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VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. (SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.) No. 42.

FAR! SO FAR!

BY HEA.

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

The thousand buds of blushing spring,
The flow'rs that summer dews bring,
The autumn leaves that crimson glow,
The winter's wind and clinging 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
That all the time I loved him so!
Far! so far! so far!

THE LOST RING.

BY FRANKS PAGE.

"And you are really going, Faith?"
"Yes, Lucy, I am going," and the speaker
bent lower over her needlework to hide the fall-
ing 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 parents 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
which it offered.

"Do you know anything of the family?" said
Lucy Beaumont, who had called to pay her a
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 pu-
pils; 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 Faith stood
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 those quivering
lips, until the sunlight faded in the west, and
the radiance of peace filled her soul.

On the morrow she 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 aug-
ment 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
she grew more cheerful.

The day was lovely. Soft, fleecy 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 beau-
tiful, and could not have failed to arouse a mind
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 cheek and the sparkle to
her eye.

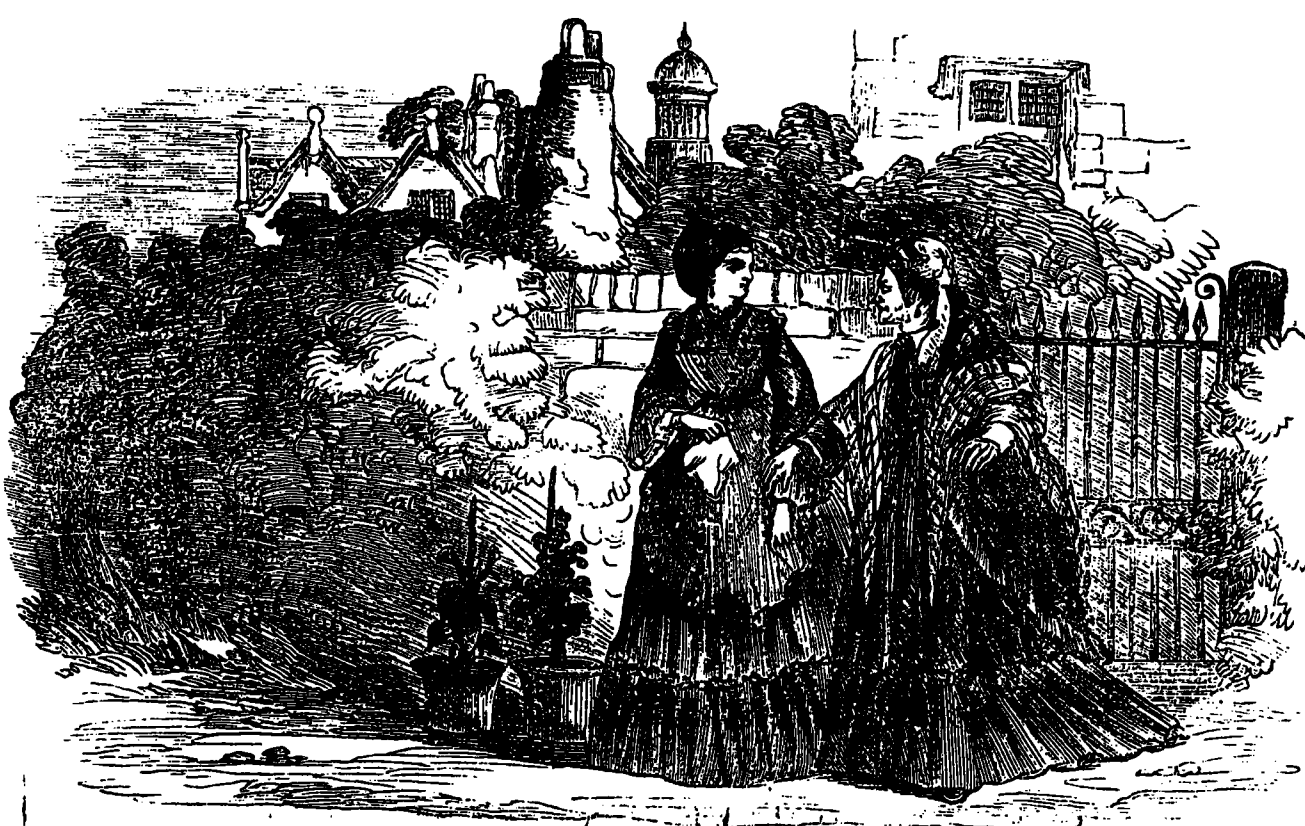
The journey was not without adventure. They
were approaching the railroad station, and were
descending a steep hill, when the horses took
fright and dashed violently forward. The driver
seemed paralyzed with fear; and they might all
have been killed, had it not been for one of the
passengers, who took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

During all this time Faith showed the wonderful
presence of mind, she quieted the agitated
women, whose cries of terror only urged the
maddened animals to greater speed, and soothed
the sobbing 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 re-
ply; 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
flashed 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 an answer to his ques-
tion? 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 her,
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
she was touched 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-
try.



FAITH RECOGNIZED BY HER GRANDMOTHER.

Tired and happy Faith sank to sleep, resolv-
ing to write a letter to her mother the following
day, and cheer her heart by a recital of her good
fortune.

It was with a trembling 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 suc-
ceeded so well, for her pupils had never been
subjected to any restraint till now, and it was
no easy matter to manage them. If their atten-
tions 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 further trouble.

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

It was a lovely summer evening: Faith's little
pupils had besought her to take a walk with
them, and she had consented. They strolled
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. Riverton and two others, a gentle-
man and a lady, coming from the opposite di-
rection.

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 trio. They met just beneath the
shadow of an elm, and Mrs. Riverton introduced
her son and daughter, Sidney and Isabel.

Isabel Riverton, the personification of glowing,
beautiful, 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
Riverton her companion in the hour of danger.

Mrs. Riverton was not wanting in kindness,
though it was strongly tinged with pride; so,
thinking it would give Faith pleasure, she took
the children home herself, and left the three to-
gether. Faith soon grew 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 Em-
erson. If she had said your name was Faith, per-
haps I should have guessed the truth."

"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

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
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."

"Mamma," said Isabel that night to her mo-
ther, "I think Faith Emerson must have some-
thing romantic concealed in her history. She is
so different from the common run of girls in her
class."

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

On rapid, rapid wings flew by those summer
days, and Faith's time of departure came—
the vacation she had looked forward to with such
eager longing. Yet she did not go as she once
feared; she 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
friendship that to a sensitive spirit is almost
more than none, but true, hearty love and
help; for she had stolen insensibly into their af-
fections.

Isabel's warm heart had no pride in it to op-
pose her, and Mrs. Riverton's staidness melted
gradually away beneath her genial influence;
so that, beloved by her pupils, and esteemed by
all, it was with a light and happy heart that
Faith stopped at her father's door, knowing that
she brought none but good tidings.

How her little sisters clustered around her,
how her mother wept as she folded her to her
heart, how her father's voice quivered as he
gave thanks for her safe arrival, how eager all
were in asking questions, how happy Faith felt
in bestowing the gifts Isabel had sent to the
ones beloved for her sake—all this can be much
better imagined than described.

It was late in September when she returned,
gladdened by the promise of a visit from her
mother during the following month; and she
found the Hall in a glow of excitement about a
fête soon to be given by Mrs. Riverton. Isabel
had obtained a somewhat reluctant consent
from her mother for Faith to share in the plea-
sures of the occasion; but Faith steadily refused,
and although she cheerfully lent a helping hand
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 dia-
mond ring you have looked for so long! How
did—"

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
sprang forward to explain.

"No doubt," said her mother, not unkindly,

"Miss Emerson can account for this, to us,
strange circumstance. For the present, Isabel,
we will leave her to recover her composure."
And taking her daughter's hand, they left the
room.

Poor little Faith! She paced upon and down
the floor, her hands clasped together, the golden
hair tumbled 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 cool
staircase and out into the garden. The cool
air fanned her fevered face, and she fled on, not
heeding where she was going, 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
bowled with age, but whose face bore evidence,
not so much of the ravages of time, as of grief
and remorse.

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

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

"Faith Emerson."

But almost ere the words were uttered the
lady sank in a swoon at her feet.

"Help! help!" shrieked Faith, alarmed at
the whiteness of her face, from which every
drop of blood seemed to have receded. "Help!
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 it in a prostrate form and bore it to
the house. When she was restored to conscious-
ness, and Mrs. Riverton's alarm had subsided,
Isabel sought Faith, and clasped the suffering
girl fondly in her arms.

"You surely don't imagine, dear Faith," she
said, as she felt the slight form shaken by con-
vulsive sobbings, "you surely don't think we
suspect you, do we? 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 any
more; it will all come right; and she kissed
the pale cheek. "But I do wonder, Faith, what
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 ap-
peared strangely moved when she gazed upon
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-
tery."

"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 bowld-
ered."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Riverton, "and I will
tell you all! It was in the year 1840, Isabel, as
you! My sister and myself," she began,
"were the only surviving children of my pa-
rents. 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, pas-
sionate, eager tenderness, you can easily imag-
ine how great was the shock, both to his pride
and affection, when, at the age of twenty, she
married, against his wish, one greatly inferior,
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 husband. I was quite
young at the time; and it did 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 been
struck by the coincidence that it was also your
name, dear Faith!"

Mrs. Riverton paused for a moment to wipe
away the flowing tears, and then continued—

"After a time my sister's husband, who was
in business, and the young couple came over to
England. I think my mother's heart softened
when she knew that her child was bidding a
long farewell to the land of her birth, but I did
not hear from them again for many years, and
my mother's health began to fail. A journey
was recommended as the best means of recovery,
and with a wild longing to clasp their long-
lost but repentant child once more to their hearts,
my parents turned towards England. We
reached London in safety, and took up our abode
in a pleasant little villa in the outskirts of the
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 mo-
ther's great desire then changed, to find, if pos-
sible, the abode of the wanderers, and, for some
reparation of her wrong, to re-educate what she
could to the children of her dear one. But all
our search proved unavailing; my mother gave
up hope, and fell into morbidly, secluding
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 deeply concerns you."

But it seemed as if 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 con-
tinued—

"As I 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 undertake for a governess. For-
tunately our choice fell on you. I need not go
over the details of your stay here; if our com-
pactness has been any pleasure to you, yours
has been a delight to us. Suffice it to say, that
we loved you before we knew that any near ties
existed between us. When my mother saw you
for the first time, on that eventful evening, she
recognized in you the image of her long-lost
daughter; when I showed her your mamma's
picture she at 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! I
beloved for myself, as well as for her sake whom
we have waited 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 coun-
sin for her.

It was a day of bewildering gladness to Faith,
and she was serenely calm when the shadows
of evening fell over the earth. Lending against
one of the pillars of the portico absorbed in
thought, she murmured, 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 re-
stored. Oh, joy to whom has been granted such
moments of deep and exquisite bliss, you well
know the silence that best expresses the rapture
of that hour!

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
opportunistically bestowed; for it at once released
them from all difficulty, and from this time they
prospered, and ere many years had elapsed
were quite rich. But prosperity was as much
adorned by them as adversity had been; and
many were the aching hearts that blessed their
kindly deeds.

Need I tell you more? How there never was
seen such a happy, merry wedding as that which
gladdened the old hall the next spring, when
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?

THE HEARTHSTONE.

DO AS NEAR RIGHT 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,
The fiercest of storms will elude you,
Push over a rough sea like a man—
Great fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember the will to do rightly,
If used will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep be peaceful and sound.
In order to do right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes darkest scandal may speed,
And strive with their shrewdest of tact
To injure your fame, never heed,
Be just, and honestly act;
And ask of the Ruler of heaven
To save your fair name as a man,
And 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 AUSTLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

"Curious, Mr. Redmayne! Don't say curious; it was dreadful. He must have dropped down dead instantaneously, I heard say; and no one knows who did it—whether it was poachers or felons; for he had been talking to that bold young hussy Bond's daughter all the afternoon, and she's got almost as many sweaters as she has fingers and toes. And his poor wife they said went down like a stone when she was carrying 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 funeral, and a funeral, and all; and all her visitors about her; and Sir Francis's birthday too."

"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."

"For, Mr. 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 friend's being murdered."

"His friend m' rere!" What do you mean? It was Sir Francis Clevedon who was shot last night."

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

"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. Arsomthing—I know his name begins with a haitch."

Richard Redmayne walked slowly away, speechless. Was he really mad to-day, or had he been mad last night, his senses distraught, his eyes beholding things that were not? So surely as he was a living man he had seen in the face in the moonlight turned towards him in the broad moonlight, the same face, line for line, hardly less 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, when he first 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 her brain's muddled this morning than that I 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 far he changed his mind, remembering that Kingsbury was much nearer, and that he might hear all he wanted to hear in 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 elms opposite the inn; a man on horseback was standing before Mr. Wright'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 assassin.

"I don't mind swinging for the man who killed my daughter," he thought; "but it would be 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 left.

"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-

comer with a start, "What, Redmayne, is it you? What the devil bring you here this morning?"

"I want to know what has happened at Clevedon. Everybody seems to have gone crazy. I can't get a straight answer anywhere."

"I should think everybody must know what has happened within twenty miles of Kingsbury; there's been talk enough. There was a brutal murder in Clevedon Park last night, Richard Redmayne; a man shot like a rabbit; that's what has happened."

"But who was the man?" cried Richard savagely; "that's what I want to know! Can't you give 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 he was a stranger down here."

"Harcross—Harcross!" Richard Redmayne repeated, with a stupefied look. "They told me it was Sir Francis Clevedon was shot last night."

"Then they must have been damn'd right, whoever they were," exclaimed the steward impatiently; "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 without a word. It would profit him nothing to ask any further 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 Clevedon, tramping along the dusty way in the morning sunshine, unconscious of fatigue. He wanted to know something more, he hardly knew what, only to be more and more certain of his own folly. To think that his senses had so befuddled 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 repent, 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. Perkins," replied the gardener solemnly—"the hand that drew the trigger. I don't deny that I have my own thoughts upon the subject, Mr. Perkins; but I tell them to no man. Time will show."

"Is he to be buried down here?" inquired the curious Perkins.

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

"That's a pity," said Perkins. "There'd have been half the county to follow, if they'd buried him at Kingsbury. Murders in London are as plentiful as blackberries, judging from the Sunday papers. He won't get so much honour 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 penetrated to the world outside Clevedon Hall. Richard Redmayne stood by and listened, but said nothing, except when he was appealed to by Mr. Perkins 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 Perkins; "you always see that in the newspapers. The police are on the tract; and although nothing is known for certain, they hope soon to be able to put their hand upon the right party, being in possession of information which they don't feel themselves at liberty to divulge. That's what they always tell 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 gun or a 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 Perkins, with a suggestive air. "The worst a man is, the more artful 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 flying in the face of the law of the land. A man has only got to do something more atrocious than the common run, and he gets put down for a lunatic."

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 know."

"Very well, Mr. Redmayne; I'll send you word if anything happens."

A lad came up at this moment, bursting with self-importance—the rapture of possessing in-

formation as yet unshared by these village-worthies. The men recognized him by his aspect—the bearer of tidings.

"Well, 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."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bond, "they've found the gun, have they? Then the rest is easy work. They'll soon find the man that fired it."

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 interest in the business as to want a special message sent him, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Yes, it is, Bond," replied Mr. Perkins; "but since he come home from Australia there ain't a stranger man going than Rik Redmayne. It's that blessed gold out yonder as turns his brains, that's his belief. It ain't natural that a man should dig gold out of the earth, just as if it was mungold-wurzel, 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 hundred-weight nuggets there."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"YES, BROTHER, CURSE WITH ME THAT BALEFUL HOUR."

An awful gloom and silence, as of the grave itself, had fallen upon Clevedon Hall. No merry clink of billiard-balls, no little gushes of silvery laughter, no bass accompaniment of masculine voices, blending with and sustaining the sweet feminine troubles; no dashing performance of Chopin and Schulloff on the grand piano in the drawing-room; no melodious tinkling of waltzes on the smaller pianos in upper chambers consecrated to the fairer guests; no flutter of silken draperies in halls 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 Lady Clevedon's visitors had 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 to linger on a scene that had been defiled by the red hand of murder? The fine old Elizabethan 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 day-break, leaving guests 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 so on.

"Egad, you see, if a fellow stopped, he might find himself accused of the murder," said Captain Hardwood confidentially to the *Adieu* *Achates* of the moment. "I think I shall look out for some German Spa, where the extradition treaty doesn't hold good, or charter a two hundred ton yacht and do the South Sea Islands. I'm told there's no end of fun to be had in the Pacific."

The Clevedon servants had been swift to clear away all traces of the festival that had had me to so evil an ending. Faded garlands and decorations gathered up into bundles and carried away, and the rooms looked grand and solemn in their dusky emptiness. The murdered man lay upstairs in the bedchamber which he had occupied as a guest, and a bed 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 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. Harcross, 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 to be a creature whose presence or absence could make no difference.

She had seen him laid upon his bed at midnight; had stood quietly by while the surgeons examined his wounds; had refused to be banished from that death-chamber with so stern a resolution, that they had been obliged to succumb 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 humanity transformed into marble. How fondly, how entirely she had loved him! She had known always that he was very dear to her, but not 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 cold cautious spirit; she had feared to trust 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 maintenance. It was enough for him to know that she had condescended to become his wife, that he was not obnoxious to her. The passion, the depth, the ardor of her love she held in reserve.

She thought of all this now that he was dead, 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 she had made up the sum of her existence, as if this one figure, of which at the best she had seen very little, had filled her world; that the dressing and visiting had been the merest formula, the petty filling-up of empty spaces in her life, all subservient to her love for him and her pride in him. She knew now how fondly she had built on his future—the distinction he was to win for her, the pinnacle they were to occupy side by side

in days to come. He was gone, and the future was a blank. "What am I without him?" she asked herself piteously. Her youth and wealth and beauty counted as nothing now that he was no more.

His loss was in itself a calamity so overwhelming 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 babyhood 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 Masodon-cressent, 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 *carton bleu* an aid to her ascent of Fortune's ladder? Alas, no, the light was extinguished.

It had been a pleasant thing to fancy Hubert Harcross only an attendant upon her steps, best known as the husband of the handsome Miss 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 little—to sleep, if possible.

"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-like 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, 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 soon."

"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 window.

"Let my likeness to your lost husband constitute a claim upon your friendship," he said, "and trust in my earnest 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 offended—any one desperate enough to do such a deed?"

"No," she answered, "I know of no one whom he 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?"

"He objected strongly, and had good reasons 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 wandering.

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

"None."

"Then we must work on without your help. The police have been busy since daybreak; they have communicated with the stations all along the line, and any suspicious-looking person will be stopped. We have telegraphed to Scotland-yard for a couple of detectives, and I have telegraphed to Ryde for Mr. Vallory. I 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 manner, "Yes, you must find out who murdered him. It is your duty."

"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 smile.

"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 no room for comfort. The common phrases, the pious banalities with which friends try to beguile the mourner, would have been worse than idle here. As well might the consoled have approached Calpurnia while her dead Caesar still lay bundled in his bloody mantle at the base of the statue as seek to murmur

soothing 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, hesitating 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 minutes 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.

"No."

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

"O no, no."

"That will do, dear Mrs. Harcross. I need torment 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 inclined 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. I 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 fatality of all endeavor to console.

He went away, and in the corridor met Georgie, whom he had scarcely seen since yesterday's luncheon. 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 two or three others who had congregated in the smoking-room, averse to the solitude of their own chambers.

"Poor Harcross! the last kind of fellow you'd have expected to go off in that way," said the Captain, as if Mr. Harcross had died of apoplexy.

"Have you seen her?" asked Georgie; upon which Sir Francis described his interview with 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 talking 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 themselves into madness."

"What if he were the victim of an error, Francis? What if the murderer mistook him for you?"

"Mistook him for me, Georgie? What are 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, either great or small."

"Then you have never provoked the hatred of Richard Redmayne? You were never at Brierwood?"

"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."

"Accesses 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 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.)

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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 good.

JAPAN.

For some time past the papers have been filled with wonderful accounts of the giant strides towards civilization made by Japan; we have been informed of the "overthrow," as it was called, of the Daimeios; of the assumption of power by the Mikado; of the building of railways; of the opening of the country, to foreigners; of the adoption by the Mikado of European habits, manners, customs, even dress; and one report went so far as to hint at a change of religion; in fact a more wonderful account of the rapid civilization of a semi-barbarous country has never been known; indeed it was altogether too rapid. The advanced thoughts of a few leading spirits, aided by an enlightened chief ruler ran ahead of the times, and plunged the country suddenly into an excess of civilization, for which the masses of the people were not prepared; as a natural consequence, a reaction has occurred; and we are now informed—in rather a vague kind of way—that "a reaction has occurred in feeling in Japan which will probably retard the progress of civilization for several years." In regard to 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 seem 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 fifty 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 artist succeeded in getting a negative of a great public ceremonial in which the Mikado figured, a great panic ensued; the kingdom was turned upside down, and no peace was had until every copy of the picture, and the negative itself, in which the imperial face was no larger than a

pin's head, was destroyed." It seems at first sight a ridiculous thing that a clever German artist should have been in danger of his life less than a year ago for the crime of taking the photograph of a person who—along with several thousand others—was taking part in a 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 outcry against the German artist, would be still more extraordinary than the spirit of fanaticism which would endanger a man's life for taking a photograph. 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 than 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 gilded 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 'glassess round.'" We have had a great many 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 much 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 micro-gloss of newspaper reports in preference to the more solid facts of the case; but we think the march 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 worshipped them; the only difficulty being in determining whether it was "The Japs," as the strolling acrobats were called; or "The Japanese Ambassadors" who received most adulation. The general and indiscriminate manner in which 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 nation we were supposed to be civilizing. It might have been all well enough for those who traveled about and were made the subjects of wild adulation; but the people who remained at home would see but little difference between our manner of receiving a troupe of acrobats, and a party of Princes; and the natural pride of the people would be hurt that we paid almost as much respect to an expert gentleman who could blow about a piece of paper, which he called a butterfly, in a very dexterous manner, as to a Prince of the land. We think the matter of Japanese receptions &c., was rather overdone, and we hope that in future we will learn to go about these matters in rather a more quiet and business-like manner. That a very lengthy disruption of social relations between Japan and the Western nations will occur, we do not believe, but we do think that the march of civilization we have heard so much about of late, will be made in future at a little slower, but considerably surer rate of progress than we have been led to think was the case in the past.

DINNER TO GEO. S. BARNUM.

On Saturday evening, 6th inst., the majority of the press of Montreal met at the Terrapin to testify their respect for Mr. George S. Barnum, for the past three years connected with the Gazette, and who was about leaving the city—and we regret to add, the profession—by tendering him 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; after which the Chairman, promising that he would omit all of the toasts 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 Chairman then rose and said that it was with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that he

proposed "Our Guest, Mr. Geo. S. Barnum,"—pleasure because he felt that he was offering a deserved compliment to an able journalist, and regret that the occasion was the departure of Mr. Barnum for another sphere of life. During 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 fill, 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 hand-shaking 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 Lesperance, favourably known to the readers of this column 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. Barnum, 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 profomment 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 personally, 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 TEAPOT.

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 unnecessary little panic of a peculiar nature was enacted here, which was almost farcical from its being totally uncalled for and unjustifiable by facts. On Monday, the 7th inst., a "run" 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 panic 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 fifteen 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 notice, would be refused in a manner to them incomprehensible. This has doubtless assisted, if it has not caused the confusion in the minds of depositors. Another theory is that on Saturday a French Canadian, 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 they got it. Nobody seemed to know what the scare was about, and it was rather amusing on Wednesday and Thursday to notice the same persons who had been most anxious 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 deposits—in one case we were informed as much as \$16,000—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 reputation instead of damaging it.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In the sixteenth century, there were no post-offices in England. Government carriers were the only bearers of letters, except the common carriers, whose principal business was the conveyance of parcels. These carriers were under martial law, and in the time of Henry VIII., were subject to the penalty of hanging for delay upon the road with their despatches. The letters of those days were consequently sometimes ornamented with a cheerful sketch of a gallows with a courier thereon suspended. Underneath 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 indorsed on the government despatches the day and hour of their arrival in transit. A letter despatched from Plymouth to London in 1523, "For His Majesty's special service," contained the following particulars: 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 was two miles and even less. From the penalty attached to slow riding or halting came the proverbial saying of "riding for your life," which saying is usually supposed to refer to flying from an enemy. From the taking of private letters by the bearers of government despatches arose the wonderful convenience of the modern postal service. It was from this circumstance that the transmission of the mails has come 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 increased, were more valued and improved, and the advance of civilization 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 Panola, Miss., who treated religion with more levity than solemnity, and who went fishing on Sunday. Being remonstrated with, some weeks ago, he replied irreverently that he would go the next Sunday morning, "before God gets up, and catch a nice string of fish." Accordingly, on the following Saturday morning, he repaired to the banks of the river, and fished very early, and threw his baited hook and line into the river. Scarcely had he done so when there was a violent tugging at his hook, and a counter pull from the shore brought to the surface of the water a huge hilly-bone, which found voice to say: "You small run in here fishing all the days of your life, till God gets up, and then disappears. Since that time all efforts to drag the unfortunate fisherman from the bank of the river have proved unavailing. It is evident that he labors under a strange hallucination, but he insists it is the judgment of the Almighty, and that he must continue angling in that spot until he receives absolution from his offended Maker.

HEAVENS! Let all Indians who wear deceitful locks read what The British Medical Journal tells us about false hair! There is a M. Lindemann who has given his mind to this subject, and who announces that every hair in a false plant ends with a nodosity; each nodosity contains fifty "porosperms" and each porosperm throws off minute spheres which become "pseudo-nucleoli." But this is by no means the end of a bad matter. The pseudo-nucleoli in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, all with the spurious tondells, amount to 45,000,000, when, 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?

RUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses, lest the sun should strike down some of your best and longest standing names, and some of the dusty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin 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 begun 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 in the streets of Paris in spite of all the precautions taken by the police to prevent these dangerous articles from being offered to the public. The cigars in question appear genuine to the person who has examined 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 severely 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 drunk all the time, and has tried to hang himself once; and upon the whole, it is the general opinion of his friends that a biak would have been the greater blessing.

ECONOMY IN WEALTH. A well regulated Newmark family ate hash for breakfast last year, and sixty-two different styles last year, and the mother is, in consequence, enabled to blow her nose on a ninety-dollar lace handkerchief.

A CALCULATING machine has just been invented 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 3,456 in two minutes.

AN EDITOR IN ARKANSAS says: "If we have offended 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 Connetton, 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 9,323 every second.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—A man named Robinson, an engineer, cut his throat in Valleyfield on 4th inst. He has since died. The police have returned from London and report that the statement that a notorious murder was committed there cannot be substantiated. The Quebec Legislature 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 over the new bridge at Trois Pistoles on Monday. The cars were freighted with rails for the road below that point.—At four o'clock on the morning of 8th inst.—an alarm of fire was given, when the large saw mills, known as the Huntertown Mills, at Huntertown, Q., belonging to an American company, were discovered in flames. The mill was totally destroyed, loss \$100,000.—Mr. Francis Giles is undertaking the job for the nation of a company in London to work the iron ore at East River. Ten tons of iron ore are to be shipped to England, where it is to be thoroughly and practically tested. A terrible disease has made its appearance among horses in Toronto. The stables afflicted are those of John

Sheldon & Co., G. T. Railway carter, 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 choking the animal.—The work on the North Shore Railway is now being pushed on with vigour, the upward of 100 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 last amounted to \$293,542, against \$277,273 corresponding month last year.—Cases of small pox have appeared at Pomquet, Antigonish Co. The local authorities have adopted all necessary precautions to prevent a spread of the disease. The case of the disease was contracted in Boston.—The Supreme Court at Charlottetown has returned a verdict of \$20,000 against the P. E. I. Government. The manager of the Worrell estate was the plaintiff. The case had been 17 years in dispute.—Statement of revenue and expenditure of the Dominion of Canada for the month ended 30th September, 1872:—

Table with columns: RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURE, and TOTAL. RECEIPTS: Customs \$1,160,402, Excise 371,387, Post Office 43,592, Inland Revenue, including Railways 131,344, Bill Stamp 1,000, Miscellaneous 40,581. TOTAL: \$1,748,567. EXPENDITURE: \$1,322,772.

UNITED STATES.—The President stated lately that in his annual message he should recommend to Congress an appropriation to send a delegation of skilled laborers, to be selected by the various labor organizations of this country, to the Vienna Exposition next year, to carry out the new and improved arts in Europe and report upon them to this country.—Pennsylvania and Ohio have gone Republican.—Charles O'Connor publishes a strong article in the Freeman, London, entitled "Mark Train had a brilliant reception a few nights since by the Savage Club. Forty artists and literary lights were present. A riot occurred about one o'clock on the morning of 7th inst., on the corner of Fifth st. out at Broadway, Cincinnati, between a Fourth Ward Greeley torch-light procession and colored people, in which from fifty to seventy-five shots were fired and several persons wounded, but none so far as heard of, killed. The assault was effected by eye-witnesses, are very conflicting. A meeting of directors and stockholders of the Andes Insurance Co., was held at Cincinnati, on 4th inst., in which stock to the amount of \$100,000 was reported. The directors regarded the action of Superintendent Church in suspending a function of the company last month as without warrant of law, but have decided not to take action to that effect until the annual meeting next January. The directors reported a deficit of \$22,000 in excess liabilities over assets and stock all gone. They resolved to postpone further assessments until the January meeting. A Washington special says that the State department has advised from the North Western Boundary Commission, which stated that little progress has been made in locating the dividing parallel. The expedition will soon return to the United States for winter quarters.—Mr. J. T. Cooke, the British Vice-consul at St. Louis, Mo., has been engaged for some time past in taking statements and depositions of British subjects who lay claims against the United States for damages of various kinds during the war. The principal one is that of Mr. J. M. P. Nolan, an Irishman, who was imprisoned in two or three military prisons in all about \$40,000, and who has a son \$10,000.—At noon on 3d inst., the Chicago Board of Trade took formal possession of their new hall in the magnificent building of the Chamber of Commerce, completed on the 2d inst., after a long and great confederation.—The 9th inst. was the anniversary of the great fire in Chicago and many people celebrated it by removal to new quarters in the rebuilt portion of the city.

ENGLAND.—The death is announced of the Duchess of Holnholte Langensborg, the Queen's sister, at Baden Baden, Baden, where she has caused the deepest and profoundest grief and sorrow. Her Sorore Highness the Princess Holnholte Langensborg was the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with Ernest Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and was born on the 7th of December, 1804. Her Sorore Highness married in 1827 the Duke of Holnholte Langensborg, who died in 1850. The Princess was a most accomplished, intelligent and kind lady, universally loved by all who knew her.—The Queen of Holland is about to visit England.—A serious violence is rife in the county of Mayo, Ireland, and in the vicinity of the violence many persons have been shot at, and several outrages have been committed, but in all cases the perpetrators have escaped detection.—Mr. Isaac Butt, the well-known Home Secretary of Parliament for Ireland, delivered a lecture on 5th inst., in the theatre of that city. He advocated a Federal union, but was moderate in his demands for Ireland. He referred to the public depositions of Lord Harrington, Russell, and Montagu, as favorable to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and advised the return of Home Rule members of Parliament, and closed with the declaration that if their demands were rejected they would act, but at present they would not be in a position to do so.

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 miners in that country.—By the accident of flooding of a coal mine near Wrotham, Wales, 600 miners were thrown out of employment.—Birmingham has made a contract with the Prussian Government to furnish 50,000 rifles of the type of the Prussian Eighteen of the coal masters of South Wales have resolved to close their work shortly, pending a reduction of the wages of their employees.—A Cabinet meeting was held on this week by Mr. Gladstone will probably discuss the subject of raising the price of coal.—The Colliery Explosion at Morley, England, on Monday last, resulted disastrously, 40 miners being known to have been killed.

SPAIN.—A special from Madrid to the Noir says: Last evening while His Majesty King Amadeus was walking in the Plaza del Oriente, he was surrounded by a concealed band of assassins, threw several large stones at him, crying at the same time, "Viva la Republica." The desperadoes took flight immediately upon committing the deed, and were pursued by numbers of policemen, but succeeded in escaping their escape. The King was not hurt. The occurrence caused great excitement in Madrid.—The Congress, by vote, 371 against 37, has refused to consider an amendment offered by the Senate, which directed to address the King, asking for the emancipation of slaves.—The Government has determined to send 10,000 men, to reinforce the army in Cuba.—A report that the Spanish Government had agreed to submit to a council of European powers its claims against the United States for damages inflicted by filibustering expeditions to Cuba is pronounced untrue.

FRANCE.—The correspondent of the London Times telegraphs that the Russian Ambassador in Paris has received a note from Foreign Affairs, in which the Emperor's Privy Council, withdrawing the congratulations which the Emperor had tendered to them, and expressing the dissatisfaction of Russia at the aggressive attitude of the Russian 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 Condoussin, a French artist, 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. I was.

GERMANY.—An official statement has been made as to the result of the election. It shows that the natives of the new German provinces of Slesaw and Lothringen 164,833 have declared in favour of retaining French citizenship. Of this number 83,500 declared that they would not be bound by the laws of France, and in addition to it 12,000 domiciled Frenchmen have left the provinces.—Five gambling saloons in well-known German watering places have been closed.—The remains of the late King Charles XV. have been brought to the capital from Malmo, and were buried beneath the Riddarholm Church. The funeral procession was long and imposing, and passed from the Royal Palace to the place of interment of Swedish Kings, through long lines of people, who were followed by a number of carriages. The respect felt by the population for their late monarch.

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.—Belgium.—A general strike of workmen in Brussels is imminent.

THE STORY.

I made a story long ago,
One summer day I read it through,
As dipping in the ocean low...

Max.

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

A Romance of the Affections.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

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

an assailant. In another moment they had
closed, and were wrestling with all their
strength.

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

could not look upon the events of the last
half-hour or so with any amount of satisfaction.

"Yes!" she answered, blushing deeply, and half
crying, half laughing as she spoke. "You're not
angry, are you?"



PERCY HARDWICKE PLACED HORS D'OEUVRE.

After they had proceeded some little distance,
however, the woman paused again, and said—

plied the landlady; "and I shall show him the
door, there?"

eyes towards the window, and was suddenly
transfixed by the sight which met his eyes.

"That about him?"
"Why hasn't he come?"
"I can't imagine."

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

CHAPTER V.

MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV.
AN UGLY FACE AT THE WINDOW.
Though it was certainly rather a late hour for
a village inn, when Mr. Percy Hardwicke made
his appeal to Joseph Miles, the "Blue Dragon"

But before Percy could make any reply—per-
haps not an unfortunate occurrence either, for
blows were pretty certain to have very quickly
followed such an unpromising dialogue—Miss
Phoebe appeared at the door, and called the
blacksmith by name.

There still remained a few short hours of
happiness!
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 overwhelm-
ing fury.

"I wonder what the great attraction was. How-
ever, any change cannot but be greedily snatched
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 enough for me
in home!"

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE SWEET MAGICIAN.

BY CALDER DUNN.

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

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

The cheery sunshine warms his hand,
And from his lips the summer's story
Comes sweetly, like a love-song said
In love's young glory.

The leafless trees at his command,
Uttered in language warm and tender,
Put on their May-time garb and stand
In their full splendor.

The robin sings, the ransomed fills
The throat to the tropical temptation,
And all the air sweet music fills
With inspiration.

I see the violet rise
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 sonorous,
But softly comes from pine-groves blown,
The South wind's chorus.

There is a hush in every tree
Wherein the mystic presence lingers:
Its chords are swept most rapturously
By unseen fingers.

I hear the notes the harp-strings yield,
I hear, and my heart rejoices,
For earth's loudest when filled
With June's sweet voices.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

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

"Millyingatros, I guess," said Hilly. Then, in a confidential growl, "If I was a millying-atro you wouldn't catch me sitting here shining boots a Sunday afternoon. I'd be out on a spree somewhere."

"Me neither," said Jack. "I've a mind to shy some null."

Unconscious of these remarks, the two young men who had occasioned their hurried on toward the ferry-boat. They were not exactly millionaires, but considering the usual small 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." Silver-gray hats, coats of the latest cut, trousers with the most wonderful flare at the ankle, gloves such as a belle might wear in a ball-room, boots that needed no "shining," studs that, for all any one but a jeweller could tell, were *bona fide* diamonds.

In that guise they started for Maple Hill, the place of their birth, whence they had down years before, two little orphan boys as helpless and innocent as new-fledged birds, to occupy the fine and lucrative 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 you going this afternoon, Charlie?"

"To Aunt Dixon's," said Charlie, 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. 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 can'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; 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, 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 marry a girl I didn't love. But it's not only Dolly 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 waifs with no one to care for us, when our parents were dead. When the funeral 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 aunt, 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 folks. Don't suppose they own anything more than that little brown house and vegetable garden. It looks like Adam's, in his long-tailed coat and straight stove-pipe hat; and they haven't even the sense to dress their granddaughter in style. How Mrs. Fairweather comes to be the old man's sister I can't imagine. However, she went to Europe with her husband, and has seen the best society and all that. There, don't look so solemn. Aunt 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.

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 waddling lady a poor little lame, half-fledged, desolate orphan duck, supremely hideous and pitiable, 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 old Uncle Dixon, with his watering pot.

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

"Always feel as if one of my own boys was coming when I see you," said Aunt 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 grape-vines is so cool and green, and the breeze chirps a body up like."

And Charlie sat in the big rocker; and the three chairs swayed back and forth in true

Yankee style; and they all looked down at the interesting invalid in the old hat, and talked about him.

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

After a while, a personage in a large apron stuck her head out of the window, and said: "You;" paused, and added, "Missy me! how splendidous you do look, Mister Charles! Put on yer hat, and let me see you all fixed."

It was Hannah the "help." Call her *servant*, and she would take French leave. And Charlie put on his hat, and "blushed to be admired."

Then they had a country tea of home-made bread, pot-cheese and strawberries, in such profusion that Charlie could not help remembering the tiny preserve platelets 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 avoiding the idea that she took her money by herself, and yet sustaining the fact, unretreated off and left the quartette uninter-rupted.

Oh, how nice it was afterward, when Aunt Dixon, amiable soul, went up stairs for some-thing, and Uncle Dixon went to sleep on the old settee, and Dolly, out in the shadow of the porch, nestled closer to him, obeying the impetus of his entwining arm. They sat quite still.

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 hair, and she looked up at the moon, as if giving him such a look as the invalid duck had not had all the afternoon.

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

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

Meanwhile, at "the Grove," the black waiter had retired, and Ida and mamma were enter-taining the rich elderly clergyman, Mr. Mayonnat-re. And Ned and Angelina were alone.

"You really look charmingly to-night, Miss Angelina," said Ned.

"Only tonight?" said Angelina. "That's a poor compliment."

"You know what I think about that," said Ned.

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

"Want me to tell you?"

"If you like."

"You always look just as if I want my wife to look."

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

"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 wonder what his salary is. He dresses well. I'm five-and-twenty. Mr. Mayonnatre can't see Ida. I'm sure of that, at least. 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 handsome, and so would do her credit.

"Have you thought?" asked Ned.

"Am I to blow my brains out?"

"No."

"I'll like to kiss you."

"But you can't." Mr. Mayonnatre 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 pitied the other sincerely.

Time wore on. Ned saved enough to rent 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 so thickly, and to darken the eyebrows quite so much.

Ned had the best dressed lady in the boxes with him, however; that made up for the very nasty tasting kiss he gave her cheek at parting.

Charlie had begun to save, and had abandoned kid gloves and cigars, and was fighting for promotion. He did all he could to please Dolly, and made her many simple little presents which she loved for his sake. They were to be 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 serious attack of her heart disease, and Angelina had hinted that it had better be soon, or they might have 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. Mayonnatre was to marry Ida on the same evening.

Charlie came to the wedding, and of course Aunt and Uncle Dixon and Dolly; but two fashion-able girls were bride-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 now. It might even have been turned.

"Poor soul!" it was the last time she sneered at anything on earth. She died that 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 all that.

The poor lady's funeral was over. Ned and, if truth were told, Mr. Mayonnatre also, were growing a little anxious about the reading of the will. And when a few days had passed, and the dress-maker and half-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 would not be in any haste to pay for large bills that must be paid, but that of course the ladies had men-tioned that little account, matters grew more serious. Rev. Mr. Mayonnatre settled his Ida's bills. But what was Ned to do? He could only make fair promises and wait.

Meanwhile Uncle Dixon talked the matter over with his wife before Charlie and Dolly.

"I'm glad the girls is settled," said he.

"It's good to think of," said Aunt. "Hus-bands to cherish and purrct'om, seem't they haven't a cent."

"I thought that Mrs. Fairweather was a 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 granddather'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 here, and we love the place, and seem't 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 her; and we won't say nothin', seem't it's the family," says she; 'but I'll jest make a will, and give the Grove and them four-teen 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 extravagant, they say, and got in debt. I paid a bill or two myself. And if the gals wasn't set-

led, they'd miss their fine style, I reckon. As it is poor Ned 'll have his hands full!"

"Why, grandpa, you never told me the Grove was yours," said Dolly.

"No," said the old gentleman. "You see, your grandpa says, 'Don't post up about the country that Dolly is an heiress; jest let her be courted for love, and then she'll be married happy.' So you see, Charlie, you've got more'n you expected with your wife, and grandpa says she'll hand it over when you are married, seem't poor Tilly 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, Charlie feels a sort of... and plies his brother very much when his wife snaps at him, and the home quarrel shows their sharp edges through the silk company coverings, for he knows that, falling to win the Grove and the little fortune, poor Ned lost all that he married for.

CURIOS FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN ATHENS.

Long before a funeral procession comes in sight, the ear catches the low monotonous chant of the priests, who are preceded by boys in white robes bearing the crucifix 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 diamond cross, is carried before the procession. The body is dressed in the customary clothes of the deceased, the head slightly elevated, and the hands folded up in front of a panel picture of the Virgin set up in front of it. In a female, the cheeks and lips are painted vermilion, in-tended to reproduce a natural expression, but which gives to the corpse an artificial and ghastly look. Even to one accustomed to 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 pomp and circumstance 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 of a Greek funeral; 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 and 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 has a dozen mourners, representing the little household, bear between them the coffin, which is composed of the cheapest material and cov-ered with white muslin. When a person of distinguished position dies, the funeral pro-cession becomes an imposing spectacle, with the bishops and priests in their gorgeous sacerdotal 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 seated in a bishop's chair, elevated above the people, and was clothed in his canonical robes, with mitre on head and the crozier in his right hand. A cloth around the forehead 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 smiling, for the last time, the people among whom he had exercised his holy office for over three-score 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 decease. This is very shocking to foreign ideas; but the custom has been so long established with little less than the law requires. Indeed, the feeling is, that the sooner the painful duty is over, and the house freed from the distressing spectacle of a corpse, the sooner will the minds of the mourn-ers 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 gentle-man 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 neighbor, and on going to fulfil it, met his dead body coming down the door-step. I was disap-pointed one evening at the bedside of a distinguished American Missionary, who was descending to me his peculiar malady, and the next afternoon I saw him laid in the Protestant Cemetery. The modern Greek may well exclaim with the ancient Greek:

"Who knows what fortunes on to-morrow wait. Since Charms one day well as an emperor, And on the next was mournfully interred!"

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 furni-ture, from piano to footstool, draped in black, and even a small streamer of crape attached to the key of the tobacco-box.—From "Modern Athens," by Charles K. Tucker, in *Serbia'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 con-sulting 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 fre-quently been introduced, and as frequently dis-continued. Alexander the Great, before an en-gagement, commanded Parmenio to have all 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. Ha-rold's spies reported that William the Con-queror's army was composed not of soldiers but of priests. After the Conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and in order to make a distinction between them, orders were given that the En-glish 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 shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men wore forked beards, as Chaucer de-scribes the merchants: "A merchant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV., wore a beard, but Henry VI., and Edward VI., all shaved. Henry VIII. shaved until he heard that Francis I., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his to grow. 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 ecclesiasticals through France were compelled to shave or pay a large sum. The 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, son 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 of Clermont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral, but to his dis-may he found three dignitaries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with razors, scissors, and the statues of the church in their hands. He argued without avail, and to save his beard he fled 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 felt 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. Attend-ing that development, Duluth is already a hand-some 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 uploster the vast amphitheatre of hills enclosing it. There are churches and schools, and four thousand inhabi-tants. To see a ball in the enormous parlor of the Clark House, you would not think yourself very far outside the limits of civilization. Ladies in dresses brought from New York pre-sent the Dip brought from Boston, under the conduct of gentlemen who, it is true, wear mous-taches at their offices through the winter, but who now appear in correct pumps and pen-ny-rib 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 apoth-ecary, the lawyer, the grocer, the tailor, the haberdasher's. Down at the harbor the scene is lively with steamers, with passing trains, and boats loading up under the rushing catarnet 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 Pine Point. There live the re-mnants of the town, including the savages in their tomahawk and moccasins. They sail over the lake in their delicate bark gondolas; they come up at night to grieve through the windows of the Clark House, while Strauss's music is playing tenderly inside, and the happy dancers insult them with the spectacle of a softer civilization. The re-luctant blaze 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 scriptural text launched 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 runs the Yellowstone River in Montana, and sell at a price removed one decimal to the right—this would be no un-plesant 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 am-phytheatre of land around the bay burst upon his vision, the capitalist threw up his hands. "The finest spot for a city on the face of the globe!" he said.

The telegraphic action of the capitalist's arms was observed far and wide, and in our infor-mant's words, "sent up corner-lots sixty per cent.—From an article entitled FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO GREAT SEAS, in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF EDINBURGH.

It is hardly possible for a city to be prettier than Edinburgh. The old town is huddled and picturesque and original, with its Tolbooth and Cowgate 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 the 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 Crags, overlooking the Frith of Forth. The suburbs are on the sea, and the brow fish-wives in striped kilts walk about the streets with men in kilts and plaid. Scottish history is full of spirit and romance, and yet one may say it was created by Sir Walter Scott. If we wan-dered round Edinburgh Castle, recalling its noc-turnal surprises, and gazed at the regent Murray's house as we passed, and felt a thrill when we suddenly found ourselves standing on the "Heart of Midlothian" cut in the pavement, or nearly broke our necks to see the Pass of Killcraikie and the church where Claver-house lies, and stood over the ruins of Linlith-gow, where James V., the unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, died of a broken heart,—to whom did we owe these vivid impressions 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 lays with which our childish fancy rang long before the time had come for history or romance? Bruce, Mary Stuart, and Charles Edward are almost the only figures which would stand out clear for themselves in our mind. Scott has given life and reality to the whole *Arminian* person-ages of his country's story, and made their names 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 kindest human soul, he deserves the highest pedestal of the patriot, the man to whom his country owes a great debt of gra-titude and reverence.—From A SUMMER IN-TWINKLE THE FOUR BEARS, by Mrs. Sarah E. Wa-ter, in the October number of *Lippincott's Maga-zine*.

AN IMMENSE COOKERY.

THE NEW YORK PIE BAKING COMPANY—A GIANTIC ENTERPRISE.

The uninitiated would scarcely conjecture that pie 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 matter fact. Several of the most exten-sive 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 be conducted.

In 1838 the first delivery of pies in wagons was made. Mrs. Ketchum established the first route, and baked from 500 to 700 pies daily. Since that time to the present the amount has increased to 150,000 daily, of which the New York Pie Baking Company are making 15,000 pies, 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. Fox and Austin Fox), some of whom first began their labors on a comparatively insignificant scale, and by dint of hard labour and honesty 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 hind-rances heretofore existing. That the objects of the consolidation have 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 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 com-pany are William Thompson, President; John Kohler, Vice-President; William Lusche, Treas-urer; and William S. Hartshorn, Secretary. The buildings are constructed of brick, and are admirably arranged for the purpose intended. They are three-stories high, with basement, forming the latter a fine, occupying four full lots twenty-five by one hundred feet, making a total of one hundred and fifty feet of frontage. The office is located on the second floor of No. 82 Sullivan street. The first or ground floor is used as a retail department. In the rear is located the bakery, storerooms, ice-house, wagon sheds, etc. In the basement are affixed the ovens, ten in number, measuring ten by twelve feet, where also is in operation a new rotary device, which alone will bake nine hundred pies per hour. The first floor above is appropriated to the en-gine, boiler and delivery rooms. The second floor is the pastry department, where the mix-ing of the dough is done, and third floor is given to the preparation of fruit, etc. This floor is stationed in a long range capable of holding 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 hoist and lower the pies and material of which they are composed.

The weekly consumption of material is 150 tons of flour, 42,000 pounds of sugar, 5,000 pounds of fat, 500 barrels apples, 60,000 pounds pump-kins and squashes, 60,000 eggs, 500 bushels bor-ers in their season, 800 pounds beef for mince, 1,500 pounds cornmeal, 100 boxes lemons, and sizes vegetables. They also have in constant use about 150,000 pie-plates, and give employ-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 pos-tions which they now fill none are better quali-fied, inasmuch as they all know the wants of their patrons, and their previous experience has gained for them the highest reputation as thor-oughly efficient, conscientious and straightfor-ward business men.

SHIELLAC.—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 branches of various species of the fig or banyan 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 fly about in immense swarms, parasitizing 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 stick-lac is broken up, and coloring matter re-moved by warm water, it assumes the form of small grains, and hence is called seed-lac. It is sometimes melted into cakes, and is then called lump-lac. But more commonly it is prepared for market by putting the seed-lac into fine linen bags and slowly heating them, and then strain-ing and wringing out the 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 shellac which owes its origin to the insects, 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 crimson of the ancients are supposed to have been from this source. The dyes of Brussels and Holland, whose red colors have always been remarkable for their durability, use this material. Before the discovery of cochineal this lac coloring matter was in uni-versal demand, but now that other red dyes have been discovered, its use is considerably diminished. The best specimens of shellac are brought from Siam and Assam. An inferior sort comes from Bengal. It is said that the cap-acity of these 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 Sho-shonee remedy claims to be purely vegetable. It claims to contain greater curing and healing prop-erties than any other Remedy or Compound ever dis-covered. It claims to have performed more radical Permanent and Astonishing Cures where it has been used than all other Remedies or Compounds com-bined. It claims to be used by regular physicians, and to have been supplied 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 energy from the First and Sec-ond Stages of Irregularity and Consumption to Perfect Health etc., etc., and to you we say Try it.

ATROPHY ARRESTED.—FOLLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—Wasting of the tissues of the body is arrested by the use of Follow's Compound. The nerves regain their power by using Follow's Com-pound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

ATROPHY ARRESTED.—FOLLOW'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—Wasting of the tissues of the body is arrested by the use of Follow's Com-pound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

ONLY A KISS.

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

"But I had Job; and you have your mother
and sister, Milly."
At that she burst into tears, and put her hand
down on my knee.

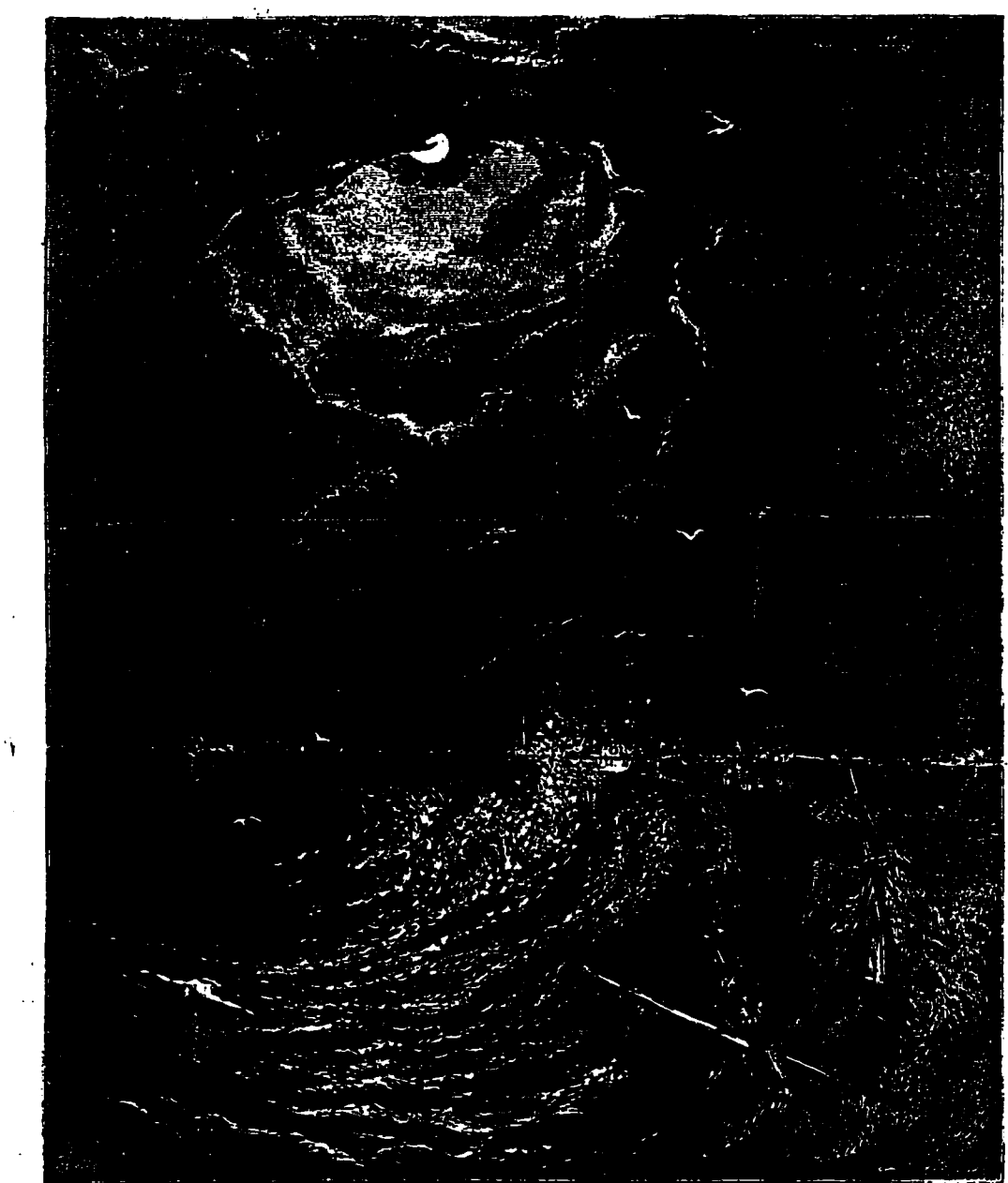
In finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splen-
did. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store,
and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off,
won't you?"

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 of-
fences and misdemeanours which a person of
moderate enterprise and activity might easily
commit in a very short space of time.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10.

Read what an honest Quaker says:
WESCHERSBERG, Pa., 7th month, 10th, 1872.
RESPECTED FRIEND:
We value the little Ten-Dollar Sewing Machine
highly. Notwithstanding my wife is a very delicate
woman, she has recently, without apparent fatigue,
made for me by its aid a whole suit of French habit
cloth; also another light summer coat, besides many
other garments. Her physician forbids a treadle
machine to be brought into the house. We esteem
the Beckwith Sewing Machine as a great boon, and
if we could not procure another we would not know
what pecuniary value to attach to it.



THE SHIPWRECK.

word about her changing her mind; but for
all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of
maze.
"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as
that! Old as he was, could she fall to see the
honour?"
But when I told Job, says he:
"Jerusalem! I a young, pretty girl like Milly!
Why don't he go after some widdler, or an old-
ish gal! They just suited each other."
I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kin-
caid would have things that Milly More could
never dream of: silk dresses and velvet cloaks,
jewelry, and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, a
silver ice-pitcher 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 I liked one bit; and I didn't
wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Three months ago—poor stupid!—I had em-
pied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there
it was.
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 fear that
letter open on the spot and read it, though I
knew the hand was Will Masset's.
"Thi can't wait," says I.
"No," says Job, "it can't, with that wedding
coming off to-morrow."
Then I stopped and thought. Let it be until
it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kin-
caid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine
house and her carriage, all the same. This comes
from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than
when he went away.
"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is
over Job," said I.
And my old man came across the room and
put his arm about my waist.
"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young
folks once. I used to think something was bet-
ter than money and fine things then. And though
we 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 sycamore; and—Nancy, we couldn't
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
over to Mrs. More's.
Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the
door with my letter behind my back.
"Won't you walk in?" says Mrs. More.
"I—I haven't time," says I. "It's only an
errand. It's a little singular. Milly, there's a
—"

entered; there were only 21,948 in which a
jury was required. The sum for which the
plaints were entered amounted to £46,208,054,
and the sums (exclusive of costs) for which
judgment was obtained amounted to £23,448,
402. The court fees amounted to £8,851,000.
Upwards of 900,000 plaintiffs are now entered in
the County Courts every year, the claims ex-
ceeding in the whole above 21 millions sterling;
and, after many causes have been settled out
of court, judgment is given in above half a mil-
lion and for about 21,300,000. The County
Court Judges sit at 500 towns, and hold court
above 8,000 times a year.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

It is a well-established truth, that labor con-
quers 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 ef-
forts will be crowned with success. Inventive
mind, by the aid and application of labor,
wins for himself a name that will always be
honored, respected and remembered by his fel-
low-citizens.
It has been truly said, that no excellence is
obtained without labor. Few persons conversant
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 do
we see issuing from the walls of the same col-
lege, many, 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 mediocrity; yet you
shall see the one sinking and perishing in pov-
erty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on
the other hand, you shall observe the latter toiling
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
country.
Now whose work is this? Manifestly our own.
We are the architects of our own fortune. Every
one has the power of making himself respected,
if he will but go to work and try to win a pos-
ition 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.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

I'm Aunty Gunter. Job Gunter is my hus-
band. We keep the Anchor Port post-office and
a store, and sell groceries and garden stuff, calico,
shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our
line, when anybody asks for 'em.
When a ship comes in, and the sailors 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 nicely, 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 last 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
same.
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 mix-
ed 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 some-
times we have to read them for the folks, Job
and I, and so we got to know something of their
lives.
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 apron-
ful; and I knew where the packages of candy
that he brought were to go. And I used to keep
Job from fishing down in Fullman'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 sailed. Mrs.
Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on
the shore. Twenty women from the Port and
five from the Hill were there to see her set
sail.
It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was
to be a long one.
It was under the old sycamore that Will took
Milly to his breast.
"Don't fret, darling!" 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 Port to tell how Captain Raw-
don and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in
a most awful storm.
Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs.
Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about
it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-
eight, and as handsome, with his white hair
and red cheeks, as a picture.
That was twelve months ago, the night I
went into the store to sort things out, as I al-
ways did Saturday nights. Through the week
Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in
my tea boxes, candles 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 tidled up. I found half the last mail in
a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground-
coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.
"Gunter up your lot!" Job said. "What
possesses you?"
And he laughed, and poked 'em up. "And I
made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar
box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it
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 finest
sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I
had a little cut and powdered by me, in case
Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minis-
ter's lady should send in; and I took the paper
up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring
it 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?
Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he
couldn't die? I don't feel so if he could.
Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."
"My pot," says I, "it's a year ago that the
Golden Dove 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; and 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
can't."
"When baby died—the only one we ever had
—I thought I never should believe it," said I.

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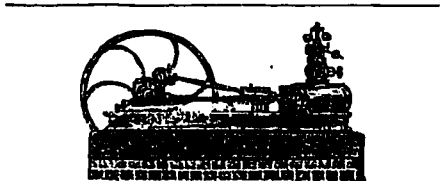
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