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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

TERMS, \\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 51.

REPENTANCE.

He kissed me, and I know 'twas wrons, For he was neither kith nor kin; Need one do penance very long For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minuto—quite—
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I almost think.

But after all, I'm not to blame; He took the kiss. I do think men Are quite without a sense of shame. I wonder when he'll come again!

DESMORO;

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," " VOICES FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," " THE HUMMING-

BIRD," ETC., RTC.

CHAPTER XI.

The playbills on the walls of Braymount announced that Manager Jellico had engaged the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Mackmillerman, who would appear at the Theatre Boyal, Braymount, in the course of the ensuing

This piece of important intelligence put all the playgoers of the town in a state of great excitement, and people were rushing to secure places and tickets for those evenings when the great "star" was to shine forth and quench every other light with its splendid and dazzling rays.

The first night's performance was to be Hamlet, which tragedy was already in rehearsal. Mrs. Polderbrant was to enact the Queen, Desmoro Laertes, and Shavings, at the particular request of the manager himself, had undertaken the part of Osric.

Every member of the company was nervous and unhappy, dreading the coming of the eminent actor, who was one who regarded all his professional brothers and sisters—no matter how talented such might chance to be— This piece of important intelligence put all

ter how talented such might chance to be— as mere puppets, which were to move and to talk only according to his expressed direc-

Mr. Mackmillerman was a selfish, tyranni-cal man, who was heartily detested by almost every actor and actress that came in contact with him. Mrs. Polderbrant knew him of old, and entertained for him a most bitter and implacable hatred—a hatred which she took pains to conceal, whenever business brought her near him.

This feeling on her part was fully reciprofume and growl exceedingly at the bare mention of her name.

Mr. Mackmillerman, who with his valet and his baggage, had just arrived at Bray-mount in his own private carriage, was lodged at the Bell Hotel, in an apartment of which he was now sitting with Manager Jellico.

The pair were examining a damp playbill just issued from the printing office of the

town. Mr. Mackmillerman was reading over the cast of the various characters.

Suddenly there was a loud growl from the eminent tragedian, who had finng his head back and plunged his fingers distractedly into

"Zounds! She here!" he exclaimed, was in hopes that she had been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets long ago." "Of whom are you speaking?" asked Jel-

lico.
"Of Mrs. Polderbrant, of that firebrand in the transition vehicles

mently.

monty.

Jellico's face dropped for an instant.

"She is a very clever woman in her own particular line," he observed.

"And what may that line be, Mr. Jellico,"

drily asked the other.
"She is our heavy lady, you know, Mr. Mackmillerman."

"She's a cat, sir—a cat, and nothing else," was the ireful reply.

The manager shrugged his shoulders, not

esuming to differ from the opinion expressed by the great theatrical star.

"Had I known that that woman occupied a prominent position in your theatre, that I should be compelled to touch her hand, I tell you 'plainly, Mr. Jellico, I should not have condescended to perform in the Theatre Royal,

Braymount." I am very sorry, really," was the regretful answer. "Mrs. Polderbrant is a somewhat eccentric woman, I will allow; but, notwith-

standing that fact, she has, as I said before, considerable talent." "Talent! In what, I should like to be in-

formed? "I am exceedingly distressed that the lady is obnoxious to you, Mr. Mackmillerman."



THE ACCUSATION?

"Obnoxious!" echoed the star. "My dear sir, she is a dose of ipecacuanha to me." "I wish: I could alter matters for your convenience and pleasure," was the other's re-

joinder. At rehearsal on the following day, on the evening of which the tragedian was to appear, that startling luminary sent his valet (who

was a black man) to rehearse the part of liamlet in his stead.

At the appearance of Mr. Mackmillerman's sable retainer, the whole company refused to proceed with the business of rehearsal. They would none of them have anything to do with the negro, whom Mr. Mackmillerman had lately brought over with him from America. The man was more than commonly intelli-

gent, else he would never have been able to scouire the words of Shakspere's characters and learn to understand the stage business

belonging to the different parts.

Of course Jellico felt the affront that had been put upon the members of his company, but interest compelled him to make the best

of the matter.
Mrs. Polderbrant, who was perfectly furious, inwardly determined to avenge this insult.

"Wait until to-night" said she, in significant tones; "I'll warrant that I'll make him

remember his engagement at Braymount! I've owed him some grudges for a long while, and now I'll repay him in full!" Saying which, the "heavy lady" stalked off the stage, the whole of the other actors and

actresses following her example, and was no more seen there until night. Mr. Mackmillerman was highly indignant

when his servant repeated to him the manner in which he had been treated by Mrs. Polderbrant and others.

"The idiots !" stormed the tragedian. "But I'll make them suffer for it, never fear!" Alas! the gentleman little dreamed of wha

was in store for his own magnificent self. At length the eventful evening arrived Mrs. Polderbrant looked majestic, and malicious as well, as if some mighty wickedness was brooding in her breast.

The house was crowded to overflowing. The nouse was crowded to overhowing.

The overture, as performed by the violin, trumpet, and drum, had been played; the curtain was up; and the tragedy begun.

Scene the second now introduces the King,

and: Queen, and Hamlet.

The entrance of the latter was the signal for a perfect burst of enthusiastic applause in acknowledgement of which the star, touch

ing his heart, bowed profoundly.

Mrs. Polderbrant's eyes seemed to dart sparks of living fire.
She was thinking of the black man with

whom she had been required to rehearse the grand words of William Shakspere. This scene finished, the heavy lady darted

into the flies, exactly over the stage, and over the heads of the performers, where the sky borders, and the roller-scenes are worked.

Here, taking a certain position, she waited for some length of time. She had evidently some task in hand, a task widely different from her usual employment.

She looked down on the heads of those below, and listened to the following dialogue:Hamlet. It waves me still.

Go on. I follow thee.

Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet. Hold off your hands.

(Mrs. liolderbrant, above, was mysteriously busy at this moment.)

Horatio. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Hamlet. My fate cries out, And makes each petty artery in this body As hard as the Nemean lion's nerve.
(Ghost beckens him.)

Still I am called; unhand me, gentlemen; (Breaking from them.)
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets

me;

I say away;—Go on, I'll follow thee!

Just as the tragedian had uttered these words, a large dead cat, white as the Ghost himself, attached to a string, descended from the flies, and hung before him.

Amazed and horrified, the actor started back, unable to credit his every while the arm

back, unable to credit his eyes, while the au-dience first tittered, then laughed, and screamed, and the whole theatre was in a state

of absolute confusion and uproar.

For a few moments the great star stood transfixed with amazement, the body of the white cat dangling before him, the shricks of laughter in his cars.

The actors and the audience were all convulsed, while Mr. Mackmillerman, who was absolutely furious, recovering himself a little, rushed off the stage crying out, "Drop the curtain, instantly! drop the curtain! I will glances, he failed to cause her the slightest concern in any way. She was just as self-tain! Mr. Jellico," he continued, rushing to the manager, who was standing at the wing, looking like one quite thunderstruck .- " Mr Jellico, what is the meaning of this unparal-leled insult? what is the meaning of yonder dead cat? and who am I to thank for its appearance there?"

" Heaven only knows, Mr. Mackmillerman," returned the manager, doing his best to re-strain his own laughter, which was strug-gling to burst forth at the sight of the defunct mimal awinging to and fro at the end of a

piece of string.

"You do not know, ch? Vory well, Mr. Jellico! You'll drop the curtain, if you

please!"
"Drop the curtain, Mr. Macmillerman! will be the ruin of us to do so.

"Iram, attend me to my dressing-room," spoke the tragedian, disregarding the other's words, and addressing his valet, who was standing close at hand.

"But, Mr. Mackmillermandistressed manager.

"I'll hear no more!" returned he, stalking off in the direction of his dressing-room Jellico following him. "I'll give twenty pounds to any one who

will discover the perpetrator of this vile and dastardly trick!" said the star, suddenly turnossiardly trick!" said the star, suddenly turn-ing round to the manager, and foaming at the mouth with rage. "Nay, I will give fifty!" Where is that witch, Mrs. Polderbrant," he abruptly continued. "I'll warrant that she is at the bottom of all this! Bring her before

"Mrs. Polderbrant?" repeated the astonished and now doubly bewildered manager.
"Really, Mr. Mackmillerman, I could not so insult the lady. Continue the performance I entreat, sir, and, in the meantime, I will endeavour to investigate the affair, and do my uttermost to find out the offender—"

"Whom you will discharge on the spot?" interrupted the star. "Promise me that you

will discharge her instanter."

"She! We are not certain of the sex of the transgressor." am.

"Well, Mr. Mackmillerman, will you resume your part, and suffer the play to proceed ?

The tragedian fumed, stamped his feet, and

The tragedian turned, stamped his test, and then commenced striding up and down from wing to wing, his tingers thrust into his hair, his eyes rolling terrifically.

By-and-by he paused.

"Let the play go on," he commanded.

At this Jellico rushed away, and quiet being once more restored both hefore and behind the curtain, the play was resumed at that mark of curtain, the play was resumed at that part of it whereat it had lately been so strangely in-

terrupted.

The whole company knew who the delinquent was; but, notwithstanding Mr. Mack-millerman's proffered reward, not a person

belonging to that company would betray her.

As for Jellico himself, he had not the remotest suspicion of the offender, and he did not take much trouble to find her out. Mr. Mackmillerman had offered a gross insult to the actors and actresses in Jellico's catablishment and those sectors and actresses had fally ment, and those actors and actresses had fully

avenged themselves on him.

During the remainder of the evening Mrs.

Polderbrant conducted herself in her old manner; and although the star every now and then fixed his eyes upon her in withering glances, he failed to cause her the slightest concern in any way. She was just as selfa little more.

Now Shavings was far from feeling perfect in his part, and fearfully nervous into the hargain, wishing with all his heart that he could run away from the task, and bury himself for a few hours. He was dreading the moment when he should have to stand before the tragic hero; and his knees were knock-ing sgainst each other, his bosom was loudly palpitating, his throat and mouth parched and hot, and his wits all astray. He was enduring stage-fright and all its host of ter-TOTE.

Ready dressed for his part, he was sitting behind the scenes, by the side of Comfort, who had been hearing him rehearse the words of his part for the seventh or eighth time. The poor little man looked shriveled up, and wholly unlike his wonted, humorous seif and his teeth were actually chattering together from excess of trepidation.

"It's truly awful, Comfort! I wish I could overcome it," said Shavings, alluding to his present state of alarm. "I'm bothered with the g's and the h's, you see, until I can think of nothing else but them and Mr. Mackmillerman! Oh, that there had never been a Shakspere or a Mr. Mackmillerman! I dessay I'm wicked in uttering such a wish, but I can't help it, my dear—I really can't."

The young girl wound her arm about the 's neck, and laid her smooth cheek against his.
"If I'd a thousand pounds, Comfort, I'd

give every penny of it to escape standing be-fore that man! I am ill, my child, feeling sick as death at the bare thought of him!" Comfort felt him tremble all over as he

What could she do in order to spare her father from the ordeal he was so dreading?
"I wish you had not undertaken the part,
dear dad," she said.

"So also wish I, my dear; but Jellico was distressed for people, and I was willing to oblige him."

on his breast.

And as he spoke the clown's head dropped

"Never mind—never mind, my dear, twelve o'clock must come, you know—that's one of my favourite mottoes, you remember; yes, twelve o'clock must come to all of us!" And with these words, Shavings literally swooned away in his daughter's arms.

swooned away in his daughter's arms.

At this instant the act drop fell, and the fiddle, the trumpet and drum, all three burst out as loudly and as musically as they could.

The young girl, who did not want to expose the weak terrors of her beloved father, sat perfectly still and quiet, holding him clasped to her breast, which was throbbing fast and painfully, not knowing what to do.

Presently, Desmoro issued from a doorway

Presently, Desmoro issued from a doorway close at hand, and spoke to Comfort.

"What are you sitting in that dark corner for ?" he asked, as he drew near her. "Is not your father well ?" he added, perceiving

"Hush, Desmoro!" returned she, in a low voice. "Is any one in your room?" she in-

whole, "Is any one in your room?" sae in-quired eagerly.
"No?" replied he, amazed at her strange question. "What's the matter?"

"He has fainted, I think! Take him in your arms, and carry him in there at once!

Do, do, Desmoro, I implore P Without uttering another syllable, Desmoro stooped, lifted up the insensible figure, and bore it into his own apartment, whither Com-

fort followed No one had witnessed this little scene, which occurred behind the shade of several flats and wings, and Comfort felt secure.

"They'd all laugh at and ridicule him so," she observed, chafing her father's hands. "He who has been on the stage all these many years, to be in this state of affright!"

years, to be in this state of affright!"
"He's as cold as stone, Comfort!" said
Desmoro, quakingly. "Shall we tell Mr.
Jellico of this, and send for a doctor?"
"No, no!" was the quick reply.
"What shall we do then, Comfort? Who's to
plice his part, supposing he should not be able
to a so himself?"
"Whet to all the sent the sent and a series."

"Who's to play his part, Desmoro? Why,

I will ?"

'You, Comfort!" he repeated, in amazement.
"I!" she unswered, conrageously.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Comfort!"
"I know every syllable of the part, and I know also how it should be acted."

"Still it is sheer nonsense for you to think of attempting the part; Mr. Jellico would not suffer you to do so!"

"Mr. Jellico shall know nothing at all

about the matter until it is too late to alter it! Sprinkle his face with a little water, and loosen his shirt collar," she continued, assisting Des-moro in endeavouring to recall the clown's fleeted senses. "Is there another suit of clothes in the wardrobe like unto these my father is wearing?" she inquired in quick and resolute accents.

"Comfort, you musn't think of doing such a thing! Let me dissuade you from this idea."
"No, no; it will be for my poor dad that I shall do it, Desmoro, remember that! What would you not do for a parent, had you one to serve—one like mine, so kind and loving? Don't fear my ability to get through the per-formance of my self-allotted task; you'll see I shall quite astonish you!"

Desmoro looked at the young girl in perfect wonder, and she went on. "We shall have to deceive him in some way," said she, fanning Shavings' face. he is recovering! Leave everything to my management," she added, in a lower voice.

"Are you better, dad?" asked she, as the clown opened wide his eyes, and wildly stared No answer.

"Give him a glas of water, Desmoro; then get him to lie down for a while! The young man did her bidding, and there

lay poor Shavings more dead than alive, with his eyes closed, not heeding the presence of any one, but muttering to himself all the

Comfort now became alarmed at her father's state, and she was beginning to fear that a doctor would really be required.

Without a word, she dashed out of the room, and sought the worthy manager, to whom she at once communicated the fact of her parent's sudden illness and her own willingness to undertake the character he was to have sus-

tained.
"I have all the words, sir," she pursued, in courageous accents, "and I am taller than dad.'

"But Mr. Mackmillerman will be furious at having a female Osric," objected the perplexed manager. "Matters have already gone cross enough with him to-night; this fresh trouble will be a terrible annoyance to him. I'm afraid that he will throw up his engagement, and should he do so he will leave me in a painful position with the Braymount people, with whom he is a vast favourite. I really know not what to do! I wish from my heart's depths there had never been a Mr. Mackmillerman or a William Shakspere. Go and get on the clothes, and let us make the best we can of the affair."

The young girl did not awalt a second bidding, she was gone to attire herself in male habiliments as one of the Court of Denmark, while Jellico repaired to Desmoro's room to

inquire after the poor clown's condition.

Osric, although a character of no particular, "Dad," said Comfort, rousing him, "you'll never get through your part if you thus give importance, is not one fit for a female to re-



present; and Desmoro was thinking as much, as he stood by Shavings' couch, during Comfort's absence from the room.
"Women," he thoughtfully repeated within

himself .- " women are never so truly beautiful as when they look and act as it belits such to look and act. In the clothes of a man, a woman loses all her grace and all her modesty as well. I wish Comfort would abandon her present intention; I should feel more happy

But Comfort was regarding the matter before her only in a business point of view; she was bestowing no single thought on its in-

Jellico sent for a doctor, who at once recommended Shavings to be removed to his lodgings, where he could have proper attention, and where there would be quiet. The clown had an attack of brain fever, brought on by his late over-excitement, and he was in considerable. considerable danger.

Comfort heard this intelligence with a fading cheek and quivering lips; but she went through her business calmly and courageously, and received much applause for the clever manner in which she enacted her part.

And the great star unbent himself towards

mance of a character so utterly unsuited to her youth and her sex.

At the end of the tragedy poor Comfort's nerves gave way. She was not one to much include in tears, and she would fain have kept them back on this occasion, but her feelings | his breast,

ing majestically grim, Mrs. Polderbrant at this moment darted from behind a wing, and laid her bony hand upon Comfort's shoulder.

At the appearance of the heavy lady, Mr. Macmillerman uttered a characteristic growt, and started back a few paces, his arm still loosely flung around the young girl's form. Had some fiend from the realms below sud-denly started up before him, he could not

have been more horrified than he was now at the sight of the old actress, standing close at his elbow, with her engle-like eyes fixed upon

She did not utter a single word, but drawing Comfort away, led her to her dressing-

Desmoro inwardly blest Mrs. Polderbrant. for whom he was beginning to entertain a certain amount of affection; and feeling more and then look out, that's all, I says to yo at contented in his mind at seeing Comfort thus contented in his mind at seeing Comfort thus carried out of the immediate reach of Mr. Mackmillerman, he at once sought his own apartment, and commenced disrobing himself.
It had been a night of more than common

excitement to our hero, and his spirit was op-pressed and strangely troubled. A vague dread of some approaching evil was filling his mind, a dread that seemed to increase the more he tried to shake it off.

In this state of mental uneasiness, Desmore's thoughts wandered back to his grand-father, the village schoolmaster. Had the old man much regretted his absence, would he be glad to see him again?

Desmoro loved his kinsman dearly, but a new affection had taken root in his heart, an affection which was daily growing stronger and stronger, which was binding him to his present mode of life, more firmly than any iron bonds could have held him.

Desmoro accompanied Comfort home that night, and stepped into the house in order to make inquiries concerning Shavings' state.

The clown had been violently delirious, but the paroxysm was past, and he was now lying under the effects of a strong narcotic, which the doctor had just administered to him.

she could render him.

cessary care and comfort, Desmoro quitted the clown's lodgings, and made his way back to the theatre, which was now closed in every part.

Desmoro knocked at the stage-portal once,

twice, and thrice, before he was able to arous its keeper, who growlingly demanded the name of his disturber.
"It is I!" answered Desmoro, somewhat im-

patiently. "You know well enough that I was out!"

The lock was turned, and the door was opened by l'idgers.
"I knowed nothin' o' the soort!" grumbled

he in reply. "Do you fancy that I've got Paris; I, myself, prefer the latte nout to do but to think about yo? Yo moight French cuisine is so deuced fine!" be the Emperor of all Rossher to hear yo

Desmore looked at the man in undisguised surprise.

"You might use less impertment language, I'm sure," he observed.

" To yo?"

"Yes, to me!"
"Ho, ho! I sees mysel' a-doin' o' that, don't I'?" " Have you been drinking?" asked Desmoro. staring at the speaker in increasing astonish-

"Yod better go an' tell Maister Jellico as much," returned l'idgers, insolently. "It would ony be loike yer sneakin' ways to do much.

Desmoro writhed; but he controlled his rising anger.

"Give me a light, and hold your saucy

tongue," he said, as calmly as he could.
"My sarcy tongue!" echoed Pidgers. "An' what may yors be, I should like to know?"
"Mr. Jellico shall be informed of this, never

"Oh, I said so, didn't I?" blustered the Cerberus. "I knows what yo are, I do; an' may be somebody else will be soon a findin' of

yo out, yo red-handed cur, yo!"

Desmoro actually reeled backwards, as if a blow had just descended on him; his back against the wall, his mouth and eyes agape, and his fingers all tightly clenched together. "Yo ain't gotten that red hand o' yourn fur

But the speaker was here interrupted by

throat.
"Another word, dog, about my red hand," he cried, between his set teeth, his wrath fully aroused,—"another syllable about it, and you shall never breathe again!"

Pidgers was now pluned against the wall, Desmore's superior strength holding him there, despite the vigorous struggles he was making in order to free himself.

" I'll pur (kick) thee to death some day!" grasped the Cerberus—his face of a purple hue, his language according to his own county. "Yes, and that you shall, when you can get

convulsed.

"I ain't finished with yo just yet," gasped he. "Wait awhile, an' yo shall see!"
"Give me a light, dog!" repeated Desmoro,

haughtily.
"I'se not! Get a light for yorse!" answer-And the great star unbent himself towards at the heantiful girl, and actually paid her a thunder-cloud. "An' tell Maister Jellico handsome compliment on her able performance whaten yo please."

"That I shall do without your permission," rejoined our hero, in disdainful syllables.

Here Pidgers reluctantly ignited an oil lamp, and laid it on the table.

He spoke not, but he had bitter feelings in

Desmore took up the lamp, and, without "Oh, if I were not so sensitive!" he ex-

waist, his breath stirring the tresses on her brow.

Still attired in her queenly robes, and looklike to lose sight of the horrid disfigurement to lop off the limb as I would the rotten branch from a tree! Oh, my dead mother! from your home above the skies, look down upon your poor boy—look down upon and protect him!"

CHAPTER XII.

"MAYBE, I'll not forget bein' throttled by yo" uttered Pidgers, as Desmoro disappeared.
"I'll be hanged rather than not hev my revenge on yo," he added, shaking his clenched hands threateningly in the air, and hissing out his words rather than speaking them. But I won't be in no hurry, my foine feller: I'll wait until I can get a strong pull at yo

So saying, the Cerberus crept under his blankets, and composed himself to rest. But the man's dark thoughts banished all

rest from his pillow.

He was thinking of Comfort, or beautiful which he could remove that obstacle. A regarded by him than a straw. His heart was hard as adamant, his passions fierce and un-

Mrs. Symure had withdrawn from the fellow—a credit to the name of Symure," dining-room, and Colonel Symure was left pursued the Colonel, very warmly. "We, in alone with his brother, who had only arrived our youth, had more than a common share of The landlady of the house, who appeared to at Braymount & few hours ago.

want for any attention that singlety man, loving good eating and drinking, and noble mind. I've only seen him once, Percy, Thus assured that his friend would receive living for little clse; and for his principles, but that once has worked a perfect reformation of the work of the wo

Caroline had quitted the room Desmoro. now was his time to speak without any fear of being interrupted.

Percy was sipping his wine, and the Colonel was absently toying with his empty glass.

"I don't think the air of Braymount agrees

with you, Des," the elder gentleman remark-ed. "You are not looking so well as I ex-pected to see you looking. I wish you'd quit the army, and live a free life in London, or with you, Des," the elder gentleman remark Paris; I, myself, prefer the latter place-

voice proceeded no further. He was fearful that his brother would not understand his feelings—that he would not number that he would not number th carrying out his intentions as regarded Des-moro Desmoro, hence his present hesitation

embarrassment. "Why don't you do as I advise, Des?" pursued Percy. "Caroline says she hates a military life, and I am sure you yourself don't care much about it. Why do you so cling

to it?" "Because my soul recoils at the bare idea of being wholly dependent on a rich wife. My profession prevents me from being so far

humiliated as that."
"Humiliated!" cohoed the elder brother,
with a light laugh. "What a queer fellow you are, Des; you're not a whit wiser than you were nearly seventeen years ago. Jove! what scrapes you did contrive to get yourself into in those bygone days! Do you remember that Nole-Nole-confound the name of the place, I have it on the very tip of my tongue _Nole----'

"Note—"
"Noteman's Hill," flushed the Colonel.

"Ah, that's it! Do you remember that
Noteman's Hill business, Des? And how
fortunately I was spared a journey from
London to that out-of-the-way place?"

"Yes, Percy, I recollect all about it, and it
is concerning that particular business that 1

is concerning that particular business that I wish to speak to you now."

exclaimed Percy, suddenly putting

down his upraised glass.

"You can call to mind the fact of my

Desmoro, who suddenly seized him by the thront.

"Another word, dog, about my red hand,"

"A son, Dos! You? Oh, ah, to be sure I

can! What a predicament you were in at that time, weren't you? Well, well, you got out of it capitally, didn't you?"

it capitally, didn't you?"

"No, Percy; not capitally, but disgracefully, heartlessiy, and wickedly." heartlessiy, and wickedly." heartlessiy, and wickedly." heartlessiy, and was the alarmed question. "Really, Des, you have become a very strange fellow!"

"Ilavo I?" returned the Colonel, with a wan smile and a sigh. "I only wish that I had always felt as I feel now."

"Pon honer, if I can comprehend you!"

"Pon honor, if I can comprehend you!"

"Listen, Percy. I am no longer a young man; I am arrived at an age when my soul yearns for something mere solid and enduring than the mere frivolities of fashionable life. I have an empty heart—for Caroline, although my wife, occupies no single atom of it. Well, can you wonder when I tell you I am longing for that son of mine, born in lawful wedlock at Noleman's Hill, where it was left, utterly parentless, to struggle through the world, even as chance might have it?

"Don't interrupt me, Percy," cried the Colonel, excitedly,—" hear me out. I have found my described son !"

"Found him amongst a set of strolling actors and-

"Stop, stop! you are confounding me, Des," Percy exclaimed, his face becoming redder than usual, but his outward manner remain-ing perfectly undisturbed. "Found your son drops flowed on.

In vain the delighted audience called for the actor; that gentleman was now bending over Comfort, whispering pretty nothings into the might headless are considered and solutions. The might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. The might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. In the might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. The might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. The descent in the might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. The descent in the might headless are considered and solutions are considered and solutions. The descent in the delighted audience called for the way to his own apartment; at which Explain, my dear fellow; but do so in a calm, rational manner, I beg; don't ruftle my nerves with any startling announcement, or a fit of the gout may be the consequence to me. I hope the girl's heedless ears.

Desmoro was looking on, consumed with claimed, within himself. If I could out to hear to see this man jenlousy. He could not bear to see this man vulgar and the heartless! Red Hand!" he looking vexed and worried about something this stained nalm, or other; you've not been making a dolt of never tell Lucy a word about my doings, and she never expects me to do so. Goodness knows, she teases me enough as it is; then what would she do were she to be made the repository of all my shortcomings and peccadilloes!" And Percy chuckled, and

drained his wine-glass.

"Well, go on, Des," he said, preparing himself to listen. "Well, having found my son, Percy, I have

wish to claim him."
"Claim him, Des!" burst forth the listener. " Are you going mad?"

"On the contrary, quite; I am just coming to my senses." "You are wanting to acknowledge that Noleman's Hill brat?"

"Who is my legitimate and only child-" Dear, dear!" returned Percy, fretfully, " I

came down here for peace and quietness, Des —for Lucy was wearing the life out of me at home—and it appears that I have only excaped from one evil to encounter another— He was thinking of Comfort, or neautiful Comfort Shavings, whose fresh feminine charms were daily bursting into view, and sleep refused to visit his cyclids. He hated Desmoro, and he was meditating upon the means he could devise in order to crush him. Pidgers had no religious faith; he acknowledge mischief. Acknowledge a son!—the son of a mischief. another of greater magnitude. How on earth Pidgers had no religious faith; he acknowledged no creed whatever, and therefore owned neither honesty of principles nor compunction. Whatever will Caroline say to all this? I He was a man who, seeing an obstacle to his know what Lucy would say to me in such a wishes, would heed but little the means by case! By Jove, Des, do reflect a little upon what you are about to do! If you claim this buman being in his way would be no more boy, and introduce him to the world as your regarded by him than a straw. His heart was own, you may depend on't that you will have no more domestic happiness.

Brood, brood, brood, until at last sleep overpowered him, and wrapped his senses in true happiness for me!"

The elder brother shrugged his should be absolute.

"This son of mine is a splendid young personal pretensions, but we had not a tithe be a very kind-hearted person, was in attendance upon the sick man, and promised that he should not want for any attention that slightly husky voice. He was an indolent shu could render him. Colonel Symure, whose heart was filled love this lad as thought he had been reared by with one particular object, had prepared my side, and had grown into my heart for himself to speak to his brother of Desmoro years and years, and I am ready to risk everything in order to gather him to my breast, and

> Percy Symure stared at the speaker for a few seconds, as if unable to credit the evidence of his cars. "You are mad, surely, Des," breathed he

> his eyes still fixed on his brother's face. " B what unlucky clue did you discover this branch of your family tree?

> "You remember that he was born with a red

me to recognise him at a single glance." "And what are you going to do, Des," asked his brother. "You have not compromised yourself in any way with the lad-you have not spoken to him?"

"Not yet; but I have written to him, telling him that a friend of his father wishes to see him."

"Des, you are going the way to ruin-to absolute ruin!" said l'ercy Symure, in an emphatic manner. "For heaven's sake desist there is time to desist in it! If you are determined to persevere in your folly, I must leave you at once, else I shall have a fit of the gout on me ; and-

gout on me; and—"
"Percy, have some honesty; and for your
manhood's sake, be less selfish. By your
advice, I plunged myself into a heinous sin;
I deserted my own child; help—help me now

to repair the wrong I did!"
"Help you to make a simpleton of yourself, Colonel Symure!" he returned, his countenance of a purple hue; "not I, indeed! I'm in hot water enough at home with Lucy; I'm not going to get into any here with your peppery Caroline. Jove! if I had but known of all this, Braymount would never have seen

me—never!"
"You refuse to give me either your advice or your aid in this business, Percy?"

"Distinctly and decidedly I do. I'll have pure gem must be mine."

Caroline ets to hear of this affair, you are a wretched nan for life.

And w 1 these words, Percy Symure started up 1 m the table, and the brothers, together ade their way to the drawing-room

Colon Symure was very silent all the remaind of that even g, and sadder than even h ad been before. He was deeming himsel 3 of the most reseable men alive wardly groaning over the troubles and w e ha a gught upon himself He would not, if he d help it, talk any more with his

brothe in the subject of Desmoro; he would not evalue; to that subject again. No, he would ollow the impulses of his own newly awak aed feelings, and seek counsel from none. His cother Percy was more selfish now than ever, and he had nothing to hope for from him in any way.

Well, Mr. Symure, being left at rest, did not

return to London as he had threatened to do, but remained to saunter about Braymount and its neighborhood, to waste his time in looking under every bonnet he met, and in writing long and affectionately-worded letters to Lucy, concerning whom he did not care a single

Meanwhile, Caroline, full of mean and unworthy doubts, kept a close watch upon all

her husband's looks, words and actions.
He could scarcely stir but she was at his dogging his steps hither and thither, with inquiring and angry looks. He had few chances of quitting home, save on a pretence of attending to his military duties, and as he was afraid of his wife following him, he remained in-doors, fretting and fuming the weary time away in longing for that which he could not get an opportunity of reaching. And thus day succeeded day without his

being able to invent any plan by which he might gain an interview with Desmoro, or learn whether or not he had received his com-

Sometimes the Colonel was on the brink of reflection always checked his tongue, and kept it still. Yet he feared that she must one day it still. Yet he feared that she must one day in his cloak, emerged from the passage combe informed of all, for he could not, would not, municating with the inner portion of the the-keep this aching secret thus for ever in his atre, and seeing Comfort, address d her. breast, there to gnaw his very life away. Oh! if he had but the courage to openly avow to her his past weaknesses, his past wrong-doings! But, no, he had not the fortitude to do so just yet; he would wait a little longer,

Round Pidgers's throat the next morning there were certain purple marks—the marks of Desmoro's fingers. These discolored streaks idgers saw when he looked in the piece of looking-glass he had.

"I'll mak him pay me for these," he said, within himself, as he examined his neck all round about. "I'm gotten a scheme in any head that'll floor my foine gentlemon completely! I'll let him see that I ain't a-goin' to be twisted and throttled by him fur nothin'. Perhaps he thinks that I ain't made o' the same soort o' stuff loike as hissel', an' that he can knock me thisens an' thatens, jist for his own partic'lar pleasure! Wait awhile_that's

Then the Cerberus seated himself before his fire and proceeded with his dark thoughts; weaving a subtle plan whereby he hoped to crush the unsuspecting and innocent Des-

CHAPTER XIII.

Well, Shavings still continued in the same delirious state, and there appeared to be but little hope of his amendment.

Comfort's anxious eye questioned the doctor every time he came to visit her father; but the medico made her no verbal reply, but ever

sadly shook his head. The young girl was full of sorrow and terror. She believed that she had no living creature in the world save her father—who had been everything to her that parent could be to a child—and she was dreading being left without either protector or friends.

be sure, Mr. Jellico was always very kind to her and so also was Mrs Polderbrant but their kindness could never repay her for the loss of her good parent's caressing love—oh, never, never!

Then Comfort thought of Desmoro, and a soft thrill pervaded her frame, as her mental eye presented the young man's handsome visage to her, and her ears recalled the tones of his musical voice.

In many respects Comfort was older than her years, but her mind knew no guile, and her nature full of feminine softness, simplicity, and goodness. "Tis true that her life had been replete with hardships of one sort or other— 'Tis true that her life had been for her father and her had not been long attached to Samuel Jellico's company—but needy coarse, and worthless as her associations had frequently been, there was no tinge of vulgarity about herself—she had escaped without one impure taint, without a speck that could sully the loveliness of her face and form.

Her recent intercourse with Desmoro had done much towards developing her mind, which, as you may imagine, had been overrun with crude matter, with many weeds and brambles. All the lessons that had been taught, and the learning he had acquired from the perusal of useful books, he had instructed her in. And Comfort, understanding the full value of her lessons, was careful not to forget And Comfort, understanding the full

During the term of Mr. Mackmillerman's engagement at the Braymount Theatre, Desmore had but little time to call his own, excellent manner in which he had lately acquitted himself in the character of Romeo, had induced the manager to entrust many other important parts to his hands, hence his hours were all fully employed with tasks-with tasks which he could not neglect. However, when he could snatch a few moments from business to ascertain his state, and to get a peep at the fair face of Comfort Shavings, in whom Mr.

Mackmillerman had become greatly interested. Yes, the actor saw the precious jewel, and, seeing it, coveted it as he would have coveted a mine of wealth, with longing, greedy eyes. He marked her talents, and her rare beauty, and he said unto himself, "Some day this

Mr. Mackmillerman was a fine man, and he was tolerably wealthy as well; and, what was still more, he was proud of his looks and his gold ; vain of his stalwart figure, arrogant and

pompous likewise,
The night was a tempestuous one. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the rain come down in dashing torrents.

Pidgers was crooning over the fire, listening to the storm-blast as it roured down the chimney, when Desmoro and Comfort, attired for walking, appeared, ready to start forth. Pidgers turned round at the sound of Com-

Desmoro and she were standing at the door together, looking out into the darkness, almost

dreading to face the pelting rain.
""What a night it is, Desmore!" shuddered she, drawing her hooded cloak closer about her. "I am so sorry to take you out into the wet: let me go home by myself for this once; no one will harm me, I am sure, and I'll run

"Let you go home by yourself, Comfort!"
repeated he, "Indeed, I shall do no such thing! I'm not afraid of a little water, I am only vexed that you are compelled to face this storm. I don't care for myself, I ought not to do so, you there are for mysen, I ought not to do so, you know, when you are in the case," he-added, with an air of youthful gallantry, and lowering the tones of his voice—of that voice whose accents the girl was so learning to love above all other earthly sounds.

Pray do not mistake my meaning. Comfort's affection for Desmoro was such as she might have felt for her own brother—a pure attachment, which, with her advancing years, might be likely to ripen into a different and

more ardent feeling. Yet I will not say, young as she was, that Comfort was utterly devoid of the natural co-quetry of her sex. She like a pretty dress, or a becoming hat, as well as any woman, and, as far as she could be, she was always especially

neat in her attire, both on the stage and on it.
While the young couple were thus standing at the door, about to issue forth, Mr. Mackmilmaking a confident to his wife; but further derman's private vehicle drove up, and, at the same instant, that gentleman himself, wrapped

"You are surely not going home in this storm, and on foot?" said he, paying no atten-tion to the presence of Desmoro, who kept his place by the young girl's side.

doings! But, no, he had not the fortitude to do so just yet; he would wait a little longer, and see how chance would aid him.

Thus, withheld by his coward-fears, he still continued in his reticence, and in his mental anguish also; his state uncared for and unnoticed by his careless and selfish brother.

Round Pidgers's throat the next morning

more, where it was firmly held, as in a vice.

"How absurd!" laughed he. "You played Ariel little augel to-night; and I must not

have you catch cold by following one of your own coy whims. Come!" At this instant, Mrs. Polderbrant, in her buttens, a huge beaver bound on her head, and an immense gingham umbrella in her hand,

issued from the passage, and stood behind the She paused on hearing the star's voice-

paused and listened "I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, Mr. Mackmillerman," said Comfort, very resolutely, "but I must beg to decline it. I do not live many hundred yards from here—I shall get home almost directly."

The great tragedian bit his lips at this; while Desmoro's heart beat fast and gratefully under the girlish arm that was being pressed so closely and so contidingly to his side.

The wind just now swept down the alley in a sudden gust, and the rain fell in even greater torrents than before.

It was, indeed, a night of fearful storm; yet Comfort was willing to confront the fury of

the elements, rather than accept Mr. Mackmil-But that gentleman's intentions were not to be opposed without his showing some resist-

ance against those who opposed them. He could not suffer himself to be balked by this young girl-oh, no, certainly not!
"You shy, pretty creature!" he cried, sud-

denly encircling her waist.

And, before Desmore could regain his hold of the arm he had permitted to slip through his own, Comfort was lifted up, carried to the vehicle, and placed inside it.

" No, no! if you please, Mr. Mackmillerman !" cried she, struggling to get out of the convey-ance. "I beg you will not insist upon taking me against my will! Desmoro!"

" Make yourself quite easy, my dear," replied a well-known female voice. " I shall accompany you!" Oh. Mrs. Polderbrant, it's you!" exclaimed the young girl, in relieved accents.
" Mrs. Polderbrant!" uttered Mr. Mackmil-

lerman, in great disgust. "Here I am, close at your elbow, my very good sir, ready to accept of your gallant escort home on this awfully tempestuous night."

The gentleman looked aghast as Mrs. Polder-brant, pattens, poke bonnet, umbrella and all, thrust herself before him, and entered the equipage.
"Miss Comfort lives at No. 2, Crossby Cot-

tages, Spring Green," added she, addressing the owner of the conveyance. "Please to tell the driver the address, Mr. Mackmillerman," she added, in the coolest manner imaginable; "and don't stand any longer in the rain, but come into this dear cosy nest, and make yourself comfortable !"

The gentleman fumed and guashed his teeth in impotent fury. He had been outdone by Mrs. Polderbrant—by the woman whom he

most detested. But he did not let her perceive his rage, his boiling fury—oh, no, he would not accord her so much satisfaction, so much triumph over him-he crushed it all buck, and calmly addressed his coachman.

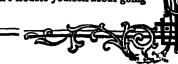
" Prudon, drive to No. 2 Crossby Cottages, Spring Green. Good night, ladies," he added, closing the door of the carriage, and disappear-

ing in the darkness.
"What! are you running away from us, Mr. Mackmillerman?" shouted Mrs. Polderbrant, her head thrust out of the vehicle. "Well, I must say I never met with such strange beha-

viour in all my life! Go on, coachman!" " No, no; I would much rather get out!—I would, indeed, Mrs. Polderbrant!" said Comfort.

"Let me get out, I entreat you!"

"Don't be a little ninny!" replied that lady, in her usually brusque fashion. "Sit where you are, and don't trouble yourself about going





HEARTHSTONE.

The equipage was now rolling along the public road. Comfort was sitting as in a dream, and Mrs. Polderbrant was laughing leartily.

Three-five pound notes and some gold! Pidgers was arich man! How his bleared eyes gloated over his ill-got gains, and how his evil spirit rejoiced at what he had done!

turned aside and trudged homeward on foot; row! I'se fairly hungry a wishin fur that morwhile Desmoro, inwardly pleased with Mrs. row to comp!"
Polderbrant's fate conduct, went back into the And the ruff theatre; where the performance being over, the lights all extinguished, he sought his

homely little couch.
Pidgers looked out into the night—which lantern was burning, he produced several articles, and placed them before him.

his hair had been recently cut and oiled. Alto-gether, he presented a different appearance from his tormer ragged, dirty self.

But, notwithstanding that fact, he remembered that he had failed to draw Comfort's at-tention to himself—she had never once looked at him; and, consequently, his improved looks been noticed by her for whose sake

they had been so much improved.
"It aren't of anny use thinkin' of her while I everybody else, when I'se got the cash to linger. I tion.
I wonder how manny of those five-pun notes Mi the ould witch hev' got, an' wheer she do keep 'em? Under her pillar, I'll lay a weger!" he added, examining a black mask, which he had abstracted from the property-room of the theatre, and a lump of red paint.

Pidgers glanced around the room, at the closed door communicating with the stage, and listened to the splashing rain without.

That Desmoro chap 'Ill not coom down here agin: I'm safe enough so fur as that goes. Now fur it! If I down't git her pun-notes, I'll work out my spite on him, the varmint!"

Then the man took the lump of red paint, and mixing it with a little water, commenced was enduring great hodily pain, and her smearing the inside of his hand with it, until thoughts were full of aching trouble. his palm was very nearly the colour of that of

"My! that'll do!" he exclaimed, regarding his infamous work with wicked satisfaction.

on his hat, took up the lantern, covered its eye. The law, and let him pay the penalty of his sin. Jellico !? and stole out into the night, fastening the stage-

door behind him.

The wind was still blustering loudly, and the rain was falling in a drenching flood. But Pidgers cared nothing for the storm-he rather liked it at this moment.

He en erged from the alley, and reached the street, which was quite deserted now. From a was tolled. Buttoning up his jacket, and pull-ing up its collar (which served to half conceal his ugly face) Pidgers limped along as quickly as he could. Presensly he turned down a line dark and miry, where there were only a few scattered, humble cottages. It was a lonely spot ; Pidgers was well acquainted with it, and could have found his way along it blindfold, upon Mrs. Poldebrant lodged in one of those lonely force cots, and her landlady was an old widow, who was almost stone-deaf.

On one occasion, recently, this crafty knave, having been sent on a message to the actress, he had slily learned where she slept, and all he wished to know. Thus the dishonest task he hurt at it as she was ! had in hand presented but few difficulties to preferred to sleep in an apartment from which in case of danger—she might be able to effect

an easy escape. The man now paused before a lone little house; and, after putting on his mask, produced a bunch of keys, one of which fitting the common lock of the house-door, he quietly

Mrs. Polderbrant now prepare

noiselessly lifted it, and passed into the apartment, about which he cast an inquiring glance, the lodging of Samuel Jellico who was much On a narrow couch lay the actress fast asleep Her face was turned to the wall, but her regular and heavy breathing proclaimed her state of deep repose.

Pidgers put down his lantern, and drew near the hed; nearer and nearer he drew towards it; still she slumbered on, wholly undisturbed, not dreaming that the midnight robber was by her side. Stealthily he introduced his hand under her pillow. Ha! He had guessed aright; his fingers were grasping a purse, a leathern purse with crisp bank-notes within it.

At this instant, the sleeper turned suddenly, uttered a scream, and started up in bed in a bewildered manner.

"Thieves, thieves?" she shricked out, with all her might, her hands at the same time

grasping the man's shoulder.

But Pidgers, who had the purse in his safe possession, was now prepared to struggle with her—to struggle with her to the death, for aught he cared. His frame, although ungainly in the extreme, was of great muscular strength. Her twining arms and clutching tingers he but

little regarded; and, as for her cries, he knew that there was no one near to hear them. Presently she fastened her fingers in, and grappled with his hair, which act giving the man much pain, he dealt her a violent blow in the chest, whereat she loosed her hold of him,

and fell back upon her pillow in an almost in-sensible condition. Pidgers uttered not a sound, but taking up his lantern he lifted up his reddened palm be-fore the open eyes of the helpless woman: in the next moment he had extinguished the

light, and the place was in total darkness. "Good heaven!" she gasped confusedly: "that red hand! Desmoro Desmoro!" and

then she swooned, and all was still. Pidgers chuckled inwardly: his base purpose had been effected, and he was triumphant. Heedless whether his victim were alive or dead, he quitted the house, and, regaining the street, made his way back to the theatre. where, having washed the paint from his hand. and burned the mask, he proceeded to examine

any further for the present. We shall get his booty, the contents of the purse he had home without a wetting, thank goodness, which just stolen from Mrs. Polderbrant.

" Won't the ould witch mak' a rare fuss over "Nicely tricked, nicely tricked," Mr. Mack-millerman P she uttered, triumphantly; "tricked by Patience Polderbrant!" be smore, and that proud clap, Maister Desmore, and that I be capital fun for me. Oh, As the carriage rolled away, Mr. Mackmiller- I he's gotten a 'ed on my shoulders, not a turman, fuming with disappointment and rage, nip as they maybe think it! Wait until to-mor-

And the ruffian rubbed his knotted hands to-

Pidgers looked out into the night—which brick. This done, Pidgers secreted, in the values on the last neet?" repeated the outer door, cant space, the stolen purse with the money inturned the nan, pretending to reflect upon the she task no netice of his appeal, but remained veyed home, and drawing near the table, on which a small side it, and replaced the brick as before.

side it, and replaced the brick as before.
"Now, 1 defies them !" he exclaimed, in an undertone, "an' I shall look the ould witch in | did." The man had on a suit of new garments, and | the face as bould as brass. Yes, yes, I be all |

her' empty pockets," mumbled he, under his rengeful anticipations. He was thinking of breath. "I must her' a sight of nuncy, an' how soon he should see Desmoro accused, and

she recovered her recollection she found that ion it." she was stiff and sore, and unable to rise. She could remember everything that had occurred: the masked robber and his red hand.

She shuddered, aftered a mournful cry, and her accents hourse, her eyes glassy, and her covered Ler face with the bedelothes. whole frame quivering. Send some one for

Merciful powers! how she had been de-ceived! She had deemed him one of heaven's purest sons, and loved him almost like her own! But she had done with him for ever, now: the midnight thief that he was!

By-and-by, she rose, and dressed herself. She

Desmoro was an engrateful, wicked young man, and described to suffer for what he had just done-for the crime be had lately committed. She would have no mercy whatever on him; she would deliver him into the hands of ful deed. She felt strangely ill, and thought it possible that she had received her errand. death-blow.

She said nothing to her landlady of the past dazed. night's event, but sat over her breakfast in tearful silence. She was a woman full of in-tegrity and high principle, one who would not The money that had been stolen from her was not her own! it had been entrusted to her care by Ralph Thetford, to be used for the benefit of

De more, should be ever require its use.

Well, he had not waited until the proper time when he might have received his friend's the youth's features; he looked surprised to generous help, but like a villain he had seized receive such early visitors, nothing more. upon, and possessed himself of, it by unlawful force — possessed himself of it just when she and in withering syllables, her arms stretched was planning to surprise him with a new suit out towards. Desmoro who was standing with of clothes.

What would Mr. Thetford say when he came

to hear of Desmoro's ingratitude and wicked-ness? Oh! surely he would be as amazed and

She could not cat a morsel of breakfast, she ma'am-sir? Whyhim. Mrs. Polderbrant occupied the ground floor of the dwelling; she had always a great fear of fire breaking out in the night, and she less Desmoro, and her bosom was filled with "What does it me

contending and agonizing feelings.
But no matter what she felt, his sin merited punishment; and what he merited, he should have.

Such were Mrs. Polderbrant's reflections as

Mrs. Polderbrant now prepared herself to go made his entrance. All was still within; he could hear only the blustering wind shaking the casements of the cottage, and the heavilystorm. She was looking dreadfully haggard, by his rol hand? everything around. A door was in front of him—the door of Mrs. Polderbrant's bedroom.
Laying his fingers on the entrance-latch, he

she had at first thought of doing, but towards ed by his hand!" astonished at her early and unexpected call.

Are you ill?" he asked, as she entered the room where he was sitting breakfasting.
"III!—yes! Almost dead!" she answered,

He pointed to a chair, upon which she sank,

in breathless agitation.
"Bless met What on earth is the matter with you, Mrs. Polderbrant ?"

"I've been robbed, Jellico !" returned she, as soon as she could speak again. "Robbed, and nearly murdered as well?" " Good heavens!"

"I do not think I have many hours to live; am feeling sick unto death."

"Can I get you anything-iny assistanceyou really alarm me!" said the manager, in con-fused syllables. "When were you robbed, and She did not answer him on the moment. She

was unable to do so.
"Come with me!"she uttered, at length, her

and pressed upon her bosom ; came with me, I charge you. I have a piece of justice to perform, ere I die !" "I cannot understand, my dear Mrs. Polder-

brant. I am in the dark, quite! Will you not explain yourself to me ?" She shook her head, while her face assumed

quite a leaden hue. Jellico rose and nut on his hat. He looked much perplexed, and as if he would have liked matters to be explained to him.

"Thank you," she said; "I want you to accompany me to the theatre."

To the theatre !" he echoed. "Yes."

" But wherefore there?"

"Ask no questions, I entreat !"

"You do not appear to be able to walk so far," he observed, seeing her stagger to her

"I'll manage to do so," she replied, hollowly.

her present state.

Mrs. Pelderbrant did not speak a single word more until she 1 ad reached the stage-entrance, where, thoroughly exhausted, she sank upon a done so he had been silenced by a wave of Mrs.

perfectly unconcerned. He knew well the observation with no more sin, ject of her visit there, and his tiend-like spirit. Poor Desmoro wrung

Recovering herself a little, she addressed the doorkeeper,
" Where's Mr. Desmoro?"

his head towards the passage leading to the

question. "I raly dumne whether he did or quite silent, with her eyes closed, and her white not. I can't recollect nothin' about it, if he lips tightly compresed together.

Mrs. Polderbrant long lay motionless and in or out. I couldn't, believe me, fur the cold, as one from whom the life had ited. When rheumatiz in the 'ed puts everythin' else out Mrs. Polderbrant had risen from her scat "Ask him no more questions—he's a dolf!" she uttered, with characteristic brusqueness,

whole frame quivering. "Send some one for a constable!" she added, looking about in a vacant manner.

"A constable P repeated the manager.

atence!" was her emphatic rejoinder. " Shall I go fur one?" asked the man, carer-

ly.

" Send him—send him?" breathed she, her hand laid on Jellico's arm. "Pd fitter send for a doctor, I think," he answered, noticing her altered manners, and the

athly pallor of her countenance.
"Let him fetch the constable!" she repeated.

Pidgers had his hat on, and was ready for his "Go !" said the manager, looking greatly

The man needed no further bidding-he was

" Now, for Desmoro!" panted Mrs. Polderhesitate to sacrifice even her own child, if that 'brant, staggering along into the passage, and thief could Mrs. Polderbrant possibly have been child had done anything unworthy or wrong. pursuing her way to the recon occupied by our possessed? hero, who was sitting over his morning meal, little anticipating such an interruption.

He started up on the estrance of Jellico and shave saved anything.

Robber !? cried Mrs. Polderbrant, abruptly, out towards Desmoro who was standing with yes and mouth agape. "Robber and assassin

both !" she added, sinking into a chair. " Mrs. Polderbrant !-- Mr. Jellico!" exclaimed Desmoro, looking from one to the other in utter amazement. "What does this mean,

The manager raised his hands and his

"What does it mean !" echoed she, through her white, onlyering lips. "It means that you are a villain-a mean, dastardly thief! Where is my purse—the purse you stole from me last night? Bear witness to my words, Samuel Jel-Bear witness to my words, Samuel Jellico!" she broke of to say to him; " they are true words-the words of a dying woman i This young villain, his face concealed by a mask, broke in upon me last night, and robbed me but despite his concealed features, I knew him

And so saying, she leaned back, and closed

her eyes. Desmoro was speechless, and standing perfeetly motionless. Manager Jellico was look- | frightful iron rings.

ful nightmare. " What have you to say to this terrible accusation, young man ?" he asked, addressing Desmore, and speaking in severe accents.

" 1-1 am wholly bewildered, sir, and scarcely know whether I am asleep or awake," was "I do not comprehend one syllable Mrs. Polderbrant has sold; and how should I, sir, seeing that I am innocent of ever having

c her wrong in any way ?" "Innocent !" young man! How have you deceived me? I loved you dearly, and you have repaid my love with treachery and violence. But you suffer for the evil you have done. I will struggle against the dark messenger until I have given my testimony against you, then Patience Polderbrant will close her eyes and take her eternal rest."

She had spoken this bitterly. firmly convinced of Desmoro's guilt, and she believed that she would be only fulfilling her duty in giving him into the hands of justice, would be punished according to his well-merited deservings. She knew that she do so, was dying, yet, even in her last moments, her "He sternness of character did not soften a single

But it was with pain that she now obeyed the harsh dictates of her honourable nature. She had no revengeful feelings to gratify in this atfair; she was simply following the course which she imagined to be the straight and hon-

While she was lying back in her seat, waiting the coming of the constable, her bosom. was arassed by a score of contending feelings. She did not trust herself to look at Desmoro; "Come " was arnssed by a score of contending feelings.
The manager's lodgings were not at any considerable distance of the theatre, else he would for she could not help remembering his par-

she had made to Ralph Thetford.

Once, twice, and thrice had Desmoro attempted to speak; but each time that he had crush me at once, and make an end of the persecuted Desmoro Pesmoro seat and panted for breath.

Polderbrant's hand, and a sharp request that he like yes, for the form of a fair girl had risen

spair, confused and terror-stricken. His heart cars was palpitating wildly, and his breast was filled

with many vague apprehensions.

He a tobber! Oh, heaven! when, were, and "In the house, marm," he answered, nodding how? How dazed his brain felt, as he thus how? How dazed his brain felt, as he thus from your home in heaven, hock down upon questioned himself! He looked at Samuel Jel-your poor, persecuted son! Look down upon, lico, then at Mrs Polderbrant, his accuser: and lich him in this his hour of dark need!" questioned himself! He tooked at Samuel Jelagain be spoke, begging the latter to explain herself to him.

the face as bould as brass. Yes, yes, I be all safe, all safe, all safe, and I'se gotten my spite on him besides I' senses all in a state of wonderment, and long man whom fate had thrown across his path, and besides I', and letting down a narrow press bedstead tumbled into it, and soon fell fast asleep, out of which sleep he did not wake until broad daylight.

Ite rose as usual, without fear of any kind. Ite felt no remorse for what he had done—not he! his base heart was still throbbing with hele! his base heart was still throbbing with hele! his base heart was still throbbing with hele! his base heart was still throbbing with a least of wonderment, and long man whom fate had thrown across his path, and sense all in a state of wonderment, and long man whom fate had thrown across his path, and he was grieved beyond measure to see him standing in his present fearful position. Of course he could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-him in I war so sleepy as not to remember nout about it."

"Your explanation is wondrously clear, Pidgers," rejoined Jellico, so mewhat severely.

If you do not sharpen your wits a little, I was sitting biting Lis lips, dreading the arrival of the constable, and wondering within his present fearful position. Of course he could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin where the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrand's state-ment. None who kin when the could not doubt Mrs. P

He was sitting biting Lis lips, dreading the avenged he! his base heart was still throbbing with shall have to provide myself with a fresh door- himself how the affair would end — whether hands in fiend-like gladness. Desmoro he revengeful anticipations. He was thinking of keeper!

> conducted himself so praiseworthily as Desmo-ro; who, in ill respects, had ever acted in an unright manner, his every act being open as the day itself. The worthy manager was both perplexed and distressed. He was thinking of the disgrace which the affair would be likely to null upon all the members of his company

> and that thought gave him inexpressible pain, Deso oro who w s leaning against the tire-place, his face blanched, his white lips twitching convulsively. A heavy, dull torpor seemed to have fallen upon him. This false and terrible accusation had almost paralysed his facul-tias, and his eyes were filled with a wild yet vacant expression, which struck dellico's kindly breast with compassion for the youth's friendless and helpless state.

> Surely, mused the manager there was some mistake in all this! Mrs. Polderbrant had always been a woman of eccentric manners—so much so, indeed, that people had sometimes doubted herentire sanity. She might, then, be suffering from son e sort of delusion at this moment, and under the influence of a disturbed brain, be doing a great and cruel injustice. Of course, she was wholly unconcious of her condition; she was acting according to her own impressions, and with an idea that she was acting rightly. Of what sum of money sufficient to tempt a

Knowing her salary, and the way in which she lived, Jellico concluded that she could not

Then what did she mean by thus raving about her purse? Assuredly, there was some mystery in all

this, he thought. But that red hand? Could Mrs. Polderbrant have fancied that she saw that?

Jellico was becoming more confused, as

to whom Mrs. Polderbrant gave Desmoro in charge. She told the constable that she was a dving woman, and she made him take down her de- looked at her most imploringly.

claration, which she made in a clear and connected manner, which left no doubt on his mind of the truth of her story.

All this while Desmoro offered no single syllable in his own defence. He stood rigid as a pillar of stone. He did not appear to be listen-

ng to what was being said by Mrs. Polderbrant; he was apparently quite uninterested in the scene passing around him. But when the officer of the law produced a pair of handcuffs, and approached to put them on the accused, a sudden change came over him. The sight of those hideous fetters had aroused Desmoro to a sense of his dangerous

position, and a thrill of horror pervaded his en-And now be could speak — now his speech came in a torrent of frenzied words, while his clasped hands were lifted high above his head, in order to avoid the imprisonment of those

ing at him, perplexed and horrified. At one ' "I—I am innocent. I am innocent of all moment he thought that Mrs. Polderbrant had 'knowledge of the act of which I am accused !" taken leave of her senses; at another time he cried, gazing first at one and then at anthat he was under the influence of some dread- other. Mrs. Polderbrant! Mr. Jellico! I was not out of the theatre after the performance was over, last night; the stage doorkeeper can prove that fact, prove it fully ! Pidgers, ' he added, turning to that individual, who had not yet withdrawn,-" Pidgers, you can say whether

I am specking the truth or otherwise! Speak!" pace or two nearer the door, as if disdaining to

reply,
"Do you hear, Pidgers?" proceeded Desrepeated she. "Oh, wicked more, with frantic carnestness, "Speak — low have you deceived me? I speak, in the name of heaven, and disprove this crushing impeachment which they prefer ngainst me !"

Noa, they'll mak' me sweer to my words; and as I'se not surtin whether you war in or out of the theatre last neet, I'se hould my tongue between my teeth an' say nothin'."
Desmoro uttered a cry of despair, and Pidgers, with a virtuous look upon his repul-sive countenance, halted out of the room, and disappeared entirely.

It was of no use; the only person who could establish Desmoro's innocence, refused to

" Here," he said, addressing the constable

have hesitated at allowing her to go thither in entless state, and likewise the solemn promises laughing aloud. "One's heart may be warped

soul with no more sin.

| before his mental vision, and the tones of Poor Desmoro wrong his hands in utter de-

6 Lost-lost to me for ever!" he exclaimed within himself, the nails of his elenched fingers cutting his desh, "Oh, my dead mother!

Well, Desmore was furried off to prison, and Mrs. Polderbrant, to whom a doctor had been summoned, was placed on a litter, and con-

She was aware that she was in an expiring ot. I can't recollect nothin' about it, if he disconting the state of he was grieved beyond measure to see him to it was now entirely broken. She believed standingin his present fearful position. Of course that she was upon the point of death, and that Desmoro was the cause of it. But she reflected that he was in the hands of justice, and that he ever question her integrity in either word or would be made to suffer for the deed he had deed.

Ves_yes, her death would be amply

Meenwhile, Pidgers was rubbing his wicked breath. "I must hev' a sight of nuncy, an' how soon he should see Desmoro accused, and then, PII maybe be able to get her to listen to me, fur I shall be as bould as brass to her an' everybody else, when I'se got the cash to finger.

I must hev' a sight of nuncy, an' how soon he should see Desmoro accused, and the gour pardon, sur," said the man, humbly; "but yo see I war fined last neet, and bad by; "but yo see I war fined and have removed on the call was fined way. And your have removed on the condition.

I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the would be way, and your have removed in the condition.

I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the would be way and your harden.

I be your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the would be war and the would be way and your harden.

I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the way, and your harden.

I be your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the way, and your harden.

I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbled to fine the way and your harden.

I beg your pardon, sur," said the m then be tried for murder, and would probably be condemned to suffer for that crime, for a

crime he had not committed.

"Ay, maybe, they'll hang him," cogitated Pidgers, s an a good job if they does, I says! A proud stuck-up, as he is! I said I'd hey my A profit stick-up, as he is! I said Pch hey my revenge on him, an' Use kep' my word—, Use kep' my word I'II goo an' see him tried, see if I don'I, an' Use grin in his face, an' wink my eye at him, an' show him how I hates the vary sight on his foin, smooth mag. I dar' say that they'll be fur bringing of me up as a soort o' witness in th' care. but I know how I hates and I witness in the case: but I knows how to hould my tongue and when to let it loose agin! I wasn't born yesterday! Noa, Laren't no fool, whatso yer 1 ooks like! I aren't a bit frightened noither t Use got the old witch's braze, an' this Desmoro smoro into a hubble, an' cares fur no moor, only Miss Comfort Shavins, who'll hev to speak gentle to me afore along I Use begun my game, but I'se not yet finished it! Wait awhite, says 1: things is goin' on as pratty as pratty can be, an' by-and-by, they'll p'r'haps goo on bet-ter still! rh, my! if I hadn't stin legs Pd donce for joy to think how Pse warked my end on Maister Desmoro Desmoro!"

Waen Mrs. Polderbrant reached her home, and they had laid her on her bed, she sent to the local magistrate, desiring him to come to her, in order to take down her dying deposition, saying that she was not quite satisfied to leave this matter in a common constable's hands.

And the magistrate's clerk waited upon the of rn. inflexible woman, and wrote down ner statement concerning the robbery, and the fatal blow she had received at the hunds of the robber whom she declared to be no other than Desmore Desmore, the red-handed, who was now in close custody, confined in the Braymount

gaol "Yes," repeated she; 6 Desmoro Desmoro, these mental queries, one after another, presum and none office, robbed me last night, and dealt sented themselves to him.

At length, Pidgers returned with a constable, whose speak of life is well-nigh quenched, who will some stand before the flow of Independ will soon stand before the Bar of Judgment, do swear to these facts!"

Jellico, who was present at the moment,

He stooped over her pillow, and, in a low voice addressed her. 6 Do you know that you are putting a Indier about this poor lad's neck? I do not think him guilty; there is some mistake; your sight has been deceived in some way or other. For the love of mercy, recall, then, your words before it is too late to do so. Say that you are not certain that Desmoro was the cuttian who perpetrated this cruel outrage on you-in the name of heaven, leave this matter shrouded in doubt,

and do not go out of this world leaving a young Tife in such awful jeopardy !" Mrs. Polderbrant raised herself on her elbow,

and fastened her glassy eyes on the speaker.

6 Samuel Jellion", she said, in selection sant. solemn vet hollow tones, "shall I depart hence with a falsehood on my soul? There was no mistake at all. I saw his hand—the hand of the thief, and it was a red one-it was the hand of Desmoro Desmoro." Jellico grouned aloud.

6 Believe you in the words of the holy Gos-pel?" she went on. "Are we not told in it that blood should be paid for with blood?" Let it be so now-let it be so now!" she added, sinking back upon her pillow, the heavy death-dew on her brow. "I have only performed my duty in this wicked business, Justice must he done !"

"Without an atom of mercy?" asked he. " Let me sue to you for this poor young man?" he continued, entreatingly. " How would you be if He who is at the top of judgment—should but judge you as you are? Oh, think on that, and mercy will then breathe within your lips

like one new-made !" Alas, Jellico's beautiful quotation was lost! Patience Polderbrant's ears were deaf, and her breath was quenched for evermore.

(To be continued.)

The University of Melbourne has resolved, by an manimous vote, that women shall enjoy in future all the facilities for gaining knowledge and taking degrees which are already possessed by men and upon equal terms.

"Here," he said, addressing the constable, and presenting his wrists with a reckless air; "here; do with me as you please, I cannot avert my fate!"

The agent of the law answered not a word, but placed his manacles upon the young man's wrists.

As he did so, the iron seemed to enter into Desmore's very soul.

"For the second time," he inwardly uttered, glancing at his imprisoned limbs, and shuddering violently; "and on both occasions unjustly," he continued with bitter emphasis. "Well, maybe it will not be always thus," he went on, "Family Medicine.

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Publisher and Proprietor.

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AURDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

At the present time there are no less than twenty-three murderers awaiting trial in the Tombs prison, New York; if we take h indreds---we had almost said thousands--o' persons accused of murder are awaiting trial in the various prisons throughout the country. Of these twenty-three murderers from the corpses of their victims. Many of them have been there so long that their erimes are almost forgotten, and when their trials do take place, the circumstances of the marders will be as fresh as if they had never been related before. Out of these twenty-three it is possible that one or two unfortunate wretches, who have ho a moderate height from the ground they money, or political friends or influence, may be hanged in the course of a year or so, but the great bulk of the criminals will get off with no other punishment than the imprisonment they have suffered previous to their trials. One of the worst features in the matter is that the had cases are the most likely to be acquitted; noticeably is this the case with Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, and Foster of car-book celebrity; both these men have been tried and the juries "failed to agree" which is an almost certain forerunner of an acquittal by the next jury that tries them. Murders in New York are so common, that even the reporters seem to have lost a little of their zest in serving them up for the public, and murderers are such a drug on the market that it no longer satisfies the aspiring "interviewer" to spend an hour with Stokes in his cell and give the readers of his paper an exact and detailed account of dressed, what he said, what he are, what brand of eigars he smoked, etc., etc. Now, we would advise the reporters to lay their heads together and endeavour to get up a new sensation: let them bring all their weight and influence to bear to insure one conviction, and then they would have something novel to report. New York has been satiated with accounts of murders and a well-written report of an execution or two would doubtless be an agreeable change to the newspaper readers.

A curious report about a colebrated murderess has lately reached us, which at first looked like a joke, but on consideration we are prepared to believe it, in fact we are prepared to believe almost anything with regard to murderers in the United States. The report is that Mrs. Laura D. Fair, who shot Crittenden is about to petition the Legislature of the State of California to have the expenses of her second strength, durability and comfort. The beauty of the chair is that it can be placed in thirty trial refunded to her by the State, on the ground that she ought to have been acquitted at her first trial and not put to the fortable positions; it being capable of being converted into a bed, a child's crib, a lounge, or a rocking chair, bosides various easy and comfortable positions for invalids. The chair forms annoyance and expense of a second. This is decidedly cool, especially when we recollect that the first jury found the fair Laura guilty of the wilful murder of Crittenden, and that she was sentenced to be hung. By the strenuous efforts of her Counsel a reprieve was obtained, and subsequently an order for a new trial was granted, and at the second trial the jury unanimously agreed that lying in wait for Crittenden, and shooting him was not mur-

acquitted; and now she wants the State of California to pay the expenses of said acquittal. The State of California might reimburse Mrs. Fair, but if they do we shall certainly think that all the wise men have gone back to the East, and that none are left in the Legislature of the State of California. Another report, about Mrs. Fair is that she is to lecture this winter; we would suggest as the title for her lecture "What I know about murdering Crittenden."

MANSARD ROOFS.

Atthough mansard roofs are looked on as a modern invention, they are really about a century old, having first been used by Mansard, whose name they bear and who was superintendent of public buildings in the reign of Louis XIV. He is said that he was a wonderful adept in the art of flattery, and that one of his devices for flattering the King was to design some plans, some portion of which would be so impracticable that the most inexperienced eye could see it. When the plans were submitted to the King he would, of course, point out the inconsistencies, when Mansard would praise his perception and declare that if he had not been a King he would have made a great architect, at the same time blaming his own stupidity for committing such a silly blunder. It is not stated whether his celebrated roof was presented as a blunder or not, possibly it was, but modern experience has shown that it was an unfortunate day when Mansard invented his new roof, and that no greater agency for spreading a conflagration has the whole United States we will find that ever been found. The form of the mansard roof is against it, offering as it does many structive to the young. strongholds for fire to take possession of, but the principal objection is the material of which these roofs are made, which is in-variably wood, with, perhaps a slate cover-ing, but more commonly only a coating of tip. The roofs are placed on buildings in New York some have been in prison variably wood, with, perhaps a slate covermore than a year, while others are just fresh | ing, but more commonly only a coating of tin. The roofs are placed on buildings selves frequently as much as twenty-five or thirty feet in height, thus presenting a pletures are just the thing to delight the juvenile heart. tremendous accumulation of light timber, almost out of reach of the water power, for the fire to feed on. If these roofs were at a moderate height from the ground they would not be so dangerous, but it is the fact that they offer such a mass of combustible matter to the flames, at an elevation which reduces the water power to its minimum force, which makes them so difficulties. Comprised in about 2000 Brevier pages, quarto, with nearly 3000 Hustrative engravings. the fire to feed on. If these roofs were at minimum force, which makes them so difficult to deal with. If the mansard roof was constructed of iron and slate, or tin, it would probably be as safe, and certainly as ornamental a roof as can be found : but as long as they are constructed of wood they are dangerous in the extreme. Their danger has long ago been appreciated in London and there is a law against their use. Boston will probably pass such a bylaw now that the richest portion of the City has been reduced to ashes mainly through the instrumentality of these same mansard roofs. Will Montreal take warning by the fate of other cities and forbid the erection of these dangerous roofs, except they are perfectly fire-proof, or will our City fathers sit with folded arms and wait with new religious paper published in German at presions until the fire King lays waste a how the prisoner looked, how he was patience until the fire King lays waste a Preston, Ont., and is designed to fill in the Ger how the prisoner looked, how he was patience until the fire King lays waste a Preston, Ont., and is designed to fill in the Ger by the misfortunes of others. In opposition to the mansard roof General Shaler, who is one of the New York Fire Commissioners and who was in Boston at the time of the fire, states that the most potent agency in checking the conflagration was the oldfashioned brick houses with slate roofs which skirt the burnt district. Without attempting in any way to dwarf the noble exertions of the fire brigade he is still of opinion that had it not been for these oldfashioned houses the fire would have been

A THOROUGHLY GOOD THING .-- One of the most complete and useful inventions which we have lately examined is Wilson's Adjustable Iron Chair, the Canadian Agents for which are Dr. N. A. Smith & Co., 241 St. James Street. The frame of the chair is iron, and the upholstering a handsome parior ornament, and is peculiarly well adapted for a quiet smoke, or the enjoy-ment of a good book, it being provided with a leat and elegant reading desk which saves the trouble and fatigue of holding a book up, and is very convenient. Altho, the chair is ornamental and useful at any time, it is to the invalid that it will prove the greatest boon. We have tried it ourselves and have never found anything so comfortable and convenient for a convales cent. The variety of positions in which it can be placed, the accommodation of the reading desk, the soft and luxurious cushions all tond to make it a comfort and a blessing to the invalid. The chairs are sold throughout the Dominion at the uniform prices of \$25, \$30, \$35, according to the uniform prices of \$25, \$30, \$35, according to don, of a very peculiar kind. Its chief characder, and so Mrs. Fair was triumphantly and h, with \$5 extra for the writing desk.

much more extensive.

THE FIRE IN FULTON, N. Y.

(From the Fulton Patriot and Gazette, Nov. 20,

Yesterday forenoon our village was startled by the cry of fire. (We haven't any alarm, and are obliged to depend upon human lungs for notice in such a case.) The scene of the ex-citement proved to be H. S. Condec & Son's Knitting Mili, at the east end of the lower dam. When we first came in sight of the building, the finnes were pouring out of one of the lower windows, and the smoke rolled up in a dense cloud. The Fire Department was promptly astir, but in the meantline a more powerful agent than water was brought to bear upon the flames. But a few days before Mr. Coudes had parchased three Babcock Fire Extinguishers and when the cry of fire sounded through his mill he at once tested them. The fire originated in the picker, and the spark was blown into a small room partly filled with cotton. There the dre was confined, excepting what was smoking its way through the outside window. The Babcock Extinguishers were at once taken to the fire and set in operation, throwing a stream about as large as a pipe stem into this room, which was a perfect mass of fire. Two were used, and in an incredible short time, not to exceed three or five minutes, the flames were eximguished. There was comparatively little damage done by the fire, and none by water, as the flames were under control before the steamers could be got to work.

Mr. Coudee informs us that at the present time his mill is unusually full of work, both finished and in progress, but, fortunately, none of it was injured. Too much cannot be said in praise of these Habcock Fire Extinguishers, and we feel that our vilinge was saved a disastrous fire by their prompt use yesterday.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE DOLL WORLD SERIES. By Mrs. Robert (PRolliy, 3 vols in a neat little case, Roston; Roberts Bros. Montreal; Dawson Bros. Price \$3.

These three little volumes, Doll. World, DEBORAN'S DRAWER, and DAISY'S COM-PANION, are excellent stories for chil-dren and are particularly well adapted for a Christmas present as they are handsomely bound in cloth and embellished with six or eight engravings each. The style of the stories is good and they cannot fail to be interesting and in-

KING ALFRED AND OTHERE, the discoverer of

sixty or seventy feet high, and are them minated. The new version of Pass in Boots is selves frequently as much as twenty-live or well and pleasantly told, and the bright showy

John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, have in press and will shortly publish Potter's Com-PLETE BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA; a Universal Dic-

CASSELU'S MAGAZINE for December is as full of good things as usual. Mr. F. W. Robinson's serial "Little Kate Kirby" is continued, and grows in interest as it progresses. There is a curious paper on "How Oll was 'Struck' in Canada," by J. C. Dent; and two excellent short stories, "Two Events in a Quiet Life," by E. Claxton, and "Very Odd," by the author of "Mrs. Jermingham's Journal." The poetry in the number is very good, and the Illustrations are fully up to their usual standard of excellence.

THE ALDINE.—This is without doubt the very best are magazine published in America, and very nearly resombles the Art Journal of London. It contains twenty-four pages and has about thirty-six illustrations, printed in the most perfect manner on tinted paper. The reading matter is most carefully selected, and the utmost pains are taken in getting up the whole magazine. The Aldine is published monthly by James Sutton & Co., 58 Maiden Lane, New York. Price \$5 per ann.

THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST is the title of a large portion of our City, and we are taught same position that the Wilness does in English. by hitter experience that it is wise to profit promises to be well worth the subscription price, \$1 per annum.

Tom TAYLOR, the popular English dramatic author, has retired from his place in the Public Health Department of England on a pension.

States early in January.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A WOMAN'S VENGRANCE. A novel. By James Payn. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, 50 cents. For THE KING, By Charles Gibbon.

York: Harper & Brothers, Montreal: Daw son Bros. Paper, 50 cents.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A noy with microscopic eyes is the latest scientific wonder in England. He possesses the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to marvelous degree. His eyes were diseased when he was young, and he came near losing his sight, which, however, he gradually recovered It was found, however, that the internal structure of the eye had been changed, the corner being greatly enlarged, the crystalline lens be ing divided into three different parts, each part surrounded with a light blue circle; and in the center of each appears the Irls, diminished to the size of a pin's head. The patient cannot distinguish objects at a distance, they appearing blurred and misshapen. The magnifying power of his vision is stated at 5,000 diameters. A curious fact is that he will never examine water, having once discovered the vast number of infusoria contained in some which he was drinking, and the sight of which thoroughly frightened him. The lad, it should be men-tioned, has a wonderful talent for drawing and coloring with great accuracy the objects which come beneath his inspection. The case is un. der the particular attention of Sir Charles Madden, F. R. S., and of Dr. Crowder, the eminent

eristic seems to consists in howling at stated times. Regular hours are fixed during the day for engaging in this devotion, and twice during the night the members are obliged to rise and howl. At their stated meetings, (which are held in the open air, doubtless because of their inability to pay for a room to howl in,) they meet and howl in concert. Hence they have been very appropriately styled "The Howling Repentants," it is not a cheerful prospect, how-ever, that these votaries of the new faith have before them for spreading their peculiar religion for the police have a summary way of stopping their unearthly noise by marching them to the station-houses, and dealing with them in such a manner as to make them howl from a motive

The following are medical signs of dreams, as published in a medical work:—Lively dreams are, in general, a sign of nervous action. Soft dreams, a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often, in nervous fever, announcing the ap-proach of a favourable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about ruln and water are often signs of diseased nuceous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal distructions and disorders of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any special part of the body suffering, indicates disease in that part. Preams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the chest.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—It is generally supposed that the words and air of "God save the King" originated with Handel, in the time of George the First. It is also attributed to John Bull, musical professor, in Queen Elizabeth's time, who, it is said, composed it for a dinner given at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, in 1603, in honour of the accession of King James the First of England; and others ascribe it to Henry Carey, about 1743. The French claim it. History tells us that certain words to that air were always sung by the maidons of St. Cyr. were always sung by the maidens of St. Cyr, when Louis the Fouries the entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayers. It is said that De Brinon was the author of the rords, and Lulli, (who had been a scullion in hat monarch's kitchen), the father of the French opera, composed the air.

THE latest novelty in suicides comes from Cleveland, Ohlo, where an individual who had drawn a blank in a lottery, went to his death after the following unique and claborate preparations: He first procured a loaded revolver and connected it with clock-work, so that it should be fired off at a certain time. He then got into bed, and placing the pistol behind his ear, took dose of chloroform. Under the influence of the narcotic he then went to sleep. At the set time the clock-work pressed the trigger, dis-charging the pistoland haunching the slumberer mo, Edinburgh, Montreal: Dawson Bros.
Price 25 cents each.
A brace of capital Christmas books finely illustrates o neater, if not quieter than the guillotine.

> A QUEER country is China; a country where roses have no fragrance and women no petiti-coats; where the laborer has no subbath and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keel; roads bear no venices that the simps no keer; where old men fly kites and the accedic points to the South; where the place of honor is on the left hand and the sent of intellect in they stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture and to wear white garments is mourning ; which has a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar.

THE remains of John Howard Payne, the auther of "Home, Sweet Home," are to be brought from Tunis, where he died and was burled, and will be interred by the Faust Club of Brooklyn, at his old home on Long Island. The Club proposes to erect a monument to his

gular coincidence between the destruction of Chicago and Boston. The Boston fire occurred it the very same hour and on the same day of the week and month. The only difference is that one happened in October and the other in

A complete set of all the documents, opinion arguments, and other papers connected with the Geneva arbitration has been received at the Congregational Library in Washington. They include even the leading articles of the European press and are splendidly bound.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR HOBSE POWER

One of the results of the prevalent horse great impetus to investigations and experiments having for their object the substitution of some perfectly safe and practical motive power for street cars and road vehicles in place of horse and mule power. Certainly no stronger stimulus to inventive genius could be given. We believe that smoke-consuming WILKIE COLLINS will pay a visit to the United steam engines can be built, which shall noiseless in their operations and more easily managed than a pair of horses, that shall work as cheaply as that animal, either on street rails or off them, and which shall be unobjectionable in all respects. The great car and transportation companies of the country would do well to unite in offering a handsome prize for such an invention. This would excite the inventive skill of our mechanics, induce them to experimentalize liberally, and doubtless, in the end, produce exactly what is wanted.

It is stated, indeed, that a New Orleans

scientist has already solved the problem, so far as it relates to street railways. His engine, which has been thoroughly tested and pronounced to work most successfully, is said to effect a saving of thirty-three per cent of the cost of running cars by horse power. No fire is used. The driving engine is of ordinary character. It has a reservoir large enough to contain three hundred gallons of water with steam room above it. The boiler is of steel and is well covered with non-conducting material to prevent the radiation of the heat The motive power of the engine is obtained by means of the compression of steam in water, the steam being conducted from a stationary boiler at the end of the track, which dispenses with the firing-up process while under way. The steam with which the en-gine is charged is sufficient (according to the capacity of the boiler) to perform a trip of from ton to fifteen miles. At the time of obarging, the temperature in the boiler is about 380° Fah., the pressure of steam being about one hundred and seventy pounds to the square inch. There is said to be not the least danger of explosion in using this apparatus, as the pressure in the reservoir can never rise above the point reached at the time of charg-ing, and it is necessarily constantly diminishing as the power is expended; while so simple is its construction there is less skill required in handling this locomotive than a horse or mule. Some of the intelligent and ambitious mechanics and machinists of Pittsburgh might find their account in entering the same field of investigation and experiment .- American Manufacturer, Pittsburgh.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

l'inited States.—A fire occurred in the upper flats of the Fifth Avonue Rotel, corner of 23rd Street and Fifth Avonue, New York, on the night of Rote inst., seriously damaging the 23rd Street wing. The loss by fire and water is estimated at \$50,000, fully covered by insurance. The most melanchely feature of the fire was the burning to death of eleven servant girls of the hotel who were in what is called "the cockloft," the starts leading to which caught fire and the unfortunate girls had no means of escape. Two other girls who managed to get on the roof were seriously injured. There were 600 guests in the hotel at the time of the fire, but all escaped unhurt.—A Washington special states the old syndicate, in conjunction with Rothschilds, have offered to take the remaining three hundred million of the five per cent, bonds, and also a large portion of the four and a half per cent, loan.—A telegram from Yroka states that the Greek Indians have been get into their reservation, and are new quiet. —John W. Southwell was arrested in New York on 8th inst., on a charge of altering cheques of the First National Bank of New York; one from \$45 to \$45,000, and the other from \$30 to \$55,000.—The second officer of the Pacific Mail Company's steamship Sacramento arrived at San Diego. Cal., on 8th inst., in an open bout, with the news that the steamship Montana leaves San Diego at daylight to-morrow with orders to proceed to the wreck and relieve the passengers, and return with thom to San Diego, if she does not succeed in getting the Sacramento off the reef. The Sacramento had 150 passengers and 200 tons freight. The date of the disaster is not given.—The Heradd's Washington special says the Credit Mobilier investigation will show that several Congressmen for a time accepted onormous dividends from that concern, which they devoted to charitable and political purposes.—The warwith the Madonk Indians in Oregon continues. Goo. Frock and Chas. Murro were killed on Lost River. Troops from Linkville, Warren and Bidwell are marching

Edmand Forrest. the tragodian, died suddenly at Philadelphia on 11th inst.

CANADA—The Dominion Board of Trade will hold its annual meeting here under the Presidency of Col. Mediveren, commencing on the 15th Jan. It is expected that the President and Secretary, and possibly some other members of the National Board of Trade of the U.S., will be present.—The Pres Press believes that the revised census returns will place the population of the four undermentioned Provinces about as follows:—Ontario, 1620,855; Quebec, 1,191,555; Nova Scotia. 357,800; New Branswick, 285,777.

Hamilton contemplates the intraduction of the fire about the fear and telegraph system.—Great additions have recently been made to the parliamentary library—newards of 3,1720 volumes. —A number of improvements have been effected in the interior of the Parliament building.—A very destructive fire occurred at Oshawa, Ont., on 8th inst., a number of stores and dwellings were hurned, the total loss being about \$75,000, partially covered by insurance.

The Merryweather steam fire Engine lately purchased by the town of Whitby was promptly sent to 9shawa and saved the whole town from being destroyed, as the fire had got quite beyond the control of the local hand engines.—Hon, Joseph Cauchon has resigned his scat as member for Montmorency in the Local Legislature of Quebec.—The epizodic has not quite left Halifax yet, and ox teams are still used.—Hunters are taking large numbers of deer from the Uppur Ottawa District to the United States market via the Brockville and Ottawa R. R.—Execuations for the new Post Office have been commenced, and the work will be pushed forward rapidly by the contractors, Hatch Bross, of Quebec.—Action in a boun taken against Mr. Canchon for the numpose of imposing the penalty of Sito for each and every day he has illegally occupied a sent in the Logislative Assembly since the opening of the present session.—It is stated that Mr. Anger, advocate, will oppose Mr. Cauchon in the County of Moutmoroney.—A letter from Gaspe Bay, 6t

France —The number of petitions for the dissolution of the National Assembly circulating for signatures throughout Paris and departments is greatly increasing. The Profects of the several departments where the movement has assumed formidable preportions have been summoned to Versuilles. The members of the moderate left are in favor of the dissolution of the Assembly. — Ninety-two members of the Assembly, which belonged to the Left Centre during the September Government, and fifteen Moderate Republicans, including General Chanzy, M. Jules Favre, M. Casimire Perrier, and M. Leon Say, have united in the presentation to the National Assembly of the proposal for the reference to the Assembly of the proposal for the reference to the Committee of Thirty, suggesting the prolongation of M. Theirs' torm of office four years, the election of a Vice-President, the partial removal of the Assembly yearly, the establishment of the principle of Ministerial responsibility, the creation of a second Chamber, and the sattlement of the Executive and Legislative Departments. The struggle between President Thiers and the National Assembly continues. Thiers is gradually gaining strength.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Advices from Rio Janeiro to November 22nd, state that tienoral Mitro, the Argentine envoy, brought his negotiations with Brazil to an amicable conclusion. It is sottled that Paraguay shall make separate treaties with Uruguny and the Argentine state. Brazilian and Argentine troops are to evacuate Paraguay and Island Argen, three months after the conclusion of treaties. The treaty already made between Brazil and Paraguay is not disturbed. The allies in the late war against Paraguay are placed on an identical footing with regard to the indemnification of their expenses. Paraguay is to pay them upwards of 2 per cent per annum of war indemnity during the next two years and 6 per can annually thereafter, until the entire amount is liquidated.

ITALY.—The floods in the north of Italy continue to spread. Some of the larger towns are throatened.

—It is not true as reported that the Pope will leave Rome if the bill for the suppression of cortain religious corporations now before Parliament should pass.—Nuples advices report the band of brigands, headed by Mame, are becoming daily more daring and lawless, notwithstanding that a heavy ranson is offered for his bead. All efforts to capture the leader are unavailing.

the loader are unavaring.

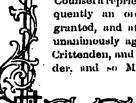
ENGLAND,—Several of the gas stokers, who were summoned to appear on a charge of conspiracy, have been found guilty and sentenced to six weeks imprisonment.—Viscounters Boaconfield, wife of Mr. Disraoli, is seriously ill.—The ship Franklin which sailed from Hamburg several days age for San Francisco with a large number of emigrants on board, grounded on the coast of Visland on the Island of Netherlands in the North Son and went to pieces. Eighty persons are known to have perished.

South Arriva.—Cape of Good Hope advices by mail state that a flerce buttle is going on in the interior between the Krele people and Tambookies, in which the lutter were whipped, and from 100 to 1,000 were slaughtered. Many of the natives were armed with Enfield and other European arms.

SWITZERLAND.—The Actoution for President and Vice-President of the Swiss confederation for the year 1873 has resulted in the choice of M. Ceresole for the former office, and Dr. Schenck for the latter.

SPAIN.—A body of Carlists entered the town of Alamesa last week, but wore met by troops, and repulsed after a sharp fight.

[3] AMAIUA. -- Large numbers of wealthy Cubans are leaving Cuba and purchasing plantations in Jamaica.







BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

On his face a close intentness,
In his eyes an earnest light,
Every movement or word needed
Brimfal of devoted might:
It is now his time of Business,
And as at a sacred shrine,
Does he hold with creed of granite
That all duty is divine.
Nothing shall give interference;
Business first, in pence or strife:
After that, whatever offers
For the beautifying life.

On his face a relaxation—

Now amusement he has won,

For the duties are accomplished,
And he'll laugh in Pleasure's sun.

He has right to: never conscience

Pierces with some lightning thought

That some dear desire triumphed

Ere to duty dues were brought.

So no discord mars the music

Made by mind and honest heart,

But a voice from the Great Worker

Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Whispers, "You've well done your part."
Wise and happy man or woman,
Thus to Business loyal, yours
To add also to earth's glory
While upon the mortal shores.
Loyal work that makes the ages
Show Humanity has right
To possess the throne of Matter
With the mind's heart's, muscle's part!
"Business then before all Pleasure,"
Let us sing on land or sea,
And the Pleasure when so carned, must
Larger, sweeter, holier be.

LARRY'S APPRENTICESHIP:

An Irish Fairy Legend.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, author of "God's Providence House," etc.

CHAPTER L

"Ah, sure, an' did I ever tell ye how the

M'Canns came to be carponters?"

This query was put by Margaret M'Cann (an old, valuable, fatthful, and warm-hearted Irish servant of my mother's) to myself and youngest brother, who were seated—myself on the kit-chen fender, and he on a low stool—listening to her true stories of Banshees and Leprechanns in both of which she was a stout believer.

She had just told us of the wailing banshee

she had herself seen and heard on the river bank, and of a leprechann in his red cap and ministure suit of green; and she had borne with perfect good humor our ridicale and banter over her credulity, when she put the sudden question, "Did ye know, then, how the M'Canna came to be carpenters?"

"I never knew they were carpenters" said I,

with a light laugh.

Why, Margaret, 1 thought all your family were farmers," cried Fred, with an assumption of prior information.

of prior information.
"Them's the Quins, Master Fred. They are all farmers to this blessed day; an' the M'Canns were farmers too, an' had a fine holding amongst she Wicklow mountains, just a trifle beyant Emuiskerry, till Larry M'Cann (my grandfather that was) met with an adventure amongst the Good People."

Here Margaret, being a devout Catholic, cross

"Good people! O, I suppose you menn

"Good people! O, I suppose you mean fairles," was my amendment.
"Sure, miss, an' I do; but we never speak of them but as the Good People. It's onlucky."
"O, that's only in Ireland," suggested Fred, with a droll wink at me. "In England, you may call them anything you like, and they won't mind it one bit." won't mind it one bit."

won't mind it one hi."

"Are ye sure now, Master Fred?"

"Certain. But, Margaret, what had the fairles to do with larry M'Cann's carpentering?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, of coorse as it wor towld to me, when I was a slip of a colleen no bigger

And Margaret settled herself on her chair with all the importance of an old story-tellor. "Ye must know that Larry was as fine an' strappin' a lad as ever stepped over the dasies. It was he that could handle a finil or a plough, or dig the praties, or stack the hay in the hag-gard. And when he went to chapel on a Sunday in his best frieze cont, with the ends of his bright hankercher flying loose, an' his caubeen cocked rakishly on one side, sure an' weren't all the girls in Enniskerry in love with his blue eyes an' yellow hair, an' were'nt half of them thing to have him for a backelor?" dying to have him for a bachelor?"

I pr sume we listeners looked mystifled with the w rd "bachelor" so applied, for Margaret explained, "That's what you call a sweetheart,

"But Larry, though not consuited, laughed with one girl, an' joked with another; an' whenever he went to Dublin, or Phoenix Park, or the Strawberry-beds, could take the flure with the best, and have the purtlest girl for a partner— an' troth it's he that could dance a Jig—but he never thought of takin' a partner for life, or of offerin' himself as a bachelor, till he met with Kitty Quin, an' her black eyes made a hole in his heart at wanst. Ho was nigh six-an'-twonty Seven Churches of Glondalough, an' sorra a bit could be mind his prayers from looking at her as she towld her beads so plously, without seemin' to think of the bachelors or her own protty face at all.

"Well, I heard grandfather say that though he was bowld and impident in his way with the lasses as any lad in Enniskerry, his knoos fairly knocked together, an' his heart went all in a flutter before he could bless himself, when Michael Quin tuk her by the hand, an' comin' towards him, said, 'Larry, here's our Kitty come back from Aunt Riley's;" an' whon Larry wor too dazed to speak, went on, "Have yez got a dhrop in yer cyo, man, that yez cannot see the colleen, or has Dublin made her so strange ye don't know her agin?"

"What Larry said he never remembered, but he folt as if he hadn't a bit of heart left, an' his words tumbled over each other like stones rolled downhill. He knew he had blundered out somethin', for Kitty's cheeks went red as the roses on her gown. She put out her soft little hand with a smile that showed two rows of teeth as white an' fresh as hallstones; an' she said modestly as a nun, 'I'm glad to see any of my owld friends again, Misther M'Cann.'

"He had sense enough left to take howld of the hand she offered; an' sure he must have given it a hearty grip, for the roses grow on her forehead to match her cheeks, an' she drew

it back hustily.
"Larry, however, kept close to the brother an' sistor; an' when the prayers were ever, an' the people began to enjoy themselves, an' the dudeens an' the whisky went round to warm the hearts an' the toes, then Larry placked up his courage an' asked Kitty to tak' the flure with with him. Now Kitty was oither shy, or her Dublin manners made her too proud to dance at pattern, so she made excuses. Michael, who

keep Mike in a good humour, she consinted to dance a jig with Larry. "Sure, an' it was then he must have won her

heart; for they all went back to Enniskerry to-gether, an' she let Larry put his arm round her waist, jist to howld her on the car, bekase of the bad roads, an' stale a kiss when he lifted her down at Farmer Quin's garden gate. Au' from that out Larry followed Kitty like her shadder. "But Peter Quin farmed more than two hun-

dred acres, and Larry's father only held a hundred an' twenty, an' that's a good differ, Master Fred. Then Mike and Kitty wor all the childer Peter had, whilst Larry's brothers—God be praised!—were as thick on the flure as rabbits in a run; wherever ye turned, yez might tumble over a pig or a gossoon.

"Troth, an' it wasn't long afore the neighbor began to look on Larry as Kitry's bachelor, and one decaitful ould fellow, who had himself an eye on Kitty's bit of money, gave Peter a hint that Larry was courtin' the lass for the love of hor fortin'; tho' sorra a bit had Larry M'Caun so dirty a thought as that same.

"Peter had a temper that was always on the simmer, an' it biled over at wanst. By some ill luck Larry showed his face at the Quin's door before it had time to cool, so Peter thrated him to a trifle of his tongue, the mane blackguard. "'Div ye think Kitty, the liligant darlint, is for such a poor spalpeen as yez? he shouted. She that's been eddicated in Dublin, an' hez book-larnin', let alone manners an' a fortin' to the fore! But it's the fortin', I'nn thinkin', yez lookin' for wid one eye, an' the girl wid the other, Misther Lawrence M'Cann,' he said, with a sneer an' a turn up of his ugly nose.

" IVs well for yez, Mr. Pether Quin, that yez Kitty's father, or, by jabers, an' its showin' ye the taste of this blackthorn I'd be,' said Larry on the instant, kaping his passion down with an effort. 'Ye may kape your dirty money, bad cess to them as put the black thought of me into your heart, if ye'll only put Kitty's sweet little hand into mine wid a blessin'.

"You may be sure, miss, as they did not whisper; an' hearin' a row, Mike ran from the barn into the character former the lower barn into the character former than a cooked as inclination; and the co

how she had crept into the house by the back way, an shut herself up, all alone, in her room, to shed tears like a February cloud over the very machief she had done, and the pain in her

"Sure, all the fun an' the frolic in Larry's nature were murthered that black mornin'. He went about the farm without a smile on his lip or a sunboam in his eye, an' his mother would

inve it the boy was bewitched,

"Even Father Magnire noticed his altered
looks, an' his carcless dress when he went to
mass on the Sundays, and the good priest did his
best to set matters straight, but all to no use,

miss.
"Peter Quin was sorry when his temper was off, but—small blame to him !—he still thought she might do better than go to the M'Canns to be undher a mother-in-law, an' work like a slave for all Larry's younger brothers.

"As for Kitty, before the feel of Larry's kiss had gone from her lips the colleen was angrythut he had taken her at her word; but she

that he had taken her at her word; but she fed her courage with pride, and put a calm face on, though her heart was all in a tempest of throuble. An' sure, miss, there's many au' many a girl does that, although you are too young to know it, and I hope nover will."

Here Margaret looked at me so soberly,

Here Margaret looked at me so soberly, as if giving a leaf out of the book of her own

experience.

"One fine June morning, when the roses were in full dhress, an' the air had the smell of flowers an' new-mown hay, farry went to St. Patrick's Market to sell a cow that had gone

dhry.
"Three weeks before, an' that same Larry would have sung or whistled every foot of the road, barrin' he mot a traveller and stopped to give him the time o' day, or exchange a joke. But now he kept his hands in his pockets, his chin hung on his chest, an' his mouth was as close as a miser's purse. He had a sup of whisky before he left home, to keep his heart up, but fur all that he looked as melancholy as

yer baste, an' when ye meet a man wid his breeches knees untied, an' his coat-tails down to his heels, an' a wisp ov straw in his shees to kape his toes warm where they peep out ov his stockin's, an' a caubeen widout a brim, thin ye'll know the man that'll bid for yer cow' an' give ye nine goolden guineas for her, not dirty notes.'

·Nine guineas! bedad, an' that's more than

-' Larry stopped short.
"The leprecham was gone, an' the gate was gone, an' the poor cow walked on as if she had nover been stayed."

never oeen stayed."
"Perhaps she never had," suggested Fred.
"Now, Masther Fred," said Margaret, "if ye interrupt me agin wid yer regulsh doubts, I shall stop, an' ye'll never hear how it all ended."
"Go on, Margaret," urged I, and Margaret obeyed.

CHAPTER II.

"Larry's surprise an' the leprechaun's pro-mises drove Kitty out of his head, an' he step-ped toward Dublin with something of his ould lightsomoness; when jist as he crossed the causal bridge he saw Kitty Quin standin' on her aunt Riley's door-step in Chambrassil-street, dressed as illigantly as a hady, an' lookin' as grand an' as proud as a queen. "Well, Kitty's face went crimson, an' Larry's

heart gave a great leap; but she jist made him a stiff kind of curtsey, an' the door bein' opened, went in without a word.

" Thim's Dublin manners, I suppose,' thought Larry, as he went on, with his heart aching worse than ever; while kitty, watchin' him from behind the window-blind as far as she

could see, felt the tours row over her burnin' cheeks, an' then wiped them of angrily, as if ashamed of her natural feelin's, and blamed herself for boing silly.
"Larry hardly knew how he got to the mar-

ket, but sure enough there he met that same

in comparishin with the palace Larry was in when he came to his senses. The walls were brighter than sunshine or rainbows, an' gold, an' silver, an' prechus Jowels were as plentiful as praties. There were gardens with trees an' flowers, the likes of which were never in all Ireland, an' the birds were all crimson an' green an' laylock, an' sang sweeter than thrush or nightingale. He seemed to see all this at once, an' many a curious thing beside, which I

once, and many a curious thing beside, which is discementer, and amongst it all the good people were as busy as bees in a hive.

"Almost the first thing he saw was the doad fadry lying on a bed of Indian moss, under a delicate silken quilt, with a threy wreath of lilles of the valley on his head, and forget-me-nots all about him. There was a fine bird of paradise silveing eyes thin second and sweat it charges. disc singing over him so soft an' sweet, it charmed the very sowl of Larry. There were fairles watchin' the corpse, but sorra wan of them was sobbin' or cryin', an' sure that same bothered

"It was not long he was left to stare about him. One of the good people put an inch rale into his hand, and set him to measure the corpse, an' sure that same came as natural to to a time fairy workshop, where everything was as nate an' orderly as if it had just been claused. There was piles of wood of all sorts, an' one owld brownle towld Larry their manues; and there was lots of bright tools, an' another wee owld fellow towld him their names; an' then two or three showed blue how to use them. two or three showed him how to use them. Then they gave him the wood an' the tools, an' be made an filigant little coffin as alsily as if he had been at the thrade all his life.

"The dead corpse was lifted in by the moorn-ers as never moorned, an' larry fistened down the lid as cliverly as any undbertaker in Lein-

"As the funeral procession, wid the coffin in the midst, moved away to the fairles' clustry, the old brownle who first took notice of Larry identical man the leprocham had towid bin of said, 'Vory nately put thegither, larry Misam; An' more, by token, he made Larry a bid for the cow. He bid eight pound ten, but Larry, your wages, man, an' go.' Larry put out his heartened beforehand, stuck out for nine guilland and stooped for the glitterin' purse that were held out to him, an'—whisht!

"He was lyin' on his back, with his

ourly head on a hard stone, undher a big tree, wid the morning sun shinta' full in his face, Powerscourt fulls tun-bling in foam down the great high rocks that frowned above him, leapin' over big bowlders, an'rushin' away wid a roar undher a little wooden bridge inst beyant.

"Larry rubbed his eyes, sat up, an' rubbed them again, an' sure the more he looked abouhim, the more he was bothered.

"He gorra, an' this is a quare thriek to be sarvin' a man, says he, as he scrambled to his feet, wid his onnes as stiff an' sore as if he had been beaten with a shillilly, 'is it myself I am, or somebody else" an' where have I bin? an' by the powers, how did I come here at all, at all? Is it dhrunk, or dhraming, or aslape I authle blessed minit? Be Jabers, the Good Poo-ple-"Larry stopped, an' crossed himself, an' bethought him of his wages, an' all that was in his grip was dead leaves.

"But he gave a great jump, an' cried out, 'Plane lives, bedied; an' it wur idry goold, an' that liver turns to leaves! An' it's a plane tree I'm lyie undher! Musha, but that's a rare joke!'
—In another minute his heart sank, an' be thrimbled with fear lest he had been paid for the cow in hiry could

been paid for the cow in fairy goold too, an' should find only yellow leaves in his pocket. But, faith, the nine bright goolden guineas—not dirty one-pound notes—were solid and safe.

"The sun was dancin' brightly on the waters as Larry bastoned along the aarrow footpath by the stream, an' turnin' sharp off before he rached the foaming waters of the Dargle, mount-ed the crooked an' dangerous way up the steep banks to the high road, wondering why the good people couldn't have laid him down under a readside hedge, or in a green field, instead of carrying him out of his way intiraly to

me last, I've served an apprenticatip that's made no moore than sivin years wiser.'

one-pound notes an' ten shillins out, he put the nine guineas in, an' took to his father the price he had fixed on the cow.

"Where have ye been, ye vagatone, all this blessed night?" cried old M'Cann, as the broth of a boy put his bright curly head in at the "'All night, futher, all night, did ye

cried Larry, bewildered; for ye set. Mustor Fred, be thought he had been a week with the good

" Yes! all night; for isn't the sun abinin' an this the blessed Midsummer-day, ye spaleen ?' Is it drunk ye are before the dew is off the daisles? Ah, harry, harry me lad, it's the wrong way yez goln' ever since Kitty Quin showed ye the cowld shouldher; bud cess to the whole lot of them! But wher's the price of the baste? If ye were dhrunk, sure ye'd since left to take care of that.

"Ay, an' sure when he found he had not been more than a night with the fairles, he had sense enough left to keep his own snoret. His said a mighty change had come over larry, but sorm a guess had she where it came from.

"He put the potheen aside when it came his way, an' took to the farm so kindly, he went about his work whistling, and did as much in one day as he had ever done in two. went an arrand to Dublin with the ear, an' brought back a lot of carpenter's tools, an' some dale boards. He put them in an old shed that was tumblin' down, unknownst to any one but his brother Pat. Then he put a door on the pigsty, to kape the pigs out of the house, an' presented his citient to have the boles. persuaded his father to have the holes in the mud floor of the kitchen filled up; an' contrived somehow to make the farm decent and comfortable, with odd bits of improvement here an'

the good people.

"Sure, thin, an' it's we that must tache him,' answered another.

"Amongst it all, he an' Pat got the crooked walls of the shed to stand upright, an' mended the thatch, an' put the door again on its two binges, an' put a look on the door, without a word to father or mother. An' then, sure, he conthrived to put up some sort of a carpentar's bonch, after the patthren in the fairles' work-shop. More wood was got, an' troth, one mornshop. More wood was got, an troon, one morning, to her surprise, Mrs. M'Cann found a new down into the very earth itself; an' it's lost he daie table, an' a dresser, an' an alsy-chair in her thought he was for evermore. kitchen, the like of which wasn't in all Eanis-



" AN' LIFERD HIMSELF ON THE KITTON TO LOOK ABOUT HEM, AN' THRIBE HE SAW HUNDREDS OF LETTLE PROPER NO MORE THAN A SPAN HIGH."

his father repute his insult, an' accuse larry of wantin' Elity's hundred pands; an' then Mike fired up, an' took his triend's part like a Trojan.

"And what's a Trojan, Margaret?" asked Fred demurely, with another sly blink at me. "Whisht, Masther Fred, an' don't be afther interruptin', or we'll never get to the Good People at all," said Margaret, ignoring the ques-

Thus admonished, Master Fred allowed the

story to proceed.
"But Mike could not bring his father to reason, even though he offered him a diraw of his pipe. More by token, he himself was unwilling to let his sister marry a man who had neither

house nor furniture of his own. as It's not for the likes of her to lay her head runnin' over a flure that is not her own," said Mike.' · I'd say nothin' agin the match, Larry, even the bits of things to make a house decent for the lass.'

"Larry went away with a very sore heart miss, you may be sure, for he'd set his very sow upon Kitty Quin.

"An' sure an' that was the black morning for Larry! Turnin'a corner of a quickset hedge on his way home, wife should he come across but Kitty, with a basket of ripe strawberries on he rm, an' she lookin' more temptin' than the

"Kitty had a tender drop in her heart, and seeing that he was sad, she set herself to dis-cover what it was about; and didn't she regret her curiosity in another minit?—for he poured out all his love an' his sorrow like a great gush. in' stream, and held her hund as drownin', an' only that could keep him from

sinking quite.
"Taken by surprise, Kitty dropped her basket, an' would have fainted outright, had not Larry put out his arm an' caught her, and that brought her to her siven senses

· Poor Larry mistook her falataess for a sign of her affection, an' in his Joy kissed her sweet lips over an' over again. But Kitty soon told

"She said she had only fainted from the heat. She was sorry be had mistaken her frindship for a warmer feeling; but though she was ashamed her father should have suspected him of a morcenary motive, she could not encour-nge his hopes. She should never marry with-out her father's consint; an' besides, her bringing-up had made her unfit for a farmer's wife, an so she had determined—yes, determined was the word—never to marry any man who had not a good trade in his hands that would be a livin'

either in country or town. "Every word that Kitty said fell like ice or Larry's hot heart, an' he reoled home us if he had had lashins of whisky; an' when he got

there, he took the whisky to drown his sorrow till he wor drunk in arnest. "There was nobody to tell him of the battle not have his friend said 'no' to; and so, to in Kitty's breast between love and pride, nor

to join in the fun. He was list in time to hear thin, when he heard a thin, weak voice callin' to him, like the wind through a keyhole.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, Larry!"

"The same to you, misther,' answered Larry, slowly lifting his eyes, an' then rubbin' them to clear the cobwebs away; for straight across the road was a gate where never a gate had been before, and sittin' cross-legged on the topmost bar was the queerest little old man Larry had ever seen.

"He was no bigger than a two-year child, but his face was as wizen an' wrinkled as if he was four hundred. He was dressed in an old-fashioned coat an' breeches as green as the grass, had shining buckles in his shoes, and on his head a bright-red cap. By all them tokons Larry knew that the little old man was a leprechaun, an' his mouth began to wather for of the goold he knew the old gintleman must have hid in the ground somewhere about, an' his heart begin to thump. But Larry was not the boy to be afraid, so he put a bould face on when the leprechaun, with his head cocked on one side and a knowing twinkle in his eye, said

"'Troth, yer honour, an' ye may say that same,' replied Larry, doffin' his caubeen an' scrapin' his foot, for he thought it best to be

" 'An' so your dhrivin' the cow to market bekuse she's lost her milk; an' ye mane to ax siven pound tin for her!' said the leprechaun

with a comical chuckle. " Bedad, an' I am !' exclaimed Larry, opening his eyes and slapping his thigh in amazement, an' sure it's the knowin' old gintleman yer

" 'Thrue for you,' said the leprechaun; 'ar maybe I know besides, that Larry M'Cann's goin' to the bad for love of the purtiest girl in Wicklow! But pluck up a sperit, Larry, don't be cast down. It's I that owe Pether Quin a grudge this many a long day, for his maneness in chatin' the fairles of their due. Niver a fairle's dhrop' (milk left as a propitiatory offering to the Good People) 'is to be found in Pether' cow-houseor dairy; and niver a turf or a pratte or a cast-off coat has he for a poor shivering beggar or omadhaun' (idiot), bad cess to him! An' so, Larry, I mane to befriend yez, for it's yoz that have the warm heart and the open heart and the tight fist any day I' and the lepre chaun plucked off his red cap and swung it ove his head, as if in high glee.

"Larry, with another scrape of his foot, thanked the green-coated old gentleman, an' asked him if he meant to show him where to find a pot of goold.

"'Ay, an' that I do: but, Larry,' an' here he looked siyer than ever, 'the fortin's in your own right hand, man, an' it's I that mane to tache ye to find it there.

"Larry opened his great brown hand, an' turned it over, and looked in the broad palm.
"Divil a bit I see of a fortin' there,' says he. " · Whisht! says the leprechaun.

neas; and sure he took Larry into a public house that stood convanient, and took out of his breeches pooket an owld rag fled round wid string to sarve as a purse, and there an' thin counted down the nine goolden guinens. Then he asked Larry to have a 'dhrop an' a dhraw' to seal the bargain.

1. Tarry a coverage called for the whisty and the last. I'm styin days owlder since ye saw to have a 'dhrop an' a dhraw' to seal the bargain.

to seal the bargain.
"Tarry's customer called for the whisky an'
offered Larry his own pipe. So the boy had
both the dhrop an' the dhraw, an' then they had another durop an' duraw; an' Larry remembered no more till he found himself lyin' on the grass, with the stars shiring out in honour of the barn, an' there he went quietly before he Midsummer Eve, an' a rushin' in his ears as of a put a foot on the kitahan these areasts.

great sea.

"Then he heard a rustle as of loaves, an' a elbow to look about him, an' there he saw hun-dreds of little people no more than a span high, to look about him, an' there he saw hundressed in all sorts of queer outlandish fashions. But all the little mon had coats of green velvet and leaves of green shamrock in their hats; whilst the ladies had scarves of green gauze as fine as cobwebs, an' shamrock was round their hair, which shone like goold in the

moonlight. "They were all in commotion, runnin' hither and thither, howlding long discourses, an' appeared to be in some sort of throuble or diffi-

"Presently he saw in their midst the levellest "Presently he saw in their manage was related interesture the light of his eyes over flashed on. She was sitting in a silver-lify of a car, an' drawn by seven-and-twenty grasshoppers, three abroast. She had a wand in her hund, on which is the control of the star, my a crystal dewdrop twinkled like a star, an' Larry knew at wanst they were all fairles, an' was their queen.

"Then, miss, as they drew nigher to him. Larry heard that one of the owld fairles by dead, an' that they wanted a coffin for the berryin'. But sorra coffin could they get, for fairle coffins must be made by mortals dead fairies never lie at rest. An' that was what the council an' the confusion wor about. "Soon Larry heard the fairy queen say, in a voice for all the world like the chirp of a cricket,

But who shall make the elf's colln? "All of a sudden at least fifty of the Good People laid howld of him, an' cried out like so many bees humming, "Hore's Larry M'Cann, hero's Larry M'Cann! it's he will make the

coffin." But he never handled a saw or a plane in his life; he cannot make a pig-trough, an' how will be finish a coffin fit for an elf ? said one of there.

"With that the fairy ougen touched him on the forehead, as lightly as if a leaf had dhropped there, with her shining wand, an' it flushed be-fore his eyes till they seemed to strike fire; an' before he could cry out, or ask a saint to purtect him, he felt himself goin' down, down, down,

"Troth, an' Dublin Castle's but a mude cable kerry.

""Sure an' it's illigant, it's fairy work I said

'Thrue for you, it is the fairles' work," said Larry, with a sly wink at l'at; an' l'at, knowin' what he had seen, an' nothing of the fairies, burst into a loud laugh, an' let out that Larry

was the workman,
"No neighbor was more astonished than larry's own father an' mother. They knew nothing of Larry's friend the leprechatm, nor his

fatry teachers; they said the blessed St. Joseph must have put the knowledge in his head, an called the boy a rale born gentus.

Other farmers' wives envied Mrs. M'Cann her fine dresser, on which a set of new wooden platters an' blekers were ranged, with here and there a bright-coloured crock for show; an' they came beggin! of Larry to make the came of it. came beggin' of Larry to make the copy of it for them. So, sure, an' it came about that soon larry had so much of his new work he was forced to tache two of his brothers the trade, an' build a proper workshop; and Farmer M'Cann had to set the gossoons to work on the farm in-stead of lounging about an' propping up door-

o But never a bit did Larry go near Kitty all this time, though many a longin' look did he cast that way when he passed Peter Quin's gate. If they met at mass, he just gave her the time o' day, as any other friend might do; but though his very heart was bursting with love, le kent tills his other sacrets, to himself. he kept it. like his other sacrets, to himself.

"As for Kitty, there were plenty of bachelors after her, either for herself or her fortin'; but she never got the feel of Larry's klases off her lips, an' cared more for a glance of his blue eye than for all the bachelors in Wicklow. "She knew she had sent him away with her

proud words, but she would have given all her goold for a whisper of love from him now he had taken her at her word, and seemed to forget her intirely. She just went paler an' thinner, an' when the next mid-summer roses were red on the bushes, there were only white ones on Kitty's cheeks.

"Mike and Larry had been fast friends all the

thme, an' many a job of work larry did for him on his own account, but sorra a nall would be dhrive for Peter Quin. It was Mike who let Larry into the saicret that owld Corcoran the agent was after Kitty, an't that she had sent him about his business with a sharp word agen his desait in slandering a better man-maning

"A smart young shopkaiper from Dublin had made her an offer besides, an' even set Molly Mulroony the Blackfoot to thry an' pursuade

ber.'
"What's a Blackfoot, Margaret?" we asked in a breath.
"'Sure, an' a Blackfoot's a match-maker, a

woman as goes between shy lovers an' helps the coortin'.

"Well then, as Larry never went to the whisky-shop, nor to Peter Quin's, Mike found his way to the busy carpenter's shop. He used to ask a power of questions about the work in hand; for I must tell ye, Larry had been so well taught by the Good People, he could turn his hand to cabinet work as well as rough carpentry.

"About this time, Mike saw Larry an' Put

workin' early an' late over furniture not meant for the farmers or gentry about; an' for a wondher, Larry never said a word who they were workin' for. But l'at, the sly rogue, let out as a great saleret that it was fur Larry's own house, agin his weddin'.

" Whare is the house?" says Mike.

"At Bray, says Pat.
"An' who's the sweetheart? says like

" Arrah, now, an' that's jist what meself don't

know,' says Pat in reply.
"Mike went with his news straight to Kitty, who, with bare arms an' tucked-up gown, was makin' butter in the dairy, though she did despise a farmer's life.

"Down went butter an' butter-mould, an'

·· Pown went batter an butter-mould, an Kitty into the bargain, an Mike had much ado to bring her out of her faint.

·· Kitty, says Mike, when they were all by themselves, sure an ye didn't care for Larry, did ye? I thought ye didn't, as ye trated him wid scorn an contimpt, an Larry tuk to the dhrink wid the heart-break.

·· O, don't, Mike dear, don't! Throth, an It was no own bride an consait that dray Larry

was my own pride an' consult that dray Larry away, an' it's I that have had the heart-break ever since.'

" Be me sowl, an' it must be a new sweet heart, an' a clever lass, that set him agin drink an' made him turn carpenter! Och, Kitty, I'd sooner ye'd had Larry M'Cann than the biggest lord in the hand;' an' Mike took out his pipe— his untailing consoler—for a dhraw an' a think; an' Kitty having no such consolation, he left

"The next day was Sunday, but Kitty was not at mass. Mike, however, was there, an' Peter, an' Larry as fine as a Dublin tailor could

" How's Mike as they walked home together.

""Throth, an' she might be better, answered Mike; an' says he, quite abrupt, 'Whin's this weddin' of yours to come off. Larry ?" ""It's not sottled,' says he; "I've not got the lady's consint yet."

"' Not settled, an' her a lady, an' your house taken, an' your furniture made! Bedad, this passes me intirely? An' Mike looked hard at Larry, an' Larry looked at Mike, an' whatever they saw, they shook hands, and Mike flung up his shillady an' caught it again, an' danced every

foot of the way to their own gate. "'Mebbe ye wouldn't mind comin' in for a t, as Pether's stayed behint for confession,' ys Miko with a grin. An' in they went

together. Dinner wor bein' kild in the kitchen, but

Kitty was in the parlour. betther bring a docthor to see yez,' says Mike,

"'A doctor!' says Kitty, starting to her feet growing crimson an' then white as Larry step-ped into the room, an' Mike discraitly shut the door upon them, an' being weak she might have

door upon them, an' being weak she might have fainted again, but Larry caught her in his arms—an' she got better.

"Dinner waited for Peter, and Peter waited for Kitty; but Mike towld him that Kitty was ill an' the doctor was wid her, an' they couldn't. be disturbed. But Poter wanted his dinner and grew impatient; an' then Mike towid him that as he had been to confession, Kitty was at confession too, an' that Larry M'Cann was her con-

"Sure, Peter was thunderstruck; but he had sinse to see that Larry M'Cann the thrivin young carpenter was another sort of a man from the Larry M'Cann who worked on his father's farm with scarce a thought of payment; an Mike soon got his father to give his consint with

"The praist followed the doctor in less than a month, but the praist this time was Father

"The day before the wedding, Larry took Kitty down to l'owerscourt Falls, an' there sittin' with his arm round her slender waist, on the stone under the plane tree where his head had lain. he towld her all about the leprechaun

an' his own apprenticeship to the fairles.
"An' that was how the M'Cains became Carpenters."

the leprechaun was the result of her grand-tather's morning dram, and that under the in-fluence of farther potations he had strayed in safety from the road down the precipitous path to the Dargle, and so on to the Falls; and there sleeping, had dreamt of the fulry funeral.

But Margaret was not convinced; and a few years later the faithful creature died, as firm a believer in fairies as when she told us the story of Larry's apprenticeship, and the fortune be found in his own right hand.

ON DECK.

BY. W. W. HUTCHINSON.

Three of us sat on the hurricano deck, Watching the waves roll high,--Watching the dark smoke float away, -- Watching the sails drift by.

One was stately and tall and dark, With the air of an Indian queen, And one was a dainty little one, With the grace of a stray sunbeam.

While 1,—but what is the use? You know, You, of three-score and ten, How at twenty-one you played your part, As other boys did then. ***!!s

We sang and chatted, chatted and sang The idlo hours away, "Till our singing was only the ghost of a song, And for talking, we'd nothing to say.

At last the sun, whose rôle had been A coquette's part at best, Weary of playing at hide-and-seek, Sank down in the far-off West.

The queen of our party, grown weary Of the quiet monotone, With caution of "Don't stay late, my dears," Arose, and left us alone.

Alone with the wind and the restless sen, Only the sea and the sky, And the two great fleees of soft, gray smoke, That, mingled in one, drift by.

The wind grew fiercer; we moved our seats To the leeward side of the bont, And watched, in the West, a phantom ship On a golden cloud-sea float.

Till at last the shadows hid them all,
And molten gold turned gray.
And the stars from their moorings had broken
loose. And went drifting over the bay.

I looked from the sea and the straying stars, To the sunboam at my side.
"Darling! the ship that bears my hopes—
Must it sink in a stormy tide?"

The waves, with a whisper sad, swept by, The wind played a dirge in the ropes, As into the sea of silence samk My ship, with its beautiful hopes.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE."

CHAPTER I.

"Christmas Eve-Christmas Eve," rang out the bells merrily in the cold, clear, frosty air. The snow lay white, soft, and thick upon the ground; it fringed the tall, leafless trees; it covered the wide meadow lands; it made the world look new, fresh, and pure in its virgin robe. The wind moaned and signed, sometimes in a soft whisper that the trees bent their stately heads to hear, and then arising with a giant voice, swept all before it, drown ing in its wild music all other sounds of earth. The golden stars burned in the blue wintry sky; the moonbeams silvered the white earth; they fell alike on the quiet country, where Nature seemed to sleep, and upon the crowded town, where rest is unknown; upon the heaving billowy sea and the dark waving woods, lending wherever they smiled some of their own quiet beauty to the scene. There was one spot where they lingered

making the whole place so beautiful that it looked like a dream of fairyland. In the distance lay the glorious sea, with a broad stream of silvery light playing on its waves, which broke with a soft murmur upon the shore. The dark pine wood seemed to reach nearly to the water's edge; broad lands lay on either side, and in the midst stood the noble old hall of Erlswood. The moonbeams fell upon half of Erlswood. The moonbeams fell upon turret and gable, lighting the many windows as with diamond flashes, showing the icicles who had wiled the heart from her breast, until she had no thought, no care, save for him.

Rhine.

Perhaps Sir Bertrand was not sorry, for who had wiled the heart from her breast, until she had no thought, no care, save for him. the lake a sheet of silver, and the pleasure grounds a picturesque mixture of white and shadow. From out the spire of the church which crowned the hill near, the bells pealed with a loud and jubilant voice. The village was one blaze of cheerful firelight; but the Hall was in darkness, save for the beams that played upon it and the ruddy glow that from one solitary window shone upon the snow.

There was no sound of Christmas mirth or music, no waits singing the sweet song of old, no murmur of glad young voices, no gathering of friends and retainers; all was silent, dark and cheerless, even the very wind seemed to hush its moanings as it sighed round the house. The quiet was deep and unbroken; far away sounded the breaking of the waves and the merry chiming of the bells, the murmur of the wind in the pine trees, and the hushed music of the Winter's night; far away sounded the dim echo of the village waits, and the gay chorus from many a happy home. No sound disturbed the stillness which fell like a mantle around Erlswood; no warm, genial light cheered the darkness that reigned supreme.

Yet for many long years Christmas had been royally kept within those ancient walls. been royally kept within those ancient walls. spend Christmas at Erlswood than in dull, The yule-log had burned upon the hearth, the foggy London. Of all places for real enjoyholly and mistletoe had wreathed the rooms and corridors, friends had gathered there, young and lovely, old and tried; there had been open house, and a well-spread table for all who cared to share it.

But a shadow had fallen upon Erlswood and its darkness had obscured all Christmas light. Only three short years before Sir Bertrand Lyle had brought home to the old hall a young bride, so lovely, so fair, and so gentle that she had won all hearts; he had loved her so passionately that his whole life seemed to have merged into hers; and now men spoke of them in whispers, and gossips looked wise when they heard the Lady Hilda's name. Surely no shadow could fall on that pure and noble heart, or bow that bright golden head with sorrow

All regardless of the past joy and the pro-sent sorrow, the bells chimed merrily on that have a dull visit."

Fred and I tried to convince Margaret, that glorious Christmas Eve. and soon the stillness was broken by the sound of a stealthy footstep; out of the pine wood there came a traveller, a tall, stately man, wrapped in a thick fur cloak; a cap, which defended him from the cold, screened his features; he could not, however, conceal the fact of his presence, for in the thick snow there was the mark of every step. He stood for a moment at the stile that led from the wood to the pleasure ground; he knew the way well, for he glided past the laurel trees, round the path where in Summer the lilacs bloom, and stood at last underneath the window from whence came the one glow of light. Shaking the snow from his heavy wrappers he turned his face to the window and leaked in Fig. saw some the plastic of himself. He bit his moustached lip and deavouring to look dignified and grave I will sketch his portrait.

I have seen handsomer men than my brother, Philip Dean, but never one who had a the window and leaked in Fig. saw some.

It was a large and gorgeous room into confidence and love. You felt instinctively which he gazed, the walls were panelled in that the man it belonged to must be like it. white and gold, a few of the rarest pictures in A thick rich mass of dark brown curls waved costly frames and graceful statues, "frozen on a head proudly set; a fine manly figure, music," were interspersed with gorgeous and a genial musical voice, placed Philip far flowers of every color and hue; a soft golden above the race of merely handsome men. Our light from the crystal chandelier mingled with parents had been dead for some years, and we the ruddy biaze from the fire, costly books, a lived,—at least were to do so until I was plane and harp that seemed made only for twenty-one,—with a bachelor uncle, who had beautiful fingers, showed that the room was been appointed our guardian. We were both

up and down the length of that magnificent it would be nearly doubled by what he had to apartment, was a young and most lovely woman. A robe of rich violet velvet fell in Of myself I need merely say I was at this man. A robe of rich violet velvet fell in graceful folds around her, and revealed a neck and shoulders of unrivalled beauty and fairness, a small circle of diamonds was clasped round a brow white as snow and crowned with the room; now, as she stands where the light details of his first rencontre with me at a hor-from the chandelier falls upon her golden ticultural fête. hair and flashes in her diamonds, she looks
like one of those fair and bewitching women
for whom men lay down their lives and think
together. When Sir Bertrand went down to

the large mirror upon the wall. A bitter as b

pressed close to the cold glass, while the sad close to the cold glass close to the cl

with me," she said. The music of the bells came nearer and clearer as the night air grew colder. It seemed to smite her with a strange pain. She left

Then the brave and handsome lover was changed into the tender and loving husband. She saw herself a worshipped wife, whose least word was law. Ah, and then the lover least word was law. Ah, and then the lover and husband both disappear—a grave, stern man took their place. She saw herself deserted and alone; she saw him no longer, and deserted and alone; she saw him no longer, and was in right royal style. First and foremost amongst the invited was Philip; my presence was insisted upon because during my summer was insisted upon be herself in her bitter grief upon the ground,

and lay weeping.
When the watcher at the window saw her lying there, the rich velvet, the shining diamonds, and the golden hair, all crushe her wild grief,—when he heard her bitter sighs that rose above the murmur of the wind and the music of the bells, he turned hastily away, and with rapid steps disappeared from No one knew that he had been there for the fresh fali of snow destroyed all trace of him.

CHAPTER II.

"Shall you go, Kate, or not?" asked my brother, as he stood before me with an open letter in his hand. It was Christmas Eve,

ment, commend me to a country house, where a beautiful lady reigns supreme.'

"When shall I tell Sir Bertrand that we shall be there?" he asked. "Let us go on Christmas Eve," I replied; "if we leave here at noon we shall reach Erlswood in the evening

"It will be cold travelling through all this snow," said my brother. "Yes," said I; "but what does that matter; plenty of wraps will keep us warm enough, and I must say I thoroughly like what people call seasonable weather at Christmas. I am sure if we had sunshine instead of the clear frost or cold snow, I for one should not believe

Christmas was come." "I will answer the note," said Philip. "Sir Bertrand says they are arranging some very clever charactes and tubleaux, so we shall not

"Now, Philip," I answered, laying my hands upon his shoulder and looking into his hands upon his shoulder and looking into his face, "how can you be so hypocritical,—talking of a dull visit, as though you had ever weighed or even dreamed of the probability of such a thing? You know well that ever since last October, when you heard that Maud Graham was to be of the party, you have never ceased to long for it."

He had the grace to blush and look ashamed of himself. He bit his moutached lin and

the window and looked in. He saw something there that made his strong frame trem-ful, so intelligent, so full of good humour, yet ble and made the breath come thick and with the least touch of satire about the firm, heavy from between his white quivering lips. pleasant lips. It was a face that won both in possession of a handsome fortune, and my Yes, occupied, for there, walking restlessly uncle promised us that some time or another

time eighteen, moderately accomplished, but blessed with a fund of animal spirits which nothing could damp or restrain. My greatest pleasure then consisted in teasing Philip, a wealth of golden hair, one superb bracelet who, though he loved me most dearly, glittered upon the exquisite arm, and the face thought his five years of seniority a pretext was peerless in its glorious beauty. She was for assuming strong powers of government alone, and ever and anon she threw herself over me. Modesty forbids me to describe my into the crimson velvet faute all drawn near personal appearance. If I were vain I should the fire, took up a book and tried to read; refer you to the diary of Captain Lionel then with a weary sigh she laid it down and Vaughan, who describes somewhere in that paced in her restless agitation up and down interesting record, as I have since read, the

like one of those fair and bewitching women for whom men lay down their lives and think themselves happy in so doing. Her face was pure and sweet with all its witchery, the charm of truth lay in those dreamy violet eyes and fresh beautiful lips. Eyes like those never were dimmed yet with remorse, and yet the Lady Hilda had shed many bitter tears; lips such as hers never spoke a false, untrue, or mean word, and yet she had been judged guilty of that and worse.

"Christmas Eve," murnured the lady, "and I am here all alone. What is a dascertained that Sir Bertrand Lyle was a creen leaves. The delicate mistlet awas there are the countess on Rosenburg and her lovely daughter, the Lady Hilda, with whom it pleased Sir Bertrand to fall most passion made the house look almost like a forest; long to thought of even before I came. She left me to dress, and then I went down to the great drawing-room where all the guests had assembled I have never before or since anown conly that every room and corridor was in a blaze of light and warmth, but the everg cens made the house look almost like a forest; long the dark masses of laured twined the staircases and wreathed every picture and wall; dark masses of its were mixed with laurustinus, and the crimson holly berries shone from the dark measurement of the lady, "and I am here all alone. What ed the lady, "and I am here all alone. What has taken man of noble family and good fortune, that Bertrand's heart from me? Why has he left his estates were as large as many German me and ceased to love me?" She clasped her white jewelled hands and wealth in themselves, and in consequence of wrung them together as she began again her this gave her consent to the marriage of the dreary walk. The light flashed in her diamonds and drew her attention as it shone in supported his friend on all trying occasions, ecame such a hero.

smile curved her lips.

"I did well," "ale said, "to wear them tonight of all nights in the year; yet it was on this very Christmas Eve he gave them to me, and told me they were an old heirloom he had forgotten when he gave me his mother's jewels. He said while he loved me the light would live in them and the few here and the few here.

We had spont one half the Summer with them at Erlswood, and were only permitted to leave that we might return at Christmas. Certainly if ever a bride was to be envied it was Lady Hilda Lyle; not for her magnificent mansion, with its extensive park and wide domain,—not for the heaps of gold and silver in the few here. this very Christmas Eve he gave them to me, and told me they were an old heirloom he had forgotten when he gave me his mother's jewels. He said while he loved me the light would live in them and the fire burn, and that when he ceased to do so, they would become cold and dim. Ah! my diamonds are bright, but his love is dead and buried."

Hot tears dimmed the beautiful eyes which gazed so intently in the mirror, and then she gazed so intently in the mirror, and then she through a property of the manufacture of the conversation of the charming co-Certainly if ever a bride was to be envied it pears. There was a lull in the mouning of the any of these did I envy her, but that she was so beloved, so worshipped. She had won the mas bells was heard. The lady started; she true, passionate love of one of the noblest men drew near the window, and the watcher stood living. No wife was ever so indulged or so back in the shade. The beautiful face was adored. It was a picture to see his dark

In the goodness of his heart Sir Bertrand had invited the stately countess his motherin-law to spend the remainder of her life with her daughter in England, but she made him a bow that would have enchanted Sir Charles the window and sat once more by the fire. Grandison, and told him she had one more duty to perform before she died, and for that she saw there. One was of a noble and gal-

> enchanting in her wild galety that he could not wish for any change. So they lived hap-pily enough at Erlswood, and when Christmas visit Lady Hilda had grown fond of me. Captain Lionel Vaughan was invited because Philip had said he was the test hand at billiards, the best shot and the best waltzer he had ever met, and had besides such great conversational powers. It had cost me a

Pretty Maud Gresham was coming too every one loved and every one pitied her, for poor Maud, with all her beauty and wealth, was very miserable. Her large fortune had been left to her by her uncle, Mr. Gresham, on condition that she married his only " next of kin," a nephew some twenty degrees removed—a man whom Maud fairly detested, and who ust one year before my story opens.

"Yes," was my reply. "I would rather rowing; give him a boat and good oars, and he asked for nothing else; mind and manners formed no part of his creed,—muscle was a thing to be believed in.

Maud would have given up both lover and fortune long ago, but her mother, who was proud and ambitious, so resolutely opposed all idea of such a step that the poor girl had not courage to act in opposition to her somewhat tyrannical parent. Then came Charley Lester, a man without whom no one attempted, if they could avoid it, to get up charades, he was such a universal happy genius,-the life and soul of every party he entered. There was the stately beauty, Miss Bellingham, and her scheming aunt, Lady Flora Ross; Mr. Lindowes, the latest millionaire and the match of the season, whom Lady Flora par-ticularly affected. A dozen or two more friends, among whom was Herr von Wagner, a cousin of Lady Hilda's, made up one of the happiest and gayest parties I ever enjoyed. How beautiful the drive was from the sta-

tion to Erlswood Hall. I shall never forget it. The snow was frozen with the intense cold, but looked so white and so pure, and glowed with such a dazzling brilliancy, that it made one's eyes ache to look at it. The moon was at her brightest and best, and sailed in the dark night sky triumphantly; the golden stars lent their light; and the wind seemed sing-

lont their light; and the wind seemed singing a Christmas anthem in the trees as we drove through the park.

I wish I were a painter, that I could tell you how the trees looked in this their lovely winter robe, stripped of all leaves, with their giant arms bare and thrown up to the sky, the snow lying thick on the dark branches. The laurel trees in their green leaves held a little soft nest of snow, and the red holly berries shone from amongst the same white burries shone from amongst the same white burries shone from amongst the same white bur-den. The air was so cold, so clear, and so frosty that we could hear every sound for miles around. The bells were pealing as we came to the end of the long lime walk, and the band from the neighbouring village was playing on the lawn.

How the old Hall glowed with light and warmth! The lights from every window seemed to bid us welcome. When the carriage stopped and the large entrance door was thrown wide open, I saw quite a little crowd of friends ready to meet us.

There was Sir Bertrand, handsome and courteous, full of anxiety over our cold drive. In vain I assured him of its beauty; he persisted in ordering as much mulled wine as though we had been in Siberia. There was our gentle, graceful hostess, Lady Hilda, looking more lovely than ever, in her rob of rich violet velvet and a circlet of diamonds shining in her golden hair. Captain Lionel Vaughan was the first who seemed to speak to me. Pretty Maud, too, was in the hall; she looked like a fairy in her white dress and green holly wreath.

"Let her have time to breathe," said Lady Hilda, as one after another they came with their Christmas greetings.

Then, with her usual graceful kindness, she

would go with me to my own room; the cheerful fire which blazed there, and the few fragrant flowers in the vases, showed that I had been thought of even before I came. She left me to green leaves. The delicate mistlet e was there in great profusion; testeful hands had decorated

In a little bondoir, separated from the drawing-room only by a crimson velvet curtain, was the Christmas Tree, Lady Hilda's pride, re-minding her of the customs of her native land. It was a tall, tapering fir, whose dark green branches were laden with every variety of beautiful fruit and glittering toy. There were bunches of dark purple grapes, rosy-checked apples, golden oranges, and luscious brown pears. Costly and rare books, and little en-

his earnest admiration of the charming coquette. Lady Hilda was, with her husband, the centre of another animated group.

Mand Gresham was just taking her seat at

the piano, where my brother joined her, and I found myself in less than five minutes disfound myself in less than ave minutes dis-cussing Christmas with Captain Vaughan in a delightful caus as near the fire. Yet my eyes would wander around the magnificent room, observing how the golden light from the chandeliers streamed upon the pictures with their green wreaths, the red holly berries and the dark fir; how the same light played upon the young and lovely faces, but seemed best of all to like to linger on lady Hilde's golden

"I think," said Captain Vaughan to me, under cover of the music, "that this is perfect. I had no idea Sir Bertrand understood Christ-mas so well." "It is always the same at Erlswood." I

answered; "it is one of the strong points of the family, the observance of all Christmas customs and rules."

"What a lovely dreamy face Lady Hilda has!" said my companion somewhat irrelevantly. "I never saw such a perfect contrast as she presents to Sir Bertrand; he is so dark, so manly, so strong, and she so fair, so woman-ly, and so delicate."

"I am glad you have so great an admiration whole morning to impress those facts on Philip's mind, but I was repaid for the trouble

for fair women, Captain Vaughan," I returned.
"You will find your taste gratified at Eris-What a jealous child I was, but my locks

were dark as night and I did not like to hear him praise the golden-haired beauties so warmly.
"Nay," he replied with a smile, "I have not said I admire the blonde beauty most; my idea is of the type we find among the daughters

of sunny Italy. "They are lighting the tapers on the trees," said; "let us go."

He offered me his arm; and how amused I

vas in watching the groups round the pretty fir! My brother, in spite of Mrs. Gresham's anxious looks, monopolised pretty Maud; the innocent joy that shone in her eyes and spoke in her sweet shy face might have touched any heart. I had long known that Philip loved her; I saw now she loved isim. The beauty still held the millionaire enthralled; Sir Bertrand, though a courteous host, had no eyes

for any one save his peerless wife.

"How happy Philip looks!" whispered
Lionel to me; "how easily lovers betray them-

sclves." "How can Philip be Maud's lover when you know she is engaged to that thresome cousin Charles?" I asked. "Engaged she may be," he replied; "but I

will forfeit my epaulettes if ever she marries him."

"Do you know him?" I asked.





"Well; he has not a thought beyond boatracing," said Lionel; "the only act of politeness or attention he ever paid to that lovely girl was giving his last new yacht her name. The Mand Gresham is as well known about the coast as her master."

Just then the little silver basket containing the tickets for the lottery was held in front of us. Without looking at the numbers, we were to select three each, and to receive the presents with corresponding numbers from the tree, One, I remember, caused much amusement; it was a plain gold ring on a white cord. Many guesses were hazarded as to who should win

"Number seventy!" called out Philip, reading Miss Gresham's ticket, as he I d her up to the tree to receive her prizes; and number seventy was the identical wedding ring. How her face blushed and sparkled as Philip, kneeling, half in sport, wholly in carnest as I knew, placed it on the white hand!

"I do think things of this sort are very tire-some," said poor Mrs. Gresham, turning to me

with the most anxious, impatient look
I smiled; but Lionel, with more warmth
than politeness, took up the cudgels.
"Do you allude to Christmas trees or wed-

ding rings, Mrs. Gresham?" he asked.
"Both," she replied, pettishly.

"I must bow to your superior experience of the ring," said Lionel; "but I am of a different opinion of the tree."

Mrs. Gresham turned away, and that same evening I heard her tell Lady Flora that she thought Captain Yanghan was impertinent and

inclined to give himself airs.

Lady Hilda drew a superb bracelet; and the prettiest picture I saw that night was her hus-band fastening it on her white rounded arm.

Many of the presents were costly and elegant, some piquant and mischievous. The guests were all busy admiring, praising, and laughing, when out in the cold, clear air there a sound of beautiful music. With hushed breath we listened. Ah! it was the Christmas waits, singing the sweet carol of old, taking us back in thought to the star that shone so many hundred years ago over the stable in Bethle-

"Come with me to the window," said Lionel, and he drew aside the heavy drapery with its deep gold fringe, and we looked out upon the

white, beautiful scene before us.
Sir Bertrand and Lady Hilda came too; I saw the bright tears gleaming in her violet eyes as she listened to those sweet words of old. I was watching the beautiful effect of the moonlight upon the snow, when all at once I saw a dark figure slowly gliding round the lawn to the back of the house. "Ah," I thought, with a smile, "that is a sweetheart for one of the maids;" but as none of my companions seemed to have noticed him, I nothing. Perhaps years of bitter sorrow might have been averted if I had done so, yet it may have been, too, all for the best.

Suddenly the merry sound of a waltz broke

upon our musing, "There is the dancing beginning," said Lionel, my constant shadow; "remember, you are my partner for the first, and the last, Sir

ltoger de Coverly ; do not forget."

Just us though I should, when I looked on a dance with any one else as so much lost

The grand old hall was a glorious place for dancing, it was so large and roomy and warm. The evergreens on the walls really seemed

smiling with enjoyment.

The first polka was achieved, and 1 stood talking to Lady Hilda at the large ancient tireplace, when her maid, an elderly woman, whom she had brought with her from Germany, came and spoke a few words in an undertone to her, slipping at the same time a small and not very clean-looking note into her hand. I thought the woman had a strange excited look, but my whole attention was absorbed by Lady Hilda; every vestige of colour faded from her face, her quivering lips were white as death, her eyes seemed to grow larger, and they were a distressed, anxious, wild expression that terrified me.

"Are you ill, Lady Hilda?" I asked, quickly. "No," she gasped: "husb Karal be she gasped; "hush, Katel - here, stand before me." I saw her bite her trembling lips and clasp

her hands tightly together.
"How could be do this?" she murmured;

but in a few short moments her self-possession returned. "Kate." she said. "if anyone asks for me say I am gone to speak to my house-keeper, and that I shall be back directly."

Just as she left the hall, the first note of a

quadrille sounded. I saw Sir Bertrand dancing with Miss Bellingham; he walked with her when it was ended several times up and down the hall. I saw him looking for his wife. I purposely met him, and said, "We have lost the light of our brightest star, to use the language of a Persian poet; but to speak plain English, Ludy Hilda has retired to the shades of the store-room,—she is gone to speak to the housekeeper.'

""Oh," said he, indifferently; "she will not be long then, for Mrs. Lake allows a few suggestions at times, but no interference."

She had been gone quite half an hour then, and another quarter passed.

"I must go and find my 'liege ladye,'" said Sir Bertrand to me with a bright kindly smile, Years wore away before I again saw this same

They were both absent some time, then Lady Hilds returned alone. I noticed that the bracelet she had worn, and her husband had astened so lovingly upon her arm, was gone. She looked happier than I had ever seen her; there was a rich glow upon her cheek and a light in her eye that enhanced her beauty a thousand-fold. Bright smiles played around her lips and seemed to nestle in her dimpled

"Where is Sir Bertrand?" she said to me, in a gay cheerful voice.
"Gone, I belive, to find you, Lady Hilda."

"Yes, I promised him the last dance before supper," she said, "but he did not come to claim it."

Presently I heard his voice speaking to my brother; I say his voice, but I should hardly have known it, it was so low, so strange and changed; the jubilant musical tone was gone. I looked at his face in quick surprise. and noted with amazement the change. He looked worn and haggard, every feature was drawn and livid; a dark circle round each eye and a nervous twitching of the pale lips made him so unlike the happy genial host I had seen a short time since, that I was quite at a loss. My brother was asking him what ailed him, and he replied, coldly, nothing, but that he did

"I shall call Lady Hilda," said Philip.

"I shall call Lady Hilda," said Philip.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," answered Sir Bertrand, with some hauteur; then, as if recollecting himself, he added, "there is no need to alarm her. I am all right."

I saw him go to a built and pour out a tumbler of wine; he drank that and another; then the colour flew to his face, and he looked himself again,

"Ah," said my brother as he rejoined us, 'you seem better now; I am glad I did not alarm Lady Hilda."

A bitter smile curved his lips, and just then Ludy Hilda joined us, her sweet face all alight with the pleasure of being near him and speak-

ing to him.
"I missed you, Bertrand," she said; "it is time we went in to supper."

He did not answer her, and offering her his arm they headed the long procession of guests to the supper-room. I saw her looking at him, first with wonder, then with pained anxious sorrow. I watched the light fade from her face and the joy die away from her eyes, but the length of the table divided them, and this happy night passed without my noting more.
(To be concluded in our next.)

NEW PATENT GAS.

A patent has been recently taken out by Messrs. Hengst and Muschouf, for the manufacture of gas on an entirely new principle. After the gas has been generated in an ordinary retort, much in the usual manner of generating coal-gas by means of superheated steam, and immediately on its heaving the retort, it passes through a series of pipes or small auxiliary retorts which are heated and charged with a porous substance, which, when in an incandescent state, either absorbs or converts into permanent gas almost the whole of the impurities contained therein, and thus the gas leaves them in a fit condition for

use.
The inventors claim the following advantages over any other mode of gas making:
1. The entire freedom from sulphur, ammonia, smoke, or offensive smell in the gas

produced. 2. Greatly increased production of gas from a given quantity of coal, and gas of much greater brilliance and illuminating power.

3. A great saving in cost, not only of making gas but in the erection of apparatus employed therein, as by this mode gas may be manufactured from common coal, or even small coal, at a cost not exceeding 8d. per 1,000 ft., and of an illuminating power of 33 candles from a burner consuming 5 ft. per

One great feature of the apparatus is its simplicity of construction. It can be appended to existing works at a small cost. Small works can also be creeted on this principle at little cost.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

FATHER SECON, the Roman astronomer, writes to the Paris Academy of Sciences that a daylight autora was visible in Rome on the lath of August from ten o'clock until mid-day. It will be romembered that there was an animated controversy among observers, lastyear, as so whether the aurora was ever seen in the daytime or not.

seen in the daytine or not.

Silver mining in Greece is again talked of. It is said that Pericles built the Parthenon, probably the most costly, as it certainly was the most beautiful building of Athens, out of the profits derived from the silver mines on the promotory of Laurium, near the city. These mines have been reopened; they yield load containing about ten ounces of silver to the ton.

yield load containing about ten ounces of silver to the ton.

The decay of wood is generally supposed to be caused by the decomposition of the albumen contained in the sap, and from the decomposition results a poison which, being in juxtaposition with the heart speedily induces decay in it. Another cause is a slow o idution which attacks both the sap and the heart, but particularly the latter. By impregnating the wood with creosite both of these causes of decay are avoided, and the iron bolts and spikes employed in joining parts together are likewise preserved.

The assumed heating buildings by means of heat

in joining parts together are likewise preserved.

The system of heating buildings by means of hot air is not a modern invention, as generally supposed. It was practised in Gormany more than nine centuries ago, as is shown by recent exercations in the rains of the ancient Kaiserhaus at Goslar, in the Hartz mountains, where the workmen discovered an extensive series of horizontal flues leading from a large central fire-vault. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that it is quite clear what their purpose must have been, as no other means of warming the structure are visible. The Kings of Fran-

lived in this palace.

The recent discovery of what are supposed to be the site and rains of the Temple of Diam, at Ephesus, is a subject of congratulation among archaeologists. It will be remembered that this famous shrine in Asia Minor was classed by the ancients among the seven wonders of the world. A fragment of one of the one hundred and twenty-seven carved columns which adorned the building has been sent to the British Museum by Mr. Wood, who is in charge of the avenuations. It was dug from a death of to the British Aussam by Mr. Wood, who is in charge of the exervations. It was dug from a depth of twenty-three feet, and is ornamented with five handsome figures, all somewhat defaced, but two of which are distinguishable as representing Mercury and Victory.

which are distinguishable as representing Mereury and Victory.

In the numerous experiments upon the impurities contained in air and rain which have been made during many years past by Dr. R. Angus Smith, general inspector of alkali works in Great Britain, he has frequently found it necessary to examine the effect of vitiated air upon breathing. For this purpose an air-tight partinent, capable of seating several persons, was employed; and the experiments were not unfrequently attended with considerable danger. A writer in Noture says that on one occasion a young lady "who was extremely found of pure nir, was anxious, in the cause of setones, to be in the chamber when the candles went out." There would then be about 19 per cent. of exponentiated in the room. "She stood five minutes perfectly well, and making light of the difficulty, but suddenly became white, and could not come out without help. She was remarkably healthy, never was ill, and was trouble with no fear of the air in which she stood."

FARM ITEMS. .

Over £40,000 was drawn this year from two banks in Cantorbury, Eng., and paid to the hop-pickers in that vicinity.

A CALIFORNIAN is so well pleased with some water-melon sirup he made this year, as an experiment, that next season he threatens to conduct the enter-prise on an extensive scale.

An old Toxan ontile-raisor predicts that, if the present consumption of stock continues for four years longer, a steer will then be worth more in his State than one new is in Illinois.

A Vermonter, one Henry Hopkins, sowed a pound of long red field beet seed on the 25th of May last, and has recently gathered 2773 bushels of roots which weighed 61 tons. The ground occupied was loss than a fourth of un acro, or about 36 square rods.

A fourth of an acre, or about 30 square rods.

A warrer in Moore's Rural urges those who desire to grow chestnut timber, or the trees for eraminental purposes, to choose for planting the largest nuts to be found. A few generations of selected seedlings would, he thinks, result in our having in this country varieties that would equal, if not surpass, the Buropean sorts in size; and it is well known that chestnuts of American growth are far the best in flavor.

The Red Man's 'the Rice.-N. C. W., South Coventry, Conn. In many of the lakes of Northern Minnovots, and in the marshes at the head-waters of the Missistippi, there are extensive beds of wild rice. The ladians have long been in the habit of rathering it for use as food; taking their canoes into the rice swamps when the grain was ripe, and beating it could be made their canoes were leaded. The rice is about as valuable as that of the East Indice, and not so good as that of the Carolinas. Whether it will ever be prediable to turn these wild rice bishis into use, or to reclaim them for cultivation or not, is a question that cannot be decided at present; but while rice is worth 7 cents a pound and the Southern fields full of malaria of so deadly a character as to prohibit white men from inhabiting them, it wanth seen as though these field highly of the Norths of the Southern fields full of malaria of so deadly a character as to prohibit white men from inhabiting them, it wanth seen as though these field highly of the Norths of the Missen as attomated the relative that at least an attempt at reclamation.

The Way to Raise a Oale Without Mick.—Farmers who sell their milk, with some show of reason declare themselves anable to traice their calves. But they need not. A calf is a long-suffering creature and easily adapted to artificial conditions, and its supply of milk being cut off a substitute may be kept in thrity condition. For the first four days it is necessary that it should receive the milk, which is fit for no other purpose, and has certain modicinal uses for the calf. As son as this puriod has passed, it may be furnished with the substitute food, as follows: Ontment situation, and the chopped may like the above. It is ready for use in a few days.

Misce Pies.—Have a piece of puff-paste, which roll into thin grant, strained, sweetened to the thereby a piece of puff-paste, which soll and the purpose, and has certain modicinal uses for the calf. As son as this puriod has passed, it may be furnished with the

so salubrious and so convenient of access, were worth at least an attempt at reclammation.

The Way to Raise a Cale Without Milk,—Farmers who sell their milk, with some show of reason declare themselves mable to raise their calvos. But they need not. A calf is a long-suffering creature and easily adapted to artificial conditions, and its supply of milk being cut off a substitute may be found with which it may be kept in thrifty condition. For the first four days it is necessary that it should receive the milk, which is fit for no other purpose, and has certain modicinal uses for the calf. As soon as this period has passed, it may be furnished with the substitute feed, as follows: Oatmen! sifted from the husks, is boiled into thin gruet, strained, sweetened with brown sugar, and fed to the calf thaving previously been taught to drink, the calf will readily take a ration of a quart three times a day, which may be increased gradually as it becomes older. Finely-cut clover hay, the choicest of the early harvest is mixed with scalled oatmeal, sweetened, and fed in small quantities, gradually increased. If the bowels become too loose a teaspoonful of prepared clark is given as a corrective. With this feed and good care a calf will thrive and grow better than on skim-milk.

Covering Caragage.—A New-Jersey market graden

good care a call will thrive and grow better than on skim-milk.

Coverage Charage.—A New-Jersey market gardeners ends to the Tribane the subjoined oractical statement regarding the two methods of Winter-keeping most in vegue among large growers of catabage.

Pull the heads before the ground freezes, and separate the large from the small. Put each kind by themselves in beds, heads down eight heads wide, and as long as required. When bedded in this way, then e-ver them with two or three inches of surface soil. The heads should be all covered and a little of the stalks. At any time during cold weather when cabbages are walked, by striking a few blows with a pick-ax, this third covering will come off in fikes, and the heads can be got out. The other method is to place a single row of cabbages close together, heads down. These are crossed by plowing a f-row on either side of this row, hoving the furrow slice toward the cabbages. A man with a hot follows and draws the loose earth over the heads when the plow laids to ever. Cabbages keep very well when put allor to get them out when the ground is frozen. Savoys will keep with heads up or down, it makes but little difference which way. When the heads are left up then the stalks and part of the head should be covered with soil. There is one advantage in this lust way. When the heads are cut off in the Spring the stalks any lor reset, and in a couple of weeks will give a crop of greens that will follow the first error of spinach.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A SCHOONER was driven from its moorings and its cable broke, in the North River, New York a few evenings ago, having on board nobody but the captain's draghter, a girl only sixteen years old. Sho was equal to the occasion, however, and taking the helm, kept the schooner safe on hor course, and brought her to under the lee of Staten Island, whence the vessel was worked back to her anchorage.

The population of the globe is usually estimated at one thousand millions. A new and careful estimate based on the very latest returns has just been published at Gotha by two competent German statisticians. Drs. Wagner and Rohm; and they calculate the present number of the earth winhabitants at thirteen hundred and sevenly-seven millions of souls, which is probably the nearest attainable approximation to the truth.

proximation to the truth.

Might importance is attached to the transit of the planet Vonns over the sun's disc, which will take place in December 1874. It is stated that already more than twenty astronomers have made arrangements to take photographs of the transit. It is possible, and indeed probable, that light may be shed upon important questions pertaining to distance and velocity of the planets by this phonomenon. In the planetary system. Venus is second in order from the sun, her orbit lying between Mercury and the earth, at a mean distance from the sun of about \$6.980,007 of miles. Its diameter is estimated 79,000 miles, and its revolution around the sun is completed in a little over 221 days. over 224 days.

its revolution around the sun is completed in a little over 221 days.

The other day, a pleasant-looking gentleman, of foreign appearance and accent of speech, outered a tobacconist's shop in one of the market towns of South Durham, says the London Grocer, and requested that he might be supplied with a good segar. The article having heen furnished to him, he proceeded to apply it to his nose with the air of a connoisseur, and then to protest that its shoor was most peculiar, not to say offensive. The worthy tradesonan declared that the segar was an excellent one; his visitor as stoutly maintained that it was not, and that he was soconvinced of the fact that he at once determined to try what the segar was really made of. Taking a penkuife from his pocket, he becan to out the "weed" in two, and had no sooner connecneed to do so than a quantity of feathers dropped from the segar. The more he can the faster the feathers flew, until the whole segar had been whielted away, and the shop looked more like an uphoisteror's than a tobacconist's. Having given this centar and practical proof that he had no remarked the peculiar flavor of the segar without reason, the foreign gentleman took his departure, leaving the shopkeeper atterly bowildered and the possessor of a quantity of feathers, enough to staff an ordinary cushion. The customer was a conjurer.

The Presidential Election.—The full returns of the Presidential election show that Grant and Wilson Electors have been chosen by thirty States, having 234 votes, and Greeley and Brown Electors by seven States, having 72 votes, a majority for Grant and Wilson of 222 votes.

١	i the leffewing are the extant and evisor still	ics :-
	Main 7 Alabama	10
	New Hampshire 5 Mississippi	
ļ	Vermont 5 Arkansas	
ı	Massachusetts 10 Ohio	. 0
ì	Rhode Island 4 Indiana	1,
١	Renogo Island	!
١	Connecticut 6 Illinois	
	New York 35 Michigan	
	New Jersoy 9 Wisconsin	1/
	Pennsylvania 29 Kansas	!
	Delawara 3! Iowa	11
	Virginia11 Minnesota	
	West Virginia 5 Nebraska	3
	North Carolina 10:California	
ı	South Carolina 7 Oregon	•••••
ĺ	Florida 4 Novada	
	Liolida 4: Voluda	•••••
	Total	
ļ	The following are the Greeley and Brown Sta	iles:_
	Maryland 8: Kentucky	I
ľ	Georgia11 Tennessee	12
	F Stanonai	11

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

FRENCH POLISHING.—Naphtha, one quart; sheliae, six ounces; sandarue, two cuness. Powder the gums, and mix the same as with spirits of wine. To be used in the ordinary way, and cleared off with pure naphtha.

VEGETABLE Soup .- Ifalf a pint of split peas, three carrots, three parains, three potatoes, three turning; the vegetables out in thin slices, and fried in half a pound of butter. Put it all in a gallon of spring water; stew it till reduced in two quarts; season with sweet herbs, nopper, salt, and colory to your taste; strain it, to be belied the night before it is wanted.

To CLEAN HARE BRUSHES.—As hot water and sonp very soon selton the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction, use soda dissolved in cold water, instead. Soda having an affinity for grease, it cleans the brush, with little friction. Do not set them near the fire, nor in the sun, to dry, but after shaking them well, set them on the point of the handle in a shady place.

INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.—On many occasions it is of importance to employ an ink indestructible by any process, that will not equally destroy the material on which it is applied. For black ink, twenty-five grains of copul, in powder, are to be dissolved in two hundred grains of cil of lavender, by the assistance of gentle heat; and are then to be mixed with two and a half grains of lamp black, and half grain of indige.

the above. It is ready for use in a few days.

Mince Pirs.—Have a piece of pour-paste, which roll out to the thickness of a penny piece; have also a dozen tartlet-pans, which lightly butter; out out twelve pieces with a round outter from the paste, each the size of your tartlet-pans, lay them upon the slab, roll the trimmings of the paste again to the former thickness, out twelve other pieces, with which line the tartlet-pans; put a necessor minecement, and as above, in each; wet then round, place on the lids, pricking a hole with a pin in the centre, and close them well at the oldes; ear over twistly, and bake about twenty minutes in a melecule oven.

Dearsess.—Ear-ache and deafness are a continue.

bake about twenty minutes in a mederate oven.

Deapness.—Ear-ache and duafness are sometimes connected with chronic alceration in the internal of external part of the ear, when injections of warm water and soap are advisable. In this case there is sometimes a constant fetfol discharge, for which the following mixture is recommended: —Take of oxyall, three drachms; balsam of Pern, one direction. Mix. A drop or two to be put into the ear with a little cotton.—When deafness arises from a decicient secretion of wax, take oil of turpentine, half a drachm; olive oil, two drachms. Mix. Two drops to be introduced into the ear at bot-time. When deafness arises from a collection of too much wax, and pain is exportenced on the drum of the ear, inject warm water with a gutta-percha syvinge made for the purpose, and which can be purchased at any respectable chemist's.

Fellows' Compound Synge or Hypophosentres.— Clergymen who were obliged to withdraw from the pulpit on account of Clergymen's Sore Throat, have recovered by using this invaluable preparation, and are now preaching again. Being an excellent nervous tonic, it exerts a direct influence on the nervous system, and through it it invigorates the body.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

FORTUNE is the rod of the weak, and the staff of the

GRAVITY is the bullast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady. A GRAND Safeguard for doing right is to hate all that is wrong.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Gillien roofs and silver door-locks cannot shut out sleepless nights. $^{\circ}$ To-morrow $^{\circ}$ is the day on which lazy folks work, and fools reform.

tienus is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

Stoneys cleanse the atmosphere, and the tempests of life purify the human heart.
He is a brave man who isn't afraid to wear old clothes, until he is able to pay for new ones.

If thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice, it is a condemnation.

INVIOLABLE fidelity, good humour, and complacen-cy of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

Sincentry does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be consurable and falsehood inexensable. If every word men atter fell to the ground and grew up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be worth ten times as much as they now are.

Engerton has no creative power; it can merely unfold and direct the powers which nature confers. It cannot make a poet of a horse, nor a mathemati-cian of an ape.

cian of an ape.

One of the saidost things about human mature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is horn with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this.

THERE is nothing which contributes were to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

To find one who has passed through life without

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one that hath no memory of the past, and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

mon with the rest of the species.

"Luck" and "Labour" both begin with the same letter, but end with very different results. Luck is ever waiting for "something to turn up;" Labour, with keen oye and strong will, bravely turns up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes that the postman would bring him news of a logacy; Labour turns out at six o'dlock, and with busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence, Luck whines, Labour whistles; Luck relies on chance, Labour on character; Luck "lips downwards to indigence, Labour strides upwards to independence.

dence.
The smalight that follows a shipwrock is not less beautiful though it shines upon the remnants of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more presious than that which has been lost. The demostic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to provent or to heal disturbance. There are enough to minister by hints and reports, to domestic unkindness; and, unfortunately, the bost, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepressent motives; and trifles, with no direct-object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offence. It is the same in social life. Lot us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and the rust, though removed, leaves a spot.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Difficult punctuation .- Putting a stop to a gossip's THE Acrobats of every household.—The pitcher and tumbler.

THE man most likely to make his mark in the world.—One who cannot write his own name. Someropy says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other it will probably run. STRANGE, BUT TRUE. - Next year will contain only forty-six weeks, for the other six will be Lent.

A TERRE HAUTE girl exclaimed when she saw a Thomas feline elevate his back, "Oh! wouldn't he make a levely bustle?" The married ladies of Hannibal, Mo., have formed a "Come Home Husband Club." It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end of it.

A KENTUCKIAN has by practical experiment settled a long-vexed question, and announces that it takes just five shots to kill a lightning-rod man. A Sportive hunter, of Detroit, who kept a flask of whiskey with him on a shooting trip, struck a race course in the suburbs on his return, and walked around it all night, wondering why he didn't get to

town.

The man who sat up all night weighing a ton of coal to see that he had received all that was due him, thought that he was a few pounds ahead until he remembered that he had not deducted the weight of the pail.

A SAN PRANCISCO juggler, while riding a steed and Leoping throe "drawn daggers" in the air, was thrown over the horse's head and fell upon the points of the daggers. But it was of no consequence, as the daggers were made of tin.

IN one of the suburban schools a school inspector gave out the word "psatter" to a class for spelling, it was a posser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, but, being asked to define it. he should out, "More sait."

"More salt."

The Petroit Free Press says, that "yesterday afternoon a farmer named Palmer was thrown from his wagon about two miles beyond the toll-gate." A Union reporter has inquired into this case, and finds that instead of being turown two miles, Palmer was simply thrown two yards out meon the road beside his wagon. It is one of the Free Press exaggerations.

ations.

A LITTLE MISCISDERSTANDING.—An English vicar was standing on a Monday morning at his gate, when one of his partishioners arrived with a basketful of pointoes, "What's this?" said the vicar, "Plense, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our host taturs —a very rare kind, sir, My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in your sermon the common taturs (commentators) didn't agree with you."

mon the common rature (commentators) didn't agree with you."

Thiers even its Diessing Hows. Not many days ago Mr. Thiers required from his Paris failor a handsome dressing-room. When the pared was handsome dressing-room. When the pared was handsome dressing-room. When the pared was handsome dressing-room, when the pared was handsome dressing-room, and a friendor theirs. The President tried it on, and a friendor theirs. The President tried it on, and found only one hall with it, that it was somowhat foo long, and suggested that it was a fault that might be on diprended at home without sending it back to the tailor. To this the women assented. Muno. Thiers wished to surprise her husband, and contrived during the course of the evening to shorten the dessing rown and lay it beek in its place emperceived. In her hurry to get at done quickly she did not notice that her sister had been before-hand with her, and had already somplated the task. Later on in the evening the friend side away from the company, and carried out the idea she had planned in her own mind of being the one was should perform this pleasing daty. Next morning Mr. Thiers called for his dressing-room, and all three women chimed in. "It's quite ready." It was brought and tried on once note, but this time the President had not to complain of undue longth as it resembled a shooting container from a free-sing room in its shronken proportions.

XNIHQS ENCISHTEARL

200, ANAGRAMMATIC REEDS.

The initials of the following will, give the name of a political writer who wrote an account of the Plague of Lombon.

1. Dig Dick Varra. (A celebrated Englis') netor.)
2. Vah ; a crow, Mabel. (A famous poet.)
3. Show mear coil. (A dramatic writer.)
4. A a war coil. (A dramatic writer.)
5. Run ! Spend Medes. (A celebrated poet.)
6. Curl ? I say, cur. (A gallant nobleman who fell in the battle of Newborry.)
7. Ah ! mud dive. (A famous historian.)
8. Un! Edward: Nell ? (An English poet.)
9. Is care frank d? (A celebrated navigator.)
10. New door, new leg. (A Welsh patriot.)
11. Ye dall! hand me. (A celebrated astronomer.)

1. My whole', off-placed before, I yow, My nest, and is my second? Enignatists you'll name me now, Or dull you must be reckon'd.

291, TRIO OF CHARADES.

- 11. My Arst is a valley; My second's a fish; In Scotland, my whol-You may find, if you wish,

111. A vehicle my nest will name. A town in France my nest proclaim, My whole, too, serve to bring to mind, A town you may in Spotland find.

2.2. TRANSPOSITION.

My whole, its great value, was not much known in yore (1).
But behead and transpose me. I'm what many down (2):
Transpose me again, of a ship's crey I am one (3).
In four fifths of my whole, a cardinal point you may see (5):

(b) Again take four-lifths of my whole, and you'll find, Pm part of a ship, not before or behind (7). Now take three-lifths of my whole, and you'll see, That halies, in particular, are partial to us (8). This being transposad (4 believe 1 am right), will name what we all do, with plansarable delight.

This being transposed, an accommodation 'twill he

(9). Once more take three-lifths, and I'm at your door found (10). Again take three-lifths, and I'm all the world round

(11).
And last, four-fifths of my whole doth convey, Great londs on the road: I've no more to say (12).

· W. C. DAVLY.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, Ac., of No. 19

275. CHARADES.-I. Ninepocce. 2, Watchword. 256. Strayer: Paradoxes. — Punctuate the sentences thus:—I saw a quek of cards. Grawing a bone, I saw a curly dog. Scatted on Englands throne, I saw Queen Victoria; &c.

277. Itan's.—Be not too wise nor over nice, for little do you see how great a cake you be. nuto doyou see how great a cake you be.

25. Transpostitors of Lordon Striggers, &c. —1.
Spargeon's Tabermele; 2. (doncester Square; 2.
Kennington Oval; 4. Burlington Arcade; 5. Thames
Tannel; 6. Westminster Abbey; 7. Paternoster
Row; 8. Haynardot Theatre; 9. Threadneedle
Street; 10. British Museum.

279. Amerimanical Puzzis.—The figure I and two ors will make 100.

280. Charabe.—A-corn, the seed of the oak, of which ships are built. 281. Cherent, Open Space, and Highway.—Saint Panl's Cathedral, Russell Square, Munsion House

Street.

Siz. Transpositions. — 1. Camera-obscur: 2. Counter-view: 3. Contard-monger: 4. Versi-coloured: 5. Counter-movements; 6. Marsh-mallow: 7. Revolutions: 8. Ordination; 9. Dandelion: 10. Endorsement; 11. Hocatomb; 12. Anachronism.

283. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

Cut the Buns in Quarters, and each one will have afficen Quarters. -11

> ILLILI-NINE. ш. 792—thus :-6 x 12 x 12 = 864 6 x 12 \cdots 72

792 9.8.7.6.5.4.3.2.1 = 45 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9 = 45

1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.0 = 9C = 100; L = 50; V = 5; II two ones—CIVII.

284. SQUARE WORDS .-AMOO

25. Nomered Charade. -- Whipponham.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY M. K. D.

His little blue eyes wide open,
His little red tips apart.
His rosy excels all a dimple,
Hope brimming over his heart;
All the dreams of the wonder-land
Filling his bright young brain,
On the hearth he stands a tiptoe
To peep into his stocking again.
A little trilled haugh of triumph,
A silvery scream of joy,
He sits on the floor in his right-gown,
'Midst sugar-plann, ball, and toy;
He rattles the string of sleich-bells,
He blast on his scarlet dram.

He beats on his scarlet dram. And calls to his prancing tin horses To "Come up! come !"

To "Come to! come!"

Good old Father Christmas
Peeping in at the door,
Did you ever see anything human
Itali so happy before?
You may to so him the wide world's treasures
When he is as old as we,
And his soul will never boil over
Into such bubbles of glee.
Ab. funny little toy village.
Greater the blies you hear
Than all the taxed lands and houses
Of any great multionaire!
And the white Canton finance rabbit,
And the beasts from the Noah's ark,
Are worth all the deer over treasured
In any nobleman's park.

THE POTTLETON SOCIAL.

BY EPHEAIM.

The little town of Pottleton was in a state of unusual excitement.

The public pulse beat with alarming rapidity. The social barometer indicated a change, and general appearances tended towards fever

Groups of persons were standing on the publie square, engaged in conversing upon some all important topic. The office of the Pottleton Trumpet was regarded with especial interest. The leaves were blown in the same direction, as if their presence was absolutely necessary, and small clouds of dust met them by appointment to discuss some prominent question. Even the hungry dogs were attracted thither by an unaccountable agency, and showed a total disregard for the safety of their lives, and a bold contempt for the city ordinance in which they figured conspicuously.

A stranger would have at first supposed it to have been the eve of an election; but on second thought he would have discovered his mistake-because everybody was sober. Elections seldom troubled Pottleton; besides it was a moral town, and always appointed its officers for lengthened terms of office; thus saving a large amount of money and a larger

amount of time.

It boasted a railroad, a corporation, a townhall and a bank. It possessed all the require-ments a town of its size needed, and so far,

The demoralizing effects of political excitement had not, as yet, contaminated l'ottleton, and it rejoiced exceedingly in the high tone of its moral status.

The church clock had just struck the hour

of 10 (A. M.) correctly for the first time in a

With commendable punctuality the office of the Trumpet was thrown open to a large and eager crowd, which set at naught the strenuous exertions of the constable, sheriff and town clerk, whose several positions were combined in the person of a weak and bald-headed offiwho vainly endeavoured to maintain order by observing: "Do keep back, gentle-men, please, and respect the constable." Failing to obtain respect in that capacity, he would appeal in virtue of his office as sheriff, and, town-clerk as a last resource. Whether on account of the thinness of his voice, or a lack of betitting dignity of exterior to command respect, I cannot say; but he suddenly retired

The cause of this excitement, which I will presently explain, is based upon the authority of the Trunpet itself, the "official organ of Pottleton and immediate vicinity," claiming a circulation (principally in unpaid subscriptions) greatly in excess of any other papers in the context. the county, and, in consequence the best advertising medium (value taken out in trade to suit the convenience of advertisers) you could possibly select.

It was independent in its political tone, and ts opinions were constantly banging. It exhibited a marked caution in its expressions and never left itself open to a prosecution for libel, as it was never known to assume responsibility in any shape whatever. As a proof of its importance as one of the institutions of the country, and illustrating its freedom of the press, it was full of typographical errors which were committed with a corresponding

In explanation of this overwhelming rush I refer you to the second column of the first page of said Trumpet, which I take the liberty of quoting:

"The Pottleton Lyghum.—The mombers of this distinguished society will give a grand, selentific, social and literary come reactions at their Hall this ovening, at eight o'clock prompt. Our local talent, of which Pottleton is so justly proud, will meet en mouse, and we anticipate an array of literary and classical ability, soldom if over equalled in the Province.

"classical ability, soldom if ever equation in the Fro"vince.
"Miss Arabolia Delaurey will sing a braners from
"one of the Italian masters, in her most charming
"style; and Mr. St. Clair, the gifted baritone, will
"ronder his valuable assistance in a duet.
"It is worthy of remark that while we are happy
"in noting the admirable good taste shown by the
"committee in the arrangement of its programme, it
"is also observable that a higher tone of litorary
"excellence and classic ability will be presented to a
"discriminating public than has hitherto been given
by the society.

"discriminating public than his measure occus greathy by the society.

"We are always ready to admit that a becoming undesty over characterizes true genius, but we should feel we were doing our citizers an injustice if we failed to predict that Pottleton may yet produce its Shakespeare or its Nilsson.

I regret my time will not admit of giving the whole of this interesting article which the editor had taken unusual pains to " set up"

With the exception of Miss DeLaurey's brarura and Mr. St. Clair's selection the pro-

gramme was original. Poems, articles on scientific subjects, papers on domestic economy were all possess

no other merit, that at least of originality.

Never before had Pottleton held such a "feast of reason" for twenty-five cents a head,

highest order; combining instruction with amusement, not forgetting to charge said remarks: "treat" to their respective parents and guar-

Dry goods stores and millinery establishments had a busy day of it. Every available inch of space had been engaged at the Slush

went without ten to enable them to be present in time.

Carriages, light and heavy waggons rumbled along the High Street. The Slush House presented a brilliant ap-

penrance. The Town Hall clock was illuminated in honour of the occasion.

A tasteful monogram, composed of the let-ters "P. L." was ingeniously constructed out of Chinese lanterns, and suspended in front of the Lyceum. An enterprising member had erected a transparency, with the words, "Literature, Science and Art!" boldly inscribed thereon. Below these magic symbols he informed the readers—"sign painting executed at reasonable rates."

The doors opened and the crush came. The constable wisely appointed three specials and presented them with refreshment tickets in consideration of their services.

As soon as the house filled it presented a brilliant appearance. Gayly-coloured dresses of costly silks met the eye at every turn, and contrasted finely with the sombre attire of the gentlemen. Jewels of immense value (if you could judge by the size of their settings) dazzied the eye. Yaried types of beauty mingled together in one blazing galaxy of wealth and refinement. Blondes and brunettes ontyied each other in the richness of the wardrobe, and the reseate tinge of their complexions. Pearl powder was at a premium. Roman noses buried themselves in elaborately

laced handkorchiefs of gossamer fineness.

The unadulterated freshness of the school girls-some were budding into womanhoodincllowed the beauty of the scene. Bracelets of wonderful workmanship were displayed on arms of alabaster whiteness. Chignons of every size, hue, design and quality that you could think of, adorned the heads of the ladies. The atmosphere was permeated with a delicious odor of rare perfumes. Pottleton excelled itself.

The programme was selected with great care and read as follows:

Overture The Pottleton Band Introductory Address.... E. Freshwater, Esq. Paper entitled "Farming and Reform"

[Mr. J. Snugger Bravura, from Il Trovatore.... Miss Arabella [De Laurey Kssay, "Thoughts on Keeping an Hotel,"

[A. Fogg, Esq. Duet, "When Shall the Harvest be?" [Miss A. De Laurey & Mr. C. St. Clair.

Recess to conclude with refreshment and social gozzip.

The orchestra, which had been hard at work, opened the evening's entertainment. It showed evident signs of a premature fatigue.

Some of the members presented a foundered appearance from over-blowing.

The selection was fine; but would have been better appreciated had the bass-drum and cymbals not predominated quite so largely, as it marred the effect of the softer

This volume of sound was understood to be

After the last shot had been fired and the plaintive wailings of agony from the wounded had sobbed themselves to sleep, the overture closed amidst a gloomy and impressive

E. Fresh vater, Esq., came next in order. His appearance was the signal for one continued demonstration of applause.

He bowed repeatedly, thrust his hand care lessly through hair which wouldn't curl coughed sympathetically, postured gracefully and displayed his finger ring to the best advantage. Laying his hand somewhere in the region of his heart, but suggestively close to his vest pocket, he proceeded:

Ladies and Gentlemen:
When Art and Beauty meet here face to face,
Fair Science also claims of right a place,
With other arpirants to honoured fame,
Glorious Apollo bringing up the train—
Though last, not least, a willing rismor sure
With graceful mich advances Literature.

(This happy allusion to the Trumpet was publicly acknowledged by its proprietor, who exclaimed "Not at all," which remark slightly confused the speaker, who was doubtful in what sense the expression was offered.)

Then as we mingle in the busy throng
We may our homise to the Queen of Song.
While diffront tastes their diffrent subjects
[choose

While diffront tastes their diffrent subjects [choose: Some worship musio—others or "the muso.—And as I gare around this beautous scene—Am I awake, or is't some funcied dream? Can such things bels so lovely, wondrous, grand? Or is't a romance from sweet fairy-land? What kindred spirits have I strayed among? It is, it must be, classic Pottleton! No flowery language can my thoughts express. Th' tumuit'ous heavings of my throbbing breast. In weak and feeble words I but convey. The pride and happiness I feel to-day. Then old and young, ye friends and patrons dear, Thrice welcome all, a thousand welcomes here! The poetic allusion to the "Oneen of Sone"

The poetic allusion to the " Queen of Song'

evidently referred to Miss De Laurey, and took immensely. It was several minutes before Mr. Freshwater recovered sufficient composure to bow

himself off the stage.

Well might Pottleton be proud of such talent! As the onthusiasm had toned itself down, Mr. James Snugger made his appear-

This gentleman had a matter-of-fact busi and it was to be expected such an occasion should be hailed with befitting enthusiasm. Every reserved seat was taken. The principals of the young ladies' seminaries had promised their pupils an intellectual treat of the

to give you an idea of the substance of his

He truly observed that a considerable quantity of land is annually wasted through extravagant farming. This is an age of progress; but although an age of progress it should also be one of economy. Mr. Snugger didn't believe in such lavish consumption of earth, inch of space had been engaged at the soush. House by families from the country.

The brass band, numbering eight pieces, exclusive of the drum and cymbals, was to "proceed" through the town and play in front of the Lyceum in the evening.

The performance was billed to commence at sidered, is a retrogade movement instead of a progressional one. He felt it his duty to point the new of the numbering eight pieces, exclusive of the drum and cymbals, was to those shortsighted agriculturists. This, he conshows they were not paper, referred to his colstication of the Lyceum in the evening. clusive of the gruin and play in front "proceed" through the town and play in front of the Lyceum in the evening.

The performence was billed to commence at seven o'clock sharp.

At six juvenile patrons of art congregated because the half-past the side-walk was not to be debarred from his · object.

Some people might say if he knew so much about these matters why didn't he give them the benefit of his experience? He would do

can grow a greater variety of produce."
"You will find this method to work exceedingly well. Get your neighbour to plant something on one side and you something on the other, and you will find your own crop double that of any year preceding. Should your species of vegetable be stronger than his, it is very probable an amalgamation will take place, novel in character as well as agreeable to the palate and useful to science at large."

Mr. Snugger retired, a triumphant smile of self-satisfaction suffusing his ruddy face. Mr. Snugger's exit caused a general reference to the programme to see what was coming next. Double-barrelled opera glasses were levelled at the stage in expectation of Miss

Arabella DeLaurey's entrance. The prima donna made her entrée. With a bow of matchless grace she took in the whole house with one glance of her expressive eye; the soft patting of gloved hands brought forth a smile of singular sweetness, which revealed a set of magnificent teeth—not her own.

The lady was built in the Elizabethan style of architecture and of rugged proportions (vulgarly termed "scruggy.") Her age might have been either twenty or forty. Her face was oval and its expression spirituelle. The colour of her hair—or rather the hair she wore—was an intense auburn. Her forehead was broad and intellectual. Her eyes large and penetrating and dilated with belladonas. Her nose was of the composite order—Roman above the bridge, Grecian below it. Her waist—well her waist was considerable of a

In one gloved hand she held a mutilated piece of sheet music, and, in the other, a pocket-handkerchief—with her right she arranged the folds of her drapery in the most approved style, and with her left slightly raised her skirt, showing a delicately formed foot encased in a number nine satingaiter. She stretcked herself to her full height, cast a look of contempt at the pianist, which ought to have annihilated him on the spot but didn't—raised her eyes heavenward, toyed with her bracelet, shook herself together and went in heavy on the Italian.

As nobody knew much about the language everybody agreed upon the correctness of her accent. The only syllables I could hear distinctly were a moor, a moor, neoor a poco del forte a moor, a poco. A gentleman who had been to Italy sometime in his youth said she was singing something about "a Dutchman

Of course Miss DeLaurey was encored (that had been provided for beforehand), and she went through the same performance to the delight of an intelligent audience. The way she rolled her eyes as well as her voice was truly thrilling!

Alfred Fogg, Esq., one of the thinnest men in Pottleton, succeeded the prima donna, and read a short essay—" Thoughts on Keeping a Hotel."

Mr. Fogg besides being thin was lanterned-jawed and hawk-eyed. His appearance led you to suppose he had never seen the inside of a hotel in his life; but as he was going to tell us something about keeping one, the presumption was he would get fatter by-andby. His remarks were listened to with much interest, probably because the subject was about something to cat. It made you hangry

about something to eat. It made you hangry to look at him, it did indeed.

I will give you his closing remarks:

"I have made up my mind," he said, "that it does require a smart man to keep a hotel. With painful consciousness I am aware that I am not, in this connection, a smart man. I have tried it and ought to know; I have lost money at it, and my experience is from actual knowledge. We must creep, my friends, before we can walk. I crept and kept on creeping, but I never walked in the hotel sense of the word, though my customers did-they walked off without paying. It was a sorrowful stagger with me. I opened a restaurant—not a large one, my means being limited. For the first week I had no customers. The second week business was more encouraging. They came, but brought their own dinners, and I

lent'em the knives and forks.

"The third week I took in half a dollar.
The fourth week, it was on Monday, a gentlemanly-looking person called upon me and made numerous inquiries. He became in-terested, and made himself unusually agreeable. I thought he had an idea of buying me out, and I was only too ready to jump at the chance. Feeling my way cautiously I inquired if such was his intention.

"'Oh dear, no; by no means.'
"'Then why this interest in a stranger's affairs ?' "Look here,' said he, 'do you repose much

confidence in human nature? Some, I replied, but very little. Why? " Because if you do, repose that confidence

in me.' " A transient smile suffused his face as he continued: "'Will you cook this sausage and lend me

a quarter? Say, will you?'
1 did neither, and then I knew how sharp man it required to keep a hotel success

Mr. Fogg was allowed to retire, feeling persuaded that the audience sympathized with him in his great grief.

As soon as Mr. St. Clair appeared on the stage, leading in Miss Arabella DeLaurey, the opera glasses were again brought into requisition, and Mr. St. Clair was greeted with rapturous applause.
They then introduced the latest stage bow

and looked at each other.

Mr. St. Clair made quite an extensive display of shirt bosom, wrist-bands and white gloves. He first drew public attention to the coughed twice, glanced at the audience confully, wiped his moustache and turned to Miss DeLaurey, as much as to say: "I am quite conde what are you waiting for?" The ready, what are you waiting for?" The pianist received the customary scowl and played a prelude to the duet referred to in the programme. The prelude was finished. Mr. St. Clair then asked Miss DeLaurey in a deep so. Mr. Snugger then went on to show the diderent kinds of vegetables which would yield the best paying capital. (I will omit this portion of his subject, as it is purely technical.)

His concluding remarks were:

"Build your land on the perpendiulcar.
You thus economize your earth surface and can grow a greater variety of produce"

"Build your agont a again asked, and the same gentleman expressed his opinion, rather loudly, that if the weather was good the harvest might be a week carlier than last year. This caused a laugh among those who heard it, and was the only answer that applied to the question.

This concluded the musical and literary exercises, and the lyceum adjourned to re-

freshment and social gossip.
The gastronomical abilities of the cook at the Slush House was severely tested. Ice cream, raspberry cakes, jelly cakes, fruit cakes, custard, coffee, sponge cakes, current cakes, pound cakes, plum cakes, tea, chocolate, apples, nuts, oranges, cold water and etceteras, were partaken of with a vigour that im, essed you deeply with the capacity of the Pottletonian appetite. But eating and drink-

ing must come to an end.

The prima donna received her congratulations gracefully, and affected the usual languid air those ladies are supposed to have at their command. She got up a stereotyped smile, which would have looked well in print, and never left her the whole evening. I am sorry to say I could not stay long enough to enjoy all the good things I saw and heard, but I went away fully satisfied that the social should not pass unrecorded - Canadian Illustruted News.

MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Dec. 14, 1372.

The local money market continues steady and un-changed. There has been a good demand for ex-change at advanced prices. 10% being new the quo-tation. A moderate amount of mercantile paper has been presented for discount and previous rates pre-vati.

been presented for discount and provided the vall.

The condition of the local flour market remains about the same. There is no demand except from city dealers, and sales are therefore light. 1.200 barrels changed hands at about quotations. (Irains, provisions, dressed hogs and general produce remain quiet at somewhat nominal prices.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

Dec. 13, 5 p.m. Dec. 11, 13/p.m. Dec. 10, 19/p.m. Dec. 11.

Dec. 10.

Syp.m.

Syp.m.

Dec. 9.

139 p.m. | S. D. S. D

WHEAT .- Nominal. OATMEAL, per bri. of 200 lbs.—Held at \$4.90 to \$5.-0, according to quality. igh of 66 lbs .- Market quiet. Recent PKAS. 🏕 bugh of sales were at 77jc.

OATS. P bush of 32 lbs.—Steady. Quotations are: 32c for new, and 34c for old. CORN.-Quiot. Held at 570.

BARLEY.—Steady; nominal rates are 55c to 60c Butter, per lb.—Dull. Nominal quotations are: Store-packed Western, 8c to 10c; fair dairy Wes-tern, 12c to 13c; good to choice do, 15c to 17c. CHEESE. # 1b.—Quiet. Factory fine 11c to 111c; Finest new 12c to 125c.

Ponk, per brl. of 200 lbs.— Market dull; New Moss. \$16.50 to \$10.75. Thin Moss. \$15.50.

LARD.-Quiet at 10c to 104c per pound.

Ashes.—Pots firm. Firsts, \$7.00 to \$7,10. Pourls firm at \$8.45 to \$8.55 for Firsts. Durssed Hoo—Por 100 lbs.—Market steady. Quotations are \$5.50 to \$5.60, according to weight.

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In addition, THE ALDINE will reproduce examples of the bost foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success, and greatest general interest: avoiding such as have become familiar, through photographs, or copies of any kind.

The quarterly finted plates, for 1873 will reproduce four of John S. Davis inimitable child-sketches, appropriate in the four sensons. Those plates, appearing in the issues for January, April, July, and October, would be allow worth the price of a year's subscription, 2472.

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The Literary Department.

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