the carriage was lost in the darkness, and at the same time ignoring entirely the presence of Arthur Lindsay.

"I will have a hard struggle with that old

man for the possession of Agnes," said the latter, as the carriage carried them out of

"You will, if you try your strength against his, for some years to come, and be most assuredly foiled in the attempt. I have been counselling Agnes not to obtrude her confidence on him, but to wait until she is her own mis-

The old fend between the Lindsay's and Cuninghames is as strong in that man's mind as ever it was in the old time between your forefuthers; the vulgar proverb is a strong and good one—" It is as well to let sleeping

I will think of what you say, but I must at all risks see Agnes before I leave for London, it strikes me that neither of the girls will lead too happy a life with that stern old man, and worn to a premature grave, if it can be helped with or without law, in such a case I would not be too particular about the means, and as to the he would take, it would be confined to disinheriting her in favour of her sister, that would not hurt me more than the buzzing of a fly round my head on a summer's day."

your comfort, he is not able to do that, the entail is a very strict one, and when the estate passes from the male line, there is a special provision made for such a casualty as special provision made for such a casuaty as twin daughters, the eldest Agness, will in-herit Haddon Castle, rivers and land, the se-cond Margaret, Beldorne Hall with the finest deer forest in Scotland; dear child, with her quiet loving ways, I like her better than Ag-

"But I dont," was the reply of Agnes's handsome lover, "and I am so jealous of possessing her love entirely to myself, that it would please me to hear that every one admired and pre-ferred her blue eyed sister before her, as to me, it has always been, will always be, first Agnes than Margaret."

Arthur Lindsay's dark brown eyes, dilated with admiration as he spoke of his beloved, he of all others need fear no rival, he had all Arnes Cuninghames true heart, every inch of it, she loved him with a pure and true love, and so well she might, he was handsome above his fellows, one of the gentle Lindsay's, a name renouncd throughout broad Scotland, synonimous with success in love and war; when the youth of the Lothiaus met to ride the ring, Arthur Linusay was always king; search the wide Lothians from the Forth to the Clyde, like him none could stood bestride; seek from Cornwall to John O'Grosts, like him none could wield a brand; in the battles of India, when deadly strokes fell thickest, Arthur Lindsay's sword fell sharpest, and quickest, and added to these qualities so attractive to woman, he posan open hand, a generous heart and was full of courtesy.

Agnes Cuninghame with her fifteen years

had won a lover fit for a Queen's daughter.
(In the departure of Lady Morton, Sir Rich-

expressed his disantisfaction at seeing her, by a fierce look which with one glance swept in, not only the timid fair-haired girl, but all her surroundings, his mind at the same time making a rough guess at what the cost of these surroundings must have been.

She saw that she was in his way, and going toward him, said in her sweet gentle voice, and with her dove like angel eyes half raised to

"Grandfather," she tried to preface the noun by " dear" but her tongue refused its office, she could not be so false 6 Grandfather, I came to see if I can be of any use to you before going to bed, is there anything I can do for you?"

Yes, returned he in a tone of quiet irony, "there are two things you can do for me," the girl raised her eyes to his face with a pleased look, " one is, when you take the trouble to address me, call me Sir Richard Cuninghame, I have no ambition to be Grandfather to a woman of your dimensions, the other is to leave the room as quickly as may be convenient to yourself, I prefer the society of my own thoughts, to the troublesome presence of such a nothing as

Margaret absolutely fied apstairs to her sister's apartment; she found Agnes sitting on a low fauteuil in front of the fire, her long au-burn bair released from its fastenings fell in wavy folds almost to the chair she sat on, covering her round as with a garment; turning round as her sister entered, she saw at once that Margaret had encountered the cold looks, and hard-words, she had warned her of, and dreading some thing even worse, the impetu-ous girl started to her feet and shaking her hair off her face, so us to make its heavy folds fall behind her white shoulders, she seized both hands of her sister, who panting from the exertion of crossing the long corridors, and as-cending the staircases so quickly, sunk down on the nearest sofa, with a face as white, and nearly as cold as marble.
"What is the matter? what did he do to

you?" exclaimed Agnes, her soft dark eyes lit up with anger, almost for the first time in

" He did nothing, he only ordered me to leave the room, and told me not to call him Grand-

" Is that all," replied her sister, " instead of osking like a ghost, and panting as if you were frightened to death you ought to be much obliged to him, I wish he would go to live at Beldorne Hall, or else allow us to go, and that we would never meet or see him more.

"You see," continued she, again seating her-self behind her sister " my words have come true, I knew he would come back, and come back to terment us."

"Yes Agnes, you always said he would, and although I said nothing, many a night when you were sound asleep, I have lain awake for hours, funcying he would burst into the room and kill us, you remember when I awoke you with my screams, it was because I dreamed he was coming in by the window, howling like a wild beast, and clothed in louthsome rags; we expected a madman to come back and tear as to picces, but this man is a gentleman, able to make as and every one else in the Castle do as he bids, and his fierce eyes tell, he will be no gentle master; Adam's face was as white as a sheet of paper when he shewed him into the draw-

ing-room."

"It is because he is so bad that papa shut

him up in that horrid place."

"I daresay it was," replied Margaret with a sigh, "and perhaps it made him no better, I know it would kill me to be shut up like that; but I think it would make a fierce man like him worse."

Verily, so it did t

(To be continued.)

CASTAWAY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECK-ED IN PORT," &C., &C.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAW OF EVIDENCE.

The rector had been talking for more than The rector had been talking for more than an hour. What had been sarcastically remarked for him in the pulpit, that "he lacked the power of compression," was certainly proved to be true by his attempt at secular narrative. He told the story of George's first quarrel with his father as he had heard it from Sir Geoffre of the manner in which he had been discarded; of the long period during which he had sup-ported himself; and of the manner in which Sir Geoffry received him on his return. Then Mr. Drage, becoming more circumstantial, re peated what Riley had said, and what Mr. Drew's servant had said about the high words passing between fither and son, and the man-ner in which the old soldler's servant had been ordered to turn his young master from the house. Upon this followed an account of the rector, in which the former tried to justify his proceedings, but was, Mr. Drage thought, finally convinced that he had been in the wrong, and not disinclined to make reparation. Then came Captain Cleethorpe's meeting with George in the street, in which the latter had betrayed his anxiety to avoid recognition. And the narrative concluded with a description of the arrest of the young man with his father's body in his

The rector ceased, and Mr. Moss, who find been sitting for the most part with his closed, swaying his body backwards and bringing togother and wards, and alternately separating the tips of his fingers, now and then making a pencil note, now and then elevating his cycbrows, but never in any way showing the slightest sign of interest or surprise, opened his eyes wide, and brought them to bear on his companion. But as he did not speak the rector took the initiative, and asked him what he

thought of it. "Well," said Mr. Moss, contracting his eye lids and speaking very slowly, "it is a strong onse of circumstantial evidence. Young man on the spot, blood on his clothes, the body in his arms; but feeling known to have existed be-tween him and his father; had been down here once before about the same time in the evening and knew were to find the old general. All these, neatly pleced together, make a very pretty case for Drew's people, or whoever they may choose to employ. What did he do it for? we should say. What did he got by it? Nothing they would reply. Don't propose to show that -bad tempered young man; done in a fit of had won a lover fit for a Queen's daughter.

On the departure of Lady Morton, Sir Richard reentered the lower drawing room, were margered was seated awaiting his arrival, he happened so long ago that all the particulars

would probably have been forgotten, and the mere fact alone preserved. But now we get voices in altereation and orderings-out; his knowledge of where the old general was to be conviding of where the old general was to be found at that time of the evening, and all the rest of it. Now this Riley," continued Mr. Moss, referring to his notes, "this man-servant Riley, as I gather from you, will be on unwilling witness against us? I say 'us," Mr. Drage, because though you were a great friend of the late Sir Gonfre, your semesting as I measures, with

Geoffry, your sympathies are, I presume, with the young man whom I represent ?! "I should endeavour to keep my sympathies "I should enactive to each my sympassics on the side of justice," said the rector gravely. "I could not at the first bring myself to believe that a son of my poor friend, no matter what had been his later surroundings, could have a surrounding a could be surrounded by the later. have committed such a crime. But I confess my sympathies were not with him until I be-came convinced of his entire innocence." "Oh," said Mr. Moss, looking across at him

with indi-closed eyes; "you became convinced of his entire innocence—well—well. And now about Riley, Mr. Drage. He is an Irishman, I believe ?

" He is." " Was formerly in the army, and has for years

been Sir Geolfy's body servant? oven Sir Geomy's body servant?"

"Exactly. He was passionately attached to his master; but he will not for an instant allow homself to believe that the young man in custody is guilty. He told me he felt that the honour of the family ought to be considered be-

Does Mr. Drew know what evidence this man can give?"

"Oh yes; he was talking of it here last will be called upon to prove that the bitter feeling existed between the father and

"And in his endeavour not to prove it, or to prove as little of it as possible, Mr. Riley will make a nice case of it for us," said Mr. Moss, shaking his head. "I shouldn't wonder," he continued, speaking more to himself than to his companion, "if, when Drew got my telegram, he sent up for Netherton Whifile or Fairland; and this would be just the sort of fellow to full into their hands. They would turn him inside-out like a glove. Now lot me see," he added, referring to his notes, "what else have I to ask about—oit, Mrs. Pickering."

"Well, sir," said the rector, sharply, "what of her."

"Mrs. Pickering," said Mr. Moss, still at his notes, "is the sister of Miss Rose Plerrepoint, and was housekeeper to &c. By the way," he said, turning over a leaf, "luven't I something about Mrs. Pickering ou the spot at the time? Yes, here it is— Found senseless outside the window, supposed to be suffering under a concussion of the brain.' That's awkward—Mrs. Pickering would be a most important witness."

Pickering would be a most important witness."

"She would indeed," said the rector.

"Yes," said Mr. Moss, peering curiously at him with half-shut eyes, "as you say, she would indeed. By the way, Mr. Drage, you made use of an expression a short time ago which I should like to have a little farther explanation upon. You say that your sympathies were with this young man since you have been convinced of his innocence. That is rather a strong purase, and one which I, as his attorney, am of course glad to hear made use of by a gentleman in your position. Now, will you kindly tleman in your position. Now, will you kindly make me acquainted with your grounds for en-tertaining this conviction?"

Mr. Drage saw that he was in a dangerous position, and that he must be very careful, or Mar-garet's secret would be discovered. "I scarcely he stammered-" a sort of general-sort

"Exactly," said Mr. Moss. "Now you haven't seen the accused since he was taken into custody, I believe?" " I have not."

"Then the sources of this conviction cannot have been supplied by him. Very sad thing about this Mrs. Pickering, and concussion of the brain you say. I suppose that she was at once removed to her own room."

Certainly, so soon as the first excitement was over."

as over."
"When did the doctor see her last?"
"Late last night, I believe." "Have you heard what was the latest re-

"No, I have not." "When did you see her last, Mr. Drage?"
"She sent for me last night, just before the

"Sent for you?" said Mr. Moss. "Oh, then the concussion of the brain was better?

"Ye-yes," said the rector, growing very hot

"Ye-yes," said the rector, growing very hot and uncomfortable.
"Sufficiently better to enable her to talk to you about what had occurred?"
"Yes," said the rector, "I think so,"
"It is now," said Mr. Moss, quietly looking at his watch, "half-past eleven o'clock; the express for London leaves at twolve twenty-three. Please to tell me, my dear sir, whether I am to return by that express or not."

"Mr. Moss!" cried the rector.

" Mr. Drage," interrupted the gentleman adtressed, "my time is valuable to me and to others; I cannot afford to-pardon the expres others; I cannot annot co-parton one expres-sion—fool it away. You might have spared yourself the whole of the long story you have told me, and all my speculations and inquiries, if you had merely informed me that Mrs. Pick-than both talked with you about last nights ering had talked with you about last night's occurrence. I now ask you plainly, whether am to be made acquainted with what am to be made acquainted with what Mrs. Pickering has told you or not; if I am not to be so informed, I shall throw up the case and eturn to London immediately.

Mr. Drage was silent for a moment; then he said, "Will it not suffice you to know that she declares George Heriol to be innocent."

" Not the least in the world," said Mr. Moswith the nearest approach to petulance which he had yetshown. "The only way of establishing the man's innocence without establishing another's guilt is by proving an alibi, which is impossible in this case, where the man is taken on the spot. I tell you plainly, Mr. Drage, I must have no half measures now; my proper course would be to go to Mrs. Pickering and en-denvour to get her to tell me the story, but as it has already been told to you and as she b probably too weak to repeat it with safety to rself, I look to you for it."
"And if I decline to tell it?" said the rector.

"If you decline to tell it, I throw up the case and return to town. It will be for the gentleman who replaces me to tell you what will be the probable result.

"Suppose the information I possess was imparted to me in the strictest confidence," said the rector, after some little deliberation, "what

would you say to that?"

"Suppose this innocent man is hanged before his friends decided to come forward and state what they know, what would you say to that?" "Good Heavens, such a thought is too awful; such a miscarriage of justice could never take

"Ton minutes to twelve, Mr. Drage," said the lawyer, again referring to his watch, "and it will take me twenty minutes' drive to the sta-

"What am I to do?" cried the rector. "This is a matter of the most vital importance. Of course a secret will be safe with you?"

Mr. Moss smiled quietly. "If you only knew

" Yes, but even when you know it, you can

make no use of it," said Mr. Drage.
"That is for me to determine," said the law-" Come, sir, five minutes more have gone,

and is is time for you to decide."

"Then I will tell you all I know," said the rector. "I am doing it for the best—Heaven grant that I may be right in my judgment."

"No doubt about that," said Mr. Moss shortly.

"Now be as brief and as clear as possible,

"This young man, George Herlot," com-menced Mr. Drage, "was not even present at the time of Sir Geoffry's death. Mrs. Pickering, who had been strolling in the grounds to get some air, heard Sir Geoffry call out in an un-usually high tone of voice, and came as quickly as possible to the window. There she found him struggling with a man whose back was towards her. She saw the old man beaten with heavy blows; she saw him full lifeless under his assaillant's grlp, but she was power-less to move or even to call out. Then the man faced round, but seeing her at the window stag-green leads?

" Did he recognise her ?" asked Mr. Moss " He did, and sho him; the recognition was mutual. He recovered himself in an instant and dashed through the window, flinging her, who strove to stop him, heavily to the ground."

"I see," marmured Mr. Moss, serowing up his eyes and looking into the fire, "this young licriot must have come up just afterwards. He had been hiding about in the neighbourhood all day, waiting to see his father; knew where to find him alone about that time, and was coming to make his hast appeal. That hooks on all right. Now," he continued, looking up at the rector, "you would have told me all this before, of course, if Mrs. Biotestable had ealthis before, of course, if Mrs. Pickering had not some motive for wishing the real ruffian to remain unknown, 1 am a man of the world, sir, and obliged to

speak plainly when we come to such close quarters. Was he her lover?" quarters. Was he her lover ""
"Sir," cried Mr. Drage, "she loathed and des-

"Cela n'empiche pas," muttered Mr. Moss to himself. "Who was this man; father, brother, or what? He must have been some relation?"

"He was her husband," said the rector,

faintly.
"The deuce he was!" said Mr. Moss, really surprised. That looks bad for Pickering. By the way, I heard she was a widow; but it seems that Pickering is not dead."

"The unhappy lady is not a widow," said r. Drage. "Her husband is alive; and. Mr. Drage. as I told you, it was he who committed this fearful crime. But his name is not Picker-

That is excessively probable," said Mr. Moss. "Now your dislike to enter into family particulars is quite intelligible; but as I shall have to know this man's name, you may as well tell it me at once. What is it?"
"His name is Vane," said the rector, "Philip

Mr. Moss started. "Not Philip Vane, who is connected with the Terra del Fuegos mine ?" he

"The same," said Mr. Drage. Mr. Moss gave a long low whistle. "It takes a good deal to surprise me," he remarked, "but confess you have done it." "Do you know the man?" asked the rector.

"Very well," cried Mr. Moss; "that is to sny, I have mot him out at dinner, and have a nodding acquaintance with him. Struck me as being a clever man too, who would be likely to keep out of such a scrape as this. Now, if you please, describe to me the relation between the lady whom we call Mrs. Pickering and Mr.

"He married her years ago, when she was an actress," said the rector, with an ellort; "he lived upon her salary until he saw his way to they should never meet again; that their marriage, known to themselves alone, should be forgotten, and that they were each free to follow their own devices. She has never seen him since they parted until last night."

"But she has heard of him, of course," said Mr. Moss—" has heard that he was going to marry the widow of my old friend Bendixen, a

woman of large property ?"

" She did hear that,"

"And did she take no action?"
"None that he was cognisant of,"
"Very well answered," said the lawyer, "You have improved immensely, sir, during this examination. So that it was not to see his

wife that Vane came down here?" " He was not so far as I believe, even con scious of her presence at Wheateroft," said the rector.

"Then what brought him down here?" "This is the second time he has been at Wheateroft. He came before to see Sir Geoffry on business, I believe, but I do not know

"We can get them from Mrs. Pickering," said Mr. Moss. "By her aid I think we shall be able to pull young Heriot out of this its; but without her, I don't know what we should have done.

"You will depend, then, greatly on Mrs. Pickering's evidence, Mr. Moss?" asked the rector with some hesitation. "Greatly! Entirely, so far as I see," said the

hwyer.
"Evidence as to what she saw, as to who "Undoubtedly! She will be asked who com-

mitted it and every particular about it." " And suppose she were to refuse to answer ?" " It she refuses to answer she would undoubt-

edly he committed to prison for contempt of court," said Mr. Moss. "But why on earth should she refuse?" " Because, however badly she has been treated by her husband, she could not bear to be the by her hisband, she could not bear to be the means of bringing him to a shameful death." "I don't want her to be the means of doing

anything of the kind," said Mr. Moss; "all I want her to do is, to save my client."

"That is what she is most anxious to do.
But I told her it was impossible to prove the

Philip Vane into the hangman's hands."
"Dear me. dld you indeed!" said Mr. Moss. That's a nice round phrase about the hangman's hands; but your tastes, my dear sir, have probably led you to other studies than those o

riminal law. Your ideas on that point are apparently very vague."
"Ito you mean to sa say that Mrs. Pickeriug

ould prove George Heriot's inaccence without incriminating her husband?"
"Certainty not. She must incriminate him. But what you were talking about was, if you recollect, the hangman's hands.' Let me put it to you plainly. I intend to call Mrs. Pickering, and by a series of questions make her give evidence of the circumstances of the murder. I shall seek her who committed it, and she shall ask her who committed it, and sho will have to answer truly, giving her husband's

name." "She will never do it, she will never do it!" said the rector. " Is not that giving him up to

death? "Not at all, my dear sir. This is just the critical point where your knowledge of the law

all I know, my dear sir, or had heard half what I breaks down. If the bue-and-ory is sent after I have listened to in my life, you would have no doubt about that."

It has breaks down. If the bue-and-ory is sent after Mr. Philip Vane, and he is taken and brought to justice, the lady whom we call Mrs. Pickering Mr. Philip Vane, and he is taken and brought to justice, the lady whom we call Mrs. Pickering could not be examined for or against him inasmuch as the wife of an accused is not a com-

much as the wife of an accused is not a com-petent witness to be examined for the prosecu-tion or the defence,"

"Is that so?" asked the rector.

"That is very much so," said Mr. Moss, "as many of my clients have learned to their great delight. You seem yet a little dazed; now listen to me and I will make it perfectly plain. If to me and I will make it perfectly plain. If you committed a murder and I were accused, your wife could be examined on my behalf, and could give evidence like any, ordinary witness, and subject to the same pomatics, if she could prove you committed it; but if in consequence of her evidence you were accused, she could not be examined."

"Then George Horlot will be acquitted, and lightly when the could be acquitted, and

Philip Vane left to find his punishment in the torture of his own conscience."

Then from what I know of Mr. Vane, he

is Then from what I know of Mr. vane, no will get off very lightly. However, what you mean is this, that he will not suffer at the hands of the law. I should say, certainly not; his wife, so far as I can see at present, is the only witness against him, and her mouth is scaled."

Thank Heaven for that!" said the rector, faintly

faintly.

"I have heard several eminent criminals to Mass. "though they equally grateful," said Mr. Moss, "though they expressed themselves in different language. I will now go down to the Galidhall, and have a

with now go down to the Galidhall, and have a talk with this young man; this conversation with you enables me to take good news to him, but I have a letter in pocket which I expect he will like better than anything I could say."

"And I will go to Mrs. Pickering," said Mr. Drage, "happy in being able to relieve her mind of that fearful anxiety which I know now hearts it. Van will not see in the theorement. besets it. You will not go up till the evening train now, Mr. Moss, and I hope you will dine here hefore you leave."

Mr. Moss agreed, and the gentlemen separ-

The name and fame of Messrs. Moss and Moss, of There is a state of the second in every assize town in the kingdom; and though Mr. Leopold Moss but rarely left London, where he was al-ways in request, his personal appearance was known to the old superintendent of the county anown to the old superinfendent of the county police in charge of the Gulidhall at Springside, who, on occasional visits to the Old Balley, for recognition purposes, had had the famous criminal lawyer pointed out to him. Consequently Mr. Moss, when he asked to see the prisoner who had been brought in on the previous night on a charge of murder, was received with courters, and walted near the research of the county of t tesy, and waited upon by the superintendent

"A bad case this, sir," said the old man, as he led the lawyer along the corridor; "looks bad on the face of it, though by no means con-clusive in my own mind."

o Glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Moss; being retained for the defence, I may say I am of the same mind. By the way, have any of your people gone to look at the state of the premises?"—I mean inside the grounds, broken paling, bent twig, footmarks, and so on."

"I sent two of my smartest men first thing this morning, sir, and they have been at it ever since, for they have not come back yet."

"Right," said Mr. Moss; "I knew you would not omit anything of that kind. Let me see, when did I see you hast?"
"At the C. C. C., last January twelve months."

"a When you came to prove former convic-tions against Thornbill, the bigamist—wasn't

"It was, sir," said the old man. "I am proud to think you should have recollected it. But what a memory you must have!"
"Well, yes," said Mr. Moss, diffidently. "You

see, I find it useful occasionally. Oh, this is the place !"
"Yes," said the superintendent, whispering as he unlocked the door, "having known poor Sir Geoffry, and having my own views on the subject, I put him in here instead of one of the

ordinary cells."

The room in which Mr. Moss found himself was long and low, the windows were heavily barred, and there was no furniture beyond a chair and a table. George Heriot, who had been the noise of the opening door, and stared with astenishment at his visitor, who advanced and

put out his hand to him.

"You do not know me, Mr. Heriot," said the stranger.

"I am Mr. Leopold Moss, of the firm of Moss and Moss, solicitors, London, I have been retained for your defence."
"Retained for my defence! By whom, sir?"

"By a very charming young lady, who in-structed me to deliver to you this letter, and your aunt. Read away, Mr. Herlot, don't mind me. I understand the circumstances, and can

When George Heriot replaced the letter in his pocket, his cheeks were burning. "Sh least does not believe in my guilt," he said.

"Of course not; no more do I," said Mr. Mess,
I should not have shaken hands with you, if I had the smallest doubt about it in my own had the smallest doubt hoods it in my over mind. Ours is not too cleanly a profession, and I see a great many odd phases of life; but when I have to do business with a scamp, I always hold it to be enough to attend to his business without shaking bands with him."

without shading hands with him."

"I am afraid you will have a very difficult
task before you, Mr. Moss," said the young man.

"I was completely dazed last night, and even
now I have scarcely recovered the power of
thinking. But from the little use I can make
of my muddled brain, I perceive that the case
to coorfully strong against me." is fearfully strong against me. "It looked so to mo at first," said Mr. Moss; but I have received some information since I came down here, which, though I am any-

thing but a sanguine man, makes me look forward to effecting your release very speedily, I should say on the first, or at worst, the adjourned examination. There can be no pretence for ending the case for trial."

sending the case for trial."

The news was almost too much for George, who, in his excitement, clutched hold nervously of Mr. Moss's arm, and said, "Thank God for that! Can you tell me what has happened, and what you have heard?"

what you have heard "
"Not now," said Mr. Moss, kindly, gently
pushing him into the chair. "You are not
strong enough to hear the story, and I have yet
some of the detail to work up before it would be proper for me to tell it to you. But I may say that you will owe your resence to a lady, and one who, I hope, will very shortly be related to you. I mean Mrs. Pickering."

"Related to me_Mrs. Pickering_I never heard the name!"
"Never heard the name, my good sir! The excitement has indeed upset you. I mean Mrs. Pickering, the housekeeper at Wheateroft, sister of Rose Plerrepoint.

"Roso's sister? What! Madge?
"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Moss. "She
was an actress once; and on the way in which she plays her part at the examination, rest your

chances of speedy release."

The mid-day train, by which the London morning newspapers arrived at Springside, brought down with it three well-dressed, Jollylooking gentlemen, of portly appearance and pleasant manners. They began to smoke and laugh and tell each other stories of common





friends as the train left Paddington, and they were still in the height of their enjoyment when t arrived at Springside. After they alighted they went to the best hotel, and had an excel-ent luncheon. Having ordered dinner and bed-teoms, they sallied forth into different quarters

Fir. Leopold Moss, walking up from the Guild-it to the rectory to fulfil his dinner appointmed with Mr. Drage, saw one of these gentlemen swaggering jauntily down the other side of the street, and exchanged with him a pleasant

"Ah," said Mr. Moss to himself, "Gottover already. Those Mercury people are cer-The must be Streeter, too, talking to the fly-ter and Wage coming down the Wheateroft, ord, This is going to be a big case, or at all events those celebrated specials will make it

And before going to the rectory, Mr. Leopold as telegraphed to the firm, unless particulty wanted, he should make Springside his enacters for the next two or three days.

(To be continued.)

FAMILY FEUDS:

WILL HE TELL?

T.an lated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaborian.

CHAPTER XVI .- Continued.

After the death of his sister young Mosley left frehand to try his fortunes in England. He was passably well off at the time, for in addition to the proceeds of the sale of Annie's cottage and farniture, he had come into possession of the greater part of the sum of money hidden by Coreoran under the hearth of the large bedroom. He was therefore enabled to look about him before deciling upon the next step to be taken. Finally be embraced the career of a strolling actor, and in time rose to a very fair position on the Provincial stage, from which being of a saving disposition he was enabled to retire, after some lifteen years, with a sufficient income to maintain him with comfort, if not in absolute ease for the rest of his days.

He now felt himself at liberty to give himself up entirely to his schemes of revenge, and after satisfying himself of the wherenbouts of the Coleraines, he set about searching for the Ryans. in the hope of inducing them to become his ac-complies in his plans for vengeance. After weeks spent in vain search, he at last found a cho, and one day towards the close of the year he presented himself at the door of the hovel in the Cat-and-mutton Fields, with which the rea-der is already acquainted. He opened his enquiries by asking for Ryan, and was considerably astonished not to say disgusted to learn that he was dead. He next asked after the brother, but of him the widow knew absolutely nothing. As a last chance he mentioned the name of the Coleraines, At once the old woman hame of the Coleraines, At once the old woman became communicative. Yes, she had heard of Lady Coleraine. During her poor dear husband's lifetime her ladyship had supported them, but after his death she had withdrawn her patronage. Why she'could not say.

Mosley was thunderstruck. Here was the very thing he wanted. For, he argued with himself, what could have been Lady Coleraine's protect for supporting Repairs for the lines.

motive for supporting Ryan's family, unless Ryan himself had some hold upon her. The thought flashed upon him like lightning. "What if Lady Coleraine had murdered Annie, who so likely to know of it as Ryan, who, he knew, was always prowling about the house? And the murderess, would she not be too glad to purchase Ryan's silence at any price? After Ryan's acath, fearing nothing from his family, she willdrew her patronnge." Here was the secret that Ryan's widow could not penetrate.

In an instant his plans were laid. "Listen," he said, haying a gold piece upon the table, "do you want to carn more of these?" The old woman's eyes flashed greatly as she

cagerly assented.

eagerly assented.

"Then do just what I tell you."

Then bidding her take pen and paper he dictated a letter to Lady Coleraine, requesting her presence at Mrs. Ityan's hotel(!) the next day between twelve and four, on business connected with the "affair at the Reach." The letter concluded: "If you do not come I shall take a certain letter to Lord Coleraine;" and was signed by Mrs. Penn herself.

This done Mosley give his instructions. If Lady

that went on in the front room. A few minutes after twelve a woman entered, and peopling through the crack of the open door he at one recognised, notwithstanding her disguise, Lady Coleraine, After some conversation the stranger went off, and on entering the room he found the woman ityan gazing in astonishment on a twenty pound note which she had demanded

and obtained from her ladyship.
Then his surmises were right, Lady Coleraine
was his sister's murderess, and he held in his
hands all that was necessary to avenge the murder in the cruellest way.

Week after week letters were sent to Lady Coleraine, or as she should now be called, Lady Scarborough, demanding money under pain of exposure. And to all she answered. She was even compelled to bring the money herself.

's next step was to write an anonymous etter to Lord Scarborough, bidding him watch his wife. This had its desired effect, for though this lordship would on ordinary occusions have taken no notice of such a communication, her ladyship's conduct had of late been so strange as vonwakened suspicions in him. he followed her, saw her enter Ryan's hovel and returned home vowing to solve this mys-

tery.

His first act on reaching home was to search Lady Scarborough's room; everything was in confusion, drawers, and jewellery-boxes un-locked, rich dresses strewed about the room, presses left open. Evidently her ladyship had left in a great hurry and had given orders to her maid to leave her room untouched. After a few minute's search Lord Searborough iit upon something that uponed his eyes—a certificate of the marriage of Frederick Somerville and Annie Mosley. How did Ludy Scarborough come with this? His mind involuntarily recurred to his wife's jealousy of Annie, and, like a stunning blow, the revelation came upon him-his wife

was Annie Mosley's murderess i

This decided him as to the course he would follow. He could not act alone, so he was compelled to take into his confidence his valet Clark, a quick-witted fellow with a peculiar ge nius for intrigues, from whom, however, he with-held his suspicious of his wife's guilt. In the meantime he took care to provide himself with disguises and gave orders to his valet to bring all the letters which came to the house to him. Then he awaited events.

He had not long to wait. On Saturday, the 19th February, a letter came for Lady Scarborough desiring her presence at Ryan's, the following night at eleven o'clock.

The next day Lord Scarborough went out in the next day Lord Scarborough went day long the next day and the next d

The next day Lord scarporough were out in the afternoon. At ten in the evening two fe-male figures left the house, and took an easterly direction. Instantly a man, apparently a dock-labourer by his costume, slouched out from the shade where he had stood hidden, and followed the two women. On reaching the first cabstand the two builed a cab—the only one there—and drove off in the direction of Bothnal Green. The man did not seem disconcerted, for after seeing them onter the cab, he slouched off down a by-way. But once out of sight of the stand he started off on a run, until passing an empty hausom he halled it and drove off—also in the direction of Bethial Green. This man was Lord Scarborough. The two women were Lady Scarborough and her maid, whom she also had

partly taken into confidence.
On dismissing the cab in the neighbourhood of Ryan's den, Lord Scarborough remarked the sound of wheels in the neighbourhood—not as of a retiring vehicle, but as if one were approaching. On leaving the house he had given strict orders to his valet to remain in the house, but he knew the man sufficiently well to be sure that he would disobey him. It must be his valet that was following him. But earling little for such safequager he reads his way with little for such esplonage he made his way with great difficulty through the mud and half-melted snow to the thieves' kitchen. Then, raising bimself to the window he peeped through a crack in the shutter. This is what he saw. Lady Scarborough and her maid were seated at a table with two villatinous-looking men and a young man dressed as a soldier. In the widdle

a young man dressed as a soldier. In the middle of the room was an old woman, who was speak-ing and gesticulating excitedly. In a few mo-ments the old woman stopped, and left the room. The soldier rose and spoke in his turn, while Lady Scarborough appeared to be listening attentively. The reader is already acquainted with three of the actors in the scene with ed with three of the actors in the scene with nessed. The two roughs seated opposite Lady Scarborough were merely employed by Mosley in the execution of his scheme. The soldier was a dissipated young gambler who had fallen into Mosley's clutches and who now personnted the long lost son of Annie Mosley. Young Tom Ryan was not there, as he was at present ser-viter out a sentence.) ving out a sentence.)

As the soldier was speaking Lord Sear-borough noticed that the two roughs were whispering together and looking significantly at Lady Scarborough. Then one of them rose, threw himself upon her and tore from her ears the diamond earings which she had forgotten to remove on assuming her disguise. Without waiting to see more Lord Scarborough rushed to the door, threw it open, and entered the house, locking and bolting the door after him. The women screamed, and the two roughs threw themselves upon the intruder. But Lord Scarborough was too quick for them, and before they could lay a hand upon him he had drawn a revolver and shot them both through the head.
"For God's sake, Mary, fly!" he cried;

" save the family honour. Clark is outside?"
The women bastily disappeared just as the young soldler, drawing a kulfe, attacked the Marquis with violence and succeeded in inflet-

Marquis with violence and succeeded in inflicting two pretty severe wounds on his neck and
check before he had time to raily.

The women once gone, Lord Scarborough
turned furiously upon his new assailant and
seized him by the throat. Just then loud knocking was heard at the door, and a gruff voice demanded instant admission. Then followed a
voiley of blows on the door. Evidently the
police were there, and there was notime to lose.
With one grand clibit he hurled the man from
him with such violence that, in falling the felhim with such violence that in falling the fel low struck his head against the heavy table and dropped insensible on the floor. On hearing the noise Mother Ryan had re-

entered. With one whisper, "A thousand pounds if you keep quiet," Lord Scarborough just had time to entrench blinself behind a table when the door flew open and a posse of police

The rest the reader knows. Lord Scarborough was taken, along with the woman Ryan, to the station, whither his valet was soon after brought, in the guise of a drunken man. During the night the two concocted a plan by which, with the aid of an acquaintance of his valet's, who kept an Irin in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, and by the uncessing vigilance of the valet himself, Lord Scarborough—as the man Pritchard—was combled to escape the sources of the Indefatigable Harcourt, and at the sacrifice of a wretch for whom the police had long been on the look-out, finally succeeded in reaching his own home. On searching the house, Harhis own home. Coloraine came Mrs. Ryan was simply to ask for money, that was all.

The next day at twelve o'clock Mosley took up his position in the back kitchen, leading off the public room, where he could hear everything that word on he the four room. A for when his lordship's private apartments, he found his lordship's private apartments, he found his loriship enjoying a bath after his parliamentary fatigues. And the Marquis being, as we have seen, a man of vast resources and great coolness, greeted the detective with the inquiry, "Well, is your scoundred still non est ?"

To which the unsuspecting detective gave a lugubrious answer in the affirmative.

Lord Scarborough was trium phant; at last he had escaped, and that without giving the slight-est clue to his wife's guilt. But his triumph was short. He thought he had saved the Family Honour, and so he had, but at what price. When he fite was over, the lights extinguished, and everybody had retired, he received a note which he recognized by the handwriting as cominfrom his wife. Hastily be opened it and re-

from his wife. Tristity no opened it and read,
"Thank God, you are safe, for I indeed do
love you, although you may well think I never
did. You know all, and I shall live just long

mough to receive your pardon—"
Without stopping to read more, the Marquis rushed off to his wife's room. It was too late On the bed lay the corpse of the woman who had murdered his love, and whom he had woodd and won—for what?"

" Unhappy woman," he murmured, bending over the body, and brushing a tear from his eye, wmay God pardon you, as I pardon you, the fearful crime that has made both our live

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUND!

After leaving Mr. White, Harcourt felt perfectly convinced, notwithstanding the absence of real proof, that the murderer of the Cat-andfields was no other than Lord He determined, therefore, to make one last attempt, on an entirely new track,

Accordingly the next day he presented him-self at the office of the magistrate who had taken Mr. Somerville's place, and begged him to give him a few lines to Mr. S. The magistrate unlied, and half an hour later Harcourt sented himself at Mr. Somerville's house, where

your son, Frederick. He possesses all the necess sary documents to prove his birth. Hitherto he sary documents to prove as birth. Intherto he was been educated under my eye, and now I return him to you. Yesterday the wretch who poisoned poor Annie committed suicide. Poor Annie indeed! Well would she have been avenged had not an accident happened to me which saved Lord and Lady Scarborough from the trap I had hid for them,

" Very truly yours,

All was now plain as daylight to the young detective, and so eager was he to put the finishing stroke that he withdrew without seeing Mr.

One morning a month after the death of Lady Scarborough the marquis was sitting at the table at his library, busily engaged in writ-ing letters, when he was informed that a man, who was the bearer of letter, wished to see him personally. The man, a stout red-faced fellow, with an coormous beard and a swollen, pimply nose was shown in. He apologised to his lordship for intruding, saying that Mr. Somerville had entrusted him with a letter to be delivered into his lordship's own hands.

The marquis took letter, broke it open and " My Lord.

"You owe your safety to me, and I think I may appeal to you for assistance in trouble without fear of refusal. Unless I have £7,000 by jo-morrow noon I am ruined. I can offer your lordship every guarantee for the safety of your

" FREDERICK SOMERVILLE."

Without a word the marquis selzed a pen and wrote his reply, not noticing that the messenger was looking over his shoulder. My Dear Sir,

" My fortune and my life are both at your command. The sum you require shall be at your house this evening. I only wish I had more chances of expressing my gratitude to you for your generosity in withdrawing from your functions after recognising in Pritchard,

> " Yours " Very gratefully

"SCARBOROUGH." Folding and scaling the letter he handed it to the

messenger, who slipped it quietly into his pocket, and then at onestroke of his hand stripped et, and then at one stroke of his hand stripped himself of the red face, pimply nose and patri

"Good Heaven! Harcourt!" exclaimed the

"Good I reaven! Harvourt!" exclaimed the marquis in consternation.

"Yes, my lord," returned the detective, "I took the liberty of initiating Mr. Somerville's handwriting, for my whole future depended upon my success in this matter. But your lordship need have no fear as to the result of my discovery for, the marchiness of Scarbourgh helpcry, for, the marchioness of Scarborough being dead, justice is satisfied with regard to the beach murder. As to the affair in the Cat-and-Mutton fields, your lordship will have to appear, though merely proforma, as your discharge is certain.

A week later the matter came up in the courts. Lord Scarborough was, as Harcourt and predicted, discharged, and public interest in the Bethnal Green murder, once more excited, died out once more. Harcourt's triumph was the beginning of a long and successful career, in the fortunes and mistoriumes of which Miss Benson—though no longer as Miss Benson—equally par-

THE END.

TWO AND ONE.

Two cars and only one month have you; The reason I think is clear; It tendes, my child, that it will not do To talk about all you lear.

Two coss and only one mouth have you; The reason of this must be That you should learn that it will not do To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you; And it is worth while repenting The two are for work you will have to do. The one is enough for cetting.

THE WATER-BABIES:

FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

And about this time there happened to Tom a very strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he was very near never finding the water-bables at all; and I am sure you would have been sorry for that.

I hope you have not forgotten the little white lady all this time, nor Sir John, for we are now going to return to them. When the bunting senson began, Sir John hunted so hard that he went to sleep every evening after dinner, and snored so loud that he nearly drove My Lady erazy; so she determined to heave Harthover for a white, and took Ellies—that was the little white haly—with her to the seasible. Now it hefel that, on the very shore, and over

the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked one day the little white lady, Ellie herself, and with her a very wise man indeed—Professor Pithmilaspris,

His mother was a Dutchwoman, and there-fore he was born at Caracoa (of course you have learnt your geography, and therefore know why); and his father a Pole, and therefore he was brought up at Petropaulowski (of course you have learnt your modern polities, and therefore know why); but for all that he was as thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods. And his mane, as I said, was Professor Pithinilaspris, which is a very inclent and noble Polish name.

and he was showing her about one in ten thou sand of all the beautiful and curious things which are to be seen there. But little Ellie was not satisfied with them at all. She liked much better to play with live children, or even with dolls, which she could prekend were alive; and at last she said honestly, "I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children now in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that.

"Children in the water, you strange little

dolphins, and bables flying round her, and one sitting in her lap; and the mermades swimming and playing, and the mermen trumpeting on conclushells; and it is called a Tao Triumph of conch-shells; and it is called "The Triumph of Galatea;" and there is a burning mountain in the picture behind—It langs on the great staircase, and I have looked at it ever since I was a baby, and dreamtabout it a bundred times; and it is so beautiful that it must be true,"

But the Professor was not in the least bit of Ellie's opinion; and so be gave her a succinet compendium of his famous paper at the British Assestation in a form satural for the control

pelation, in a form suited for the youthful d. In that paper he proved, to his own satisfaction, timt there never was nor ever could be, any rational or half-rational beings but men; and that all nymphs, fairles, angels,

&c., were pure bosh and nonsense.
Now little Ellie was, I suppose, a stupid little girl; for, instead of being convinced by Professor Ptitumlinsprts' arguments, sho only asked the

ame question over again.

. But why are there not water-bables?" I trust and hope that it was because the pro-essor trod at that moment on the edge of a very sharp mussel, and hart one of his corns sadly that he answered quite sharply, forgetting that he was a scientific man, and therefore ought to have known that he couldn't know; and that he was a logician, and therefore ought to have known that he could not prove an universal negative—I say, I trust and hope the was because the mussel hurt his corn, that the professor an-

swered quite sharply-o Because there ain't,"
Which was not even good English, my dear little boy; for, as you must know from Aunt Agitate's Arguments, the professor ought to have said, if he was so angry as to say mything of the kind—Because there are not, or are none,

or are none of them; or (if he had been reading Aunt Agliate too), because they do not exist. And he groped with his net maler the weeds so violently that, as it befel, he caught poor little Tom

He felt the net very beavy; and lifted it out quickly, with Tom all entangled in the meshes, a Dear me!" he cried. A What a large pink Holothurian; with hands, too! It must be connected with Synapia."

And he took him out. " It has actually eyes!" he cried. " Why, it must be a Cephalopod! This is most extraordinary!"

" No, f ain't?" cried Tom, as loud as he could; for he did not like to be called bad names.

Off is a water-baby!" cried Ellie; and of

course It was,

• Water-fiddlesticke, my deer P said the professor; and he turned away sharply.

There was no denying It.—It was n water-

baby: and he bad said a moment ago that there were none. What was he to do? He would bave liked, of course, to have taken

Tom home in a bucket. He would not have put him in spirits. Of course not. He would have kept him alive, and petted him (for he was a very kind old gentleman), and written a book about him, and given blm two long names, of which the first would have said a little about Tom, and the second all about himself, for of course he would have called him Hydroteenon Pithmilinsprisianum, or some other long name like that; for they are forest to call everything by long names now, because they have used up all the short ones, ever since they took to mak-ing nine species out of one. But—what would ing nine species out of one. But—what would all the learned men say to him after his speech at the British Association? And what would Ellie say, after what he had just told her?

Now, if the professor had said to Eilie, "Yes, my darling, it is a water-baby, and a very wonderful thing it is; and it shows how little I know of the wonders of nature, in spite of forty years' honest labour. I was just telling you that there could be no such creature; and, be hold! here is one come to confound my conceil and show me what Nature can do, and has done beyond all that man's poor fancy can Imagine. So, let us thank the Maker, and Inspirer, and Lord of Nature for all. His wonderful and glo-Lord of Nature for all His wonderful and glo-rious works, and try and find out something about this one?"—I think that, if the professor had said that, little Ellie would have believed him more firmly, and respected him more deeply, and loved him better, than ever she had done before. But he was of a different opinion, He hesitated a moment. He longed to keep Tom, and yet he half wished he never had ranght him; and, at last, he quite longed to get rid of him. So he turned away, and poked Tom with his tinger, for want of anything better to do; and said carelessly, " My dear little lindd, you must have dreamt of water-babies last night, your head is so full of them."

Now Torn had been in the most horrible and as one can be a second, though he was called a Holothurian and a Cephalopod; for it was fixed in his little head that if a man with clothes or caught him, he might put clothes on him too, and make a dirty black chimney-sweep of him more than he could bear, and, betw fright and rage, he turned to bay as valiantly as a mouse in a corner, and bit the professor's

tinger till it bled.

"Oh! ah! yah!! cried he; and ghat of an excuse to be rid of Tom, dropped him on to the sea-weed, and thence he dived into the water,

seal-weed, and thence he dived into the water, and was gone in a moment.

But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Eille.

Ah, it is gone !! And she jumpe I down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipt into the sea.

Too late! and what was worse, as she sprang down, she slipped, and fell some six feet,

her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up, and tried to waken her, and called to her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much; but she would not waken at all. So he took her up in hisarms, and carried her to her governess, and they at went home; and little Ellie was put to bed, and hay there quite still; only now and then she woke up, and called out about the water-baby; but no one knew what she meant, and the proor did not tell, for he was ashamed to tell,

And, after a week, one moonlight night, the fairies came flying in at the window, and brought her such a pretty pair of wings, that she could not help putting them on; and she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

CHAPTER V.

But what became of little Tom?

He slipt away off the rocks into the water, as I said before. But he could not help thinking of little Fille. He did not remember who she was; but he knew that she was a little girl, though she was a hundred times as big as he That is not surprising; size has nothing to do with kindred. A tiny weed may be first cousin to a great tree; and a little dog like Vick know that Lioness is a dog too, though she is twenty times larger than herself. So Tom knew that Ellie was a little girl, and thought about her all he was admitted and shown into a room giving off the magnetic field and shown into a room giving off the magnetic field and shown into a room giving off the magnetic field and shown into a room giving off the magnetic field and shown into a room giving duck "said the professor.

"Yes," said Ellic. "I know there used to be that they are soon to think of sometime with; but he had very soon to think of sometime of passionate exclamations intermixed in the water, and mermids too, and thing else. And here is the account of what mermen. I saw them all in a picture at home, thippened to him, as it was published next with sooling. As he was denorating whether of a beautiful budy suting in a car drawn by

finest watered paper, for the use of the great fairy, Mrs. Bedonchya-youdid, who reads the news very carefully every morning, and especially the police cases, as you will hear very

He was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of bimself, sat his friend the lobster,

twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs,

"What, have you been naughty, and have
they put you in the lock-up ?" asked Tom.
The lobster felt a little indigment at such a

notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out,"

"Why did you get in?"

"After that masty piece of dead fish," He had thought It looked and smelt very nice when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was energy with himself.

was angry with himself,

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top," "Then why don't you get out through it?"
"Because I can't;" and the lobster twidiled his horns more flereely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

" I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times; and I can't get out: I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter; as you may if you will look at

a lobster-pot.

Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tall up to me, and Pit pull you through bindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't bit the hole. Like a great many fox-hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country; but as soon as they

get out of it they lose their heads; and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail. Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till be caught hold of bim; and then was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.

Hullo! here is a prefly business," said Ton. Now take your great claws, and break the points off these spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

" Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster; and after all the experience of life that I have had!?

You see, experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has witenough to make use of it. For a good many people, like old Polonius, have seen all the work, and yet re-main little better than children after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them; and lo and behold, it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom, "Yar!" said she, "you little meditor-some wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!"

And she crawled all over the put to get in.
Tom was borribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all yes and teeth. But no somer was her he of in de than volunt Mr. Lobster caught her by the

shie man valual Mr. Lobsic caught her by the nose, and held on.

And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very light packing it was. And the lobsic force at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobsic, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till be had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glief when he got out; but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tall uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

• Come along," said Tom, « don't you see she
is dead?" — And so she was, quite drowned and

And that was the end of the wicked ofter.
But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-much," cried Tom, "our the lisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to had up the pot.
But the lobster wantel maketer. But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman half him up to the houtside, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, ho gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pol-and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his caw beinnd min; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all, so he just shook his claw off as the caster method. It was some-thing of a bull, that; but you must know the lobster was an Irish lobster, and was hatched off Island Mages at the mouth of Befast Lough. And now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing; for he had not left the lobster five min-

A real live water-baby, sitting on the widto sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And

when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightfut?" And it can to Tom, and Tom can to it, and they hugged and kissed each other ever so long they did not know why. But they did not want any introductions there under the water.

At last Tom said, "Oh, where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely." " We have been here for days and days,

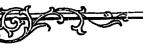
There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us when we sing and romp every evening before we go

Tom looked at the buby again, and then he " Well, this is wonderful: I have seen things

Just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells or sea-creatures. I never took you for water-bables like myself." Now, was not that very odd? So odd, indeed, that you will, no doubt, want to know how it happened, and why Tom could never find a water-baby till after be had got the lobster out of the pot. And, if you will read this story nine times over, and then think for yourself, you will find out why. It is not good for little boys to be told everything, and never be forced to use their own wits. They would learn, then, no more than they do at Dr. Dulcimer's funous suburban establishment for the idler members of the youthful aristocracy, where the masters learn the lessons, and the boys hear them—which saves a great deal of trouble—for the time being.

(To be continued.)

A HIST FOR THE BOYS.—" How do you like arithmetic?" said Phelps to John Perkins, as he came home from school with his state under his aria.
"Not very woit," reclicul John. "How do you get along with it?" asked Mr. Phelps. "Well enough," said John: "Sam Price does my sums for me."—"Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you." asked his interrogator. "I couldn't live without cating." said the astonished John. "I should not grow any if I Jidn't cat."—"Neither will your anim! grow any if you don't use it." said Mr. Pholps. "It would be just as reasonable for you to get Sam to eat your dinner for you as to ask him to do your sums for you."





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Publisher and Proprietor.

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\$30,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. (See Eighth Page.)

MISPLACED GENEROSITY.

The introduction of the one cent Postal Card into Canada was generally hailed with delight by the business community as affording a cheap means of communication; but, to judge from some of the letters we receive some parties do not understand the use of the card at all, and we have actually received about half a dozen cards written on and enclosed in envelopes bearing a three cent postage stamp. It is no doubt very kind of these parties to so generously support the Post Office Department by paying four cents when one would suffice, but as the Department would be quite well satisfied with one cent, we think this generosity rather misplaced and would recommend them to exercise it in some other channel.

"L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE."

We have to apologise to our readers for the great delay which has occurred in the production of Victor Hugo's new work " L'Année Terrible"; but the following extract from a late number of the Pall Mall Budget will explain the cause of the delay:

"The story of the poet's most recent work is rather curious. It has been composed for the last four months and is actually printed. Victor Hugo intended to publish it in December last, and particularly wished to give the primeur to the subscribers of the Rappel. But the Government prevented the execution of this programme by suspending M. Hugo's journal; and "L'Année terrible," which was on the eve of being issued, was kept back by its author's desire. As the reappearance of the Rappel was fixed for the 4th of February, the poem was again announced for that date. The Administration, however, having set new impediments in the way of the reissus of the paper, which will prevent its reappearance until April, M. Hugo has for the third time delayed the publication of his poem. There is no prospect of a new suspension taking place; but should the Rappel be again suspended, M. Hugo is firmly determined to make the appearance of his poem coincide with that of his journal."

As there is, therefore, no means of estimating exactly when the work will appear; and as it proves to be a poem instead of a novel, as pre-

but substitute for it a new and interesting novel by a popular author, an announcement of which will shortly appear.

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR.

The claimant of the Tichborne estates is fully realizing the truth of the proverb that "adversity tests our friends." While he had a chance of winning the great suit he was looked on as a lion, and had friends without number; now-although many persons still believe him to be really Roger Charles Tichborne—he has been in prison since 6th inst., the day of his arrest, being unable to furnish the bail required, £50,000. It is said that should be procure buil he will at once be rearrested on a charge of forgery, and it is also rumored that Australian detectives are on their way to England with a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder. So the would-be Baronet will have his hands full for some time to come, and bids fair to end his days in prison if not on the gallows. In the trial for perjury great efforts will be made by the prosecution to prove that the claimant is really Arthur Orton, the butcher of Wapping, and a large number of witnesses will be examined to that effect.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

It is a well known saying that "Republics are always ungrateful" and the French Republic has proved no exception to the general rule. by the manner in which it has turned on the International Society and bitten the hand that reared it. The International Society has been in existence about five years having been started in 1867 during the Paris exposition, and has in that time made itself obnoxious to nearly all the European Governments and is not very favourably regarded even by the American Government which generally likes whatever other nations dislike. The French Republic undoubtedly owes its existence to the International Society; but a quiet orderly republic did not suit the fiery passions of the Internationals and they, on the 18th March 1871, instituted that reign of terror in Paris known as the "Commune." The avowed objects of the Society, equal distribution of money and property, and social and political equality to all are so wholly at variance with all ideas of law and order that several European Governments, fearing the evil effects of the Society have lately passed statutes against it, noticeably the French Assembly which on 13th inst. passed a bill for the suppression of the organization by the decisive vote of 501 to 104. The bill imposes various fines and terms of imprisonment for holding office in, belonging to, or having connection with the Society, and in some cases, deprives the offender of civil and domestic rights. This is certainly a move in the right direction and is far more creditable to the government than shooting a few unfortunate Communists who were instigated in their barbarous destruction of Paris by this very So-

THE REVOLUTION IN ERIE.

After the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, General Lec's victories gradually grew fewer and fewer, until at last they ended in utter defeat and annihilation before Richmond; so Jay Gould, the arch plotter, has suffered nothing but disasters since the death of his executive officer Jim Fisk, and he has now been entirely conted and driven ignominiously from the control of the Eric Railroad which he has so day ingly misused for years, in utter defiance of the legitimate stockholders. General Sickles, the Counsel for the English stockholders accomplished this feat on 11th inst. He managed to have a meeting of the Board of Directors called by nine of the Board; and having obtained possession of the Director's room they proceeded in very summary style to elect other Directors, to fill vacancies caused by the resignation of some of the old Board who sided against Gould. General Dix was elected President of the Board in place of Jay Gould and General McClellan, and other prominent citizens were elected Directors. Gould made a hard fight to maintain his position in the Road and summoned about 150 roughs, seemingly with the intention of carrying the offices by storm. But Gould's power in New York has been terribly shaken of late: the death of Fisk, the charges against his friend Judge Barnard and the defection of many of his quondam friends have destroyed the power for evil which he once possessed; and after holding out for one night he was compelled to surrender, resigning the Presidency, retiring from the Board of Directors and altogether "accepting the situation" as dictated to him by his victorious opponents.

The new Directory announce themselves as only temporary office holders and declare that a general election by the shareholders will be held as soon as the necessary power can be obtained from the Albany Legislature. One thing is certain, the Eric Ring is broken as thoroughly and completely as the Tammany

viously announced, we shall not publish it, 50. An investigation into the manner in have obeyed the law. I know there are no such which the affairs of the road have been conducted since the Ring took possession in 1865 has been made and a dencit of fifty one millions of dollars discovered. Since Jay Gould had interest in the road the contingencies have increased from thirty-two thousands to nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The expenses of the general superintendency increased from one hundred and thirteen thousand to one hundred and seventy thousand. The issue of stock has increased from twenty-five millions, to eighty-six millions, of which sum fifty-one millions has been covered up in some unknown way. Books expenses for agents and clerks increased from six hundred thousand to one million seven hundred thousand, there is an increase of over four hundred thousand dollars for conductors, baggage and brakemen, and a proportionate increase for engineers and firemen.

It is most probable that Gould will be criminally prosecuted. The total amount of stock, bonds and liabilities of the Company is about one hundred and sixteen millions of dollars. The routing of the Erie ring will tend very greatly to restore the confidence of English capitalists in American enterprises, which has been greatly shaken of late by the developments of Tammany and other frauds.

For the Hearthstone.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER I. OUR TOWN.

I suppose you have never heard of Bumptown? No! Well, I'm sorry for you, and out of pure pity for your ignorance, I'm going to tell you something about it. You can't find it on the map; can't you? Well, I didn't suppose you could; but, it's there: nevertheless, altho' you don't see it. There are a good many things in this world which are "there" and we don't see them. That reminds me of a story which I will tell you right off. There was a certain sea captain who traded to the West Indies and who was passionately fond of driving and riding consequently in all his disbursement accounts consequently in all is disoursement accounts
there appeared a great many items of bills
paid for carriage hire and horse hire. The
owners of the vessel did not like this and told
him they thought it looked very unbusinesslike and they hoped it would never occur again.
The Captain promised it should not. He sailed
for the West Indies, rode and drove about just as much as usual, but there was not a single item for horse or carriage hire in the disburse ment account. The amount paid for "labor" was considerably larger than usual and the "incidentals" appeared to have somewhat in-reased, but there was no horse hire. The owners were delighted; "Ah!" they said, "this tooks like an account; no carriage hire there." "No," said the captain, smiling to himself, "still it's there, but you don't see it." And so I tell you Bumptown is on the map, but you

And after all, my friend, Bumptown does not differ in many particulars from your own Montreal. It has long streets not half as wide as they ought to be; its streets are as ill-paved, as dirty and as dusty; its sidowalks are as rotten and as dangerous; its gus is as bad, and its Gas Company is as impudent and extertionate, as in Montreal. Its sidowalks are as slippery in the winter and as hot and dusty in the summer as in your own city. It's water-works are as un-certain and their Superintendent as indolent and careless asyourown; its City Passenger Company is as careless of the comforts of the public, and runs the same kind of ice boxes as in Montreul. It has a big debt and is very anxious to make it bigger, just like Montreal. It has the same style of City government and has a good mayor, and a stupid council, just as Montreal has; the only difference is that we call our Councillors
"Consolers"; and what you style "Aldermen,"
we call "Addledmen," which is a delicate compliment to their superior stupidity. We have the same bad sewerage; the same sinks of corruption; the same prohibitary tux on fresh meat: the same frightful rate of infant mort-

have in Montreal.
So you see, my friend, that altho you ca find Bumptown on the map, yet you will find vourself quite at home there, should you ever visit it, as it possesses all the faults and inconveniences of your own city. We have five daily papers in Bumptown; the "Bumptown Snorer" and "The Gazer," published in the morning; and "The Daily Witless," "The Evening Penny-Whistle" and "The Daily Knownething" published in the ovening. "The Daily Knownothing" is said, by courtesy, to be published in the evening; but some of its five or six readers are under the impression that it is published the next day; perhaps they are right. These papers are all quite as well noted for their genera duliness, want of enterprise, and lordly disregard of local matters as your Montreal papers are. A dead-donkey in Honolulu is of more importance to the Bumptown papers than a live lion in Bumptown. In dull heavy reading, in lengthy raports of stupid lectures, or uninteresting debates, the Bumptown press is atrong; in sulear, well unition papers and contact the statement of th in spicey, well written paragraphs of local interest, in pithy, graphic reports, in sensible editorials and in general enterprise the Bumptown papers are weak. Sometimes one of them will come out strong in a so-call criticism of a concert, or a theatrical performance, or a book; but, as the "criticism" is invariably confined, concert, or a meatrical performance, or a book; but, as the "criticism" is invariably confined, to straight puffery and fulsome flattery, the word appears rather inappropriate, and the value of such criticism can be fully estimated. Sometimes, it is said, the value is estimated in dollars and cents, but that I don't believe; I don't tipluk the warers know around for that don't think the papers know enough for that like they do in New York and other places. I have dwelt somewhat on the press of Buraptown because the press of a place always more or less bespeaks the character of the place; and, also because I intend to make a few extracts from those papers by-and-by, so that you may judge for yourself what a credit they are to

Bumptown has just passed through a period of great excitement; there has been a local election for Consolers; and some of them had a great deal of trouble. The trouble arcse from the fact that the Scalliwags were allowed to vote for the first time. Now the Scalliways are a olass of people who are peculiar to Bumptown and are unknown to Montreal, so I might as well indication of that is the fact that the price of the stock has risen from 31 per cent to nearly

people in Montreal, and I am glad of it. The way the Scalliwags came to vote was thusly: when the Board of Revisors met Consoler Macshin-who was a friend of the Scalliwage and wanted them to vote—found a mare's nest and forthwith proceeded to hatch the eggs; he told the Board that they must return as a voter every man whose name was on the taxpayer's list whether he had paid his tax or not as they had no power to erase any mames unless they had been objected to; and nobody had objected within the time set down by law. Now it had been the custom of the Board for years, to re-turn as voters only those parties who had paid their tuxes before the first of January,—as the law requires—but when Consoler Macshin, who was a wise and virtuous man, told them they were wrong, they got very much frightened and sent to their attorney, Mr. Devilsfin, to know his opinion. Then Mr. Devilsfin gave them "an opinion as is an opinion," and he told them that if they did something they might have to suffer pains; and if they did nothing they might have to suffer penalties; and if they did both they might have to suffer imprisonment. Then the Board of Revisors got into a perspiration and remained so for four days—all except Con-soler Macshin who was a thin man and had no porspiration to spare—and then they determined to compromise; they would do nothing and call it something and so try to hoodwink the honest taxpayers, and make themselves only liable to suffer pains which they were prepared to bear with great fortitude. And so the names of the Scalliwags remained on the list; and the hearts of the Scalliwags were glad, for the voting of the Scalliwags is easy; five dollars a man and unlimited whiskey. I am ashamed to own that this thing was done in Bumptown, because I know it could not have occurred in Montreal, where Common Sense and Public Opinion would have prevented it: and where no votes can be have prevented it; and where no votes can be bought; but there is no Common Sense Bumpton and the voice of Public Opinion is

mute. Now there was great excitement when it was known that the Scalllyngs were to vote; and several good men who had intended to offer themselves as members of the Council refused to do so, fearing the expense which it would put them to secure the vote of the Scalliwags, and knowing they could not get elected without it; amongst these was Addledman Rodein who had represented Stanns Ward for afteen years and had "done the State some service"; and a new man was elected in his place. But in Sanlaunce Ward the conflict was very close and exciting between Kannade and Houlli; and each said the other was a bad man, and the other said each was another. And the Scalliwags said both were good men for both spent money freely, and the vote of the Scalliwags was divided some voting for Houli and some for Kannade. And in other Wards the contest was close, but in none was it so exciting as in the Sankunce Ward where Kannade was finally elected. Now I have worried you with this account of the election because the Bumptown Council will meet soon and I shall probably tell you some-thing about its doings. Meanwhile, let me con-gratulate you that Montreal is not like Bumptown and that no illegal voters would be allowed there to elect their candidates.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—Chief Justice Chase will probably be a candidate for the Presidency, nominated by a fusion of Democrats and Republicans and run as an Independent candidate.—St. Patrick's Day was generally observed throughout the United States; from its falling on Sunday the processions all took place on Monday. The procession in New York was the largest ever known, it being estimated that about 40,000 persons took part in it.—The boiler of Jones & Curnshan's some and candle factory Cincinnati exploided on 18th inst. killing two men. Jacobs and Herienger. A piece of the boiler, 16 feet long, and Herienger. A piece of the boiler, 16 feet long, and Herienger. A piece of the boiler, 16 feet long, and Herienger. A piece of the boiler, 16 feet long, and Herienger. A piece of the boiler, 16 feet long, and Herienger. A piece of the boiler named Coracle, Alice Thornton, and Ella Forbos. The cause of the explosion is unknown.—The Union Pacific Rairoad trains are running again with considerable regularity.—Navigation on the Hudson is opened in far a Poughkoopsie.—The authorities of Chicage discovered that small wooden houses are being built on rollers in the west division and are quietly slipped across the line of fire limits, thus evading the regulations.—Arizona despatches says that william McFarland was found murdered and horribly mutilated. The American residents went after the Moxican who was reported to have threatened MoFarland's life, and, having found him, shothim. His Mexican friend retailated by killing one of the shooting party, on which the Americans made a general raid on the Mexicans, and killed four. A fifth entrenched himself in a house, on which the atmosphare houses in Sanford and Florence are closed, in apprehension of an attack from the Mexicans, who were most numerous and greatly exasperated.—News has been received of the loss of the stommer Great Republic in the vicinity of Bermuda. The captain and crow reached Bermuda safely on the 6th instant in ships boats.—A memorial to the President and Congress Washington.—In the Senate the Committee on Foreign relations have reported on a bill authorizing the survey and making of the boundary line between the United States and British pessessions from Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, passed.—The committee to arrange for a national rowing regetta of professional and amateur contains, to take place in this country have completed their final arrangements.—The trial of oursmon, to the pinter in this control when the confidence of their final arrangements.————The trial of Major Hall of New York still drags its weary length along, it has already proved too much far one of the jurers. Mr. Clarke, President of the People's Insurance Co. who died on 13th inst. and it is probable that the trial will have to be all "done over again" before a new jury.

ance Co. who died on 13th inst. and it is probable that the trial will have to be all "done over again" before a new jury.

CANADA—Ottawa is to have a new Post Office.—Thomas Joinson was convicted on a charge of outrageous assault on a woman named Smith at Toronto on 15th inst. and sentenced to one menth imprisonment and to receive twenty-live lashes. The corporal punishment was inflicted at once.—The frame grist mill, owned by William Cottingham, and leased by Ed. Peplow at Onemeo, Ont. was totally destroyed by fire on 15th inst. Loss on building from \$7.000 to \$3.000. Insured in the Royal for \$3.000. Mr. Peplow at Onemeo, Ont. was totally destroyed hy fire on 15th inst. Loss on building from \$7.000 to \$3.000. Insured in the Royal for \$3.000. Mr. Peplow less a shout \$3.000 is supposed not to be insured.—The widow Joint, against whom a verdict of wiffumrdor of an infinit at Quobec, was found, is still at large, having cluded all the efforts of the detectives.—A fire broke out on 16th inst., in the office of the Courier du Canada, Quebec, occupied by the Mosers.

Brousseau, as a stationary and printing extablishment, completely destroying the building with its contents. Nothing saved; loss heavy.—A bill has been introduced by Hon. Mr. Flynn, in the Nova Scotia Legislature to incorporate a Company of London capitalists, with a capital of one million pounds sterline, to build a radiuwy 180 miles in tength between Now Glasgow. Pictou County, to Louisburg, Cane Breton, crossing the Strait of Cansoby a tunnel, or otherwise.—Hon. Air. Mairhend, has started a scheme for a new route to Europe via Mirimichi. It is reported Sir Hugh Allan has instructed his Liverpool agents to place a pioneer boat on the route between that port and Mirimichi in May next.—It is stated that means will be taken this scason, as usual, to prevent American fishermon from trespussing in Canadian waters.—At Toronto on 13th inst. A young man named Robert Thousson, of Walkerton, while showing a loaded revolver to a boy named Boddy, accidentally dis

that the reply of the American Government though friendly, is firm and unyielding, and calls upon England to submit to the Geneva Tribunat of Arbitration, the question whether the claims for consequent damages shall be submitted and discussed by that board.—Earl Granville has announced in the House of Lords that he had received an official notice from the French Cabinet of the abrogation of the commercial treaty.—The London Rowing Club have selected their crew for the match with the Atlanta Boat Club, of New York. The following are the men:—Stout, stroke, Ryan, Gunston, and Strong.—A ponsion of £1,000 has been granted to Ludy Maye, and £20,000 have been settled on her children by the British Government.—Lady Mordaunt is pronounced by a medical authority incurably insane, and the petition of her husband has been dismissed.—A despatch received at the Admiratty office from the naval authorities at Valetta, Malta, expects that the iron-plated unan-of-war Lord Clyde, which was ashore on a reef near the island of Pantelloria, has been floated. The vessel has sustained some damage, and will go into dock at Valetta for repairs.—Five new English war vessels have been launched during the past two weeks.—A telegram from dibrattar reports a distressing dieaster in that harbor, whereby a number of people belonging to the British steam frigate Ariadne, lying at anchor off the town, while going from the vessel to the shore enpsied and cloven persons were drewned, including two officers.—Hichard Pigott, editor of the Irishman newspaper, who was sontenced to undergo three mouths' imprisonment for libel on the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench during the trial of the Fenians, has been released from jail, his term having expired. Pigott's friends made a demonstration in his honor upon his release, and he was afterwards entertained at breakfirst,—The Queen hus approved of the grant of a pension to the widow of Mark Lemon.

Mark Lomon.

France.—The committee of pardons has rejected the appeals of Questel and Girard, the murderers of hestagos under the Commune.—The taking of the census of France will begin on the lst of May.—The trial of Bazaine for the capitalation of Metz is expected, and the prospect inst now ecunpies public attention.—It is rumored that General Gissy. Minister of War, will ask for the credit of 200,000,000 france for building new forts around Paris, and for fortifications on the frontier, particularly at Longevy and Bolfort. The Pruesians are rapidly extending the fortifications of Metz and Strasbourg.—Gambotta will shortly start on a political tour throughout France, and will deliver addresses at all the principal cities.—The syndicates of various watering places in France have petitioned the Assembly for the restoration of gambling saloons.

Gennary.—The Lower Chambor of Baden has pro-

storation of gambling saloons.

GERMANY.—The Lower Chamber of Baden has prohibited orders of monks or brothers from teaching or giving missions.—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet passed the annual budget. It shows a surplus of 145,000,000 thalers, and makes 44,000,000 applicable to the reduction of the public debt.—The applicary arrested in Berlin on 31st att., on suspicion of contemplating a nurderous attack on Bismarek has been released.—The Prussian Government has requested the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ermeland to revoke the sentence of ex-communication pronounced by him, contrary to laws of the country.

ITALY.—King Victor Emmanuel will review the Italian troops some time during the present month, the review to take place in presence of the King and Queen of Denmark and General Mottle.——The Italian toverment asks Parliament for an appropriation of 700,000 lire to meet the expense of the Italian Department in the Vienna exposition.—The Chamber of Depaties by an unanimous vote adopted a resolution of regret for the death of Mazzini, and the President pronounced an eulogy on the illustrious deceased.

I DIA.—A tolegram from Calcutta announces that several cases of cholera have occurred among the forces of General Bourchier, who are now on their road from the victorious compaira against the Looshais on the northern frontier of India.—The assassin of Earl Mayo has been executed. He made a confession, declaring that the death of the Vicerny was not the result of a conspiracy, as he alone designed and carried out the murder.

SPAIN.—A canvass of the political field made by the Government party estimates the new Coalition will return about one hundred members to the Cortes in the forthcoming cluttion.—The "Gaccat" publices a decree authorizing Ortega to lay a direct telegraph cable between Spain and England.—A revolution is spoken of as imminently probable, and King Amadeus is reported to be concentrating troops in the neighborhood of Madrid.

SWITZERLAND.—The Federal Council had sent secret agents to the Canton of Ticino, on the Piedmonters frontier, to watch the movements of Italian revolutionists, who are reported to be very active just now.—The Federal Council appointed the 12th of May as the day for the people to vote on the ratification of the revised constitution adopted by the National and States Councils.

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS.

inventors of printing, was charged with multi-plying books by the aid of the devil, and was prosecuted both by the pricets, and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkoy. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing press was established in Constantinople. From 1726 to 1740, that press issued onnopie. From 1728 to 1740, that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1808 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until the year 1820, since which time it has very day now industrially than heartful more although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish government.

The ribbon-loom is an invention of the six-teenth century; and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, and in the dominions of the church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg, the council ordered a loom to be pu-blicy burned. The stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England, the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, but it is said that the inventor was rather impeded than assisted in his undertaking. In France, opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loam a pair of silk stockings for Louis XVI. They were presented to the monarch. The parties, however, who supplied horsery to the court, caused several loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters.

Table-forks appear so necessary a part of the

turniture of the dinner table, that no one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century, were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the sixteenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and eleminate, while the person who introduced them into England, was called Lucifer. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England, nap-kins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude.

The saw mill was brought into England from Holland, in 1763. But its introduction so dis-pleased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected, but soon after its erection was pulled down by a mob. Pottery is glazed by throwing common and, Pottery is guzzed by throwing common sait into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. The mode of glazing was introduced into this country in 1600, and came to Staffordshire from Nurembourg. The success and secreey of its inventors so enruged their neighbors that persecution against them became so strong that their wave compelled to stream that we have they were compelled to give up their works. they were compoled to give up that works. The pendulum was invented by Gallieo; but so late as the seventeeth century, when Hooke brought it forward as the standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the name of swing swang.—Our Own Fireside



LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'
When at dawn I meet her,
As by the garden wall she stands,
And gives me flowers across the wall,
My heart goes out to kiss her hands,—
Are hands or flowers the sweeter?—
I'm ready at her jeet to fall,
And like a clown to labor!
Botter than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor!"

"'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'
When at dawn I meet him,
As by the garden wall he stands,
And takes my flowers across the wall,
My soul's already in his hands,—
It flew so fast to greet him!
And O, I grow so proud and tall,
And my heart beats like a tabor!
Better than I love myself
Do I love my neighbor!"

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMBOCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER XXII.

REPRISALS.

IT was late in the afternoon before Kathleen was released from her captivity, nor did she dure to remonstrate with Miss Delany concerning it. Norah was in unusually high spirits. She had smothered her resentment at her aunt's conduct, and borne with her companionship, rather than lose the advantages she hoped to reap from Rosamond's instructions. Yet had she not been wholly forgetful of the disappointed prisoner, and the first time Miss Delany was too much engressed to notice her movement, she drew a paper from her pocket, and threw it across the table to her cousin.

"I saw Mr. Dalton for a few moments," she whispered, "and told him the reason of your absence. He looked so dreadfully vexed, that, to console him, I said if he chose to write out

some lessons for you, I would take care that you had them, and so here they are."

Kathleen slid the paper into her throbbing bosom, and hid it there till she was able to steal away to her own little chamber, and read the impassioned sentences, in which Frank poured out his sympathy and indignation.

He entreated her to summon up her courage and expostulate with Miss Delany, or give him tright to be the champion of her cause; but Kathleen dared not do either. She knew too well that any symptoms of rebellion would only send to greater severities, and so she bore the yoke of her aunt's harshness patiently; and found a solace in the thought of Frank Dalton's

tender compassion.

In spite of a very energetic remonstrance rom Norah, the scene of the former day was repeated as soon as she announced her intension of visiting Rosamond again. Miss Delany secretly chafed at the loss of her own time which this involved; but she loved the young girl pussignately; she longed to see her happily married, and to compass this, she did not hostate to sacrifice her own inclinations.

Turning a deaf car to Norab's entreatles that

ner cousin might be permitted to walk with her, if only for once, she put her kuitting in her pocket, and Kathleen, from the window, saw them depart.

She was still leaning on the window-seat, weeping tears of bitter despendency, when, to her ustonishment, the door opened, and Molly, one of the duiry-malds, appeared at it, her finger

on her lips.
"Whist, Miss Katty! Take this letther, and this kay, and, for the love of all the saints, don't

The girl scurried away, as if she thought her absent mistress would pounce upon her; and the wondering Kathleen opened her note. It was from North, merely saying that as she did not choose to be a party to absolute tyranny, she had contrived to get another key made to Miss Delany's door, with which she begged to present her cousin. Then followed a bit of advice, which brought a happy light into Kath-leen's eyes:— You'd best employ the interval of our absence in a constitutional. In the lane, leading to The Lodge, you'll may be find Mrs.

Brein, and she's wanting to see you!"

Joyous as a freed bird, Kathleen flung a shawl
over her head, filted down the front stairs,
which no feet were allowed to defile without Miss Delany's permission, and bounded away. The servants were too busy to notice her, and she felt no compunction in thus evading her

aunt's restrictions, for they were unjust ones.

Her light steps soon carried her to where a stile gave access to the pretty, shady lane to which Norah's note directed her. And here she found Mrs. Brean in a little pony carriage, with Frank, for whose benefit the drive was under-taken, reclining beside her. The interview was a short one, and but little was said, for both the lovers felt the restraint of Allie's presence, though she good-naturedly buried her face in a book, with which she had provided herself, and even wont to sleep over it. But they had seen each other; they had clasped hands; Frank had whispered hopeful words; and Kathleen went rison contentedly.

back to her prison contentedly.

Little did Miss Delany imagine what was occurring while she sat knitting in Resamond's pretty parlour. She conjured up all sorts of waste and idleness in her household, and impawaste and ideness in her household, have the tiently watched the progress of lessons, which, in her estimation, were not half so useful as a light hand at the butter, or a knowledge of choose-making; but she went home when they were ever, satisfied with her own good management, and never guessed why Kathleen bore her captivity so unmurmuringly.

The same process was followed every time

North expressed an intention of visiting her fair instructress; and as Miss Delany was evidently determined not to relax her vigilance, Kathleen did not hesitate to comply with Frank's entreaties, and most him at every opportunity. As he recovered the use of his injured limb, these interviews were easily accomplished. Too delicute to distress the lonely young creature with protestations of love, he gratified her thirst for learning and proved himself an able tutor. Sometimes their books were carried into the

arbour at the foot of Miss Delany's gurden; sometimes to the mossy bank of the stream, where he had once encountered her; and not infrequently to the Abbot's Chamber, where Allie was persuaded to venture with her work, and smilingly look on, or doze away the time, that never seemed long to the eager, happy Kath-

North cared little for the studies that engrossed her more intellectual consin. To be able to move, or dance gracefully, to converse without using rustic expressions, and to accompany outsing rustic expressions, and to accompany outsing rustic expressions, and to accompany outside expressions and to accompany outside expressions and the expression of the expression o

With wonderful facility she caught the poto tone down her own brusquerie. Lord Glanore, coming in unexpectedly one day, scarcely recognised in her the sullen, listless girl to whom he had been introduced at the farm; and a pang of jealous annoyance shot through Rosamond's heart as she saw his admiring glances rest on the glowing face of Norsh, who walked to the glass when he had departed and surveyed herglass when he had departed, and surveyed herself with provoking satisfaction.

For once, her aunt was not with her. Busi-

ness of some importance demanded a conference with her lawyer, and she had left her piece at the Daltons', promising to call for her as she

"Miss Dalton," she exclaimed, "you have wonderfully improved me. Lord Ginnore's looks told me as much. How shall I ever ropay you for this?"

"Do you set such a high price on his lordship's

estimation?" asked Rosamond, drily.
"I don't care for it a jot," was the frank reply, "except as a proof that I am adding to my ability to win it. When I feel assured that I can make a sensation—that I can hold my own with the loveliest and wittiest—then I shall be

content, and not before."
"And what will you do then? Surely all those facinations are not to be wasted on the squireens of Galway?" her companion laughingly re-

"I cannot tell you all the schemes that rack my brain, Miss Dalton. You are too gentle, too feminine to enter into them, or to comprehend the dear delight of retaliation."

Rosamond grow grave. "Beware, Norah! it is a dangerous game for a weak woman to at-

of being betrayed at some unguarded moment into a confession that he was still dear—very dear to her.

Presently, North tapped at the door of her

"My aunt does not come, although it is long

may hunt does not come, attrough it is long past her usual hour, so I will not wait for her any longer. Good-bye. Miss Dalton; I hope you'll forgive me for all my saucy speeches."

Norah had reached the gate leading to the farm-yard when one of the servants met her. The girl's face were such a look of significance, that she stonyed to houter if anything had ben that she stopped to inquire if anything had hap

pened.
"Och, miss, dear, I'm feared we'll have sad doings!" was the whispered reply. "The mis-thress found out that she'd gone widout her purse, and she came back for it, and went to her own room to see if she had left in the pecket of her other dress; and, sure, Miss Katty, that she'd locked in wid her own hands, was clame gone, and sorra a sign of her anywheres; and she's had us all up before her, and made us tell she's had us an up before her, and made us tell all we know; which was nothing at all, at all, excepting that Molly stuttered and stummered, so that the misthress jumped up and shock the life out of her, till she prayed for mercy! It's kilt I am wid the fright of it!"

Norah bit her lip. Here, then, was an end of the clandestine meetings, at which she had above to convive seemer then less the charge

chosen to connive, sooner than lose the chance of Rosamond's instruction

"Sorra a one of us knows! How should we, when 'tis spirited away she is, although lock and key was turned upon her?" "And my aunt—where is she?"

For a few moments Miss Dolany seemed unable to answer this candid avowal, and Kathleen shrank from the clenched hand that, but for Frank's presence, would have stricken her to the earth.

"You do the child too much honour, Mr. Dal-ton," she said at last. "And you are evident-ly in ignorance of the ugly facts connected with her birth. Had you known who and what she is, you would not have committed this fully.

Kathleen clasped her hands, and bowed her head upon them. "Aunt, in pity, repeat not the cruel calumny."

"Who says it is a calumny? Where are the proofs of your mother's marriage? When she came back to me, starving, dying, and I de-manded them, she could only answer with evasions. Mr. Dalton, your name is an untar-nished one, would you saily it by a union with the base-born daughter of some reckless spend thrift?"

Refore Frank could make any reply, the heartstricken Kathleen had drawn her shawl over her face, and fled away. But when her aunt, with a grim smile of triumph, was about to follow, the young man's indignation burst forth.

"Evil-minded and heartless woman, is it by such a tale as this that you think to wrest my love from Kathleen? The knowledge of her misfertunes will but make her dearer to me I am ready to wed her at once, and protect her with my own right arm from all further lilusage and reproach."

usage and represent."

"Who says that I ill-use her?" Miss Delany
passionately demanded; and who gives you
leave, young sir, to marcy this child? She is

Delany through her teeth. "It tries it to keep my hands from you, you canning, reacherous creature! You are not fit to be at liborty !"

And why? Because I have revolted against the tyranny that would have kept me ignorant

the tyranny that would have kept me ignorant and wholly untaught?"

"Not for your disobedience only," was the retort; "but because you have shown yourself to be full of plots and contrivances. While you went about my house with soft steps and demure look, you were secretly outwitting me. But you shall do me no further injury."

"I have not done you any, "Kathleen exclaimed. "It was not to speak of you that I mot Mr. Dalton. Henven knows that it is but arrely I have made any one negurined with the

rarely I have made any one acquainted with the severity I have had to enture !! "You have said too much," Miss Delany re-plied. "Stay quietly here, and explain the sitty pride that made you fancy yourself a fit wife for Frank Dalton."

"I have never thought myself worthy to be his wife!" Kathleen murmured.

"Hypocrite I" cried her mint, striking her, Do you think to make me believe that you nave not tried every counting trick and wile to

win him? But your day is over. I have detected you, and I will punish you!"

"Not in the way you propose," cried Kathlen, attempting to pass her. "I have borne too much already." much already."

Miss Defauly grasped her roughly.

"Will you dare defy me? Attempt it, and I will the you—bind you—chain you to the wall, and give out that you are a dangerous hundle."

The over-wrought girl burst into a flood of

teurs.

"You shall not use me so cruelly! You will tempt me to proclaim your harshoss to the world, and then every one will know the threats you have held out to the orphan daughter of your only sister !

"And, I" retorted Miss Delany,-" I shall ake a good care that you have no chance of prating to any such fashion! I will throw open your bedroom whithou, and remove some of your elothes, and then declare that you must have cloped in the night. And as no one ever enters this chamber but myself, who shall dis-cover that you are still here, till I choose to re-veal the truth ?"

Kathleen vehemently protested against such Kathleen vehemently protested against such treatment, declaring that she would arouse the servants with her shricks; on which Miss Delany, who was actually beside herself with fury, vowed to gag her. Fearing that she really incaded to carry this threat into execution, her errified niece endeavoured to rush from the coom, but the only result of this was a struggle, which hat the automate Earthque between

which left the unhappy Kathleen bruised and obseding from the violence of her nunt's blows. She had fallon on the store, incapable of of-tering and further resistance, and looking so wan any neipless that even Miss Delany was Have I killed her ?" she muttered. " Why

of flave I kined her 7° she mattered. "Why did she defy and oppose me? She is bad—bad as her parents were before her; and I have been justified in compelling her to obey me. I ask no more. It is her own fault if I have injured. Finding that Kathleen did not appear to revive, her unensiness increased; and lifting hor on to the bed, she bathed her face with cold

water till a faint tinge of plak began to return to her cheeks and lips. Then moving noiseless-ly away, she took the lamp, and went down stairs to procure some wine and such had for her prisoner as the servants were not likely to Staggering to her feet, Kathleen strove to

steady her trembling limbs. The very idea of a long incarceration was so terrible that it made her desperate; and to increase the horror of her position, she recollected that there was no window in the closet where her annt proposed confining her, and that Miss Delany could add atter darkness to the other miseries of such an imprisonment.
Groping her way to the casement in the outer

Groping her way to the casement in the outer apartment, she pushed it open, and the rish of fresh air revived and inspirited her. Must she, indeed, endure the treatment with which she was menaced? Was there no way of escaping? Ah! If she were but once out in the fields that An i it said were our once our in the nears that hay beyond the precincts of the detested farm— once more at liberty—she would fly; she know not, cared not whither, so that she could no longer behold the releatless face—no longer feel the measurements.

longer behold the relentless face—no longer feel the merchess blows of Ursula Delany!

A moment's hesitation, and then Kathleen climbed on the window-ledge. A large elm-tree overshadowed the side of the house, and grew so near that she could toach some of the branches. Fearlessly, she grasped these as the wind swayed them towards her, and then let herself drop. A moment of dizzy terror, her hold relaxed, and she fell; but she was too near the earth to receive any serious highries; and the earth to receive any serious injuries; and the next minute she was flying across the formyard, and softly unbolling the gate in the high ekward glance showed her the clean

of Miss Delany's lamp, as that hely re-entered her chamber. Kathleen knew that her flight would be instantly discovered, and that in all probability she would be pursued. The first place where they would seek for her would be at Kilreeny, and therefore she dured not direct her steps that way. But she knew that wherever she sought an asylum, she would be hospitably received, and carefully concealed; and, after a little consideration, she bustened to the cabin of a couple named Dolan, who had often testided a enerous sympathy with Miss Delany's harshly-

Aroused from their slumbers by her entrentles for admittance, Mary and Patsy Todan slip-ped on their clothes, and hastened to admit their unexpected guest.

"Sure if it isn't Miss Katty !" cried the wife.
"The Lord have her in his keeping! "Tis shivering she is, and dronched wid the dew! Make up the fire, Patsy, while I take the shoes off her feet, and get some warmth into them !" Too delicate to question the agitated girl,

these generous Hibermans watched over her till she had in some measures overcome the faint-ness which had attacked her, and then they in-sisted that she should occupy their bed, while they stretched themselves on the mud floor in

tance betwixt herself and her ruthless nunt. The yoke once thrown off, she would not bend her

nock to it again.

4 I dare not stay here! Already she may be upon my trick! Oh, tell me how! may escape from this neighbourhood altogether? Help me to fly before she finds me, and endeavours to drug me back to her intoful dwelling!" Patsy reached a stout blackthorn out of a

corner, and flourished it over his head.
"It's loth I'd be to hit a faymale woman; but I'm thinking Misthress Delany would have to put up wid a taste of his twig, if she sthrove to touch ye, now ye're under Fasty Delan's purtec-tion. 'Deed, then, Miss Katty, me darlint, it's safe ye are here; and if ye're at all onasy, there's half a dozen, big, strong boys widin call, that would give and takea blow wid all the plea-sure in life, for a look out of your own bright

eyos."
"Whist, Patsy!" his wife interposed. "Don't binit to be treated thus!"

"Take care how you talk to me!" hissed Miss
the throuble that's on her? What will we do



KATHLEEN PINDS A REFUGE

unpt; and though I do not seek to pry into t secrets, I venture to give you this

ing."

North curled her full lip disdainfully.

"And yet you practise this same game you bid me beware of! Nay, Miss Dalton, I did not mean to offend you; but I cannot help seeing Lord Glanore's glances; nor how, though you affect not to perceive them, and keep him in beck with an excess of politeness, your eyes orighten at his approach, and your face saddens at his departure. But you are not a skilful manucuver. You would never have the courige to lure him on, as I would do—bewildering im with smiles and soft words till he laid his eart at my feet, and then crushing him with ay contempt." Rosamond was literally startled by the volc-

Rosamond was literally startled by the volcance with which she spoke.

"You may well say that I could not do aught so unwomanly. It would be too cruel! What could justify such conduct?"

"Many things. Who would not give scorn for corn? Who does not exult in revenging the ain that has been ruthlessly inflicted upon us? Even you do this!" cried Norah,—"you, who look so shocked at my candour! Without knowing a word of the past. I am sure that all rather learn than sleep." knowing a word of the past, I am sure that all the coolness you assume to Lord Glanore is to punish him for some fault he has committed.

"I do not wish to pain him," faltered Rosa-tiond. "I have endeavoured to avoid him, but o porsists in coming here. Why do you speak o me of this?" she added, starting up in great agitation. "Are you combining with him to ersecuto mo ?"

"Not I. dear Miss Dalton: I do not feel suffilent interest in him to care whether his suit acceeds or fails; nor did I mean to be rude to ou; only to bid you not judge me too harshly f, in the future, I fearlessly strike a blow for nyself which you would not have the courage to

"I am quite in the dark as to your mean

Then keep so. I intend to stand or fall tions. But I have made your head ache with my chattering. Go and lie down, dear Miss Dalton, and I will practise these songs till my

Resumend was glad to go away. She had been confused and troubled by the glimpse into her own heart which North's impotuous speechos had given her. It was quite true that all he old love for Viscount Glanore was reviving Frank—absorbed in his passion for Kathleen and always contriving some means of seeing o conveying notes to her—was not as careful guardian of his pretty sister as be intended t be; and Lord Glanore's visits were permitted, not encouraged. Resumend never received him alone; never knowingly warmed from the quie reserve with which she kept him at bay; bu there were moments when a look, a smile, or transient flush gave him hopes that he was no wholly indifferent to her; and his was no longe the fleeting passion of a worldly man for the flecting passion of a worldly man for the prettiest girl he had ever encountered. He longed to be worthy of her; he spared no pains to gain her esteem. With admirable tact he merged the lover in the character of Frank's friend. It was of him they talked, or of such subjects as brought with them no trouble-some recollections of the past; and though Research had been your to assure herself the amond had been wont to assure herself that her manner towards his lordship was irrepreachable, she could not but acknowledge that she was treading on dangerous ground. She must oither give him an opportunity of declaring his love, and decidedly reject him; or run the risk

"Gone in search of her, though where she'll ; under my care; I am her lawful guardian; and be looking I'd be puzzled to tell."

North hesitated for a moment, and then, with

her usual firm step, went into the house. She was too late to prevent the entastrophe that must have ensued whenever Miss Delany pounc-ed upon Kathleen and her companion; whether in the arbour or by the stream, which was their She surnised correctly. Seated on a block of

stone, her books in her lap, her hand clasped in Frank Dalton's, Kathleen had been listening while he translated a difficult passage in one of

the French classics.
"I understand it now," she said, at last.
"How patient you are with me! Tell me, shall ever grow clever enough to make you proud of the little pupil who gives you so much trouble ?"
"I am proud of her already," was the reply. "But I fear she overtasks her strength. Dearest Kathleen, you do too much. This long exer-cise, and all these pages of history, were not accomplished without robbing you of needful

She shook back her brown tresses, and laughed

rather learn than sleep." "But you will dim the brightness of those eves, my Kathleen! Cannot you be content to now that you are very dear to me just as are; and that I nover have had any ambition to wed a learned lady ?"

Kathleen blushed, and looked distressed, as she always did if he made any allusion to his affection for her; and, seeing this, he was recurring to the lesson, when a shadow fell across them looking up, they beheld the stern face of Miss Ursula Delany.

> CHAPTER XXIII. AN ANGRY WOMAN.

Striving hard to retain her composure, Kathcan gathered up the books that had fallen from her lap, and put them into the hands of Frank, with a mute gesture that said, "Our pleasant les-

sons are over. We shall not be suffered to meet

But Frank was not going to be awed by the bent brows of an unfeeling woman, and drawing Kathleen's arm through his, he boldly confronted her nunt

"You have stolen upon us, Miss Delany, with looks that seem to speak displeasure. Yet neither your nicee nor I have any cause to be ashamed of our occupation. If we meet secretly to pursue it, the fault is yours, who have denied to this innocent girl the same leisure you bestow upon

Miss Delany did not answer him except by in ominous scowi: but she addressed herself to her niece in the low, bitter tones of intense

fury.
"I am going back to the farm; you will ac--now, this moment, or never company me—no "What crime has Kathleen committed, that you should speak of denying her the refuge of

your roof ?" Frand demanded. She finshed a furious glance at him. "Your being my landlord, Mr. Dalton does not give you a right to meddle with my private

affairs." He bowed. "If I have seemed importinent pray forgive me. In all that concerns Kathleen, however, I must plead a right to interfere, for I love her, and hope to persuade her to be my

I refuse my consent to such a union."

Frank longed to resort that he was resolved to wed Kathleen with or without her leave; but for the poor girl's sake, he saw that he must temporise, and, accordingly, he curbed his unger " Miss Delany, we have both been too hasty

I will try and believe that the information you have given me respecting Kathleen's birth was kindly meant. But if I am willing to wrive these eljections—if I promise to be a tender and affectionate husband to your nicee, surely you will not refuse me her hand?"

"She is too vount to think of marriage. Mr. She is too young to think of marriage, Mr.

Dalton," was the frowning reply. "She is scar-cely seventeen years of age. She is a child." "Perhaps so. I shall not complain if you insist upon a year or two's probation. At the end of that time, may I hope for your con-Miss Delany tried to imitate his concillating tone; but her naturally violent temper wa still further exasperated by the utter demoli-

tion of the hopes she had been cherishing for

Norah. " You shall nover have her-never!" s shricked, shaking her elenched hands in his face. "She has been the curse of my life, even as her mother was before her ! Every wish ! her, and I would sooner see her in her grave than triumphing over me !"

Shocked at this display of ovil passions, Frank quietly replied that he would defer all discus-sion of this subject until she was calmer; and, lifting his hat to the furious woman, he walked

North, whose indomitable spirit rarely succumbed to her aunt's, could not enter into the terrors that made the cheek of Kathleen blanch and her lips quiver at the sound of Miss Delany! approaching step. But she promised to give her little cousin the support of her presence; and perhaps it was the defant air with which she met her aunt's stern gaze, that made Miss Delany compress her lips, and go about her usual avocations in silence.

Kathleen presaged no good to herself from this apparent tranquility. Could it be that

Frank, disgusted at the alleged slur upon her birth, had voluntarily renounced her? Ah, no he was too noble for that; and on the morrow be would surely contrive to communicate with her, and relieve the dreadful anxiety she was now enduring. This hope sent her to rest partially comforted

but in the middle of the night she was aroused, to find Miss Delany standing by her bed, her deeply-lined features rigid with some inflexible resolution. "You are awake! That's well! Now listen!
You have not hesitated to deceive and dupe
me! You shall not dupe others! Rise and dress

Kathleen obeyed. She was in the power of a merciless woman, and she had not the spirit to attempt resistance.

Sliently she permitted herself to be led into Miss Delany's chamber. Within this there was a dark closet, large enough to hold a narrow bed, on which her aunt ruthlessly pushed her down.

"Now sleep as long as you like! This closet

shall be your prison till Frank Dalton has made Norsh his wife, or quitted the country." "My prison! No, no!" cried the indignant girl, roused at last into rebellion. "I will not submit to be treated thus !"



sor ye, Miss Katty? We'd give the best blood in our velus to serve your mother's child! Say what ye'd have us do and 'tis old if we don't contrive it ?"

"If I could get to Dublin," Kathleen answered, with a flush of shame at her own penniless condition, "Once there, Mrs. Carroll would take care of me; but alas I. I have neither money nor money's worth!"

The generous Irishman flouted this objec-

Deed, then, we need not be thinking of that, while there's a thirteen in the onld stocking, and a pig in the sty that's fit for the market. Ye want to be taken to Dublin? Then ye may go to bed wid Mary there, and have a sweet slape, and thrust all the rest to me. I'll have ye safe-ly to Mrs. Carroll's some ways, and the ould miss

Finding that an immediate departure was out of the question. Kathleen consented to he down beside Mary Dalan till the day dawned. By that time, Patsy was at the door, with his sturdy little mountain pany barnessed in a small cart. In this, Kathleen laid down, well muffled in a cloak, and hid from sight by the baskets of garden produce, Patsy skillfully arranged around

her,
"Now, acushla," he whispered, "ye'll lie still

An injunction she found it difficult to obey when Patsy drove straight to the farm, and lingered there for several minutes, chaffering about some fowls, which he pretended to require for a customer at the market town. Kathleen scarcely dured to breath till he had remounted the yehlele and whistling in merry time furned the vehicle and whistling a merry tune, turned

his pony's head towards the high-road.

Not till a couple of infles of their route had been traversed, did Patsy address his recumbent

companion.

• Sure, Miss Katty, dear, 'tis weary work for ye to the there; but 'tis best so till we've covered a bit more o' the ground, for the ould mis-

consider herself well rid of a girl whom she had and she gladly availed herself of such an opporatways designated as a butthen upon her! What but a desire for everage could distance this capernuss to recover her? She crouched close in her lacker of recover her? She crouched close in her place of concealment every time a passer-by hailed Patsy; nor even deemed herself in safe-ty when she was placed in charge of a stout

the thry figure in the coarse gray cloak; but when Kathleen put back her hood, and revealed her sweet, sad face, his dentits vanished, and he had not ask for more just at present would be to grouse suspicion, and subject myself to a denial. door opened, the voices within ceased; there was a joyous exclamation, and the weavy girl was clusped to the heart of Frank Dalton.

CHATTER XXIV.

A NEW HOME.

His presence at Mrs. Carroll's was soon ex-With an indignation that overpowered prudence, he had hurried to Miss Delany's as oon as a raniour of Kathleen's flight re She received him with apparent cordi-

I am glad to see you, Mr. Dalton. As my landlord and a neighbour, I was going to ask your assistance in the recovery of my unhappy niece, of whose disgraceful flight you have doubtless heard."

" I luve been told that Kathleen Sidney has

step I have yet to learn."

Eliss belany bit her thin lip.

"It grieves me to be obliged to relate them, I am afraid she has not gone glone.

understand the cruel insinuation.

North, was as ignorant as myself of her in-The companion the misguided girl But here Frank could no longer restrain him-

self.
" Hold, Miss Delany! I will not hear you asself I will learn the reason she fied! Heaven led her towards the conservatory.

forgive you if it is as I suspect, and she has been driven away by your brutainty!"

The was not aware that your lordship had returned to Dublin," she said, as carclessly as she He was hastening away, when Norah rode up

to the door on her pretty pony, and the bitterness surging in his heart induced him to address

"Have you been helping to hunt down your aunt's unhappy victim?" Norah's check crimsoned. "Mr. Dalton you are unjust; but I forgive you, because you are scene," she retorted. "Besides, your lordship's in trouble; and I know that I have done wrong efforts to be compilmentary are poor after those in tamely permitting my aunt's ill-usage of the of the gentleman with whom I have just been poor child. I have been trying to find her, it is true, but with no intention of betraying her to

her persecutor. I meant to advise her to go to Mrs. Carroll, and provide her with the fands for the lourney. "Do you think she will seek that lady's pro-tection?" Frank demanded, after a brief apo-

logy.

Norah shrugged her shoulders. "What other friend as she? The cottagers around here would receive her with open arms, but they are poor, The cottagers around here would and Kathleen is too independent to accept fa

This sounded feasible enough, and Frank returned home to make a few necessary prepara-tions, and then follow the route he hoped the fugitive was taking. He had burst into Mrs. Carroll's presence two days since, to frighten her with his tale, and have his own anxiotion

seen nor heard aught of the lost girl. Sented between two such dear friends, Kathleen learned to smile again, and Mrs, Carroll

kissed her affectionately.

"My darling, I'll not let you leave me any more. I have long wanted to have you, and only the perverseness of Ursula Delany prevented it. I shall introduce you overywhere as my adopted daughter; unless, indeed," she added, with a sly smile at Frank, "somebody intends to put in a prior claim to you."

"Will Kathleen permit ma to do so?" the young man eagerly demanded. "She knows how long I have wished to call her mine."

The blu-blog Kathleen slipped hearrn through . Carroll's and clung to her for support. It must not be yet, Mr. Dalton, if ever! You are the most generous of men. I am proud of your friendship, but I pray you not to ask

"Why not?" Frank persisted, "I cannot consent to any considerable delay; unless, indeed, you feel that you can never love me well enough." at her questioningly, and her bright

sign, and he went on. "If you fancy that any other obstacles exist to our union, name them, and let me convince you how ill-founded they

"There are reasons," Kathleen began; then entreated time for consideration.
"Indeed, Mr. Dalton," she faltered, "I must

not let you fetter yourself with an engagement He began to argue against this decision with all the impetuosity of an ardent lover; but nov

Mrs. Carroll thought proper to interpose.

After all, our little Kathleen is right. She is more discreet than either of us; and I must beg of you, Mr. Dalton, to neede to her wishes

and wait a while."

Are you against me?" he demanded, with a disappointed air.

Against you?—no. But not being in love, I

am more amenable to reason. Such hasty mar-riages as the one you are proposing, always have a discreditable appearance."

"But under the circumstances, it is justifia ble," Frank pleaded. "Remember that Miss Delany may reclaim her nicee as soon as she learns where she has taken a refuge.

Mrs. Carroll's eyes sparkled, and her good-humoured face assumed a determined expres-

"I'm thinking Ursula Delany will have more sense than to interfere with me. No law would give her power to renew the Ill-usage to which she has subjected this poor child. No, no. Mr. Dalton; you may be easy on that score. Pil not give up my adopted daughter to any one but the husband of her choice. Have patience for a few months, and your bride shall come to you with her spirits and bloom restored,"

Kathleen hid her blushing face on her friend's bosom, and Frank was obliged to be satisfied with the knowledge that he had seenred a warm

advocate in the hospitable Mrs. Carroll.

As be could not resolve to leave Dublin while ered a bit more of the ground, for the ould misthress is as wild to get ye back as though ye were worth your weight in golden sovereigns. The second of the relation of the point about her are ready to drop wid the running! These were airming things. Rathleen had been disposed to think that Miss Delany would consider herself well rid of a girl whom she had always destroyed to the possible of the poor souls about her are ready to drop wid the running! These were airming things. Rathleen had consider herself well rid of a girl whom she had always destroyed as the rown. There were no engressing pursuits to help her to forget the image of Lord Glances.

lictore the close of another week, Rosamond and Allie Brean had quietly and expeditiously made their preparations, and quitted Galway, ty when she was placed in charge of a stout farmer and his wife, and under their care found herself fairly on her way to the Irish metropolis.

After many hardships, much fatigue, and a dolay on the read of a couple of days, during which she was really too ill to continue her journey, and was temberly mursed by the roughlessive three, continue her journey, and was temberly mursed by the roughlessive three couplessive three leaving their residence once more to the cure of looking but warm-hearted farmer's wife, Kath-leen safely reached her destination.

Mrs. Carroll's smart page glanced doubifully at which was appended a scrap of paper, on which,

We may meet sooner than you anticipate."

Mrs. Carroll was now in her element. She had not been able to prevail upon Rosamond to take up her abode at her pleasant house, but the brother and sister domiciled themselves at no great distance. With two pretty girls to chaperon, and a handsome young man in her sulte, she forgot the corpulency that gave her so much uncasiness, and might be daily seen driving from shop to shop to select dresses, &c., for the distance of the first corpuspions at her set the corpuspions at her set the second of the distance of the second of the sec the debut of her fair companions. At her request, Rosamond threw off the mourning she had worn ever since Mr. Robinson's death; and Kathleen, for the first time, saw her own fairy form costumed by one of the most fashionable dressmakers. The old life at Miss Delmy's had passed away like a painful vision, and the cup

of pleasure was at her lips at last, Mrs. Carroll's carriage no somer appeared in Princes Street or the Park, than it was sur-rounded. Many who had been disposed to drop quitted your house," he answered significantly:
the widow when she had nothing but her good
that the cause that compelled her to take this
temper and her eccentricities to recommend
her, became profuse in their attentions as soon as the lovely faces of Kathleen and Rosamone "It grieves me to be obliged to relate them, am afraid she has not your adone."
Ins North, then, generously accompanied in upon them, from which she selected the most eligible; and within a month of her noccessin?" asked Frank, pretending to misturnal flight from the farm, Kathloen found herself one of the belies of a ball at the Lore

Lieutenant's,
Itosamond had been dancing with a vapid sprig of nobility, and silly amusing herself at his expense, when she found Lord Glanore at her side. In spite of her efforts to preserve her smiling composure, the hand she gave him trembled, and, drawing it through his arm, he

"I came as soon as I learned that you were here. I shall stay as long as you remain. You cannot refuse me the pleasure of gazing at you, Rosamond, though you continue to torture me with your coldness.

"Sentiment is quite out of place in this lively dancing. His lisp gives such effect to his pretty

"Ho you ridicule me because you really despise my affection?" he demanded; "or are you trying to ascertain how much power you have over me? If so, I may think you cruel, but I cannot help myself. For the first time, have learned what it is to love deeply, devotedly. not disgrace my manhood by repeating this, if it only provokes your laughter; but nevertholess it is true."

His deep tones and evident emotion affected Rosamond, who had been plucking her bouquet

"Why do you tell me this, my lord?" she demanded. I have not sought to attract your attentions, but rather to evade them. A love that has been bestowed upon so many is not the

one that I should ever care to win. Another bitter allusion to the follies of the past!" he exclaimed. "Rosamond, dearest fellow, to find himself master of such a place Rosamond, what can I say, what can I do, to as this at thirty years of age. A man who owns make you believe that I have never really loved such a house need take no trouble to distin-Of whom have I thought—for whom

have I lived—but for you?" I remember your telling me something similar to this when I saw you in London," she said, coldly "You would have paused ere you renewed the subject had you known that you have yourself rendered it Impossible for me to believe vou."

He looked surprised. "I do not understand."
"Perhaps not. But I hoped that my silence, my avoldance of your attentions, would without the pain of being obliged to tell you that I must forget the conversation I heard between you and Major Colbye at Galli's rooms before can believe that Lord Glanore wooss any woman

Annourably."

She tried to withdraw her arm, but he gently detained it, and led her further from the gay couples around them.

«Rosamond, I have never sought to vindicate

eyes sank in confusion. This was a favourable my conduct. Till I know you, I was rockles

and dissipated. I have very little recollection of the conversation you mention, but I have no doubt that it was such as shocked your pure You hear me swear that my love for you ears. You hear me swear that my love for you has been true and untarnished by a single act I need regret. Perhaps I did not know how dear you were to me till I lost you; perhaps I shall never make you comprehend how unhappy and objectless my future will be unless you consent

"My lord, I am not amongst those who believe that a woman's influence works wonders,"
Rosamond answered, with a sigh. "A wife's
charms soon fade, and then—"
"And then you think that I should grow in-

different? Ah, sweet love! is it kind to pre-judge me thus? May I not with equal justice declare that you would soon withdraw your affections from one as avowedly faulty as I am. "There is Frank, and he is looking for me!" cried the confused girl, starting up; " pray, my lord, take me to him."

But, on pretence of wrapping her cloak around her, the Viscount contrived to linger.

"You must first grant me permission to call

upon you to-morrow, and promise me a patient While Resemend was hesitating whether to concede this much, his lordship glanced at Frank, who was coming slowly towards them,

and, with a start, he exclaimed, "Your brother has a hidy with him—do you know her?"

"Yes; it is Kathleen Sydney, one of the nieces of Miss Delany. Have you not heard of

her?"

He was silent; for Frank, with Kathleen upon his arm, was now close at hand, and gaily " Ifa, Glanore! when did you arrive? Have

"Ifn, Glanore: when dit you arrive. Zan-you and Rosamond been dancing together?" "No," Rosamond histened to reply. "I only encountered his lordship a few minutes ago." Instead of coming to the relief of his embarrassed companion, his lordship remained strangely slient, with his eyes fixed on Kathleen, who had been too busy with the clasp of her bracelet to notice him.

The unsuspicious Frank saw the peer's glance at his beautiful betrothed, and hastened to in-

" Miss Kathleen Sidney-But an exclumation from his sister stopped im. Kuthicen's cheeks had lost their colour, nd she had thrown herself into Rosamond's arms, half faluling. The Viscount muttered something about fetching a glass of water, and disappeared, to return no more that night.

(To be continued.)

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of 1868.1 THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.)

It happened somehow that Mr. Walgrave and Grace were generally together during this exploration. It happened so; there was no appearance of effort on the part of either to secure such a result. Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne had a good deal to say to the old butler, who was eager for gossip from the outer world of Kingsbury; and these three lingered to talk here and there, while Mr. Wort looked about him, thoughtfully contemplating the progress of decay and dila-pidation. When they had seen all the rooms —the dingy old pictures, the curious old china, the nicknacks and pretty trifles which many a vanished hand had been wont to touch tenderly in a time long gone-Grace and her companion came to a standstill in the room over the chief entrance, the room with that great oriel window, which was one of the most striking features in the front of the house. It was the prettiest, brightest chamber upon this upper -a sitting-room, furnished almost entirely with Indian furniture—curiously carved ebony chairs, saudal-wood cabinets, card-racks and caskets in ivory and silver, great jars filled with dried rose-leaves and spices, still faintly odo-

"Isn't it a darling room ?' cried Grace rapturously, standing in the window with clasped hands, and her eyes wandering over the wide landscape, glorious in its summer splendour.
" How delicious it must be to live with such a prospect as that always before one's eyes I At Brierwood we are down in a hollow, and never see anything out our own garden. This never see anything out our own garden. This was Lady Clevedon's room; not the last Lady Sir Lucas' mother. She was the daughter of an Indian general, who sent her all this furni-ture. There's a miniature of Sir Lucas when he was a little boy over the mantelpiece," she

continued, going across the room to look at it, "What a funny little nankeen jacket, and what an enormous collar! Yes, there is certainly a likeness." To whom ?"

"To you. Don't you remember what Mr. Moles said? If you were like Sir John Clevedon, you must be like Sir Lucas. And there is a likeness—about the eyes and the expression, I think."

"Curious," said Mr. Walgravo indifferently, I suppose I ought to feel gratified by the discovery, these Clevedons appear to be such great

"They are a very old family, Mr. Wort says, and were distinguished in the days of the Pla tagenets. It was a pity Sir Lucas spent all his

money, wasn't it?"
"I daresay his son thinks so," replied Mr. Walgrave coolly. "However, according to Wort's account, the estate will clear itself in a year or two, and Francis Clevedon may come and take up his abode here. Rather a lucky guish him. His estate is his distinction." "Would you like to be the owner of it?

Grace, asked, smiling at his carnestness.

"Very much. I would give a great deal to be independent of the world, Grace-not to be obliged to tread a road marked out for me ever so long ago; not to be bent body and soul upon reaching one particular point. I never knew how hard it was to have my own fortune to make-not to be a free agent, in fact-until until these last few days.'

The girl looked at him wonderingly, her face

very pale.

"Why in these last few days?" she asked.

"Because within that time I have made a fatal discovery, Grace."

" What discovery?

"That I love you."
She looked at him for a moment, half incredulously, and then burst into tears.

He put his arm round her, clasped her to his breast, looking down upon her fondly, but with

none of the triumph of a happy lover.

"My dearest, my sweetest, don't cry. I am not worth one of those tears. The secret is out, darling. I never meant to tell you. I hold you in my arms for a moment, for the first and last time. I don't even kiss you, you see. I love you with all my heart and soul, Grace Redmayne, and—I am engared to marry another woman. I tell you both facts in a breath. All my future depends on the marriage; and I am not unworldly enough to say. Let my future

Grace disengaged herself gently from his encircling arms, her whole face beaming. He loved her. After that the deluge. What did it matter to her, just in that one triumphant moment, that he was pledged to marry another woman and break her heart? To know that he loved her was in itself so sweet, there was no room in her mind for a sorrowful thought.

'You don't wish me to marry a farmer?" she said, smiling at him.

" God forbid that you should, my darling. I

should like you to stand for ever apart from common clay, a "bright particular star." I must go my way, and live my life; that is written amongst the immutabilities. But it would be some consolation for me to think of Grace Redmayne as something above the vulgar world in which I lived."

Consolation for him ! He did not even think of whether she might or might not have need of consolation And yet he knew that she loved him; had suspected as much for some little time, indeed. He thought that he had acted in a remarkably honourable manner in telling her the true state of the case with such perfect frankness. There were very few men in his position would have done as much, he told

The door had been half open all this time, and the approaching footsteps and voices of the party now made themselves audible. Grace brushed away the traces of her tears, and went to the window to gain a little time before she faced her relations. Mr. Walgravo followed her, and opened one of the casements, and made some remark about the landscape to cover her

" Well, now we've seen all the house, I suppose it's pretty night ime to think of a bit of grub. Where are we going to have our dinners, Mr. Walgrave?" asked James Redmayne. "In the gardens, or in the park ?"

'In neither, Mr. Redmayne," answered the rister. "We are going to imagine ourselves barrister. "We are going to imagine ourselves genuine Clevedons, and dine in the great hall."

"Eh! Well, that is a rum start. I thought you'd have been for spreading the table cloth on the grass in a rural way; but I don't sup-pose Mr. Moles here will have any objection."
"Not in the least, Mr. Redmayne. You can make as free as you please in the dining-hall; any one as Mr. Wort brings is kindly welcome; and me and my wife can get you anything you

may want."
"We've brought everything," said aunt Hannah proudly. "I packed the baskets with my own hands."

"Then me and my wife can wait upon you Mrs. Redmayne, all the same," replied the butler.

They all went downstairs: aunt Hannah and Mr. Moles leading the way, discoursing confidentially about the baskets; Mr. Wort and Mr. Redmayne following, talking agriculture ; Grace and the barrister last of all.

"Let us have one happy day together, Grace," he said, as they went slowly down the grand staircase. "Let us forget there is any such

thing as the future, and be utterly happy for "I cannot help being happy when I am with

you," she answered softly, too innocent to consider the peril of owning her love so frankly.

CHAPTER VII.

" IF IT COULD ALWAYS BE TO-DAY !" There was a small oval table at the end of the dining-hall—small, that is to say, in com-parison with the long banqueting tables on each side of the hall, but capable of accomodating twelve or fourteen people, a table at which the Prince Regent had dined with a chosen few when all the county was assembled to do him honour-and it was this board which Mr. Walgrave insisted upon spreading with the contents of Mrs. Redmayne's baskets, He helped to lay the cloth himself, handing Grace the glasses and knives and forks as dexterously as if he had been aprofessional waiter accustomed

to earn his three half-crowns nightly. "We are used to pienicking, in chambers," he said. "I always help to lay the cloth when I have fellows to breakfastor dine with me. What a banquet you have brought, Mrs. Redmayne! I suggested a joint and a salad, and you have prepared an aldermanic feast—pigeon-pic, corned beef, chicken in savory jelly, and -0, pray inform me, what is this sloppy com-pound in a stone jar? Are we to return to the days of our infancy, and cat curds-and-whey ?"
"That's a junket, Mr. Walgrave, replied aunt

Hannah, with rather an offended air. wasn't an easy thing to bring, I can tell you; but I think it has come all right. My mother was a West-countrywoman, and taught me to make junkets. The're reckoned a dainty by

most people." "Rely upon it, I shall not be backward in my appreciation of the junket, Mrs. Redmayno. Now, Grace, you are to sit at the bottom of the table and be Lady Clevedon, and I shall take my place at the top as Sir Hubert. Mr. Wort, you will take the right of her ladyship; Mrs. Redmayne, I must have you by my side; and the rest anywhere."

The two young men had come in from their ramble by this time, and the whole party, except one, fell to with hearty appetite, and made have of the pigeon-pie and boiled beef, savery jelly and other kickshaws, in the way of salad, cucumber, &c; while Mr. Moles the butler waited upon them with as stately an air as if he had been presiding at the head of an army of serving-men at one of the princely banquets of days gone by. He permitted himself a quiet smile once or twice at some facetious remark of Mr. Walgrave's, but was for the most part the very genius of gravity, pouring out the Brier-wood cider, and the sherry contributed by Mr. Walgrave, with as much dignity as if the liquors had been cabinet hocks or madeiras of

It was a merry meal. The barrister seemed as light-hearted as if his fame and fortune were made, and he had nothing more to do in life than to enjoy himself. Not always does Apollo

strain his bow, and to-day the string hung loos and Apollo abandoned himself heart and soul to happy idleness. He talked all through the meal, rattling on in very exuberance of spirits, while the two lads, who had some dim sense of humour, laughed vociferously ever and anon in the intervals of their serious labour; and Grace in her post of honour at the bottom of the table, smiled and sparkled like a fountain in the sunshine. She had no need to say anything. It was enough for her to look so joyous and beautiful. Perhaps any blackbird in the Clevedon woods might have caten as much as Miss Redmayne consumed that day; but it is only when every spiritual joy has vanished from a human soul that the pleasures of the table come to be pleasures, and the food which Grace ate that day was not grown on earthly soil. She was in fairyland, and had about as much consciousness of the common things of this world as Titania when she caressed her loutish lover.

They were nearly two hours in the dining-hall, two hours which appeared to Grace just one brief hait hour of perfect happiness, a vague dreamy joy which almost confused her senses; and then they went out into the gardens.

At Clevedon the gardens covered some eight acres, and were the chief glory of the place. Sorely neglected now, a very wilderness of rose and syringa, honeysuckle and clematis, mossgrown paths, arched alleys, where the foliago grew in tangled masses, passion-flower and vir-ginia creeper choking each other in their wild luxuriance; here a fallen statue, there an empty marble basin, which had once been a fountain; at one end of an alley a wide pond half hidden by water-tilies; at another, a broad stretch of bowling-green, bounded by a denso holly-hedge. The grass was cut now and then and that one Italian flower-garden which had belonged to Ludy Clevedon was kept in tolerable order, and that was all. The rest was

"I think if I were a millionaire, I would have at least one garden kept just in this condition," said Mr. Walgrave, as they wandered among the struggling rose-bushes, caught every now and then by some trailing branch that by across their path; "a garden in which the flowers should grow just as they liked, should degenerate and become mere weeds again if they pleased. I always fancy that bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream some wild neglected place like this. There are lovelines-ses of form and colour in these rank masses of foliage which no gardener's art could ever produce."

Of course, Grace agreed with him thought every word that fell from his lips a pearl of wisdom.

They found a delightful green arbour, spacious

and cool, and tolerably free from spiders, where uncle James and Mr. Wort could smoke their after-dinner pipes and sip the milk-punch; in which pleasant retreat they invited Mr. Moles the butler to join them for a friendly half hour. It was not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Walgrave would hob and nob with a butler; and Mrs. Redmayne was in no manner surprised when, after just tasting the punch, he strolled away with Grace and her cousins. The cousins soon fled from the humdrum beauty of the gardens, and went back to the woods, where there were wild creatures to chase and trees to climb; so Grace and Mr. Walgrave had the gardens all to themselves.

Perhaps in all Grace Redmayne's brief life that was the happiest day—a day of perfect unalloyed delight. No matter that her lover had only declared his love in one breath, to tell her in the next that there was an insurmountable barrier between them. The time must come by and by when the thought of that would be despair; but it was not so yet. He loved her. In that one sentence was concentrated all she could imagine of earthly bliss. She had thought of him as something so far away—sho had given him all her heart in childish ignorance of the cost. Life had been very sweet to her of late merely because he was near her. Even while she supposed him indifferent, only courteous with a stranger's courtesy to a woman of lower rank than his own, to see his face and to hear his voice had been en ugh. What was it, then, to know that he loved her—that this one supreme, almost incredible hazard had befallen her? Of all the women who had worshipped him—and a girl of Grace's sentimental temper is apt to suppose that every woman who has ever beheld him must needs adore her idol-he had chosen her. Ineflable condescension! The poor little foolish heart powering moment when he utterd those su-

blime words, "Grace, I love you."

As for Mr. Walgrave himself, he too found that dreamy afternoon wandering in neglected fruit and flower gardens-now pausing to pluck rose, now loitering to gather a little heap of white raspborries on a broad green fig-leafnot by any means an unenjoyable business. There was a faint flavour of worry and vexation of spirit mingled in the cup of joy. Even among the roses, looking down at Grace Rednayne's sweet girlish face, the shadow of future trouble fell darkly across his path. It was all very well to be so happy for to-day; but tomorrow was very near—and how could be break with a girl who loved him like this? It would be an awful wrench for him, let it come when it might; and yet a week ago he had made very light of this rustic flitation, and had told himself that he was the last man in the world to come to grief in such a manner. Pretty faces were not new to him. He had lived amongst attractive women—had been courted and petted by them ever since his proresident prospects had begun to bud with promise of rich blossom in days to come.

"I told her the truth, at any rate," he said to

himself, as he watched Grace's ardent face, on which the light of happiness shone supernal. "I'm very glad of that. What a dear little confiding soul she is, with not a thought of the future—with not one selfish calculation in her mind-happy only to be loved! I wish I had held my tongue. I suppose I ought to leave Brierwood to-morrow. It's like sporting on the edge of a precipice. And yet..."
And yet he meant to stay, and did stay.

The afternoon lasted three hours. In the arbour, pipes, and gossip, and punch, and soothing slumbers beguiled the elders into unconsciousness of the flight of time. It was only when a perceptible fading in the glory of the day, a mellower light, a cooler air, a gentle whispering of summer winds among the trees, varned them that evening had come unwares, that Mrs. Redmayne suddenly bestirred herself to see about tea. They must drink tea, of course, before they bent their way homewards. The day's festivities would be incomplete without a tea-drinking.



and boiled the kettle. Everything was ready. the Brierwood party, and yet alone; and Grace "Mother" was only wanted to make and dispense the tea.

To be continued. pense the tea.

They followed the lads gaily through those

delicions woods, where birds, which ought to have been nightingules if they were not, were warblingand jugjugging divinely; followed toa fuiry-like amphitheatre of greensward, shut in by fall limes and Spanish chesnuts, under the biggest of which the lads had spread their rustic tea-table, while the wood-lire smoked and smouldered a fittle way off. Grace chapped her hands with delight.

O, if we could always live here," she cried,

"how sweet it would be!"
If we could always live here—if it could always be to-day, she thought; and then to her childish fancy it seemed that with the fading of that blissful day the end of all her happiness must come. For the first time she began to realise the actual state of the case; for the first time she felt the shadow of coming trouble—parting—tears—death; for could it be less than death to lose him? They sat side by side under the chestnut.

Aunt Hannah glanced at them sharply, but could see nothing suspicious in the manner of either. It was not strange that Mr. Walgrave should be polite to her niece, who really was a pretty girl, and fifteen years his junior. There could hardly be any danger.

It was a pleasant, innocent, rustic tea-drink-

ing-the two young men and their father consuming innumerable cups of tea, and eating bread-and-butter with an air of having fasted for the last twenty-four hours. The chasing of tender young beastlings of the squirrel tribe had given the lads an alarming appetite. There were shrimps in abundance—pretty pink young things, which looked as if one might have strang them into coral necklaces—shrimps and plum-cake. The young Redmaynes were ready for anything. They were noisy too in their exuberance, and were altogether so boisterous in their mirth, that Huberi Walgrave and his companion had plenty of time for law sweet converse, unheard and unobserved. Grace brightened again as her lover talked to her, and again forgot that life was not bounded by to--forgot everything except that she was

The twilight was darkening into night when the crockeryware was all packed and the party ready. Mr. Walgrave and Grace had strolled a little way in advance while the packing was in progress—hardly out of sight, not at all out of hearing. Aunt Hannah could catch a glimpse of her niece's light muslin dress glimmering between the trees every now and then—could hear her happy laugh. They were just gathering themselves together to follow, when a piercing scream rang through the wood,

"Lord have mercy upon us, what's that?" cried Mrs. James. "Twas Grace's voice, surely.

Run and see, Charley."

Both young men sped off, and one of them ran against Mr. Walgrave, who came towards them with Grace in his arms, her head lying helplessly on his shoulder, her face ghustly

"She has fainted," he said. "I never saw any one so frightened. We sat down upon a felled tree yonder for a minute, waiting for you, and a viper—I think it must have been—shot out of the grass between us and ran across her dress. It was the surprise, I suppose, that overcame her."

He laid her gently down upon the grass with her head upon her aunt's lap. They all looked more frightened than the occasion seemed to

H's only a faint" Mr. Walgrave said reas "Its only a lainte are wantable saringly. "Lay her flat upon the grass, and she'll come round quickly enough. Run for some water, Charley, there's a good fellow."

He was kneeling by the girl's side, with one little cold hand in his, Her face was still dead-

ly pale—almost livid; and aunt Hannah was looking at it with an anxious countenance.

It isn't as if it was any one else," she said, chating the girl's disengaged hand. 6 Fainting is no great matter for most folks; but it isn't easy to bring her round. She went off just like this the day her father went away, and gave us all a fine turn. I thought she was gone. it's her heart, you see,"

He laid his hand upon the girl's breast with an alarmed look

· I'm afraid there's something wrong. Her mother died of heart-complaint, you know-went indoors one summer evening to fetch her needlework, and dropped down dead at the foot of the stairs. The heart had stopped beating all in a moment, the doctor said; and the same doctor has told me that Grace isn't a long-lived woman-she's too much like her mother."

There was a faint fluttering under his hand. Thank God for that! The heart that loved him so fondly, so foolishly, had not ceased to But Mr. Walgrave had experienced a smart shock notwithstanding; and when Grace opened her eyes presently, and looked up at

face was still white. "The beast was only a mas, etc., have been able to produce so many little innocent worm. I could not have be-books. If these authors had wrought as vollieved you would believe so like a fine lady."
"It was a viper," cried Grace. "Vipers have

" as if he came to part us." Take my arm, Miss Redmayne," he said,

in his ensiest way; and don't alarm yourself about vipers. I hold them very harmless, unless they take the biped form. Do you feel equal to walking home at once? or would you

"I am not at all tired. I am quite ready to

And so they went arm-in-arm through the narrow pathways, brushing against the bearded barley and the feathery outs and the fast-ripening wheat, all silvered by the summer moon- did it."

f Happily there was not much for aunt Han-beams, and anon emerging upon some smooth nah to do, or the light would have scarcely lasted them. The lads had selected an eligible was sweet, and where a clump of trees made an epot under a great Spanish chesnut in the woods, had collected firing, and lighted the fire | home together, only a few yards in advance of

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

From the Small Fruit Recarder.

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute a daily fost, and one of you say unto them. Depar in passe, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding egive them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?—James ii; 15, 16.

An old lady sat in her old arm chair.
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And honger-worn fontures;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm chair,
Itad been pota's.

But now they were gone; of bad or good Not one was left, for the old lady's food, Of those pointness; And she sighed and said, "What shall I do? Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go For more pointness.

And she thought of the dearon over the way, The dearon so ready to worship and pray, Whose cellar was full of potatoes. And she said: "I will send for the deacon to come He'll not mind much to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the old hady some good, But nover for once of potatoes: Ho asked her at once what was her chief want, And she, simple soul, expecting a grant Immediately answered, "potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't he that way: But the deacon's return and the that way; He was more accustomed to prach and to pray. Than to give of his hoarded polatoes; So, not bearing, of course, what the old hady said, He rose to pray, with ancovered head, But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace, But when he prayed "Lord give her pence," She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes;" And at the end of each prayer which he said. He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead, The same request for potatoes.

The dencon was troubled; knew not what to do; "Twas very embarrassing to have her act so About those "carnal potatoes!" So, ending his prayer, he started for home; But, as the door closed behind him, he heard a dec

"O, give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And that groun followed him all the way home; In the midst of the night it haunted his room— "O, give to the hungry, potances?" He could ben't it no longer; roose and dressed; From his well-filled cellar taking in hasto

Again he went to the widow's lone but; Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut; But there she sat in the old arm chair. With the same wan features, the same sad air, And, entering in, he porred on the floor A bushel or more from his goodly store Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy:

Her face was hargard and wan no more.

"Now." said the deacon. "shall we pray?"

"Yes." said the widow. "now you may."

And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured the goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As nover before his lips assayed:
No longer embarrassed, but free andfull,
He poured out the yoke of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "amen!"

But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale, Pray for the poor, and praying, "prevail," Then preface your prayers with alms and deeds: deeds:
Search out the poor, their wants and their needs:
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good,
But don't forgot the potatous.

MY EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Mark was employed as a reporter on the Virginia Enterprise of Nevada, which position became irksome to him, and he longed for a change. He says:

. I wanted variety of some kind. It came Mr. Goodman went away for a week and left me the post of chief editor. It destroyed me, The first day, I wrote my "leader" in the fore-noon. The second day, I had no subject and put it off till the afternoon. The third day put it off till evening and then copied an elabor ate editorial out of the American Cucloredia 's her heart, you see."

"Her heart!" cried Mr. Walgrave aghast.

"That steadfast friend of the editor, all over this und. The fourth day I "fooled around" till midnight, and then fell again. The fifth day I endgeled my brain till midnight, and then kept the press walting while I penned some bitter personalities on six different people. The sixth day I labored in anguish till far into the night and brought forthnothing. The paper went to press without an editorial. The seventh day I resigned. On the eighth. Mr. Goodman returned and found six duels on his hands—my personalities had born

truit. Nobody, except he has tried it, knows what it is to be an editor. It is easy to scribble local rubbish, with the facts all before you; it is easy to clip selections from other papers; it is easy to string out a correspondence from any local ity; but it is an unspeakable bardship to write editorials. Subjects are the trouble—the dreary lack of them, I mean. Every day, it is drag, him, his face was almost as pule as her own.

She drew a long shuddering breath, drank a world is a dull blank, and yet the editorial few spoonfuls of water, and declared herself columns must be filed. Only give the editor a subfew spoonfuls of water, and declared herself quite well, and then rose with tremulous limbs, and looked round her, smiling faintly.

"I'm afmid I've given you all a great deal of trouble," she said.

"It was very foolish of me; but the sight of that horrid creature frightened me so. It didn't sting—any one, did it?" she asked nervously, looking at liubert Walgrave.

"No, Grace; there has been no harm done," he answered, with a cheering smile, though his face was still white.

"The beast was only a mass etc, have been able to produce so many uminously as newspaper editors do. would be something to marvel at, indeed. How stung people to death in this country. And he darted out just between us, as if—as if—"
She faltered, and stopped; but Hubert Walgrave knew very well what she would have said to a sife country with the country of the country of the something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something the editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed. How editors can continue this tremendous labour, this exhausting consumption of brain-fibre (for something to marvel at, indeed, and the something the something to marvel at, indeed, and the something to marvel at, indeed, and indee ical laying-up of facts, like reporting,) day after day and year after year, is incomprehensible, Preachers take two month's holiday in midsummer, for they find that to produce two sermons a week is wearing in the long run. In truth it must be so and is so; and therefore, how an editor can take from ten to twenty texts and build upon them from ten to twenty pains taking editorials a week, and keep it up for all the year round, is farther beyond comprehension than ever. Ever since I survived my week as editor, I have found at least one pleasure in any newspaper that comes to my hand; it is in admiring the long columns of editorials and wondering to myself how in the mischlef he SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

25,000 had already been pledged.

A YOUNG hippopatamus was recently horn at the gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park, London, the third time such an event has occurred in Europe. The first infant born at the gardens lived only a week, and this last was even more short-lived, dying the day after its birth. As on the previous occasion, the mother became so ferocious immediately after the birth had taken place that it was with the greatest difficulty the keeper could enter the eage. Neither time did the mother sackle her child.

enter the eage. Neither time did the mother suckle her child.

We learn that the Smithsonian Institution has recently succeeded in obtaining two complete skeletoms of the remarkable tasis of the United States of Colombia, known to naturalists as Topicas pinchosym or readini. Previously only the skull had been obtained by Roulin, by whom it was first made known, and it was one of the rarities of the great anatomical collection at Paris. The Smithsonian Institution had before obtained a number of skulls, and a skeleton of the still more remarkable tapir of Panama, which had remained undistinguished from the common species of Panama till within a few years, when first described, under the name of Ecamognathus beindii, by Professor Gill, from two skulls in the Smithsonian collection. There are no external or dental differences between the tapirs corresponding with the marked differences in the skulls; the external differences between the tapirs corresponding with the marked differences in the skulls; the external differences heing confined to the emotion of the hair. In the mountain tapir, as might be expected in an animal dwilling in such elevated regions, the hair is long and coarse, and is of a black color, strongly contrasting with that of the common tapir of South America; it is also somewhat smaller than that species, and has the forchead less arched from the ceciput. It is confined to the highlands and signarated, at least so far as is known, by quite a wide band of country from the common species.

INFLUENCE OF GREEN LEGHT ON THE SENSITYE PLANT—M. Bert, desiring to test the effect of green

is separated, at least so far as is known, by quite a wide band of country from the common greetes.

INFLUENCE OF GIBEN LIGHT ON THE SENSITIVE PLANT.—M. Hert, desiring to test the effect of green light on the sensitiveness of the wimmon, placed several plants under bell-glasses of different coloured glass, and set them in a warm greenhouse. At the end of a few hours a difference was apparent. Those which had been subjected to green, yellow, or red light, had the petals creet, and the leaflets expanded; those under blue and violet glass, on the other hand, had their petals almost horizontal, and the leaflets hanging down. Those under blackened glass were either dead or dying. At that time those under green glass were entirely insensitive, and in four days more were dead. At this time the plants under the other glasses were entirely insensitive, and in four days more were dead. At this time the plants under the other glasses were nerfectly healthy and sensitive, but there was a great deal of inequality, the Mechanica' Mapazion says, amongst them. The white had made great progress, the red less, the yellow a little less still; whilst the violet and the blue did not appear to have grown at all. After 16 days the vicorous plants from the uncoloured bell-glasses were moved to the green; in eight days they had become less sensitive, in two more the sensitive mess had almost entirely disappeared, and in another week they were all dead, Green rays of light, appear, from these experiments, to have no greater influence on vegetation than complete absence of light. M. Hert further believes that the sensitive plant exhibits only the same phenomena as do not plants which are coloured green, but to an excessive degree.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

POTATO AND SAUSAGE MEAT PIR.—Well butter the inside of the pile dish, and fill it with potatoes mushed in butter, mixed with sausage meat. Season it with salt and pepper, cover it with paste and bake it.

To REMOVE IRON RUST.—Take half a tenspoonful of oxalie acid dissolved in half a tenenyful of hot water: then dip the spots that are rusted into the mixture and hold them over the steam of the nose of the teakettle, and they will soon disappear. This acid is poison and the goods should be thoroughly washed after using.

TAPOCA PUDDING.—Soak over night two table-spoonfuls of tapioca, enough to cover it; to a pint of milk mix the yolks of two eggs, one-half cap of sugar, heaten togather, which add to the tapioca, and bring to a boil. Bent the whites of the two eggs to a hard froth, add a little sugar and add to the pudding, flavoring it to taste. If the egg is added when nearly cooked it is improved.

JELLY CAKE.—2 cups of white sugar, I cup of butter, I cup of sweet milk, 3 eggs, 1-2 tenspoonful of soda; stir in flour enough to make a thick batter; bake in a quick over and put iceing between. For iceing take one cup of coffee sugar well pulverized, the whites of two eggs, and beat stiff; then put in a bowl and set in boiling water, and boil until it is boiling hot, then spread on the layers and set together.

Apples stowed for sance should be pared cored, and put into cold water until they are rendy to be cooked, to keep them from discoloring. Add a little water, puting them in a porcelain kettle or stew-pan. Cover them, and let them cook gently. Look at them often to see if they need more water, but do not sir them until they are done, or you will have them lumpy and rough; when soft stir and mash, add a little better, run through a colander, sweeten, and set away to get cold.

The subject is one of great importance, and also one that is pretty generally appreciated by the farmer, and the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Hallett will carry weight from the previous attention which this distinguished and practical man has given to practical experiment.

Sumwood Bescurt.—For breakfast, make up at hight one pant of flour with a table-spoonful of yeast, exactly as if for light bread. In the morning work in one quart of flour, with a honoing table-spoonful of lard and butter mixed, an even dessert-spoonful of salt, and half a pint of buttermilk in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved or simply a cup of sweet milk. Work well for ten minutes. Make internal hiscories with the hand, instead of cutting out. To be precise, let them be two and a half inches in diameter, and half an inch in thickness. Stick with a fork. Bake quickly. Another ten minutes suffices for this, if the oven is in proper order. This quantity makes two large plates heaping full.

tity makes two large plates heaping full.

INGLISHE WATTLES.—Make one pint of Indian meal into much in the usual way. While hot, out in a lump of butter the size of an ordinary horl's egg, and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Set the mush aside to cook. Meanwhile heat separately fill very light the whites and yolks of four eggs. Add the eggs to the unush, and cream in gradually one quart of wheaten flour. Add half a pint of luttermilk or sour cream, in which has been dissolved half a teaspoonful of carbonate of sodic. Larly, bring to the consistency of thin batter, by the addition of sweet milk. Most stoyes are at present intraished with walled-irons which are made to supply temporarily the place—are of the stoye-plates, and are much more coow than the old-fashioned sort, sive where the cook should in the beginning put her irons to heat, that they may be in the proper condition for baking so soon as the batter is ready. Have a brisk fire, crease the irons toroughly, but with nicety, and bake quickly. Fill the irons only half full of batter, that they may he in the proper condition for baking so soon as the batter is ready. Have a brisk fire, crease the irons thoroughly, but with nicety, and bake quickly. Fill the irons only half full of batter, that they walles may have room to rise, or they will be heavy, despite provious pains in their preparation.

You now can know the reason.—Podophyllin (May Apple or Mandrake) has long been known as an active pureative and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by physicians in the place of Colonael or Blue Pill for Liver Compaints, &c. Panapound Extract of Colognath is considered by Dr. Neligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and safest entharties in the whole Materia Modica. Estract of Hymographus given in combination with active entharties (such as above) corrects their grining qualities without diminishing their antivity. Pide Neligans Materia Modica. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are with others largely used in the manufacture of the Shoshoness (Indian) Vegetable Restorative Pills,—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine!

FARM ITEMS.

From experiments prosecuted by Dr. Jeannel, it would appear that food, both animal and vegetable, cooked at 200 dec. F. is more nutritions and of better flavor than that boiled at 212 dec. F., the usual boiling point of water at the level of the sea. The experience of cooking at different altitudes on elevated mountains corroborates this indication, as does also the working of the so-called Norwegian cooking apparatus.

Erforts have been unde in Eugland to organize a party to proceed at once to Africa for the relief of Dr. Livingstone. This will probably be under the charge of Licutenant Dawson, of the Royal Navy, and a son of Dr. Livingstone will accompany it, Application was made to the British government for funds to defray the expense, but these have been relused; and it is probable that private subscriptions must be relied upon by this party. At the latest account Ayoung hipospotanus, was recently born at the

augraing smoothness to the surface, without obstructing the porcs."

It will pay the farmer to supply himself, his sons and his workmen with good oppers and books. So to SO, or more, expended in this way, will come back every year. His sons will be kept from idleness and mischievous e-inpany; they will main new ideas and learn to think and reason better; they will learn to make their heads help their hands; they will labora more intelligently and be happier because their minds will be developed, and they will have something to think about while at work. Better sell an acre of land than not to have these mind-cultivators. Any intelligent man will take more off nucleares than the unintelligent one will from ten neves. Think of this in planning and providing for your sons in the future. Store their growing minds with useful ideas, or the devil will fill the vacancies with very undesirable tenants (ideas.)

or the devil will fill the vacquacies with very undesirable tenants (ideas.)

Chaix is Earas, "Poultry fanciers are sometimes troubled with what are called soft shell egs. In order to form the shell of eggs, poultry must have access to such material as will form the shell—line in some of its combinations: this is no small item in the hen economy, as will be seen from the following statement by Dr. Nichols, who says, that a hen while laying one honoried eggs produces about twenty two ounces of garbonate of line. Hence, if a farmer has a flock of one hundred lans, they produce no eggs shells about one hundred and thirty-seven pounds of child anomally; and yet not a pound of the substance, or perhaps even an onnee, exists around the form-house within the circuit of the feeding ground. This is a source of line production not usually recognized by farmers or hen fanciers, and it is by no means insignificant. The materials of the manufacture are found in the food consumed, and in the sand, pebbles, stones, mortar, hits of bone, which hens and other birds are in the habit of picking up from the earth.

Hosses kept in the stables and not doing much

sand, pebbles, stones, mortar, bits of bone, which hens and other birds are in the habit of picking up from the earth.

Hogses kept in the stables and not doing much work should be regularly elemed and fed. Some farmers seem to think that unless a horse is to be taken out to work he does not need cleaning. Such a man, to be consistent, ought not to wash himself unless he is going to town! We feed our horses one bushel of chapped straw (asy \$1bs.,) moistened with water and mixed with two quarts of corn meal, to cach team, three times a day. They are allowed straw in their racks; but it is a good plan to take it out of the racks at say eight o'clock in the morning, and let them have no food before them until noon. Then feed them and remove all that is left in the rack at two o'clock, and food ngain at night, letting them have all the straw they will eat until morning. In this way, horses that are standing in the scable will eat much more heartily than if the food is before them all that time. If they are worked, feed a little more grain or larg. A few rutabagas or carrots may be fed to the horses with great alvantage, say half a lossed per day to each team. As spring approaches feed more liberally.

The best farmers, both in England and this country, have always placed a high value on the best, as an important article of food both for young slock and milch cows. Among the kinds that have been grown extensively for this perpose, may be manned the Red and Yellow Mangel Wurzel and Whito Sugar. Although the last-named kind does not yield anything like as many bushels per acre as the former, still the White Sugar has seemed to be more valuable for feeding purposes than either of the other sorts, and for this reason more of the White Sugar. Although the last-named kind does not yield anything like as many bushels per acre as the former, still the white Sugar. The result of careful solection of the best former field culture. Last year, for the first ince, in minoroed variety of the Sugar Boet, on a form, last year, the

GROWTH AND DRYKLOPHENT OF CEREALS.—At a late meeting of the British Association. Mr. F. G. Hallett rand a paper on the "Law of Development in Cerculs." He had been convinced several yoars ago that grain, and especially wheal, was injured by being planted too closely. He had found that a wheat plant would increase above ground in proportion as its roots had room to develop henceth, and that the roots might be hindered by being in contact with the roots of another plant. Mr. Hallets sums up the results of his extended experiments thus:

1. Every fully developed plant, whether of wheat, onto the barley, presents one car superior in productive power to any of the rest on that plant.

2. Every such plant contains one grain, which upon trial proves more productive than any other.

3. The best grain in any given plant is in its best on.

4. The superior vigor of this grain is transmissible in different degrees to its programy.

5. By repeated careful selection the superiority is accumulated.

6. The improvement, which is first raised gradually, after a series of years is diminished in amount, and eventually so far arrested, that, practically speaking, a limit to improvement in the desired quality is reached.

7. By still continuing to select, the improvement is maintained, and practically a fixed type is the result.

The subject is one of great importance, and also

..... ASTURATIC BRONCHITIS, OF NINE YEARS STANDING St. John, N.B., 11th August, 1869.

Mr. James I. Fellows:

Mr. James I. Vellows:

Dear Sir.—I consider it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have received from the use of your Connound Syrup of Hypophosphites: I have been, for the last oine years, a great sufferer from Broachitis and Asthum, at times so ill that for weeky I could neither lie down or take any nourishment of consequence, not during the time suffering intensely. I have had, at different times, the advice of twenty-two physicians.

The least expassive oither dump or draught was sure to result in a severe

two physicians.

The least exposure to either damp or draught was sure to result in a severe attack of my disease. Finding no relief from all the medicines I had taken. I concluded to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphities, and have great remean to thank tool for the result. I have, in all, taken twelve bettles, and now I feel as strong and well as ever I felt in my life, and for the last year have not had one moment's sickness, and nother dose dampness or draught have the least effect upon me. Were I to write on the subject for hours. I could not say enough in praise of your invaluable Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, or give an adequate idea of my sufferings.

You are nt liberty to make what use you please of this letter, because I hope its publicity may be the means of benefitting other sufferers as much as it has me.

Mils. HIPWELL, Exmouth Street.

A description of the famous victory of the battle of Seana was some time ago translated into Sanserat by a deraun houtenant of hissers, who in private life scenpied the position of a teacher of that language. The account having reached India, has been politically the bias, a Susscription of a teacher of that language, the country of the Susscription of the Carent-About, or Light of the Susscription of the Carent-About, or Light of the Susscription with the chief on the annual with which the Gentau warriors, being well acquainted with the Eastern tohgues, had made use of the unarie formulas found in the fourth book of the Vedas," and represents King William as soated in the searte of the battle-field, with a lotus flower in his hand, and calmiy awaiting the result of the light. The editor, however, seems to sympathize with the French, and recommends the generals of that mation to study the Eastern language, and thereby obtain from the "Params" and "Sutras" more potent spells than those employed by the Germans. A Calcuit paper sereastically remarks that the study of an essay on artillery practice would prove still more efficiency.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Revolveg-The earth.

Does it hurt a joke to crack it. A man in the write place, -An editor.

A Postar for an Outlist. A window blind.

When is a silver cup most likely to " run?" When is chased.

With s is a small baby like a hig banker? when he is a wroth-child. What kind of a wife should a cutler select? - A

We think that a man carries the horrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks as to lead had our

Wity is a donkey not such a fool as he looks? He cause he likes a dry champaign, and objects to any

cause he likes a dry champaign, and objects to any mortasses.

To a Farr Correspondent, "No; ships do not wear whalebones in their stays, nor do they suffer from tight having.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is often hard to up, and the other is often hard to get down.

A rythm who in skating fell through the ice de clared that he would never again leave a hot goost for a cold duck.

A GARDENKE'S WITH made a pin-cushion out of a Spanish onion, but she found it brought the tear-into their needles' eyes.

Fogrice Appeness eyes.

Fogrice Appeness - Mrs. Malaprop is auxious to know whether this Don Juan Question between England and America has anything to do with poor Lord Byron.

"Witty is the roason your wife and you always dis-agree?" asked one frishman of another, "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do b" SPIAKING of gravestones, a St. Louis husband, having asked what kind of a stone he would have when he died, was answered by an affectionate wife, "Brimstone,"

"Brimstone."

A Western girl, who has been well brought my knocks down every man who kisses her, and she is so pretty that half the married and all the single mee in town have black eyes.

A CERTAIS judge, after hearing a florid-discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them in the tail of his judgment.

"Grounge," asked a feather of a Sunday school class, "who above all others shall you first wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a free brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Getliah?"

Note for Beneve a beneve a

NOTE FOR DARWIN. - In time the mulberry tree he comes a silk gown - and a silk gown becomes a wo-man. - Frap. Altho'a man may be a de-cendent of the monkey, a woman must be the descendent of a mulberry-tree. A THEATHEAL man of experience was remarking to a friend, how great an attraction a showy spectaclo introducing real water had with the public. "Ah!" chimed in the other, "that's because people see so little "real water" off the stage;"

The late Sir John Burgoyne is said to have been a requent contributor to young Tadies' albums. Here

s one of his contributions:

"You wish me a hatopy new year as a toast, And a kindly good act it appears; But when you peractive Pun as deaf as a post, You should wish me—two happy new ears."

der's web—the one is a unpless hat, and the other a hapless gint.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—For a printer's wife, Emiter a sporter's wife, Rottley for a lawyer's wife, sone; for a trainter's wife, Carrier; for a thehermon's wife, Net-ty; for a shoomaker's wife, Peg-gy; form earperman's wife, Mat-fie; for an menoneer's wife, Bitdy; for a commist's wife, Ann Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridgo-it.

LUCKY DAYS.—The day for this sort of weather's some Smoday; the day for the County Courts. Someomore with edge in the day to take your laby out—(O)-f-a-ther's-day; the day for a quiet dinner at your club—Whom it's Fru-day; the day for a quiet dinner at your club—Whom it's Fru-day; the day to take when every the good friend Mrs. Mahanra.

Malargoriaxa.—Our good friend Mrs. Mahanra.

day to keep a civil tongue in your head if you happen to be at home—Satire-day.

Malayrachaxa.—ther good friend Mrs. Malaorop, is surprised to hear that a little children's story die remembers in her childhood should have become a subject of the gravest political discussion. She says she never dranated, when she was reading the American Nodate Estateleiuments, that such a fess as she hears talked of would be ever made in Parliament about the Ali Baba case.

A good story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which the children took an uncommon interest. She told them that the angele came first in perfection, and when she asked them who come next and was readily answered by one log. "Man," she felt encouraged to ask; "What comes next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently sunarting under a defeat in the pravious question, immediately distanced all compatitors, by promptly shouting: "His endershirt, ma"m;"

| ma'mn !"
| Tarronouy.—Some idea of the tentelogy of the legal formule may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man we have to give another an orange, instead of saying. "I give y-a that arange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give he must set forth his "not and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rund, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise out the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, oulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what kind or inture soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

Shakspere, Byron and others of finne.

I've wided in gaining their glorious name,
Sir Walter Seatt's nevels, so rich and so rare.

Without me would have been trifles light as air.

I am a great traveller, in ships I sail.

In halboans I've been carried, also by noril:
In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America I'm found,
North, South, East and West I'm equally renowned.
I'm invaluable to the rich, also the poor,
And without a doubt daily I'm found at their door,
In schools, shops, or banks I'm in constant domand,
And a ready sale can always command.
I'm patronized by royalty wherever I go,
Likewise by Mr. (thalstone, also Mr. Lowe.

At all universities universally I roign:
I sometimes gauge joy, at other times pain.
In courts of justice I'm esed in each case,
When in matters of love I always show grace.

Political men I'm of great service to—
Bismarck and Thiets will say this is true,
I assure it has been indispansable to one.
In commosing this enignm, that you will agree.
I'm rich in colours, and variety possess,
Now what I am I leave you to guess,
Now what I am I leave you to guess. Shakspere, Byron and others of fame.

116, CHARADA.

I am composed of twelve letters. My 12, 2, 8, 3 is part of the face; my 4, 11, 6, is of the mascaline gender; my 1, 7, 6, is the time for work; my 4, 11, 2, 12, is a favour; my 4, 2, 11, 3, is to rush and roar; my 9, 2, 11, 3, 5, 1, is sentenced; my 2, 4, 5, 6, is to perform; my whole is a celebrated novel.

117. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A town on the Rhine; a bevorage used largely in London; a mountain in Italy: the Persian Bible; a division of Africa. The initials and finals give the names of two modern explorers. SAM SLICK.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., 1N NO. 10. 1(1), Ripple: A Chair, 110, Enigna: Maynet. 111, Charade: Adam-unt.

100 Riddle, and 111 Charade, answered correctly by



A Fire Old Man.—The following description of "a fine old man," by Mark Twain, is worth reading:
—"John Wagner, the oldest man in Buffalo—one hundred and four years old—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of these other old men that charge around as in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable. Last November he walked live blocks in a rainstorm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cart his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents—which was a lie. His "second crop" of rich brown hair arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a set of new teeth coming—from Philadelphis. He is to be married next week to a girl of one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago, John Wagner is two years older than the kibyde Island veteran, and yet has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life, unless you count whisky."

Openka, Alabama, has created a sensation by the

OPELIKA. Alabama, has created a sensation by the new lenp-year mode of eating philopenas in that place, as reported by the local editor of the Locamorine. The young lady takes the almost between her teeth, and the young gentleman bites it off.

A Stitch in Time.—On hearing the report that the shooking condition of the freemen's hose had resulted in the destruction of a large amount of property, a woman sat up all night darning her husband's stockings.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

18th March, 1872. Market quiet. There was a slight reaction in Wheat in the West this forencon-latest advices quoting an advance of ic. as compared with closing rates of Saturday. Liverpool is without change, as per latest cable annexed:—

_	March 18.	March 16.
	1.25 p. m.	3 p. m.
	g.d. r.d.	s. d s, d. [
Flour	25 0 27 26 0	25 0 60 26 0
Red Wheat	10 8 2 10 11	10 8 @ 10 11 }
Red Winter	00 0 27 11 4	00 0 60 11 4 [
White	11 6 <i>ii</i> 00 0	11 8 60 00 00 }
Corn	27 6 21 00 0	27 6 62 00 0
Barley	3 8 27 00 0	3 8 @ 00 00
Onts	00 0 2 9	ng 0 a 2 9 1
Peas	39 6 a 00 0	39 6 @ 00 00
Pork	54 00 # 00 0	00 (0) 48 54 (0)
Lard	(n) 0 2 41 9	41 8 @ 00 00]

Wheat, \$\psi\$ barrel of 200 lbs.—Market dull and nominal.

Qankean \$\psi\$ barrel of 200 lbs.—Steady at \$\frac{1}{2}.\$5 to \$\frac{5}{2}.\$5 to \$\frac{1}{2}.\$6 to \$\frac{1}{2}\$ to

"The Canadian Illustrated News," WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events,

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TO TRAPPERS, HUNTERS AND SPORTSMEN HOW TO SCENT, BAIT, TRAP AND CATCH THE FOX, WOLF, BEAR, BEAVER, OTTER, FIBRER, MARTIN, MINK, COON AND MUSERAT.

Also, how to dress Deer-skins, and skin stretch, and dress the skins of all the above animals. The best modes for sotting the traps are plainly explained. The scents are the best known. The receipts for dressing polts and skins are the best yet published. All the above receipts sent promptly by mail to all who apply for them, for one dollar. Register your letter. Address P. PENNOCK, P. M., Elgin, P. O., Leeds Co., Ont. 3-8a

Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder



Infinitely Botter, Sweeter, Whiter, Lighter, Healthier, and Quicker than can be made by the old or any other process.

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont.

DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA.

of the body in which Dr. Wheeler's Compount. Elixir of Phosphates and Calisays may not be used with positive benefit. Being a Chemical Pood and Nutritive Tonic, it acts physiologically in the same manner as our diet. It perfects Digestion, Assimilation, and the formation of Healthy Blood. It sustain the vital forces by supplying the waste constantly going on, of nerve and muscle, as the result of mentand physical exertion, onabling mind and body to undergo great labor without fatigue. Its action in building up constitutions broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases, by fast living and bad habits, is truly extraordinary, its offect being immediate in energizing all the organs of the body. Phosphates being absolutely essential to cell formation and the growth of tissues, must for all time be Nature's great restorative and vitalizer.

Sold by all Druggists at \$1. THERE IS NO DISEASED CONDITION estorative and vitalizor. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.

Academy for Young Gentlemen. English, Classical, and Mathematical. DALY STREET, OTTAWA CITY, ONT. Revd. C. PREDERICK STREET, M. A., Principal,

ASSISTED BY EXPERIENCED TEACHERS. Number of pupils limited. Pupils admitted as Boarders in the residence of the Principal. 2-43s

Montreal, January 2, 1872.

RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

THIRTY THOUSAND

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

ALL PRIZES! NO BLANKS!!

THIS IS A BONA-FIDE OFFER WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT.

I offer the following articles, all new and first class, to every one sending me the number of new Subscribers to the Hearthstone indicated opposite each Prize; each name sent must be accompanied by the full price of a year's subscription, Two Dollars.

Prizes.	Number of Subscribers required at \$2.90.	The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number.		
Nos.	If you send	You will receive either	Or	
1	120	A SINGER Family Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, in a blackwalnut polished Cabinet case, with cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$70.00		
2	100	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine (Groven & Baker Stitch), silver plated, in a beautiful blackwalnut Cabinet with drawers, lock, &c.	Price, \$70.00 A Lady's Watch,in Gold hunting case, beautifully enamelled. \$55.00	
3	90	lock, &c. Price, \$50.00 A Singer Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, on iron stand, blackwalnut table, with Cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$45.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, \$45.00	
4	80	A Singer Sewing Machine, same as above described, without cover. Price, \$40.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, \$40.00	
5		A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] silver plated, black- walnut table and cover. Price, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, enamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00	
6		A Williams Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but not plated. Price, \$30.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold and cnamelled cover. Price, \$30.00	
7		A Williams Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but without cover, on blackwalnut table and iron stand. Price, \$25.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold chased cover, Price, \$25.00	
8	30		A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, first-class in every respect. Price, \$15.00	
9	20		A solid Silver, open faced Watch, good time- keeper. Price, \$10.00	

When desired, Gentlemen's Watches will be sent instead of Ladies' of the same value and quality.

Every one sending us a club of 5 Subscribers at \$2.00, will receive the Hearthstone for one year, and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

All those obtaining prizes are entitled moreover to the Hearthstone, for one year, free.

The Sewing Machines above mentioned are all manufactured in Canada, by Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., Montreal, (with whom a contract has been made for the delivery of as many of each machine as we may require); they are fully equal if not superior to the very fmest machines of American manufacture, and represent a value nearly double of the figures above quoted, if the price of the American machines be taken as the standard. All who receive one of these machines will have entire satisfaction with it. The machines all sew

with two threads and do either the lock stitch, or the double loop-stitch, neither of which will rip.

Further, any person entitled to receive a Sewing Machine and desiring one of higher price, can have it by paying the difference to the manufacturers.

The Gold and Silver Watches offered as prizes are all first class and imported for us by a leading house

in Montreal, (Messrs. Schwob Bros.) Each watch will be sent, post or express paid, in a neat case; the cases for the Gold Watches of high price being beautifully finished with inlaid woods.

Those who prefer to canvass for each prizes, that is to say on commission, and compete at the same time for the Grand Premiums mentioned in the next list, may do so: Thus, any one having formed a club of 5 (and receiving in consequence the HEARTHSTONE free) may retain 25 cents out of every subscription collected thence forward, and the remittance of the balance, \$1.75, will be counted as a full subscription in the competition. The club of 5 will also be included.

THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

will be given IN ADDITION to the prizes and commissions above mentioned, to the most energetic and successful canvassers

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It is evident that one person may, not only win a GRAND PREMIUM and ONE of the prizes on the first list, but SEVERAL of the latter; either by working for them successively, or by taking two or more prizes of less value, equivalent to the one represented by the number of subscriptions sent.

Those who prefer canvassing on CASH TERMS ONLY, and who do not wish to compete for the GRAND PREMIUMS, can take advantage of the club terms offered elsewhere. These offer more immediate profit, but exclude from obtaining prizes, or competing for the GRAND PREMIUMS. Subscriptions taken for the HEARTHSTONE 1871 and 1872 for three dollars, (including Trumbull's Family Record and the splendid Engraving given to every subscriber for 1872) will be counted as one and a half subscription, in the competition for the prizes and GRAND PREMIUMS.

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Send in subscriptions as fast as obtained, so that parties may receive the paper at once. Give the correct name and address of every subscriber. Use Bank draits, Post Office money orders, or register your letters when remitting; otherwise the money is at your risk. All subscriptions will be reckoned from the 1st January, and the papers so sent, unless otherwise

All who wish to canvass with greater speed and more success, should remit us \$1.00 for a copy of the Presentation Plate.

ONE WHO SEES THE ENGRAVING CAN REFUSE to SUBSCHIBE.

In fact, those who have the money should secure at once a number of the Presentation Plate, by sending as many dollars, so that while canvassing, they may close each transaction at once by leaving with the

subscriber his copy of the engraving.

The money so received will be placed to your credit on account of your future subscribers, and you will so much less to remit when sending the names.

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Each competitor will state when first remitting, whether he or she prefers club terms, cash commission or a prize; also indicate what prize is aimed at, so that as soon as the number of subscribers required is reached.

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Watches will be sent by Express, or parcel post, prepaid. But the freight or express charges on sewing machines, or musical instruments from the factory to the residence of the winner, by the road and conveyance he will indicate, will be paid by him, and will be the only expense he will have to incur.

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