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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

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No. 42.

FARISO FARI

BY REA.

My love was sad and said,—o'en yet I hear his voice,—"You'll not forget. Half-love I do not take or give. And, swoot! I'll love you while I live!" And not a word my lips would say, And then he sail'd away—away. Far! so far! so far!

The thousand buds of blushing spring.
The flow'rs that aummer cloress bring.
The autumn leaves that crimson glow.
The winter's wind and olinging snow
All came and went, and went and came.
Yet never once I heard his name.
Far! so far! so far!

At last one day, in wind and rain, I saw his ship come home again; And then I heard how never more My love would meet me on the shore, How never could he hear or know Phat all the time I loved him so.

Far! so far! so far!

#### THE LOST RING.

BY FRANCES PAGET.

"And you are really going, Faith?"
"Yes, Lucy, I am going," and the speaker
bent lower over her needlework to hide the fai-

ling tears from her companion.
She was a pretty and rather fragile looking girl of nineteen; but, young as she was, she was already learning the stern lesson of battling with the world. Her purents were in reduced cir-cumstances, finding it often a serious question how to provide for their six children; so Faith, who had been well educated, and was the oldest, had insisted upon answering an advertisement for a governess, and on accepting the situation Then I' was offered.

"Do you know anything of the family?" said Lucy Beaumont, who had called to pay her a forewell visit.

farewell visit.

"Nothing beyond what Mrs. Riverton tells me in her letter, and the reports I have heard. There are three little girls, who will be my pupils; and she has also a daughter who is about my age. She writes kindly, and I hope I shall succeed.

"I hope so, too, dear Faith," replied her friend; "but it is sometimes no easy matter to please the whims of these rich people. You start to morrow?"

"Yes, in the morning. I suppose I shall not see you again; but try and write sometimes." Then the visitors went away; and l'aith stole off to her mother's room to enjoy, for the last time, the dear familiar intercourse. So, seated on a low foot-stool at her mother's feet, her head upon her knee, she listened to the words of love and trust that fell from these quivering lips. until the sunlight faded in the west, and

lips, until the sunlight finded in the west, and the radiance of peace filled her soul.

On the morrow sie was gone. Gone, amid tears, and kisses, and parting blessings, such as those only give who part for the first time. But brave little Faith kept up her courage to the last, hiding her anguish, lest she should augment theirs; and it was not till the last glimpse of those dear faces had faded from her view that she gave way to grief. But hopes and plans for the future soon obscured the present cloud, and the future soon obscured the present cloud, and she grew more cheerful.

ecy clouds floated in the azure depths of the sky; the grass was green as emerald; the scenery through which the railway omnibus pursued its way was beautiful, and could not have failed to arouse a mind not given over to honeless sorrow. But Faith not given over to hopeless sorrow. But Faith was young and buoyant; to her, life, though not a path of roses, was still full of promise; and ere many miles had been passed, the bloom had come back to her check and the sparkle to

The journey was not without adventure. They were approaching the railroad station, and were descending a steep bill, when the horses took fright and dashed violently forward. The driver seemed paralyzed with fear; and they might all have been killed, had it not been for one of the passengers, who took the reins with a powerful band, and succeeded in checking the he an instant too soon, for they were almost on the line, and the train was just coming in.

During all this time l'aith showed wonderful presence of mind. She quieted the agitated women, whose ories of terror only urged the maddened animals to greater speed, and soothed the sobling children. As they descended from the omnibus, the young stranger who had been

the means of their preservation addressed her:
"You are a brave girl," he said, "braver than
any I have seen. If we could carry the same
courage through life it would be well. I wonder

what sustained you?"

She coloured, and half leaned forward to reply; but her words were lost in the rush of the train, as it bore her away from his gaze. As he turned to go in another direction, something glistening on the pavement at his feet arrested his attention. He stooped to pick it up. A simple gold ring, bearing, engraved on it, the single word "FAITH." Was it in answer to his question? he thought, as he walked away. At any rate, the little thing fascinated him, for he laid it carefully away, not without dreaming over it. He felt almost certain it was hers.

It was late in the evening when Faith arrived at Riverton Hall. The lady of the mansion was not at home, and the housekeeper received hor, showed her into a retired room, which she said was to be hers, and then vanished, only to send a servant up with some refreshment. That housekeeper was a kind-hearted woman, and ouched by the sight of the young friend-

less creature. Faith had time to observe her surroundings while she was taking her tea. The room was a very pretty one, with large, sunny, southern windows, commanding a fine view of the coun-



PAITH RECOGNISED BY HER GRANDMOTHER.

Tired and happy Faith sank to sleep, resolving to write a letter to her mother the following day, and cheer her heart by a recital of her good

It was with a trombling heart she descended the next morning to the parlour, and was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Riverton. The lady was kind, but stately, and Faith stood some-what in awe of her. However, the interview passed over agreeably enough, and her pupils were introduced. They were three lovely little girls, May, Rosalie, and Grace. Impulsive, warm-hearted children, she felt delighted at the prospect of having them in her care, and began her labours the next day. But had she been less gentle, or less firm, she might not have succeeded so well, for her pupils had never been ceeded so well, for her pupils had hever been subjected to any restraint till now, and it was no easy matter to manage them. If their affections had not soon become enlisted it might have proved a difficult task; but, as it was, their love for their gentle young teacher soon led them to readily accede to her wishes, and she had no turbles trapple. had no turther trouble.

Mrs. Riverton was graciously pleased to approve of her method of teaching, and everything seemed to be going on admirably. Faith's letters home were full of hope and joy; and even her mother, who had been most anxious, soon grew quite happy and satisfied about her darling's welfare.

It was a lovely summer evening: Faith's lit-tle pupils had besought her to take a walk with them, and she had consented. They strayed far down one of the winding avenues, until, at last, the growing coolness admonished Faith that it was time to return. Little Rose was clinging coaxingly to her hand, while she was trying to persuade the others, when she became conscious of approaching footsteps; and looking up, saw Mrs. Riverion and two others, a gentle man and a lady, coming from the opposite di-

Her first impulse would have been to retreat but there was no way to escape; and with flushed cheeks and beating heart she advanced to meet the trie. They met just beneath the shadow of an elm, and Mrs. Riverton introduce

herson and daughter, Sidney and Isabel. Isabel Riverton, the personification of glowing leauthl, exultant life, what a contrast she formed as she stood there, the dark eyes all alight with hope and gladness, that had never been disappointed, to the delicate, fragile figure of Faith, and the timid, blushing glance of her eyes, as she looked up and recognized in Sidney Blasten her companion in the hour of danger

Riverton her companion in the hour of danger Mrs. Riverton was not wanting in kindness, though it was strongly tinctured with pride; so, thinking it would give Faith pleasure, she took the children home herself, and left the three to gether. Faith soon grow happy and merry with her companions, for there was a kindly warmth in Isabel's manner that could scarcely fail to draw one to her, and they soon found themselves

on the way to be fast friends.
"I little thought to find you here," Sidney said to her, after his sister had gone.
"And I as little, you," she answered, laugh-

ing.
"My mother wrote to me about a Miss Emerson. If she had said your name was Faith, perhaps I should have guessed the truth. "How did you know that was my name?"

"How did you know that was my name?" she asked, in surprise.

For answer he held up a tiny ring.

"Where—where did you get it?" she asked joyfully, reaching out her hand to take it. "I was so sorry to lose it, for it was my father's

gift."

He explained. "And now," he added playfully, as he slipped the bauble on her finger, "shall not this little ring be a sign of friendship between us?"

"Yes, surely," she answered timidly. So with a few more words they parted; and he lingered in half-reverie, looking after the

golden hair.

"Where can she have acquired that rare grace of manner and beauty of expression?"
mused Sidney. "I cannot think she is of the
same descent as most governesses."
"Manna," said Isabel that night to her mether, "I think Faith Emerson must have some-

thing romantic concealed in her history. so different from the common run of girls in her

"Nonsense !" said Mrs. Rivorton, smiling. " think there is nothing of the kind; but never-theless, Isabel, she will be an agreeable companion for you in this secluded, country place, where I had feared you would be lonely. I am glad we have secured her."

On rapid, rapid wings flew by those summer days, and Fatth's time of departure came—the vacution she had looked forward to with such cager longing. Yet she did not go as she once feared s'e should, glad to escape from the scene of her labour. No; for although her heart beat high at the thought of meeting her loved ones, it was not without many a tender regret that she parted from those who had been, in the truest sense, her friends; not that patronizing worse than none, but true, real, hearty love and help; for she had stolen insensibly into their af-

Isabel's warm heart had no pride in it to opse her, and Mrs. Rivorton's stateliness molted gradually away beneath her genial influence: so that, beloved by her pupils, and esteemed by hady sank in a swoon at her feet.

all, it was with a light and happy heart that "Help! help!" shricked Faith, alarmed at Faith stopped at her inther's door, knowing that the whiteness of her face, from which every she brought none but good tidings.

How her little sisters clustered around her, help!" how her mother wept as she folded her to her heart, how her father's voice quivored as he gave thanks for her safe arrival, how eager were in asking questions, how happy Faith felt gently raised to prostrate form and bore in bestowing the gifts Isabel had sent to the the house. When she was restored to cone ones beloved for her sake—all this can be much ness, and Mrs. Riverton's alarm had substantial country. Faith, and changed the sufficient better imagined than described.

It was late in September when she returned, | girl fondly in her arms. gladdened by the promise of a visit from her mother during the following month; and sho mother during the following month; and she found the Hall in a glow of excitement about a fite soon to be given by Mrs. Riverton. Isabel had obtained a somewhat reluctant consent from her mother for Faith to share in the pleasures of the occasion; but Faith steadily refused and although she cheerfully lent a helping han to Isabel, whom she dearly loved, she would not yield to her solicitations.

Three weeks passed away, and it wanted but two days of the one fixed for the grand event. Isabel and Faith were together in the room of the latter, looking for a miniature of Faith's mother, which she wished to show to her com-panion. She was searching through a drawer, and lifted up a handkerchief, thinking that per-haps the picture might be hidden by it, when there dropped from its folds something bright

and sparkling.
"Why," said Isabel, "there is the very diamond ring we have looked for so long! How But, instead of finishing the sentence, she

glanced at Faith. The crimson tide suffused the neck, and

throat, and brow of the poor girl, and then re-ceded, leaving a deathly pallor behind. The room seemed to swim around her, as she thought of the suspicion that might attach to her name from her inability to explain the possession of the jewel—the thought that, after all, she was only a poor governess, flashed across her mind,

and she clung to a chair for support.

At that moment Mrs. Riverton appeared at the door, her eyes dilated with surprise at the strange tableau presented for her gaze. Isabel

aprang forward to explain "No doubt," said her mother, not unkindly,

graceful figure as she passed up the broad stair-case, the light that came through the stained window falling like a glory on the waves of her control but the stained we will leave her to recover her composure." we will leave her to recover her composure. And taking her daughter's hand, they left the

> Poor little Faith! She paced upon and down the floor, her hands clasped together, the golden hair thrown back from her burning forehead, the blue eyes, at other times so warm with

> tender light, mad with grief and fear.
>
> How could she ever free herself from the stain? How had the fatal ring been introduced into that drawer? Seized by an irresistible in-fluence to escape, she ran lightly down the pri-vate staircase and out into the garden. The cool air fanned her fevered face, and she fled on, not arr annea her levered nee, that she hed on, not heeding where she was golng, if she might only go away, away, until a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and looking up, she found herself in a private pleasure-ground, into which she had never ventured before.
>
> A lady stood before her, whose form was haved with see but where fore here and have

bowed with age, but whose face hore evidence, not so much of the ravages of time, as of grief and remorse.

"Who are you?" she cried, holding the girl, who shrank trombling from her grasp, "Who are you? My little Faith! my darling! my dear one! come back to me again! Oh, tell

"Faith" murmured the listener; "surely this must be some dream; yes, that is my name,"
"Faith what?" cried the other. "Tell me the quick! quick! I entreat you!"

But almost ere the words were uttered the

y sank in a swoon at her feet.
'Help! help!" shricked Faith, alarmed at drop of blood seemed to have receded. " Help

And, at the summons, Isabel and the house keeper came rushing down the walk.

This was no time to ask questions, so they gently raised to prostrate form and bore it to

ness, and Mrs. Riverton's alarm had subsided, Isabel sought Faith, and clasped the suffering "You surely don't imagine, dear Faith," she

said, as she felt the slight form shaken by convulsive sobbings, "you surely don?t think we suspect you, dearest? Why, Faith, darling, there is nothing of the kind in any of our minds. The accident very likely happened through the carelessness of the servants. So don't fret more; it will all come right;" and she kissed the pale check. "But I do wonder, Faith, what the pale check. made grandmamma faint when she saw you!

"Was that your grandmother?" interrupted the other. "I never saw her before." "No," answered Isabel, "I suppose not. Ever since I can remember she has lived very much secluded, scarcely ever seeing any one but the family. She has always seemed to me as if some secret sorrow weighed her down, but I never heard any thing about it. But she is very kind, and we all love her dearly. Tell me how

you met her." And then Faith related her little adventure. Of course the proposed festival was postponed. Mrs. Riverton lingered late and anxiously at her mother's side that night. She had procured from Faith the miniature of her mother, and had appeared strangely moved when she gazed upor

the picture; but nothing was said.

Isabel rushed, half frantic with joy, into Faith's room early the next morning, to say that she had asked the maid whether she had seen a ring lately in Miss Emerson's room, and that the girl answered she had, and had put it into a drawer, but forgot to say anything about it,

"I must have dropped it there the evening you came back, for I remember missing it from my finger soon after I left you. So you see," said Isabel, joyously, "that explains the mys-

"But there is another mystery that I will have

the pleasure of explaining myself," said the voice of Isabel's mother, at the door. Oh, how tenderly it sounded now! And com-

ing forward, she, too, embraced Faith, and burst into grateful tears. The two girls were bewild-

ered,

o Sit down," said Mrs. Riverton, o and I will

said to as steamer to Isabel as e-Sil down," said Mrs. Riverton, e-and I will tell you all! It will be as strange to isabel as to you! My sister and myself," she began, "were the only surviving children of my parents. My father was wealthy, and we had a beautiful home in Ireland. My sister was a lovely girl, both in mind and person, and my father, especially, was very partial to her, and always predicted for her a glowing future; how widely different from the reality I leave you to judge. Loving her as he did with that wild, passionate, eager temperaces, you can easily time. gine how great was the and with that wire, passionate, eager femderness, you can easily limagine how great was the shock, both to his pride and affection, when, at the age of twenty, she married, against his wish, one greatly infector, both in rank and fortune. My mother, too, was much offended and deeply wounded by the act, and they both utterly refused to recognize either their daughter or her hisbands. I was much their daughter or her husband. I was quite young at the time; and it was not till late last night that I learned the full details of this sad, and, yet, perhaps, happy history. No, not even the name of my sister's husband—not even that name of *Emerson*, I say, did I know until then; or else I should naturally have Leen struck by the colonidence that it was also your

name, dear Faith !"
Mrs. Riverton paused for a moment to wipe and not hear from them again for many years, and my mother's health began to fall. N journey was recontinended as the best means of recovery, and with a wild longing to class their errors but repentant child once more to their nearts, my paronts turned towards England. Wa reached London In safety, and took up our abode in a pleasant little villa in the outskirts of the efficient of the control city. Here, one day, my mother read, as she then supposed, in a country paper, the notice of my sister's death. Many years afterwards we discovered that it was another person. My mother's great desire then changed, to find, if possible, the abole of the wanderers, and, for some remarkation of her wrone to context what side the reparation of her wrong, to render what aid she could to the children of her dear one. But all our search proved univailing; my mother gave on search proved unavaning, my monter gave up hope, and fell into melancholy, seelading herself from all society save that of our own family. A few years afterwards I was married, and in a short time my father died. We then removed to this place, where we have lived hap-pily for a long time. Listen attentively now, dear Faith, for I am approaching the end of my story, and It double concerns you?

story, and it deeply concerns you."

But it seemed as the gh the girl already saw
the end, for her face was pale, and the intense gaze of the large eyes was almost painful; while her bosom rose and fell as if agitated by con-flicting hopes and fears. Mrs. Riverton conti-

"ASI was saying, we lived happily here for some time, the only lack being the want of pro-per educational instruction for the children. At last I resolved to advertise for a governess. For-tunately our choice fell on you. I need not go over the details of your stay here; if our companionship has been any pleasure to you, yours has been a delight to us. Suffice it to say, that has been a delight to us. Suffice it to say, that we loved you before we knew thatany near ties existed between us. When my mother saw you for the first time, on that eventful evening, she recognised in you the image of her long-lost daughter; When I showed her your mamma's picture sheat once declared it was the same, for you know it was one taken soon after her mar-riage. I have already written to your mother, and I trust I have broken the tidings to her as gently as possible. And now welcome to our home, and our hearts, my almost daughter ! beloved for thyself, as well as for her sake whom

we have wept so long."

Then, rising, she warmly embraced Faith, and mingled her happy tears with those of the weep-

ing, delighted girl.

As for Isabel, she was almost wild with joy; she danced around the room, and hugged and kissed Faith enthusiastically, and her mother, too, she said, for having found such a dear consin for her.

It was a day of bewildering gladness to Faith. and she was scarcely calm when the shadows of evening fell over the earth. Leaning against one of the piliars of the portico absorbed in

thought, she murmored, half aloud: "Oh, that mamma were here!" "She is," said a well-known voice at her side;

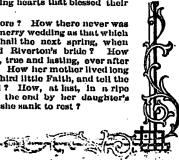
and turning, she was clasped in that mother's yearning arms.

That was a happy night in Riverton Hall, when the loved and lost was once again restored. Oh, ye to whom has been granted such moments of deep and exquisite bliss, ye well

know the silence that best express the rapture Mrs. Emerson's father had left a considerable fortune to his daughter, should she ever be found. and no other moment could it have been more opportunely bestowed; for it at once released

them from all difficulty, and from this time they prospered, and ere many years had clapsed were quite rich. But prosperity was as much adorned by them as adversity had been; and many were the aching hearts that blessed their Need I tell you more? How there never was

Need I toll you more? How there never was seen such a bappy, merry wedding as that which gladdened the old hall the next spring, when Faith became Ned Riverton's bride? How Faith became Ned Riverton's bride? How peace and gladness, true and lasting, ever after abode with them? How her mother lived long enough to caress a third little Faith, and tell the story of the second? How, at last, in a ripe old age, blessed to the end by her daughter's presence and love, she sank to rest ?



DO AS AEAR BIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscles and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
Push forward through I folike a man—
Good fort he will never forsake you.
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember the will to do rightly, If used, will the evideoutound: Live draip by conscience, that nightly Your sleep be penceral and sound. In contests of right never waver— Let home it some over older Let homesty snape every plan, And life will of Paradise savor, If you do as near right as you can

Though focs darkest scandal may speed,
And strive with their shrewdost of tact
To injury your fame, never head;
Bet is sity and honestly net;
And ask of the Ruler of heaven
To save your fair name as a man,
Art of all that you ask will be given.
If you do as near right as you can.

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# TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XLII .- (Continued.)

"Curious, Mr. Redmayne! Don't say curious; it was dreadful. He must have dropped down dead instanteously, I heard say; and no one knows who did it—whether it was poachers or jealousy; for he had been talking to that bold young hussy Bond's daug ter all the afternoon, and she's got a most as many sweethearts as she has fingers and toes. And his poor wife they said went down like a stone when they carri d him up to the terrace, where she was standing with the rest of the company."

"Ah, poor soul," said Richard thoughtfully; "I'm sorry for her. Yes, I'm sorry for Lady Clevedon.

" Lady Clevedon!" echoed Mrs. Bush; "yes it do come hard upon her too, of course. A tin i dis, and a funeral, and all; and all her visitors about her; and Sir Francis's birthday

"His birthday; y s," said Mr. Redmayne, with a short laugh; "I don't suppose when he made such a fuss about his birthday he reckoned it was to be his last,"

"i or, r. Redmayne! how can you say so? Why should it be his last? I suppose you mean as it's the last time he'll be likely to give us all such a treat, after it's winding-up with his triend's being murdered."

"His friend m riber (! What do you mean? It was Sir Francis Clevedon who was shot last

tht." | Sir Francis Clevedon! Lord a-mercy on us, Mr. Redmayne, what can have put such a hor-rid notion into your head? I'm sure I never said anything about Sir Francis. The Lord

"Not Sir Francis? Why, you must be mad, woman! It was Sir Francis!"

"You must be losing your poor dear senses, Mr. Redmayne," said Mrs. Bush, in a soothing tone, being always inclined to believe that her employer had, in Australian parlance, "a shingle short." "I never said a syllable about Sir Francis. It was a friend of his that was killed -a gentleman from London-a Mr. Arsome.

thing—I know his name begins with a hatch."
Richard Redmayne walked slowly away,
speechless. Was he really mad to-day, or had e be n mad last night, his senses distraught, his eyes beholding things that were not? surely as he was a living man he had seen the face in the miniature turned towards him in the broad moonlight, the same face, line for line, hardly I as distinctly seen than in the full

glare of day. Had he been the victim of some hideous delusion, had his brain been bemused by strong drink, wh n he fired that fatal gun, and had he slain an innocent man in his madness? Such a catastrophe seemed to him too horrible for possibility. Yet Francis Clevedon lived, Grace remained unavenged, and he was an assassin.

"I won't trust that woman's word," he said to himself, after a long pause; "it's more likely didn't know what I was doing last night. I'll

look into the business myself."

He lost no time in setting about this personal investigation, but walked off at once by the field path towards Clevedon. Yet before he had gone for he changed his mind, remembering that Kingsbury was much nearer, and that he might hear all he wanted to he that village.

He could see that the place was astir with some unusual excitement before he had crossed the common. There was a much larger group of idlers at the door of the Coach and Horses than the customary knot of gossips. A couple of chaise-carts were halting before the trough between the two tall clms opposite the inn; a man on horseback was standing before Mr. Wort's garden-gate. Richard Redmayne walked straight across to this gate, not caring for the indirect information to be gained from village gossips when he might interrogate the steward himself.

"Is Mr. Wort indoors?" he asked the man on horseback, who had a semi-official air. Mr. Redmayne smiled grimly to himself as he thought that this man might belong to the constabulary, and be on the look-out for the

"I don't mind swinging for the man who killed my daughter," he thought; "but it would he hard lines to be hung for a blunder. 'Yes, Mr. Wort's in his office but there's a

gentleman with him, and he's busy," the man answered, without looking to the right or the

"I can't help that," said Mr. Redmayne; "I

must see him."

He went into the little shed of an office which he had not entered since that night of his first coming home when he had said hard things to the steward. He went in coolly enough, and found John Wort in close conference with a grave-looking middle-aged man, who had the bearing of a soldier in plain clothes, and who was the chief of the Tunbridge police station.

"I can't speak to any one now," Mr. Wort said hurriedly; and then recognising the new-

"I want to know what has happened at Clevedon. Everybody seems to have gone crazy. I can't get a straight answer anywhere.' should think everybody must know what has happened within twenty mile of Kingsbury; "Ah!" said Mr. Bond, "they've fou there's been talk enough. There was a brutal gun, have they? Then the rest is eas murder in Clevedon Park last nig t. Richard They'll soon find the man that fired it.' Redmayne; a man shot like a rabbit; that's

west less happened " "But who was the man?" cried Richard savagely; "that's what I want to know! Can't ive me his name?'

"His name was Harcross," Mr. Wort answered gravely. "And now I don't suppose you are much wiser than you were before, for

who as tranger down here."

"Harcross—Harcross!" Richard Rodmayne repeated, with a stupetied look. "They told in it was Sir Francis Clevedon was shot last

night."

"Then they must have been clean daft, whoever th y were," exclaimed the stewart impationtly; "and now perhaps you'll leave me alone with this gentleman; for we've got some business to settle between us."

Richard Redmayne walked out of the office hundred-weight nuggets there." without a word. It would profit him nothing to ask any farther questions. He had slain the wrong man; that was horribly certain. He had burdened his soul with a useless crime; dyed his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature who had never injured him. He hardly knew where to go, or what to do with himself, after leaving John Wort's office. His whole life seemed a series of blunders, If he had taken his daughter to Australia with him as she had so piteously entreated him to do, he might have had her for his comfort and delight to day; if he had never turned from his second voyage, he would have at least escaped this unnecessary crime. Now, for the first time, he felt himself a murderer. He took the high road to Cavedon, tramping

along the dusty way in the morning sunshine, unconscious of fatione. He wanted to know something more, he hardly knew what, only to be more an emore certain of his own folly. To think that his senses had so befootled him! Sir Francis Clevedon lived and triumphed, laughed perhaps in his soul at the thought of this egregious blunder, and an innocent man

lay dead, slain untimely by his wicked hand.
At the south lodge he found Joshua Bond. the gardener, two or three other out-of door servants, and a knot of accidental idlers, discussing the catastrophe. Jane Bond was lying upstairs in her bedroom in a high fever, induced by the horror of the previous night.

"And may it be a chastening and a blessing

to her," said the gardener, "a warning to re-pent, and turn from the paths of foolishness!" "Do you suspect anybody of having a hand in it? asked an elderly man, proprietor of the

shop at Hubbleford.

"There was but one hand in it, Mr. I' rkis," replied the gardener solemnly—" the hand that drew the trigg r. I don't deny that I have my own thoughts upon the subject, Mr. Perkis but I tell them to no man. Time will show. "Is he to be buried down here?" inquired

the curious Perkis.

"No. He's to be taken up to London tonight, to be buried in his wife's family vanit at Kensal-green."

"That's a pity," said Perkis. "There'd have been half the county to follow, if they'd buried him at Kingsbury. Murders in London are as plentifu as blackberries, judging from the Sunday papers. He won't get so much honom paid him there,"

They went on to discuss the probable issue of the coroner's inquest, which was to take place at two o'clock that day—the nature of the death-wound, and the weapon that had inflicted it, about which points there were divers opinions, no exact knowledge having yet pe-netrated to the world outside Clevedon Hall. Richard Redmayne stood by and listened, but said nothing, except when he was appealed to by Mz. Perkis or the gardener, who addressed themselves to him occasionally as a point of politeness.

"The police are on the right tract, you may depend upon it," said Perkis; "you always see that in the newspapers. The police are on the tract; and although nothing is known for certract; and atthough nothing is known for certing, they hopes soon to be able to put their hand upon the right party, being in possession of hinformation which they don't feel their selves at liberty to devulge. That's what they always tells you in the papers; and depend upon it, Mr. Bond, the police are on the tract in this case. Do you think it was a group of the control of the police are on the tract in this case. pistol that it was done with?"

"Captain Hardwood's groom was down here before breakfast exercising that skittish mare of his master's, and he told me the doctors had extracted half-a-dozen swan-shot; so it must have been a gun, and it must have been done by some one that didn't plan it beforehand. No man would load his gun with swan-shot to commit a murder."

"There's no knowing, Mr. Bond," replied Perkis, with a suggestive air. "The worst a man is, the more artfuller he goes about his wickedness. The swan-shot may have been meant to throw parties off the scent. But what I can't make out is the motive. There never was a crime without a motive."

"Unless it was done by a madman," said the gardener. "This murder seems like a madman's murder, to my mind."

"Don't say that, Mr. Bond; that's what I call fiving in the face of the law of the land. A man has only got to do something more atrociouser than the common run, and he gets put down Richard Redmayne stood among them for a

little while, listening idly, and then moved towards the park, intending to revisit the scene of last night's tragedy; but at this point the gardener stopped him. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Redmayne," he said

"of course you're not a stranger—but I've had strict orders from the police, and I'm obliged to act by them. Nobody is to go into the park to-day."

"Why not?"

"I don't know the why or the wherefore; but it's the police that give the order, and we're all bound to abide by it."

"Of course. It doesn't matter; I'm not curious about the business. But if any one was suspected, or taken to prison, or anything of that kind, I should like to know. You might send some one down to Brierwood and let me

"Very well, Mr. Redmayne; I'll send you

word if anything happens."

A lad came up at this moment, bursting with

worthes. The men recognized him by his aspect: be bearer of tidings,
"W.1., Jim, any more news?"

"I should think there were," replied the youth, swelling as he spoke. "They've been and found the gun as it was done with."

"All "said Mr. Road & thouse, found the

"Ah !" said Mr. Bond, " they've found the Then the rest is easy work

He watched Richard Redmayne meditatively as he walked away from the gates and along the white high-road.
"Strange that he should take such an inter-

est in the business as to want a special message sent him, isn't it?" he remarked. "Yes, it is, Bond," replied Mr. Perkis; "but since he come home from Australia there ain't a stranger man going than Rick Redmayne, It's that blessed gold out yonder as turns their brains, that's my belief. It ain't natural that a man should dig gold out of the earth, just as if it was mangold-warzel, and if a man goes against nature, he must expect to pay the

penalty of his opposition."

"True," ejaculated Mr. Bond. "In the sweat of his brow—that's what the Scripture says; there's nothing about gold-digging and

CHAPTER XLIII.

" YES, DROTHER, CURSE WITH ME THAT BALEFUL 11 (UR.)

An awful gloom and silence, as of the grave itself, had fallen upon Clevedon Hall. No merry click of billiard-balls, no little gushes of silvery laughter, no bass accompaniment of masculine voices, blending with and sustaining the sweet feminine trobles; no dashing performance of Chopin and Schuloff on the grand piano in the drawing-room; no melodious tinkling of waltzes on the smaller pianos in the drawing-granted to the fairner. upper chambers consecrated to the fairer guests; no flutter of silken draperies in hall and on staircases; none of that pleasing bustle which pervades a house full of guests; only dusky rooms, from which the sunlight was scrupulously banished—only gloom and silence and horror and despair.

The majority of Ludy Clevedon's visitors had The majority of Lady Gevenion's visitors and already taken to themselves wings, and departed by the earliest morning trains, leaving scared maids and unwilling valets to bring their belongings after them. Who could care their belongings after them. Who could care to linger on a scene that had been defiled by the red hand of murder? The fine old Eliza-bethan mansion, smiling in the clear morning light across a broad sweep of dewy lawn, seemed to those departing guests like a monstrous charnel-house, behind whose stately walls there lurked all the unutterable horrors of the grave. The visitors fled as soon as possible after daybreak, leaving epistles grateful and sympathetic for the host or hostess as the case might be, feeling sure that, at such a time, dear Lady Clevedon would rather be alone, and so on, and

"Egul, you see, if a fellow stopped, he might find himself accused of the murder," said Cap-tain Hardwood confidentially to the fidus Achates of the montent. I think I shall look out for some German Spa, where the extradition treaty doesn't hold good, or charter a two hun-dred ton yacht and do the South Sea Islands. I'm told there's no end of fun to be had in the Paritic."

The Clevedon servants had been swift to clear away all traces of the festival that had

me to so evil an ending. Faded garlands d been whisked into chaos, gay draperies and decorations gathered up into bundles and carried away, and the rooms looked grand and solemn in their dusky emptiness. The mur-dered man lay upstairs in the bedchamber dered man lay upstairs in the bederamber which he had occupied as a guest, and a hed had been hastily put up for his wife in the dressing-room adjoining. Here she sat alone—an awful statue-like figure, with a face as white as t at hidden face in the next room—sat with hands locked on her knee, and fixed

eyes looking into space.

Lady Clevedon had offered to bear her company through that dismal night and in that dreary hopeless noontide—had even implored permission to sit with her, standing outside the door, and pleading with tears, "Dear Mrs. Har-cross, do let me be with you. I won't speak, I won't worry you; only let me sit by your side." Augusta only shook her head and motioned dumbly to her maid to answer for her. Tullion, the maid, she suffered to be with her, as she would have suffered a dog-a creature whose

Sie had seen him laid upon his bed at midnight; had stood quietly by while the surgeons examined his wounds; had refused to be ban-ished from that death-chamber with so stern a resolution, that they had been obliged to suc-cumb and let her stay; and when all was done, she wandered to and fro between the rooms, or sat silent as she was sitting now, like hu manity transformed into marble. How fondly, how entirely she had loved him! She had known always that he was very dear to her till now had she estimated the full force of her passion. She had lived her own life—had chosen for herself an existence of dressing and visiting and receiving, had made her public and official career the all-absorbing business of her life-and yet she had loved this man with all her heart and soul. Only she had kept her affection under lock and key, in a him with the whole sum of her love, any more than she trusted him with her fortune; she had kept her heart settled upon herself, as it were, for her own separate use and mainten-It was enough for him to know that she had condescended to become his wife, that he was not obnexious to her. The passion the depth, the ardor of her love she held in re-

She thought of all this now that he was de and knew that she had cheated him, and had cheated herself even more utterly-cheated herself of the love she might have won had she been generous enough to confess her own fondness, less intent upon receiving her own due, less anxious to measure her tenderness by his affection, and even then to give him somewhat short measure. He was dead; and it seemed to her now as if he had made up the sum of her existence, as if this one figure, of which at the best she had seen very little, bad filled her world; that the dressing and visiting had been the merost formula, the petty filling-up of empty spaces in her life, all subservient to guile the mourner, would have been worse her love for him and her pride in him. She than idle here. As well might the consoler knew now how fondly she had built on his have approached Calphurnia while her dead future—the distinction he was to win for her, Casar still lay bundled in his bloody muntle the pinnacle they were to occupy side by side, at the base of the statue as seek to murmur

comer with a start, "What, Redmayne, is it formation as yet unshared by these village in days to come. He was gone, and the future you? What the devil bring, you here this worthies. The men recognized him by his aspect: "he hearer of tidings," when the devil bring was a blank. "What am I without him?" she may be the worthing?" and beauty counted as nothing now that he was no more.

His loss was in itself a calamity so over-whelming that, in this first stage of her grief at least, she thought little of the manner in which he had died. The one fact that he was taken from her filled her mind to the exclusion of every other consideration. How was she to live without him? That was the all-absorbing question. Accustomed from hubyhood to consider herself the beginning and end of creation—or, at least, of so much of creation as at all concerned her - she thought now of this awful event only as it affected her own interests and her own feelings. She thought-yes, even in this first day of her widowhood while she sat speechless, the very type and image of despair—she thought of the house in Mastedon-crescent, and how useless its splendours would be to her henceforward. Could she bring the lights of the legal world, the stars and celebrities of the town, to that luxurious mansion? Could she give dinners that should be talked about, or make her cordon bleu an aid to her ascent of Fortune's ladder? Alas, no, the light was extinguished. She was only a rich widow, whom the world — saving perchance some few adventurous spirits in need of rich wives—would surely hasten to forget. It had been a pleasant thing to fancy Hubert Harcross only an attendant upon her steps, best known as the husband of the handsome Vallory; but in this awful hour of enlightenment, it dawned upon her that it was she who had been the satellite.

The preparation of the bed in the dressing-room had been lost labour. Not once during that dismal night did Mrs. Harcross lie down, although Tullion implored her to try to rest a

"Don't worry me!" she exclaimed impatiently, with hot dry lips that would scarcely shape the words. "I am not very likely to sleep for months to come.

At noon on the day after the murder, Sir Francis came to beg for a brief interview. There was a tiny boudoir opening out of the dressing-room, a mere slip of a room, which had once been an oratory, but was now furnished with a couple of tapestried arm-chairs, a writing-table in the window, and a dainty little bookcase. Sir Francis begged that he might see Mrs. Harcross for a few minutes in this room. After some carrying to and fro of messages by Tullion, and after at first positively refusing to see any one, she consented with a weary air, and rose to go to the room where Sir Francis was waiting for her. "You'll put on a fresh morning dress, won't

you, ma'am?" gasped Tullion, aghast at the idea of her mistress appearing in tumbled muslin and crushed valenciennes, even at this juncture; but Mrs. Harcross put her aside impatiently, and went into the boudoir, a ghost-own chambers. ike figure, in limp white robes, with loose hair

falling on her shoulders.

Sir Francis was standing by the open window, darkened by closed Venetian shutters, through which the summer light stole softly,

"Have you seen her?" asked Georgie: upon tempered with shadow.

"My dear Mrs. Harcross," he said gently, we are all so sorry for you. I have no words to express what we feel; and words are so idle at such a time. But I thought it best, even at the risk of paining you, to plead for this interview. There are some things that must be spoken about and that cannot be spoken of too

"O God!" she cried, looking at him fixedly, with despairing eyes, "you are so like him!"
"Good heavens!" thought Sir Francis, what a dolt I was to forget the likeness! I ought not to have come near her yet awhile."

He placed a chair for her by the open win-

dow. "Let my likeness to your lost husband constitute a claim upon your friendship," he said, 'and trust in my carnest desire, my determination, to see justice done upon his assassin. I want you to help us in this, if you can. You may be able to furnish some clue to this most mysterious crime. Had your husband any enemy? Do you know of any one he can have any one desperate enough to do such a deed?"

"No," she answered, "I know of no one whom he had ever injured. I never heard that he had an enemy. But I know that he had a dislike to coming to this place, and I made him come."

"He had a dislike to coming here?"

for his objection, though I cannot tell them to you. If he had trusted me in the first instance, if he had only told me the truth at once, we should not have come. But I brought him here against his will—brought him to meet his death."

Sir Francis looked at her wonderingly half-inclined to think her mind was wander

"You can give me no clue, then, dear Mrs. Harcross?" he asked gently.

None." "Then we must work on without your helm The police have been busy since daybreak they have communicated with the stations all along the line, and any suspicious-looking per-son will be stopped. We have telegraphed to Scotland-yard for a couple of detectives, and I had kept her affection under lock and key, in a have telegraphed to Ryde for Mr. Vallery. I cold cautious spirit; she had feared to trust thought you would like to have your father

with you at such a time,"
"My father can do no good here," said Augusta listlessly; and then she went on with a sudden intensity of tone and mannor, "Yes, you must find out who murdered him. It is your duly,"

"My dear Mrs. Harcross, I feel that most deeply. My friend and my guest has been foully murdered within half a mile of my house, within the boundary-wall of my home Do you think that I can do less than feel myself bound to see him avenged?"

Augusta Harcross smiled—a strange bitter

"You have good reason to feel that," she said.

There was a short silence. It was so impossible to say anything of a consolatory nature—a death so sudden, so awful—a man stricken down by an unseen hand in the very flower and pride of his life-there seemed ne room for comfort. The common phrases, the nious banalities with which friends try to bescothing sentences to this lonely woman whom sudden doom had widowed.

"It is very hard to be obliged to speak of this, Mrs. Harcross," began Sir Francis, hesi-tating a little, although he had come prepared to speak of this very thing; "but there is the question of the funeral to be decided, and that promptly. Where would you wish your husband to be buried?"

She gave a little cry of anguish, and covered her face with her hands; but after a few min-

utes replied very calmly,
"In our family vault at Kensal-green; there is no other place. My mother is buried there.
I hope to be buried there myself."

"He has no family grave of his own—with his people, I mean—where he would have wished to lie?" Sir Francis inquired.

"And you would not like him to be buried "And you would not like him to be builted at Kingsbury, where the Clevedons, except my father, are all buried?"

"O no, no."

"That will do, dear Mrs. Harcross. I need.

forment you with no further questions. Mr. Vallory—your cousin Weston, I mean—has been most indefatigable; and I know you will

trust him and me with all minor details."

He lingered to say a few words in praise of the dead man, touching gently on his social and professional value, and the manner in which his loss would be felt, and then begged most earnestly that Georgie might come to sit

with the mourner,
"You know you have always been fond of her," he said, " and she is devoted to you, and is really made quite miserable by your refusal to see her 1 do not say that she would comfort you, but her company would be better than this awful solitude. Or if you would come to her room—that would be better still."

"You are very good; but I'd rather be alone—I'd rather be with him." This with a piteous glance towards the darkened chamber where the dead lay.

"But, dear Mrs. Harcross, you would be so much better away from these rooms. There will be people coming by and by—the coroner and others—people who must come. Pray be persuaded."

"No," she answered doggedly; "nothing can make his death seem worse to me than it does now. I would rather stay."

Sir Francis pleaded still farther, but in vain, and finally left her, full of pity, and painfully impressed with the futility of all endeavour to console.

He went away, and in the corridor met Georgie, whom he had scarcely seen since yesterday's luneaeon. He had been up all night in conference with the police and other local authorities, or talking over the details of the night's tragedy with Captain Hardwood and

"Poor Harcross I the last kind of fellow

apoplexy.

"Have you seen her?" asked Georgie; unon Augusta.

"Poor soul! O Francis, it is so dreadful for her, and it is doubly dreadful to me." They were standing in the morning-room, where they had gone while Sir Francis was telling his story, the room in which she had waited for her husband vainly yesterday evening, longing for that explanation which had not

yet come.
"My darling," said Sir Francis tenderly, "I know it is a hard trial for you; but how much harder it must be for her!"

"O Francis, if it had been you!" That was a position which he was hardly able to imagine, so he only shrugged his shoulders with a melancholy air. "And it might have been you," his wife went on, "it might have been you."

"Well, I really don't see how I could have been the victim, my dear. There must have been some motive, you know, however inadequate. Poor Harcross must have done something to provoke the scoundrel's animosity—some man he had unwittingly ruined perhaps by winning a law suit against him. There are fellows capable of brooding upon an imaginary wrong of that kind till they lash them into madness.

"What if he were the viotim of an error, Francis? What if the murderer mistook him

Mistook him for me. you dreaming about? Why should anybody want to murder me?"

"Have you never done anything to provoke any one's hate, Frank—years ago, when you were more reckless, perhaps, than you are now? Is there no secret of your past life that occurs to you with alarm at such a time as this? have you nothing to fear, nothing to regret? You have said sometimes that you have told me all the history of your life; but was there not one page you kept hidden, one sad dishonourable passage that you could not bear me to know? O my dearest, be truthful to me! Nothing that you have done in the past, no sin of the past or of the present, could lessen my love for you. Tell me the truth, Frank, even now, late as it is!"

"Upon my word of honour, Georgie, I don't in the faintest degree understand the drift of all this. I have told you everything about myself. I have never kept a secret from you, cither great or small.

en you have never provoked the hatred of Richard Redmayne? You were never at

"Where is Brierwood? I don't even know that."

"O Frank, your face looks so true, and yet it was your face in the locket that man showed me; the face of his daughter's lover." "What locket? what daughter? Really, Georgie, it is really too bad to bewilder me in

this way."

"Mr. Redmayne accuses you of having run

away with his daughter, and he showed me a locket with your miniature."

"Accuses me of running away with his daughter! And when, pray?"

"Five years ago."
"And from Brierwood in Kent, I suppose. When you ought to know that I was never in Kent at all till I came home last year, and never had a miniature painted before the one never man a miniature painted before the one that was done for you. Upon my honour, Georgie, our domestic life is not likely to be very pleasant, if you are going to spring this kind of mine under my feet occasionally." (To be continued.) .



now and then played upon his eyes, and made him blink and growl, but he seemed too kile to get out of its reach.

A. the sound of Edward Jerrold's approaching footsteps, this ill-conditioned creature raised his head, and stared at the sailor gloomily, "Good day, my man," said the captain, in a

But Rourke made no reply.

" How is it you have not gone merry-making with the rest," asked Jerrold, who supposed that the other could not have heard his first

"Because I stopped away," answered the blacksmith surlity.

The Capinin coloured slightly, for the rude-

ness was unexpected. He, however, was not to be so easily daunted, and he smilingly continued. "It's not because business is so pressing, at in our family matters!" any rate," he said.
"What's my business got to do with you?"

asked the blacksmith flercely. • Do you pay me to work? Do I rob you when I take my rest? Let me be, can't you, and mind your own business. If you've got any!"

The Captule looked down at this unl'eked cub in some wonder, as he answered kindly, "Don't take oftence, my good fellow, where none is meant. What has happened, pray, to put you out? If you tell me what it is, I shall be glad to help you if I can,"

The block mile season is the first and the glad to help you if I can,"

The block mile season is the same in the glad to help you if I can,"

The block mile season is the same in the subject ?"

"Indeed!"

The blacksmith scowled at him savagely for a mement, as though he seemed to think there was some intended insult in the question.

But after a hard stare, he let full his eyes to the ground without deligning to make any reply.

The Captain yet stood silently waiting for him, when the blacksmith suddenly rused his head, and, with a savage imprecation, waved him off. Then rising to his feet, he strade into the inner darkness of his shed, and began to hammer furiously at his anvil, making so mighty a clat-ter that it would have defied the lungs of Stentor to have made head against him.

Jerrold turned away without any forther attempt at concillation, and set off at a brisk pace across the fields towards home.

He could not help pausing, though, when he had gone a short distance, and looking back towards the property of the particular of the parti

wards the smith's shop.

wards up the smutty chimney.

"A strange fellow, that," said the Captain, thoughtfully. "Rather adangerous fellow, too; if I am any judge of character. A man one by the would not willingly make an enemy of. I wonder what will be the end of him ""

He walked on again at a quicker pace, for be

recollected suddenly that he had wasted a great deal of time already upon his expedition to the ing blithely amongst the branches of an aged village, and that Eleanor would be waiting for elin which grew closs to the house side. him impatiently. Such was the case. He found her in the gar-

den. She ran out to the gate with almost child-ish delight; her bright eyes sparkling, her soft, silken tresses fluttering in the soft, balmy

She was so sorry, the little hypocrite said, that Mr. Hardwicke had not come back with

The Captain made a slight grimace.
"How dare you, sir ?" she said. "I believe you are actually glad."

you are actually glad,"

"I'm not sorry," he owned, after a moment's hestation; and then, as she charg about his neck, and laid her soft check to his, she sat; that she was ready to jump for Joy, when she saw Jerrold returning alore.

"Mind you, sir," said she, with the seriousness of half a dezen judges rolled into one, "I wasn't that to great a very know any."

glad to see you, you know, only 1 was glad not to see your friend."

"I think you'll like him when you do see him, though," observed the Captain, presently. "He's quite a lady's man."
"I shall endeavour to make him welcome for

your sake," she answered. "Besides, I daresny I shall like him very much as you do." The day passed away as though it had been but an hour long, and the time fixed for dinner

The happy husband stood with his pretty wife gazing out of the drawing room window at the etting sun, which east a rich golden glow over the little valley, the thick follage, the siver-waters of the rippling brook, the light green-grass upon the hill side; when Hardwicke be-granthe descent, and paused at the spot where he and the Captain had stopped the previous afhe and the Captain had stopped the previous af-ternoon, to look down at the tranquil little pic-

They did not see him coming, so occupied were they by a low murmured conversation, and he was at the garden gate when Eleanor's

cyes first foll upon him.

The Captain felt his arm tightly squeezed by her trembling fingers, and looked down in blank surprise at the white and againsted face which glanced up at him, full of a strange shrinking

"Look, look!" she said, in a low, hourse whis- fair." per. "Who is he? Who is that man? What does he want here?"

"Who is he? What does he want, my love?" cried the Captain, aloud, "It is my friend Hardwicke. He can't open the gate, I'll go to him. I'll——What's the matter?"

She was so white and ghastly, that the sight of her rightened him, and seeing that she stag-gered, and seemed as though she would have fallon he tried to take her in his arms. But she tore herself from him with a sudden

fury, and ran towards the door. Eleanor!" he cried. But the door was closed behind her retreating form, and he stood against on the spot where she had left him-motionless - dumbfounded by

### CHAPTER VI.

her extraordinary behaviour.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER..

Percy Hardwicke was no coward, whatever other vices might have been laid to his account. He, therefore, was not daunted by the sight of the repulsive and lowering countenance which he saw glaring in at him through the tap-room

Rising to his feet, he advanced boldly towards

it, and flung the window open.

But at this approach the blacksmith beat a hasty retreat, and, although Hardwicke waited some time and listened intently, he could hour and see nothing of him.
"Who is the vagabond, I wonder?" said he

to himself. "I hope I have got a lock to my door. It would have been very disgusting to have one's throat out in an out of the way hole like this, on one's way to one's property, too-

wery disgusting is

When he had finished the liquor that he had ordered, he rang the bell, and asked for his bedroom candle.

The landlady brought it to him, apologizing profusely for having been obliged to put him into the common room, an occurrence which she would take particular care should not hap

"It does admirably, my donr madam !" said the smiling gentioman. "And I am sure I ought not to grumble, seeing that to get it I turned our black-faced friend out, when he appared so reluctant to leave his snug quarters."
"A worthless good-for-inaught!" cried the

landlady, indignantly. "I shouldn't care if I never saw him again i"

"Nota very-pleasant-looking person, certainly!" said Hardwicke,
"A disgrace to the village!" "A blacksmith, I think? is he in a good way

"Good way of business, indeed! He will never do any good for himsolf, an idle fellow like-that! He can get work enough to do if he would do it; but he prefers to get they and squender his money. He it a good-for-maught, that's what he is, sir! and if I were the master of this house, instead of being only a poor, weak woman, with no will of her own, I should never to state a meloral woll deriven, a work or weath let such a ne'er-do-weil darken my door again, after his insolence in daring to propose—but, I beg your pardon, sir, you don't feel any interest

the contrary, I feel a very great inte-You were saying that our blacksmith proposed---

Proposed for our Phobe, sir, if you please!"

"And what do you suppose her father did ?"

"Yes, indeed; and what do you think she

"Was very indignant, I should think." "Of course, you would think so! That is exactly what everybody else would have thought; but there is no accounting for that girl!" "You don't mean to say.

"I mean to say that my Phoche—my daughter—the girl you saw, sir, when we came in—the belle of the village she is; and I should like to know where you'd find a finer girl, eith r, round the country side! I mean to say, sir,

But just at this moment, when the good lady was about to impart the desired information, her busband's voice was heard summoning beto her duties, and, being, as she said, only a poor, ad gone a short distance, and looking back to-ards the smith's shop.
The sound of the hummer going, still conti-tued, and a thousand sparks were flying heaven-kept him so long out of bed, and conduc of him to his bed-chamber door without any further

Percy Hardwicke was so profoundly fatigued by the unaccustomed excitement of this, his first day in town, that he was not very long beforche fell asleep, and awoke not again until next morning, when the sun was shining in at the bedroem window, and the birds were chirp.

"I wonder how my friend the blacksmith is." was his waking thought; and then he asked himself whether it was possible that so pretty a creature as Phoche could entertain any regard for such an uncouth wretch as that young black

"A regular case of Beauty and the Beast," said Hardwicke to binuself, as he turned round upon his other side, and prepared to go to sleep

But in this praiseworthy endeavour he was documed to disappointment, for scarcely had be closed his eyes, when a great hubbut arcse in the yard beneath — a great ratting of wheels, clattering of horses' hoofs and bardie of tougues.

Percy Hardwicke pulled the dothes over his head, thinking thus to escape the noise. Then fluding that this was impossible, sat up in bed, and glared wrathfully out of window, he having drawn the blind up before going to bed. The yard contained three or four vehicles of different kinds which were believent, ready for some as kinds, which were being got ready for some ex-pedition. Hardwicke felt thoroughly aroused by the noise, and dressing himself, hurried down

He had promised his friend Jerrold that he would make his appearance the first thing in the morning, but now be changed his mind, and came to the conclusion that it would be guite

time chough to go after breakfast.

He was served with the meal in question by pretty Miss Phebe, who looked, if possible, more

pretty than she did the preceding evening. But when Hardwicke came to look more carnestly at her, he easily perceived the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and, with his most winning smile and kindest manner, inquired the cause.

"Oh, nothing, sir!" said Phobe with a sob. " I'm sure there must be something."
"No, sir."

"Yes, yes! tell me what it is."

" I don't like to."

" Do I look such an ogre?"
"Well, then," said Phobe, pouting; " mother

She fairly burst out crying now, for the disapolution was evidently a severe one. How very prefty she looked through her tears,

Percy Hardwicke thought. "Can I hire some sort of trap here?" he

There's a dog-cart, sir."

"Will you allow me to drive you to the fair?"

"You, sir, drive me?"
"Yes, to be sure! It's the lenst I can do if Yes, to be sure! you have sacrificed your pleasure upon my ac

" Is it a blg but?"

a A very big one, sir, 1 am afraid. A fine gentleman like you would never be seen driving a poor girl like me."

Who says so?

"I am sure you would not."
"Try me."
"Rot ——"

a What, another of them?

My mother would not allow me,"

" Could you not persuade her?" " No. I am sure I could not." And you can suggest no plan?"

Here Miss Phoebe shook her pretty head, and oked profoundly serious, and prettier than

"I can, I think," said Hardwicke, "Suppose you don't tell her!"
"What, go without her consent? I couldn't think of such a thing! Oh, no. I never could!

outside the town, on the high read. Then if by chance—it is the vaguest chance, I know—I have no hope; but still if you should change

Mr. Hardwicke looked very much disap-

our mind-'I'm certain I shall not."

"Anyhow, if a miracle happened and caused you to do so, I shall be found on the high road." "It really is provoking," said Miss Phobe after a pause, to be obliged to stop at home whon every one cise is out holiday-making."

"It is a fate horrible to contemplate." "And it is very kind of you to offer to take me

It is the least I can do. I'm sure." "But no-no-no! I never-never-neve could think of doing so!"

(To be continued.)

#### THE AULD WIFE.

BY JOHN WADE THIRWELE

"The audd wife sits by the fire, When winter nights are lang. And aye, as she turns her wheel, She erroms some nuld Scotch sang The wheel, with a birr and a hum, three round as she plies her reck; The prey cat purrs by the fire, And tack the goes the clock.

eThe acta wite ance was young.
As each auto wife has been,
but muchle of joy and serrow
Can youth and age between:
Now site talks and she sinus of old times,
When mach dy's bye to hear.
And sometimes the autobody hughs,
And sometimes she drops a tear.

"She thinks of the blythesome time, "She fittides of the dythesome rim When young herds cam to wo: 'Alack I' cross the silly wife. 'Wha'd think to see me noo?' She thicks of the merry bells That r, nwhen at kirk she wel; And shen of the mouldy stane. That ha; s the guid man's head.

"My pair old man is gane.
"My pair old man is gane.
"My pair old man is gane. His Latins have consed to weep,
And size 'twill be with me
When I sleep the kirk-yard sleep;
Bells for bridals will ring.
The anin gie place to the young.
Surmer will come and go.
And add wives' sames be sung."

Yet still does she sit by the fire
When winter nights are ling.
And aye as she turns her wheel.
She eroous some antid Scotch sing:
And she tuits and she sings of auld times,
When michody's bye to hear.
And sometimes the auld hody laughs,
And sometimes she dieps a tear.

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# IN ARTER-YEARS:

or. FROM BEATH TO LIFE.

BY MES, ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX. - Continued. Sir Richard was well aware of this fact; on his return to Haddon he found the cellars locked up in such n w y that it was n work of time to left it eighteen years before; "but how," he asked himself, "can Lady Hamilton know this? It is impossible that the high-minded girl I knew as Isabel Douglas could condescend to

gossip with my servants or their friends."
"How did this feet reach Lady Hamilton?" inquired he with a particularly cynical voice

and manter.

"From my son." "Your son! Robert Cuninghame?

6 My sen; whom you had the undacity to all by a mine to much level of bis own."

4 You knew hom, the 2?

"How did you like h s upbringing?" "It it were possible to corrupt a Hamilton of Inchdrewer your very example would have don it; that such a thing was impossible you

form their judgment by."

Sir Richard did not answer; his conscience told him that if Lady Hamilton's words were lased on truth, he would be stigmatized as a harsh, exacting master who mail told as a harsh, exacting master who paid and fed his servants werse than any man in the county, whi c he demanded from them an amount of work that another gentleman of his rank would scarce allow his menials to perform; as a landford he was widely known as one who rack-

A pairse ensured which was broken by the part of the pairse construction of the part of th dren." Her face was so marine write, so right of Well, then," said Phobe, ponting; "mother said I must stop at home, and serve you with your breakfust, and so I have lost my seat in Mrs. We-ton's gig, and now I can't go to the Mrs. We-ton's gig, and now I can't go to the Her face was so marble white, so rigid he could bring to her aid; he knew from bitter until the midnight sky told me I need fear no experience during the last six weeks, that he might occasionally ring for an hour before one of his servants would make their appearance.

and in view of this he said : "I must first tell you how I was released from my prison house; for years before my escape I had deer skins given me as a substifor a bed and a shepherd's plaid to cover my limbs which before used on winter nights to be nearly frozen. When hope had quitedied out, when I felt certain that I would die and my bones blench there. When I had knelt before cour wicked son, thrice wicked because he thought be was mine; knelt to him beserching for liberty on any conditions, offering to go to Australia, or Canada, or anywhere he liked to send me, to beg my bread or work for it as I best could, offering to tell him where he would find money he could never touch unless I told him ow it was to be got, money no human being knew of but myself, offering to yow the most solemn oath to return no more to Britain. when I had done this scores of times and ever smet with the same answer: cannot trist you, you never kept with me; when you promised me a toy or a sweetment, it I would fight with the cat or a strange dog, and goaded on to it, when I came scratched or bitten and bleeding to claim my promised reward, was it ever given? No never. but instead I was kicked and called a lazy greedy cur. No, you shall never leave this while I live; I will faithfully feed you as long as I can walk up this staircase; when you are without food be sure I am gone where I shall learn whether your creed or Adam Johnston's is the true one

"When all this pleading and searching for the secret spring from dawn to dark was post and over, when I re dized perfectly that escape was impossible, that I would never again press the green grass with my foot, never see the sun rise or set, never look on a human face but that of Robert Cuninghame, never again touch my horse or my dog, never see a running brook, nor the sea waves, nor my Castle gate, never hear the mavis sing to his mate on the topmost bough of the fir tree—these things of every day that I heeded not when I lived among them scarcely saw; how precious they became when

I was for ever shut out from them in that pri-I was for ever shift out from them in that prison tower. But the worst was to come, in all those long years miserable as a was, I yet shrunk from death, as much as I do to day."

Lady Hamilton looked in the pullid face and asked herself if the man could so deceive his asked herself if the man could so deceive his formed arrow; it was his first triumph, be considered arrow; it was his first triumph, be considered arrow; it was the first their child own heart as to believe he had a week to live. out other food than a box of biscuits, which were always beside me now, one of several indulgences which had been granted me many years before, the bisenits were there, more than I wanted, but I had had no change of water for four days; the water left in the bottom of the not drink it, it stunk in my nostrils as if some foul thing had died and was rotting therein; 1 was perishing for thir t, and I resolved to put an end to my sufferings; it was evident my juilor was dead or he had at least left me to die

death of forment; something told me he was dead, he had never hed to me even when as a child he knew the fash must follow when he told the fruth, and he had vowed so solemnly never to allow me perish from neglect, I could trust his word, I knew he was dond; the time was come I used to see in my fore fodings by day, my dreams by night, the time when I must die by my own hand!"

He stopped for a few seconds and taking frem his pecket a small silver-handled penknife, looked fondly on it saying: "To this little knife I owe my liberty, but for this I would

He moved his shoulders and head with a gesture of impatience, and continued : "When ill hope of his ever coming again was dead, I took the newest of my deer skins and with this knife cut it into strips an inch broad, strong nough to bear my weight; these I tied together and fastening one end to a round iron knob which finished off the bars in the centre of the age I pulled it with all my mi. ht with both h nds, letting my weight fall upon it so that I might be sure it would not break leaving me half hanged to die a lingering death on the theor of the cage; my eyes were fixed on the knob to which I had fastened the cord, I fancied it moved; coming a little down a sharp click struck on my car; I had heard that click once before in that enge and I had never forgotten it; the door of the eage was wide open!"
"If my soul lives as you fanaties say it

up in such n wy that it was n work of time to open them, and when opened he found the wine in the same state as to quantity as he had left it eighteen years before; "but how," he sked blue, if some lady than it now, this? outside the cage going to the furthest point from it ere I turned to look at the place of my

"I was not free, I had yet to force the bolts of a door at the to- of the staircase and at the bottom; my little knif-helped me to do both, without it I would have been as helpless in the tower room as in the eage; and now came another trouble, I is membered well the way in which the panel opered. I made my joilor while he was yet my slave shew me more than once how it was opened and shut, but that was on the outside and gave me but a faint clue to the way in which I was to open it in a darkness more intense than midnight; but I found it at last, . had to try m ny, many times. Despairing of being able to find the spring I tried to break the panel and found it resisted my can ascertain for yourself by making inquiry to break the panel and found it resisted my of your, or r ther his servents and his tenantry: efforts more strongly than did the bars of the these are the true judges of a man's character, i iron cage: I could make the iron bars slake, their opinion the true criterion for others to | I could not make the wooden panel emit the I could not make the wooden panel emit the slightest sound: since then I made the discov-

> light came streaming through the aperture which served for a window, when at last I found the spring and stood in the armory the daylight was departing and the evening star coming out

in the gray sky." lord he was widely known as one who rack-rented his label and neverallowed one farthing for improvement.

A panse ensued, which was broken by Lady Hamilton saving: "You have told me all you intruders on my work. When the hour came I burst the armoury lock with my knife as I had done the two others: I crept down my own staircase in fear and trembling, opened my own door by stealth and scarcely during to place my foot firmly on my own hall floor went in silence and dread from my father's castle there I was born and where I then thought the child of my bounty lorded it over my servants. Poor wretch be was then dying and his captive whom he tormented for eighteen years is now alive at the end of twelve years after and may live for twenty more."

He again paused not because he was tired, but because he wished to read if possible in his hearer's face what the feelings were which his recital inspired; it was futile, her check and lips were colourless as marble, her eyes dark dusky granite.

"You know," continued he, "how I came back to Haddon to find my house a home for William Hamilton's grandchildren and their relatives and friends all living at rake and manger on my money; you have also had your long gossip over every subsequent event they had to tell, but they could not tell you that it was by my instructions that a copy of the Rottenburgh Herald was privately printed containing my version of the story of my captivity, and was sent to your sister Lady Morton first, and afterwards to Lord Nairn, and when the time was ripe to Colonel Lindsay in order to enlighten all three on the part your grandchildren were supposed to take in adding their father as my jailors; I knew I was safe cusing them of this, because I overheard them caking to each other of a visit they made to the tower cage by his death-bed instructions of what they knew concerning it or what they

BRW there." "Neither could they tell you that I spent many thousand pounds in helping to bring about the bankruptcy which ruined Master Ar-thur Lindsay, or that it was by my advice through a third person that the transfer of your grandchildren's fortunes from a sound to an insolvent bank was made,"

"Nor could they tell you even now if it were

tinged: "that I knew when they lost their child But there came a time when I was left without that he was not drowned, but given to a low out other food than a box of biscuits, which worthless we teh living in Seven Dals to help her to beg with more effect by sewing a child with a broken arm or leg or bland as the case might best suit herself. This is nearly five years ago, if you ever chance to meet a ragged blind boy on cratches in that vicinity perhaps you pitcher was so foul that try as I would I could might like to adopt him in case he is your greatgrandson."

Lady Hamilton compressed her icy lips more tightly lest the strong heart should fail now in her great need

Sir Richard noted this also, he himself believed what he fold of the child, it was Catchem's story to him, and it was Sir Richard's order that the child should be so disposed of, but Catchem drended the London police, he knew their vigilarce and would not risk the consequence of such a thing coming to light, a woman from the country who had only seen him once could not recognize him again: a woman in Seven Dials was almost sure to have seen him in the course of his practice at police courts and could identify him if it suited her

purpose.

"Neither can they ever tell you, because as "You mean your body would, there is a soul in man that never dies," said Lady Humilton looking with a mild serious eir in his face.

"Seriner can they ever terr you, needs as a 1-said before you can never meet again, that after Colonel Lindsay's death at sea, when the sword was lost, they tried to eke out their seamty means by teaching, and that first in the scanty means by teaching, and that first in the Isle of Wight and then in Southampton a triend of mine contrived to give such an impression of their characters as to induce the parents of the children to withdraw them from the contagion of such society; a year ago they left Southampton having lived for the preceding three years almost entirely on the sale of their jewels, the only means they had left, when these were gone they came to London, penni-

He paused looking his tortured listener stern-

ly in the face,?

"Where are they now? for mercy's sake tell

"In London, wandering about pennitess, lost on the sea of life." Was the answer given by him who knew no

mercy, had never known what the beaven given grace of mercy meant, grace that ble seth sevenfold more the giver than the receiver. Lady Hamilton knew they were not in Lon-| don, neither were they in the abject poverty he represented them to be, it w/s now her time to speak and she was about to do so when he in-

terrupted bes. "I promised to give you the proofs in my possession of the truth of my aving carried off

your son; they are there," He lifted from the table placed by his side a parcel wrapped in paper which he partially opened, so as distinctly to show what it contained, he handed it to Lady 11 million at a glance she saw it was the clothes her child wore the last time she saw him. They were roughly rolled up, the coral necklace he had always worn on his neck closped round them

to keep them together. Another compressing of the pathlips, another closing of the dusky eyes, the long eyelashes lying longer than before on the martile check, it wis a poor triumph. He had hoped for more, he expected she would have entreated of him, abjured him to tell where she might find her grandchildren; to his eye she seemed strangely indifferent about them.

indifferent about them.

He lifted a large key from the table is Lady Hamilton, there is the key of my family mansoleum, I know it will be safe in your possession, and I also know you will wish to see the Hamilton leaf which is on your son's arm, it has marked so many of his race it is a good token to know and identify his body as it. and to leave Haddon to-morrow moral a to visit Florida where in my early days is post a year, the most pleasant one in my left; I intend to spend several years there at least; it is the most beautiful country, the bottomate in the world; I am almost fabulously rich, I can rive where and in whatever style I pleas, may never return, but if I do, as a woman ages sooner than a man it is possible you may be dead, in case of which I have had this brass place with the words Haddon Mausoleam placed on the key. At your death you will oblige me by having the key placed in safe ke ping awaiting my return." She took the key from his hand wondering as she did so if it was possible he could decive himself by supposing he would ever live to reach Florida.

"I must tell you," continued be, "how you will find your son's pall and collin; his daughters at my expense had his body embalmed, this was well, it enables you now to have the satisfaction of recognizing your son's body; they also had the daring assurance to buy with my money a fine rosewood outside coning during with silver, and not contented with this they had a scarlet velvet pall as if he had been at

least an Earl in his own right," 4 had the rosewood coffin removed, and one of plain pine boards painted black did excellently well in its place, the velvet pall I had rolled round the body of poor Casar who was the only one who gave me a kind welcome back to Haddon, a coarse serge pall covering your son; both too good for the man they

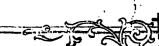
Lady Hamilton's face flushed crimson; Sir Richard's last words, the indignity shewn to her son's lifeless body brought her back to earth and the feelings which belong to it.

"I thank you for this key," said she. "I

will have the body of my dead son removed from your mausoleum to that of his forefathers, in whose veins run the blood of kings. race of Hamilton were not the highest in the land, my son should lie among 'the doughty Donelases' a name old in Scotland conturies before the Cuninghames were heard of?

She paused for some seconds. Sir Richard was so overwhelmed he had no power to reply. Was this self-possessed woman the one he exnected to sue to him, to kneel in her humility, that he might relent and tell her where she after my escape, and of a promise given him could find her children? Could he believe then, that they would never tell human being his senses? She stood up and drew her shawl around her shoulders, holding the parcel of clothing and the key of the mausoleum in her

> "I bid you farewell, Sir Richard Cuninghame We will never meet again; but ere we part I must tell you something you are evidently ignorant of, and which nearly concerns you. Your heir, Colonel Lindsay, was not drowned in the "Sword;" he was at Includrewer





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In an early number next month, we will commence the publication of another story of "glasses round." We have had a great many Montreal life, which will be entitled,

# HARD TO BEAT.

The story is replete with incident, and contains severar local sketches which cannot fail to be interesting. It is from the pen of

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and will be handsomely illustrated by our

#### CHRISTMAS STORIES.

We would remind our contributors that now is the time to write and send us in stories for Christmas and New Year, not a week or two before the time for publication. We intend getting up a grand Extra Christmas Number this year, and should like to receive stories &c., intended for it as soon as possible. Let the stories be about Christmas in Canada, we can get plenty of stories about other places. but we don't want them; we desire to have a Canadian paper, with Canadian authors, writing tales of Canadian life. We will pay our highest rates for Christmas stories, if they are

### JAPAN.

For some time past the papers have been

strides towards civilization made by Japan; we have been all well enough for those who travelhave been informed of the "overthrow," as it led about and were made the subjects of wild was called, of the Daimios; of the assumption adulation; but the people who remained at home of power by the Mik do; of the building of would see but little difference between our railways; of the opening of the country, to manner of receiving a troupe of acrosats, and European habits, manners, customs, even dress; people would be hurt that we paid aimost as incomprenensible. This has doubtless ass and one report went so far as to hint at a change much respect to an expert gentleman who could of religion; in fact a more wonderful account; blow about a piece of paper, which he called a of the rapid civilization of a semi-barbarous | butterfly, in a very dexterous manner, as to a country has never been known; indeed it was | Prince of the land. We think the matter of altogether too rapid. The advanced thoughts Japanese receptions &c., was rather overdone, of a few leading spirits, aided by an enlighten- and we hope that in future we will learn to go ed chief ruler ran shead of the times, and about these matters in rather a more quiet and plunged the country suddenly into an excess | business-like manner. That a very lengthy of civilization, for which the masses of the disruption of social relations between Japan people were not prepared; as a natural consequence, a reaction has occurred; and we are now informed—in rather a vague kind of way | civilization we have heard so much about of -that "a reaction has occurred in feeling in | late, will be made in future at a little slower, Japan which will probably retard the progress of civilization for several years." In regard to have been led to think was the case in the past. some of the minor innovations which were introduced with astonishing rapidity we may quote a paragraph which appeared in the N. Y. Tribune, about a month ago, with reference to what, to us, would seen a very trifling matter; this is the paragraph: "Among the brief items of news from Japan by the last steamer was the statement that the Mikado had had his photograph taken, and that the picture was selling for tifty cents a copy. This may seem an insignificant bit of intelligence, but it means a great deal in Japan, where taking any drawing, limning, sculpture, or other portrait of the Son of Heaven has been punishable with death. For centuries untold the Mikado, as a divine being, has been exempt from sitting for his portrait; and when, a few months ago, a cunning German after which the Chairman, premising that he artist succeeded in getting a negative of a great public ecremonial in which the Mikado figured, a great panic ensued; the kingdon was turned upside down, and no peace was had until every copy of the picture, and the negative itself, in | Chairman then rose and said that it was with

great public ceremonial; but, if we consider for a moment, we will see that the revulsion of feeling which would permit of the public sale of the same person's photograph, in less than a year from the time of the public outery against the German artist, would be still more extraordinary than the spirit of fanaticism which would endanger a man's life for taking aphotograph. We have mentioned this incident of the photograph as of the minor causes of the present reaction in Japan. There are, undoubtedly deeper causes underlying the present outburst of popular feeling. Scarcely ten years ago the Japanese were a much more exclusive nation tian the Chinese, and it would be something peculiar if they should so speedily and completely outstrip the Celestials in the matter of adopting Western habits and customs. We think that we Western nations have been rather too much gulled in the matter of Japanese civilization by sensation reports, which gave rather what was wished than what were actual facts; for instance we have little faith in the report that the Mikado " wears paper collars, and a plug hat;" yet it was gravely telegraphed us; nor do we place unbounded confidence in another report which reached us some months ago, and which said: "the Mikado was lately shown an ingenious contrivance for corking a bottle; he asked the exhibitor to uncork it with the same machine, and, on being told it could not be done, called for a corkscrew, extracted the cork and ordered such reports, which evidently had their origin in the imaginations of some sensation reporters; and there is very little doubt but that we have been misled in graver matters; and have been made to believe that there was a mach greater popular feeling in favor of the introduction of Western habits and customs than ever existed. It is to be regretted that we should have been misled as to the actual progress of civilization in Japan, and been given the mere gloss of newspaper reports in preference to the more solid facts of the case; but we think the marca of civilization in Japan has not been permanently stopped, simply delayed, and that when it begins its onward progress again-as it inevitably will-it will be on a slower, but a more sure and certain foundation. One fact which has apparently attracted too little attention, was the too extravagant manner in which we received the parties of Ambassadors who visited us. This fault was particularly noticeable in America where the people fairly fell down and worshiped them; the only difficulty being in determining whether it called; or "The Japanese Ambassadors" who received most adulation. The general and indiscriminate manuer in waich we admired anybody, or anything from Japan; and the undignified way in which the Japanese were hunted down by the nations who were professing to teach them in the ways of civilization could not but have had some effect on the natilled with wonderful accounts of the giant | tion we were supposed to be civilizing. It might and the Western nations will occur, we do not but considerably surer rate of progress than we

### DINNER TO GEO. S. BARNUM.

On Saturday evening, 5th inst., the majority of the press of Montreal met at the Termpin to testify their respect for Mr. George S. Barnum. for the past three years connected with the Gazette, and who was about leaving the cityand we regret to add, the profession-by tenderingshim a complimentary dinner. About half-past eight Mr. Thomas White was called to the chair, Mr. Stewart, of the Herald, occupying the vice-chair. A very excellent repast, which reflected much credit on mine host Carlisle, was then discussed with great gusto; would omit all of the teasts ordinarily given on such occasions, proposed the health of the Queen. This was drunk standing, and responded to by singing " God Save the Queen." The which the imperial face was no larger than a mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that he

pin's head, was destroyed." It seems at first | proposed "Our Guest, Mr. Geo. S. Barnum,"sight a ridiculous thing that a clever German : pleasure because he felt that he was offering a artist should have been in danger of his life deserved compliment to an able journalist, and less than a year ago for the crime of taking the regret that the occasion was the departure of photograph of a person who-along with se- Mr. Barnum for another sphere of life. During veral thousand others-was taking part in a the past two years he had had ample opportunity of acquainting himself with Mr. Barnum's character, and he could say that for honesty and industry he (Mr. B.) was unimpeachable. In losing Mr. Barnum he lost a man whom he feared he would be unable to replace, and he felt assured that, in whatever position he was called upon to till, we should always hear of him in the highest terms of praise. The toast was enthusiastically drunk to the tune, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which all joined with a will. Mr. Barnum responded briefly, but feelingly, remarking that his journalistic experience in Montreal had been of the most pleasant nature, and he should always remember these associations as among the treasures of his life. He thanked his friends heartily for the honour they had done him, and sat down amid cheers and applause. An hour or two' was now spent in toasting and re-toasting almost every individual at the board, singing, &c., and at half-past eleven o'clock the party broke up and, after handshaking and leave-taking all round, turned their steps homeward well satisfied with Mr. Barnum, themselves, and the rest of the world. One of the most pleasant incidents of the evening was the reading, by the chairman, of a very clever poem composed by Mr. John Losperance, favornably known to the readers of these columns as a poet of no mean ability, entitled "The Bohemians," in which he made a number of playful allusions to members of the local press, which were received with great merriment. We sincerely regret the departure of Mr. Barnam, who was one of our earliest and best friends on the press of Montreal, and we wish him every possible success in the new career before him, which, we are glad to say, holds out better opportunities of preferment than the profession of journalism does, as a general thing. With regard to the dinner itself, we would say that we think the journalists of Montreal know too little of each other personaily, and we hope to see them in future meet together more frequently socially, not on the occasion of parting with a brother member, but for the purpose of cultivating more closely our social relations.

### A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOR.

It is very seldom that Montreal does a foolish thing in a financial point of view, yet during the first three days of last week, a very foolish and unaccessary little panic of a peculiar nature was enacted here, which was almost farcical from its being totally nucalled for and was "The J.ps," as the strolling acrobats were unjustifiable by facts. On Monday, the 7th iast., a "rua" was commenced on the City and District Savings' Bank-one of the most wealthy Banking institutions in the city-and kept up steadily for three days, the Bank keeping open to any hours," and paying with ease all demands against it. What started the panie it is almost impossible to say. One theory is that there has recently come into force in the Savings' Bank a rule requiring large depositors to give tifteen days notice of the withdrawal of sums over a certain amount. The first knowledge which many of the customers would have of this rule would be on application for moneys which, for lack of the foreigners; of the adoption by the Mikado of a party of Princes; and the natural pride of the notice, would be refused in a manner to them ed, if it has not caused the confusion in the minds of depositors. Another theory is that on Saturday a French C madian, who was unused to Banking rules, called for his money after Bank hours, and was told to call again. This scared him, and he spread the dismal intelligence that the Bank was not able to pay him amongst the depositors of his own nationality, who numbered several thousands; and they, sharing in his fright, wanted their money-and believe, but we do think that the march of they got it. Nobody seemed to know what the scare was about, and it was ratner amusing on Wednesday and Thursday to notice the same persons who had been most auxious to draw out on Monday and Tuesday returning to redeposit their funds, and trying to look as if they never intended to draw out at all. Great credit is due to the Seminary authorities for their efforts in allaying the fears of depositors by good advice, when appealed to, and for the more practical way of making large depositsin one case we were informed as much as \$15,000-while small creditors were anxiously withdrawing their little deposits. It is only fair to say that the run created very little excitement, except amongst depositors, as there was no doubt in financial circles of the ability of the Bank to meet all demands against it. There was, of course, a rumour that the run was occasioned by malicious reports to the detriment of the Bank, which had been circulated by some parties who had private ends to gain; but this is doubtful, and even if it were true, the malicious ones would be sadly disappointed, for the general endorsement the Bank received and the ease with which it met the run

on it, will tend greatly to increase its reputa-

tion instead of damaging it.

#### WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In the sixteenth century, there were no postoffices in England. Government carriers were the only bearers of letters, except the common curriers, whose principal business was the con-veyance of parcels. These couriers were under martial law, and in the time of Henry VIII., were subject to the penalty of hanging for de lay upon the road with their despatches. The letters of those days were consequently some-times ornamented with a cheerful sketch of a guilows with a courier thereon suspended. Un-dermenth was the admonition "Haste! Post! Haste! Haste for thy Life!" Post-offices and relays of horses were then established at the principal towns along the high roads, and the postmasters indersed on the government despatches the day and hour of their arrival in transit. A letter despatched from Plymouth to Loudon in 1623, eFor His Majesty's special service," bears nine indorsements. The distance, two hundred and fourteen miles by the route taken, was accomplished in fifty-seven hours, a rate of about three miles and three-quarters per hour. On part of the route the speed was greater, though six miles was the highest speed made, and on the heavy portions of the road the rate

HEAVENS! Let all ladies who wear deceitful tells us about faise hair! There is a M. Lindeman who has given his mind to this subject, and who announces that every hair in a false pinit ends with a nodosity: each no dosity contains fifty "psorosporms;" and each psorosporms throws off minute spheres which become "pseudo-mavicella." But this is by no mounts the end of a bad matter. The pseudo-mavicella is a bad matter. in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, all with the spurious tondrils, amount to 45,000,000, which, when inhaled, make their way into the circulation and bring on cardiac affections! This is too bad; but then doesn't real hair sometimes produce cardiac affections?

Fus ar Hone.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearty laugh should shake down some of the masty old cobwebs there. If you want to rain your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as a place only to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is began that ends in gambling houses, and reckless degradations. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places.

THE sale of explosive cigars has recommenced tions taken by the police to prevent these dangerous articles from being offered to the public The cigars in question appear genuine to the purchaser, but contain a minute squib or cracker, which, when the cigar has been consumed to a certain point, explodes, the cigar itself flying to some distance from the mouth of the smoker. These cigars are capable of severe wounding those who smoke them.

THE fortunate Henry La Pierre, of San Francisco, most unfortunately drew, a month since, a prize of \$2,500 in the Havana Lottery. Since then, he has been drank all the time, and has tried to hang himself once; and upon the whole, it is the general opinion of his friends that a biank would have been the greater bless-

ECONOMY is wealth. A well regulated Newark family ate hash for breakfast in three hundred and sixty-five different styles last year, and the mother is, in consequence, enabled to blow her on a ninety-dollar lace handkerchief.

A CALCULATING machine has just been in vented which, by the simple turn of a crank, can be made to multiply, add and subtract the square root. It multiplied correctly 9,870 by

An Editor in Arkansas says: "If we have stended anybody in the course of our short but brilliant career, let him send us in a new pair of boots and say nothing about it."

A MAN at Connelton, Ind., has obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground that she forced him to marry her against his will.

THE smokers of France consume 294,000,000,-000 cigarettes annually, at the rate of 9,328 every

### EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANAPA.—A man named Robinson, an engineer, cut his throat in Valloyfield on 4th inst. He has since died.—The police have returned from Labrador, and report that the statement that an atrosicus murder was committed there cannot be substantiated.—The Quebec Logislature meet for the despatch of business on Thursday, the 7th November.—The Intercolonial Railway is so far advanced that a train of fifteen heavily-loaded cars passed ever the new bridgent Trois Pistoles on Monday. The cars were freighted with rails for the road below that point.—At four o'clook on the morning of 8th inst.. an alarm of fire was given, when the large saw mills, known as the Hunterstown Mills, at illunterstown, Q. belonging to an American company and every discovered in flames. The mill was totally destroyed. Loss \$100,000.—Mr. Francis Giles is andertaking the for nation of a company in London to work the iron ore at East River. Ten tons of iron ore are roady for shipment to England, where it is to be theroughly and practically tested.—A terrible disease has made its appearance among horses in Toronto. The stables afflicted are those of John

Shedden & Co., d. T. Railway earters, Toronto, G. T. Railway, and Bond Bros. Many horses have taken sick and died within a few hours. Great excitement exists among keepers of horses. The disease consists of a terrible swelling in the throat completely cheking the animal. The work on the North Shore Railway is now being pushed on with vigour. Upwards of 400 hundred men are employed, and it is expected that 50 miles of the road will be in working order early next season. The Grand Trunk Railway receipts for August hast amounted to \$608.642, against \$07.273.corresponding month last year. Cases of small you have appeared at Ponquet, Antigonish Co. The local authorities have adopted all necessary procesuition to prevent a spread of the disease. The case of the disease was contracted in Buston. The Supreme Court at Charlottetown has returned a verdict of \$29,000 against the P. E. I. Government. The manager of the Worrell estate was the plaintiff. The case had been I years in dispute. Statement of the revonue and expenditure of the Dominion of Canada for the month ended 30th September, 1872:—

30th September, 1872:—	
Customs	
Customs	\$1,160,402
Post Office	43,592
Public Works, including Railways	131,344
Bill Stamps	22,258
Miscellaneous	40,581
Total	\$1,749,567
Expenditure	\$1,329,772

hour. On part of the route the speed was groater, though six miles was the highest speed made, and on the heavy portions of the road the rate was two miles and even loss. From the penalty attended to slow riding or halting cannot he property verbial saying of "riding for your life," which saying is usually supposed to refer to thying from an enemy. From the taking of private letters by the beares of government despatches the wonderful conveniences of the modern postal arrangements. It was from noise the same to be a portion of the duties of governments. The transmission of government despatches by special messengers offered facilities to the public, which, as correspondence in crossed, were more valued and improved, and the advance of earlikanton and commercial intercourse is largely due to the facilities of mail transportation.

We learn from a Southern paper, that there was a colored man living near Parola, Messenger is largely due to the facilities of mail transportation.

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versary of the great fire in Caicago and many people celebrated it by removal to new quarters in the rebailt portion of the city.

Exilaxed.—The death is announced of the Duchess of Holendole Langenburg, the Queen's sister, at Baden-Barlon. This said news has caused flor Majosiy the profoundest grief and sorrow. Her Serone Highness the Princess Hohentole Langenburg was the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with Eaith Charles, reigning Prince of Leiningen, and was born on the 7th of December. 1895. Her Serone Highness marriage with Eaith Charles, reigning Prince of Leiningen, and was born on the 7th of December. 1895. Her Serone Highness marriage with Earland The Prince of Hohentole Langenburg, who died in 1850. The Princess was a most amiable, high-minded, and kind lady, universally loved by all who knew her.—The Queen of Holland is about to visit England.—Arrurian violence is rife in the centry of Mayo, Iroland Landholders in the vicinity of Nowport have been shot at and coner outrages have been committed, but in all caves the perpetrators have oscoped detection.—Mr. Isaac But, the well-known Home Rule member of Parliament for Limariak, delivered a lecture on 5th inst, in the theatre of that city. He advocated a Federal union, but was moderate in his domands for Iroland. He referred to the public declarations of Lords Hartington. Russell, and Montagne, as favorable to the cause of Home Rule. He advised the return of Home Rule members of Parliament, and closed with the declaration that if their domands were rejected they would set, but at present their islan could not be disolesed.—A despatch from Nokohama, dated Sopt. 25, announces that two-thirds of the treasure lost by the burning of the steamship America has been recovered.—
The price of coal has again advanced. The mining companies of Belgium are not able to execute the orders they have received to send coal to this country, in consequence of the scarcity of minors in that country.—By the accident at flooding of a coal mine near Wrescha

Spain. — A special from Madrid to the Soir says: Last evening while His Majesty King Amadeus was walking in the Plaza del Oriente, two men, who were Last evening while His Majesty King Amadous was walking in the Plazadel Oriente, two mea, who were concealed behind statues, threw several large stones at him, crying at the same time, "Viva la Republica." The desperadoes took flight immediately after committing the act. They were pursued by numbers of policemen, but succeeded in making their oscape. The King was not hart. The cocurrence caused great excitement in Madrid. —The Congress, by vote. 161 against 57, has refused to consider the manendment offered by a Republican member to address the King, asking for the emancipation of slaves. —The Government has determined to send 14.08) men, to reinforce the army in Cuba. —A report that the Spanish Government has resolved to submit to a council of European powers its claims against the United Status for damages inflicted by fillbustering expeditions to Cuba is pronounced untrue. ESCS Farthers.

France.—The correspondent of the London Times telegraphs that the Russian Ambassador in Paris has received a note from Fencieff, the Scoretary of the Emperor's Privy Council, withdrawing the congratulations which the Emperor had tendered to Thiers, and expressing the dissatisfaction of Russia at the aggressive attitude of the Radical party in France.—The journals of Paris have opened a subscription for the relief of the Alsatians who left their homes and retained their French citizenship.—One Codemence, a resident of Paris, has been sentenced to prison for 15 days for fighting a duel.—A private despatch says that Gambetta's illness is very severe, and that it is the result of overwork.—Authority is given for the contradiction of a current report that the Emperor Napoleon intends to visit Ireland.; Ma:

GREMANY.—An official statement has been made as to "be result of the option. It shows that of the natives of the new German provinces of Elsasse and Lothringon 184,683 have declared in favour of retaining French citizenship. Of this number 38,800 declarations have become valid through emigration to France, and in addition to it 12,000 domiciled French menhave left the provinces.—Wive sentillar menhave left the provinces.—Five gambling saloons in well-known Ger man watering places have been closed.

SWEDEN.—The remains of the late King Charles XV. have been brought to the capital from Malmo, and were buried beneath de Reddarsholm Church. The funeral procession was long and imposing, and pussed from the Royal Palace to the place of interment of Swedish Kings, through long lines of people. who every where expressed by unmistakeable sign the respect felt by the population for their late mon-

'CUBA.—It is stated that the revolutionists are investing the city of Puerto Principe with a large force. They made several captures of Spaniards recently, and have been victorious in a number of skirmishes. The revolutionists are reported to have received fresh supplies of arms and ammunition.

Brigue.—A general strike of workmen in Brusseli is imminent.



I thought my story suited well
The scene that evening by the sea;
But my friend's thoughts I could not tell,
Her fine was never turned to me.
I read the story to the end,
I laid the book upon the sand.
And turning lightly to my friend,
I touched her little duinty hand.

The silken lashes drooped above
The meek brown eyes she hid from me;
I could not choose but tell my love,
That evening by the dreamy sea.
I spoke "This story I have read
Betrays the scoret of my life;
Thou art the lady fair," I said,
"My here chose to be his wife.

"O, tell me did I write in vain,

"And have I read in vain to thee?"
I almost long to hear again
The answer that she unde to me.
Dear little hands I held them fast,
And once I kissed the mock brown eyes. And once I kissed the meek brown eyes
When homeward from the sea we passed,
The sun had faded in the skies.
M

### THE DISCARDED WIFE.

# A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER III .- Continued.

In another moment be could hear a woman's voice speaking in low but earnest tones, al-though he could not distinguish the words.

Then, at some yards' distance, the personswere two, as well as he could judge—came halt, and, after a few hastly-muttered words, parted.

One retreated and the other advanced. The latter was the female.

Where Percy Hardwicke sat, even had the

night been less dark, it would not have been very easy for the person advancing towards him to have discovered the outline of his

it was, however, the woman was close upon him before she perceived his presence.
Then, with a slight scroum, she started back—then hastily retreated.

Percy Hardwicke was at first surprised, afterwards curious.

By the imperfect light he fancied it must be none other than the beautiful Pinebe, whom he had seen at her father's door. It was just about Pinebe's height and figure.

If by chance it should be, what a capital op-portunity for making her acquaintance. When this idea occurred to the languid

young rout, it prompted him to quite unusual exertion.

Jumping down from the stile, he, without any

further hestation, followed in pursuit, and with such rapidity, that ere the dying damsel had got half a dozen yards away from the spot, Hardwicke's fingers encircled her wrist. She struggled, for a moment, despontely; but finding her captor's strength was greater than hers, stood sliently punting for breath and trena-

bling with terror. oning with terior.
"Don't be atraid, my dear," said Hardwicke, smiling. "I would not harm you for the world.
There's no occasion for such alarm."

At the sound of his voice she appeared to re-

gard him attentively, but she wore a thick veil, which effectually concented her face.

When first he had selzed her, her fright was unmistakable; but it appeared that the chief cause of it was that she had mistaken Hard-

wicke for some other person.

When, however, she found that he was a stranger, her fear seemed almost entirely to abute, and in its place arose a sudden anger.

"Release me, sir!" she cried. "I do not know you!" wicke for some other person.

"We cannot too soon make each other's acquaintance, then," said the smiling gentleman.
"Release me!" she cried, in a passionate tone, again struggling to tree horself. "You do not know to whom you are speaking!"

"That is exactly the knowledge I wish to obtain," he aggravatingly replied. "I cannot think of letting you go until I have seen that pretty face of yours."

She made some low ejaculation, which sounded almost like a smothered sob, and struggled

desperately. But her assailant's strength was much greater than one would have expected in a gentleman with such languid airs.

endeavours to break loose from him, he held her

He placed his strong arm round her shrinking He drew her towards him, and pulling down her hands, with which she valuely endeavoured to defend herself, snatched off her veil.

It was a very handsome face that which had hitherto been concealed from him; but in its flushed checks and flushing eyes there were greater signs of rage than he had anticipated contemptuous expression, too, which some

what astonished him. For the first time, then, a faint suspicion occurred to him, that he had made a very great

This was no country damsel with whom he had to deal He had evidently insulted some lady. Pro-

bably one of the Captain's rich neighbours.
In that case, he foresaw a host of unpleasant results, which a while ago he had been far from expecting.
Percy Hardwicke glanced somewhat uneasily

down at the silk dress that she wore, at the valuable shawl, and the bracelets gittering upon her wrists above the neatly-fitting gloves overing her deliente little hands.

"Plague take these pitch dark nights!" he in-voluntarily muttered to himself, as he guzed upon her with a rather sheepish expression; and he was upon the ove of meditating an apology, when a strong arm grasped him from behind, and, ere he had time to turn, a heavy blow upon the back of his head dashed his hat over his eyes, and sent him staggering forward to a distance of several feet.

Turning and facing his assailant as soon as he could recover himself from the effects of this unexpected attack, he found before him a short, thick-set fellow of sporting and slangy appear ance, as well as the darkness of the night would allow him to judge, who wore a white hat very much on one side of his head, and was smoking

"Well, fellow," cried Hardwicke, wrathfully,

"What do you want?"

"The same to you!" the stranger made answer. "Can't you leave the lady alone, when you see your company's not wanted."

"It will not be you who will make me do so!"

said Hardwicke, savagely, and at the same time he made a rush upon the other man.
But he had not calculated upon so formidable

an assailant. In another moment they had closed, and were strength.

The next, and Hardwicke was flung heavily

to the ground, where he lay silent and motion-less, stunned by the fall.

"Good heavens!" the lady exclaimed, clasp-ing her hands in alarm. "Have you killed

"What odds?" the other replied, with a coarse laugh. "I don't care if I have.

"I hope he is not seriously hurt!" the wo-man fattered. "Who is he? Do you know?"
"Nover saw him before that I am aware of. That's all the luckler for you, too. It's to be

the increase for you, too. It's to be hoped he's a stranger."

"Did you not hear me cry out?" said the "If you had come a moment soone

would not have seen my face."

"If it had not been for some over-caution the accident would never have happened!" grum bled her companion. "You were so mightly airaid I should be seen!" "Well!"

"The consequence of which is that you have been seen yourself by goodness knows who!"

The woman made no answer to this speech and they slowly walked towards the stile, her companion he plug her over into the next field.

said the landbdy: "but I don't like showing ou into the common room, and two gentlemen from London have taken the best parlour private."

"I won't intrude upon them," answered the smiling gentleman. "Don't dream of disturb-ing them upon my account, I beg. The com-mon room will do quite well enough for me." "It's almost closing time," said the landlady.

thoughtfully; "and, perhaps, I might as well turn them out." " Pray don't turn any one out."

"I'm sure he's been there long enough."
"Pray don't consider me." "And hasn't given an order for the last two

hours. "Who's that, mother?" asked the pretty Pheebe, who had come down stairs to look at the new comer, and now joined in the conversa-

"Who?" answered the landlady, pettishly; "why that fellow, Rourke, to be sure,"
"What has he been doing?"

" Doing?" retorted the landlady: "what does he ever do, except loaf about and drink himself silly, I should like to know?"

"You ought not to grumble at people's drink-

ing." said Miss Pheebe, pertly.
"I don't want his custom, at any rate," re-

could not look upon the events of the last half-

hour or so with any amount of satisfaction.

"This seems to be a very puglistic neighbourhood," he observed to himself, as he lit a courrood," he observed to immself, as he lit a cigar; "and I've managed to make two con-mies out of my first two acquaintances. It isn't a bad beginning. As to love affairs, there's a promise of a little courting, certainly, but it will be under difficulties, too. My mysterious friend has a very ugly hanger-on; but the pretty young Hebe's, here, is several shades more fero-cious. Evant 1 ft. John't take particular care cions. Egad! If I don't take particular care, it's quite likely I shall get murdered amongst

It was, it must be confessed, rather a dreary subject for a joke, and yet Percy Hardwicke smiled as he thus reflected, perhaps feeling confident of his safety. The candle by his side was burning with a winding-sheet, and the corners of the room, a few yards' distance, were onveloped in deep shadows. The wind was whistling mournfully without, and things generally bore a dreary and dispiriting aspect, which, however, the hot negus in his tumbler, and the fragrant eight which he held betwin his lips, could not dispol.

The traveller shivered, and half rose to his

feet, thinking he would be much more comfort-

But as he was rising, be accidentally cast his

" Yes !" she answered, blushing deeply, and half crying, buif laughing as she spoke. " You're not

angry, are you?"
"Angry!" he exclaimed in astonishment,
why should I be? By Jove, I should have
been awful vexed, though, if you hadn't gone to see the poor crenture, it she's really in a bad

And then he would have kissed her for her goodness, but breaking from him, she burst into a violent fit of sobbling, which was as unex-pected as it was astomsting, to the stm ple sailor. In vain, however, he strove to console her, or

to ascertain the cause of her tears. For some time she persisted in silence, repuising his caresses, imploring him to leave her. But then, almost suddenly as the fit of weap-

ing came on, she dried her eyes and burst into

Edward Jerrold looked at her in blank amazement.

" Am 1 not foolish?" asked Eleanor indeed, scarce knew what reply to

make to this very pertinent inquiry.

"All women are riddles," he said; "that's a roverb."

"Then, I am only like the rest, so don't

blame me. But, by the by, what about your

" What about him?"

" want about mm ?"
" Why hasn't be come ?"
" I can't imagine."
" He ought to have been here by now. It's twelve o'clock."

"I don't know what to say about it," answered Jerrold, thoughtfully, a but 1'll go for him, at any rate. I hope I shan't miss him on the way,

" You won't do that, I should think. He will ac by the fields, won't he?"
I don't know. I told him to go by the road

last night, because I thought he might lose his way in the dark."

"That was a good plan. If he had gone by

the fields, he would have been prefty certain to bave gone wrong. It was such a dreadful night."

The Captain did not think he was justified in

wasting any more time, and, therefore, set out at once upon his errand. If you must know the candid truth, he would

very much have preferred Hardwicke's room to his company, as he was much happier alone with Eleanor than he could be in the presence of a comparative stranger; but then he was too much of a gentleman to wilfully be guilty of a want of courtesy. The Captain, walking rapidly across the field,

was very soon in front of the door of the "Blue

Dragon,"

" Was a gentleman stopping there—a gentleman who had come late the previous evening ?"

Mrs. Miles answered him, and said, rather snappishly, that the gentleman in question had dept there over night, but he laid gone the first thing in the morning with all the rest.

• Gone P ejaculated the Captain.

• Oh, yes P replied the landboly, evidently

very much out of temper— a Everybody goes out but me! But Pve got to-day at home, if you please, and I suppose I ought to feel thank-ful?

The Captain thought he had come at a wrong time to make inquiries. Yet, he must know what had become of his friend. He, therefore, after a momentary hesitation,

returned to the charge,

"Have you any idea where he is gone,
ma'am?"

Oh, ho's where all the rest are, I suppose!"

"And where may that be?"

"Oh, at the fair, to be sure."
"The fair ?"
"Bless me, sir, haven't you heard of it? I

wonder you're not there, too!"

The Captain smiled.

"My ignorance is my excuse, ma'am, I sup-

" it's Wellwood fair, to be sure! That's where he's gone. That's where my good-for nothing, idle daughters are gone, too! And my husband, he's gone out on business, so he says. I don't know whether it's the same road, though, but I expect it is, if the truth were known!"

Captain Jerrold left word for his friend that as soon as he returned, he was to come over to his home and mentioned the dinner hour. Then retraced his steps.

There certainly seemed to be some truth in the landlady's statement that everybody had

gone to the fair. The little village, at the best of tintes, wore a

omewhat sleepy aspect. Old women were al-Ways to be seen dozing over half-mended stock. varys to be seen today over anti-menter stock, ings on cottage doorsteps. Vagaband bays and vagabond dogs everlastingly slumbered in thesun. Not unfrequently a drunken man was to be seen slumbering in close proximity to the pump, to which his inebriated condition must, if it that any feelings, have been a very great scandal. There was a sleepy mill on the slope of the hill, which was at rest, at least, four days out of the six, which the villagers facetiously called working ones. The mill stream cropt bixlly through the fut green meadows, where well-fuvored kine chewed the end in a semicompolent manner, or a drowsy-headed shee herd's boy, with the nid of a dog, who snored, in spite of gnats and other Inconveniences, looked after a flock of fat sheep much too life to run away, and lacking energy for any kind of

away, and mostly active mischief.

This was in the summer time, but during winter the poor little place appeared to die out altogether.
To-day the vagaboud boys and dogs had gone.

The old women were in-doors out of sight, it they were not boliday making with the young-sters. The proverbial drunken man had gone sters. The proverblad drunken man med elsewhere to take his liquor and his sleep, essewhere to take his liquor and his sleep. All the male population had departed; and though there was a distant sound of shrill female volces and his \_\_the volce of 01. audible—the voice of ill-used wives left at home by their worthless spouses, these ladies were not, as usual, at their wash-tubs, but were tak-ing their rest over their back-yard railings, and creaming out their grievances to their next door but one neighbours.
As Edward Jerrold walked slowly down what

vas estentationaly designated by its inhabitants The Steel," be looked in vain for any sign of a

"They're all gone, certainly," thought he, " I wonder what the great attraction can be. How-ever, any change cannot but be greedly support at by the dwellers in this place. I hope they will enjoy themselves, I am sure, though I do not envy them. There is change chough for me in home

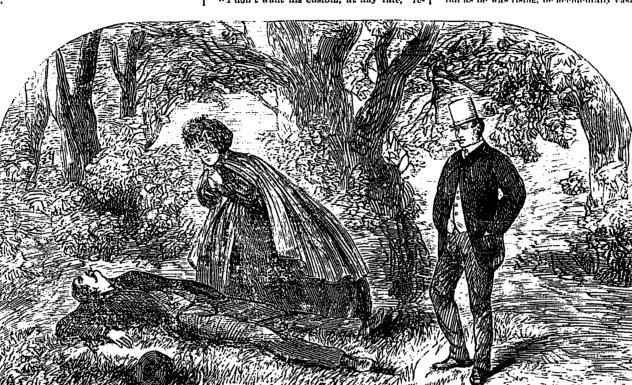
He quickened his steps, as the thought of the pretty face peoping out for him through the rose-covered parch, courred to his recollection. She was waiting for him! How happy she would be to see him come back again, and not

The village "smithy" stood at the corner of the lane leading towards the pathway crossing the fields. At its door the Captain found sented the first man be had yet encountered during his walk.

Yes, here sat the black sheep of the village.

Jabez Rourke.

He was not a pretty object, squatting there with his head resting on his hands, and his thick matted hair straggling over his sallow face, sincared with a weok's dirk. A streak of sun-



#### PERCY HARDWICKE PLACED HORS DE COMBAT.

WALLANDER STIMME

ance, however, the woman paused again, and aid—

"You must not go any nearer the house. " What?"

" You must not go any further." "You will come to some fresh harm, per-

"Good night!" the man said, turning away.

She laid her hand upon his arm, however, be-

impationce, she added, in a low but angry tone, "At any rate you must leave this place. Why do you stay? You must know that your remaining here must, sooner or later, lead to a discovery of all. You must go! I say you shall

" I'll go anywhere where I shall be better off," replied the man; "you know that well enough, Get me some more money!" "I cannot,"

"Then I shall not stir."

She stamped her foot, and glared at him with flashing eyes But, without rejoinder, abruptly turned, and, at a rapid pace, cended into the valley, the darkness of which soon swallowed her up.

Meanwhile Percy Hardwicke slowly rose to

his feet, and laying his hand upon his aching ead, gazed confusedly around. His foot struck against some object lying on

the grass, which emitted a tiny chink.

He stooped and raised it.

"Aba!" said be to himself: "this must beong to our fuir friend. There's some mystery attached to h, or I am very much mistaken. If there is, I fancy I know how to profit by this Bitle accident."

And Mr. Hardwicke, in spite of his aching head, contrived to smile very blandly at the thought.

### CHAPTER IX.

AN UGLY FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Though it was certainly rather a late hour for village inn, when Mr. Percy Hardwicke made his appeal to Joseph Miles, the "Blue Dragon ot yet closed its shutters for the night

It was, indeed, a hostelry given to somewhat late hours—to stopping up until midnight, for it was much frequented by trainers, and grouns, and sporting persons generally, who oved to live the life of crows when they are

taking their case. village street was dark and silent enough. and Percy Hardwicke's footsteps echoed noisily

upon the irregular pavement.
At the sound, a house-dog burst out, barking with great fury, and another dog, and then another following his example, they bow-wowed themselves out of breath, and went grandling to sleep, labouring under a deep sense of in-

Mr. Miles was to be seen smoking a nine with a particular friend in the bar-pariour. Mrs. Miles came bustling out to meet the stranger, and a glimpse of Phebe's pretty face was just tainable round the corner of the staircase. When Percy Hardwicke explained his errand,

the landlady readily professed herself able to afford him sleeping accommodation, but there was some difficulty respecting a private room.

"I don't care about privacy," replied Hard-

wicke: "anywhere will do." "I'm sure it's very kind of you to say so, sir,"

plied the limiting; and I shall show him the joyes towards the window, and was suddenly

door, there !" door, there!"

"I hope your mother is not doing it upon my account, though," said Percy Hardwicke, with one of his most winning smiles, "particularly if it causes you any annoyance. Say, shall I

intercede in tayour of our friend Mr. Rourke ?" haps?"

"No, no! I am quite close home now. Good slightly tossing her pretty head, think I care a penny for the f "Do what you please," answered Miss Pheebe, " But don't think I care a penny for the fellow, for I

She turned away with this, and Mr. Percy

fore he got beyond her reach, and said in a low and earnest tone, "You will think over what I have been saying?"

"Yes," he answered rather suikity.

"You will not refuse my offer?"

"You will not refuse my offer?"

"You will think the trans?" ave been saying?"

"Yon," he answered rather suikity.

"Yon will not refuse my offer?"

"Do—do, for mercy's sake! Let me pray of you to go!"

But, as the man only replied by a gesture of impatience, she added, in a low but angry tone.

"At any rate you must leave this place. Why

and swayed unsteadily to and fro, for he was evidently intoxicated. Then, with a defiant evidenty movietical. Then, with a tignare at the handlady, moved towards the door.

"There, go along!" said Mrs. Miles, picking up a glass from the table as she spoke, and looking after him angrily. "You've had more than enough this evening, and you're not soher or you'd not talk such nonsence. Don't fall down, if you can help it."

The man leaked very saverer, but he made no

The man looked very savage, but he made no On his way out, however, he stopped in front of Percy Hardwicke, and stared him flercely in

The young officer returned the steadfast gaze with interest. "I'm not lit company for the likes of you, I suppose," said the drunken blacksmith, sway-ing to and fro as he spoke, "I shoe horses.

What do you do ?" " Break heads," replied Hardwicke, calmly The blacksmith scowled savagely, and tried to stand more steadily.

"Whose heads?" he presently asked in a thick But before Percy could make any reply-perhans not an unfortunate occurrence either blows were pretty certain to have very quickly followed such an unpromising dialogue—Miss Phobe appeared at the door, and called the

blacksmith by name.
So sudden a change as the sound of the pretty girl's voice caused in the blacksmith's appearance and behaviour, it would be difficult to defort, he tugged at his forelock, whilst the savage expression upon his grimy face gave way to a

of sheepish simper, which was anything but becoming.
"Rourke," said Phebe, "why do you not do what my mother tells you quietly?"
"I was going—I——"

The rough fellow made no further attempt to speak, but shink towards the outer door.

More like a lashed bound than the bully be seemed to be a few moments ago, the burly ruffian sneaked past the angry village beauty.

"Clo, then, at once!"

Ere he passed out into the street, however, he cast one scowling glance towards Hardwicke, full of flendish vindictiveness, which rendered its natural ugliness almost awful to look upon.
"A queer customer, that," said Hardwicke with one of his sweetest smiles "An ugly one if you vex him, sir," said the

"The gentleman has done so already, mother," observed Phobe; "and you know how revenge-"It I only have a protector in you," said Hardwicke, in a low tone; "I shall feel quito

But when he was presently left alone, he

transfixed by the sight which met his eyes.
Close to the glass, upon the other side, was
squeezed a man's face eagerly peering at him.
An ugly face it was, with an unshaven chin,

bushy eyebrows, and great, flerce eyes, bloodshot and protruding,

It was the face of the blacksmith, who was watching him, with the same look of vindictive malice Hardwicke had noticed when he left

# CHAPTER V.

The greatest unbeliever in woman's truth must have believed that Eleanor's delight at her husband's return, was unfeigned, sincere, and gennine. The most artful deceiver could not have play-

ed so false a part, had her protestations been hollow mockeries. But no, it was impossible that she should be teting false, as that the simple-hearted husband, who douted upon her, could have been brought at that time to believe in her treachery.

There came a day though, when the evidence grew overwhelming—when the criminating facts came rapidly one upon another—when th damning truth forced liself upon his horror-

But that was not yet! happiness t The storm was brewing fast. The thunder-

clouds grew blacker and blacker, and more threatening; but as yet, the hurricane had not burst forth, as soon it would, with overwhelms a happy day this, which followed Edward Jerrold's return home!

It was a bright, sunny day, too, the very re-

verse of that which had preceded it. Yesterday was winter,—to-day was midsummer. Such

changes are of common occurrence in this un-

convenial climate of ours, in this dear old moth country, poor people would rather stand it, than Jerrold supposed that his friend Hardwick

would have put in an appearance early in the day, but in this expectation he was disap-He then came to the conclusion, that Hard supposed that Jerrold ought to go and

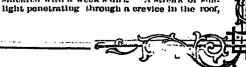
fetch him. Perhaps he was offended. Eleanor thought this very probable, and gave as her opinion, that Percy Hardwicke must have thought their conduct extremely rude. In turning him out over night, after inviting him to stay at their hou

But he persisted in going," said Jerrold, " ! tried all I possibly could, to make him stay until you returned, but he would not do so. And then you were so late, and we had no idea where—by the way, my dear, where were

He had forgotten all about the subject, until chance brought it up again in this way. The mystery, however, is soon solved. Throwing her arms around his neck, and kissing him while she spoke, though not looking in

hir face, she said :-"I was acting the 'Good Samaritan,' if you must know. There is a poor woman in the village, who is very ill, and she—she had led a very wicked life, and the hely visitors don't like to go near her, so she is left all by herself, in a wretched little room, where she lives, or rather starves, without a soul to care for her fore, I thought I would go and—I know you don't mind it, do you?—you don't think I should have turned away as the others did, becau had sinned 2"

88 you! bless you, my own brave-hearted Nelly !" said the sailor, straining her to his breast; "why were you afraid of telling me this before ?"







THE SWEET MAGICIAN.

BY CALEB DUNN.

An air of balm, a violet sky.
A presence as of some magician,
Who, though invisible, glides by
On some grand mission.

I feel the light touch of his hand I feet his broath of wondrous sweetness. And know that he will deck the land With June's completeness.

The cheery sunshine wreathes his head, And from his lips the summer's story Comes sweetly, the a love-yow said In love's young glory.

The leatless trees at his command, Uttered in language warm and tonder. Put on their May-tone garb and stand In their full splender.

The robin sings, the ransomed rills Violat to the tropical temptation, And all the arr sweet music fills With inspiration.

I see the violet upriso
To greet with smiles the passing presence.
There's new light in its dewy eyes—
Joy's sweetest essence

The Arctic wind's deep baritone
No longer swells its notes somerous.
But sollly comes, from spice-groves blown.
The South wind's chorus.

There is a harp in every tree Wherein the mystic presence lingers; Its chords are swept most rapturously By unseen engers.

I hear the notes the harp-strings yield.
I listen, and my heart repoices.
For earth seems loveliest when filled
With June's sweet voices.

### MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY MARY RYLE DALLAS.

" Hilly, look at them two swells," said a small boy who sat comformbly upon his boot-blacking establishment, near one of the ferries, waiting for customers.

for customers.

"Millyingaires, I guess," said filly. Then, in a confidential growt, "If I was a millyingaire you wouldn't catch me a sitting here shining boots a Sanday afternoon. I'd be oft on a surgous summerbares."

"Me nuther," said Jack. "Pve a mind to shy some much."

Unconscious of these remarks, the two young men who had occasioned them hurried on to-ward the ferry-boat. They were not exactly millionaires, but considering the usual small salary, it is remarkable how the retail dry goods salary, it is remarkable how the retail dry goods salesmen of New York manage to produce the general effect of style and wealth, when attired in what might be alluded to as their "Sunday go to meetings." Sliver-gray hats, coats of the latest cut, trowsers with the most wonderful flare at the ankle, gloves such as a belle might want in a ball-room, boots that needed no wear in a ball-room, hoots that needed no "shining," studs that, for all any one but a jeweller could tell, were bone fide diamonds. In that gues they started for Maple Hill, the

place of their birth, whence they had flown years before, two little orphan boys as helpless and hinocent as new-fledged birds, to occupy the fine and ineralive position technically known as "Cash," in the store in which they were now

salesmen.
"Well," said the tallest and the handsomest, as they left the boat at Maple Hill landing, "where are non going this afternoon, Charlie?"

"To Aunt Dixon's," said Charlle, with some-

"To Almt Dixon's," said Garrie, with some-thing like a blush.
"Always Aunt Dixon's," said the other.
"Now, Charlie, Dolly is a very nice girl and all that; but just think of it before you go too far. She hasn't a sixpence to bless herself with. She hasn't a sixpence to bless herself with. You are a poor young man; and matrimony, on these terms, must be a curse rather than a blessing. Now there are two pretty girls down at the grove, and you can tell by the way they dress, and all that, that it's solid wealth; and the old lady—I'm sorry, but it's a fact—the old lady enn't live long. She knows it herself. She has got the heart disease, or something of that sort. And she'll divide all she has evenly between the girls, of course. Now I like Angelina: sort. And she'll divide all she has evenly be-tween the girls, of course. Now I like Angelina; the handsomest girl I know. But there's Ida; and you are not a bad looking fellow, you know. Try going there a while, and see how you like it. I speak as a friend and brother, you like it. Charlie,"

"Ned," said Charlie, laughing, "I don't admire Miss Ida Fairweather in the least, and all the money in the mint wouldn't tempt me to girl I didn't love. But it's not only that takes me to our Uncle Dixon's Don't you remember how kind they were to us, those good old people, when we were a couple of poor little rascals with no one to care for us. when our parents were dead. When the funcral was over, they came into the house—how little was left in it besides our two selves—and she took me by the hand and he took you; and they clothed us and fed us, and found us places in New York, and every holiday was spent with them; and they taught us to call them uncle and annt, though they are no relations whatever. I love them, Ned; don't you?"
"Of course," said Ned; "I go to see them now

and then myself; but they are very plain old Don't suppose they own anything more than that little brown house and vegetable garden. He looks like Adam, in his long-tailed cont and straight stove-pipe hat; and they haven't even the sense to dress their grand daughter in style. How Mrs. Fairweather comes to be the old man's sister I can't im-However, she went to Europe with her husband, and has seen the best society and all that. There, don't look so solemn. Aunty Dixon is the

Dixon is the sweetest old soul, and your Dolly is pretty. I only spoke as a brother might."
So they parted. And Ned went toward the aristocratic mansion on the heights, and Charlie sought the little brown cottage on the borders of the village.

ders of the vilinge.

A nice old lady sat reading her Bible on the porch. At her feet sat a fresh, round, bright-eyed girl, with an old hat full of cotton wadding in her lap. In the midst of this wadding lay a poor little lame, half-fledged, desolate orphanduck, supremely hideous and pitlable, which she was regarding with a tenderness which almost made Charlie desire to change places with

the naked little monster.

Over the fence came at that moment okl

Over the lence came at that moment out.
Uncle Dixon, with his watering pot.

"Flowers must have water if it is the Subbath
day," he said half-apologetically. "How are,
ye, Charlle? How's trade?"

"Always feel as if one of my own boys was a

"Always feel as it one of my own boys was a coming when I see you," said Aunty Dixon. "I never had a boy. Dolly's ma was all the girl I had either. Fetch out the big rocker, Dolly. We'll sit out here till tea, the grapevines is so cool and green, and the breeze chirks

a body up like." And Charlie sat in the big rocker; and the catravagant, they say, and got in debt. I paid three chairs swayed back and forth in true a bill or two myself. And if the gals wasn't set-

Yankee style; and they all looked down at the interesting invalid in the old but, and talked

about him.

-It wasn't brilliant talk, neither was it "Shakos peare and the musical glasses," but they were very happy.

After a while, a personage in a large aprox

stuck her head out of the window, and said:

"Tea;" paused, and added, "Massy me!
how splendiferous you do look, Mister Charles!
Put on yer hat, and let me see you all fixed,"
It was Hannah the "help." Catt her ser-

rant, and she would take French leave. And Charlie put on his hat, and "blushed to be ad-

Then they had a country ten of home-made bread, pot-cheese and strawberries, in such pro-fusion that Charlie could not help remembering the tiny preserve platefuls which passed about the table at his New York boarding-house. Hannah, having looked in to say that she

was "going to see how Miss Green's baby was, and they must excuse her," which was her way of avolding the idea that she took her meats by herself, and yet sustaining the fact, marched off and left the quartette uninter-

Ob, how nice it was afterward, when Aunty bixon, amitable soul, went up stairs for something, and Uncle Dixon went to sleep on the old setter, and Dolly, out in the shadow of the purch, nestled closer to him, obeying the impetus of his entwining arm. They sat quite

The little rustle of the leaves, the chirp of some insect in the branches—these were the only noises. After a while the moon arose, white and at her full. The light fell over Dolly's hundernt face, and surprised her in the act of giving him such a look as the invalid duck had not had all the afternoon.

"My little Bolly!" said Charlie, "Will you be mine some day—mine always?"

And so, when he had kissed her, it was set-

Meanwhile, at "the Grove," the black waiter had retired, and Ida and manma were enter-taining the rich elderly elergyman, Mr. Mayon-

maire. And Ned and Angelina were alone, "You really look charmingly to-night, Miss Augelina," said Ned. "Only to-night?" said Angelina. "That's a poor compliment."

"You know what I think about that," said

Ned, "No, I don't, I'm sure."

"Wunt me to tell you?"
"If you like,"

"You always look just as I want my wife to

look.

"Oh, dear me!" with a light hugh.

"Oh, doar me!" with a ugut mugn.
"You understand me, don't you, Angelina?
What is to be my answer?"
"Well—I'll think about it."
She thought as a broker thinks of stocks. "I

wander what his salary is. He dresses well. I'm five-and-twenty. Mr. Mayonnaire comes to see Ida. I'm sure of that, at last. Mamma may die any day. I think his studs are diamonds. He can't be poor. Shall I shall I not?"

And there was no tenderness mixed up with this—only a certain cold consciousness that the man was knowledged.

the man was handsome, and so would do her

Have you thought?" asked Ned. She nodded.

"Am I to blow my brains out?"

"Pd like to kissyou."
"But you can't. Mr. Mayonnaire is looking directly this way."

So that was settled also.

The two brothers made confession to each other in their bedroom that night, and each pl

tied the other sincerely.

Time wore on. Ned saved enough to present his Angelina with a very fine engagement ring, and took her to the opera several times in the season; and caught himself wondering once or twice whether it was necessary to powder quite o thickly, and to darken the cycbrows quite so

Ned had the best dressed lady in the boxes with him, however; that made up for the very pasty tasting kiss he gave her cheek at parting. Charlie had begun to save, and had abandon-

ed kid gloves and eights, and was fighting for promotion. He did all he could to pleasy Dolly, and made her many simple little presents which she loved for his sake. They were to be

which she loved for his sake. They water which she loved for his sake. They were the married in two years.

As for Angelina, how it came about Ned hardly knew; but they were to be married at once. Mrs. Fairweather had had a very serions attack of her heart disease, and Angelina had hinted that it had better be soon, or they might have the wait until she was out of mourning. Her cold to wait until she was out of mourning. Her cold calculation rather chilled poor Ned, but he

tried to shake off the feeling; and Mr. Mayon, naire was to marry Ida on the same evening. Charlie came to the wedding, and of course Aunt and Uncle Dixon and Dolly: but two fash ionable girls were bride's-maids. And Mrs. Fairweather looked through her glass at Aunt Dixon's simple black silk with a certain scorn It was not a rep, nor was it new. It might ever

have been turned.

Poor soul! It was the last time she sneere at anything on earth. She died the next night alone in her bed, and the brides were tele-graphed back. They were weeping when they met, it is true, but Angelina whispered to

Ida:
"We were not a day too soon, my dear," for

The poor lady's funeral was over. Ned and if truth were told, Mr. Mayonnaire also, were growing a little auxious about the reading of the will. And when a few days had passed, and the dress-maker and hair-dresser, the jeweller and shoemaker began to call upon the newly made husbands, and inform them in whispers suitable for an occasion of calamity that they wouldn't be in any baste but for large bills that must be paid, but that of course the ladies had mon tioned that little account, matters grew more serious. Rev. Mr. Mayonnaire settled his Ida's hills. But what was Ned to do? He could only

Meanwhile Uncle Dixon talked the matter over with his wife before Charlie and Dolly.
"I'm glad the gals is settled," said he.
"It's good to think of," said Aunty. "Hus

bands to cherish and purtect 'em, seein' they thought that Mrs. Fairweather was

wealthy woman," said Charlie, thinking of his brother "Well, most folks did." said Mr. Dixon "but poor Tilly wasn't; no, poor gal. You see, my wife's graudther's second wife she was fond of my wife, and she died without chick nor child. So she left the Grove to her; and says my wife, says she, 'Why, we're comfortable child. here, and we love the place, and seein' your poor sister is in distress—only a life annuity that don't cover expenses — why, jest let her live there.' You see, poor Tilly's health was going, and we felt for her; 'and we won't say nothin', seein' it's the family,' says she; 'but I'll jest make a will, and give the Grove and them fourteen thousand dollars to Dolly when I'm gone We don't need no alterations,' says she. So you see it wasn't Tilly's; and, poor gal, she was

tled, they'd miss their fine style, I reckon. As it is poor Ned 'il have his hands full'
"Why, grandpa, you never told me the Grove
was yours," said Dolly.

was yours," and Dolly.

"No," said the old gentleman. "You see, your grandma says, 'Don't post up about the country that Dolly is an helress; jest let herbe courted for love, and then she'll be married inppy.' So you see, Charlie, you've got more'n you expected with your wife, and grandma says she'll hand it over when you are married south your hand it over when you are married, seein' poor

Tilly's is gone and the gals married."

So that is the way that Charlie and Dolly his wife came to live at the Grove to-day; and when Ned brings his wife down to visit them, Char-lie feels a sort of remorse, and pities his brother very much when his wife snaps at him, and the home quarrel shows their sharp-edges through the silken company coverings, for he knows that, failing to win the Grove and the little for-tune, poor Ned lost all that he married for.

CURIOUS FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN ATHENS.

Long before a funeral procession comes in sight, the ear catches the low monotonous cham of the priests, who are preceded by boys in white robes bearing the cruciffx and ecclesiastical insignia, in presence of which every head is uncovered, and every hand makes the sign of the cross. The corpse is exposed to view in an open coffin of light material, covered with white or black cloth, with silver or gilt decorations, the cover of which, marked with a long diagonal cross, is carried before the procession. The body is dressed in the customary clottees of the deceased, the head slightly elevated, and the hands folded up in front of a panel picture of the Virgin set up on the breast. It it is a female, the cheeks and lips are painted vermillon, intended to reproduce a natural expression, but which gives to the corress an activities and which gives to the corpse an artificial and ghastly look. Even to one accustomed to wit-ness the exposure of the dead in Oriental coun-tries, there is something painful in the idea of exhibiting to the glare of day, and amidst the whirl and insensibility of the public street the features of a deceased person who in life may have been known only to the little group of mourners gathered about the remains. At Greek funerals the hearse is not generally em-ployed, and the light open casket is borne by the hands of the nearest friends of the deceased, while the other mourners walk, not march, in a group around it. Thus they literally carry accompany, rather than follow, their friend to the grave, and gaze upon the face which was dear to them up to the moment when he is laid in his last resting place. The funerals of the poor are even more touching to behold. A single priest, perhaps, performs the chant, and half a dozen mourners, representing the little household, bear between them the coffin, which is composed of the changest material, and covered with white muslin. When a person of distinguished position dies, the funeral procession becomes an imposing speciacle, with the bishops and priests in their gorgeous saccrifications. robes, numerous lighted candles, and martial music. I once saw the body of a venerable bishop of the Greek Church carried in procession through the streets of Athens. He was sented in a bishop's chair, elevated above the people, and was clothed in his canonical robes, with mitre on head and the crosier uplifted in his hand. A cloth around the forehend bound it to the back of the chair, but not sufficiently close to prevent the head from bobbing up and down, as if the dead man's pale and rigid features were who the and space and right features were saluting, for the last time, the people among whom he had exercised his hely office for over threescore years. In this position he was placed in the grave, a peculiar honor accorded to his ecclesiastical rank. The dead—chiefly from climatic considerations—are buried within twenty-four hours of their decrees. This is true. twenty-four hours of their decease. This is very shocking to foreign ideas; but the custom has come to be compiled with within less time than the law requires. Indeed, the feeling is, that the sooner the painful duty is over, and the house freed from the distressing speciacle of a corpse, the sooner will the minds of the mourners be relieved from association with what is repulsive, and return to the inward contempla-tion of their friend, as they knew him in life. Thus it often happens that the first intimation of a death is conveyed in the printed invitation to the funeral. I have conversed with a gentleman at an evening party, who appeared to be in the highest enjoyment of physical health, and the day following witnessed his interment, he having expired in the meantime from apoplexy. I had once a business appointment with a near and, on going to fulfil it, met his dead body coming down the door-steps. I was sitting one evening at the bedside of a distinguished American Missionary, who was describing to

"Who knows what fortunes on to-morrow wait. Since Charmis one day well to us appeared. And on the next was mournfully interred!"

ancient Greek:--

me his peculiar malady, and the next afternoon him laid in the Protestant C

The modern Greek may well exclaim with the

It is the custom, after the decease of the occu pant, to drape the interior of the house with mourning. I have seen every article of furniure, from plano to footstool, draped in black and even a small streamer of crupe attached to the key of the tobacco-box.—From "Madern Athens," by Churles K. Tuckerman, in Seribace's for October.

## BEARDS.

The indecision which characterizes men to day concerning the manner in which they shall wear their beards, or discard them altogether, would seem to be hereditary, as we find, by consulting history, that few fashions have been so capricious as those connected with the hair of men's faces. Looking back for several ages, we ascertain that the custom of shaving has frequently been introduced, and as frequently discontinued. Alexander the Great, before an onragement commanded Parmenia to have his soldiers shaved, and gave as his reasons that a long beard affords a handle for the enemy. We suppose that the Normans held the same view of the convenience of a beard, for they shaved close and deceived their enemies. Harold's spies reported that William the Con queror's army was composed not of soldlers but of priests. After the Conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and, in order to make adistinction wear ceards, and, in order to make a distinction between them, orders were given that the English should shave. Kings — judging by their portraits—each adopted a special fashion of his own. Henry I. wore a beard trimmed round, and Richard Cœur de Lion, a short beard. Henry III. shaved, but his son, Edward I., wore a curled beard. There is a touching story of Ed-ward II., in his misery, which illustrates our subject. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered the king to be shaved with dirty cold water, at which he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Here, at least, is warm water on my cheek, whether you will or no." Edward III, wore a noble beard, but Richard the Second's

was short. During the fourteenth century, close was snort. Juring the four-teenin century, close shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men were forked beards, as Chaucer describes the merchants: "A morehant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV., were a beard, but Henry VII, and Edward VI., all shaved. Henry VIII, shaved until he heard that Francis were a beard, and then he allowed. 1., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his togrow. Francis did not approve of all his subjects wearing nature's covering for the face, and he therefore obtained from the Pope a brief by which all the ecclestastles through France were compelled to shave or pay a large sum. Bishops and richly beneficed clergy paid the fine, but the poor priests were forced to comply with the requirements of the law. Some men have been so proud of their beards that they have taken their loss greatly at heart. Duprat, sor of the celebrated Chancellor Legate, possessed a very fine beard. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and was soon after appointed to the Bishopric or Germont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral, but to his dis-may he found three dignituries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with ruzors, selssors, and the statutes of the church in their hands. He argued without avail, and to save his benid be ited and abandoned his bishopric. A few days afterward he died of grief. When Philip V., of Spain, gave orders for the abolition of beards throughout his kingdom, many a brave Spaniard fest the privation keenly, and said, "Since we have lost our beards we seem to have lost our souls." Sir Thomas More thought of his beard at the time of his execution, and moved it out of the way of the headsman's axe.

#### THE CITY OF DULUTH.

Duluth, the eastern term of the road, will one day be a London, say the capitalists. Attending that development, Duluth is already a handsome 'infant, a remarkably pretty city. It curves around the head of Lake Superior, where it sits like another Genoa the Superb, its bright structures facing the morning sun and relieved against the forests which upholster the vast amplitheatre of bills enclosing it. There are churches and schools, and four thousand inhabi-tants. To see a ball in the enormous parlor of tants. To see a ban in the chormous parent of the Clark House, you would not think yourself very far outside the limits of civilization. Ladies in dresses brought from New York pro-secute the Dip brought from Boston, under the conduct of gentlemen who, it is true, wear moc-cusins at their offices through the winter, but who now appear in correct pumps and pen-nib coats. The city footways are of plank; the houses are coming up intermittently, like a baby's teeth; but you have no difficulty in finding the banker, the land-office, the apothe-cary's, nor your wife the French milliner's and the haberlasher's. Down at the harbor the scene is lively with steamers, with passing trains, and boats loading up under the rushing entaract of wheat from the elevators, whose prodigious towers are no despicable elements of the picturesque. A long tongue of land, a couple of hundred feet wide, shoots out into the lake. It is Minnesota Point: socially speaking. it is as good as Five Points. There live the riff-ran of the town, including the savages in their touces or huts. They send over the lake in their delicate bark gondolas; they come up at night to glare through the windows of the Clark House, while Strauss's music is playing tenderly inside, and the jump dancers jusuit them, with inside, and the happy dancers insult them with the spectacle of a softer civilization. The rei-skins bluze through the windows with their bright little eyes; the forests gather around the cluster of hardy buildings that have usurped their domain, or send up light and feathery seedlings to dance in the vacant town-lots; and savages and forests may read their doom, the

savages and rotess may read their doom, the scriptural flat haunched against their kind: "They shall increase, but you shall decrease," It might be thought, perhaps, that here would be a good chance to operate in land. Buy a plot, wait till the railroad taps the Yellowstone liver in Montana, and sell at a price removed one decimal to the right—this would be no un-pleasant speculation. But no. The uncropped virgins of the land-market are fully sensible of their charms, and are already ticketed at figures that would not be bad in Philadelphia or New Orleans. They all bear prices calculated for some half-score years ahead. Three years ago a great banker came sailing out to Duluth over the bright waves of Superior. As the rich amphithentre of land around the bay burst upon his vision, the capitalist threw up his hands "The finest site for a city on the face of the globe!" he said.

The telegraphic action of the caultalist's arms words, "sent up corner-lots sixty per cent .- From an article entitled From Lake Superior to Puget Sound, in the October num ber of Lippincott's Magazine.

### THE ATTRACTIONS OF EDINBURGH.

It is hardly possible for a city to be prettier

than Edinburgh. The old town is haddled and picturesque and original, with its Tolbooth and owgate and Cannongate, the castle on its hill at one end, and Holyrood Palace, with its ruined chapel, on the other. The new town is broad and handsome, full of monuments and fine buildings; and the old and new towns look at one another from their opposite hills across Prince's street and the broad belt of the public gardens, while close at hand rise the Salisbury Crass, overlooking the Frith of Forth. The suburbs are on the sea, and the braw fish-wives in striped kirtles walk about the streets with men in kilts and plaids. Scottish history is full of spirit and romance, and yet one may say it was created by Sir Walter Scott. If we wandered round Edinburgh Castle, recalling its noc turnal surprises, and glowered at the regent Murray's house as we passed, and felt a thrill when we suddenly found ourselves standing on the "Heart of Midiathian" cut in the payo ment, or nearly broke our neeks to see the Pass of Killicerankie and the church where Claverhouse lies, and sighed over the ruins of Liulith gow, where James V., the unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, died of a broken heart -to whom did we owe these vivid impression and fresh memories but to him, first through the Tales of a Grandfather, then through those immortal novels which can never become hackneyed or obsolete, and perhaps in a still higher degree to the spirit-stirring lars with which our childish fancy rang long before the time had come for history or romance? Bruce Mary Stuart, and Charles Edward are almos the only figures which would stand out clear for themselves in our mind. Scott has given life and reality to the whole dramatis persone of his country's story, and made their name familiar household words, not only wherever English is spoken, but to all the nations of Europe. Surely, besides his lofty place as poet, author, and kindlest human soul, he deserves the highest pedestal of the patriot, the man to whom his country owes a great debt of grati-tude and reverence.—From A Summer inc-tween the Four Seas, by Mrs. Surah B. Wis-ter, in the October number of Lappincott's Maga-zine.

AN IMMENSE COOKERY.

THE NEW YORK PIE BAKING COMPANY-A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

The uninitiated would scarcely conjecture that ple baking in our large cities is a matter of so much importance, involving a large capital and employing an army of operatives, but such is the stubborn fact. Several of the most ex-tensive pie bakeries in New York have recently consolidated into one mammoth concern, and have established themselves on Sullivan street, where their combined business will hereafter to

In 1838 the first delivery of ples in wagons was made. Mrs. Ketchum established the first route, and baked from 500 to 700 ples daily. Since that time to the present the amount, has increased to 150,000 daily, of which the New York Ple Baking Company are making 45,000 to 50,000, and have easy facilities for turning out 15,000 additional. The firms composing the Company are Wm. Thompson, Mrs. Hopkins, Hartshorn Bros., Fox & Co., (Lincoln, George G. Pox and Austin Fox), some of whom first began their behours on a comparatively insignificant scale, and by dint of hard labour and honesty of aurtuse have become the west parter visco. of purpose have become the most noted pie

bakers in this country.

The consolidation has been effected not for the purpose, as might be expected, of having a monopoly of the business, but for the purpose of making a more palatable dessert, better and cheaper, than could be made with the hindrances beretofore existing. That the objects of the consolidation are realized is manifest from the fact that several large hotels, restaurants and bread bakeries, which have heretofore made their own pies, are now being supplied by

the new concernthe new concern.

The capital stock of the company is \$300,000, about \$250,000 of which is the cost of their buildings and fixtures. The officers of the company are William Thompson, President: John Kohler, Vice-President: William Lasselle, Treasurer; and William S, Hartshorn, Secretary, The buildings are constructed of below and are The buildings are constructed of brick, and are and are admirably arranged for the purpose intended. They are three stories high, with basement, forming the letter L, occupying four full lots twenty-live by one hundred feet, making a total of one hundred and fifty feet either way. The office is located on the second floor of No. 82 Sullivan street. Sullivan street. The first or ground floor is used as a retail department. In the rear is located as a retail department. In the rear is located the bakery, storerooms, lee-house, wagon sheds, etc. In the basement are affixed the overs, ten in number, measuring ten by twelve feet, where also is in operation a new rotary device, which alone will bake nine immired ples per hour. The first floor above is apportioned to the en-gine, boller and delivery rooms. The second floor is the pastry department, where the mixing of the dough is done, and third floor is given to the preparation of fruit, etc. On this floor is stationed a large range capable of cooking ten barrels of fruit at once, also two huge copper steam kettles with a capacity of two barrels each. An Otis Elevator is brought into service here to holst and lower the pies and material

of which they are composed.

The weekly consumption of material is 110 % 1542 -of which they are composed,

The week by consumption of material is 140 fer against four, 42,000 pounds of sugar, 5,000 pounds of lard, 500 barrels apples, 60,000 pounds pumpkins and squashes, 60,000 eggs, 500 bushels berries in their senson, 800 pounds beef for minee, 1,500 pounds cocomiut, 100 boxes lemons, and spices accordingly. They also have in constant use about 150,000 ple-plates, and give employment to over 100 workmen, running 25 wagons. ment to over 100 workmen, running 25 wagons. The gentlemen personally engaged in the man-agement of the concern represent nearly 200 years' combined practical experience, some of them having been in the business constantly for the last thirty years. For the responsible posi-tions which they now fill none are better qualified, inasmuch as they know the wants of their patrons, and their previous experience has gained for them the highest reputation as thoroughly efficient, conscientious and straightforward business men.

SHELLAC,-Shellac is very well known in con-

nection with the uses to which it is put, but it is not generally known what it really is. It is a resinous substance, which was once supposed to be deposited by an insect on the twigs and bran-ches of various species of the fig or banyon tree in the East Indies. It is, however, rather the product of the tree itself, exuding at the sting of the insect. These insects resemble somewhat the cochineal insects of Central America, and at certain seasons of the year flyabout in immonst swarms, puncturing the tender branches of the tree, from which flows a milky juice. This juice hardening, forms a crust about the twigs, which are then broken from the tree, and form what is known to commerce as stick-lac. When this sticking is broken up, and coloring matter removed by warm water, it assumes the form of small grain, and hence is called seedlac. It is sometimes melted into cakes, and is then called lump-lac. But more commonly it is prepared for market by putting the seedac into fine linen bags and slowly beating them, and then straining and wringing outline material upon a smooth surface of wood. Purified in this form it is known as shellac. It is soluble in alcohol, and melts readily at a moderate heat. The coloring matter of sheline which owes its origin to the in-sects, is readily washed out with warm water. The material thus obtained yields a bright red powder, not unlike carmine, from which is made a crimson dye. The crimsons of the ancients are supposed to have been from this source. The dyers of Brussels and Holland, whose red color ave always been remarkable for their durable lity, use this material. Before the discovery of cochineal this lac coloring matter was in universal demand, but now that other red dyes have been discovered, its use is considerably diminished. The best specimens of shellac are brought from Slam and Assum. An inferior sort comes from Bengal. It is said that the eapacity of those regions to keep up the supply far exceeds any possible demand, although they furnish supplies for all the markets of the world.

What it CLAIMS TO BE AND TO DO.—The Great Sheshences Remedy claims to be purely vegetable. It claims to contain greater curing and healing properties than any other Remedy or Compound ever discovered. It claims to have performed more Radical Permanent and Astonishing Cures where it has been in use than all other medicines or compounds combined. It claims to be used by regular physicians, and to have been shipped hundreds of miles to them. It claims a most supreme power in Radically and Permanently Purifying and Enriching the Blood. It claims to restore the Lungs from the First and Second Stages of Brenchits and Consumption to Perfect Health etc., etc., and to you we say Try it.

ATROPHY ARRESTED.—EXLLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHIPES.—Whating of the tissues of the body is arrested, the muscles made firm, and the nerves regain their power by using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

APHONI. CHRED.—PKLLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHIPES.—Aphonia, or Loss of Voice, is remedied in a short time, no matter whether the cause be from inflammation of the lining membrane, from cold, or from nervous derangement.



a week ago. His wife and sister-in-law, my worthy alive to whatever might lead to detect grandchildren, are not in London; they are in tection of the theft, having put Sir Richard's the country, where Colonel Lindsay and Lord seal with its quarterings on the pinchbeck Cranstoun have gone to seek and find them out, chain of his own watch, transferring his own Ween they are found, if such behave with the gold chain which from henceforth he meant should be his own. Catchem next went to the door through the might leady Hamilton had departed, booked tonishment Lady Hamilton was gone. tonishment, Lady Hamilton was gone.

the sounds as they become fainter and face, inter. He had had his revenge on Lady Ca fainter. Hamilton, said every word, given every bitter, biting look he had planned for years, and what was the result? Had e succeeded in making her ple d to him, humbled her. His beating heart told him his words of cursing had blessed, made all the past crooked paths of her life straight, the rough places even. The look she gave him as she turned in the doorw y was her heart, and which would save even to the into his various pockets. uttermost, she had heaped coals of fire upon his he.d.

There was now nothing to excite him, nothing to make him strive, as he had been doing for the past hour, to appear well and strong. The very effort to appear strong giving him a false strength for the time, the reaction came and he sank back in his ch ir utterly exhausted, his pulse so weak as to be scarcely felt; the leaden hu of his skin, the rigidity of his features, together with his closed eyes, giving to his face a deathly look that, to one quainted with the appearance of the dead, would seem death itself.

Yet, as he lay there unable to move one muscle of his body, without strength enough to move the heavy cyclid which lay like lead upon his thin wrinkled check, and which now, for the first time alarmed, he began to fer he would never raise again. His soul was never more sensitive, never so painfully alive. He saw distinctly portrayed before him, as if he was looking down a long sign the part of 16. was looking down a long vista, the path of life he had trod, so full of hatred, strife and dissimulation, the gratification of self, the persecution of others, he had indulged in from first to last. How often there had a path of peace been opened to him and he would not tread it: and above all, in this fearful category of self-accusation, came the young life he had, as far as in him lay, starved of all sympathy, and lashed and goaded, both soul and body, almost into m dness, until driven to the last extre-mity, it had turned on himself, and immured him in a living grave, the pleading blue eyes and beseeching looks he had spurned from him with such taunting scolling words, came and looked at him and spoke to him in all their beauty and softness scathing and burning his . A moment more, and Adam's strong grasp was of half fear, half supplication, which had been given him in the long ago, and he had driven feton him to hide in the thick underwood of his polices in trembling and fear; the thousands of pounds he had spent that he might hunt to starvation, despair and death, those who had never injured him, and a child face he had never seen came and looked in upon him with the rest; and his imagination painfed it mained and dying amid the low dens of thieves and murderers of Seven Dials, their horrid oaths and great swelling words of blasphemy sounding in his ear as the loud roaring of the wintry torrent or the awful consuming fire crackling among forest pines and consuming them in its wrath. He had done this with all the power and the means God had given him to bless; and his reward was a desola c house, where he was forsaken by his own wife, who had also borne her share of his evil humour, deserted by his very servants—He had sown the wind, he was now to reap the whirlwind. A door behind the sick man slowly opened,

and a bald head, with scanty little bunches of red hair standing out above each ear was put inside the room, peering round as if to see that the visitor was gone. Catchem (for it was he who occupied the ante-chamber during Lady Hamilton's interview with Sir Richard) had endeavoured to obtain all the information possible by listening at the key-hole; but the rooms in Haddon Castle were too large to make it possible to distinguish more than an

occasional name or word.

All he had been able to learn was that Colonel Lindsay was in Britain, perhaps at Inch-dre ver. Of his being in life he himself was well aware, although for reasons of his own he had concealed this fact from Sir Richard.

Catchem came forward stealthily as if afraid to awake the invalid whom he believed to be asleep, coming up to the chair he started to see the livid rigid face, exclaiming out aloud:

"He's dead!" the words ringing with fearful import in the ears the speaker fancied were forever closed to every carthly sound; he touched the face, it was cold and stiff as he had heard the faces of dead men were; he tried to feel the pulse, there was no beat perceptible, all told a tale which Catch in rejoiced at, one he had been waiting for since his arrival, a mouth previous at Haddon Castle. His sense told Sir Richard Cuninghame's days on earth could not be many, ever since he had seen the pule face which met his eye on the first morning of his arrival, but he did not look for it so soon, and callons as Catchem was, he at first felt appalled at the change, which to him appeared death and had come so unexpectedly.

He was not long in recovering from his surprise, with him it amounted to little else, and taking a bunch of keys from the table he searched for one he used to see among the others; it was not there.

"Ah, ha," said he, "he has had his suspicion, he was not asleep then, only felgning to sleep yesterday when I opened the desk; well he'll never deceive me again, but where is the

He again looked carnestly in Sir Richard's face; as if to make assurance doubly sure he again touched the cold face.

"Yes, as dead as a herring," said he aloud. perfectly reassured, and at once commenced a search for the missing key in the pockets he believed to be those of a dead man, that man never more keenly alive to touch or sound than at that moment.

The key was found, and with it Sir Richard's watch, a handsome gold repeater, was taken from his vest pocket, and the copper-gilded one belonging to Catchem put in its place, that

a week ago. His wife and sister-in-law, my worthy alive to whatever might lead to detec-

y Hamilton was gone, down the passage and then closing the door death-like silence over the and ascertaining that it was fast shut, walked There was a death-like sinche over the house; her footfall along the corridor, down the stone staircase sounding distinctly, he could count each footstep. A strange, uneasy heating of the heart came over him as he listened an account of the heart came over him as he listened an account of the heart came over him as he listened an account of the heart came over him as he listened and accertaining that it was assessed sounding of part of an old bureau to the desk consisting of part of an old bureau to the key of which he had possessed himself of; as he passed Sir Richard he gave an inquiring anxious glance at what he deemed the dead

Catchem's wish to possess himself of the desk-key arose from a desire through it. to desk-key arose from a desire through it to obtain possession of certain rouleans of gold which he had already ascertained were placed there; Sir Richard previous to his illness had been receiving his half-yearly rents due in November, and which he, merely to gratify a personal of the sum's rays produces personal or the instand as if by magic. The bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and noither exception or exposure to the sum's rays produces personal or exposure to the sum's rays produces. been receiving his half-yearly rents due in November, and which he, merely to gratify a whim, always insisted should be paid in gold or lank of Scotland notes. The rental of Sir on of perfect forgiveness, deep sorrow for the soul dying in its iniquity, and the large, soft a year, there was therefore nearly two thousand pounds for given by the dear Lord Christ that filled which Catchem deliberately proceeded to put

The sick man could not see the robber at his work, but he knew as well as sight could tell him who it was took his desk key from his pocket where the day before he had placed it for safety, he knew who it was who touched his face, tried to feel his pulse, who had said: "he is dead," who had taken his watch.

There was another looking at Catchem now an alcove in the room was covered by a curtain of the same heavy purple damask as the window curtains and coverings of the chairs and sofas behind this curtain a door from the alcove communicated with a side staircase by which Adam had ascended to the room where the servant had told him his master sat; parting servant had that him his mister sat; parring the curtain in the middle the strong old man stood, his grey head bent a little forw rd in wonder at the scene before him. Sir Richard lying buck in his chair, as Adam fancied asteep while the man whom he remembered as having twice seen before, once in the carriage which carried him to Pounder's, once in that worthy's sylum stood t the desk Adam well remembered was never opened by anyone but the Baronet himself, and where for fifty years back in Adam's own recollection the rent money was always placed previous to its being sent into Aberdeen to the Bank.

Adam at once comprehended that the man whom he saw putting parcels abstracted from the desk first into one pocket then into another, was engaged in a nesurious action, and letting the curtain fall he quietly stepped into the room and pulled the bell-rope, as he did so looking on Sir Richard whose face was now losing somewhat of its rigidity as the cat deptic fit under which he had labored was beginning to pass away.

and there came also every childish look on Catchem's neck. "Robber," exclaimed he, if fear, half supplication, which had been "put back that money."

":What, what," exclaimed Catchem, who was on completely taken aback by being s iz d in this summary manner, that he was at first unable to frame an xeuse for the situation in which he was found or even to form an id a who had seized upon him.

He tried to turn round to see if it was Sir Richard who had come back from the jaws of death to save his money or punish the wretch who was too conscious he deserved punishment at the hands of one he had served but to round, his person was quite impossible to turn round, his person was pressed tightly against the bureau, his neck firmly grasped in bot. Adam's hands, a few seconds brought the ser-vant who now tilled Cumming's place, a strong country lad who immediately he entered the room understood the situation.

Sir Richard's eyes were now open and were turned upon the group at his desk, no sooner was Adam joined by the servant than he him-self emptical Catchem's pockets of rouleaus of guineas and bundles of notes, the lawyer struggling to rid himself of the strong grasp which held his arms pinioned to his sides.

### (To be continued.)

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.-If you watch two or three masons at work on a large building, the progress they make seems exceedingly slow, and, at a casual glance, the work morning. But watch them day after day, and finally you will see how slowly but surely the building nears completion. So in regard to the formation of character. The human mind is like a ponderous engine. A small point of from at a switch will turn it right or left—sending it on its proper course, or percannec causing it to go over an embankment or into another train, crushing both in shapeless destruction. The human side of the sending it is good to be a surely that the same of the surely built saves would do well to the other train, crushing both in shapeless destruction. The erushing both in shapeless destruction. The but the truth has not been sufficiently made known sight of some object, or a word spoken or read, to the general world to be of such practical value as will give one's train of thought a new direction, might be desired. or some direction quite different from what it would otherwise have taken. Upon very small things depends all of one's future course in life, Parents, teachers, guardians—in fact, every one each other, giving direction to thought, every day, every hour, every moment. With this view, it will be seen how much importance attaches to the books and papers we read. The members of a family read a journal for a year, and at the end of that time do not recall any particular advantage therefrom: but how many new channels of thought have their minds been led into by what they have read! How many plans have insensibly and indirectly come from what they could have read! How much of vacancy there would be if they blot entirely from their minds all the information they have gained, and all the new ideas and plans of their is own, suggested only, and indirectly at that, by what they have read during the year! The truth is, one cannot read and think too much about his daily labor. If he gets one new posttive piece of useful information, the thinking developed by reading other men's views and ideas can but be useful in stimulating him to reasoning, to intelligent labor—that labor in which his head alds his hands. Labor without intelligence is mere brute muscle in exercise. It is the laying of one idea and sentiment or mother, and still another on that, that builds character, as the mason creets his building. A bad brick put in now and then by the mason would spoil the beauty of the building. How much more, then, a bad thought or a wicked deed, engendered by an impure paper, will now and then taint a character during its formation, and render it an eye-sore for ever after by the good and the moral, the wise and the holy! Let parents be very careful, then, as to what they allow brought into their family circle for their

#### SCIENTIFIC T .Ms.

The hypoter vic injection of vaccine lymph in the restment of small-pox is worse than useless,

BLACK LEAD pencil or crayon drawings may be fixed by sine cring the back of the sheet of paper with a solution of suellac in alcohol.

The construction of ovens heated by gas for the purpose of hatening eggs is now so perfect in France that the gas done regulates its own rate of combustion, and keeps the variations of temperature in the oven within one degree.

Puoress in d. C. Draper describes in the American Chemist a new process for the quantitative determination of treenie in cases of poisoning by dissalistance. The proclimative of the process consists in the precipitation of the metal by rod-not platinum from the assemble of hydrogen.

perspiration."

The good effects of associated action have never been better illustrated than in the ostablishment of cheese factories in the United States. The improvements that have been intro local into the maintacture of this important article of diet have through this agency been so great that the American product now comperes with the best English in the London markets, whereas it was almost unsalable twenty years ago.

Mr. Borssingarit finds as the result of a series of one norsaleater finite as the result of a series of experiment on earring milk that only three-fourths of the hatter is obtained by this method. It also states that it is not difficult to detect by the miscroscope the difference between this milk and the butternilk that remains after charning groun. The mixture of batternilk with skim-milk may also be detected and distinguished from fresh milk, which it closely resembles.

closely resembles.

If flowers do not mature well, they may be made to do so by placing half an inch of powdered charcoal on the earth in the pot. Another authority asserts that a solution or suspension of white hellebore in water may be ased with great advantage in destroying the insects that infest so many flowering plants. A fair friend has treed the experiment with success, and reports that if the bags smeged as she did, it was no wonder that they lost their lives.

#### FARM ITE 48.

Potatons. Dig as soon as they are ripe. Fine weather is important, and there is nothing to be gained and everything to lose by delay. Unless you have every convenience for keeping, it is usually best to sed as fast as you dig thom—drawing them from the field to the market.

Lams should be kept in a flock by themselves, and have the best of care and feed. If not already done, they should be dipped in a solution of carbolic soap to kill tick. This is especially necessary with the long-woulded sheep. In cold, stormy weather, put all, especially lambs, under cover.

sill, especially lambs, under cover.

Shere for Fattening is Winter should now be selected and pushed forward rapidly. On good food, with a little hay and grain, they will often gain more in the month of October than during the next six or eight weeks. It rarely pays to try to fatton Merinos in winter until they are three years old.

Shere,—If you intend to raise early lambs for the butcher, select out the largest and best common Merino ewes from the flock. Give them the best pastury and a little grain, say half a pound each perday. Use a pure-heat ram—cither Catswold, Leicoster or South-Down, as may be preferred.

Conv. Struks.—Here is likely to be scarce and

ter or South-Down, as may be preferred.

Corn-Starks.—Hay is likely to be scarce and high. Wheat-straw is with us of poor quality, and we shall need all our corn-stalks for fodder. Their value for fodder depends a graded on how they are sired. Make the stook.—State and compact, so that they will shed the rain. Draw in as soon as they are cared, for at this season the weather is very uncertain. A little san in the stalks is far less interesting. A little san in the stalks is far less in the count y are seriously damaged by caroless harvesting.

A STRAWBERRY PATCH WITH LITTLE PAISS.—To farmers who are not yet schooled up to the point of taking the trouble to enlivate strawberries in the garden-bed. The Ohio Firmer makes this suggestion.

You have upon your premises a spot where a stock has been bailt, some nock or corner in the meadow where the soil is rich, a place that a fence has been moved from or where logs have been piled and burned or drawn off. Now some day during the coming two weeks, when the team is hitched up, take the plow and turn this little patch over, harrow it well, and then go to some more enterprising neighbor who raises strawberries and thin his patch of plants, which he will gladly have you do if his bed is old, and put out those sots upon your own land. Next June you will rejoice at the result. If in fatter years you have not time to give the patch cultivation, let it alone until the vines begin to get non-productive, then prepare a now place, plow the old ones under and seed the ground to grass. We know of farmers who follow this methods and have abundance of fruit for little trouble and no cash expense. It is not the most approved system of culture, but better than none.

The Valle of Sunflowers.—The sunflower is a forcer in the late of its admirers are nequalish. A STRAWBERRY PATCH WITH LITTLE PAIRS,-To far-

better than none."

The Valle or Senstlowers.—The sunflower is a favorrite plant, but few of its admirers are acquainted with its protective properties against discuss. The most beneficial results have followed from sowing the postifential marshes round Rome with common sunflower seed. A landowner on the banks of the Schelit has entityated the sunflower to a great extent on his property, and to this circumstance he attributes the proseryation of his tenants from the

### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

ROAST METTON.—The fat of roast mutton will eat with annusual delicacy if a light paste be first laid over it.

HINT ROSARDING PUDDINGS AND GARRS.—Currents, flour, siggar, &c., should be made hot before mixing for cakes, puddings, &c.

for cakes, puddings, &c.

Raxer Butter is composed of fat and a little albumon. When the temperature is raised the albumon acts as a ferment, and decomposes the fat, converting it into an acid—butyric. This is souble in water. No matter how raneid your butter, it may be made perfectly fresh and sweet by washing.

To Destroy Black Bretles.—A certain remedy s to procure some bracken, Pteris agailium, or common term, plentiful on commons, and put it down thout the house at night. The black becles will eat travenously and soon die, and their relatives will include their bones. It is commonly used in the North of England.

Haggis in a Pudding-Diss.—The following mode of using the remains of reasted or boiled mest, after it has appeared upon the table first in a hot and then in acold state, will be found economical and at the same time to afford an agreeable variety. Let the meat be minced. Either beef or mutten may be used: but care must be taken that there is a sufficient quantity of fat, and any deficiency in this respect must be made up by suct. The minced meat is to be mixed with course catment, previously well browned before a clear fire, and with some chopped conions, saft, and popper; and the whole, being put into a pudding-dish, is to be thoroughly heated in an oven, remaining there fully half-an-hour. This dish bears a considerable resemblance to Scotch haggis.—Foul Journal.

-Foot Journal.

Collaber Erl.—Out your collopen, take out the bones, cut off the head and tail, and lay the col flat on the dressor. Shred some sage as fine as possible, and mix it with chopped parsley, black popper beaton, some natmog grated, and some salt. La these all over the cel, and roll it up hard in little

clota, tying it up tight at each end. Then set on some water, with pepper and solt, five or sik el west three or four blades of mace, and a hayle of or two and so ace vinegar. But these with the bones he de anottail; it en take out the bones, he all and trill, put in the cell and let it hold till it be tender. Then take it of the log for and boil the lighter longer. Take it of the log for and boil the lighter longer. Take it of the kept in an earther vessals. Do not take off the cloths until you use the cell. The cell must not be skinned.

side. Do not take off the cloths and I you use the cel. The cel in 1st not be skinned.

JAW --I is strictly of large to a train in I story whether have been boiled toget for for some time—keep better if the pots into which it is posted are fiel to white in. If the poorer in act is a strainer, in the same way as ection wood, it must be as sceede suppose. It is plain, however, that if one put of jain be allowed to cool before it is field down, little germs will fall apon it from the air, and they will retain their vitality, beginse they fall upon a cool substance; truy will be shat it by the paper, and will soon fall to work dee an osing the frail. On the other hand, if another pot, perfectly similar, be filled with a holling hot mixture, and inmediately covered over though, of coarse, some of the outside air must be shat in, any germs which are floating in it will be scalded, and in all probability destroyed, so that no decomposition can take place.

The HEALTHYLENESS OF LOUIS - When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vincear alone and use lumons or sour apples, they would feel just to well an islied, and receive no majory; and a staggestion may not come anies as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, parchase several dozen at once, and prepared them for use in the warm weak days of coring and summer, when acids especially cittic and malic or the acids of benons and ripe fruits, are so granded and so useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the aids of hemons and ripe fruits, are so granded and so useful, Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the aids of hemons and ripe fruits, are so granded and so useful, Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the aids of hemons the piece into a bowl or unabler—never into the strain out all the pulp from the peels, and hold in water, a pint for a decemponing senough, then strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Rem

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITAMS.

Marsual, Bazaine's private fortune is estimated at 2,000,000 frames. The white elophant recently captured in sign takes rank next to the Queen, the heir-apparent ranking next after the elephant.

ANy hard steel tool, says the Boston downed of Chemistey, will got glass when kept freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentino. The rarged edges of glass vessels may be thus easily smoothed by a lar the

It is estimated that the late autumn military maneuvres in Emgland cost LEE,000 prespective of compensation to larmers. The question of continu-ing them in future years will, it is understood, be left to Parliment.

Parliament. THE STAINMENT.

THE STAIN OF THE SPANISH LADIES' dress has not materially changed for two hundred years. Who would take the trouble to commerate the changes which the costume of English and French ladies has undergone during that time?

gone during that time?

The soul is by an ancient writer figured as the dotted outline of a man. The voice of the soul is thought, by savages and half-civilized folk like Polymosians, to be a murmar, or whistle, or a glost of a voice, and this idea still exists in some parts of Rondand.

England.
WHILE Henry Ward Beecher was standing in front of the Twin Mountain House, in New Hamsphire, the other day, a dandy-looking gentleman drove up and told him to put his horse into the stable, and feed him well. Beecher said never a word, took the man's twenty-live cents and stabled the horse, Pretty soon the achievement was noticed about the hotel, and the dandy in question found it convenient to leave that hight.

The iron interest of the month?

loave that night.

The iron interest of the world is colossal, and constantly increasing. The production has doubled within the past sixteen years. In 1856 the total production was 7,000,000 tons; in 1872, 14,000,000 tons. In 1856 the average consumption of iron in the world was about seventeen pounds a head; in 1872 it was thirty pounds a head. In 1856 in Great Britain the consumption per head was 144 pounds; in the United States it was eighty-four pounds. In 1872 the consumption in treat Britain was 200 pounds per head; in the United States 150 pounds per head.

Heyen Racurement is head at work advanced to

in the United States 130 pounds per head.

HENGI ROCHEFORT is hard at work, whenever his health (which is represented as bad.) will admit, on his history of the Second Empire. He has just deposited the first part of it with the governor of his prison. A Paris journal says it is thought that the Thiers government will cheerfully consent to its publication. The books will sell of course, for the Parisians retain a sly well-wish for their net promin, who wants besides, to provide the means to complete the education of his son, destined to be an artist. The Bompartists will hardly applied some portions of the history if it is written from the well-known Rochefort stand-point.

An AURINIT THEE.—At Montroyel in Erapson.

well-known Rochefort stand-point.

An Ancient Thee,—At Montroyel, in France, a property has recently been sold, in the court-yard of which stands the famous "Montroyel Oak" which naturalists asserts to be more than two thousand years old. This oak, which is entirely hollow, has had its interior provided with stone benches on which twelve persons can confortably sit around a table, and an entrance-door and two windows have been cut out of its sides. In order to assertain its age, Mr. d'Orbigny cut out a piece of its entire thickness and boiled it in oil, which is an infallible mode of bringing to light the separate layers produced by each year. By this method, in counting from the centre to the circumference, he was easily able to prove that the number of layers amounted to two thousand and some hundreds. This tree is, of course, a grout natural curiosity, and every year numbers of thousand and some hundreds. This tree is, of course, a great natural curiosity, and every year numbers of persons visit that neighbournood to view so venerable a relie of the past, which was living and yielding shelter, as now, to the birds of the air, whole centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE dream of one age is the science of the next. ANGER, like rain, breaks itself upon what it falls. TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward ouch as the sunbeam.

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do ovil.

[Prace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law, is like sheep running for shelter to a brambic bach. Wishox often comes to us too late in life to be of each service to us. There is no use of mustard after

The tricky, deceitful and dishonest are earely prosperous; for when confidence is withdrawn, pov-erty is likely to follow.

Gon oftentimes, in the same man, distinguishes between the sinner and the creature; as a creature ife can love him, while as a sinner He does afflict

When a man misses anything, his first idea is that somebody has stolen it, though he ascertains ninety-nine times in a hundred that the loss is from his own zarolessness.

Age will supercitiously consure all who are younger than themselves, and the vices of the present time as new and unheard of, when, in truth, they are the very same they practised, and practised as long as they were able.

as they were their.

MUTUAL confidence is the very breath of life, the source of the purest happiness; it binds hearts closer, and weaves fresh charms for the ties of relationship, where trust does not exist, there can only be a life more appalling than the grave.

more appalling than the graive.

It is the babbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the rearing cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every furm and meadow and every garden, and that shall flow night and day, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of martyrs, that good is done: it is by daily and quiet virtue of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, in the wife, in the tather, the mother, the sister, the friend, the neighbour, that good is to be done.

#### WIT AND HULLOR.

OMPANIONE IN ARMS - Twins.

Photoson Aviva October Spring. With kind of a but lies without wings? A brick-

WHEN is charity like a bee ? When it begins to

A FREE AGENT. One who goes off with his master's

Why roof covers the host noisy remait? The roof of the mouth, . Is the agin who believes, in supposes necessarily appropriations  $\hat{T}$ 

Wity is the inside of a thing unintelligible? Because we can't make it out.

"I don't remember having ever secu you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience

SUNDAY is the strongest day, because all the others are week days; yet, if it is the strongest, why is it so often broken?

so often broken?

Doubrass, "A wag affir us that pillows, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

A Susy "To take down the gridiron from the wail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitenen.

#### Aribas Englisher.

# 238. ANAGRAMMATICAL BOUQUET.

Neat gin; an iron eat; age in rum; I brew tears; out in glee; Beer Hall; more Rips; lamb. Grouse,

#### 239, ENIGMA.

Strange that one word should mean so little: Yet strangers all that it should mean so much! Strange so easily broken, though not brittle: Yet stranger it should resist the storiest touch! Strange int on so many it should set il. Whitst on others it buttends to show their mettle.

Pm indescribable: for, as I said before, Fin chameleon-like in my changing line. Pm freely given both by rich and poer, When, doubtless, reader dear, much pozzle, you: By shallow minds I'm voted quite a bore, Because I igure in parliamentary lore.

Fin seen behind the counter of many a shop. In bondon, and in the country too. I think: Especially if you enter mayares—why, "pop. I'm there before you ere have time to think. I'm sometimes bought a bargam, yet—though st I'm generally paid for in a kind of swop.

Thus much of my commercial qualities I ve told; My political ones won't bear inspection; Yet still, if all my beauties you'd behold, Ask the laberals for me at the next election, And take me, though in another sense uphold. The promise that off is bought for gold.

Now, leaving you, one word of kind advice,
Should poverty e'er east its three upon you,
Don't turn to use oat best I'm but a vice.
Though luring on a respite to put on you:
Yet take me once, you may not take me twice,
I'll save you yet from many a shameful vice.
M. Davis.

#### 210. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am a word of twelve letters. My 5, 8, 7, is a human being; my 5, 6, 3, 2; so f great importance in the preparation of floor; my 5, 10, 12, 9, is the place where money is mole; my 5, 12, 3, 6, 11, 7, represent a great number; my 8, 7, 12, is a woman's name; my 8, 5, 9, 10, 14, 12, is what we linglish represent as a whole; and my whole was the cause of great attraction on the Public Thanksgiving on February 27, 1872. Cau.it. G.

#### 20. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A scaport on the west coast of England:
A scaport on the west coast of England: a river of Spain; a town of Spain rear segovia; a town of China. The initials and inals read forwards give the names of the capitals of two of the greatest empires in the world.

WAGGA-WAGGA.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 40.

230. SQUARE WORDS.

P R O P 6 O V E 0 V L R P E R T

241. -- Externa: Wind-mill. 232. CHARADE: Sup-port. 234.—Rights: Panitt: IncH: CorneA: KenneR: WorseL: IcE: Combs: KiD: Paul: Accult: PacK: EncodicE: Racs N: Sugainatins. (Pickwick Packs: Chambes Differs)

# MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE,

Oct. 10th, 1872.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

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WHEAT Market quiet; one car Spanisher white ware taken at \$1.25 vestorday		and on

OATMEAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5.-00 Upper Canada

PEAS. P bush of 66 lbs.-Quiet at 85c to 87jc. OATS, & bush of 321bs .-Quiet at 30c to 32c. Conn.-Market nominal at 57c to 58c.

BARLEY, & bush of 481bs. - Nominal at 55c to 65c, BUTTER, per Ib.—Market quiet. Fair dairy Wes-tern, 11 to 15c; good to choice do, 15a to 17c. CHEESE, P Ib.—Market steady: Factory fine 10 to 11 to 11 to

Pons. per brl. of 230 lbs. - Market firm : New Mess, \$17.50 to \$17.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.

LARD .- Winter rendered firm at 11ke per 1b. Asues, \$\P\$ 100 lbs. - Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$6.70 to \$6. \$0. Pearls nominal. Firsts, \$9.20 to \$9.25.



Only a kiss—n trifle slight— Just enger lips one moment blent. Two faces lit with kindly light, One thrill across two pulses sent.

Strangers so few bright, short hours past: Strangers to-morrow, as before? Ah, no! where'er our fate be east. I hold thee, love, forevermore.

liew small a thing can change the day ! Can wake despondence from its gloom, Crimson to life its sullen gray, And bid our soul-flowers blush and bloom

You've touched my brow with festal wine, With honor proud as crowned kings; The lips that once were proseed to thine Are secred from all memor things.

Others shall know what I but guess, And keep the joy I snatch to-day; But memory guards the one caress For mine, mine only, mine for aye.

When souls have touched in lips that meet g. They part not sullen, sad and cold; Still clings an influence subtly sweet, One touch that fuses dross to gold.

Count it not loss, nor lavish waste, The little pearl you careless spend : Gleans not the cup we only taste? Must joy delay till love's at end?

Safe in my heart the jewel lies, Relic and type—my sam of bliss, Near thee or far. I keep my prize, Thy first—perchance thy only kiss!

-Galasa

#### MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm Aunty Gauter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post-office and a store, and sell groceries and garden suss, calico,

a store, and sengroceries and garnen suss, canco, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the satiors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the raisins and dried currants and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to buy in rib-

go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in rib-bons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at hist he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters— letters, letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the

It's "Please, Aunty Gunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we have to read them for the felter. In times we have to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the handwriting, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married. It was a sad day when that ship salled. Mrs.

Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Illii were there to see her set all.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was

to be a long one. E.,
It was under the old sycamore that Will took

Milly to his breast.
"Don't fret, durling!" he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! In spite of that the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Fort to tell how Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Ruwdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at liftyeight, and as handsome, with his white hair That was twelve months ago, the night I

went into the store to sort things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my ten boxes, caudies in the letter box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mall in a sugar box, and clothes plus in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.
"Gather up your letters, Job," said L. "What

possesses you, old man!' made a vow to myself that I'd keep box full after that, so that he shouldn't use if

for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as coffee crushed," because it was prepared espe cially to use in coffee. That was the fines sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though little cut and powdered by me, in Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes

were red with crying.
She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it she whispered to me:
"Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked to-day? lan't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die? I don't feel as if he could. hightn't he write, after all? Do look."

"My pot," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dore went down. It isn't likely. And He don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little

back parlor and made her sit down there I talked as good as I could to her; but what

good does talking do. "Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I

"Rut I had Job; and you have your mother and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head

down on my knee.
"I must tell you," said she. "They went me I must ten you," said she. "They went me marry Capitain Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruol to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Willia?"

I, when my heart is in the sea with Willio?"

"Captain Kincaid!" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl: but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More,"

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perimps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like al! the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her: and I said no

is finishing my silver gray poplin. It sets splen-did. We'll laive Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't you?" " I wish it was Will Masset," says Job.

"Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begruiged you mything so, much as

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mall into. This here wooden thing with a

alldo is a pesky bother."

"Law me!" says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it, I didn't think you had any plan in it; jeststick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that 'il do. And I'm glad you spoke before I illied it up."

got one that it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and emptled out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid white and shiny, and on top of it, whiter and shinler, laid a letter — a letter with a ship mark upon it, and this su-

perscription : "Mis Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America." RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY.

Anybody who has been compelled to wait at a railway station, and, for want of anything better to do, has studied the threatening array of by-laws placarded on the walls, must have been struck by the astonishing number of ofbeen struck by the astonishing number of of-fences and misdemeanours which a person of moderate enterprise and activity might easily commit in a very short space of time. To add to the terror of nervous passengers, select ex-amples of the condign punishment inflicted on unfortunate people who have been caught in the meshes of this Draconic code are recorded in a series of gloomy handbills. A traveller whose mind was not too much depressed by the dismal prospect of innumerable fines and nematics, and who had the courage to read all penalties, and who had the courage to read all penalties, and who had the courage to read all the by-laws and other announcements to the end, would probably be still more surprised to find that, while passengers are liable at almost overy step to be pounced upon as criminals, the railway companies proclaim themselves to be absolutely free from all the obligations of con tract, and from every kind of legal responsi-bility. It need hardly be said that it is not al-ways possible to shake off legal responsibility by the simple process of repudiating it; but railway officials are sagacious enough to understand the disposition of

most people to take for granted whatever is constantly asserted in a very solemn and posi-tive manner. The lia-bilities which have already been established against the rallways by Judicial decisions might probably be considered extended if people who could afford it would invariably make a point of bringing the com-panies to book for overy lustance of A tow decisions would settle the law on a number of important points much better than an Act of Parlia-ment. It is idle to pre-tend that the delays which constantly occur in railway travelling are accidental. When they are investigated, it will be found in the majority of cases that they arise simply be-cause the company has not made preparations to carry out its har-gain, or has, to serve its own ends, done something which ren-ders it impossible to be carried out. If a passenger commits any offence against a rail way company, he can be summarily tried and samished. The question him to be equally simple and summary process can-not be placed at the service of the public to protect them against deliberate and syste-matic breaches of con-

INDUSTRIOUS COURTS.

day Review.

tract on the part of the rallways. — Satur-

A quarter of a century has claused since the establishment of the County Courts in England and Wales, In that time there have been 17,300,086 plaints entered. A large pro-portion of the causes are settled at once, but there were 9,758,186 which were tried, or in

which judgment was
Three months are—poorstuped!—I had emp- | entered; there were only 21,949 in which a entered; there were only 21,949 in which a jury was required. The sums for which the plaints were entered amounted to £46,203,954, and the sums (exclusive of costs) for which judgment was obtained amounted to £23,449,402. The court fees amounted to £8,851,990. Upwards of 900,000 plaints are now entered in the County Courts every year, the claims exceeding in the whole above 21 millions sterling; and, after many causes have been settled out of court, judgment is given in above half a million and for about £1,800,000. The County Court Judges sit at 500 'towns, and hold court blooms 900 towns, and hold court blooms 1000 towns. ubove 8,000 times a year.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

It is a well-established truth, that labor conquers all things. Everything that we do has to have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be remember if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success. Inventive man, by the aid and application of labor, wins for himself a name that will always be honored, respected and remembered by his fellow-citizens

It has been truly said, that no excellence i obtained without labor. Few persons conver-sant with the world have failed to discover that in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors en-dowed equally by the smiles of fortune and the gifts of genius. Difference of talent will not solve it ; for that difference is very often found in favor of the disappointed candidate. How often de we see issuing from the walls of the same college, nny, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, one of whom shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above medicerty; yot you shall see the one sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the latter tolling up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at last to distinction, an ornament to society, and a blessing to his

Now whose work is this? Manifestly our own if he will but go to work and try to win a tion worthy of commendation. For it is tion worthy of commendation. For it is only those who work that win. Therefore, in our journey through life should obstacles arise to obstruct our progress, let us remember that la-bor conquers all things.

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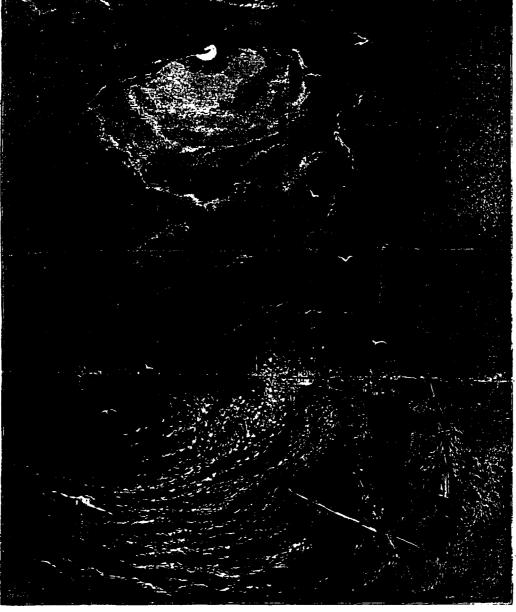
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THE SHIPWRECK.

word about her changing her mind; but for: all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as at! Old as he was, could she fail to see the But when I told Job, says he:

"Jerusatem i a young pretty girl like sainly; Why don't he go after some widder, or an old-ish gal! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kin-eatd would have things that Milly More could nover dream of: silk dresses and velvet closks, jowolry, and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, rilver ice-pitcher if she chose, like Mrs. Captain River ice-pitener if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny. Once having given me her confidence, Milly

didn't stop: and Mrs. More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.
"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you aren't

his widow, to wenr weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me—and Captain Kincald is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love. After that she stopped talking much to me

She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence offered? The Captain staid at the Port three month

and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife-old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just gave up at last.
"It don't matter much, after all," she said

"I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon, I suppose, whether I marry or not." After that she never spoke of Will, and Mrs More told me she was engaged: and she wore a

diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincald, so that she might go to Europe with A year and three months since the Golden Cove went down. Well, no one can tell what Dove went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to hope

that I hadn't bad much hand in it after all when I thought it over, and remembere Will, and how he took her in his arms under the But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had falled, so that she couldn't do line sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look

at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid; and can't."

"When baby died—the only one we ever had —I thought 1 never should believe it," said I.

"It's going to be in the church. Miss Salsbury

tied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I've had given more money than there was in the till, to have dared to tear that knew the hand was Will Massot's.

"This can't wait," says I. "No." Fays Job. " it can't, with that wedding

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriage, all thesame. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wodding is And my old man came across the room and

"Nancy," says he, " you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was betwe old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems'so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back some-times. You remember how he kissed her there under the sycumore; and—Nancy, we couldn't

over to Mrs More's Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the

"Won't you walk in ?" says Mrs. More. "I-I haven't time," savs I. " It's only an errand. "It's a little singular. Milly, there's

has come at last ! How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimpse of it.
It was the old sallor's story: a shipwreck, a

deserted island, wretched months spont in hop-ing for succor, and a sail at last. A vessel out-ward bound had picked him up. He would be home in three months.

"Three months !" said Milly. " Oh, how can

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That telephone is the architects of our own fortune. Every letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a life will but go to work and try to win a posireasel in a offing now."

to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincald either, for he mar-ried Fanny More before the year was over.

out his arm about my waist.

wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sun-bonnet and ran door with my letter behind my back.

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It

So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went