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For the Favorite.

LOVE IN A DAIRY.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Of all the spots for making love,
Give me a shady dairy,
With crimson tiles and blushing smiles,
From its presiding fairy!
The jolly sunbeams peeping in
Thro' vine leaves all a-flutter,
Like greetings sent from Pheebus to
The Goddess of "Fresh Butter!"

The swallows twit'ring in the eaves,
The air of Summer blowing
Thro' open door from where a score
Of tail rose-trees are growing.
A distant file of hollyhocks,
A rugged bush of tansy,
And nearer yet beside the steps
A gorgeous purple pansy.

Suggestive scents of new-mown hay,
From lowland meadows coming;
The distant ripple of a stream,
And drowsy sounds of humming
From able-bodied bees that bevy
About the morning-glory,
Or dwaddle pleasantly around
The apple-blossoms heary.

A rosy bloom pervades the spot;
And where the shadows darkle,
In glit'ring rows the shining pans
Show many a brilliant sparkle.
As snowy as my lady's throat,
Or classic marble urn,
In central floor there proudly stands
Th' seoured white-wood churn!

And she who reigns o'er churn and pan,
In truth my friend between us,
My dimpled Chloe is more fair
Than Milo's famous Venus.
Mark, mark those eyes so arch and dark,
Those lips like crimson clover,
And ask yourself, as well you may,
How I could prove a rover.

Talk not to me of moonlit groves, Of Empress, Bolle or Fairy; To me the fairest love of loves Is Chice of the Dairy! Peterboro', Ont.

(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE

BY J. A. PHILLIPS OF MONTREAL,

ther of "From Bad to Worse." "Out of the Snow." "A Perfect Fraud," fo.

ACT II.

SCENE I .- (Continued.)

MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Mr. Harway remained behind the tree until Dr. Griffith and his companions had entered the cottage; then he produced the dirty handker-chief, polished his face a bit, and gave vent to the expression the expression,
"I'm blessed !"

"I'm blessed!"

He really seemed to think he was "blessed"

as he expressed it—and, sitting on the grass, he pulled up the skeleton of a collar which did duty with him as linen, and held sweet communion with himself.

"I'm blessed." soliloguised he, "if I aint hit

munion with himself.

"I'm blessed," soliloquised he, "if I aint hit it right off. That must be the gal, and the little one is a responsibility incurred since the gal wasn't drowned. I suppose Bowles told the truth when he said he saw them married; that will give me a grip on the Doc. somehow. Can't see his game; but, I can see how to make it pay me. There is something or other he wants to keep dark, but what his game is I can't see."

Mr. Harway stared very hard at the tree he was resting under as if he expected to find there an explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct. Apparently, however, the explanation was not easy



DR. GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

to arrive at, for he sat for nearly half an hour

to arrive at, for he sat for nearly half an hour before he seemed to have come to any conclusion which was satisfactory to him.

The explanation of Dr. Griffith's conduct in hiding Mamie's existence, and the fact of his marriage, from Charlie Morton, seemed to flash on Mr. Harway all of a sudden, for he sprang up from the grass and, waving the dirty handkerchief in triumph over his head exclaimed:

"I'm blessed! I see it now just as clear as a yard of pump water. It's another woman."

Then Mr. Harway sat down to think about it.

The minutes stretched themselves into hours, and the sun began to sink in the west, but still Dr. Griffith did not leave the house, and Mr. Harway maintained his position behind the tree. Harway maintained his position behind the tree. Mr. Harway was hungry, he had eaten nothing all day; and Mr. Harway was thirsty, but still he kept his post and watched the little cottage. He had quite made up his mind now as to what course of action he should pursue, and only wanted to be quite sure that the lady he had seen with Dr. Griffith was his wife; once that was ascertained he felt assured he could blackmail the doctor as much as he pleased.

It was nearly six o'clock when Dr. Griffith left the house and proceeded towards the ferry, and Mr. Harway carefully kept himself concealed until he had passed; he then approached the house and poldly rung the bell.

A smart little girl came to the door and inquired his busine

"Does Dr. Griffith live here?"
"Yes, sir; but he has just gone over to Montreal."

"Yes, sir; but he has just gone over to Montreal."

"Is Mrs. Griffith in?"

"Yes; do you wish to see her?"

"No; I only wanted to know if Dr. Griffith left a parcel here for me. He promised he would leave some medicine here and I was to call for it; will you see if he left anything for Mr. Thompson—my name is Thompson."

The girl made the requested inquiry, and, of course answered as Mr. Harway expected that nothing had been left for him.

He then drew the girl into a little casual conversation and learned that the family had only lately arrived from New York, and had been at the cottage a few weeks.

Fully satisfied with his day's work, Mr. Harway wended his way towards the ferry thinking over his future plan of action.

"I sha'n't tackle him just yet," he thought.

sha'n't tackle him just yet," he thought.

"I sha'n't tackle him just yet," he thought.
"I will let a few days elapse and meantime I can watch him, and, maybe, find out something more as will be useful."
He had recourse to the dirty handkerchief and black pipe as he reached the ferry-boat, and when seated on the upper deck, he again expressed himself, half aloud,
"I'm blessed!"

SCENE IL

MRS. GRIFFITH MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

The scene which had transpired in the little cottage had not been a peaceful one. Doctor Griffith had visited his wife with the idea of securing her consent to remain in Longueuil for the next two weeks, but his mission had not been so successful as he had anticipated.

Mamie was taking a walk with her little girl when the doctor landed from the ferryboat and met them, and they strolled up together towards the cottage

the cottage.

The doctor did not feel in a particularly amiable mood, and Mamle was far from being pleased at the way she had been treated since her arrival in Montreal, the walk to the cottage was, therefore, almost a silent one. The little girl ran ahead for most of the way, and from time to time endeavored to attract the attention of her father with some casual, childish remark, but with only partial success.

Arrived at the cottage Dr. Griffith prepared to urge his reasons for Mamie's remaining in Longueuil until after the birth of her baby; but, before he could do so she took the initiative by remarking,

before he could do so sne wor the initiative of remarking,
"Harry, I want to go over to Montreal to live; it seems so strange for you to be living there, and Fan"—that was the little girl—"and I over here. Besides, you come to see me so seldon, and I am getting nervous about my sickness, and I should like to have you with me when I am ill."

am ill,"

Her husband drew her towards him and tried hard to show a semblance of the love he did not feel; but the kiss he imprinted on her forehead was very cold, and she half turned from him with a sigh.

with a sigh.

"Don't get foolish fancies in your head," he said, playfully smoothing her hair, "you will get through all right, and, of course, I will be with you; but, I don't see what good can be done by your going to Montreal to live. You have a nice, comfortable house here, and it would be better for you and fan to remain here until the Winter sets in, then, of course, you must move over to Montreal."

She remained slient for a few moments, her head drooped on his shoulder, and a few tears

head drooped on his shoulder, and a few tears forced themselves into her eyes as she answer-

head drooped on his shoulder, and a lew lears forced themselves into her eyes as she answered, "Harry, you used to love me once—oh! how long ago it seems—don't keep away from me now, it won't be for long. I feel that I shall never live through the next few weeks, let me die with you. I have no one but you and Fan, let me be with both of you to the last."

Her head rested on his shoulder, and she sobbed convulsively as she clung to him. He held her tenderly in his arms, but there was no love in his heart as he tried to sooth her, and drive away her fears. He remembered how, years ago, he had loved this woman, and hung on her lightest word; how he had sinned to win her, and how he had gloried in the fact of having won her, and he wondered at himself that he could now be so cold and insensible to her caresses; but another love had entered his heart and it was dead to the one who loved him so well, even after she knew he no longer cared for her.

her.

Woman's love is a curious anomaly; pure and holy in itself, it so often becomes attached to some impure and unworthy object, but, like the limpet to the rock, it clings on till death; and, although conscious of the unworthiness of the object of its adoration, still it cannot change its devotion, but remains constant in its afface. its devotion, but remains constant in its aftec-tion to the last.

tion to the last.

Mamie Griffith knew husband well and thoroughly. She knew him as a bold, bad, unscrupulous man, and was only too well assured that he had ceased to love her; but at this moment all the old tenderness for him came back, and she almost persuaded herself that she might yet re-kindle the affection of the past within his breast, and win him back to her.

She cried softly and quietly on ms shoulder for a few seconds, and he continued to smooth her hair and try to calm her excited feelings.

"Come, come, Mamie," he said, "you are exciting yourself unnecessarily; there is no danger; you will be all right in a few weeks, and, meanwhile, you can be very nice and comfortable here. I will come over every day to see you, and soon you will laugh at your own foolish fears."

His tone was soft and gentle, and he con-

see you, and soon you will laugh at your own foolish fears."

His tone was soft and gentle, and he continued to caress her; but she drew slightly away from him, and looked up at him in partial dis-

trust, "Harry," she said, "why do you want to keep

me out of Montreal? Ever since I came from the States you have tried to prevent my visiting the city, and have made me remain here as much as possible. What is the reason?"

"There is no reason," he answered, drawing her to him and pressing for forchead with the

lips, "It is only your own imagination. It hink it would be better for you to remain here until the baby is born; you are not strong, and the sir nore is purer than in a large city."

"But I want to be in Montreal; I want to be

With you

with you."

"And I say you shall stay here." His voice was oold and hard now, and there was no gentleness or tendernoss in its tones.

She drew herself quite away from him and stool proudly regarding him for a moment; thou she said, not hastly nor angrily, but slowly and with emphasis:

"I shall move over to Montreal on the first of a Mputi, hen on jove p nb., nort month mose on on jove p nb.,

"I mean what I say. You have some scheme or plot which I don't understand now, which requires my absence from Montreal; but I won't be made an innecent party to any of your won't be made an innecent party to any of your schemes. Trust me, Harry, ch, trust me as you used to when we were children together"—the woman's voice had grown soft and tender again, and there were tears in her eyes—"and I will be true and loving to you, as I have always tried to be; but"—and here her voice grew hard and firm again—"I am your wife, and as long as I live I will allow no woman to murp my place. You might have occased to love me, but you have no right to love any other woman while I am alive, and I won't remitit."

She stood boldly and defiantly before him now; and he lowered his eyes as he answered her, half soothingly:

now; and he lowered his eyes as he answered her, half seethingly:

"Don't let us have a seene, Mamie; you shall not come to Montreal now; I do not please that you should. In the course of three or for-weeks you will be well over your tickness, and then you can come."

"I will come next week." she answered ob "I will come next week," she answered obstinately, and then sat down exhausted on the soft and burst into a passionate flood of tears. All the jailousy in the woman's nature was aroused; she feared that her husband loved sucher, and she was of too flery a disposition to remain quiet under the insult. He might not love her, but he should love no one clse while she lived.

SCENE III.

DEL GRIFFITH MAKES UP HIS MIND.

Dr. Griffith and Mr. Harway crossed on the same boat from Longueuit, but the latter, noticing the dector, make himself scarer, and escaped observation. It was no part of the plan of systematic blackmail he proposed, that his wicking should know too soon the i.formation he had gained; in fact Mr. Harway was not very certain that he had gained any very important information yet, but he had no doubt that by quietly watching the dector for a few days he could supply the links he needed to complete the chain of evidence as to the "game" the doctor was up to.

To put it in Mr. Harway's own thoughts to himself there was "a woman init somewhere," but who the woman was, and just "where" since me in were points he intended in dusover before he again visited the doctor. For this purpose he followed his intended victim home, and, having watched it rough the blinds and seen him scated at the supper table, retired to satisfy the cravings of his own inner nature, he beging vary foreibly reminded that he had had no breakfast or dinner, and that all the support he had received that day had been derived from the doubtful source of the black pipe, and an equally black Soule without which he never travelled.

But Mr. Harway did not desert his post long; having fortlifed himself with some bread and meat at the nearest restaurant, and replenished the black bottle, he returned to Beaver Hall Hill and took up his position opposite Doctor Griffith's office.

The doctor did not enjoy his supper. The scene

ODICO.

office.
The doctor did not enjoy his supper. The scene with his wife had not tended to improve his appellite, and he scon rose from the table to return to his office. As he was leaving the room the scryant girl handed him a small envelope which had been left for him during the day. On reaching his office he opened it and read the few lipes traced on the scented note paper enclosed. This is what the note contained:

"I have not seen you for a week. Why don't

dollars." The words seemed to have photographed themselves on his mind, and he thought them over again and again as he lowered the gas, and passed out into the street. Mr. Harway slunk after him in the darkness and followed him until he reached Mr. Howson's residence in Sherbrooke street. He watched until the doctor had entered, and then approaching the door he read the name very plainly marked on the imposing brass plate, "James Howsou."

plainly marked on the imposing brass plate,

"James Howsou."
Amongst the various scraps of knowledge
which hir. Harway had found very frequently
useful to him was an acquaintance with the
many and the richest men in any city where he
may happen to temporarily reside, and when
he read the name "James Howson" he recaguised it as that of one of the "merchant pr'aces" of Montreal, and he rubbed his hands pleasantly together in a satisfied sort of manner.

"I'm blossed," he muttered softly, "if I don't
see his game now. It's a big fish you're nugling
for, Doc., but I hope you'll land it and I'll come
in for my share of the spells. I'm a perfect gentleman, and I do like to carn an honest living
without having to work for it."

(To be continued.)

MY INITIATION.

A western man having been "made" a Good Templar in one of the Ontario towns, gives the following amusing account of what he passed

through;

Met a friend on the street; asked me to join the Good Templars, have a first-rate time, get acquainted with lots of pretty girls and go home with them; asked me if he should take my name. "Don't care if you do." Got a letter saying I had been elected; thought I'd join, thought I'd go into Bob's and dook in glass, saw sugar in glass; went to Jim's, looked in glass to fix necktie; started to find hall, asked a follow if he knew where it was, said he didn't, saw some girls going up stairs, if ought that must be the place; went up two pairs of stairs, knocked at the door, man inside put his earlo a hole, asked him what he wanted, said he wanted the password, told him I didn't want to pass any words with him, said I had come to join, he let mein a little room and told me to sit down. By and by a follow came out and asked if there was any one to be initiated and went in; then two fellows with red collars on came out, one asked me if I'd be obedient to the rules of order, and take the pledge against the use (as a beverage) of all that would intoxicate, and a number of other questions; the other asked me for stamps, plasked down the cash and they departed. Soon No. 1 returned, told me they were all ready and to follow him. He knocked at the door, fellow inside wa a't going to let us in but changed his mind and opened the door; girls and boys all jumped up and commenced sligging, soon done and sat down; walked me before an officer with a young lady on each side of him; next took me round and halted me before a young lady Met a friend on the street; asked me to join jumped up and commenced singing, soon done and sat down; walked me before an officer with a young lady on each side of him; next took me round and haited me before a young lady on the other side of the room, don't know what she said, was looking at her all the time. Marched me around again, heard the girls whispering and talking, "wouder if he is married—he is pretty good-looking—perfectly horrid—splendid, I'm just going for him," etc; haited before another officer who came down and shook hands with me. I said how do you do, how are all the folks? He kept on talking and told me to sign the constitution. Did so, and was marched up before the first officer, who gave me a lot of signs—don't know what they were, was looking at the girls on each side of him. Soon all the boys and girls jumped up and joined hands; one of the girls gave me a glass of water, it was not very had, but pretty thin; the other girl put her arm around my neek and put a white collar on me—thought she was agoing to kies-me, but she didn't. Then they put me in the circle, joined hunds with the girl-who said I was "splendid," then they had intermisation, all came up and shook hands with me—called me brother; didn't know I had so many brothers and sisters before. In the latter part of the avening, asked the sil who said she was brothers and sisters before. In the latter part
of the evening, asked the girl who said she was
"going for me," if I could see her home, she
said I could if her busband was willing — didn't
wait to see, but took my hat and left whistling:

Nor shall the pledge be ever forgot,
That so much bliss creates;
We is touch not, taste not, handle not,
Whate'er intexicates.

He read the lines several times, and pondered over them for a fow minutes. In the homor in which the death of the desperate stop he had been contemplating for the past week.

"Annye Horgeon, and one hundred thousand dollars." That was the thought which filled his strell in linear to extend himse to the desperate stop in his dollars. That was the thought which filled his ment of a charitable institution to receive the donard. That was the course he was stabiling inness to pursue in order to attain his object, he had made up his mind to follow his world need plus overcet and hat to call on his strill inclination, ore he rose from his chair and thought of the other people in amount of the chaque, which he found had been donned plus overcet and hat to call on his wondered at the stern, here expression which gradually crept over the dector's face as he as the was, would have but Mir. Harway, peopling through the blinds and thought over the details of the cure design; but Mir. Harway, based he was, would have but Mir. Harway, beging through the blinds and thought over the details and thoughts over the details of his cruel design; but Mir. Harway, based to be designed in the stern, here expression which into the propose of the ovening drow a choque for a larged in the over quantities in the proposerty, so he is for all he and who to well," in the was only as the value to the advent to had been dening. Many been during, more of the barrel and put the bling and the old kettle. Act I broke in the propose in the own it without a house, and was now and were all arried of the previous of the continuous and the propose in a first of the protect one. I hope you are not here the form made may he to do the candlos I had menual, and terrible as weather to detail to defend the old kettle. Act I broke in fairly they are not the out. Act I be seen the cours he was a flow the out of the land without much outas. Many the to dry, mixed the old, which the dark of a glot of the land without much outas. I hope you a menual time of a char

AT A PARTY.

"Yes, the music to-night has been charming.
That wells not e'en Schubert could mend;
But when just to the pase we were warming,
Alast that ite sweciness should only
In the Winter's This Flories! kneeling
Tells Perdita—' Whon you do dance
I'd have you dance ever!' his feeling
Was mine in that swiftly-whirted trance,

"Second only to waiting is walking
"Neath bright stars out here on the lawn,
Where the moonlight sleeps calmost, and talking
With you, I could talk antil dawn!
We will stroll till they finish 'The Lancers,'
Pluck resessand gase at the skies;
As I chait, if you're puzzled for answers,
Why, speak to me then with your eyes.

"Let me give you this bud, the plot's awectest—
Don': kill it so clear to your ducks.
Rather hold it, and think as thou grociest
Its frairance, that then my love speaks.
There I 'twill out! since I first saw you growing
Like summer's morn periect in grace.
Doar, I've loved you and wurshipped, not knowing
True bliss save when smiles decked your facul

"In the far pearly west, there, love's planet
Breathes hope as I how at your shrine.
Norves my heart to the venture—how can it
Hold back when it beats but with thing?
Let the har 'twixt our lives now be broken;
Sweet Lucy, forgive my demand!
May I keep this dropped glove for a token
That with it is given your hand?"

"Many thanks for the kind words you've uttered—
How troublesome oft is the heart!—
Shall I say I'm a little bit fluttered ?
Confoss that I feet Cupit's dart?
Staringst, sentiment, love-sighs are fitter
For boys and girls—we think them slow;
You a Benedict!—Hear the club twitter!
I married and done fur!—no, no!

"Now, my glore, please : you'll thank me to-morrow,
At present don't mope or complain;
For love-stricken hearts in real sorrow.
Best ourse is a glass of Champagne.
You shall got me some chicken, and quickly
Forget one you now think so false;
There, be wiser-your ruce-bud is prickly—
And then you shall have the next walts."

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE IRISH CHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IF I WERE DISTATOR,"

It was in the old coaching-days, and, having taken an outside seat on the mail from York to Donesstor, I had fallen into conversation with my neighbor, a tail, stout, fiorid man, with a great good-hamored face and a very bright twinkle in his eye. From what he said, there was little difficulty in glessing him to be a farmer somowhere near Donesstor, and, if his shrewdness in talk was any test of his business-powers, cortainly a successful one. By and by our chat happened to turn on ghosts.

"Ah, sir, and so you don't believe in ghosts?" said my companion, laughing, and with his eye twinkling humorously; "well, but what do you say to a man like myself, that has seen and talked with one? Come, now, we shall be together for an hour yet; so if you like, I'll toll you the story."

I was only too glad to have the monotony of my journey relieved. Accordingly he began.

I was only too giad to have the monotony of my journey relieved. Accordingly he began.

"I am a Yorkshiroman born and bred, sir, and I've always lived in this county, and I think I always shall, for I'm a bit proud of it. Well, when I was thirty, I began to find that the old far's where my father lived was too little for both of us, after I had got a wife and some children of my own; so I determined to set up on my own account if I couldget another farm pretty cheap. My father promised to stock it for me, as in fact was only right, for he was a man well-to-do. After some time, I heard of five hundred acres or so that were to be let a few miles north of Doncaster, and I went over to see them. Considering the quality, the land seemed to be dirt cheap, and, thinking I was in for a good thing, I called at once on the agent.

I was in for a good thing, I called at once on the agent.

"Yos, that is the price,' he said; 'very cheap, I think. In fact, you would not get it at nearly that, only there is a silly story about the house belonging to the land being haunted, and—it is no use not telling you, for you will hear it at the first inn you go to—neboly will live in it. I wanted Mr. Robinson, the owner, to build another; it would be well worth his while; but he is an old man, with only a life interest in the property, so he is for all he can get out of the land without much cuttay. Many people have been after the farm, but they could not live on it without a house, and were all afraid of the procent one. I hope you are not afraid of a ghost or ino, Mr. Crabtree?—John Crabtree is my name, sir.

"Oh, I'm pretty much like other people in that way, I answered, not wishing to stem too eager, for foar he raised the price. But I'll think the thing over, sir, and perhaps you'll give me the refusal."

CARTE STATES

therefore to estale about the house the property form the color of the village and it house the season will the house of the village and it house it is bast to have a right good dimigrat, for ann before I wou to pto it, because a main the ast ways a botter heart when he has something on his stomach. When I had done, And now, watter, said I, the us have a couple of bottles of your bost whiskey in oate of spotdents. I am going up to Grimstical House to heart.

"He was a third little chase, and is stared at me a bit; as if to see whether it why in earnest. Then he replied, 'Woll, you must be a boid man, that's all I can say; but perhaps you don't know the stories about 'to house ?"

"No, I should like to hear them; but I am going all the same."

"Then he told me that it yay suppleed, aw Irish pecilar had been miurdered there, some two very ears before, by the farmor who then lived at the place, and who had a very bad character. This farmer had soon afterwards towe abroad with all his family—frightened away, people said—and then the house got a bad name. Strange things were seen and heard-ratiting of chains, shamming of doors, and other noises no one could make out, while konditimes a agure in white, dreadily like the poor mudered podiar, was seen in the passages or room, and sometimer there was a skeloton walking about. However, whether these things, were true or noi, none of the tenants afterwards had over stayed in the house above a few week, and at last the owner had been obliged to lot the land separate at a very low ront to a great hard. House was allowed to romain empty and, go to run. The last presun who lived in It was an old blind woman walked' as well as the pediar.

"I shall want you to go with me and fit things the about the pediar."

"I shall want you to go with me and fit things the last of the word wanter, the blind woman walked' as well as the pediar.

"I shall want you to go with me and fit told him I only wanted him to he had done." If one is to see these ghots, one might come back in the pediar

it is only when you have tried stopping in an uninhabited house on a stormy night like that, that you can believe what strange sounds there

"But I was not very 'skeary,' and, setting all these noises down to the wind, get on pretty comfortably till near twolve o'dlock, when I was well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I had just book looking at my watch and was congratulating myself that half the night was gone when I heard a sound quite different from all the rest. It was as if a door in a distant part of the house was slammed to with such violence as to shake overy wall of the erary building and ring through every part of it. At the same time my own door was blown open to the very buck, while a low mean of pain seemed to be uttered close to my ear. I started up and looked round, while my little Bkye terrier, which had been quiet enough hitherto, also jumped up and, stretching out its neck towards the open and stretching out its neck towards the open deor, gave a long and extraordinary how, keeping its tall between its legs; then it rushed into a dark corner behind the barrels and lay there trembling.

"The ghost is coming now and no mistake,"
I said to myself; "but I'll soo what he's like,"

I said to myself; 'but I'll see wint he's like,' to snatching up the candle and a thick knobstick, which was the only weapon I had, I went out of the room in the direction of the sound. I will not say that I was not considerably 'creepy,' but the whiskey helped to keep up my courage, I called to Dicky to follow me, but for once Dicky was deaf and stopped behind his barrels. "I saw nothing till I got nearly to the top of the stairs leading to the ground floor; then in the opposite passage, which was very wide and dark, I saw something looking like a dirty-white cloud that half flied the passage. It did not look like substance, yet it was something, and that something plaguily like a man, only, where the head should have been, there was an awful round bit of what looked like solid midnight. night.

"I was struck still, I can toll you; for I saw the thing was floating gontly forward towards the top of the stairs where I was standing, yet I could not bear the slightest sound of a stop. My hair stood on end with fright, and my can lie seemed to burn blue, as the ghost came gradually out of the darkness. The strange thing was that, however much I looked, I could not make out any definite form or features, but yet that the whole was so much like a man. It dl not seem to notice me, and apparently would have turned down the front stairs quietly. But I was determined to know what it was, and "I was struck still. I can tell you; for I saw it. The stick went right through, just as it would have gone through mist, but the ghost took no notice still and disappeared down the stairs, leaving me in a nice state of fright, as you may think—being quite certain now that it

ghost.
think I should have bolted out of the house
think I should have bolted out of the house "I think I should have bolted out of the house then and there, only unluckily the way out was just the way the ghost had gone; so I rushed back into my room and latched the door again, there being no lock. There I sat, finishing my gone, and cursing my stars for having thrust me on such a business. I could not but hope however that, if I kept quiet, the ghost would not come to see me, and I had had quite enough of going to see the ghost.

"But the ghost, it seemed, had no intention of letting me get off so, and by and by I heard another door bang, and then a sound as if some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden

other door bang, and then a sound as it some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden legs—pit, pat—only gentler. I hoped, with my her t in my mouth, that the thing would go back to its own quarters like a decent ghost, and I listened hard which way it turned when it got to the stairs-head. But, not pit pat—louder and louder—it was coming straight towards my room, and prozently my door seemed to fly nop-n of itself, and in his lordship staiked, coming forward, pit pat, within a few yards of my chair, and then, standing right opposite, looking at me, and I looking at him, with my hair on end,

"This ghost wat quite different from the other; for though it was dressed, as it wore, in a whitish cloud, I could plainly see a skeleton with the ribs, arms, and long thigh-bones below, while on the top was a ghastly skull, with its white teeth grinning borribly, and plich darkness in its eyeballs, though every new and then there was a glisk of something in them, as if there was a black diamond glittering at the bottom of the pits. Well, there he stood and I sat, quite still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other. ch other.

Work is in und no mistake."

"Marrier, this is awful," I said to myself, "Minder, this is awful," I said to myself,
'sitting hoo-nob with a ghost in this way. And
then I womered how he knew my name; but
as he eemed disposed to be friendly, I thought
it best to try and keep in with him; so after a
bit I said to him, 'Won't your honor come a bit
nearer the fire? It's a mortal cold night."
"Faix, an' that I won't,' says he crossly;
'an' I don't call it could at all — just pleasant.'
And this when there was an inch of ice on the
pends in the moving, all during the night I
"Woll, we sat silent a while after this, and I

while, we sat allout a while after this, and I drank and drank away to keep my courage up. I saw, however, that he watched the glass every time it went to my lips, and by and by he began edging his barrel a bit nearer the table, thinking I did not notice him. So a fellow-feeling began to make me guess what he would like.

like.

"'Come, come, sir,' said I, 'you'd better have a drop of something comfortable, as you are here. It isn't bad whiskey, and I'vo get another glass in case of accidents; here you are,' pushing the empty glass and the bettle towards

him.
"Well, an'yo might have invited me to that "'Well, an'yo might have invited me to that same before, Johnny Crabtree, if ye hadn't been an inhospitable fellow, he answere', more good-naturedly, while the black diamonds at the bottom of his eyes seemed to twinkle. 'Yo should always, when a gintleman comes to see you, offer him a drink first thing — it's only polite. And it does smell good, as you say. But it's forbidden—we are all toetotallers, down there.' And I caught a sound like the ghost of a sigh coming from him, while he edged his chair quite up to the table this time, and put his long, bony, hand on it near the glass, as if by accident.

"Who's to te'l?' said i, boldly, seeing lee only wanted pressing. 'Testotaliers': Faith, if that's the game, I'd rather not go there."

"No, it's dail, there's no denying,' says he; then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well Johnny, I' yo're quite sure now, yo won't tell—

"No, its dail, there's no denying, any ac, then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well Johnny, if yo're quite sure now, ye wen't tell——'
"Tell I Henor of a gentleman," said I.
"Well, then, I'll just take the weest drop in life with ye, Johnny, just that ye may say ye've had the honor of drinking a glass with Patrick O'Shammahoy.

O'Shammahoy.'

"That's right, Mr. O'Shammahoy; and now wo'll be comfertable. Het or cold?'

"Och, could for me, Johnny—well, after all, ye are a better fellow than I took ye for. Oh, thank ye, I'll mix for myself;' and I felt chilly again, as I watched his bony fingers clasp the bottle and lift it up. A pretty stiff giass he mixed himself, I can tell you; then he ufted the glass to his lips, and I heard it cintter against his white teath. He took at little are first, and ginss to his hips, and a heard it cinter against his white teeth. He took a little sip first, and apparently liked it, for his eyes twinkled again, and he seemed as if he were trying to smack his dies, only he had none to smack. However, without putting the glass quite down, he lifted it again and pottomer's at a gulp.

"Dad," says he, as he pushed the empty glass along the table, that it's swate after niver tasting a blessed drop these twelve years." "Dear me, now, is it as long as that?" said

"'Ar, that it is, Johnny,' says he, mixing himself another glass, without my asking him, this time. Och, but it was a dirty trick that Jimmy Carruthers played me, to run a knife into me—and we so thick before I Won't I reast

him for it, when he comes ?'

"Serve him right, too, Mr. O'Shammahoy.
Then, if I may take the liberty of asking, you are the pedlar that was murdered here some years ago for his pack ?'

years ago for his pack ?'

"Mr. Crabtree, do yo mean to insult mo?' he said, in a hun. 'Because ye'd botter not, as yo know. I am the gintleman, sir, that was compelled by circumstances over which he had no control, to work for his living for a time; but my family, sir—bedad, pedian! However, it is alsy to see, Johnny Crabtree, years of no particular family yerself—only one of the commonalty, as we say; so I excuse ye, as not understanding sich delicate questions. Yis, I excuse you, sir—on that account alone,' pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

you, sir—on that account alone, pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

"I begged his parter, assuring him I had meant no offence, and congratulating myselfon my forethought in bringing two bottles instead

of one.

"Mighty cold walking it must be for you

"Mighty cold walking it must be for you, Mr. O'Shammahoy, in a sheet, and a night like this,' I said, by way of changing the subject.
"Why, as to being could that's just the beauty of it, Johnny,' he answered. 'If yo saw the fires we keep below, yo'd wonder—ten million flarrow furnaces all rearing at once are nothing to 'cm. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress in our thinnest suit too-in fact some of reast, quito still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other.

At last, beginning to think this very funny, as 'ie never tried to meddle with me, I reached out my hand to the glass and took as rathing great swife. Then, a little emboliened, after clearing out my threat, which was a bit husky, as you may suppore, I said to him, 'Won't you sit wows, air? It's as cheap sitting asstanding,' and I pointed to one of the barrels.

"Shure, an' ye might hat a asked me before, ye'd wonder—ten million to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always chose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to get cool again.'

"But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundred Carruthers.'

"Ay, he's a dirty villain if yo like; but yo which the matter intirely, Johunny — as, indeed, it is likely yo would, being ignorant of the whole thing. It isn't a punishment to walk; is a privitee—and the only one we poor guests get, though I say it that sughn't to say it.'

"But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundred can be fore, and one's legs get tired enough standing all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the beat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all

table, so that he still faced me; 'Lord, now, dirty tumble-down place like this—you that are and what's the spit?'

"Don't you be ever-carious, now, Johnny down there,' said I, beginning to think that, as Crabtree,' says he. 'But the spit's what we he seemed so civil, I might persuade him to reast and baste the poor bad divis on — hot leave Grimstead.

a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more society and isn't so lonely, like. Barrin' yerself, Mr. Crabtree, I haven't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bloss ye, them's the places for fun I To see the childer and out the reason and a barble as soon are and ould women run away, howling as soon as they catch sight of a bit of one's skirt behind a tree, and then to follow 'em invisible and hear what tales they tell about one, oh, it's prime, Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more

Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more courage than most folk to be sitting here and talking, my boy."

"Why, it's your affability, Mr. O'Shammahoy, that puts one so at one's case,' said I, edging in a bit of soft sawder, and passing the bottle. But that's always the case with you real gentlemen. However, I wonder, now, you don't stok to the reals, as you find them so much pleasanter than indoors?"
""What, yo want to keep me out of my own

iteasanter than indoors?

"'What, yo want to keep me out of my own house, do yo?' he asked, suspiciously; 'but ye won't do it, Johnny Crabtree.'

"'Well, come now,' I said, boldly. 'I've treated you well, Mr. O'Shammahoy, and one good turn deserves another. Promise me, now, there's a good fellow, that you won't walk again just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

"Oth, an' it's mighty little thanks ye give me, it seems to me, Mr. Crabtree, for the honor I do ye in coming to see you,' he cried in a passion. 'Do ye know, sir, I'm descended from the ould kings of Tipperary? We are all down yonder, and there I wouldn't be seen taking to an ill-bred call like yerself for something.'

"Oh, for myself, Mr. O'Shammahoy, I assure you I should always be delighted to see you here, and proud I should be of the honor,' I answered; 'but you see, it's my wife and the children. I dare sny you'd scarcely think so, but your appearance, you know—.'

"And who says anything against my appearance, ch? I'm. shought a very handsome ghost by better judges than you, Johnny,' and two vain Patrick actually took up the candle and went to a bit of leoking-gisss which was still hanging against the wail, where he stood all miring and primming himself up for a bit—tapping straight one or two of his teeth and adjusting a rib which was a little arry, till I could have laughed outright, only I durst not. 'I can see nothing much amiss, and I think ye have no taste, Johnny,' he continued, bringing the candle back and scating himself ag. in.

"What can your honor expect, I said, 'from a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that is a lit.

a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that is a little bit out of the common—unusual, and might disturb people, such as my children, that were not accustomed to it; and I'm sure your political to the country of the people of the peopl ness, and you a born gentleman, wouldn't let you do that."

you do that."

"They disturb me,' he said suikily, 'and it's no good yer asking such a thing, Johnny — I wonder at your presumption asking a giutieman te give up his own house, and I wilin't do it'.

"You Irish bone-bag! then I'll make you do it, or my braius are sheep suet,' I muttered between my teeth, seeing he was so stiff. Besides, hearing him talk so like a valu fool, I begun to be loss afraid of him; but I thought I must first to understand all shout him before I could do got to understand all about him before I could do anything: so I began meeting to I got to understand an about that celebra louid do anything: so I began praising him up, very humbly you know, and getting him to brag about his exploits as a ghost, at which I laughed; and at last he told me bow it was he had come

"It was my night out, ye see, Johnny,' he said; 'so thinks I, I'll just take my poor ould bones out for an airing, and I was going for them when you ranagainst me at the stairs-head, you

big spulpoen.'
"Dear me, now,' sa'd I, 'then you don't siways walk about as—as you are now.'
"Bless you, no: when one feels lively and wants to have a bit of a spree or to travel fast, one despit encumber eneself, ye know; but if one prefers a surt of—alam i—stately promenade, racily majestic, why then one takes one's bones with one.'

"'But are they your real bones, Mr. O'Sham-mahoy ?' I asked him.

annoy? I asked him.
"Shure, an' why not?—and a pretty to-do
here would be if any of'em were mussing when
took 'em back. He's plaguy particular, is ould
fulloth—that's him that attends to the bone Hulloth.

department.

"What, are they loose ? said I.

"Loose! Kaix, an' i should think so;—it requires a dale of skill to walk in 'om without tumbing to pluces intirely, and I may say not tumbing to places intirely, and I may say not many ghosts can walk in their bones as illigant, by as Patrick O'Shammahoy. Here now, just feel for yerself, Johnny,' and he made me put out my hand and touch them. It was for all the world, sir, like passing one's fingers through cold fog—that was the white part of him — but the bones were hard, just like any others, only fearfully cold, slimy, and black with mould; and then I know that the pit-pat I had heard coming up-stairs was from his hard heels on the wood.

"Well, after this we tapped the second bottle and a roaring night we made of it. We became as joily together as sand-boys, and I got him on as joily together as sand-boys, and I got him on singing—not very spiritual songs, either — and then I sang, and we made a famous row, sir. flet for all that I did not forget my purpose of getting quit of him for over if I could, and so I drank as little as possible, myself, passing the bottle whenever he did not see me, which was ave Grimstoad.

""Well; there's something in what ye say, often; for from never having tasted the creature

but ye see it's the ould place, and one must have a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more instead of water, and he never noticed the difference, it haven't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bloss ye, and by and by rolled off his barrel on the floor, the miner for face the childer.

where he lay just like any body else that had got a drop too much.

"When I saw this I kneit down and slip slipped off his legs at the knee-joint, and then his right arm at the shoulder, for I thought he might be dangerous if I left that. I found them come off quite easily, ar, as he said, they were all loose—only the masty mouldy things made me shudder as I handled them. Then after thinking a minute how to stow them where he would not be likely to find them, I hid them all under one of the barrels.

" After he had sain about half an hour or so. I

"After he had iain about half an hour or so, I sitting watching him, a bit frightened as to what he would do when he awoke—all at once I heard a cock crow outside, and I saw him start off as if in a scare.

"'Och, murther,' he cried, 'there's the cock, and I shall be late again! Well, Johnny, I must be off in a harry, but the best of friends must part, and when ye git settled here I hope to Live the plessure of seeing you often' (he grinned with all his white teeth): 'we've had a joily night, havon't we? Blood and all the powers now, an' what's this?' (raising himself to a sitting posture) in y legs have dropped off, somehow—then he seemed to be looking about on the ground for them—och, the binzes, and on the ground for them-och, the bluzes, and my arm too. Now, Johnny, help me to find 'em, there's a good fellow—I shall cutch it if I'm not back in a july.'

"I help you, Paddy ! Not if I know it,' said

the mission of them, have yo? Yo'd better give them up instantly, and he looked decading ferce, and tried to raise himself. I was a sit frightened when he got up on his stumps, but as soon as I saw he tumbled over again I began

as soon as I gaw he tumbled over again I begin laughing.

"And so a Tipperary bog-trotter, like you, thought you would be a match for a Yorkshire-man, did you, Paddy?' said I, coolly sitting still and blowing out a long whiff.

"The cock crew again, and after trying once more to get up, he began whining: 'Och, Johany, for the love of heaven—my lave'll be stopned for a year. Johany' (sulemnly), 'where are my bones ?'

··· You must first swear you'll never enter this house again, bones or no bones, said I, smoking on undisturbed.

""O ye heartiess viliain !-- It a'd be the death of me, Johnny, to leave the ould place, (whin-

ning): * how can ye ask such a thing of a pour

ghost?'

"'No bones till you swear, Paddy.'

"'Well, thin—I'm all on a brown sweat with fright—O Johnny, have pity. Well thin, I swear.'

"So I made him swear by all the Jowers I could think of; then I got him his bones, which he clapped on in a great hurry and rushed out of the door, not forgetting, h. wever, as he sped past the table, to seize hold of the whiskey-buttle and thus it at my hand as he vanished. and iling it at my head as he vanished.

"I dodged the bottle and escaped, but some-how in backing to avoid it, I stumbled over the chair and hit my head against the floor, stun-ning myself, I think. At all events there I lay for hours, and when I woke up, it was broad

"I was very cold, for the fire was burnt out.
For a few minutes I couldn't recollect where I
was or what had happened, and only felt that
I had a cracking headache; but the sight of the
broken bottle on the floor brought the whose

while back to me.

"Well, sir, I trusted to Paddy's eath, and went and took the form that day," continued the Yorkshireman with another of those humorthe Yorkshireman with another of those humorous finshes of his eyes; "and I've lived in tup house ever since, nor have we ever seen Mr. O'Shammahoy again or any of his great relatives. In fact, some of my acepical frience, when I tell them the story, will have it that I never saw him at all, but got drank with the whitekey, tumbleddown, and draumed the whose thing. But then, sir, I ask them how they get over the headache and the broken pottic. These were facts and so, sir, I have ven to form your were facts and so, sir, I leave you to form your own judgment; but if you like to turn aside for a day or two with me, I can promise you some good rabbit-shooting, and the chance of seeing Patrick U'Shammahoy for yourself."

THEY EXCEL-Doctor Josephus's Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-costed cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

The Pills contain the active properties of Mandrake and Dandellen, as well as compound Extract of Colocynth and Extract of Hyoscyamus. Test them for your own sausfaction. One box contains about 23 Pills, and each Pill is a sufficient dose for an adult in ordinary cases.

Dr X—had a feast, and smoon other things, and very unprofessional, seeing it is made of enlarged and diseased livers, a pdid de foiegrat. A day or two after, when he wished to enfer something for lunch, the cook mildly suggested, "Yes, Sir, there is almost the whole of that raddy's photograph that you used the other day."

THE SNOW-LADIRS.

BY MATHAM D. DRWER.

A pale little orphan! Andwhere should be go Through the pitiless night, in the drifting snow?

ceeks he a home, where the fire of the room Flings a warm, rich glow through the gusty gloom

Nay the Snow Ludies float through the dusky air. And becken him on with their fineers fair.

Their raiments are gleaming like curtains of mist, I'lashed over and through with amothyst.

Their large gray eyes are smiling and swee He follows them on through the village stre

Glad are their beckenings, merry their mood: ile follows them over the lonely road.

Lightly and brightly they float before, And now he is out on the wild, bleak moor.

. Whither, O whither, Ladies bright, Would you lead moon through the desclate night?

Afar to the realm which thou never hast seen, 'Round the glutening halls of the good know Queen."

"liut further my weak little feet cannot go; I am weary and chill in the cheerless snow."

Pear not, poor derling! the flight shall be free, We will take thee up, warm thee, and carry thee.

lie shivers with cold as they cluster around; itut they lay him gontly upon the ground.

They kiss his lips, and, away from the storm, Tuck soft white blankets about his form

His head they pillow so downily.
And they full him to sleep with songs so free.

Then high through the air, where he clse would freezo, He is carried away by the Snow Ladies.

The cleared morn breaks, with a rosy glow On a small white heap in the new-fallen snow.

Mittened and forred and muffled warm, The farmer plods by, with a spade on his arm

lie digs in the snow-starts back in fear: Winds of winter; what have we here?

"Woo is me! 'Tis the wanderer, frozen and white Whom I drove from my door in the dim twilight.

Nay, farmer, not him! He is safe from thy spleet In the glistoning halls of the good Snow Queen

for where the tall sceners and freezingly forth, And the wild goese ranish away in the North, Nor yet where the keel of the whaler has been, Is the inner realms of the good show Queen.

but under the snow, where the flower-hearts slee; Her white palace shines by a soft summer deep;

With hily and rose, and the bright green sod, Pranked with violets blue as the heavens of God, Where, away from the heartless, who make the world freeze.

Along with the beautiful Snow-Ladies.

The poor little orphan for ever is seen, To bless the warm love of the good Snow Queen

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " THE ROSE AND SHAMROUK," RTC

CHAPTER X.

DARCY'S EMBASSY PROVES A PAILURE.

It was certainly an awkward predicament for It was certainly an awkward predicament for a pacific negotiator to be placed in, and boded the failure of his endcavors. To attempt to reason or treat with Lestelle while a fiery young lover ctood beside her—a listener to his arguments—would be uselss; yot how to retreat Larcy knew not. He could only hope that the larcy knew not. He could only hope that the superior tact of the lady would assist him out of his difficulties.

Percy turned into the morning-room, with

ssured air of one to whom the way was the milities and of the to which the way was stated at the clean obeyed his beckning the fight of the little spaniel lifting his head from his cushion, and wagging his tail in grateful recognition of the surgeon.

-two minutes elapsed, and Lestelle came One—two minutes elapsed, and Lestelle came hurriedly into the room. Her first glance and how was for barcy, her next for the Viscount, who was jeasously watching her. Before she could speak to either of the cousins, Percy sucdo forward, and, seizing both her hands, exciaimed, "Do you know who this is, or why he is her? Do not listen to a word he uttern, for he has been falsely pretending friendship for me, only that he might be the better able to have those the pretending in the present me actions!"

play the spy upon my actions!"
Lestelle colored as she looked from one to

nature, that he would have been better pleased if she had refused point blank to be separated

if she had refused point blank to be separated from her young admirer.

"Let him speak then," cried Percy, suilenly, "if he is not ashamed of the errand that has brought him here—if he has not been craftly striving to creep into your good graces from the most treacherous motives. Let him say—openly and honorably, and in my presence—why he comes!"

ed it promptly.

"Madam, I must premise that I have nothing

"Madam, I must premise that I have nothing to say to Viscount Branceleigh, nor will I agree to his being present at the audience you have promised me. My business is with you, and you only. I come to you the bearer of a message from the Earl of GI mughton. Though I may have taken this office upon myself too hastily, still it was with motivos of which I have no reason to be ashumed, and I must beg you to give me a patient hearing."

Lestelle's eyes flashed and her bosom heaved.

"Lord Glenaughton condescends to send to me—to me, the despised actress! Then I will hear you, sir! You shall repeat to me word for word what he has said. You need not fear that I shall take offence at a few harsh epithets I am accustomed to have my simplest actions I am accustomed to have my simplest actions murepresented; and from the most noble the Earl of Gienaughton and Wraysley, one ought to be able to bear a great deal."

Percy would have interfered again, but she stopped him.

"Bit down, doar friend. I will send Miss Hill to you till I can return. Be calm. Do you forget?"

She finished her sentence in so low a tone that it was audible only to the still angry vis-count, who walked to the window, frowning and biting his nails. Signalling to Darcy to follow her, she led the way to a fauciful little bouder, and pointed to a chair opposite the one in which seated herself.

abe seated herself.

"Without permitting myself to be swayed by your cousin's remarks," she said, with a sorrowful smile, "I am obliged to see that I greased rightly when I said that you are not amongst my well-wishers. And yet I have never done anything to incur your dislike, Mr. Lesmere."

There were there in the court of the court of the court.

anything to incur your dislike, Mr. Lesmere."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, and Darcy feit confused. It this were acting, what a consummate mistress of the passions she must be! He steered his heart against her, and answered gravely, "No one who saw Lord Grenaughton as I have seen him, and and troubled at the conduct of his son, could feel very well-disposed towards the lady to whose influence over Viscount Branceleigh he is composed to attribute it."

Lestelle made an impatient movement, then

Lestelle made an impatient movement, then checked herself, and steaded her voice before

checked herself, and steaded her voice before she replied.

"You do not seem to know that my ford held web reads 200 knowly, and that his sou had earned for himself the names of gamester and spendiffift before I mot him."

"He was a rash, heedless boy, whom craftier men made use of for the vilest ends," retorted

men made use of for the vilest ends," retorted Darcy, indignantly.
"You are not the first that has come to that conclusion," said Lestelle, composedly. "If you had been in England, what course would you have properly at the course would you have pursued?"

have pursued?"

"Stepped in, and rescued him from their clutches," was the prompt roply. "Need you have asked me this question?"

"And yet it is imputed to me as a crime that I did the same," she observed, with a touch of sarciam. "Viscount Branceleigh's debts of honor are paid, and his connection with his ovil associates has entirely coased since he has known me, yet this fact is ignored because I am an actress." AD Actress

"Percy forgot his manhood, when he received assistance from a woman!" cried Darcy, atl his family pride in arms, and Lestelle's face grow crimson

grow crimson.

"I do not think with you, Mr. Lesmere. I wished to prove in seen his friend, and—though it was with a rejustance that might have sails fled even you—he permitted it."

"But his relations cannot suffer him to be under this heavy obligation," Percy's kinsman replied, with haughty firmness. Pardon me,

replied, with haughty firmness. 'Pardon me, madam, if I insist upon giving yo a cheque for the amount you have advanced to my cousin."
"You insut, sir!" Lestelle calciumed, with equal hauteur. "What gives you the right to say this to me?"
"I am empowered by Lord Glenaughton to release his son from all the liabilities that his font has entailed upon him," was the stately reply. "Will you, therefore, oblige me with a statement in full of the amount you have lost to Percy'?"

the other; but the manly frankness of Darcy's men seemed to reassure hor.

"You are too hasty in your conclusions, my lord," she exclaimed, as she disengaged her hands from Percy's grasp.

"Mr. Lesmere has not she disengated her they reason to complain."

"Why is he here?" Percy demanded, hotty.

have reason to complain."

"Why is he here?" Percy demanded, he have reason to complain."

"You speak as harshly of my uncle as though he had wronged you," said Darcy, chafed by the he waste-perc based. "Are you not bidding me give advice which butter assorther tones. "How can I hope that you know Percy will not follow?" asked Darcy, will esten patiently to what I wish to say," while you are indulging in such feelings?"

"Nay; it was only a little feminine exultation at the thought that, imagnificant though I am, I, too, may have my triumpha," she antal in this speech he detected a disjosition to be treated with; and, so inconsistent is human. There is a large of the distinct of the waste-perch based to card into the waste-perc based. "Are you not bidding me give advice which butter assorting to life trials with more fortitude."

"Are you not bidding me give advice which butter assorting to identify to wind I will not follow?" asked Darcy, will acknowledge and thank him for his munical decontion."

"But how if I second the counsel? Come a site discontion in this moment at your shrine in this meaning to clear.

"But how if I second the counsel? Come a site discontion."

"But how if I second the counsel? Come a site discontion in the munical and the may learn to endure his share of the world's trials with more fortitude."

"Are you not bidding me give advice which world's trials with more fortitude."

"Are you not bidding in each card into the waste-perc basked Darcy, will not follow?" asked Darcy, will acknowledge and thank him for his munical processor."

"Are you not bidding in each card into the wasted Darcy, will not follow?" asked Darcy, will not follow?"

"Are you not bidding in each card into the wasted Darcy, will not follow?"

"Are you not bidding in each card into the wasted Darcy, will not follo

shall find me not only a patient, but respectful, auditor; only remember that I too have rights and feelings that may not be wholly set saide, even though it be to oblige a peer of the roalm.

brought him here—if he has not been craftily striving to creep into your good graces from the ing forward a little, fixed her eyes on Darcy's; most treacherous motives. Let him say—openly and honorably, and in my presence—immediately on the comes!"

Lestolle, whose shapply flugers were now laid lightly on the arm of the excited youth, gave Darcy a questioning look, and chafing a readily enough; but this fair girl bore upon little at the faunts addressed to him, he answered it promptly.

All lest her property and ne was at fault. She folded her hands on the table and lear

At last no plunged desperately into the aub-

u You must not blame Lord Glenaughton if he collects to an intimacy which he has reason to solitore is likely to lead to a closer connection

"That is, he is afraid Viscount Branceleigh meditatos marrying Madame Lestelle. Pray proceed, sir."
"As he finds his son obstinately bent on ig-

noring his wishes, the Earl appeals to you, Madam," Darry hurriedly went on. "Aware that the loss of a bridlent match must be a dis-

that the loss of a briefant match must be a disappointment to any lady—"

But here Lestelle interrupted him,

"Formit his to ask you, air, in what the auvantages of this brilliant match would consist?

Does Lord Gionaughten think that the henor of
bearing his son's name would compansate no
for the studied countempt of Percy's mearest
relatives? Should I be less contemued and detested by them then, than I am at the present
moment?"

"If you take this rion of the

"If you take this view of the matter, why encourage Percy's evident admiration?" asked Darcy, bluntly.

"Shan I ton you? Because I like him, and because he is misorable—weighed down with the burden of an intelerable secret, and I am sometimes able to console him." sometimes able to cousole him."

"Percy troubled With a secret! Is he man riod 1

"And to mo?" she cueried, with a saucy smue. "No, Mr. Lesmere. You may make your. self easy on that score. The pride of the Gienaughton's will never be wounded by such a misaliance."

" Have I your permission to repeat this assur

"Lord Glengughton is the soul of honor," his "Lord Glenaughton is the soul of honor," his nephew proudly exclaimed. "You need not fear discourtesy, far less injustice, at his hands."
"I am glad to hear it," was the reply, spoken so dublously, that Darcy was offended. Taking his hat, he bowed stiffly.

"As you positively refuse to hear me, madam, I have no alternative but to communicate your wishes to his lordship."

He had scarcely reached the door when Lestelle flitted to his side, and looked up at him bosecchingly, her beautiful eyes glistening with tears."

"You are leaving me in anger Leamere, don't judge me too harshly. Recollect that you and I must perfore view overything from a different point of view, and that Ining from a discremt point of view, and that I have my wrongs to resent, and injuries to be redressed, as well as others. I have used no arts to attach Porcy to me; I should be more than woman if I could drive from my presence one who finds in it some consolation when be is unhappy "

"His father has most reason to be unhappy,"

Darcy reminded her.

"True; but is the fault with Percy or with himself? Mr. Lesmere, you don't know all; neither do I; but I guess at your cousin's secret, and I see no remedy for the trouble it has

and I see no remedy for the trouble it has brought with it."
"You per view me more and more. How can I play the peace-maker if no one deals openly with mo?" cried Darcy.
"Indeed, I cannot tell; I see your difficulties, but I cannot remove them," she answered, speaking with convincing carnestness. "Only believe that the estrangement which is imputed to make had commonwed before I saw Viscount Brancoleights force; and if you would puted to me had commoneed before I saw Vis-count Branceleigh's face; and if you would serve him, prevoit upon him to go abroad. A few years may bring about strange changes, and he may learn to endure his share of the world's trials with more fortitude."

"Are you not bidding me give advice which you know Percy will not follow?" asked Darcy, suspiciously "Would he not see in it di-

of such a selfish character that I have not the courage to tell him to leave me when I see a necessity for it? Come!"

And Darcy made no effort to resist her

OHAPTER XI.

DARCY STILL LINGERS AT THE ACTRE

When they re-entered the mcrning-room, Forcy was no longer there. He had grown out of humor at the longth of the interview, and departed, leaving on the table a card with these few words pencilled upon it:—

"I am tired of waiting your leisure—tired of my life, and of the ignoble part I am acting. When will you release me from my promise?"

Lestelle murmured a gentle "Poor Parcy!" and dashed away a tear before she turned to Mr. Lesmore

"Your cousin's restlessness has carried him

"Your cousin's restlessness has carried him away, but he may return shortly. Will you stay and share my luncheon? Miss Hill, to whom I owe my education, would be pleased to have the opportunity of inquiring after her beautiful pupil, the Lady Ida."

While Darcy hesitated, she touched a bell, and assuring himself that it was solely to see Miss Hill, he stayed and renewed his acquaintance with that lady, who, however, evinced a degree of reserve and embarrassment whenever any allusion was made to Wrett, which told

innee with that lady, who, however, evineed a degree of reserve and embarrassment whenever any allusion was made to Wyett, which told him that the subject of her protracted engagement was a painful one, and must be avoided. Lestelle, delighted at having gained her point, flung care to the winds, and became the most charming of hostesses. Her gay badinage put her guest on his mettle, and even the grave Miss Hill was frequently constrained to join in their mirth. An adventure Darry had met with in Grecco, and which he had been persuaded to recount, was receiving the comments of his interested auditors, when a servant brought in a small packet, and faid it before Lestelle. Scarcely heeding the interruption, she continued questioning Darry, with a keen perception of his meaning and thirst for information which he found very pleasant to be able to gratify. Her busy fingers unwittingly played the while with the string that ascured the packet, till Miss Hill, more curious than her pupil, demanded, "What have you there, my dear? Ehall I look?"

"If you please," was the absent reply "Did you make any stay at Missioneth Mr. Les-

"Have I your permission to repeat this assurance to my uncle?"

"No, sir," and Lexicile rose as she speke. "I have but one message to send to Lord Cienta aughton. If he has anything to ask of me, let him come here, and let me have it from his own lips. Tell him the daughter of Estier Waverin, of Haicaby, has no other answer to give to his messenger."

Darry looked puzzled. "You place me in an awkward position," he said. "You place me in ignorance of the why and wherefore you wish this. How can I urge my unclé to consent to a proposal which I must frankly tell you would be derogatory to his dignity?"

"Then do not urge it," Lestelle replied. "Repeat my words, and let him make his own decision. Lord Glenaughton is an acute states man, a man of the world, one not given to letting his feelings overpower his judgment; will the not know how to deal with the motheric: girl who has scarcely a real friend to advise or sustain her?"

"Lord Glenaughton is the soul of honor," his subject to my beautiful—how very beautiful; Look, Mr. Lesmere! Did you ever see anything more

Here Miss Hill stopped her by holding up a bracelet of pearls and rubies, so tastefully set that Lestelle uttered a cry of admiration.

"How Deautiful—how very beautiful! Look, Mr. Lesment Did you ever see anything more

exquisite?"
But Darcy's praise of the trinket was faintly spoken, and he grow very sober as, with almost childish delight in its beauty, the young sources clayped it around her wrist, and held her dimpled arm in various positions, to display the bracelet to advantage.

the bracelet to advantage.

"Mr. Lesmore thinks mo very frivolous," she said, with a biush, as she detected the change in his demeanor.

"But I can't help it—lace and gems have the same charms for me as they exercise over my more fortunate sisters, who can afford to buy real jowerry, whilst I have to content myself with paste and mock gold."

"Those stones are not false ones," Dardy significantly observed.

"I suppose not," Lestelle or relessly replied, as she dropped the trinket into its velvet-lined case. "This bracelet must be worth a considerable sum. Am I not right? So much the

worse for the pocket of the silly youth who purchased it."

What is to be done with it, Lestelle ?" asked Mist Hill, who was restoring the case to its wrappers. "I saw an appeal in the Telegraph for funds for that new hospital. Bhall we for-

"By all means. Was it sent here anony-mously?"

Here is the name of the purchaser." "No Lostelic's lip curied as she tooked at the card hits Hill handed to her. If the gallant young nobleman, who was flattering himself that he should see his elegant gift on the arm of the should see his elegant gift on the arm of the actress that night, could have belied the scornful glance with which she perused the complimentary effusion which scoompanied it, he would have comprehended that there are women in the world whose smiles are not to be bought et so poor a price as gold.

"You must not omit to write a few lines to this honorable gentleman," she said, as she tossed the card into the waste-peper based.

"Tell lilm that the secretary of the institution will acknowledge and thank him for his munificent donation."

and though I never wear thim, I fill my vases,

and though I never wear to m., I nit my value, and delight my eyes with their beauty."

"I have always advocated the return of such presents, as a more dignified proceeding," Miss Hill observed, as she wrote her note. "But I cannot make Lestelle think with me."

"No. I have a mailclous pleasure in making

these presuming men charitable against their will. How dare they send their gifts to me?" The resentful flush that had tinted her chacks

deepened, and her head drooped, as she saw the approving glance Darcy bestowed upon her. ush recalled bit, to a recollection of the

Her bush recalled hit. 20 a recollection of the time he had stayed, and he started up.

"I should be positively ashamed of this lengthy visit, if it were not a proof that in your house the hours fleet by imperceptibly."

"Where did you learn to flatter so delicated ly ?" asked Lestelle, with an arch smile. "Of how much of that compliment belongs to Miss

" My speech was intended to convey a simple "sly spacen was intended to convey a simple truth. I had really and truly forgotton the lapse of time. Percy does not return. I fear it will be of no use to expect him now."

No," said Lestelle, with a slight sigh; "he will not return now, and I have my part to study for to-night. Farewell, Mr. Lesmere."

Her hand lingered a little in his as to his adious he added, "This this evening, when I promise myself the pleasure of hearing you in pub-He for the first time." The young actress grow paic, then red, then

pale again, and her fingers trembled in his wish I had the power to prevent you visiting the theatre on the nights that I am en-gaged there," she exclaimed, with startling energy.

rcy looked surprised.

"Why do you say this? Your fame is too thoroughly established for my criticisms, even if they were adverse, which is unlikely, to do you any harm."

"I was not thinking of my fame," she answored, slowly, and with evident constraint; but wishing that if you ever think of me, it might only be as I am in home life. Since the disdain of girls of my own age has forced upon me the bitter conviction that my calling sets me spart, I have felt more humbled than rejoiced by the plaudits I receive."

Mrs. Lavington's tale had taught Darrey to the plaudits of the converted the co

Mrs. Lavington's tale had taught Darry to comprehend the alicula to Lady Ida's contempt which this speech contained, and he found a difficulty in replying.

"I thought the foolish prejudice against her Majesty's servants was quite exploded, and that their talents caused them to be appreciated as they deserve. I have not much patience with the pride that contemns our workers, or casts slurs upon them because they cannot be accarated of the proprieties as those whose positions are ful of the proprieties as those whose position sets them in safe places."

Darry spoke warmly, for he had liberal ten-dencies that would have shocked his Conserva-tive uncle, and Lostelle rewarded him with an

eloquent look.

"Thank you. It is very pleasant to hear you say this; yet still I'd rather, much rather you only knew Madamo Lostello in her morning rapper than tricked out as a stage queen. Ill you oblige me by promising to give up the intention you expressed?"

"You forget the rich treat of which you de-

"You torget the nen treat of which you deprive me, when you refuse me the gratification of hearing you sing," he reminded her.

"But I—that is we—Miss Hill and I—will sing for you with the greatest pleasure any morning you are disposed to come and listen to

Miss Hill hemmed significantly, and directed a look at the actress, which made her redden with vexation, and withdrew her hand from

"I had forgotten. It is not likely that Lord Glenaughton's nephew will care to come here again."

"Try me," he replied, 'apulsively. "If Miss Hill does but endorse your invitation, I shall find it irresistible."

His conscience stong him, as soon as these words had been said. What would his uncle or think, if they knew how readily he id to Lestello's fascinations? And id yielded to Lestello's fascinations? And Ida, if it over reached her ears that he had been the

actress's willing guest, would she forgive him?
But Miss Hill, instead of seconding Lestelle,
was stammering something about Wyett Paulton, which provoked her pupil into retorting

angrily.

"Mr. Paulton is the lessee and manager of the theatre at which I am engaged. While I am within its walls, I obey him; but here I am my own mistress, and permit no one to dictate to me. Mr. Lesmere, in Miss Hill's name, as

well as my own, I repeat my invitation."
"Dear chikl, what have you done? You will
make him so angry with you," said Lettice Hill,
when Darcy had gone.
"Who? Wyett Paulton? So much the bet-

ter," Lestello haughtily replied. "The days when I dreaded his displeasure have gone, and our disputes are verging towards a climax. His long-concerted plans must now be carried out promptly, or not at all."

can be the lovin, impulsive child who has seemed so grateful for my teachings?"

Lestelle passed her arms around Miss Hill's neck, as she softly replied, "And do you never sak yourself the reason? From you I have received a kindness that craved no reward beyond my affection; while Mr. Paulton expects, nay,

instata upon, a sacrifico which would far out-weigh every service he has rendered me."

"You dream, Lostelle, or you misunderstand him i" But Miss Hill's face grow pale as she spoke. "What can he ask from his pupil more than his contract insured him-a fair suare of

the sum she receives at the theatre?"

Leatelle regarded her stedfastry.

"Cannot you guess? Have you the course to hear the truth?"

to hear the truth?"
Lettice Hill guiped down a sob, and bravely replied, "Wyett Paulton has been my affianced lover for years. Speak, if you like, but remember that I shall not credit anything which touches his honor."

Her bravery was, however, but assumed. Lestelle bent forward to speak, a wild cry burst

Lestelle bent forward to speak, a wild cry burst from her pale lips.

"No, no! I cannot bear it! I have leved and trusted him so long! You are cruel...cruel to try to shake my faith in him. Some day, when I am Wyett's happy wife, you will be ashamed of your legistice, and ask his partion for your doubts."

Lestelle was very much disposed to tell her that her prediction would nover be realized, that the crafty manager had but made use of her during the long years she so patie awaited the fulfilment of his half-implied mises, but poor, trusting Lettice looked s she so patiently utterably miserable, that she forbore to add o her distress. Ere long, the too credulous waman must inevitably know that Wyett Paulton sought a wealthier bilde, but Lestelle could not be the one from whom she should hear this.

CHAPTER XII.

IN CONFERENCE WITH THE KARL

Daroy Leamero faithfully reported to the Earl Darry Leamers Initially reported to the Earl the conversation he had held with Lestello respecting his cousin Percy. He expected to hear the incensed father inveigh against the audacity that sought to compel him to supplicate in person for his son's release; but with the exception of a start and suppressed exchanation when he repeated Lestello's words, "Toil him the description of Verball Washington." repeated Lestelio's words, "Toil him the daughter of Esther Waverill," &c., he sat with his face shaded by his hand, listening patiently till the recital was ended.

Then he began to question Darcy closely, keenly, concerning Lestelle's surroundings; and now it was that the young man mentioned his recognition of the valet Wyett, and how he had found hiss Hill acting as duenna or companion to the actress.

to the acress.

"You have confirmed me in my suspicions," he said, at last. "This precious trie aim at something more than meshing my feelish boy! You have thrown a light upon much that surprised me, and I shall be able to fight them with their own weapons. I tell you, Darry," he added, to his astonished nephew, "they think to make their own terms with me, or to cover a honored name with disgrace; but they decrive themselves. They cannot—nay, they shall not—do it !!"

"I am in a maze, sir, I really do not com-prehend your meaning at all."
"Let me, then, explain do you as concisely,

"Let me, then, explain do you as concisely, yet as fully as I can, what I conceive to be their plan of action, and the circumstances which have induced them to adopt it."

He cleared his throat, took a turn across the room, and then, drawing his chair a little farther from the lamp, as if its glare distressed his oyes, he began: "You must bear in mind that I speak without dates; but it must be nearly four-and-twenty years since a foolish, impetuous youth, a relative of my own, went into Hampshire on a pedestrian four. Some one, his brother I think, had been elequent in his hearing respecting the beautiful scenery surrounding Halesby, and thither he went, for he had artistic tastes, and unlimited time at his disposal. There was a young girl there, the daughter of There was a young girl there, the daughter of the curate, whose rusite profiliness had won for her many admirers, and my too susceptible kinsman was soon included in the list. Of course kinsman was soon included in the list. Of course it would not interest you to hear the tale of their loves; it would be sufficient to say that he thoughtlessly provailed upon her to leave home with him, a step which he bitterly repented when he found that the connection so hastily formed was likely to blight his prospects, and that the girl was not happy; her thoughts constantly reverting to the home she had left. Eventually they quarrelled and parted, Esther going back to her own people; but my kinsman's remorse for his share in her troubles kinsman's remorso for his share in her troubles was so great, that it brought on a dangerous illness, and when his physicians promised his recovery impossible, it consoled him to hear me promise to do what I could for the unfortunate Estbor."

"Then he died? Poor Lostelle's must have been a stormy childhood," Darcy commented. "I am ashamed to say," the Earl venton,

education; but knowing the rapacious character of the people, I bade him keep my intentions secret. The wily rascal promised obedience, but wrote to me soon after, stating that the girl was well cared for by her mother's relations, and that he had therefore taken no stops in the matter. Satisfied that all was well, I thought no more of Eather or Eather's child, till the summer of the Exhibition, to which, amongst other gapers, came hirs. Price. You remember her, I dare say, a hard, grasping woman. She took advantage of her visit to press upon me some fancied claim for the west and tear of her furniture during the time we occupied part of her house; and at the same time I learned from Mrs. Price, that instead of the girl being safely in the care of her mother's relations, she had education; but knowing the rapacious character Mrs. Frice, that instead of the girl being safely in the care of her mother's relations, she had unaccountably disappeared soon after my own departure, and that her subsequent fate was a mystery. Now do you begin to comprehend Mr. Wyett's tactics? Do you not see that Esther's child and this young actress are the same?"

"Lestelle the dwarfed, antaught, eithsh girl, who stole from her bed to listen beneath my window? It seems impossible, and yet it is—it must be so! Ah, sir, Wyett may be a knave, I admit that; but he has effected a miracle! Lastelle is a heautiful, graceful, and intelligent.

Lestelle is a beautiful, graceful, and intelligent

But an actress, and the pupil of a crafts couple i" the Earl relocted. "However, it is couple I" the Earl retorted. "However, it is not of that young person's present appearance that we are speaking, but of her motives for abotting the annoyance which is being inflicted on me. Wyett, misled by the interest I expressed in her welfare, thanks that in obtaining possession of the girl he has secured a hold upon my purse." my purse."
"I cannot follow you here," said Darcy, can-

didly. "It seems to me more probable that Essto's voice, which even ther gave promise of great excellence, appeared to him worth cultivation; and he selzed the opportunity for entering upon what must have proved an excellent speculation."

"If that were all !" 'he Earl began, "But, "If that were all!" 'he Earl begar, "But, no I he must have had a motive for concealing her existence. He has evidently paimed some plausible tale on the girl, which has led her to suppose that she has claims upon me. It must have been for the purpose of prying into my secret affairs that the visus of Fercy have been so persistently encouraged."

But, taking it for granted that you are correct in your appreciations.

rect in your suppositions, of what cature is the imaginary tie on which they base their schemes?

"Is my own daughter by an unwedded mo-ther f Probably they do, but they deceive them-selves; it is not so."

"Then, my dear sir, of what consequence are Wyett's schemes, if they revolve upon an er-

ror?"

Lord Glenaughton sighed impatiently. "L'
I were young, atrong, and energetic, like you
are, Darcy, I dare say I should think with you;
but I have always had a morbid dread of nearing my name mixed up with scandalous reports. I do not think that it is in Wyett's power
to injure me; but I am equally well aware that to injure me; but I am equally well aware that he can inflict terrible annoyance upon me and mine. The mere whisper of such a connexion will set all the gossips on the qui vive; my family history will be pried into; every youthful folly your father and I committed will be brought to light; at a time, too, when my support is really needed by the Government, and such scurrilous matter will be greedily selzed by our opponents. Although I have been a public man for some years, I have not hardened myself against the taunts and jibes my position has drawn upon me."

drawn upon me."

Darcy mused, "I cannot fancy Lostelle leading herself to anything dishonorable."

The Earl threw up his hands. "Do not speak of her I I shall never cease to regret the goodnatured impulse that led me to inquire after her welfare. I wish she would take an American engagement, and rid us of her presence for a venra.

few years."

"But as she is not likely to do that, what course do you propose adopting?"

"None. I shall wait for my enemies to show their hand," was the abrupt reply; "and now let us talk of ida. The hopes Percy has disappointed I centre in my daughter and you. Tell me, then, are you still cherishing the wishes you expressed to me before you travelled?"

Detry heritated a minute of so before you are also.

Darcy hositated a minute or so before reply ing. Although he saw that the Earl was eagerly waiting for him to speak, and unadon, did a disposition to stoop to an evasion, did a disposition to stoop to an evasion, and back to you the

"To say that I came back to you the enthusiastic boy I was when I left hagland would be false, but my cousin's county and my hopes of winning her have kept me heart whole. I have yet to learn, however, whether my addresses would prove acceptable to her."

"Go, then, and let her own lips assure you of this. If I am not mistaken, Ida esteems you more highly than either of your rivals. You have my leave to win her, Darcy. It will be the proudest moment of my life when I give her

the proudest moment of my life when I give her happiness into your keeping."

The young man shook hands with his uncle, and murmured a few confused expressions of gratitude. While absent from England he had often chafed at the length of his probation, and there will be a dreading squeeze," he added, defining allow the law with which he should be to the Duchess's to-night. Rumor says that "I am ashamed to say," the Earl vent on, promptly, or not at all."

"Whatever he may plan is for your beneath, Lestelle."

"Or fix his own?" the girl queried, incredually. Eather Waverill was forgotten; but when your couldness. The promptly of the first detailed me in the neighborhood of Miss Hill shook her head, and sighed.

"Always this same readiness to think the wort of one to whom—I do not say it makindly —you owe Every advantage you possess! I would charge myself with her maintenance and indicate the cause.

"I am ashamed to say," the Earl vent on, the found on the found of the found of the found on the found of the found on the found of the found of the found on the found of the found of the found on the found of the found of

The Counters, a frivolous, haughty woman, contrived to make him understand that she thought her daughter ought to make a better match; but Ida always smiled sweetly at his coming; and then drooped her beautiful eyes, and lowered her voice with a modest consciousness of their position, which was tormenting, even white it gratified him and kept her other admirers at bay. The consequence of this was, that long before he had advanced sufficiently in his woolng to meditate asking the momentous question, it was known in all fashionable cir-oles, and announced in the newspapers, that a marriage was on the is between the Honor-able Darcy Lesmero and the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Earl of Glenanghton.

Darry would have liked to have been convinced that Ida bestowed upon him something more than a cousinly affection before this publicity was given to his intentions; but, whether licity was given to his intentions; but, whether from Latural reserve, or that the young lady was incapable of the ardent attachment overy young man longs to inspire, he was unsuccessful. Ida always seemed pleased at his coming; she kept a certain number of dances for him; she was at home to him in the morning, and she would listen to him when he talked, with her beautiful eyes upraised to his, as if deeply interested; but so she did to the soung Marcound Leablade. but so she did to the young Marquis of Lechinde, whose only subjects of conversation were his "I am too fastidious—too exacting," Darry

told himself. " Ida was never ademonstrative girl, and she has been taught that to be natural is to be vulgar. Removed from the chily in-fluence of her mether's example, she will ex-pand into a warmer, brighter life; or if she ensure us a more lasting fencity than the remarks passion of which I have feelishly droamed."

He did not see Percy until two or three weeks after their rencontro at Lestello's, when they met on the steps of the cab of which they were both members. Inc Viscount 100ked thin and haggard, but he held out his hand with a

"I was in one of my worst humors the other day, and did you injustice. Are they an wonat home?"

"Is that a question you, the only and beloved son, should ask? Dear Peroy, why do you so obstinately absent yourself?"

Percy's lips quivered, but he evaded those

aucstions.

"So you are going to marry Ida? I am giad! "It—very glad."
"For Ida's suke, or mine!" Darcy aminogly of It

queried.

"For hers. It will be pleasant to know that come what may, she will be shielded from trouble and sorrow by your love. God bless you, Darcy! I don't begrudge you any of the goods the gods have given you, though it makes me a little sorrowful sometimes, when I think how differently their favors have been meted out to me l'

He turned away as he spoke, but his cousin slipped an arm through his, and walked with

instead of dealing in enigmas. I should rejoice to help you to surmount them. I have a large sum lying idle at my banker's, to which you are welcome.

Percy's eyes glistened.

"Thanks, but I never run into debt now; and even you, though you are the best fellow in the world, cannot minister to a mind discussed. When did you has see Lesteile? Did you know

when did you hast see Lestelle? Did you know that sae alogs at the Duchess of Castleford's concert to-night? Are you going?"

"I believe so. Lady Glenaughton has tickets;" and then Darcy began to take himself to task for the throb of pieasure that stirred his heart at the thought of seeing the young actress. But was lie sure of this? Would Ida street, which her presence are entertainment of street, which her presence are entertainment of grace with her presence an antertainment of which the hated Lestelle would be one of the principal attractions? And if she refused, how Could be go?

White he was mentally debating this, Percy

White he was mentally debating this, Percy test him, with a nurried apology, to join an acquaintance, and instead of returning to the entry, he wanked to Lord Gennughton's to try and learn whether Lestelle's eugagement at the Duchess's would make any alteration in his auti and cousin's arrangements.

Ida was standing in front of her mother's easy chair when he entered the morning room, with her graceful figure drawn to its fullest height, and her head thrown back. She was speaking to watmry and decidedly to notice his ap-

proach.

"It's a cowardiy proposal, mamma. Why, overy one would be saying that we stayed away on purpose to avoid her. We must go, and you may safely leave this presuming creature to me. It will not be the first time I shall have made her tremble before me."

"Of course we shall go. The dear Duchess is so dreadfully exclusive, that every one has been eager to secure a card. I wouldn't miss this concert for worlds!"

this concert for worlds!"

Then the meeting was inevitable; and Darcy dressed that evening with Ida's emphatically spoken words ringing in his ears, and some troublesome doubts lurking in his mind as to the antiqueted expension. the anticipated rencontre.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S., of Huntingdon, Q

IV

ONE day Mrs. Darvell received a letter ONE day Mrs. Darvell received a letter—a letter with a deep mourning border, and containing the sad news of the death of her sisterin-law. The letter was written by her brother's only child, a girl of about seventeen, so Mrs. Durvell said, adding that she could not say for certain, as she had not heard from her sister-inlaw since the death of her brother some ten years before.

Her niece wrote for the purpose of informing

them of her mother's death, and of her ow forlorn and destitute condition, begging of he aunt to find her some means of earning he

"It's of no use, she can never be well enough educated to teach," said Mrs. Darvell, "and as for anything else, I will not hear of it. I never liked poor Susan; but George's child shall not go

liked poor Susan; but George's child shall not go to service whilst I have a copper."

She took counsel with her husband, and the result was that they engaged a room for her, and wrote requesting her to come to them immediately, promising her all the affection and care they would have bestowed on a child of their own, had Providence so blessed them.

They were a most kind-hearted couple. A little rough and vulgar, perhaps; but charitable in the extreme. I could not but admire their goodness and kindness of heart in this particular instance. They had never seen their niece. They knew nothing whatever of her manners, character or looks. There had been no communication between them and her mother since her father's death, and none whatever between the girl and themselves, and nevertheless they were to adopt her as their

nevertheless they were to adopt her as their child, and disposed to make her life happy and pleasant as far as lay in their power.

I had always liked Mrs. Darvell, and both she and her husband had been good friends of ours since they had taken up their residence with us. And although it necessitated a little closer stowled in our own family. I did not be they had taken up their residence with us.

since they had taken up then residence with us. And although it necessitated a little closer stowing in our own family, I did not begruige the inconvenience, as it gave them the satisfaction of receiving their niece without having to change their quarters with which they declared themselves well pleased.

You must not imagine that fear of losing two good inmates had anything to do with it, though I would have been indeed sorry to part with them; it did not, for I always had more applications for board than I could receive.

The answer to their letter came in the shape of Miss Saunders herself. That was the niceo's name; Lucy Saunders. She was a pretty pink and white countrified looking girl. Rather embonooint, but a nice, sonsy, good-natured creature with, as we afterwards discovered, a slight dash of wilfulness that gave her certain plquancy.

outrageous. If any one passes something to me, she bends over and examines it, as if there might be either a billet-doux, or an infernal machine in it. I asked her the other day what she suspected and she answered: "You can never tell, child, they are so impudent."

"Do you think them impudent, Lucy," I asked. "No, indeed." She answered heartily. I think them all very nice, and I wish auntie would let us go down to the parlor a little oftener. Uncle could take care of me, if she does not care to come."

"I'll speak to her about it," I said, and indeed I thought it a great shame to keep the poor child continually cooped up with us, dutifully trying to become interested in her book or sewing, her only enlivenment being when I allowed one of the children to come down from the nursery, or when Mrs. Darvell permitted her to go up, which latter case occurred but rarely, as Mrs. Darvell was a strict disciplanarian, and believed that children could not be guided with too strict a rein. The first favorable opportunity that presented itself, I mentioned ner to go up, which latter case occurred but rarely, as Mrs. Darvell was a strict disciplanarian, and believed that children could not be guided with too strict a rein. The first favorable opportunity that presented itself, I mentioned the subject to Mrs. Darvell, without, however, saying anything of my promise to Lucy. I had no scruples in speaking on the subject to Mrs. Darvell, although it could not be snit to enter into my province, but she and I had become sufficiently intimate and friendly to make the step excusable. I represented to her that Lucy must marry some day, and there was less chance of her making a suitable match were she to be too strictly guarded from the approach of all admirers than there would be, were their admiration to become a matter of course, one to which she was accustomed. "And then," said I, appealing to the old lady's feelings, "she is so young, it is a pity to make an old woman of her. The life we lead may be very suitable for you and me, Mrs. Darvell; but I am sure we would not have liked it, when we were Lucy's age. Now do you think so?"

Mrs. Darvell langhed softly to herself. "No," said she, "I don't think I should have liked it, Mrs. Lang, my dear. I was a rare wild one, I can tell you. As full of life as ever a girl was," and she added in a whisper, laughing slyly, the while, "twice as fond of young men's soclety as ever Lucy can be. We lived on a farm, and there was never a shucking, husking nor party of any kind but I was present, and I had lots of admirers too, I can tell you," said she bridling her head proudly, "old and ugly as I am now."

"Then, Mrs. Dervell, you ought to feel more for poor Lucy. I am sure that she does not care more for young men or their admiration than other girls of her age; but it is no more than natural that she should like young people's soclety."

"No more it is," said her aunt, "but I can't go down staits with those nasty fallows.

No more it is," said her aunt, "but I can't go

"No more it is," said her aunt, "but I can't go down stairs with those nasty fellows—young men are'nt what they were in my day. And my friends are all married people."

However, the end of it was that she consented to take Lucy out more than she had done so far. And that very evening they went to a concert. Lucy at first had objected on account of her mourning, but her aunt had scouted the idea. "Hoot tut!" cried she, "you'll see as many there in black as there are out of it. Your poor mother won't be less happy in heaven for knowing that you are enjoying yourself." This argument and her own desires prevailed, and she gladly consented to accompany her aunt and uncle.

and uncle.

I was still in my sitting-room when they returned; but though Lucy came in for a moment, Mrs. Darvell went straight to her own bed-room. I asked Lucy how she had enjoyed

noticed the change, and asked me what could

noticed the change, and asked me what could be the reason. I told her what Lucy had said about her meals. The old woman was horrified at what she called her barbarity.

"The poor young thing!" she said. "Goodness knows I do not want to deprive her of food. A growing girl like her. How I do wish that Black fellow would mind his business and leave Lucy alone. She is a good obedient child if they would only leave her alone."

would only leave her alone."

"Why, what have they been up to," I asked, thinking that perhaps Lucy had not been quite open with me, as indeed there was no reason she should be.

"Nothing and yet enough," said Mrs. Darvell, "more than enough. They are all, especially that Black creature, always pestering her with attentions, meeting her in the passages and in the streets. Walking home with her, even when Darvell and I are with her! Impudent creature!

And Lucy herself?" I asked.

"And Lucy herself?" I asked.

"Lucy herself is vory well. She behaves very properly. It is not her fault I must say."

For a while after this conversation I, too, kept a watch on Miss Lucy, without appearing to do so. And I noticed that she had changed her hours for practising her music. Instead of, as formerly, devoting to it the hours between breakfast and luncheon, she now chose those preceding dinner, and I remarked also that Mr. Black was always in early. Evidently Miss Sunders was not quite blameless, if blame there were on either side.

For my part having satisfied my enviority so

were on either side.

For my part having satisfied my curiosity so far, I took no further notice of what might be going on. One afternoon Lucy was sitting with me, sewing and talking gaily, when suddenly the door was thrown open and Mrs. Darvell made her appearance literally shaking with the rage she tried to control. She held a book in her hand and coming up to Lucy, who sat staring at her, growing whiter and whiter, she poked it almost into her face.

"So, Miss Lucy Saunders," she cried, "so you borrow books from young gentlemen, do you? And without your aunt's permission being given or asked! The old aunt is not a fit judge, perhaps, of how a young lady like you should be-

haps, of how a young lady like you should be-

"Oh! aunt!" was all poor Lucy could say. Mrs. Darvell raved. She accused her niece of ingratitude, of indelicacy, of want of proper pride and then ended by bursting into tears protesting that she had not deserved such constructional deserved by the protection of the bursting in the construction of the bursting in the construction of the bursting in the construction of the bursting of the bursting in the construction of the

protesting that she had not deserved such conduct, indeed she had not.

I arose hurriedly, but as I was leaving the room, I saw Lucy with her arms round her aunt's neck and I knew that everything would have out right. turn out right.

When I returned to the room an hour later When I returned to the room an hour later, I found them both still there. There were traces of tears on the faces of both; but Mrs. Darvell did not even yet seem quite appeased. She still sat very erect holding the objectionable book, a rather the objectionable young man's book, for I believe the book itself was merely a copy of the poems of some author unknown to farne.

"We owe you an apology, Mrs. Lang," said

known to farne.

"We owe you an apology, Mrs. Lang," said she as I came in, "for taking possession of your room, and for driving you from it by such

your room, and for driving you from it by such a scene."

I said that no apology was necessary, and that I trusted that both Mrs. Darvell and Lucy would occupy it whenever they felt so inclined. I was always pleased to see them there, as they well, &c., and more of the same kind of things. Of course I was not annoyed, we were all good friends. I had been a little astonished and rather alarmed at first, for poor Lucy, but not in the least annoyed. "This young lady," continued Mrs. Darvell, pointing to Lucy, "this young lady has not been quite so frank and open as we had supposed, Mrs. Lang." Poor Lucy blushed to rosy red.

me how much she thanked me for standing her me how much she thanked me for steading ner-friend, and how grateful she was to her aunt and uncle for all their kindness. How sorry she was to annoy and grieve her aunt; "But I can't give him up on that account, can I Mrs.

Lang " said she.

I did not presume to advise her on this point, but told her to wait until Mr. Black had spoken her uncle.

to her uncle.

The interview between Mr. and Mrs. Darvell, their niece and Mr. Black took place in my sitting-room. Mrs. Darvell wished me to be of the party in council, but I declined. I expected the meeting would be a stormy one, and I did not wish either to see Mrs. Darvell make herself absurd, or hear the "puppy" abused.

Lucy told me the result. Mr. Darvell would not be influenced either way. He would make enquiries about Mr. Black, and if the reports were good he would give him his wife's niece, and see that they were not in want until Mr. Black's salary should be such as would enable them to live without such help from him. Mrs. Darvell after the first few words said nothing one way or the other.

them to live without such help from him. Mrs. Darvell after the first few words said nothing one way or the other.

Well, Mr. Darvell made the threatened enquirles, and heard nothing but what was to Mr. Black's credit. He was industrious, respectable, temperate, and of good morals.

Mr. Darvell was enchanted, and agreed readily to their marriage, as soon as Lucy's first year of mourning should have expired. Mrs. Darvell offered no further objection, and even wiped his name from the list of "puppies."

They all remained with us until the wedding, when Mr. and Mrs. Darvell took up their residence with the newly-married pair. Mr. Black worked hard and rose rapidly in his employer's good graces. He is now a wealthy man and one of our foremost politicians. Mr. and Mrs. Darvell are both dead. Lucy inherited their money. She is almost as broad as she is long, but nice looking still, and there is not a happier woman living than she is, surrounded by her numerous olive banches and under the protecting care of her "impudent young puppy."

PLOTTING MAMMAS.

It may be taken for granted that it is the desire of most loving mammas to see their daughters married. But, at the same time, it is indisputable that many anxious mothers would rather their daughters remained single for a number of years than contract an unsatisfactory matrimonial ellipage. These the food research disputable that many anxious mothers would rather their daughters remained single for a number of years than contract an unsatisfactory matrimonial alliance. Thus, the fond parent is placed in rather a difficult position, and has a double task to perform. On the one hand, she has to look out for eligible young men, and, on the other, to guard her unsuspecting children against penniless adventurers. In her eyes, a poverty-stricken youth is, necessarily, the enemy of all maidens whose fathers live at the rate of some thousands per annum. She may have married a man who, when he commenced life could, with little difficulty, have put all the money he possessed in his pocket; but that is no reason why her darling child should do anything so silly. Love in a cottage may be all very well in its way; and, perhaps, at one time she considered it the height of human bliss. But age brings experience and knowledge, and what, in the hey-day of youth, appears pure gold, is, in middle-age, discovered to be tawdry tinsel. Besides, though her husband has turned out trumps, it by no means follows that if she confided her daughter to a man occupying a similar position to that in which her partner commenced life, he will ever rise above it. So she prefers, like the prudent soul that she is, to be upon the safe side. Thus, she fixes her attention upon men who have already made a name and position, and prepares her traps for both him and her daughter to fall into. One great difficulty invariably besets her path. Really eligible partis are frequently pretty well up in years, and most girls have an objection to wedding men who are much older than themselves. To remove this objection is not always an easy matter, for, sometimes, even the most obedient daughters have wills of their own. Taus, though they will not go to the extent of marrying in defiance of their parents' conosition. neither will they engageners the extent of marrying in defiance of their parents'

same placy Sanders. She was a pretry plut, and white countried boding give. Rather control was a strained with a wear derivated discovered, a strained with a wear derivated discovered, a strained with a wear derivated discovered, a strained with a wear rather depressed at first. Graph of the mother's looks combined to the straine was a strained give, and the country and from these who had supposed. All the strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and from these who had shown the stane has to first a strained from the country and strained from th

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Whenever an incligible does so, she is very Whenever an incligible does so, she is very careful that she keeps a shurp eye upon him, shd allows little, if any, opportunity for conditional intercourse. How different is her conduct towards the man after her own heart. When he appears she is only too anxious to leave the young people to their own devices. But, though she most considerately frees them from any constraint which her presence might impose, allo keeps & watchful eye ofton what is Non he appears soe is only too anxious to leave the young people to their own devices. But, though she merk-oursiderately frees them from any constraint which her prosence might impose, she kefts a watchful eya upon what is going on. When they least imagine that they are upder observation, her give is upon them. Through her good offices, many meetings are arranged. At baxans, at flower-show, and at concort, does she afford her victims opportunities for quiet tite delie. The happy swim has to thank her for being embled to meet his infandatia. Tis she who incomers him into private box, 'the she who remarks that she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing him at the flower-show and baxans. And, in what a considerate, solf-sacrificing manner does she behave at such places! Her daughter may, literally, forsake her, and yea, on returning, is received with the most soraphic smiles. Indeed, when a malden is acting just in the manner she is wasted to, no one could be pleasanter than the plotting manma. Not only does she remove all difficulties, but she induces pateramilists to open his purse-strings, loads her dearing careases. How knocent she is, too, of what is going on under her very nose. How kind to refrain from asking awkward questions? Yes, it would be impossible for any woman to be pleasanter than the match-making mamma when her schemes are prospering. But the case assumes a very different aspect when things are going against her. Then her poor daughter is snubbed as many times in a day as there are minutes in an hour. The droadfuls in of disobedience to parents is severally reproduced. Vivid pletures are patinted of the miserable fate which awaits those who marry beneath them. Impenetrable barriers are set up between her and the being epon when she is supposed to have set her heart. If favors are notatiogether withhold, they are bestewed gradgingly. She is unfavorably contrasted with other girls, who have studied their parents with a supposed to be the cause of her disaffection is very coldly received, and, when p

attracted him thither.

No coubt the plotting mammas are actuated solely by a desire to secure their dauguters' happiness. It is no fault of theirs that they imagine they are best doing so by wedding them to men whose sole recommendation is their wealth and position. Like many other recople, they place much reliance upon the theory that it is quite sufficient for a woman not to hate the man sine is going to wed, innsmuch as love will come after marriage. But, upon this point, the flotting mamma is mistaken. It is just as probable that what is indifference before marriage, afterwards develops into positive disjust as probable that what is indifference before marriage, afterwards develops into positive distinctions, afterwards develops into positive distinctions, afterwards develops into positive distinctions, and to say aversion, with which many husbands and wives regard each other is solely owing to the fact that they have been hurried into nowise marriages. Wealth in a manrion is just as unsatisfactory as love in a cottage. The plotting mamma, falls inthe error in planning marriages before she has fairly studied the temperament of all the parties upon whose behalf she intends interesting herself. She is invariably led away by mere externals. Of character she is but a poor judge. The consequence actor she is but a poor judge. The consequence is that bitter disappointment is the result of her labor.—Liberal Review.

FROM AN INDIAN VERANDALL

Flop! we start to see a large lizard on the mat, and minus an inch or two of his tail. has broken off in the creature's tumble from the rafters overhead. The severed tall wriggles about as if endued with distinct life, while the about as if ondued with distinct life, while the late proprietor of the phenomenon sneaks away somewhat slugglshiy, and as if party stunned by his tumble. There are several more of his kind funting flies and insects in general about the pillars and posts, noticeably among them a the pillars and posts, noticeably among them a manisome little fellow, having a lithe body like a kinke, a forked tongue, and two streaks of yellow flown the sides of his olive-green coat. The natives say that this lizard is poisonous, so much so that its bite is death within the ident; but, in point of fact, it is innocuous, having Interest of that its lite is death within the boar; but, in point of fact, it is inaccuous, having neither poison nor fangs wherewith to inflict an injury. Not so an ugilor customer introduced to us now by the gardener, who curries him dangling neroes a long stick. This is a young containing neroes a long stick. This is a young containing neroes a long stick. This is a young containing neroes a long stick. This is a young contaminated by two numerous colors that adorned the boy's face. They next did the bail remaining in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well. The pateraking in the stonework of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stonework of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stonework of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stonework of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone who will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the garden well will be belt stoned in the stone work of the stone in the line of our pateraking the belt will be belt ston

being a part of his religious belief that the serpont family in the well were in some way re-lated to 'ilm, but in what degree of cominship poin limity in the well were in some way related to 'ilm, but in what degree of cousinship
he could not precisely explain. But he used to
describe his meetings with the cobra as exceedingly ampletous events. According to his account, the snake knew his biped cousin right
well, and would acknowledge the profound
salmans with which he was greeted with a
graceful motion of neck and head. The cobra
would not move out of the path for the man,
however, and as in a meeting of this description
some one must go to the wall, the cobra's cousin
was that person. A large bufful next claims
our attention by forcing his way into the garden, where he begins to browse on our choice
shrubs and flowers. The tailor sees him, and
springing with unusual activity to his feet, runs
at the animal with his bost speed. So do all
the other servants about the house, while we
only at our case a buffale hunt, in which the only at our case a buffalo hunt, in which the animal canters ponderously about the compound, pursued by butler, cook, tailor, groom, and even lady's-maid. Why all this zealin our service? Because, when the buffalo is enught and tied up, our realous domestics will not lest him go again until the brute's owner pays them four annas, or sixponee; and pay it he will, for he knows that, should we prosecute him in the police court for trespass and damage, we should police court for trespass and damage, we should get a much larger sum out of him,—five, or perhaps ten rupees! What becomes of the four annas the servants best know. It is probably divided among the lot, and considered a handsome doucour for their pains in keeping "master's" garden free from all bovine intruders. Excited spectators of the hunt have been our monkeys, Jacko and July, who have watched all its de'ails with breathless eagerness, jumping up and down on their box, and grunting their approval or disapproval with each actor's performances. Their characters are distinct. Judy is a sweet-tempered little thing, and a faapproval or disapproval with each actors performances. Their characters are distinct. Judy is a sweet-tempered little thing, and a favorite with every one; but Jacko is a ferocious brute, without a friend in the world except his wife, whom, by the way, he most cruelly ill-treats. He is a truculent rogue, and if a native—even he who feeds him—should venture within the reach of his chain, Jacko makes him pay dearly for his temerity by setsing any available portion of his person, and taking a bite out of it. Dogs, too, he abhors, and when attacked by one Master Jacko takes his chain in one hand, and with the other climbs his post until beyond the Dogs, too, he abhors, and when attacked by one Master Jacko takes his chain in one hand, and with the other climbs his post until beyond the reach of danger, when, erecting all his fur and causing himself to appear twice his natural size, he jabbers defiance at the enemy, making hidcous grimaces at him also. Should the dog's attention be distracted for a moment, Jacko is down the pole like greased lightning, and up again with a since speed, but not be fore he hasex tructed a handful of hair from some tender part of the dog, who, on his part, looks abcurdly angry and foolish under the treachery to which ha is thus subjected. In vain poor July tries to soften her lord's vile temper by fleaing his coat with the greatest assiduity. Even in such bilisaful moments at these, some vilianeous thought will cross Jacko's mind, when, with furlous and guitural grunts, he will rush open-mouthed upon the partner of his joys and sorrows; an assault that will provoke piteous squeaks from the lady thus chastised, and a thrushing for Master Jacko from his master. About this time we note that the wail of the compound is ornamented by two large white vultures, or scavenger birds, facctiously called the "Indian turkey." The pair are kissing with apparently great affection—a practice to which they are much given. But what loathsome careases must be theirs! It is as if nature had indulged in a sly jest at the bird's expense by instilling a love of osculation in bird's expense by instilling a love of osculation in its foul ugly person. Tradition has it that upon a certain occasion two young officers newly arrived in India, and on their way to join their rived in india, and on their way to join their regiment, "up country," mistook these birds for some species of edible fowis, and having shot a number, dined upon them with a tolerable appellie; but then a "griff" will cat anything? Their repentence and disgust may be more readily imagined than described when they came to learn the habits and name of the came to learn the habits and name of the "game" they had fed upon so unwisely. Chamber's Journal.

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

Some Hindoo juggiers now came aft, and requested jurmission from the captain to exhibit some of heir really wonderful feats. Having obtained it, they set down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk drow a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined in, the burden of it being chick-war-ar-ar-chick-chick, &c., repeated very quickly; he then, without removing his hand, draw a purple, then a blue, then a red, and, lastly, a black line, and finally showed as the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size certainly, but uncontaminated by two numerous colors that adorned the boy's face. They next did the ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal, the size of a small coffeecup. These three cups they deposit on the deck, mouth downwards, and then lift them all up, showing there is nothing underragath. Some Isindoo jugglers now came aft, and re-

wand about, touches their tops, lifts the a, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways. The jugglers then did the sword-trick. A sword, about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them, and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stonach, and the thick hit the blade down his stomach, and the thick hist sticking out of his mouth; he then slowly with sticking out of his mouth; he then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight-of-hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod bent like an S, with one oud fashloned into the likeness of a snake's head. Opening his mouth, he put this up one of his mostrils, so that we say the iron head at the back of his threat; it was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn. The fire-enter then started up. He put a piece of light-colored stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon a nice of inglectioned state between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and finmes presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also insted upwards of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it after from the flame coming wadding and set it after from the flame coming out of his mouth. After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute and drow it out again as perfect us before. The same man drew out after the thread an immense long worm about six feet in length. Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead. The heavy weight trick was next performed. It is hardly fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of 20 lbs. makes on the back of the performer is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and on the small of his back. The two tricks of the former is not to be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and on the small of his back. The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained. The first performed was the snake-trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket he plays plaintively for about five minutes on a sort of flute called the Charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each other's embrace. The circle round the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake-charmer squeezes some of the polson out of the mouth of one on to his arm, and shows it to us. The flute is again played, and the basket. When the lid is once more taken off nothing is seen butthe two dried skins. The snakes could not, however well educated, have disappeared without our seeing them, and none of us can explain it without attributing supercatural powers to the Hindoos.—Dark Blue.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxisty from the mind, but we del a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not fe't the power of this little sontone? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is inspired! what the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us will reward our humble endeavors, and every good-deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love. to those we love.

SOAP BUBBLES.

There are philosophical results to be obtained of from the successful blowing of soap bubbles, and bickthen, we therefore cheerfully recommend the followthen, ing directions for their manufacture to the attention of our younger readers. Take three-quarters, and of a plut of water that has been boiled and bythat come cold, and put infect an ounce of Castine
t unthat and set it in a saucepan on the fire; there let it remain an hour or so, now and then giving it as
three good staking till the soap is dissolved. Let the
small fluid stand quiet for the impurities and coloring it on imatter of the scap to settle; then pour off the
them fluid and add to it four ounces of glycerine and
onth. Your soap-bubble solution is ready. In an or-There are philosophical results to be obtained your scap-bubble solution is ready. In an or-dinary way you may blow the bubbles easily with a tobacco pipe, but if you wish to obtain a scientific perfection, a glass pipe can be em-ployed with better success. By adding a larger quantity of glycerine, you may make those bubbles so strong that you can play battledore with them. HOW WE "CATCH COLD."

"How not to cotch cold" in England in winter would be a lesson for which we should all be profoundly grateful could any of our doctors be clever enough to teach it to us. It is uscless to po that we shall ever obtain aspecific preservative from that quester. Our only chance is to notice carotally how we ourselves personally valive from that quarter. Our only chance is to notice carefully how we curselves personally most frequently from what the profession magniloquently describes as "the premonitory symptoms of catarrh," and then do our best to avoid them in future. Obviously different people catch cold in different ways. The popular delusion that it is always by a chill that the affection begins, is contradicted by the experience of scores of persons who do not catch "cold" by exposure to a frigid temperature, but who bogin to feel its miserable antecedents while spending an hour in an over-heated room. The worst colds are thus enught. People who sit in hot rooms, and by great fires, little think what danger they are incurring. Oysters and champagne for one, water-grue, and camphor for another, every mode of treatment seems equally orthodox, down to poor Mrs. Nickieby's prescription c. the hot bran and water foot-both which she applied at Christmas for the cold she had caught at Michaelmas, and which she gratefully remembered having nearly cuted her before Easter! We have observed of into years a strong tendency among poople suffering from old-fashloned colds to try to find some other and finer names for those distressing, but wholly prosaic and uninteresting affections; and blessed is the physician who supplies them with such a word! They are not a little consoled for their affection by being able to tell their friends that Dr. Bumbleby thinks there "is danger of diphtheria," or "there was nearly a congestion of affection by boing able to tell their friends that Dr. Bumbleby thinks there "is danger of diphthoria," or "there was nearly a congestion of the lungs yesterday," or "my medical man says it is pleuro-pneumonia," or "the mucous membrane of the threat is greatly irritated." Noday, in fact, that we know, whose maindies are of sufficient consequence to the universe to be given a name at all, has submitted for some time past to have a mere "cold." They would as soon think of confessing they had the distime past to have a mere "cold." They would as soon think of confessing they had the distemper. Bronchitis is the very mildest term by which their suffering can be decently expressed; and, of course, the remedies for the evil must be equally serious and sonorous. No quiet stay at home, no hot posset, no tamarind tea, no barley-water and hot foot-bath for our generation! We must swallow half the poisons in the Pharmacopoula, alloyable or homeons. generation! We must swallow half the poisons in the Pharmacopola, allopathic or homocopathic,—we must go about our business—and perhaps the end of all is, not that the cold leaves us, but that we leave the cold, and bequeath another to our unhappy relations who are doomed to stand bare-headed for half an hour to the hiter winter to in the bitter wintry air while we are being consigned to the tomb.

TRIBUTE TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is no sphere in life so humble, no labor so continuous or wearying, no occupation so purely industrial, that men and women in it will not gladly add to its toil for the gratification of paying some 'ribute to beauty in its performance. The very implements of labor are adorned, and from the rude painting of the beam of a plow to the fancy brass mountings of a locomotive engine, everywhere some place is found for human nature to add something for the sake of taste, where the general design seemed wholly devoted to the most rigid idea of use. Beauty will not consent to be thrust into the narrow corner of men's leisure hours, where Spencer's philosophy would put her, but insist that everywhere along our most wearisome path we should placel little shrines where we may cast some volive offerings in passing. The sailor delights in the carved and gilt figure-head of his ship, or glances with pleasure at a gilded ball placed above the main truck where the very height from which it gleams down upon him like a star, awakens thoughts that mount upward in his own soul. He loves to see the bright colored pennants flying, and to dress his vessel with them, as he would see his sweetheart bedecked with ribbons. The most practical matter-of-fact merchant gladly adds large sums to the cost of his warehouse or shop for the sake of fine architecture and sculptured ornament, and whether he does it to gratify his cyn taste, or to sitract that of his customers, it is equally a proof of the persistence with which beauty-worship intrudes itself into and insists apon elevating and ennobling that which seems most foreign to it. The fact, that, amongst nacivilized or uncultured men, taste often takes on grotesque or bizarre forms, as in the savage's tatooing of his body, does not prove that beauty is to be despised, nor that the tendency even in the savage is not an elevating one. Rude and elementary as it may be in form, it is, nevertheless, the germ out of which all culture in art must grow. The pleasure in mere contrast of bright There is no sphere in life so humble, no labor

The Chevaller Nigra, Italian Minister, re-contly delivered to the President of the Repub-lic a copy of an album of works by Locaardo da Vinci, preserved in the Ambrosian Library in Milan. This work is a present from the Nain Milan. This work is a present from the Na-

THEFAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1878.

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"ARTISTIC FILTH."

One of the most prominent artists engaged on one of the vilest illustrated papers published in New York has given the above title to his own work, and it is an apt one. There are numbers of illustrated papers published in the States, the contents of which are nothing but filth, and one of their most dangerous characteristics is the fact that they are artistically g t up and present an attractive appearance calculated to please the eye. These publica-, tions have been introduced very freely into Canada, and have, undoubtedly seriously injured the morals of the rising generation; it is, therefore, with great pleasure that we notice the action of Mr. E. J. Russell, agent for the Lower Provinces for the Favorite and Canadian Illustrated Newe, who has induced the Collector of Customs at St. John, N. B., to seize a large number of Police Gazettes, Days Doings, and other kindred publications, on the ground that they were indecent and immoral. We hope that the action of the Collector at St. John, well be followed by a similar action by other Collectors and that the dissemination of artistic filth throughout Canada may be effectually stopped. A few spasmodic efforts will be of comparatively little avail, but we hope to see the action of Mr. Russell followed up by a persistent affort on the part of our agents and the Collectors of Customs to drive indecent literature out of Canada. There cannot happen to any country a worse curse than to be flooded with indecent and immoral books and papers, and there is little doubt that the moral laxity of Paris and New York is to a great extent due to the too great liberty with which artistic filth has been published in both places. It is a painful and pitiable sight to see boys and girls scarcely in their teens eagerly devouring the contents of publications especially intended to appeal to the lowest and most degrading passious; and it is high time that some vigorous measures were taken to sweep the vile stuff away. The record of crime is always sad to read, and where it is necessary to record it, it should be done seriously and for the purpose Gibraltar....

of warning others by the example, not made attractive by fancy pictures and fine description so that the imagination is excited and all abhorrence at the crime is lost in the interest in the subject.

PLEADING INSANITY.

The growing tendency of lawyers to put in the plea of insanity on behalf of their clients in criminal cases, is beginning to attract considerable attention; and in Indiana a bill has been introduced in the Legislature to regulate pleas of this kind. The bill provides that whenever an indicted person is found not guilty by reason of his temporary insanity the Court shall send him to a lunatic asylum for a term of years proportionate to his clime. We really cannot see that the State of Indiana will benefit much by legislation of this kind; if the bill made any provision for sending the lawyer who defended the case to the lunatic asylum, it might do some good as it would tend to decrease the tendency to put in the plea. Very few of the men who commit a murder are at all likely to put in the plea of insanity of their own free will and accord; it is generally the lawyer who proposes the idea. No man likes to confess that he is, or was, insane; even lunatics are very well confirmed in the idea that they are sane and the rest of the world mad, and we do not see that sending same men to lunatic asylums would be by any means an efficient check to the, generally, preposterous plea of temporary insanity. It has become the fashion to attempt, at every trial for murder, to prove that the murderer was temporarily insane, and there is very little doubt in our mind that many acquittals yearly take place on this plea—especially in the United States which are manifestly unjust; but still it would be a dangerous thing to legislate on so delicate a point. No juror would like to condemn a madman to death for committing a crime when he was unconscious of what he was doing; and, on the other hand, we scarcely think many jurors would care to be called on to send a sane man to a lunatic asylum; the safest way, therefore, it seems to us, is to leave the matter, as it stands at present, in the hands of the Judge and jurors; if the plea of temporary insanity is attempted to be used as a subterfuge let them discover it, and disregard it; but it would not be well to refuse absolutely the admission of the plea, or to attach a penalty to it, so that innocent men might frequently be punished.

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.

The forthcoming census of the United States gives the entire population at 38,558,-371; of these 5,567,229—or about one-seventa are of foreign birth. The following particul.rs of the nativity of the foreigners in the neighboring Republic will probably prove in-

teresting to our readers:	
Africa	2,657
Asia	864
Atlantic Islands	4,431
Australasia	3,118
Austria (proper)	30,508
Deiglum	
Bohemia	12,553
British America:	40,289
Canada	
New Brunswick 26,737	
New Brunswick 26,737	
Newfoundland 3.423	
Nova Scotia	
Prince Edward Island 1.363	
British America, not specified 13,469	
	495,464
Central America	301
Unina	63,042
Cubannan	5.319
Denmark	30,107
Europe, not specified	30,107
France	1 546
Germany:	116,402
Radan areas	
Baden	
Bavaria	
Brunswick 4.876	
Hamburg 7.829	
Hanover 104.365	
110880D	
Lubeck	
Mieckienburg 90.70	
11 8 8 8 4 4	
Uluebbilly 10 year	
Frussia 5 % 799	
Saxony	

To a second	
England	
Scotland 1,800,821	
Scotland	
Great Britain, not specified 4,533	
2,124	2,626,241
Greenland	390
Holland	3
Holland	46,802
	3,737
	590
Japan	17,157
Lilxamhurg	73
Luxemburg	5.802
	55
	42,435
	114,246
Poland	326
Portugal	14,436
Portugal	4.542
11433186	4,644
DAULWICH IRIANGS	584
Douth America	
Spain	3,565
Sweden	3,764
Switzerland	97,332
Switzerland	75,153
I UI KOY	302
Word Thuise	6,251
ALBOM	
Not stated	2,638
	954
Total foreign, horn nanulation	
Total foreign-born population 5	,567,229

LITERARY ITEMS.

SCRIBNER'S.—A more readable number of SCRIBNER'S than the February has, perhaps, never been issued. There is a strange story by Miss Phelps, "Since I died," in which the gates story to have been set size, to the control of the stranger of the stranger to the stranger of Miss Phelps, "Since I died," in which the gates seem to have been set ajar, indeed; a puzzling account by Noah Brooks of what he calls "The San Rafael Phalanstery;" a curious discussion by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the English artcritic, of "One Phase of the Marriage Question;" an interesting description by Albert Rhodes of "A Court Ball at the Hague; a new story by Miss Trafton, entitled "Little Miss Frere;" some pleasant and pointed talk by Junius Henri Browne, on "Borrowing as a Social Science;" a trenchant and most timely paper on "Art at the Capitol;" a lively description by Lady Blanche Murphy, of that peculiar British Institution, "An Archæological Breakfast;" a very valuable and entertaining article on "The Tchuantepec Ship-Canal;" a strikingly illustrated paper on Siam, "In and Around Bangkok;" and an illustrated piece of popular science "How Men Learned to Analyze the Sun." The most striking poems of the number are "A Vision of an illustrated piece of popular science "How Men Learned to Analyze the Sun." The most striking poems of the number are "A Vision of St. Eligius," by George MacDonald, as quaintly spiritual as a poem of Herbert's; "One Night," a weird thing by Amanda T. Jones; "Covert," by H. H.; and "For Thoughts," by Celia Thaxter. Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle" contains the record of a remarkable voyage. In his Topics of the Time he has "Thoughts after Christmas," "The Neglect of the Rich," "Habits of Literary Labor." "To the Memory of George P. Putnam." The Old Cabinet has "Number One hundred and eleven." Home and Society contain, "The Hospitality we should like to See," "At the Front door," "On Skates," and "Furniture for the Sick-room." Culture and Progress discusses "Art in our Homes and Schools," "An Oracle of our Day," etc. Nature and Science is as interesting and practical as usual; and, by way of variety, there is a pretty little child-poem in the department of Etchings. The publishers advertise the November and December numbers sent free to all subscribers for 1873.

for 1878.

Lippincott's.—The February number of Lippincott's Magazine contains a number of highly attractive articles. The concluding part of "Searching for the Quinine-Plant in Peru" forms the initial paper. The illustrations accompanying this interesting record of adventure have probably never been surpassed in accuracy of design or beauty of execution by any similar productions in this country. "A Glance of the Site and Antiquities of Athens," another well illustrated article, by J. L. T. Phillips, affords much valuable information concerning the present condition and appearance of the great monuments of the Grecian metropolis. It is written in a style which makes it eminently readable. "Country-House Life in England," by Reginaid Wynford, abounds in curious and entertaining facts and pleasing anecdotes. It has all that freshness and sprightliness which invariably characterize its author's sketches of British life, manners, and customs. Will Wallace Harney's paper, entitled "Observations and Adventures in Submarine Diving," possesses a fascinating interest for every class of readers. Its revelamanners, and customs. Will Wallace Harney's paper, entitled "Observations and Adventures in Submarine Diving," possesses a fascinating interest for every class of readers. Its revelations of subaqueous life and phenomena are not only distinguished for accuracy and vivid delines ation, but offer so marked a contrast to everything to which ordinary mortals are accustomed that they arouse a feeling of excitement seldom produced by narratives of adventure upon the solid earth, in the air, or upon the surface of the social earth, in the air, or upon the surface of the solid earth, in the subject of the others.

The question of emigration having come up in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of the Interior stated that the right of the surgace of domicile having been conceded, the s

full of attractive and instructive matter. In the number for March will be commenced a highly interesting serial story entitled "The Princess of Thule," by William Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth."

PASSING EVENTS.

THE rinderpest has appeared at Shanghai.

Dr. Pusey is lying dangerously ill at Genoa. THE Grand Duchess Helene of Russia is

THE Empress Dowager of Brazil died in Lis-

OSCAR XI, successor to the throne of Sweden, will be crowned in May.

A BILL to render military service compulsory in Spain is before the Corte

THE remains of Lord Lytton have been intered in Westminster Abbey.

PRINCE ARTHUR has visited the Sovereign Pontiff and Cardinal Antonelli.

Ir was reported that the new ten million Erie loan had been taken in Europe.

THE French Assembly has enacted a law imposing severe penalties on drunkards.

THE Hon. Joseph Howe is spoken of as the next Lieut.-Governor for Nova Scotia.

THE report that Persia had ceded territory to the Czar is officially contradicted in London.

A MEETING was held at Nottingham to de-nounce the imprisonments of the stokers on strike as tyraunical.

AT a meeting of New York Internationals it was decided not to render aid and comfort to the Cuban revolutionists.

STOKES' counsel has submitted affidavits in support of his bill of exceptions, and the case will come up again on Friday.

THE opening of a Mexican Railroad just completed, from the Capital to the sea, had been celebrated with a week's festivities.

THE champion sculler Brown, of Halifax, will backed for \$2,500 against Sadler, or the world, the race to come off next summer.

THE committee on the abolition of slav Porto Rico recommends that the indemnity to slave owners be fixed at \$250 for each.

A SLIGHT eruption of Vesuvius had taken place, but beyond scaring the inhabitants who dwell at the foot of the mountain, no damage had been done.

MR. ONSLOW, M.P., who was fined £100 for traducing Sir John Duke Coleridge, having re-peated the offence, will be imprisoned for con-tempt of court. THE latest about the Central Asia difficulty is

that Russia has proposed to define a neutral zone of territory and to recognize the independ-ence of Afghanistan. that Russia

A RESOLUTION has been adopted in the House of Representatives at Washington calling on President Grant for information respecting land owners in San Juan who are British subjects.

At a conference held at Chiselhurst, it was decided that the Prince Imperial shall be known by one of his lesser titles, and not by the empty one of Napoleon IV. The ex-Empress and Prince Jerome were appointed his political guardians.

In a neat and appropriate little speech to the Chamber of Deputies, Bismarck has explained that he has resigned the Premiership for the benefit of his health, and to be relieved of some of the butthens of state. His reception was entired.

A MEETING of the Trustees to the fund raised for the relief of the operatives during the cotton famine was held at Manchester last night. The amount on hand was reported at \$520,000. Earl Derby offered a resolution that the fund be applied to the foundation of a hospital for convalescents. Resolution adopted Resolution adopted.

LAURA D. FAIR delivered a lecture on the subject of "Wolves in the Fold," at Sucramento, in a lager beer saloon, having been unable to obtain a public hall. On finding that nobody paid for admission into the saloon, she ordered the doors to be thrown open for free admittance. the doors to be thrown open for free admittan equence was the place

For the Favorite.

WINONA: OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY IBABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD, OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of " The Silvers' Chrisimas Eve;" " Wreck ed; or, the Roscierras of Mistree," do., do.

CHAPTER IX.

ME. MURPHY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Murphy presented himself at the 'tavern' on the eve of the day on which Archie had decided on venturing to commence his homeward journey. He found Captain Frazer recovering rapidly from his dangerous wound, carefully nursed by pretty Saily and hor mother. Bill Montgomery and Lumber Pote had started for the constructions and

the country lying yet further back on a fall hunt, and "Ma-dame" hung in her green balse cover on peg beside the resser, dumb in the absence of her owner. It was understood that while the chasing of the antiered deer was the cetensible object of the expedition of the two trappers, they were to keep a sharp watch for any traces of the lost girl and her captors. Archie had promised them a most munificant reward in case of sucreward in case of suc-cess, a reward that opened to the mental vision of Bill the fair prospect of a mighty clearing and mighty clearing and close by his future father - in - la w 's, where he could combine the profits combine the combine the of agriculture with those of trapping, tony Sally and see rosy Sally the proud mistress of ficeks and herds and smiling corn-fields, and he set his determined towards dark, mysterious forest, resolved to wring the secret of the girls hiding place from it, if it lay in the power of man to do so. Nor was Lumber Pete was Lumber Fate less carnest in his airy way. He too had his Chateau en Espagns, rising from the gilttering

foundation of the promised reward. A "shanty" of his own back in the mighty treasure-houses of his own back in the mighty treasure-houses of the untrodden forests, from which at dawn his own axemen would issue with their toams of mighty oxen, and send unusual thunder bellowing through the vast arcades, us the great sovereigns of the shady places toppied and creshed to the earth under the blows of their heavy axes; his own "logs," to float in great armies on tiny creeks, whirl on broader rivers, and at length out on the vast lake, to float as mighty rafts down the broad highway of waters, past farms, villages, growing towns and fair cities, to the great timber yards of some Meutreal or Quebec lumbs, merchant, and that "the precious freight of navies, east, west, north, south, from shore to shore of the Oid World and the New.

Certainly, if skill, patience and utter fearless-

Certainly, if skill, patience and utter feariess-ness could compass her deliverance, Hawk-eye, the half-breed, would not long retain her in his

Mike's face fell when he heard that the trap Mike's face fell when he heard that the trappers had departed without waiting for him, but on reflection he candidly endorsed the frankly avowed opinion of Joe Harty, pretty Sally's father, that he "didn't just think he was much of a loss to them," as he knew little or nothing a scoderst, and would inevitably have marred their plans with his misdirected zeal.

Archie endeavored to persuade him to return with him to the actilements, but to this blike would by no means agree.

would by no means agree.

"Is it have the ould masther 'walkin', yo'd be, captain?" he inquired, with melancholy serosam. "An'it's meself knows he'd think as little of comin' out of his comfortable coffin to look to things himself than I'd think ov a pinch ov snut, if he dreamt it wor is "no to lave the wald place an' iterightful misthress wantin', the heavens be good to her, the maid ov me heart."

So Archie forbore to press the matter for the

lake now often showed a heavy sea tumbling againt the crags, under the lasting of the fall winds, it behaved them to start without unnecessary delay, as they expected to be nearly a fortuight on the way. At Saugeen a lake steamer touched occasionally, and schooners resorted there daily during the season, so the rest of his route would present but little difficulty.

Archie gave Mike clear directions as to the Archio gayo miss clear directions us to the stops he was to take in ease of the restoration of Andreais. He was to leave immediately with her for his father's residence and not less sight of her until she was safe under the care of the

old officer and his family.

"Do you understand me thoroughly, Mike?"
he inquired, after a pretty exhaustive conversation on the subject.

"Indado an' Ido, Captin," ropiled Mr. Murphy, "Indadoan' Ido, Capita, "ropiled Mr. Murphy, who was certainly anything but deficient in intelligence; "bud I'm misdoubtin' somehow that we ever clap eyes on the girleen again. It's a warnin' I've had, shure enough."

"A what?" suid Archie, looking at him in astonishmant. "What do you mean?"

A noble fire was leaping up the envernous chimnes, throwing a rembrandi warmth and

ruddily, and the tins and delf on the dresser of rudally, and the tins and delf on the dressor of white pine twinkled comfortably in the obser-ful light. The faint low of an animal disturbed in the comfortable shed by the raging storm, mingled with its thunders and rolleved, by its every day sound, the oppressive sense of the wast solitudes of wave and wood over which the tampest visible. vast solitudes of wave and wood over which the tempest rushed. To-merrow there would be prostrate trees, with "_term roots like vast claws marking its path, and perhaps the battered hull of more than one tight little schooner drifting across the sullen waste of grey waters. or speared on some needle-like crag guarding the lonely coast.

A squirrol, black as jet, with eyes like stars, bund and luminous, sat like a familiar spirit on on Harty's broad shoulder, daintly cracking Joe Harty's broad shoulder, daintily cracking hazel nuts under the embowering shade 'of his plumy tail, and eyeing the fire sideways with a meditative sir, and directly at the guide's feet lay a white deerhound dreaming, with his nose on his paws. The Grant Manitou might be walking through the outside night, shed with thunder, and followed by the shouling of the winds and waves, but inside the very spirit of domestic peace and untroubled calm brooded by the hospitable hearth of the Canadian guide.

to the commotion of the elements round their lonely habitation; but the healthy bloom had faded a little in their comely faces at the unusual fury of the hurricane. Mike ast leaving his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees, listening intently to the 'ingering wail of the dying wind. As it fell, he sprang to his foot with such energy that the aquirrel made a sudden leap from Joe's shoulder, and rushing up the rough wall, clung to one of the rafters, whence it eyed Mr. Murphy with terrified suspicion, its black eyes sparkling like diamonds from its shadowy elevation. shadowy elevation.

shadowy elevation.

"Bodad!" cjaculated Mike, "afther that yowl it's time for me to be spakin. Shure now I know what the warnin' was for. Joe, yo mind Dend Man's Bay, now?"

"Sartinly, Mike," said Joe, kicking the backleg until it deluged the room with light, and gazing earnestly into the excited countenance of Mr. Murphy, who was, indeed, devoured by the eyes of all present, Archie included.

"Well, now, it's there I camped last night, more betoken clear agin me will; bud the uight was down on me, like a hawk on a chicken, and I ran the cance into the bay, thinkin' that the night wor perhaps a thrifte stormy for ghosts.

The wather in the mite of a bay wor as

mite of a bay wor as heavy as lead and as black as ink: the as black as ink: the red lightning outlin' nn' twistin' over 1 t like flery sarpints, and the wind came groanin' and sighin' groanin' and signin' like a Banshee from the lake beyant, through them high rocks that makes rocks that makes the gateway lothe into the bay. Outside, the white caps was commencial to pop up an down in the moon-light, loke the "good people" from a fairy rath, but it wer like oil inside the rocks. The moon had a weeny bit ov aky to herself, moon had a weeny bit ov sky to herself, all blue and clear bud every inch ov the rest was full ov black clouds wid bright edges, all tumblin' an drivin' over an' thro' sich other like a fection other, like a faction tight at a fair, an' the lightning twistin' in an' out in sheets un' tongues an' great chains, that looked as if some one was forging thim white hot above, an' throwin' them slap into the lake. There wor po thunder, bud distance; an, the air that showed it won the showed it won wo, no tuinned, and dhry leaves on the trees rustled skeletons wor shakin' them. The Saints be good to us!



WINONA'S RETURN.

richness of coloring over the homely kitchen, lighted alone by its generous crimson. Joo Harty, by its glow, was cleaning his trusty rifle, and the toils of the day over, Sally was burning her round cheeks to deep damask, as she leant her fair curly head close to the flame, in order that she might lift a dropped stitch in the huge

that she might lift a dropped stitch in the huge indigo biue stocking of homespan yarn that her nimble brown fingers were kaitting for the stout legs of the stalwart Joe. She looked up with rounded eyes at Mike's last words, and her comely mother turned from the table at which she was "setting a sponge," and eyed Mike in astenishment, her plump arms up to the cibows in the white dough.

Mike glauced round on his con valens and shook his red head dismailly, with a githening of his cointe visage that was somewhat startling. He had been in very fair spirits since his arrival at noon, but as night drow on, with a howling wied and driving battalious of linky clouds, a very unusual depression had crept ever him which at last found auditble expression in the words we have related. Joe Harty, a silent the words we have related. Joe Harty, a silou: and phiegmatic fellow, with a round, houest face, slowly laid down his rific and stared at Mike, who stared into the fire.

The wind howled and yelled across the Lake,

and through the uncurtained window there came a spectral glimpse of Alps of water thundering, in the ghastly light of an uncertain moon, against the crags and belts of golden beach. The unutterable sadness of the undertain tone of the swaying tracts of forests mingled with the wild believing of the tempest, like the breathings of a mighty Ecilan harp; and, anugly sheltered as was the farm-house, by its maples and eaks, a constant swirl of surf dashed against and cake, a constant wirl of surf dashed against the windows, torn in flying masses of snowy foam from the advancing breakers. The wind tore down the chimney and hurried away again with an army of flying rubies and exchancies in list train, torn from the swaying mass of richly-hued flames writhing screent-like round the huge hack-log. The dark rafters of eak in-Joe Harty had agreed to paddle blm down to richly-hued hamos writhing sorpent-like round lake Huron as far as the little village of Sau-the huge hack-log. The dark rafters of oak interesting behind Chantry Island; and as the tersecting the low, white-washed ceiling glowed

A wooden clock with a great, white face, hung against the snowy wall, and its large black hands pointed to the hour of eight.

Mike looked into the fire and shook his head with a sight grean before he answered Archie's interrogation, and the wondering looks of Joe Harty and his family. The essements rattled in the wind, and it seemed as if spirit hands were touching the wooden latch of the lieavy door.

Cat along, Mike, old man.

Mike drew his chair a shade closer to the fire, and rubbed up his red hair until it stood out round his head like a flaming furzo bush,—an operation that he invariably seemed to consider essary to any considerable degree of mental

necessary to any considerable degree of mental brilliancy.

"Now, it's not after belaving me ye'll be, I'm afeard," he said, appealingly; "but it's Gospoi truth I'm goin' to tell ye, ivery word ov it.—The Heavens be our safety this night!"

This exclamation was wrung from Mr. Murphy by a sudden clap of thunder bursting directly over the house with the sharp, metallic crash it frequently assumes in the neighborhood of cities. over the house with the sharp, metallic crash it frequently assumes in the neighborhood of citits and crags. It was followed by the thundering of rain upon the roof, beating like a deluge of molton lead upon the shingles, and coming in vast sheets against the windows. The dia was deafening, and nearly five minutes elapsed before Mike could make his voice audible above the root and herefly not the storm. The wind below although make his voice auditio above the roar and brawling of the storm. The wind seemed, like that which smote the four corners of the house where the sons of Job were feast-ing, to gather from all points of the compass and calminate in a mad vortex round the farm-

and calminate in a mad vortex round the farm-house; but the stout timbers stood it well, and the gust died howling away in the distance.

"That beats!" said Joe Harty, slowly. "Lis-ten to it howling off in the woods like a pack of hungry welves seared from a deer."

"Magnificent!" said Captain Frazer, his dark face lighting up. "I never heard anything to touch the rear of that sudden burst. The atorin seemed to leap on us like a wild beast on its prev."

Mrs. Harty and Sally were well accustomed

"Thar sin't no creetur about this night," said Joo. "I guess, Cap'n, it wor Sally's shadder. Cut along, Mike, old man."

Mike's toeth chattered, but he turaed his back carefully on the window, and resumed his

narrative.

back carefully on the window, and resumed his narrative.

"Well, Joe, you know there sin't much of a campin' ground at Der" Man's Hay, by raison ov the trees that grow sheer into the wather, an' it wor a while afore I sattled down for the night on a bit ov baich no bigger than the table beyant. I propt the cance up on one side and wrapt meself in me Mackinaw, and was uslape afore ye'd say Jack Robinson, for I'd paddled me forty mile since dawn. It worn't much thought I took ov them three trappers as had been murthered there years ago for the sake ov their piles ov peltries, an' I slaped on quite heavy until the middle of the night, when I waked up on the suddint, as wide awake as the squirrei there, the dawshy thafel and as quite as a corp. Now, in gin'ral, it's no thrifte ov time it takes me to git me head straight in the mornin's, but there I wer as bright as a new piu, an' me starin' unt from undher the cance in the darkness. Saints alive! I felt the marrow melt in the bones of me. Agin the yallow blackness ov the sky I could see a figure standin' within hand's grasp ov me, bud whether man or woman, it warn't in me power to say. "Shpecthers, Mike," says I to myself, for I could see a fiash of white lightning, an' by it I saw"—Mike paused, and with a face blanched by the remembrance, looked round the excited little group of his listeners.

Arohie laughed as Mike's eye caught his, for

Applie laughed as Mike's eye caught his, for

he felt certain that Mike was relating the expe-

he felt certain that Mike was relating the experiences of a nightmare.

"The skeleton forms of one of the trappers and his murderer, I suppose," he said, stooping over the flame to light his cigar.

"The face of Winona," uttered Mike, in a tone of such deep awe that Archie gazed at him in astonishment, "the eyes ov her lookin' into mine, an' her long, black hair drippin' wet all round her, just as you an' me seed her last, an' behind her—Sally! what's come to the child? Spake, asthore. Mrs. Harty, ma'am, spake till her, for it's dazed she is!"

Sally had risen from the low settle in the

Sally had risen from the low settle in the chimney corner on which she had been seated, and was gazing past Mike with such blank horror in her dilated eyes, such stony terror in her fixed face, that her fresh young beauty had given way to the wanness and lines of old age. At the same moment a sudden hurrigane filled At the same moment a sudden hurricane filled the room, the fire leaped up in lurid splendor, the rain and surf dashed coldly on the faces of the startled group, as the heavy door dashed back against the wall.

"Look!" came from Sally's blue lips, and in the act of raising her arm she fell straight along the hearth.

the hearth.

Joe's love was for his daughter, and before he turned his pale face to look, she was in his arms, with her white face lying like allly on his broad breast. He turned, and for the first time in his life his heart melted like water. Mike, Archie life his heart melted like water. Mike, Archie and Mrs. Harty stood motionless, as though carved in stone, facing the open door; and on the threshold, her length of black hair torn by the wind, her bronze face and starry eyes lighted by the red billows of light from the fire, stood the lofty form of the Indian girl, Winone, and healthed here schooler the recent force. behind her a shadow that crouched from the glow that swept out into the murky light

Mike Murphy dropped on his knees, his hair rustling as it rose on his head; and Mrs. Harty threw her blue apron over her face to shut out the spectral form.

Archie recovered his mental poise at once and sprang forward, determined to solve the mystery at any risk.

At the same moment Winona glided into the

apartment

CHAPTER X.

MR. MACER.

"So extremely unkind of dear Olla," mur-mured Cecil Bertrand with infinite pathos, fold-ing up a closely-written sheet of pink paper with a dainty monogram, all pale purple and gold at the top, and raising her speaking eyes to the watchful face of Mr. Denville, who strode at her side, looking down at her curiously

They had come from the Post-office and were They had come from the rost-omee and were strolling up King Street at the fashionable hour, about half-past four in the afternoon. She had met him down town, and he had joined her, a proceeding to which she was by no means

her, a proceeding to which she was by no means averse.

Miss Cecil was in her glory. There was a soft, bracing breeze blowing, just sufficient to deepen the delicate tints in her cheeks, and stir to a more bewitching "fluffiness" the fantastic but perfectly enchanting "waves, frizzes and curls" of sunny hair that was the envy of every woman she met. There was the pink shade in the afternoon sunlight Parisian milliners recommend to all complexions in their artistic toilettes. Her fall suit had three more frills and a more gracefully draped "panier" than that of any to be seen the whole bright length of King Street, and her light blue velvet "toque," set jauntily somewhere on the top of the puffs and King Charles curls, she feit was the greatest success of the season; the pheasant's wing in the left side, she was proudly certain, being fully three inches taller than any she had seen during her promenade. She was a lovely little creature of the pure Canadian she had seen during her promenade. She was a lovely little creature of the pure Canadian she had seen during her promenade. She was a lovely little creature of the pure Canadian type, a dainty, glowing blonde, fragile and spiritual looking, but rounded and moulded to a perfect symmetry. The blonde hair was bronze but where the light touched it; the eyes deeply blue, with the archest lights flickering in them, or wells of deepest tenderness, as occasion required. There were the merest shadows of dimples playing round her mouth, and on the upper lip, to the left, was a jet black mole about the size of the head of a pin, and which Cecil regarded as a treasure beyond all price, for if anything could have heightened the lucid pearl and rose of her matchless skin, that mole was decidedly the thing. She was one of those daintily "fast" girls of the period who can venture upon doing almost anything confetent of tripping out of even a shadow of reproach with the most bewitching air of innocence, and supremely blest in never smaling against the "proprieties" ingracefully. The men raved about her, flung as many bouquets under her kid "bottines" as though she were Patti or Nilsson, lost incidenable amounts of Jouvin's gloves to her in insane bets, and filled her music-rack with new music, with which she charmed their rivats in her melting little voice, that was just lond enough to be confidentially andible to some happy wight turning the pages for her in a shadowy corner of the drawing-room.

poised. She made it a point to be "engaged" to a new man every six months or so, and Archie Frazer was her ninth victim. Him she had made up her mind to marry if "she could not do better," and as Mr. Denville was "better" financially, she was spreading a net as fine as those invisible cobwebs most fatal to flydom for his capture.

his capture.
"What, may I ask, is your friend guilty of to call such a complaint from you?" said Mr. Den-

ville.

He was a good fellow, and if any one had called him a "flirt" he would have been in a very honest rage; but he had melting black eyes, a deep baritone voice, and a dangerous habit of accenting personal pronouns and quoting Tennyson. He was deeply in love with Olla Frazer, but as he glanced down into Cecil's face, one would have thought his happiness was dependent on her smiles alone.

Cecil flashed a tiny smile and gracious bow to a group of young officers on the opposite side.

Cecil flashed a tiny smile and gracious bow to a group of young officers on the opposite side of the street, and then sighed slightly.

"It's so provoking," she said. "I quite reckoned on taking Olla with us to-night to the Calico ball. Every one is to be there, and though she had promised to be in Toronto to-day here she writes me not to expect her for here she writes me not to expect her for definite period. Too bad, isn't it?" an indefinite period.

an indefinite period. Too bad, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," returned Mr. Denville, with an air of supreme indifference that delighted Cecil, who was far from guessing what the effort of self-control cost him. "You will show tonight, of course, Miss Bertrand. Do give me the first sales places." the first galop, please."

"Oh, of course, mamma, Linda and I are going; but as to the first galop, I'm so sorry,

"Exactly! engaged, of course; well, tell me at what hour of the evening I may approach your throne."

your throne."

"You may have the first slow waitz after supper; my card is full up to that."

"Thanks. I shan't require to 'make a note of it,' like the famous Captain Cuttle, I assure you. Miss Revirond."

you, Miss Bertrand.

you, Miss Bertrand."
Cecil smiled sweetly. The compliment she
understood, but whether Captain Cuttle was a
nautical contemporary of Confuscius, or an officer in the new regiment ordered to Toronto, she
was in total ignorance, as her literary researches
extended not beyond the monthly fashions and
the Sunday lessons in church. When conversation came dangerously near the sunken reefs extended not beyond the monthly fashions and the Sunday lessons in church. When conversation came dangerously near the sunken reefs and shifting sands of literature, it was droll to observe how skilfully she "tacked" until she caught a favoring gale in her rosy sails, and danced lightly away on the foam of ilirtation from the uncanny neighborhood, fit only, in her estimation, for strong-minded sirens of an uncertain age, in spectacles and some one else's chignons, certainly not for a creature who looked as though she had just stepped daintily out one of Watteau's artificial Arcadias, or floated on butterfly wings from some fairy-land where the forests were of myrtle and roses, and the chief end of woman was to dance and do "shopping" after some Celestial fashion, or "catch" the most eligible Fairy Prince of the season.

ping" after some Celestial Inshion, or "catch" the most eligible Fairy Prince of the season.
"Olla says," she said, dashing into conversation, lest Denville, who was rather literary, should talk "books," "that she does not like to leave home until her brother's return from—what's the name of the place—Man—something or other."

what's the name of the place—man—something or other."

"Manitoba," suggested Denville.

"It's islands," said Miss Bertrand; "but the name doesn't sound quite right."

"Manitoulin, up beyond the Georgiah Bay."

"Oh, that's it, thank you. Do you know Captain Frazer had a most romantic adventure up there! Got shot by an Indian with an arrow. It was so nice it wasn't a gun, because, of course, it couldn't be so dangerous, and it's so much more common, and there was something about a young woman in it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Denville thoughtfully, with a sudden lightening of his face, "that is Olla's reason for postponing her visit, is it?"

He called her Olla in a tone that was unmistakable to Miss Bertrand's practized ears, and she hastened to add:

she hastened to add:

"I think dear Olla has some other reason for not caring to come to Toronto just now. Do you know young Armor of Montreal?"

"Slightly. What of him, pray?"

Cecil laughed and blushed prettily, toyed with the tassel of her glove, and turned away her face ever so little from her companion, who was watching her with darkening brow, and eyes full of the shadow of her coming words.

"I am to be bride's-maid in the spring," she said, laughing merrily, "and I do so enjoy the idea. Do you know I never was one before, and a wedding is such jolly fun; don't you think so?"

"No," said Mr. Dapyille with a service.

"No," said Mr. Denville, with a countenance worthy of Othelio. "I must say au revoir. have some business up town."

have some business up town.
"Don't forget to-night," said Cecil, giving him her soft little hand, and smiling up in his face dangerously.

Denville strutted away with his nose in the air and his heart like air old red sandstone under his unexceptional waistcoat. He loathed the smilling, rustling, bowing crowd he wended his way through, and, like Mr. Longfellow's very uncomfortable friend in the light toilet of bones,—

gave such loud denial that Hope, fragile child of mist and sun, faded and died. He glared straight ahead, and thought grimly of "La Trappe," of Peter the Hermit, of St. Senamis, of Robinson Crusce, of some land where women, and consequently faisehood, were unknown, of suicide as fashlonable amongst the Japanese, and then he pulled up the flying steeds of wrath and despair that were running away with him, and became majestic and philosophic, and politely cynical for a little. He smiled loffly at his burst of rage and pain, and asked himself, "Was there a woman worth a second thought on the face of the earth?" and he answered, "Not one" with infinite readiness; and then he was in the middle of the whirlpool of disappointment and lacerated affection again, tossed to and fro as madly as ever, and feeling curiously stunned and bruised and light-headed. In this mood he turned into a billiard saloon off Yonge Street, much frequented by the upper tendom of Toente and found and suppose to the gave such loud denial that Hope, fragile child of mist and sun, faded and died. He glared straight ahead, and thought grimly of "La this mood he turned into a billiard saloon on Yonge Street, much frequented by the upper tendom of Toronto, and found a number of men there he knew, with three or four officers, young fellows possessed of fine animal spirits and ilmitable ideas on the subject of "chaff."

"Hilles I Populle so You're entered for the

"Hilloa! Denville, so you're entered for the Bertrand," shouted Lieutenant Prancer, as Denville walked up to the table. "I say, old fellow, is it your one to cut Frazer out in that quarter? Confound that ball! say I."

The Lieutenant missed his stroke, and swore gently for a minute or two.

'You'd better leave that game alone," said other. "Archie Frazer is a Tartar, I tell you, another. "Archie once he's roused."

once he's roused."

"What are you talking such nonsense for?"
said Denville angrily. "Miss Bertrand is a
mere aequaintance. Be good enough to leave
her name out of our discussions."

"As if we didn't meet you as spooney as
Romeo and Juliet," cried Ensign Spooner, "not
twenty minutes ago! But it's fin contre fin
there, let me tell you, my boy, if nirting's your
ticket."

Ensign Spooner, in complexion and physique, bore a startling resemblance to the copies of humanity in gingerbread sold by elderly ladies under the peaceful shade of calico umbrellas at few startless. fairs and street corners, and chastely decorated with gliding. An immense eye-glass went about with him, with which he was ever engaged in a spirited but fruitless struggle to make it stick in his eye with the proper air (his eye was like the current optics gracing the before-mentioned works of culinary art), and the glass invariably remained master of the field.

Denville cast a withering look at the Ensign. He turned to Prancer.
"Come," he said, "will you play?
"Thanks, no more just now," said

"Thanks, no more just now," said Francer; and then, lowering his voice a little, "regularly cleaned out by that fellow with his chin in a black must. You should see him play."

"Who is he," said Denville, turning and looking at the man indicated by a slight nod of Prancer's head. sald Prancer

Prancer's head.

"Don't know, I'm sure," returned the Lieutenant, yawning dismally. "Going to the Calleo affair to-night?"

tenant, yawning dismally. "Going to the Calico affair to-night?"

"Yes, and after that all you fellows come back with me to the Rossin, and we'll have a champagne supper in my rooms."

"Thanks." The Lieutenant drew out his watch. "I must be off to old Bluebell's to order a bouquet for La Bertrand for to-night. She lives such a dence of a way out of town that I'll just have time to canter out there and back before dinner. Adio, mio amico," and with a wave of his hand Lieutenant Prancer took leave of the company, and was quickly followed by Spooner and the other officer, a ponderous young man with a red head, and an upper lip projecting like a bracket.

The room was nearly deserted, and Denville walked up and down once or twice impatiently. He would have given a thousand dollars for some means of drowning remembrance of Olla's deceit, even for a moment, for each instant the memory was becoming more intolerable to him. Once or twice he felt tempted to rush to some bar-room and drown all thought in wine, but he was not a weak man, and rejected the

deceit, even for a moment, for each instant the memory was becoming more intolerable to him. Once or twice he felt tempted to rush to some bar-room and drown all thought in wine, but he was not a weak man, and rejected the idea the instant it formed itself in his mind. He had, as the French term it, too much "respect of himself in the presence of himself" to venture on such a debasing expedient, the last and ruinous resort of a coward.

"The man with his chin in the muff," as Prancer had happily described him, stood by an empty table, knocking the balls about in an idle, desultory fashion, but with a style and skill that would have delighted Dion. He was a tall, stalwart-looking man, with a face bronzed almost to the hue of that of an Indian, jut black hair and immense beard and whiskers, flowing in an ebon tide on his chest. He sauntered quietly round the table, glancing occasionally at Donville, and exchanging a word or two with the billiard marker. In his present vein, Denville was on the quietue for something, no matter how triffing, to distract his attention, and after standing for a few moments, watching the skilful carons made by the stranger, he approached the table, and, after a remark or two, proposed a game, to which the other readily assented. On the stranger's proposal, they played merely for "tables," and though his play was far superior to that of Denville's, the latter soon saw that his opponent was not giving his undivided attention to the game. He seemed greatly more inclined to talk than play, and, a rather uncommon gift, he spake well. He had a trite fashion of moulding his sentences, and a clear, low, inclsive voice, that dropped every word like the single work stroke of a hell on the ear. He had seen a great deal, and drew

more than one short, grim laugh from Denville by a droll anecdote or two of his personal ex-perience of the gaming tables of Homburg and Budon, and the rouge-st-noir of Paris. An perience of the gaming tables of Homburg and Buden, and the rouge-et-noir of Paris. An hour's conversation with him left Denville under the impression that his companion was a gentleman by birth and education, possibly a roue and blackleg by profession, certainly untroubled by too dainty a code of honor, a thought cynical, one who concealed strong and long claws under routes de excession. thought cynical, one who concealed strong and long claws under patter do vetours of conventional refinement; in fact, a man with whom parents would hardly care for their sons to associate. He won of course, for Denvillo played only a tolerable game at the best, and finding that he also was staying at the Rossin House, Denville and he strolled slowly thither in commany, as dinner hour was approaching. Denville and he strolled slowly thither in company, as dinner hour was approaching. As they turned a corner, into a quiet but fashionable thoroughfare, a pretty little "bit," in art parlance, met their eyes. A light spring wagon, freshly painted green, and drawn by the most demure, roundest and brownest cob that ever trotted between the shafts of a vehicle. The cart was a moving bank of bloom and emerald foliage, scarlet geraniums, rose camellas, oleanders, roses wagging their luxuriant heads in the breeze, fuschias vibrating their graceful bells of scarlet and purple, every blossom that the skill of a florist could force to bloom at that season, and great plumes of ferns waysom that the skill of a florist could force to bloom at that season, and great plumes of ferns waving over all. A pretty, soft-eyed girl was standing on the step of a florist's shop, watching the wagon move away, and sho moved asido as Denville drew his companion into the store, and walked behind the marble counter, flecked here and there with scarlet petals blown from the plants in the window.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she said, as the young man looked round the dainty bower of this mercantile Flora, "You make up bouquets here, of course," he said, while the stranger looked on with amused

said, while the stranger looked on with amused interest in his dark eyes.

"Oh, certainly," she said, smiling. She was very pretty, and smiles became her. A great damask rose in a hanging basket touched her jetty hair, and an oleander tree behind her tossed a fountain of pink blossoms above her head.

head,
"I wish you to make me up a bouquet for a "I wish you to make me up a bouquet for a lady for the Calico ball to-night," said Denville, inpatiently tapping the marble slab with his cane, for he felt that he was doing a foolish thing. "Make it as large and as brilliant and as expensive as you possibly can," he added.
"For a brunette, then, of course, sir?" said

Flora suggestively.

"Not at all; the lady is a small blonde, but I fancy she doesn't care much about flowers unless they cost a great dea!."

"For a blonde I don't."

less they cost a great deal."

"For a blonde, I should recommend white
"two of scarlet geracamelias, a spray or two of scarlet gera-nium, cape jessamine, dapline and tube-roses. Shall I also send for the confure? Flowers will be mostly worn this evening with the calico tollettes."

"Oh, certainly. Can you send them to the house of the lady ?"

"The boy has just driven flowers for the decoration of the tables to the hall, but on his return he shall take them right away. The name,

"Miss Cecil Bertrand, at Maple Villa, a little beyond the Asylum. Be kind enough to place this with them."

this with them."

He tore a leaf out of his note-book, and wrote in pencil, "With Mr. Denville's compliments," and handed it to Flora, who read it with a little twitching of her cherry lips.

"I wonder who he is," she mused, as she slipped the crisp notes he had handed to ner into the dainty rosewood till; "rich, that's plain. That's the sixth bouquet I made up today for that little minx. She's safe to wear his plant. That's the sixth bouquet I made up to-day for that little minx. She's safe to wear his though, for it cost the most. Won't that Pran-cer be in a jolly rage."

cer be in a jully rage,"

Miss Flora came in for curious little bits of

Miss Flora came in for curious little bits of

the purplets of the the great drama played by the puppets of the Paphian boy, in her leafy bower on the busy

The stranger stood in the hall of the Rossin

The stranger stood in the hall of the Rossin looking after Denville as he disappeared to his rooms to prepare for dinner.

"I think I see my way to something I want," he said; "but I must be careful. Well! I seldom am anything but that, and yet how Fate has gone against me of late. Patienza, mio amico."

what say, sah?" said a waiter skipping up,

with a napkin dangling from his sable lingers.

"I say bring me a sherry-cobbier to my room, and to-day's paper, and be quick, my fearly."

"Cern'ly, sah. Jim! sherry-cobbler and paper to No. 8. Nice genman No. 3! Golly! what a beard he got. Wunner whar he cum from."

CHAPTER XI.

WINONA'S RETURN.

pages for her in a shadowy corner of the drawing room.

She was one of the fortunate few who retained alike the favor of the military and civilian partis, and dispensed her smiles with great exactness between the red coats and the black of "Hatefal to him were men, shady retrent in a conservation of "a quadrille with her in some draped bow window, young Erichess was pretty cortain to whirther off in the next galop after supper, so she kept the balance pretty well. Mr. Murphy bounded from his knees, and,

A MAN

He bicked the door violently, rearing in a

He kicked the door violently, rearing in a voice that out-howled the tempost:

"Let me out, yer sowls, let me out for the love of glory! Och! me shirt's burnin' into holes on me back wid the eyes of her! Stand betune us, Captin dear, and spake her fair. It's yerself has the larnin', an' sure n it they re a corp it's only the Latin they mind, De profundts esculum, an' got out wid ye!"

"Leave go of that yowling," reared out Joe Harty, as Mike best ou the door in the energy of despair, and grouned in mortal terror. "Can't ye make use of yer eyes, Mike?"

"Is it an' have the oyo-balls ov me moited clane out? Isn't her eyes scrupin' the flesh ov me this minnit like red-hot claws. Captin, Captin, out wid the Latinity, or we're lest enfithicly."

Mr. Murphy was not altogether the slave of

Mr. Murphy was not altogether the slave of imagination. The squirrel had dropped in an agony of terror from his cyris on the ratter to like's back, and, confused by the turmoil, was rushing up and down the broad expanse of his shoulders, making free use of his sharp clava to the extreme detriment of the linen and epidermis of the latter

"Mike," cried Archia Frazer, in a voice that rang like a clarlon, "look! see who Winona has brought to us. Oh, man, look round!"

There was such a thrill of joy in the young officers voice that lilke was encouraged to turn his terror-stricken countenance over his shoulder, still, however, clutching the unyielding

The ontrance door had closed with a loud and Winona stood in the full blaze erash, and Whoma stood in the full blaze of the fre-light, watching Mike with eyes that scintil-lated in the red glow, the leaping scarnet touch-ing the rich bronze of her lofty face, and find-ing a dead reflection in the masses of dripping coon hair that hung dankly to her knees. One ebon hair that hung dankly to her knoes. One rounded arm supported a rifle over her shoutder, the other was clasped closely round the form of Androsin Howard, who, nearly unconscious, leant against the vigorous form of the Indian girl, the clear outlines of her marbio conscious, leant against the vigorous form of the Indian girl, the clear outlines of her murble features sharply defined against the dark figure of her companion. The garments of both the girls were rent and torn, and Androila's delicate foot were bruised and blooding. Her head was uncovered, and the dusky gold of her hair, clinging to her white threat and shoulders in damp, uncuried masses, caught red pencillings of light from the fire. Her garments, sodden with rain, clung to her limbs, and her large eros were half-open and glazed like those of a corpse. Instead of being reassured by the appearance of his beloved Miss Drosia, Mike's terror was exactly doubled, but, fortunately, its effects now were simply those of complete paralysis, and, his stort logs giving way under him, he slipped to the flow in a sitting posture, propped up against the door, his eyes as round as buttons, and fixed on the little group with an unwinking steadiness that threatened to force them from their scekets.

A wooden bench ran along the wall beside the fire-place, and without a word Archie took Androsia from the Indian girl, and carried her towards it; but Mrs. Harty, recovered from her towards it; but Mrs.

towards it; but Mrs. Harty, recovered from her panic, pushed a low, cushioned rocker before the direct warmth of the fire, and bade him place her in it, as she began to show slight signs

place her in it, as she began to show slight signs of returning animation.

Winons advanced with her usual supple, majestic, noiseless tread to the hearth, and leaning with clasped hands on the rifle, watched Mrs. Harry and Saily, who had recovered aimost instantly from her brief swoon, as they busied themselves about Androsia, wringing the water from her hair and clothes, and issuing shrill directions to honest Joe to pide on more wood and "keep hisself out of a body's way."

The honest fellow was so absorbed in staring

and "keep hisself out of a body's way."

The honest fellow was so absorbed in staring at Winons that he was found to be quite impervious to lingual remonstrances, and, to keep him at all "out of the road," as hirs. Harry expressed it, the good woman was fain to resort to free use of her atout elbows, and Joe was hustled hither and thisher, being apparently quite unable to remove his eyes from the Indian girl.

girl.

The water was running in little streams from her hair and clothing, and lay in the tiny holiows of the roughly-hewn hearthstone, like pools of blood in the rich red light, and, from the shadow of her falling night of hair, her large eyes burned with a smouldering heat and fire like the rediction of a configuration on the dark tarns of a wilderness on a moonloss midnight. She stook wilderness has blook wheter the reset. stood volocless, her black shadow flickering vast and spectrally across the floor and white-washed wall, a statue of bronze such as it is alone in the power of the livian to become, motionists as though scolpused from some firm and draky cliff.

though sculptured from some firm and draky cliff. Has aloady gare was fixed on the pallid face of her fastor-sister, gaining a faint rose in the warnth of the spartment.

Archie stood learing on the back of one of the heavy wooder chairs, with all a man's incurredly for assisting in such an energency, his cyre also fastened on the lovely face shining out from the searlet fastnel embion fastened to the lack of the rocker like some rare cameo traced in lines of perfect, pallid beauty by some master-hand.

The moment had not yet arrived for explana-tions to be either given or demanded, though it must be confessed his soul burned with impa-tiones for light to evolve from the mystery of the midden appearance of the two girls.

He felt a heavy hand laid ow his arm, and looked up to find Joe at his side, still eyeing Winons, to whom he directed Archie's attention in a mitural whicher:

"Corneline's! Cap's, look at what abe's got

slung to her wampum. I'm bot, that's all.

Cap."

Archie glanced at Winona and back at Joe.

"I see abo's got a bunch of dirty-looking horse-hair sing to her belt," he said, "but

Joe drew his brown fore-finger in a circle round the top of his grizzled head with a slow gesture of great significance.

"I'm darned, an' blowed, an' busted," he whispered, " of 't'ain't a scene. Wher upon

airth hey the young catamount made the raise

Eh! What?" cried Archie in very dismny, "what are you talking such rubbish for, Joe?"
"You bot I gin't," responded Joe confidently;

"it's a scelp, an' frosh raised, or I neverseed or teched one when 1 war a youngster on the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes," said Winona, speaking suddenly in "Yes," said Windon, speaking suddonly in English and turning her great oyes slowly to the two men; "yes, behold, it is the scalp of the enemy of my sister, the scalp of the lover of my sister. He fell but two suns ago under the hand of Whona. The leaves rustle on the body of Hawk-eye! The crows clamor in the alr above him !"

She showed her white toeth in a dazzling smile of triumph; but reading the expression of horror in the countenances of her listeners, she

darkened into added gloom, with a touch of iony scorn in it, as she looked at them.

Audrosia turned her brightening eyes on her foster-sister, and held out her arms to her appealingly. The latter understood the significant positingly. The latter understood the signifi-cance of the gesture, and, compressing her lips, tore the glassly relie from her belt, and flung it upon the crimson cavern of the dre. "It is done!" she said. "Winona kept it but to show that her tongue was not the tongue of

Androsia's face finished with toy as the flames licked up the last fibre of the scalp, but the in-bred instincts of the Indian girl had been fully aroused, and she stared with sullen regret at the vanishing trophy she had sacrificed to the wishes of Androsia

Andresia looked round her as our awakening from a dream, and, with a sudden yell of joy, Mr. Murphy bounded from his sitting posture and executed what her Majesty of glorious me-

and executed what her Majesty of glorious memory, Elizabeth of England, was wont to describe as "a merrie volte."

"Och, be japers! it's herself it is, an' no spechther, at all, at all. Miss Dresia, acushia, it's me heart's broke wid joy to see ye, an' it's mended it'il be sure if yez can only say that it's not the widdy of Hawk-eyeye be. Winoun, yer sowl, whin war it ye picked off the honest gintleman so purty? An' how eem it he kep yez so anuz, an' so menny out afther yez for this two menths an' more?"

Winous turned on the excited Mr. Marchy

Winous turned on the excited Mr. Murnhy and looked at him

and looked at him.

"An' besides," ejaculated Mike, retiring suddenly, "it's dead I seed yo messif, an' Captin Frazer here! Oh, begorra, is it come for a decent berrein' ye are, afther all?"

Mr. Murphy retreated suddenly to the other side of the chair occupied by Androsia, as his superstitious terrors revived, and in expressive pantomime besought of Archie to question the supposed "fatch;" but anxious as Archie was leaded to the could not have a particulated. supposed "fetch;" but auxious as Archie was to do so, he could not help agreeing with Mrs. Harty that Andresia should at once be placed in bed, as she appeared attenty exhausted and incapable of uttering a word. Under the good woman's directions, he carried her into an inner room, and, laying her on the clean patchwork overed bed, siele out again, leaving her to the kindly ministrations of Sally and her mother. He found Winona wringing the heavy masses of her hair, and drying her decikin tunic at the fire, watched by Joe from the midst of a cloud

He found Winona wringing the heavy masses
of her hair, and drying her doeskin tunic at the
fire, watched by Joe from the midst of a cloud
of bine tobacco anoke, and by Mike, who, apparently, was slowly regaining confidence, from
a shadowy recease behind the glittering dresser,
from which he peered cautiously at the dusky
firm and beautiful face of his former pe- and
proisef, but who, now wrapped in gloony
musings, seemed anounacious of his presence.
Hight step sounded on the boards, and her dark
light step sounded on the boards, and her dark
both of which bore traces of his recent severe
ithese. Mike came cautiously from his iair,
and pisced himself near Captain Frazer, who,
with a cordial grace, pushed the rocker towards

There is not much veutrality in human na
There is not much veutrality in human na-

"Sit down," he said gently; "you seem greath; In ly fatigued. Mike, put down more wood, it i ture, grows colder every moment."

if fatigued. Milke, put work and seemed to consider every moment."

So cortain had he been of Winona's death that it seemed a curious dream, her dark presence in that homely room; and his voice sounded unfamiliar to himself as he uttered these commouplaces words to one, the mystery of whose appearance amount the living was yet unexplained. Up to this moment he had had no leisure to feel anything but the pleasure of the restoration of Androsis, but now there is an another owned diluteration of the restoration of Androsis, but now there is a pane, and other emotions filled his heart. He did not now wooder so much at Mike's dispay of terror, for despite education and a tolember of a kind of means abuse of a kind of means abused of a kind of means abused on the completed into another if not a better world his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face in the norm during which she seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read the seemed to read his inner soul with her stern eyes. Her face is the seemed to read th

"Food," she said. "Winong is hungry. Winong is like the wolf Wholi the shire lies worlfy in the shire lies worlfy in the world with the shire lies worlfy in the world with the shire lies in and in less time than it takes to relate he had and bread in abundance, with the lace and bread in abundance, with the first owners, but hearty exchanation, "Pitch th."

With every mouthful the girl devoured, in the manner of one with the nearly died of lack of food, blike drew a pace notice, eyelig her proceedings with exquisite pleasure, and when, at length, she concluded her repast, he rushed up and took her long, sleuder hand in his brown, hairy paw.

hairy paw.

"Shure it's the wholesome, comfortable appe "Shure it's the wholesome, comfortnote appetitle ye have, noushin, the heavens be prified for that same i an' it were bother than bell, book or canule to see the cowld pork goin' into that purty mouth of yer own, me darlint! Shure it's yer or y ghost I wor afther takin' ye for, me coleen d'has. The divil a wan ov me had did!" hud did."

Whom smiled gravely, and seemed pleased at Mike's evident joy at her restoration; but suddenly she started and looked searchingly at him.

him.
"Did Hawk-eye uiter the words of truth? He shricked it in the ear of Winona that the father of her white sister had journeyed to the hunting-grounds of the spirits of his people."
"The truth it war, honey," responded Mike, much affected. "Thim hands," and he extend-

much affocted. "Thim hands," and he extended his brawny paws, "nailed him down in as comfortable an' tidy a coffin as ye'd care to see, and laid the daisy quilt over him, his sow! to glory an' his name to grace! Bud how in the name of wonder did ye come across hiss Drosia an' that owdsclous haythen wiggler, Hawke5

A terrible light leaped like a flaming sword from the dusk eyes, and inspired by the memory of her dangers, Winona rose, tall and divinely terrible, as some dark avenging power. Her form seemed actually to dilate and become shadowy in its outline.

"Inwardly brightening
With sulien heat,
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning,"

Her explanations we must leave for another

(To be conlinued.)

THE QUIDBURY MYSTERY.

DY JUDGE CLARE

Quidbury was a duli place before it had two newspapers in it. But when the Cudgel of Pro-gress shied its easter into the ring, and the Weekly Prodder squared off responsively next door, things took a more lively turn. Swasher of the Cudgel was abluft, portly, buil-dersich looking.

Swanner of the Cudget was a bluft, portif, brill-dogglab looking man, whose grizzled wig bore evidence of the frosts of some fifty winters. He had a good head, Phrenology said, but Phre-nology docsn't always know the difference be-tween brains and rickets. Whether he wore groon gogglas for weak eyes, or to hide surabls-mus, was nobody's business but his own.

groon goggles for weak eyes, or to must season mus, was nobody's business but his own.

Prickle of the Prodder, in person, was his rival's opposite. He was ican, iank, and wiry; had light sorrel hair, worn close cropped, and looked a tride younger than the other.

Both came to Quidbury strangers, and about the same time. Prickle bought the Village Crokler, whose proprietor, after a year's experience trying to please everybody, taking his pay in approved country produce, was ready to sell cutcheap. Swasher brought his materials with him.

There is not much neutrality in human no Ligued. Mike, put down more wood. It iture. There are few matters on which we are a colder every moment."

Treally indifferent, or on which we can witness a cortain had he been of Winona's death theated controversy without taking sides. I have it stems a curious dream, her dark pro- thrown a comple of men punch each other's heads

those who had been fast friends before becoming things of the Conget and the Proder.

The Wonder was now the promoters of so many broils themselves escaped entision. Threats and dedances chough were exchanged between them. When Bwasher hinted, with delicate trony, at a certain natural affinity between his cotoinporary's caticle and a horse-whip, promising, ere long, to give a public demonstration of the fack, he of the Prodes, referred that the pot-valiant, swagerer next door had better learn to spell able first. But next day, when Swasher paraded the streets, armed with a sixfoot cart-whip, seeking his adversary high and low; the latter was nowhere to be seen; and the day after that, when Prickle took the warpath, brandishing a bludgeon like a weaver's beam, and variously evoking his foe to the directal conflict, the erst heroic Swasher came not. beam, and variously evoking his foo to the dire-ful conflict, the erst heroic Swasher came not, but made default. It was a strange circum-stance that two men, so eager to encounter, should so long continuencext door not gabors, and not only never meet, but never both be visible at once. Nevertheless timid peop'e predicted sanguinary consequences, if the two ever did come tearther.

sanguinary consequences, if the two ever did come together.

Affilirs came to a crisis tragic enough at last. On the Eve of a local election a sub-committee-man ran up to Swasher's sanctum to urge the issue of an extra, exposing some newly discovered plot of the enemy.

Bursting into the room without knocking, the sub-committee-man was astonished at finding himself, not in the presence of the portly editor of the Cudget, but in that of the gaunt proprietor of the Prodder, in his shirtsleeves, washing his bloody hands in Swasher's basin, a caplous crimson pool on the flooradding to the horror of the scene!

ror of the scene !
"Murder!" shouted the sub-committee-man. "Murder!" should the sub-committee man. Mon rushed in wild with excitement. Prickle, overwhelmed, exhibited all the confusion of suddenly detected guilt. He stammered a few incoherent words, but ossayed no explanation of the damning circumstances. An officer was called, who hurried him off, barely in time to called, who hurried him off, barely in time to prevent the indiction of summary vent of which ominous mutterings began rengeance

A deep mystery enshrouded the affair. Days passed, and no sign of the body could be found. Swasher had last been seen going into his office

passed, and no sign of the body could be found.
Swasher had last been seen going into his office
a few minutes before the sub-committee-man
entered it. That he had never gore out alive
was only too apparent. But how two hundred
and old pounds of corpse could have been made
away with so suddenly, leaving not a trace behind was a query only darkened by discussion.
I appeared for Prickle at his examination.
The case against him was black enough. He
was either unable or unwilling to give any explanation of the facts. In our private consultations he gave evasive answers. I did the beer
I could, making the most of the non-discovery
of the body. But the circumstances were everwhelming. Prickle's unexplained presence in
the private office of his enemy, the latter's diappearance, the condition of the prisoner's
hands, the pool on the floor, a portion of which
had been carefully analyzed by a rising young
doctor, who pronounced it button blood, and
discoursed so flippantly of fibring and albumen
and corpuscles that it was easy to see be knew
what be was taking about — all combined to
dissipate every remaiting scrupte touching the what to was thereigh a first scrupic touching the prisoner's guilt, and thuse who had hestated before now felt constrained to join in the general verdict.

The magistrate was about to sign the final commitment, when the prisoner rose under great excitement.

This is all infernal nonsense !" he ox

claimed.

Slience! "Admonished Hu Honor.

I tell you Sansher's no more dead than I

"Prove that, and it will save you a world of trouble," remarked the Squire dry's.

"Send me to his office and I'll do it," said Prickle."

The proposal seemed reasonable. The so-cuted was conducted, under a strong guard, to his late rival's sanctum.

a Allow me to enter alone," he said, " you can watch the door and windows."

With some demarring the request was grant-

ed.

Prickle went in and elesed the door. In ten
minutes it was opened, and the astonished
speciators saw before them, not the guant form
of the suspected murderer, but the substanual
figure of his supposed victim, and, strangest of
all, it was now Prickle that was invisible i
There was so little of the ghostly in Swasher's

notes he had picked up somewhere - and sold out that too, as the property of an absconding

Prickle was never seen in Quidbury after Swasher's reappearance; and the latter left soon after with a snug sum in his pocket. Last summer, at a popular watering-place, turning about in answer to a tap on the shoul-

der, I found myself face to face with my mysterious client.

"Glad to see you," he said; "I owe you a

fee, I believe.
I modestly fee, I believe."
I modestly assented, and Mr. Prickle made matters right, expressing his regret that circumstances had prevented his doing so sooner.
I could not forbear a question or two touching the occurrences above related.
"All easily explained," he said. "You see

All easily explained, he said. "You see that rascal Swasher—excuse the force of habit—and myself were one and the same person. A little padding and Swasher's wig and goggles made all the difference. The two sanctums were made all the difference. The two sanctums were separated by a board partition, part of which I could remove and replace at pleasure, and so be either Swasher or Prickle as occasion might require. I had forgotten to look the door the day that confounded sub-committee—man bolted in and played the mischief."

"But the blood?"

"Pshaw!—I had upset a bottle of red ink and got some of it on my hands. What an ass of himself that fool of a doctor made, with his Fibrine and Albumen and Corpuscles!"

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battle-field and glory,
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story!
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If 'youre' and 'mine'
Would once combine
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
If ad fewer blind men to adore itIf talent shone
In truth alone
The world would be the better for it-

If men were wise in little things-Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when wrongs beat down the right,
Would strike together to restore it—
If right made right
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

For the Favorite.

THEODORE'S COURTSHIP.

A TALE OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

BY NED P. MAH.

OF MONTREAL.

Time, something after midnight; place, Great Coram street, London.

A fleet hansom, which had rattled us home from a "soirée de Bohème," at which we had been enjoying the society of a number of brothers and sisters of the pen and brush, stopped, in mid career, in a manner which said much for the training of the wiry screw between the shafts, at my lodgings, or rather at the lodgings of Mrs. Mah, as the lady has condescended to call herself, who, in consideration of a box at the Opera, a season ticket for the Palace and sundry other privileges and emoluments in our private agreement made and included, corrects, punctuates, and, in some instances, fair conless punctuates, and, in some instances. private agreement made and included, corrects, punctuates, and, in some instances, fair copies my careless MSS, and poses as my model for all female characters from chamber-maid to duchess, besides rummaging her fertile brain for those pleasing quips and oddities which, appended to my elegant little vignettes, so delectate a discerning public. I should have chosen pended to my elegant little vignettes, so delectate a discerning public. I should have chosen another neighborhood, but gave in to Mrs. M. who represents her landlady as an "out-and-onter," and "completely on the square," although how any idea of rectangularity could connect itself with that rotund and capacious matron has ever been a mystery to me.

The vehicle, as I said before, stopped; and thence emerged your humble servant handing out a lady in pink, (Laura will wear pink, despite my protestations, although it does not become her; probably because it, her complexion, and the champagne she most affects, are all of precisely the same tint,) who straightway let

of precisely the same tint,) who straightway let herself in with her latch-key, while I turned to the driver in order to hand him the due recom

pense for his drive.

with some question about change, I lifted my eyes to his face, where, some far away memories stirring faintly within me, they instantly became rivetted by the awakening recognition expressed in his own optics.

Why! Jack

"Hush," said I, with an uneasy glance at the hall, in which the lady in pink was busily engaged in illuminating the conjugal lamp. "Not Jack, now—Ned—Edward—Edward Percy Mah, journalist, caricaturist, cartoonist, hack author and poetaster, at your service. But Theo, old boy, how on earth did you ever attain your present exalted position. I declare you quite look down on poor me. And I thought all the while were enjoying the pipe of peace and the good things of this life—in fact the ottum cum dig. of a respected and opulent existence among the

were enjoying the pipe of peace and the good things of this life—in fact the otium cum dig. of a respected and opulent existence among the sand hills of Jutland! But come in and tell me all about it," I continued, fairly pulling him down his box and saluting him, as the people used to do at Baden, on both cheeks.

"I suppose," said Theo, emitting a huge puff of smoke, and settling himself luxuriously in my American rocking-chair, "that the circumstances which preceded our parting in Hamburg are still vivid enough in your memory. That it is needless to recall to your mind's eye the figure of the charming old gentleman and the more charming young lady, whose acquaintance we made on the excursion to Bankenesse; nor to remind you—no, I see by your smile that that, at least, is not necessary—how that young lady's charms were the pirponderating influence in leading me to accept the old fellow's advice, to see Copenhagen before my return to my own, my native land. Of course you remember how, under the genial influences of champagne and the unflagging vivacity of your own varied and amusing conversation, the old boy declared how, under the genial influences of champagne and the unflagging vivacity of your own varied and amusing conversation, the old boy declared that we were the best fellows out of Denmark, and exerted every argument in his power, and all his authority with his niece to add her entreaties that you should join us in a trip to the Danish Cantial, and how you remained course. Danish Capital, and how you remained cour-teously obstinate to the last.

teously obstinate to the last.

"Well then, my story really commences at 5 o'clock in the morning of the day on which you bid me adieu at the gangway of the City of Hamburg, when I turned my face from the retreating steamer to the city whose name she bore, whose spires and pinnacles were then gleaming in the morning sun. Of course I felt awfully cut, up at parting from yourse I. gleaming in the morning sun. Of course I felt awfully cut up at parting from you, my comrade in my pleasures and dangers, my joys and sorrows, for a whole twelve-month of travel and adventure, and it was fortunate that I had the happy consciousness of pockets well filled by over-prosperous ventures at Baden, and the still more enlivening hope of speedily possessing the one woman I had ever really wished to own, to aid my naturally elastic nature to recover its balance.

"Arriving at the hotel, I stumbled across the head-waiter as wide-awake, obliging, and irre-proachably dressed as ever. I wished his aid to procure me some eye-openers and pick-ano-ups as antidotes to my grief; and then sounded him as to his knowledge of Herr Guldenberg. I elicited that the firm of Guldenberg and Son, (here was discovery No. 1. I had somehow felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Rosalie was an only daughter—by which I mean to say an only child,) was one of the richest in Copenhagen, the celebrated "Rander's kids" bring a staple article of trade with them. 'No doubt,' he added, 'Rosalie "Arriving at the hotel, I stumbled across the with them. 'No doubt,' he added, 'Rosalie will have a heavy dower. The man who wins a woman at once beautiful and rich, will

wins a woman at once beautiful and rich, will be a lucky dog."

"Discovery No. 2 was in this wise: I was chatting with old Guldenberg, when the conversation turning on music, he asked Rosalle to give us a sample of Danish love-songs on her guitar. Sitting there on her low stool, her features animated by the act of singing, which she did with much feeling, she made the prettiest picture imaginable. 'Isn't she a charming little woman?' said the old man, in a little access of rapture. 'She seems something more divine

woman? said the old man, in a little access of rapture. 'She seems something more divine than woman,' said I. 'Your daughter is, indeed, but little lower than the angels.'
"'Allow me,' replied Herr Guldenberg, 'to correct a little misunderstanding. Rosalie is not my daughter, although she frequently calls me papa.'

not my daugnter, although she frequently calls me papa."

"I always thought it was the old buffer's daughter," I broke in, replenishing Theo's glass and drawing his attention to the box of cigarettes, (neat-handed Mrs. M's own rolling.)

"How did he introduce her? or was there any "How did he introduce her? or was there any introduction at all that jolly afternoon at Blank.

That must have been it," proceeded Th "That must have been 11," proceeded Theo.
"Old Guldenberg went on to explain that she was one of his brother's two,—here he hesitated and instead of using the word daughters, said girls—who had recently on his brother's decease in Spain, been committed to his guardianship; and never, continued the old boy, breaking into raptures again—never were lovelier or more loveable wards. Rosa was the most beautiful, if what everybody said was true; but her beauty was of a graver, more melancholy style. I should was of agraver, more melancholy style. I should soon be able to judge for myself; but to him Rosalle, his lovely, fairy-like, bright little Rosalle, was perfection. In amiability,' he added, 'both were equal, for in that virtue each was superlative.'

"Here then were three discoveries. "Here then were three discoveries. 1st. My adored was not a rich merchant's only child—he had a son. Next she was not this rich merchant's child at all. 3rd. She and another, as yet unknown, paragon, were the "girls" of Herr Guldenberg's brother.

"Now it behoved me, who, however, much I might be in love, was not quite insanely so, nor unmindful that the few hundreds made at Baden, were all that I possessed to speculate.

his having been rich, were co-heiresses, or, to use an Americanism—or how?

his having been rich, were co-heiresses, or, to use an Americanism—or how?

"Well, at any rate, I was booked to accompany the old man and his fair ward to Copenhagen, and no doubt I might, by keeping my eyes and ears open, meet with further revelations. Meantime, the days passed delightfully. We made little excursions into the country, Rosalie usually taking her sketch book, and making the loveliest little picturesque landscapes imaginable. Oh, Jack, she was so clever and so witty, and so lively and so loveable, I declare the more I saw of her the more I—Well then, you saw her yourself, Jack, only just magnify the opinion you formed of her about a thousand, fold and you will have some idea of what she was really like when you come to know her. Then, in the evening, we went to the Opera or we strolled round the Alster basin by moonlight, or Rosalie played and sang to us at home. Oh, how happy I was, and, I think, we all were.

"Well, at the end of the week, old G. having finished his business, I suppose, we left for Copenhagen, via Lubeck.

"My first impression of the Danish Capital, as

"Well, at the end of the week, old G. having finished his business, I suppose, we lett for Copenhagen, via Lubeck.

"My first impression of the Danish Capital, as I saw it in the chill sunlight of the early morning, was that it had a very bleak appearance, and that as we used to say in our school-boy days, it looked extremely far off at a distance; all scaport towns do seem to be visible such an interminably long way off.

"However, we got there at last, and in reply to some questions about hotels, Herr Guidenberg said, 'Sir! you are an Englishman. I am at home here; permit me to do the honors of my city and of my country, and make my house your home as long as you will. My wife and Rosa will do all in their power to make you comfortable. You should never have supposed me so uncourteous as to have left you to the barren hospitality of an inn. And Rosa, ha! ha! You have yet to see Rosa, I assure you her charms have yet to see Rosa, I assure you her charms will bear comparison with Rosalle's.'

will bear comparison with Rosalie's.'

"We drove out along the harbor in the direction of Charlottenlund, where Herr Guldenberg had his summer quarters in one of those little gothic villas that look out over the water to the far off Swedish coast. His particular little gothic villa was called Guldenlyst.

"Madame G. was a buxom, well-preserved, hospitable matron. But Rosa, Rosalie's sister,—how shall I describe Rosa? I can only say that to all Rosalie's talents she added a however.

shall describe Kosa? I can only say that to all Rosalie's talents she added a beauty of a far more exalted style. She was a superb creature with a grand melancholy air. Yet to me Rosalie's pretty face, and her little, lively, fluttering marry were were twice as anticing. Itosalie's pretty face, and her little, lively, fluttering, merry ways, were twice as enticing. It was as well that this was so, for before I had been long in the house, I found that Rosa was evidently intended for, if not already regularly betrothed to Carl Guldenberg, junior.

"Well, after about a fortnight of close companionship, and having been everywhere.

etrothed to Carl Guldenberg, junior.

"Well, after about a fortnight of close companionship, and having been everywhere with the girls, sometimes in their cousin's company, sometimes without, to all the museums; from Thorwaldsen's to the "Old Sager;" to 'ie i' the Theatre, and other places of less fame; having seen the pictures in Christiansborg Slov, and the exteriors and interiors of other paladad public buildings, not forgetting the round tower; having made pretty good running with Rosalle all the time, and thinking from appearances and especially from the girls' extensive costumes and expensive habits that there could be no lack of cash anyhow,—I made up my mind to sound Herr Guldenberg as to my prospects of becoming his ward's husband.

"I opened the subject one Sunday evening as we smoked our cigars in the little green summer house overlooking the graceful waters of the Sound.

"I am, as you know, Jack, a modest man, so I

Sound.
"I am, as you know, Jack, a modest man, so I will pass over the old merchant's high flown praises of myself, and merely say that he declared that nothing on earth would please him

more than to see me Rosalie's husband.

"But,' said he, 'it is only right that, before proceeding further you should learn a few circumstances connected with the affairs of my two wards, with which my son, who will shortly be affained to Rosa, has already been made acquainted.'

be affianced to Rosa, has already been made acquainted."

"My sainted brother Frederic, was my senior by twenty years. I was quite a boy when he left for Spain, where he made his fortune and won the hand of a young Spanish lady of good family and some wealth. Only one thing marred their wedded bliss—for years they were childless. At last they resolved to adopt a little orphan girl to whom Frederic had been greatly attached by the likeness she bore in "expression and in her glorious eyes,"—I am quoting Frederic's letter on the subject—"to his adored Inez." A year afterwards Providence, as though pitying the evidence of their yearning for children, sent them a little daughter of their own. The orphan had been christened Magdalene. They called their daughter Maude.

"The arrival of this treasure seems to have thrown Magdalene's attractions altogether into the background, the mother having apparently taken a dislike to her from that day, and looked upon her as an allen and an interloper; and it was this dislike no doubt, (for Frederic worshipped his wife,) which influenced him in the wording of the will which provides, that Maude shall receive the whole of his fortune, subject only to the payment of a small yearly pittance to Magdalene, an affection of unparralelled strength had sprung up between the two girls. Maude defending her foster-sister against every evi-

Guldenberg's brother.

"Now it behoved me, who, however, much I might be in love, was not quite insanely so, nor unmindful that the few hundreds made at Baden, were all that I possessed to speculate, whether this Herr Guldenberg No. 2, had also been a rich merchant, or a merchant at all, or rich at all, and whether his girls, in the event of poor Frederic, whose existence was wrapped up

in hers, survived her only for a few monthsan hers, survived her only for a few months—appointing a certain Von Lorenzo and myself his executors, and confiding the two girls to my guardianship. I was laid up with the gout to which I am an occasional martyr, at the time. Von Lorenzo is old and infirm—in a word, it was arranged that the girls should travel to Copenhagen alone." Copenhagen alone."

Here Theo paused to drain and refill his tum-Here Theo paused to drain and reflii his tumbler of claret, remarking that talking was dry work, and fearing I was tired. As I energetically denied this, he lit another cigarette, and folding one foot luxuriously over its fellow, and reclining both upon the mantel shelf, he thus con-

"'Now,' proceeded Herr Guldenberg, 'begins "'Now,' proceeded Herr Guldenberg, 'begins the mystery; here commences the problem which it is our duty, and your and young Carl's interest, to solve; but which has hitherto baffied the united perspicuity of myself and Madame G. Two chambers were duly prepared for the girls' the united perspicuity of myself and Madame G. Two chambers were duly prepared for the girls' reception, one sumptuous enough for Maude, one neat, but not too gaudy, suitable to the position and less ambitious expectations of Magdalene. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when the girls arrived and I rose, as well as the gout would permit, to do honor to their reception to see before me two young ladies, alike in dress, stature, and charms, with no atom of difference in demeanor or bearing.

""Welcome, my darlings, said I, 'pray which is my niece Maude, and which is Magdalene?" "She whom we call Rosalie was spokeswoman. Tears glistened in the eyes of her companion.

"You must know us,' she said, 'not as Maude and Magdalene, a rich heiress and a poor dependent; but as Rosa and Rosalie, two sisters of equal fortune, both alike orphans; both alike bound to each other's hearts by years of sisterly devotion, both alike prepared to love and honor you and our good aunt both alike resolved to keep intact our little secret."

"And they have kept it. No cajoleries, no threats, no deep-laid traps, no sudden questionings, have ever surprised or extorted from them one admission which could give a clue to their identities. I and my wife have exhausted our ingenuity in vain. We have even written to

one admission which could give a ciue to them identities. I and my wife have exhausted our ingenuity in vain. We have even written to Von Lorenzo and invoked his aid in vain.

"Here,' said he, drawing a paper from his pocketbook, is what he says:—

"CASA LORENZO, Madrid.

"I'll give you," said Theo, "the drift of the letter, and as nearly the words as I can remember."

"I have had the honor, much esteemed Herr

"I have had the honor, much esteemed Herr Guldenberg, to receive your letter which relates the pretty deception practised by your wards, and invokes my aid—inclosing photographs for that purpose, to discover their identity. I regret much that my eyes are too dim to serve you in this, and that I know not where, at this present time, to find eyes that could decide the question. Your brother's household is scattered to the ends of Spain. My nephew, who is my amanuensis, did not return from his cottage till the girls were gone. Nor does your description aid me, the girls were always much alike. Maude was, I think taken altogether, the gayest, but was subject to strange fits of melancholy. Maude was, I think taken altogether, the gayest, but was subject to strange fits of melancholy. They were both very amiable. I will tell you a little story of them. One day I had eaten with your sainted brother and his sainted spouse, and we were drinking coffee in the veranda; Maude's cup was full of little bubbles, and it is an old wife's proverb that bubbles are the sign of wealth. You will be very rich Maude, said Magdalene, but see, there are no bubbles in my cup. What matters, Maggy, cried Maude, when I have enough for both? Is not all I have yours? I know to be with them was like to when I have enough for both? Is not all I have yours? I know to be with them was like to be with angels. I miss them much. Ah, well! I am old. I go soon where we shall meet; where too, some day, I shall make the acquaintance of yourself and of your amiable spouse; but that this may be long years hence, for you, Heaven grant! "Accept, etc.,

"FERNANDO LORENSO."

"FEENANDO LORENZO."

"'That's all the help he gives me,' said Carl Guldenberg, grimly. 'Well, I have done all that my sense of duty, as regards the carrying out of Frederic's wishes, and my own dislike of being baffled by a couple of little baggages, prompts. And, by Jove, I wash my hands of it! We must let the matter rest until the weddings come off, and then the grave question of settlements will drive the girls into a corner at last. Meanwhile, it is only right that I should warn you that the disinterestedness of your attachment may receive a rude test. Rosalie may not be worth a shilling. I do you the honor to believe that you are disinterested. Again Rosalie may be worth her thousands, and my Carl's Rosa, be penniless. I do assure you upon, my solemn honor, that you and my son are equally in the dark."

"'Of that Iam certain. Whatever the result.

"'Of that Iam certain. Whatever the result,
I will take my chance with Rosalie.'
"'I think you will do well. Who gets a good
wife is rich aiready.'

"It was too late to draw back; there was some excitement too in this lottery. Besides, were not the chances on my side. It was Rosalie who had spoken to her uncle on her first interview. Naturally the heiress would have made that speech. Again Rosa's beauty was more perfect than Rosalie's. Was ever woman perfectly beautiful and immensely rich?

"I sought out Rosalie."

"I sought out researc.
"'Rosalie will you be my wife."
"'Have you seen uncle Guldenberg. Has he told you?

"'I know all about it, Rosalie. Rich or poor,

will you be mine?"
"She looked up shyly, blushing, half inclined

to hide her head upon my shoulder. 'And you don't care which, not the least little bit?'
"'Not the least little bit, my darling.'
"Never mind what the answer was. I understood to"

I had almost fallen asleep. The last had fallen with a drowsy tinkling on my but the sudden silence roused me.
"Well?" I asked. The last words

so seemed in no hurry to proceed. "Well." said, at last, "we were married, and she dn't a penny."
"I had £300 left. In a week I made a resolve.

left. In a week I made a resolve. "I had £300 left. In a week I man, and came to England to work. I came away in the night and told her about it in a letter. She is to hear the forest of the state of the stat om me in a year. My Governor's head clerk
Bullion & Co's you know, he'll get me in
Meanwhile I'm—I'm driving

"You see the worst of it is, I had to cut away. I could do nothing there where I didn't know the lingo. I couldn't bring her over here to live in beastly lodgings. With the money I left her she can live like a swell in the little house Guldenberg gave us in Veile, (a little town that nestles between two big hills, the prettiest place you ever saw) for a whole year. By that time I mean to have some money."

mean to have some money."

Theo fell into a gloomy reverie. I thought once he was going to blubber. Leaving him to himself I was soon asleep in earnest.

I was awakened by the bright sunlight streaming through the window, the venetian shutters of which Laura, no longer in the odious plnk, but in a dazzling white wrapper, while her fresh face beamed out of the snowy kerchief which daintily covered her curl papers, like a dish of strawberries nestling in cream, had just thrown open. thrown open.

"O you bad boys!" she cried, "sitting up drinking, and smoking, and talking all night till you look like seedy old men! See, I have brought you some steaming mocha to refresh you. And she slid beneath my elbow the crisp companion of my breakfast table, that morning's Times.

Lazily I moved myself to receive the smoking hectar from her hand. I passed Theo's cup you bad boys!" she cried, "sitting up

without adventure. I received my own with a without adventure. I received my own with a start that shook half its contents upon the carbet. Could it be, or was my eye obeying an old artist habit, merely conjuring an unstable picture, the creation of my mind?

I held up the agony column of the Times before Theo and before Laura. This is what we all read there.

ead there.

all read there.

"Rosalie to Theo.—Come back, truant, at once. Maude's money is half mine. I have once. Maude's money is half mine. I have accepted, so you have nothing to say. She was only waiting for the lawyers, and to see if you really loved me. Come back or I shall think

really loved me. Come back or I shall think you don't. Quick, for the moments seem like ages since you left."

I kissed Theo, and I kissed Laura, and I danced with her round the room; and Theo kissed me, and he kissed Laura, and he danced with her round the room; and then we danced with each other round; and then we danced with each other round. each other round the room, and then we

all danced together, for very joy.

You see, reader, we, the Bohemians of Bohemia, have not yet learnt to control our emotions as well-bred people should. When we are glad we dance, and when we are sorry, we Weep.
The tidal train, that day, took Theo as a p

I year passed and I received a letter from Theo. He had made a purchase and received a letter from Theo. He had made a purchase and received a present. The purchase was a bassinet, and the present was a little tiny, pink Rosalie. Then followed pages of eulogies of her mother's virtues, and the child's beauties. Bref. His wife was an angel, and his child, a cherub!

"Ned," says Laura, looking up with swim-ming eyes, "Why didn't you marry an angel like Magdalene?"

"My darling," I whispered, as I kissed away he passionate tears from the lustrous eyes, "I am afraid I am not fit for paradise yet. I love you none the less that you are human."

And Laura murmurs, as she nestles on my reast, "Thank Heaven."

N. B.—The author acknowledges that some A. B.—The author acknowledges with recollection of a play witnessed by him Years since, in a Danish provincial town, have furnished him with the idea worked out in the

above tale.

"AN UGLY BOG."

a Splash

"Splash—splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs.

'Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a carter; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossings when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to what people said, or what they thought about him. He ran on so for a long way.

No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty gray color, and in many places the hair was worn off in Patches. Neither were there any tokens that

he had ever been a handsome dog, and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, as though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance

and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or a crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog. But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a in pienty for aim on the pavement. He was a small dog, and by trotting close under the shop-fronts he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But not he preferred the read where the middle of the carters are the preferred the read where the middle of the middl But no: he preferred the road where the mud and he ran straight before him, without looking right or left, just exactly as if he knew

s way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog, for there are enough of whom I take no notice; but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that his collar was attached to a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent out on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master, and does not know where to go. Now which could this one be? If he was a dog that which could this one be? If he was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owners feed him better, so that his ribs should look less spare. But if he was a dog who had left his master, and run away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken such a step in despair? I felt I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford street, in that part of it which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke street, and the dog was running in the direction

which hes between the Marbie Arch and Duke street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. A gray fog was spreading its vapours along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A lew shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of ground-parlours, only served to make the streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet the dog went pattering on, going at a sort of quick jog-trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attention either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who swore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with a puzzled air, and gazed at him with times with a puzzled air, and gazed at him with silent wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot. I was afraid more than once that he would distance me, but, thanks to the knack he had of always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley street, after that Duke street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford street. Here the dog paused for a moment used appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then receded but, finally, seemed to make up his receded but, finally, seemed to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold, and the fog had all seared away the habitual frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door and coughing wheezily from old age and misery. The dog went on. The street grows wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down the area, in which case the romance of the thing would have been ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a mews, and, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a line both sides of the way. There was only slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public-house.

A mews is never quite empty. The are always

grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of washhouses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were helping him. Opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the treshold of the public-house, stood a servant in breeches smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking gravely round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and grooms loading about in doorways, or stable-boy:

the man with the breedess and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people attracted by the noise came and joined us. We

tracted by the noise came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to put more spirit into his exercise. He walked five times round on his hinder legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog!—

I could see that—to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something inexpres-There was something inexpresready to cry. There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After

taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was, as almost shaving the ground, it looked appealing at us all, and seemed to say: iooked appearing at us all, and seemed to say:
"Please do not play any pranks with me, for
really I am not doing this for fun." When he
had walked round on his head until he was
weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and
made believe to be dead. He went through all
the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her

еуев. The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving, only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He had displayed the extent of what he knew. and now came forward to receive his fee and now came forward to receive his see. He stood up on his hind-legs again and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is properly known as "begging." I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide open, and followed my hand patiently to my waistcoat pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a little solit tied down with string and a little silt. basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words, written in a shaky hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning home." The dog thanked me for my offering by wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder to my neighbor Human nature must be kinder to my neighbor. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of the spectators—not even he with the breeches and clay pipe, whose face had impressed me unfavorably,—but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round, he barked two or three times to say good-bye, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot reach he had come.

He sent up the street, and I followed him, but when we had reached Oxford street, he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said: "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement. amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford stree in which we were to Tottenham Court Road, where the small dog led me. But I should have have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but somehow he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoofs, and, like a true London dog as we was, he showed intimate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me, both on his own account and on mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without even pausing for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public houses close, used to spread hungry and idle amongst the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shell-fish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly nests of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not

The dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt more afraid for his basket amongst these ravenous crowds than he had done at the West End, bolted suddenly up a narrow side street, 25 If where there was no room for a cab to pass where there was no room for a cab to pass. I paid the driver, and jumped out. It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go: and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall, and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvians about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained descried the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden dog making his way up a creaky night of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice, and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way, until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled with a loop at its end to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepawa, pressed it on the loop, and by

this means opened the door. We both walked

in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucepan in a grate without a fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor. On the splintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with the handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattrass laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered so fickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window—to which bits of newspaper had been pasted for want of glass—that I could not affirst distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whin-I could only hear the affectionate whin-I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whinings of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping
upon some one against whom he was rubbing
his head, and whose face he was licking with an
exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too—but a
voice so husky and broken, that it resembled a
whisper—repeat feebly, "Good dog—good Jim!"
and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and
heard the sound of money poured out on the
couch. 88.W.

couch.

"Good Jim!—good Jim!" went on the cracked voice; and it began counting, "One, two. Oh, good Jim!—good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings. Oh, good dog! three and a penny, three and——"But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet, and he looked at me, livid and haggard, with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to do you no harm. I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need."

lowed your uos if you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his hair was not all grey; but the ghastly hollowness of his cheeks, the emaclated condition of his body, and, above all, the gleam of disease in his burning eyes, made him older than a man of ninety, for they told more plainly than words could have told that he had already one foot within his grave.

My tone and my countenance seemed to ressure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he gasped,-"a very earns me, and that's nothing but what my dog earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the old man had a fit of hectic coughing)—"if he picks up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he no earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir; it's threepence," protested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence—threepence, sir. Look and see."

threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out

And ne new we of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approaching his mattress.

"You must let me send you a

"Oh, sir! no, no; I—I've no money to give them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill: I shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold

—a—a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I remembered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall I give him this bone? He has earned it

"Oh, God!-oh, God! Let that bone alone,"

"On, God!—on, God! Let that bone alone," faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's my supper for to-night. Jim doesn't want anything: he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh!—oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone." "I will buy you something to eat," I answered, taking up the bone, to which there was not a particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, holding it out. But the dog instead of secentiar the t out. But the dog, instead of accepting the e, looked wistfully at his master to ask for

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully; and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?"
was my next question. I was growing sick at

"Ten weeks, sir,—oh, ten weeks," groaned the man—who had caught the bone out of my hand and thrust it under his pillow—"ten weeks; and when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out every day but he's—he's idle, sir,--he's idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to do when we went yes! he's an idle dog!" went out together.

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there anything more depressing than the sight of moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease. moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease. This palsied miser was a rich man; at least rich comparatively to his station. He had made himself a small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his means. The dog had earned more alone than he had ever earned with his master. Each morning at the break of day, he went out with his empty basket and every night at sunwith his empty basket, and every night at suuset he returned with it half full. I learned this from the miser's neighbors; honest though poor, who pretended to believe fevered wretch's tales of want, in ord from the misers negatives, honest people, though poor, who pretended to believe in the fevered wretch's tales of want, in order that he might not have cause to dread them, and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate unsuspected delicacy in the hearts of the working poor.

These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures. tended the graceless muser in his sickness. They bought his food for him, they washed his linen, and they asked for no payment for anything and they sked for no payment for anything they did. As for the unkappy man's gold, it was at their merey; but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a nalvo accent, "I think, sir, "t will be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog ?" I murmured reflectively

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.
"The dog's his friend, sir," was the helghbor's answer, "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a hurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with his basket round his need, and reputingle out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. mained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk, sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which, and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my needs. One night the miser died, and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He had missed his master the night before, and guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. black box that stood in the middle of the room.

When the men came to carry away this long black box, the dog went after them and cried. Its fundwed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators beaudes the carace, the sexton, and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me plaintened to know what it meant, and when the tively to know what it meant, and when the burini was over, he wished to remain near the oren tomb, wanting this his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howied for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the backet round his neck, and sent him out

turned them all out upon the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my even; but he whined mournfully, and tried to security up the earth. I wice more he west out the this air day, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the pence on the grave remained antouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his count, and int down at his fan length near the miser's ust succession.

The next morning needed noogo on his founds, for he was doad!—Cornhitt Magazine.

TOU LATE.

Whish, sir! Would place to spake alsy And at ye down there by the dure? She sleeps are, so tight and so resites, she hear ever a ner on the flore. What are ner! Good animar once a been weakly it mouth. a dithe hear drives her with. The summer has wasted and worn her Till she's only the ghost of a child.

As I have? Yes, she is, and God help me, I a three hat a darting, beside,
As party as ever ye see, air.
But wan by won dame ped like and died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why, poverty, sure, and no doubt;
They per sheaf n God and fresh air, sir,
Lake Cowers daried up in a drouth.

It was dreadful to loce them. Ah, was it?

It seemed take my hoarratrings would break
But there a day, when wil want and wid sore
I to thankin they region that lets as a
Thoir tather? Well, sull saint former one,
It's a foul tought that lowers its own;
But want, wit the starks and the liquer,
I'd better be thrugglin' alone.

Do I want to keep wan? The darlint,
The last and the dearest of all—
End is you're meet a lather yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be asking at all
What is that? Milk and food for the baby—
A doctor and medicine free—
You're bantin' out all the a ck children,
An roof town mothers like me.

God bless you, an' thim that have sent you,
A new life you've given me, so,
Ehure ser, wen't you look in the cradie
At the collect you're saved, fore you go?
O Mother o merciose have gety—
O darlint, way couldn't you wait?
Dead! deal!, au'help in the dureway—
Too late! O my baby! Too late!

MARRIED IN A SNOW-STORM

WHOM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER PUBLICIAN.)

About the year 1811, memorable in Russian bi- ory, there ived upon his catate at Nemara-e f a rich landed proprietor, Gabritovitch by name, noted for the affability and hospitality. His house was always open to his friends and neighbors, who need to congregate there every evening, the older ones to enjoy agains of ourth with the heat and his wife Petrowns, the tourger ones in the hope of winning the favor of Marie, a beau-ful girl of 17, the only daughter and helicus of Gabrilovitch.

Marie read French novels, which naturally rendered her very sentumental and romantic.

of Maric, a beautiful girl of 17, the only daughter and helicase of G. brilovitch.

Marie read French novels, which naturally readered her very senumental and romantic. I nder these differences love was not long in common. From one of the allegation was not long in gentleman.

Common from one of the allegation was a few of the allegation of the allegation will be seemed an eternity limiting country, with section of the neighborhood, and was shown to be a second place. As a matter book their way assess the snow-covered place.

of course he returned her love with equal ardor. Marlo's parents had strictly forbidden her thinking of such a union, and they treated the lover, wherever they met him, with just as much freudliness as they would have shown to an excellector of taxes. The amorous pair meantime carried on a correspondence, and met claudestinely beneath the shade of the pine grove, or behind the cld chapel. As will readily be supposed, they here vowed eternal fidelity to each other, complained of the severity of fate, and devised beautiful plaus for the future. After some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the

some time they naturally came to think that, should their parents persist in opposing the union, it might in the end be consummated secretly, and without their consent. The young genteman was the first to propose this, and the young lady soon saw the expediency of it.

The approach of winter put an end to these stolen interviews; but their letters increased in frequency and wommth. In each of them Viadimir Nickolovitch conjured his beloved to leave the paternal roof, and consent to a claudestine marriage. "We will disappear for a short while," he wrote, "come back and cast ourselves at the feet of our parents, who, touched by such constancy, will exclaim, come to our arms, dear children!" Marie was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she arms, tear calidren? Mario was long irresolute; at length it was agreed, however, that she should not appear at supper on a day appointed, but should retire to her room under the pretext of indisposition. Her maid had been let into the secret. Both were to escape by a tack door, in front of which they would find a sleigh ready to course them a distance of five worsts, to but

in iront of which they would find a sieign ready to convey them a distance of five wersts, to the chapte of Jadrino, where Viadimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long apologetical letter to her parents, Marie retired bettimes to her room. She had been comtired betimes to her ro. m. She had been com-plaining all day of a headache, and this was cer-tainly no mere pretext, for the nervous excito-ment had in truth indisposed her. Her father and mother nursed her tenderly, asking her again and again: "How do you feel now, Marie? Are you no better?" This loving soli-citude cut the girl to the heart, and with the approach of ovening her excitement increased. As supper she ate nothing, but rose betimes and bade her parents good-night. The latter kissed and bessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scattery repress her eachs. Having reached

and bessed her, as was their wont, while Marie could scartely repress her cobs. Having reached her room, and threw herself into a chair and wept around. Her maid finally succeeded in comforting and cheering her up.

Later in the evening asnow-storm arose. The wind howled about the house, causing the windows to rathe. The lamates had hardly gone to rest, when the young girl, wrapping herself in her civilica and furs, and followed by the servant with a portmanteau, left the paternal roof. A sieigh frawn by three horses received them, and away they went at a furious speed.

Vindimir nad also been active throughout the day. In the morning he had called upon the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required

the minister at Jadrino to arrange for the ceremony, and then he went to look up the required
watnesses. The first acquantance to whom he
applied was an officer on half-pay, who expressed
himself quite ready to serve him. Such an
adventure, he said, carried him back to the
Laja of his own jouth. He determined Vialimir to remain with him, taking upon himself
to procure the other two witnesses. There accordingly appeared at dinner Surveyor Schmidl's
with his spurs and moustache, and Ispravnik's
son, a lad of 17, who had just collisted in the
Uhlans. Both promised Viadimir their sasistance, and after a cordial embrace the happy
lover parted from his three friends to complete
his preparations at home.

Having dispatched a trusty servant with a
sleigh for Marie, he got into a one-horse sleigh
himself, and took the read leading to Jadrino.
Scarcely had he set off, when the storm burst
forth with violence, and soon every trace of the
way was gone. The entire horizon was covered
with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not

way was gone. This entire horizon was covered with thick, yellow clouds, discharging not flakes, but increes of anow; at last it became impossible to distinguish between earth and say. In vain Vladimir beat about for his way; his horse went on at random, now leaping over banks of saws, how slaking int. ditches, and threatening every moment to o ertain the sleigh. The insupportable thought anyting lost the road had become a certainty. The forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered. forest of Jadrino was nowhere to be discovered, and after two hours the jaded snimal seemed ready to drop to the ground. At length a kind of dark line became visible in the distance. Viadimir urged his horse forward, and couch situde skirt of forest. He now hoped to proson his destination seen, as it was easier to pursue his way in the forest, into which the snow had not yet penetrated. Viadimir took frosh courage; however, there were no signs of Jadrino. By degress the storm abated, and the moon shone brightly. He finally reached the opposite skirt of the forest. Still no Jadrino; but a group of four or five houses met his view. ready but a group of four or five houses met his view.
His knock at the door of the nearest was answered by an old man.

What do you want? he caid.

Where hes Jadrino? asked Vladimir.

"About ten worste distant."

At this reply Visdimir felt as if his sentence of death was being sunounced to him.

"Can you procure me a horse to take me thither?" he saked.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Visdimir,
"It is already past midnight."
And in very truit the sun began to gild the
east when they finally arrived at Jadrino. The
church door was locked. Viadimir paid and
duanissed hisguide, and then instantly hastoned
to the minister's dwelling. What he there
learned will appear from the sequel.
At Neumandof the night had passed quietly.
In the morning the master of the house and
his wife arese as usual, and proceeded to the
duning-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen
jut het and night-can, Petrowns in her morning

during-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woolen justed and night-cap, Petrowns in her morning gown, scaffer they had breakfasted, Gabriel tent up one of the girls to inquire how Mario was. She returned with the message that her young mistress had had a sleepless night, but that she was feeling better now, and would come down presently. Mario soon after entered the room, looking exceedingly pale, yet without the least perceptible agitation.

"How sie you feel this morning, love?" inquired her father.

quired her father.

ultred nor tather.

"Hotter," was the answer.

The day passed as usual, but, instead of the looked-for improvement, a serious change for the worse took place in Marie's condition. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, who found her in a state of most vio-lent faver. For 14 days she lay at the point of

lent fiver. For 14 days she lay at the point of death.

Nothing transpired of the nocturnal flight; for the maid took good care to keep silence on her own account, and the others who knew of it never betrayed themselves with asyllable, even when under the influence of brandy, so greatly did they dread Gabriel's anger.

Marie, however, spoke so incessantly of Vladinar when delirious, that her mother could not remain in doubt as to the cause of his illness. Having advised with a few friends, her parents resolved to let Marie marry the young soldier, seeing that one cannot escape one's fate, and, bestle that, riches do not always lead to happiness. happiness

bappiness.

The patient recovered. During her illness Viadimir had not once shown his face in the house, and it was resolved to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. But to the astonishment of the proud proprietor of Nemaradof, the cudet declared that he should never again cross the threshold of his house, bogging them at the same time to forget utterly so wretched a creature as he, to whom death alone would give repose.

A few days afterward they learned that Vindmit had returned again to the army. It was in the year 1812. No one attered his name in Mario's presence, and she herself nover made mention of him in any way. Two or three months had elspised, when one day she found his name among the list of the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino and been mortally wounded. She fainted away and had a relapse, from which she recovered but slowly. cred but slowly.

ered but slowly.

Not long after her father died, bequeathing his whole property to her. But riches were not able to comfort her; she wept with her mother, and promised never to leave her. They sold Nemarsdof and removed to another estate, buttors througed around the wealthy and amiable helross; but none of them received the slightest encouragement from her. Often did her mother press her to choose a husband—she would marely she's her head in stilence. Viscours and the stilence. her mother press her to choose a husband—she would morely shake her head in silence. Vialumir was no more; he died at Moscow on the evening before the entrance of the French. Marie scemed to hold his memory savred; she carefully preserved the books they had read together, his sketches, the letters he had written to her—in brief, every thing that could serve to keep alive the remembrance of the ill-fated youth.

About this time the way fourth with meh

About this time the war, fought with such about this time the war, forght with men glory to the allies, of whom Russia was also one, came to an end. The victoripus regiments returned home, and large crowds of people flocked together to greet them. Officers who had gone forth as bardless youths came back with the grave faces of warriors, their gallant breasts covered with badges.

A lieutenant of hussars, Wurmin by name, with an interestingly pale face, and decorated with the Cross of St. George, having obtained leave of absence for several months, took up his leave of absence for several months, took up his residence upon his estate, which adjoined Mario's present abode. The young girl received him with far more favor than she had hitherto shown to any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many respects; both were handsome, intelligent, taciturn and reserved. There was something mysterious about Wurmin which roused the curiosity of Marie. His affection for her was soon unmistakeable; he showed every conceivable attention; but why did he never speak of love though his dark, ardent eyes would rest upon hers half dreamily, half with would rest upon hers half dreamily, half with an expression that seemed to announce an early and positive declaration? Already the neigh-nors spoke of their marriage as a settled matter, and Mother Petrowns was more than happy at the thought of her daughter's finding a worthy husband at last.

One interning when the latter was sitting in the perior, Warmin entered and eaked for

"She is in the garden," answered her mother. "You will find my daughter there if you would like to see her."

The young officer hantily walked out into the

dingunder a tree by the side of the pond, a book

upon her lar, like a heroine of romance. The usual salutations over, Wurmin, who was strangely agitated, told her how he had long yearned to pour out his heart before her, and begged that she would listen to him a few mements. She closed her book, and nodded in token of assent.

"I love you," said Wurmin, "I love you pas-sionately."

sionatoly."

Mario cast down her eyes.

"I have been im, audent enough to see you, to hear you—daily. It is now too into to escape my fate. The thought of your lovely face, of year sweet volce, will henceforth constitute the joy and the angulsh of my existence. But I have a duty to perform toward you; I must reveal to you a secret, which had placed an insurmountable barrier between us."

"That barrier," murmured Marie, "existed always.—I could never have become yours."

"I know," replied Wurmin, in a suppressed volce, "that you have loved before; but death—three long years of mourning—dearest Marie, do not deprive me of my last comfort, of the blissful thought that you might become mine

blissful thought that you might become mine

"Cense, I conjure you. You rend my heart !"
"Yes, you will grant me the comfort of knowing that you would have become mine, but
most wretched of men that I am —I am already married 19

Mario gazed up at him with a look of astonishmont.

" Yes, married for four years," continued the lloutement, "and I do not know either who my wife is, where she is, or whether I shall ever met her."

"Explain yourself more clearly," said the

girl.

"I love you, Marle, and will confide in you. You shall know all, and you will not Judge too soverely an act of youthful levity. It was in the year 1812. I happened to be on my way to Wina, with the intention of Johning my reglment. Late in the evening I reached a station, and had already ordered that horses should instantly be put to again, when a fleros snow-storm suddenly arose. My landlord and the postional urgently advised me to pustpone my departure; but I was determined togo in spite of the rough weather. The position had got it into ms head that, by crossing a small rever, the banks of which were perfectly well known to him, he should flad a shorter route. He missed the right crossing, however, and got into a rehim, ho should find a shorter route. He missed the right crussing, however, and got him a region to which he was an earlie stranger. The storm continued to raze, at length we descried a fight in the distance. We made for it, and stopped before a charch, from the brightly illuminated windows of which the light stone. The door was open, three sleighs were in front of it, and I saw several persons at the vestibule, One of them called to me: This way I this way I I got out and walked toward the vestibule. bule

"The person who had called advanced toward

me.
...Great Heavens I' he said how inte you

come! Your intended has fainted, and we were on the very point of driving home again." "Half bewildered and half amused, i resolved to let the adventure take its course. And, in-deed, I had little time for reflection. My friends tugged me into the interior of the church, which was noorly lighted by two or three lamps. A female was sitting upon a bonch in the shadow, white another stood beside her and chafed her temples.

· At last I' cried the latter. God be praised that you have come. My poor taisiress liked to have died.

"An aged priest emerged from boblind the al-iar, and asked, 'Can we begin ?" "Begin, reverend father i' I cried, unadvisod-

"Begin, reverend father I' I cried, unadvisedly.

"They assisted the half unconscious girl to rise; she appeared to be very protty. In a fit of unpardonable, and now quite incomprehensible, levity, I readily slepped with her to the altar. Her maid and the three gentlepien present were so much busied, with her as achirchy to throw a look at me. Besides, the light in this part of the church was dim, and my head was muffled in the hoof of my croak.

"In a few minutes the nupital ceremony was over, and the priest, according to custom, desired the newly-married pair to embrace.

"My young wife turned her pair, charming little face toward me, and was about to rust her head upon my shoulder with a sweet smile, when suddenly she stared at me as if turned intosione, tottered, and fifth a cry of the label." fell to the floor.

he! fell to the floor.

church. Before any one could think of staying me I had jimpled into my sleigh, sefred the reins, and was soon beyond the reach of pur-suit."

The Hentonant was slight. Murio also gazed in slience on the ground.

"And have you never dissovered what became of the poor girl?" she finally usked,

"Nover. I know neither the name of the village where I was married, nor do I recollect the attition where I suppose. At the time, my culpably frivoloils prink seemed to me a matter of so little moment that, as soon as there are no longer any pursuit to four, I went to sleep in the sleigh, and did not a wake till we arrived The young officer hastily walked out into the at another spation. The servate them I had garden.

Petrowns crossed herself, murmuring : a God find out the peating who alone us proved upon some result.

With me was killed in leading all my efforts to be praised ! To-day, I trust his visit will have no making, and are every cano shelps indeed lead by which I might again find the scene of that fally writed a leading and the scene of that fally with I might again find the scene of that fally with I might again find the scene of that fally with I might again find the scene of that fally with I might again find the scene of that fally with I might again find the scene of that fally with the scene of the

or which I have note to antier no heavily."

Marie turned her paid face founds him and

took both his hands. The lieutenant gazed erstruck into her eyes; a dim foreboding e in his breast, a vall suddenly dropped

his eyes. arie! God of heaven, how can I have been

so blind! Marie, was it indeed you?"
"I am your wife!" was the only answer of
the girl, who sank fainting into his arms.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A NOTICE on the outside of St. Louis street cars
tys: "Cars cannot wait for ladies to kiss good-

A NOTICE on the outside of St. Louis street cars says: "Cars cannot wait for ladies to kiss goodbye."

It is intimated that there are at least fifty thousand young men employed as commercial travelers in the United States.

Reference that the process of completion when Alexander passed into Asia, E.C. 334, in succession to one that had been set on fire on the night of his birth, B.C. 356. We now have in the British Museum a part of one of these columns scuiptured in relief, as sent house from the site by Mr. J. T. Wood. It is the lowest portion of a column, of unarble, about feet in diameter at bottom, and 6 feet in height. The figures are the Greek gods and goddesses, winged Victories, and the like, features and draperies admirably modelied.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand

Minirably modelled.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the state:—The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand Plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old ciothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old olothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge!

D.E. Willer, lecturing in Boston the other night.

called the Beggars' Bridge!

Dr. Willer, lecturing in Boston the other night, told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the Dostor te his friend, "that there is a languificent bird utterly ruined by unskilful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemily blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

Tar Bells of Europe.—The present bells of Co-

At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little wore about stuffed birds that afternoon.

The Bells of Europe.—The present bells of Cologne Cathedral, which were cast as early as any others in the fifteenth century, weigh—one 12,000b., the other 22,400b. The Kaisergicke, which will shortly be cast, will be the largest swinging bell in the world, for those at Pekin and Moscow, which are larger, are fixed bells. The diameter on the lower rim will be 13ft., the height being 17ft., and weight the largest bells in Europe:—Vienna, 36,000b.; St. Peter's (Rome), 32,000b.: Notre Dame de Paris, 34,000b.; "His Bea." 22,340b.; and Erfurt, 27,361b According to the German papers, the Emperor has made a "munificent send truly Imperial gift" by sending twenty-two French guns from the Strasburg Park to be motten into the "Kaiserglooke," which is to hang in the south campanile. The weight of these guns is 500 cwt., valued at £3,740.

The ship "Britannia," which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck; but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. This surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now haping up about him. "What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?" "The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich." His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the wave. We count such a sailor a madman; but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at a

at all hazards. Least of all riches do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle.

Coaching is 1872.—"No fewer than seven coaches," writes Mr. A. G. Scott, the hon. secretary, "have been leaving London during the past summer, with results not alone satisfactory to their proprietors, but to all who have assisted in, and watched the growth of, the present revival Of the two of which I am especially privileged to write, the Brighton' and Dorking, I can report most favorably. The latter, during its but too brief season, repeated the success of last year; it hardly ever had to carry a light load, and was never once without a passenger, while the fermen, 'the Brighton,' seems but to increase in loopularity, the seats, both inside and outside, having of the been more in request than ever. In all this there is much room for congratulation—much to encourage, for, style it plaything, whim, or whatever you will, the taste for 'coaching' has now taken deep root, and may be looked upon as the re-establishmen of a pure, unsolfish sport. Next May, if not earlier, both the 'Brighton' and 'Dorking' will re-appear—as, indeed, will the 'Tunbridge Wells,' Wycomba,' and 'Reigute'—three most admirably appointed goaches. I hope, too, to be then able to introduce the oft-promised 'Afternoon Dorking,' which will offer peculiar attractions to the many who mee plead that they cannot afford a whole day for a drive.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

Av analysis of cow's milk tainted with contagious typhus is given by M. Husson in Comptes Rendur, with the conclusion, among others, that such milk cannot transmit the typhus to man but that it should not be used as food for young children.

The Journal of Applied Chemistry recommends sulphite or bi-sulphite of lime to prevent the fermentation of cider. It imparts no taste to the liquor, and leaves an insoluble procipitate of sulphate of lime, from which the contents of the barrel may be drawn off.

GLYCERINE, says the Athensum, may be used with great adventage in the preparation of leather, not in the process of tanning, but as a bath after the taning is completed. Leather thus treated acquires peculiar softness especially desirable in machine bolts.

The phosphorescence of the glow-worm and all other phosphorescent animals is ascribed by Dr. T. L. Phipson, a devoted student of the subject, to an organic substance which he calls noctilucene. He believes that this is also the cause of the phosphorescent light of sea-water.

rescent light of sea-water.

VIENNA is to have a magnificent marine aquarium for the grand international exposition to be opened there in May next. It will contain two hundred thousand gallous of sea-water, to be brought on a fast train the twenty hours' journey from Trieste to the Austrian capital.

the Austrian capital.

The influence of the sun-spots must be great, indeed, if they exert half as much as is now attributed to them. Mr. C. Meldrum of the island of Mauritius, Indian Ocean, believes that he has discovered a close relation between the sun-spots and West India hurricanes. Cyclones occur most frequently, he says, a year or two after the sun-spots have been most numerous.

merous.

ARE MOIONO, the well-known editor of Les Mondes, has commenced a series of receptions to which are invited the most distinguished men of science residing in Paris or visiting the city. Scientific subjects form the topic of discussion, and the entertainment is enlivened each evening by a musical performance, at which some work of one of the great masters is rendered.

at which some work of one of the great masters is rendered.

The analysis of the sea-water gases of the Baltic, made by Dr. Oscar Jacobsen, who was connected with the recent German expedition for the exploration of that sea, discloses the fact that "earbonic acid is present in large proportion in sea-water, not as a dissolved gas in the same sense as oxygen and nitrogen, but in a peculiar condition of closer combination." This discovery is regarded as of considerable importance in its bearing upon marine botany, zoology and geology.

The quantity of false rhubarbs brought into the drug market renders some guide to their detection very desirable, and Dr. Cauvet, in the Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimte specifies several distinctions between them and the exotic or true rhubarbs. That which is most easily observable is the presence in the latter, and absence in the false rhubarbs. Of characteristic radiation centres, like stars in shape. These are numerous in the Muscovy rhubarbs, and very apparent, though less frequent, in that from Chima.

Theeris a certain remedy for the bite of the cobra-

China.

THERR is a certain remedy for the bits of the cobradic-capello, despite the common impression to the contrary, if we may believe Dr. D. Butler, late inspector-general of hospitals in the Bengal army. According to him, this remedy consists of brandy and laudanum in excessive doses, but not sufficient to produce narcotism, with ligature of the limb and compulsory locomotion. As the cobra is one of the most venomous of all known serpents, it is surprising that this treatment, if effectual, is not universally employed in India.

employed in India.

The remarkable faculty which does have of finding their way home from a strange lecality by paths previously unknown to them seems to fail in great cities, where does so frequently less their way completely. A writer in the Quarterly Review thinks that they where a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariners, compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames with special organizations seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog who can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred vards in a towa, seems to point to the multilude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction."

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Drer cures more than the doctor. Do what ye ought, come what may A "TRYING" situation—A seat on the bench. NEVER allow temper to get the mastery of you FLOURISHING business--Ornamental penmanship. As ounce of practice is better than a pound of theory.

THE object of religion is not to make a man better than his neighbor, but better than himself.

Sgur not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents, they will bite their cage.

Wir is brushwood; judgment is temper. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

most issuing near.
The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from years:
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

BE not diverted from your duty by any idle reflec-tions that the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and conse-quently should not be any part of your concern.

The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

FERDINAND, King of Spain, used to say that he could distinguish a wise man from a fool by the tollowing marks:—Moderation in anger, government in household affairs, and writing a letter without use-

less repetitions.

It is not always wealth and earthly glory that make uf happy—many that are miserable have both of these—buts bright, sunshiny spirit, which can bear little trials, and enjoy little fayors, and find happiness in all the scenes of life.

happiness in all the scenes of life.

The line of conduct chosen during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or improvident, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after-years, and it needs no prophet to east his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

acope or calculate his chances in life.

A sure on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. It is not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, every-day acts of life, wherein conscience should warn us to beware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

SAID a very old man. "Some falts are always

SAID a very old man, "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all." We may smile at the simplicity of the old man, but still his language indicates apprint that contributes much to a calm and peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cultivate that spirit than to be continually complaining of things as they are.

FAMILY MATTERS.

THE white of eggs with lime makes a good cement for broken china

Honry and castor-oil mixed are excellent for asth-ma. A tenspoonful may be taken night and morning with great benefit.

with great benefit.

RANCID lard may be purified by trying it over with a little water, adding a few sliced raw potatoes. The potatoes seem to remove the bad taste from the lard.

To remove ink or fruit stains from the fingors, take cream of tartur, half an ounce; powdered sait of sorrel half an ounce; mix. This is what is sold for salts of lemon.

The best method to make old silk look like new, and one that is employed by millions, is to sponge over the outside with strong, sold black toa. The silk should afterward be ironed on the outside.

silk should afterward be ironed on the outside.

To raise the pile of velvet when pressed down.
cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth and hold
the velvet firmly over it; the vapor from the cloth
passing through the velvet will raise the pile, with
the assistance of a light whisk.

Graham Berad.—To make Graham bread, to each
quart of flour take a hoap d teaspoonful of saleratus,
adding salt and a little molasses or sugar, with a sufficient quantity of sour milk to make the dough. We
consider it very much better to steam an hour or
two, and then put it in the oven to brown over.

To clean kid gloves, first see that your hands are

two, and then put it in the even to brown over.

To clean kid gloves, first see that your hands are clean; then put on your gloves and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of spirits of turpentine. This method was used in Pa.is, to the great profit of many persons. The gloves should be hung in the air, or some warm place, to carry away the smell of the turpentine.

Man Ralis —Chortha meat fine or for account.

Mear Balls.—Chop the meat fine, as for sansages: then mix a small quantity of crumbs of bread and a seasoning of mnee, pepper, cloves and salt, all well pounded; mix these with an egg; and make the mass into balls the size of a goes egg. Roll them in bread crumbs and egg, and fry them a light brown; dish them up with a gravy flavored with walnut catsup.

lriest stew.—Trim the fat from three pounds of the best mutton chops; pare and cut in relices six large potatoes, and six large onions. Put into a stewpan a few pieces of fat pork, and on these put alternate layers of mutton chops, slices of potato, onion, pepper, and salt. Cover with cold water. Cover the stewpan very closely, set it where it will cook slowly, and let it stew for three hours. Serve very hot.

and let it stew for three hours. Serve very hot.

CLEAR APPLES.—Peel golden pippins, and core them. Put them in clear cold water, and simmer them gently till tender. Take them out en a skimmer, and spread them on a large dish to ecol. Boil to a syrup two pounds of loaf sugar and a pint of clear water, skimming till clear. Boil the apples in the syrup ten uninutes, and let them get cold before serving. Serve with eream and powdered sugar.

FAMILY CAEL.—Twelve ounces each of butter, sugar, and currants, two pounds and a half of flour, four ounces of candied citron peel, two ounces of carraway seeds, half an ounce of mixed spices, four caspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda, and a pint and a quarter of warmed new milk. Meit the butter in the milk, and work is the rest of the ingredients, mixing well. Bake slowly in buttered tins for two hours.

The Housewiffe's Table.—The following is a very

THE HOUSEWIFE'S TABLE.—The following is a very valuable housewife's table, by which persons not having soales and weights at hand, may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe without the trouble of weighing. Allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured:

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.
Indian meal, one pound two ounces are one quart.
Butter, when soft, one pound is one quart.
Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.
White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce are
ne quart.

one quart. Best brown sugar, ene pound two ounces are one

uart. Ten eggs are one pound. Flour, eight quarts are one peck. Flour, four pecks are one bushel. Liquins, arc.

Exteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint.

Bight large tablespoonfuls are one gill.

Four large tablespoonfuls are one gill.

Two gills are half a pint.

Two gills are half a pint.

Two pints are one quart.

Four quarts are one gallon.

A common sized wine glass is half a pint.

A common sized wine glass is half a gill.

A tacaup is one gill.

A large wine glass is two ounces.

A tablespoonful is half an ounce.

Forty drops are equal to one teaspoonful.

Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

MAKE an Inventory of everything you have on the

farm, its condition, and value.

Woon.—See that the wood-house is liberally furnished with wood, and that the wood-boxes in the house are never empty, and kindling is handy.

KERP ACCOUNTS.—It is astonishing how many farmers there are who keep no regular account of their receipts and expenses. If you have hitherto neglected this matter, neglect it no longer.

ed this matter, neglect it no longer.

Par old debta, and make as few new ones as possible. Collect what is owing you. Keep all your pecuniary matters straight, and know exactly what you owe and what property you have.

Look to your Insurance, and see that your policy covers all your property. It sometimes happens that grain is insured in one barn and not in another, and so with implements, hurness, carriages, machines, wool, etc. Look into the matter.

wool, etc. Look into the matter.

KERP a Diary, or let some member of the family keep it for you. Write down every night the work that has been done during the day, the state of the weather, and any facts in regard to the stock, etc., that ought to be recorded. It is very little trouble and is exceedingly useful—and the longer it is kept the more interesting it becomes.

MARY HORNE COMPONENT

the more interesting it becomes.

Make the House Comporable.—See that the windows are tight and the doors fit close, and that the cold air does not rush in between the floor and the base-board. If you do not know how to remedy these matters, ask a carpenter. Make all the rooms comfortable, and occupy them. It is a foolish thing to spend a good deal of money in building a fine house and then live only in the kitchen.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD FARMERS.—Induce the boys to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your own life, and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but de

not harp too much on the degenerate character of the young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up for the evening, instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dingy room. Provide plenty of light; thanks to kerosene, our country homes can be as brilliantly and as cheaply lighted as the gas-lit houses in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. Talk agriculture rather than politics; speak more of the importance of large crops, of good steock, of liberal feeding, and, of the advantages of making animals comfortable, than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all encourage the boys to read good agricultural books. Papers are well enough, but an intelligent boy wants something more and better. Get him some good agricultural book to study. Read it with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, buy him another. In our own case, we owe our love of farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us of everything that was doing on the farm; answering all our questions and encouraging, rather than refusing our childlike desire of helping him.—American Agriculturist.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE HIGH LEWIS .- The tight-rope. A LAME SOLUTER halts when he marches. The original Water-Works.—Eve's eyes.

ROMANTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.
When is a house like a bird?—When it has wings.

SUGGESTIVE title for a Christmas carol—" Then ule remember me."

On what meat does an affected young lady live at Christmas?—Mince-meat.

Mark Twain is fond of jokes; but he thinks a joke, to be good, must be inflicted on some other man.

A lady calls the little memoranda her butcher sends in with the meat, "pencillings by the weigh."

CARDINAL CULLEN calls on his clergy to use their influence in suppressing wakes. Let them begin on the town cats.

WHAT is the difference between "a tention shell."

What is the difference between a tortoise shell tom and a burnt child?—One is a brindled cat, the other a kindled brat.

"Women wake up!" says Mrs. Cady Stanton, and a ruffian rural editor adds, "Yes, and turn out and build a fire and get breakfast."

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted snicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

A man out West who offered bail for a friend was asked by a judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he; "my old woman." A CERTAIN Mr. David Fender, popping the question na letter, concluded thus:—"And should you say Yes," dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

DEVOTION.—Here is a gem, alleged to have been found in the letter of a young lover:-- Dearest love: I have swallowed the postage stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

SEASONABLE CONS.—Why is the alphabet short of a letter at Christmas?—Because it's the Foast of Noel.—When's a young man like a Christy-mas minstrel?—When he's after Caroline (carolin').—If she snubs him pretty often, what's that like?—The "waits."

In the course of a "proof" in the Court of Session, a learned junior counsel was attempting to break down a female witness upon a point of time, and in so doing asked her, "Why are you so certain as to the date? Do you keep a diary?" To which the witness gravely replied, "No, sir, I keep a publichouse."

OUR PUZZLER.

15. NAME PUZZLE.

Take the initials of a military man; the second letter of a modern Roman; the third letter of a section of a book; the fourth letter of the synonym of defamation; the fifth letter of a terrible torture; the sixth letter of the synonym of ridiculed; and the seventh letter of the synonym of gleefully; and you have the name of a recent celebrity.

LUKE ROUNDALL.

16. ENIGMA.

I am no prison, yet am barred; I dwell in flames and strife; Four legs I have, also a tail, Yet ne'er drew breath of life. 17. CHARADE.

A. H. B.

My first you know you are, yet 'tis not you...
Unless you are a participle present:
Most men do seek it...and the elergy, too,
Have no objection, when it's anug and pleasant.

My second is so very hard and cold, And can't be hurt, though it may wound severely; It ne'er will be my first, howe'er so old, Yet will rest o'er my whole, I hope sincerely.

My whole is impossible, yet does exist— Nay, more, it lives a life of fame and beauty; Byes smile that wept but now a hero missed, To know my whole s my first, and at its duty.

18. REBUS.

Whole, I am a useful article to have in a house; behead me, and I am much used, and much oftener abused; curtail me, and I am half of two; next behead me, and you won't lose by me. Again, my 1, 3, 4, is a metal; my 2, 3, 1, a pleasant person in company; my 4, 5, 1, ladies wear on their heads; my 1, 5, 4, is a number; and my 2, 5, 1, none of us like to get. GROUSE.

ANSWERS.

14. REBUS.—SCHOONER; ARacati; LUcifiC; ASH; DAlmatiA; IDolateR; NEreiD.—SALADER.—CEU-BADE.—RICHARD.

AN ANGEL IN DISCUISE.

DY TA S. ARTISUR.

Idleness, vice, and intemperance had done their miserable work, and the dead mother lay cold and stark amid her wrotched children. She had fallen upon the threshold of her own door in a drunken fit, and died in the presence of her frightened little ones.

Death touches the springs of our common humanity. This woman had been despised, soofied at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now as the fact of her death was passed one now as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation. Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down but, in which she had secured a little more than hut, in which she had secured a little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cond, some with grave-couldos for a decent inferment of the body; and some with food for the half-starving children, three in number. Of these, John, the cidest, a boy of twelve, was a stout tad, able to earn his living with any farmer. Kate, between ten and eleven, was a bright active girl, out of whom something clover might be made, if in good hands; but poor little Maggie, the youngest, was hopelessly diseased. Two years before, a fall from a window had injured her spine, and she had not been able to leave her bod since, except when lifted in the arms of her mother.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The doad mother would go under ground, and be forever beyond all care and concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve. After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Jones said that he would take John and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Ellis, who had been tooking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make encice of Raty, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

"I could do much better, I know," said Mrs. Ellis, "but, as no one seems inclined to take her, I must act from a sense of duty. I expect to have trouble with the child; for she's an undisciplined thing—mised to having her own way,"
But no one said, "I'll take Maggie." Pitying a place of shelter from summer heats and win-

ing her some and ragged cioties, dressed nor in ciean attire. The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and eyen knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take her in. Who wanted a bedridden child? "Take her to the poorhouse," said a rough man to whom the question "What's to be done with Maggie?" waterked. "Mobile's going to

be bothered with her."

be bothered with her."

"ine poorhouse is a sad place for a sick and asipiess child," answered one.

"For your child or mine," said the other, iightly speaking; "but for this brat it will prove a blessed change. She will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of her pest condition."

There was reason in that, but suil it didn't

There was reason in that, but sull it didn't

the rest—

"It's a crust thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the positionse, she'll have to go there," Snewered the blacksmith's wife.

to go there," answered the disclaiming wife, of this wife way of kept rigidly slient and nonspringing away and feaving John behind.

For a little while the man stood with a pursled air; then he turned back and went into the
hovel again. Many, with a painful effort, had
raised herself to a figurity position, and was
sitting on the bed, diratining her eyes upon the
door out of which an had just departed. A vague
door out of which an had just departed. A vague
terror had come into her this white face.

"Homes hear are not half so hard as
men's!"
Joe saw, by a quick into'llon, that his resoterror had come into her this white face.
"Ho har any problem of the side of the side had he
answered queeks, and with real indignation.
her suspended breath, "don't tears me here as
turned her eyes steadily from the side child's

ing to the bed and stooping down over the child, but notedy wanted the wyon shan't be left here alone," Then he her to the poorhouse, wrapped her with the gentleness almost of a "Why didn't you let h woman, in the clean bedciothes that some neight you bring her here for?" bor had brought; and, lifting her in his strong

per had accepte, which mind has he had been a must carry her, and mine are strong field that lay between the hovel and his hone, enough for that task," said Joe.

Now, Joe Thomson's wife, who happened to: "Then way didn't you keep on? Why did be childless, was not a woman of saintly temper, 1 you stop here?" demanded the wife. nor much given to self-desial for others good, . "Because I'm not apt to go on fools' errands, and Joe had well-grounded doubts too: ung the ; he guardians must first be seen and a permit manner of greeting he should receive on his are ; blained."

rival. Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate and came in. He bore a ed the garden gate and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had stready could itself and them both, and love was springing into

Mrs. Thompson.

Joe fut the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply, except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentie;" and, cassing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then stopping back, in shut the door and stood face to face with his vinegar-tempered wife in the passage-way outside.

You haven't brought home that sick brat?"

What have you there ?" sharply questloned

"I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much caid about little children. How the Baylour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; how he took them up in his arms and blessed them; and how he said that whosever gave them: toon; and now he said that whose over give them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night; to make her life comfortable for a single night.

The voice of the strong, rough man shock, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Thompson

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impres

at a parti.—" May 1 Merp this dropped glove for a token?"—see page 50,

Anger and extonishment were in the tones of | did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her

Anger and satonishment were in the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a fiame.

"I think women's hearts are sometimes very nard," and Joe. Usually Joe Thompson got out on the wife's way of kept rigidly silent and non-combanyo when she fired up on any subject, it was with some sutprise, therefore, that she encountered a firmly-sat countenance and a resounte pair of even.

"Where were supported the post into his ragon and drove off. Kate went home with Mrs. Elile, but notedy wanted the post sick one. Send her to the posthouse, was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go, then? What did and bring her here for?"

"Bno can t waik to the pourburse, somebody's

heart.

"Look at her kindly, Jane; speak to her kindly," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softnass of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his

lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turnod wards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the foor, went quietly in. Joe did not follow, he saw that her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labor. A light shining through the little chamber window was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house; it was a good omen. The path lod that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house; it was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pansing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay, a little raised on a pillow, with the iamp shining full upon her hace. Mar. Thompson was sitting by the bed, talking to the child; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen. From Maggie's face, therefore, Joe must read the character of their intercourse. He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, so if in answers, from her lips; that her expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterases and pain. A deep-drawn broath was followed by one of relief, deep-drawn breath was followed by one as a weight lifted itself from his beart.

"To-morrow,"

"To-morrow,"

"To-morrow," On entering, Joe did not go immediately to On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy treed about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, or to manifest any concern in regard to her. "How soon will supper be ready?" he saked. "Right soun," answered Mrs. Thompson, be-ginning to busile about, with no asperity in her voice. "You morrow."

"Why put it of until to morrow? Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off your hands to night."

"You hand to and the management of the control of the control

ginning to bustle about, with no esperity in her volce.

After washing from his hands and fises the dust and soil of work, Joe loft the kitchen and wont to the little bodroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him from the Snewy bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleasingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom? With what a quicker motion came the heart beats? Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the large light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said as he sai

been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Magie?" he said as he said down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a long strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yos, sir." What a sweet patience was in her tons i

"He med to come,"
"He med to come,"
"He med to come,"

" No. sir."

"Have you sny pain?"
"Howe you sny pain?"
"Bometimes, but not now."
"Whon had you pain?"
"This morning my side sched, and my back
part when you carried me."

"Your side doesn't sche new ?"

"Your side doesn't sche new ?"

F No. sir.

"No, sir."
"Does it nobe a great deal?"
"Does it nobe a great deal?"
"Yes, sir; but it ham't sched any ninee I've been on this soft bed."
"The soft bed feels good."
"O yes, sir—so good!" What a satisfiction mingled with gratitude, was in her voice!
"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.
"Joe glanced from his wife's face to that of Maggie; she understood him, and answered—"She can wait until we are done; then I will bring her something to est."

"She can wait until we are done; then I will bring her something to eat."

There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Thompson, but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed. Joe waited, after slitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject upperment in both of that thoughts; but she kept silent on that theme for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said abruptly—

"What are you going to do with that child?"

"I thought you understood that she was to go to the poorhouse," replied Joe, as if surprised a her question.

"Mrs. Thompson Tooked rather strangely at her himband for some moments, and then dropped

"Mrs. Thompson Tooked rather strangely as he hisband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred it during the meal. At its close, Mrs. Thompson toested a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea about took them up to Maggie, and held the small took them up to Maggie, and held the mall the waiter on which also had placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

"Is it good?" asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with a look of gratitude the awoke to new life old human feelings which has been alumbering in her heart for helf a score o years.

years,

"We'll keep her a day or two longer; she is o week and halpless," said Mrs Joe Thompson in answer to her bushand's remark, at break fast-time on the next movning, that he must po down and see the guardians of the pool

about Maggie.

"The libe so much in your way," said Joe.

"I shan't mind that for a day or two. Poo

thing!"
Joe did not see the guardians of the poor on the day, on the next, nor on the day following. In fact he never saw them at all on Maggie's account for in less than a week Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up he own abode in the almahouse as sending Maggi

What light and blessing did that sick an beipless child bring to the home of Joe Thomp son, the poor wheelwright! It had been dark and cold, and miserable there for a long time just necessar his wife had nothing to love an just necessing his wife had nothing to love an care for out of herealf, and so become sour, irrit able, ill-tempered, and self-afficing in the de solution of her womake's nature. How the west ness of that sick child, looking ever to her is love, pattence, and gratitude, was as honey is her soul, and she carried in her heart as well a in her arms, a precious burden. As for Jo Thompson, there was not a men in the whol neighborhood who drank daily of a more precious wine of life than he. An angel had some into his house, disguised as a sick, helpless, an miserable child, and filled all its dreary chamber with the annahine of love.

The Crown Princess of Germany is making design for a monument, to be crecied on th field of Weissenburg by the officers of the thir army.

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