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MORNING

VOL. II.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS,
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. C.

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

RAOUL HAPPILY DISPLAYS HIS HORSEMANSHIP.

On returning to the Stag's Head, Raoul retired to his room, and wrote the following letter:

"MONSIEUR SIBILLOT.—You have been so good as to promise me your protection should I ever find myself in an embarrassing position. The moment has come to hold you to your promise. I must have an audience of the king to-morrow, without fail. A day's delay may cost me my life.

"Present, I beg, my most humble and respectful homage to your beautiful, gentle, and virtuous demoiselle, Catherine.—Your most devoted servant.

"SFORZI."

After having hastily written these lines, Raoul was preparing to carry his letter to the Louvre, when De Maurevert, who had placed himself as a sentinel on the door-step, stopped him.

"Dear friend," demanded the adventurer, "is it your intention to ride forth again?"

"No; I am going on a very pressing errand."

"Well, whether you are going one yard or a mile matters little; from the moment you set foot out of doors it is all one. Be good enough, dear companion, to wait a moment."

"What am I to wait for, captain? I repeat that I am in a hurry."

"My dear Raoul!—Do you take me for a man who, without rhyme or reason, would spend nearly fifty livres a day? Allow you to go abroad alone, when I am keeping at great cost a troop of fifteen brave fellows! Not a bit of it! You shall not risk yourself any more. Wherever you go, you shall be well guarded."

"But, captain,—"

"I will allow no discussion. Hallo, my valiants—to horse! The Seigneur Sforzi has need of your services."

At the voice of the captain, the fifteen scoundrels in his pay rushed, some from their sleeping-rooms, some from the kitchens and out-houses of the hostelry.

"I must find a trumpeter to sound the 'boot and saddle,'" murmured De Maurevert. "These shoutings are altogether irregular and calculated to destroy discipline. Very well! very well, my brave fellows!—you fall into this line in a manner that wins my approval. Raoul, if my company will not in any way derange your projects, will you allow me to place myself at the head of the escort?"

"Really, captain, I know not whether I ought to thank or quarrel with you," said Raoul, in a tone half in jest, half serious. "I will to-day accept the strange company you impose on me; but I warn you that, from to-morrow, I intend to return to my full liberty."

"You count without your host, Raoul. So long as you are in danger, I shall—whether you like it or not—have you followed by my brave fellows. You may swear and storm as much a

you please; I care not. You complain!—Do you know that there are many gentlemen of high birth, who would give ten years of their lives, to have such a respectable and handsome accompaniment! Fifteen valiant swords, commanded by the brave and gallant Captain de Maurevert in person. *Tudieu!*—a princely luxury! Come, all is ready. By the by, where are you going?"

"To the Louvre, captain."

"Very good, dear companion; your answer pleases me much."

Three-quarters of an hour later Sforzi passed through the gate of the Louvre, situate on the quay, and entered the courtyard of the royal residence.

"Companions," said De Maurevert to his brave fellows, as he called them, shortly before reaching the palace, "just make your horses prance and curvet presently, to show that they do justice to their oats."

This direction was altogether to the taste of the scoundrelly band, and was executed with so much spirit and effect that the windows of the palace were speedily filled with spectators, the cavalcade being taken for the escort of a prince at least.

Raoul, as much embarrassed as vexed by this curiosity, hastened to dismount, and accosted a guard at the door:

"Monsieur," he said, "will have the goodness to cause this letter to be delivered secretly to its address. It concerns the preparation of a diversion and surprise for his majesty."

"With pleasure, seigneur," replied the guard, politely.

Desiring to escape the general attention, Sforzi promptly remounted; but a retreat so precipitate was not what De Maurevert desired. Seeing a group of gentlemen of his acquaintance, the captain instantly took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to delay his departure.

He dismounted and went over to the party.

Sforzi, red with anger and impatience, shook the bridle of his horse roughly, and made him rear and plunge. He was what is called a perfect horseman. The struggle once commenced between him and his horse—a fiery and ill-tempered brute—he altogether forgot where he was. Fearing that the enraged animal might take the bit between his teeth and bolt, the guards and idlers who filled the courtyard fled on all sides; but, soon reassured by the skill and easy address of the chevalier, they returned and formed a close circle about him.

It was within a space about thirty feet square, which naturally augmented the difficulty of his task, that Raoul had to overcome his steed. Twenty times the impetuous beast tried to spring over the living barrier which enclosed it: twenty times, with iron grasp and legs of steel, the young man checked it in the act of springing. At length, covered with foam, with bleeding flanks and snorting nostrils, the animal trembled in all its limbs, bowed its head, and recognizing the superior power of its master, remained motionless, obedient, vanquished. Loud applause rose on all sides; for at this time the hippic art was held in the highest esteem in France.

Success—however poor the scene on which it has been realized—possesses the gift of gaining spontaneous and unlooked-for friendships. Ten gentlemen, of whose names Raoul was ignorant, whom he had never set eyes on before, addressed him after his victory.

"*Morbleu!*" said De Maurevert, pushing his way through the crowd, "if you were intimate with Monsieur le Chevalier, you would not think of complimenting him on so small a matter. I have a hundred times seen him mount an unbroken steed which had never before felt the contact of a man, and ride on it through the most populous streets of Paris. I pledge my



"GET UP, BELOVED AND ILLUSTRIOUS COUSIN!"

word that for riding and fencing, Monsieur le Chevalier de Sforzi has not his equal."

For bringing him into notice in this manner, Raoul inwardly anathematized his companion, and darted at him a look of reproach. De Maurevert, however, appeared to be utterly unconscious of the young man's ill-humor, and replied with the most amiable smile.

The name of Sforzi, so artfully thrown into the ears of the crowd, produced an extraordinary effect. Several of those who were nearest to Raoul moved quickly away from him; others, on the contrary, who had been at a distance, pressed forward towards him warmly. The first feared to compromise themselves with the Duc d'Epemon; the second, with that keen insight given by the habit of intrigue, already speculated on the future credit and power of this young man, who appeared to be so happily gifted with the qualities most pleasing to the king—beauty of face, grace of figure, courage, skill in violent exercise, suppleness, and agility of body.

Raoul's irritation, at seeing himself the centre of general observation, would certainly have changed into actual distress, had he perceived at one of the windows of the palace three heads turned towards him and examining him with the closest attention.

These three persons, half-concealed by heavy hangings of silk embroidered with gold, which, fastened to the ceiling, fell in massive folds to the floor, were his Majesty Henry III., and the Dukes de Joyeuse and D'Epemon. Not far from the king and his two *mignons* sat Maître Sibillot in a recess, tearing into small pieces a letter he had just finished reading.

The distress which the chevalier would have experienced if he had known himself to be the object of this august curiosity, would certainly have been still further augmented, had he been able to hear the conversation of the king and his favorites: the happiness of his entire life was suspended on a thread—his fate was in the balance!

Fortunately for him, Sforzi was wholly ignorant of this. He was able, therefore, to reply politely to the observations addressed to him by the courtiers, confident in his star, with protestations of devotion and friendship. De Maurevert, though he affected not to notice his companion, did not lose one of these gestures or words. The warm attention of which Sforzi was the object filled him with joy.

"By Mercury!" he said to himself, "my gentle Raoul certainly possesses that most precious and indescribable gift of attracting attention, and, at the same time, of preserving in the midst of a throng both his countenance and his individuality. To succeed at Court one needs to do something more than to put one's self forward. Whether one is thought well or ill of matters little; the all important, the essential point, is that one shall be talked about. I do not conceal from myself that it will be difficult for me to bend his character completely, to correct that fiery and unfortunate pride which leads him to exhibit so much foolish disinterestedness; but I count greatly on the power of corruption. Let him once dip his lips in the cup of favor, he will quickly lose all his old ways of feeling. He will cease to know that he drinks. He will confound good with evil, and

see in all things only his own advancement or profit!

"Let him only become completely perverted, and I predict for him the most splendid future, the most marvellous fortune that has been acquired at Court for any length of time! There is one sentiment, however, which I must take care to preserve in him in full activity—gratitude. If ever he becomes the favorite of Henry III., he will govern his majesty, and I, his friend, his confident, shall dominate him with all the power of a feigned humility and blind obedience. Who will be the true master of France? Ha! ha!—it will be the gallant Captain de Maurevert. By Plutus!—I will then, without quitting the calling of a soldier, occupy myself vigorously and judiciously with the administration of finances; I will at least double the income from taxes in a year, and that without making the populace cry out, or driving the tradesmen to rebellion against the king's government!

"The great thing is to know when to take. I will invent new wants, which will naturally lead to the creation of new taxes; I will strengthen the somewhat weakened authority of certain offices, so as to make them sell for a larger sum than they go for at present; in a word, I shall become, I feel, a national benefactor. But I am letting my imagination run away with me. Let me look at things as they are. In the first place, Raoul has been here long enough; I must get him away."

De Maurevert was going towards Sforzi, when suddenly there was a great movement among the crowd of guards, gentlemen, servants, and adventurers who filled the courtyard of the Louvre. Conversation dropped into low tones, and an expression of lively curiosity was marked on all countenances.

Presently the guards, French, Swiss and Scotch, ranged themselves in a double line, and an open carriage—grandly accompanied, according to the language of the time—entered the courtyard of the Louvre.

"Madame de Monpensier!" murmured De Maurevert. "S'death!—this is something like nudity. I admire it!"

The Princesse de Lorraine, as her carriage passed by Raoul, knit her brows, and, in a tone of equally mixed disdain and rallery, exclaimed:

"The first comer can find admission to the Louvre."

Though the duchess might have addressed these words to one of the noblemen of her suit, the fixed and significant look which she cast upon Raoul as she pronounced them, showed too clearly for any one to doubt that she intended them for the ear of the Chevalier.

At this insult, Sforzi thrilled with all but un-governable rage; but, thanks to an almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in stifling his agitation, and, turning towards De Maurevert, cried in a loud voice:

"Captain, do you not think that a simple gentleman devoted to his king is a hundred times worthier than a prince of suspected fidelity and doubtful loyalty?"

At this reply the gentlemen of the duchess's suit began to talk warmly among themselves, and assumed a threatening air. Raoul was about to aggravate his position by a still more violent outburst, when a gentleman in the royal service advanced towards him and bowed profoundly.

"Have I the honor of addressing the Chevalier Sforzi?" he inquired.

"The honor is mine, monsieur," replied Raoul. "Will you have the goodness to follow me?—the king has directed me to bring you into his presence."

Sforzi started, and De Maurevert rubbed his hands joyously, muttering to himself:

"Aha! that sets me on the road to the administration of finances!"

CHAPTER L.

THE PRICE OF THE SPANIEL PHŒBUS.

During the time the principal incidents above related were occurring in the courtyard of the Louvre, the king, contrary to his fixed custom of riding on horseback through the city of Paris, in company with the princes, lords, and gentlemen of his Court, every Tuesday, was engaged in his cabinet with the Duc de Joyeuse and d'Épernon, in the discussion of a topic even more urgent than that of the proceedings of Messieurs de Guise and the league at which they were at the head—money, and the means of raising it. His two chief *mignons* as they were called, to distinguish them from the ephemeral or inferior order of favorites, were helping his majesty with all their power to overcome the difficulties presented to him by the position of things.

"Sire," said d'Épernon, "you are wrong to allow the opposition of Parliament to incommode you. By the mass, what do we want with these gentlemen of the robe? You are king of France, therefore France belongs to you. If these babbling lawyers refuse to register the new money edicts you intend to present to them, *morbleu!* have you not your chancellor Birague, who will register for you whatever you like?"

"Alas!" said Henry III., sadly, "you forget, beloved brother, that behind Parliament there is the great and seditious ambition of my cousin De Guise."

"*Morbleu!*—Henry, I cannot bear to hear you say such things; they are unworthy of your position and valor. If you are so much afraid of Balafre, why do you not go into a monastery, as Madame de Monpensier desires? You have a sweet voice and peaceful tastes. You could sing matins and sleep all the day long. How happy you would be!"

"How can you take such pleasure in wringing my heart!" cried the king, gently.

"Do you think that it does not wring my heart also, Henry?" cried d'Épernon, passionately. "Have I not rested my glory on yours—bound my happiness to yours? If I abuse you, it is only because I love you. I wish to see you King of France, Henry."

"Am I not so, beloved brother?"

"No, sire, you are not. The King of France is my brother De Joyeuse here present, I who now speak to you, the Guise who defy you, our companion D'O* who robs you, Chicot who advises and amuses you, and, in a word, everybody—except yourself."

"I will have you prosecuted for sedition!" cried the king, at the same time affectionately tapping the *mignon's* cheek. "Come to my aid, Joyeuse," he went on; "for if you do not rescue me from the claws of this ferocious Lavalette, I am a lost man."

"Faith, Henry!" cried De Joyeuse, resolutely, "d'Épernon is too much in the right for me to side against him. Is it really possible, Henry, that you fear Parliament so much as not to dare to make even an attempt at extrication from the shameful embarrassment in which we now find yourselves. In default of money, shall I not be obliged to marry your sister almost clandestinely? What will be said and thought by all the princes and nobles—French and foreign—who will be present at the pitiful ceremony? What a triumph for Madame de Monpensier!"

"Dear friends," replied the king, after a brief silence, "your affection for me carries you too far. Do not be afraid that I shall ever renounce any of my rights. When the moment shall have arrived, I shall know how to prove myself a king! I have often told you, and I now repeat, that the science of life consists in knowing how to wait. When the solemn hour comes, my voice will roll like thunder, my hand dart forth like lightning—I shall be no more a king, but a god!—Patience, dear friends, patience!—And now, peace is made, is it not?" he asked, in a languid and caressing tone. "Instead of losing time in useless talk, let us occupy ourselves with matters of serious interest. Have you consulted D'O, dear Joyeuse?"

"Certainly, Henry—twice."

"Well, what can this excellent friend do for us?"

"At most five hundred thousand crowns."

"That is very little, my son. What other resources have we?"

"Sire, the community of all the treasurers and financiers of France engages—if your majesty engages to hold it harmless on account of all past larcenies it has committed—to supply you the sum of two hundred and forty thousand crowns."

"What do you think of this proposition, d'Épernon?" inquired the king.

"That it must be provisionally accepted, Henry. Six months hence we will hang two or three financiers, and the others will be so mortally terrified they will be only too happy to increase the sum to a million."

"Their demand shall be acceded to. What else?"

"The voluntary loan which we shall impose on the principal traders of Paris will reach to fifteen hundred thousand crowns."

"Do you think so, d'Épernon?"

"I will answer for it with my head!"

"Of what do you complain, then, my sons? These resources, combined with the money-edicts I have signed this morning, will produce us a handsome sum. For more than a week past I have been busy arranging the costumes we shall wear during this time of rejoicing. I intend, beloved brother d'Épernon, and you, my dear son De Joyeuse, that we should be dressed all three alike!"

"Henry!" cried both the *mignons* together, and by a spontaneous impulse seizing each one of the king's hands and pressing it gratefully.

Henry gazed on them tenderly, while tears rose to his eyes.

"Ah, how sweet it is to be so beloved!" he murmured. "Dear Joyeuse," he continued, after a brief pause, "I must confess to you there is one fear that disturbs my peace of mind; I am afraid that when you are married your affection for your wife will destroy that which you now feel for me."

"Do not say such things, Henry!" cried De Joyeuse. "For me to forget the bounties with which you have laden me, to cease to appreciate your great qualities, your grace, your mental excellence, would be a monstrous ingratitude! What king ever before permitted his friends to treat him simply as gentleman to gentleman, to love him for himself alone? Not one, Henry! You are the most sublime model of friendship, generosity, and constancy yet given in any age!"

At that moment a sharp yelp—a short, painful cry—fell on the king's ears, and engaged his attention. He turned quickly, and he held his favorite spaniel limping away.

"Come here, pretty Phœbus!" he cried "come and take refuge with your master. It is that detestable d'Épernon who has struck you again, is it not? How can you be so cruel constantly to my pretty Phœbus, wicked son? Look at his intelligent eyes! How beautiful and silky his coat is! Can you possibly remain unimpressed by so much gracefulness?"

"Of course you highly value this ugly brute of

* François de Frenes, Marquis D'O, born in 1535, formerly *Mignon*, and afterwards Superintendent of Finances.

† A fact, attested by documents quoted by L'Estolle in his "Register Journal of Henry III."

a spaniel, Henry, as the gift of that accomplished and incomparable cavalier who calls himself Sforzi," replied d'Épernon, contemptuously; "but, none the less, I affirm that this frightful brute is a disgrace to the rest of the dogs in your majesty's apartments."

"What a powerful dislike you have to Sforzi!" cried the king, inwardly satisfied.

"I have no great cause to feel very grateful towards this adventurer, who has set assassins on my steps," cried d'Épernon.

"My dear d'Épernon," replied the king, gravely, "though I am used in all things to give way to you, I cannot admit the accusation you make against the Chevalier Sforzi. There are certain signs, certain indications, in which I cannot be mistaken. This young gentleman, I would swear on my hope of eternal life, is incapable of a mean or dishonorable action. You have wished to keep him from my presence, and I have allowed you to keep him at a distance. That causes me the loss of a good servant, my son; and, in these times of treason and felony, a trustworthy servant is not to be disdained. For the rest, my conduct towards Sforzi has not been what it ought to have been. I have not recognized by my favor the gift of his spaniel, to which he was so much attached. I have given him the right to doubt his king's generosity."

"*Morbleu!*"—Henry," interrupted d'Épernon, "you need not trouble yourself to seek for a pretext for seeing this glorious Sforzi again! Would you know the real motive of my hatred against this Sforzi?" he demanded, after a pause. "It is because I am jealous of him. But you were right in what you said just now—you have not acted generously towards this adventurer. You must reward him as his sort of men are rewarded—with gifts of money. I will bring him to you, Henry; but on condition that you hold yourself on your guard, and do not allow yourself to be deceived by the false semblance of honesty and disinterestedness assumed by this adventurer to captivate your good graces. You are good, Henry—noble, generous to excess; but you are weak."

The king, greatly affected by this address of his favorite, rose from the chair in which he was seated, and crossed to one of the windows, against which he leaned. Sforzi was at that moment engaged in quelling the restiveness of his horse.

"Sforzi," cried Henry, "what a singular chance! By the mass!" he added presently, after watching the skilful handling of his fiery steed by the chevalier. "I would not have lost this sight for a thousand crowns!"

The Duc d'Épernon bit his lip, and exchanged an uneasy glance with De Joyeuse.

While Henry and his two *mignons* were watching the struggle between the horse and its rider, the door opened, and Sibillot entered the royal cabinet.

He threw himself on the floor, and then, after satisfying himself that neither the king nor the favorites were likely to leave the windows out of which they were looking, drew a letter from his pocket and read it attentively. The letter was the one Sforzi had written to him.

"It is to this excellent gentleman that I owe the life of my gentle and beautiful Catherine," he murmured. "But is it possible that this Sforzi loves her? He conjures me to present his homage to her! It must be so—he is madly in love with her. Woe to him, then! No, no; I am letting jealousy blind me and render me unjust. He could not see my beautiful Catherine without falling in love with her; but, poor gentleman, he is loyal, and suffers hopelessly. Poor, poor Sforzi! Yes—he shall see Henry."

Sibillot tore Raoul's letter into small fragments; then, crawling along the floor, went and placed himself at the king's feet by the window.

"*Morbleu!*" cried Henry, at length perceiving him, "I am anxious to know what is my gossip's opinion of the Chevalier Sforzi. Hello!—get up, beloved and illustrious cousin!" he continued, pulling the jester by the ears. "Examine that young horseman attentively, and tell me what you think of him."

Sibillot knew his business as a buffoon perfectly. Instead of obeying, he yawned twice, and made a face so ugly as almost to be a feat of genius; then stared blankly at the ceiling.

Henry III. was equally as fond of the antics of his jester as of the caresses of his spaniels; the mimicry of Master Sibillot greatly delighted him. He pretended to be greatly annoyed, however, and raising his voice, cried:

"Illustrious cousin, I have sent to Guillaume Charly's an ample provision of oranges, and a new stock of whips for the chastisement of my pages."

Sibillot instantly affected to be sucking an orange and writhing under the lash of a whip; and Henry was so amused by the perfectly acted pantomime as to be unable to continue his presence of anger.

"My handsome Sibillot," he said kindly, "oblige me by looking at the horseman managing his steed so bravely below, and tell me what opinion you form of him."

Solicited so gently, Sibillot did not judge it to be advisable to oppose a longer resistance to the wishes of the king; he therefore approached the window and looked down at Sforzi.

"Well," asked the king, a moment or two later, "what do you think of him?"

Ordinarily Sibillot carried his taciturnity to absolute dumbness, and it was a great triumph for Henry when he could wring a word from him. What was the king's astonishment and delight, therefore, when the jester, without further pressure, pronounced distinctly the three following words: "Brave! honest! good!"

"Cousin Sibillot!" cried Henry III., delightedly, "there are many people reputed to be wise and experienced who have not a hundredth part of your judgment. Death of my life!" he continued after a short pause, "I am curious, illustrious cousin, to ascertain whether this gentleman will please you as much when near as he does when afar. Shall I send for him?"

"Yes, Henry, send for him."

The second answer filled the king with surprise; he had never before known his jester to speak twice together.

d'Épernon saw that it would not do to oppose the will or caprice of the king.

"Henry," he said, with an air of indifference, "we are agreed that the disinterestedness of which Monsieur Sforzi has given proof, by making you a present of his spaniel, deserves a present. If I am not mistaken you are at this moment somewhat short of money. Here is my purse—it contains a hundred crowns."

"Thanks, dear son," said the king, without being in the least annoyed by this gift.

The Duc d'Épernon, with a smile on his lips and rage in his heart, opened the door of the royal cabinet, called to one of the nine gentlemen of the chamber, and ordered him to bring the chevalier Sforzi into the king's presence.

During the interview which followed, the king appeared to take the liveliest interest in the chevalier. After the conversation between him and Sforzi had been maintained for a considerable length of time, an incident of a curious and striking kind occurred. Henry was about to address a question to the young man, when Sibillot, of whom nobody had taken any heed, suddenly sprang towards the chevalier, and seizing his hand, set himself as he had done on first meeting him, to study the natural lines upon the palm.

Henry awaited with an impatience that almost bordered on anxiety the result of this examination.

Suddenly, Sibillot dropped the hand he was holding, and springing upwards, threw his arms about Raoul's neck, crying:

"I have never found so noble, pleasant, faithful and valorous a seigneur as you! Will you become my friend? I will sing you all the songs I know, and share with you all the profits, gifts, and playthings given me by my cousin, Henry—the Wise."

This long discourse of Sibillot's, his wonderful action, considering his profound indifference towards everybody, astonished the king as much as if a miracle had occurred.

"My presentiments have not misled me, thought he. "It is heaven that has sent me this charming Sforzi. d'Épernon also will learn to love him. My brother De Joyeuse is about to be married. Can I count on retaining his heart?"

"Sire!" cried d'Épernon at that moment, "your majesty has doubtless forgotten that it is six o'clock. Madame Catherine waits."

"Chevalier," said Henry III., turning towards Sforzi, "you will accompany me to supper. I have a debt to pay you."

At supper the chevalier—to the astonishment of the Court, who looked upon the young man's fortune as made—was attended by the king's own personal table attendants; and at parting the last words of the king directed Raoul to attend his rising on the following morning.

Admitted to the king's presence, he found Henry III. seated at an oak table in his cabinet.

"Chevalier," Henry said, "I have to repair a forgetfulness I have been guilty of towards you. Here is the price of the spaniel you so generously resigned to me. I permit you to make yourself acquainted with the contents of these parchments," he added, handing two folded sheets to the chevalier.

A deep flush overspread the chevalier's features as he ran his eyes over the contents of the parchments.

"What, sire!" he cried, "a patent as counsellor!—the cordon of the Holy Spirit!"

"Yes, chevalier, a patent as counsellor, which you can sell for a sum sufficient to fill your purse handsomely; and the cordon of the Holy Spirit will serve you to make a good figure at Court."

Sforzi hesitated; but quickly making up his mind, he knelt before the king, and in a trembling voice said:

"Sire, your majesty sees me deeply penetrated, grateful and confused beyond expression, by the kindness with which you have overwhelmed me. Sire, to obtain the cordon of the Holy Spirit, there is not, I feel, any danger or labor I would not encounter; but, sire, forgive my boldness—proud and happy as this distinction would make me, had I merited it, by so much the thought that it had been given me out of mere kindness would afflict and humiliate me. The sight of the cordon about my neck would every instant remind me, sire, that I am so unfortunate as not yet to have borne my share of courage and devotion to the glory of your majesty."

So far from being offended by this refusal, the king appeared deeply touched by it.

"Chevalier," he said, "with sentiments so noble as yours, you have the right to aspire to anything. If I take back this patent which offends your modesty, it is with the persuasion that I shall soon have occasion to give it back to you. Meanwhile, accept this. Good day, chevalier—good day!"

As he spoke, he handed to Raoul a second patent as counsellor.

De Maurevert's breath was almost taken away from him as he listened to Sforzi's relation.

"This incident is vouched for by Brantôme, in his "Eloge du Maréchal de Tavanne."

tion of all that had passed at his two interviews.

"Dear Sforzi," cried the adventurer, involuntarily drooping his voice, "it is now of the highest importance that you should not exhibit in public any familiarity with me. My reputation would reflect on yours, and might destroy it. Courage—all is going admirably. You must not fail to find an opportunity to tell the king you think him the handsomest man in the kingdom. And, by the by, do not, I beg, promise anybody a place in the finances without first consulting me."

CHAPTER LI.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE KING.

The marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse with Mademoiselle de Vaudmont was celebrated on the 24th of September, 1581, the betrothal having taken place on the 18th in the queen's chamber; and the sumptuousness of the *cortège* which proceeded from the Louvre to Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois drew enormous crowds to witness its wonders.

Supper was concluded—eleven o'clock was striking—when the wedding guests descended into the gardens of the Louvre to witness the performance of a ballet of unexampled splendour and other entertainments, ending with a display of fireworks.

Raoul, lost in the immense concourse of people, was following listlessly the various phases of the amusement when he suddenly felt himself tightly seized by the arm, and turning perceived De Maurevert. The captain was as pale as death, and spite of his habitual sang-froid appeared to be greatly agitated.

"Follow me, Raoul," he said rapidly, and without leaving time for question. "Death and fires!—something is going on, the very thought of which makes the hair rise on my head."

Pushing his way roughly through the crowd, and dragging the chevalier with him, he passed out of the Louvre on the bank of the Seine. He did not leave his companion long in uncertainty. The moment they were out of earshot:

"Dear friend," he cried, "moments are precious; an odious and abominable conspiracy is on foot against the life of the king! The Duchess de Monpensier is a prime mover in it! What is to be done? I know not. My mind is in a chaos!"

"What prevents your at once going and warning his majesty?" cried Raoul eagerly.

"That idea has naturally presented itself to my mind; but never forget this—there is nothing more dangerous than serving kings and princes with too much zeal. You cannot imagine how many people have sacrificed themselves by the purity of their devotion. To sacrifice one's self is to act like a fool. Do you know what would happen if I were to go simply and put his majesty on his guard? Of two things, one; if the conspiracy succeeded, I should be tracked like a wolf by the victors; if it failed, the king would imagine that I wished to profit by his fear, and would banish me from the kingdom!"

"But, in heaven's name, captain, what do you propose to do?"

"I can think of nothing."

At that moment they were standing within sight of a side entrance to the Louvre, from which Sibillot came upon them.

Sforzi sprang towards him, crying:

"Dear Sibillot, in the name of all you most love in the world, in the name of the incomparable pearl of virtue and beauty whom I have been so happy as to see, in the name of your chaste and beautiful Catherine, help me to get speech with the king without a moment's delay."

"Poor young man!—he is dying of love for my Catherine," said Sibillot to himself, regarding Sforzi with a look of tender compassion. "I must at least serve him—he suffers so!"

"Well, dear Master Sibillot!" cried Raoul, "you do not answer."

"Friend Sforzi," replied the jester, "you cannot see Henry just now."

"Why? why? I must!—he would wish it!"

"Henry has left the Louvre," said the jester, lowering his voice.

"His majesty has gone into the city to-night," cried Sforzi, feeling his heart beat as if it would burst. "Has he taken an escort with him?"

"No; he has gone alone. Only two pages accompany him."

"Malediction!" cried Sforzi, hoarsely, "he is a dead man! Sibillot, Sibillot, if you are attached to the king, I beseech you on my knees to tell me where he is gone. His life is in danger!"

"The king needs to be loved," replied Sibillot, tranquilly, "and the marriage of my cousin De Joyeuse deprives him of a son."

"What then, Sibillot?—what then?"

"To replace this lost son, Henry has gone in search of a girl he had abandoned," continued the jester.

"He is at this moment with my good friend the Demoiselle d'Assy."

"Quick, De Maurevert!" cried Raoul, "get as many friends as you can into the saddle. The king has gone to the house of Mademoiselle d'Assy. I go to throw myself between the assassins and him. Heaven send I am in time."

The information given by Sibillot was perfectly exact. Since the return of De Joyeuse's matrimonial *cortège*, Henry III. had appeared, if not actually sad, at least pre-occupied. He had been observed to read a letter several times over, and then his absence had been suddenly remarked. Attended by two pages, he had taken the road to Mademoiselle d'Assy's house.

It was only after having come to the resolution to throw himself between the king and his assassins that Sforzi suddenly remembered it

would take him a full half hour to reach the house of Mademoiselle d'Assy. To leave the field open to the conspirators for so long a time might assure the success of their plot. He did not hesitate for a moment, but observing a page in charge of a horse within the gates of the Louvre, rushed to him and sprang into the saddle, exclaiming:

"On the king's service, and by express command of his majesty!"

Pricking the animal's flank with the point of his dagger, he bounded off like a deer before a pack of hounds in full cry. Unfortunately an accident consequent on his precipitation, arrested him when he had gone two-thirds of his way. Thinking he was turning the corner of a street—the night being quite dark—he rode his horse head-first against a wall, and the poor beast fell dead beneath him.

Stunned for a moment by the violence of the shock, he quickly rose to his feet and rushed forward.

While Raoul, with brain on fire and heart painfully agitated, anxiously counted the passing minutes, the king was at the house of Mademoiselle d'Assy.

The interview between Henry III. and his innocent victim was most noble and affecting.

"Madame," said Henry, tenderly, "see in me I beseech you, not the King of France, but simply the brother of your choice, the friend of your heart. So few are those who really love me for myself, that I thirst for your affection and hunger for your confidence. Call me Henry, as in happy bygone days."

"Sire," replied Mademoiselle d'Assy, whose agitation, far from being calmed, was increased greatly by these words, "when the king has deigned to grant the request I am about to make, I will thank Henry for the support he has given me with his majesty."

"Speak quickly then, madame—for Henry is impatient to see the king disappear from this interview."

This scene passed in the same oratory in which Sforzi had been received, Henry III. standing resting on the *prie-Dieu* in face of Mademoiselle d'Assy.

The charming creature was about to reply to the king when, suddenly, in the midst of the silence of the night, a piercing cry was heard without, seeming to come from the garden of the house.

"What is that?" inquired the king, calmly.

"I know not, sire," replied Mademoiselle d'Assy tremblingly.

With a firm step Henry III. crossed the room to a window, which he opened.

"Who calls for help?" he demanded.

At the same moment a new cry, more frightful than at first, arose; then a stifled voice, like that of a person being strangled, called out:

"Sire!—assassins! Guard yourself!"

"My pages are being murdered!" cried Henry III., his face flushing deeply. "Death of my life!—woe to the guilty!"

He shut the window and sprang towards the door, where he found himself face to face with Mademoiselle d'Assy.

"Ah, madame," he cried, in a tone of sad reproach, "doubtless my wrongs towards you have been great, but they have not deserved such a vengeance."

"Vengeance, sire! Oh, what do you mean?" cried the poor woman, whose features, pale as death, exhibited traces of the most violent terror. "Vengeance, sire?—I do not understand you."

"Forgive me—forgive me!" replied Henry III. "I spoke as the king, who no longer believes in anything. I forgot that to you I am not a king, but simply a brother. Move from this door, madame. I must go to the aid of my pages."

"You shall not go, Henry!" cried Mademoiselle d'Assy, quickly bolting the door. "On my knees I conjure you not to risk your life. Hark! some one is making his way up the steps into the vestibule; they are trying to force the door. Do not go—do not go, Henry! I love you!"

Henry III. changed countenance; the flush upon his features gave place to pallor; his lips blanched; but at the same time the light of unconquerable courage overspread his visage, and made it bright with a look of noble pride: it was the aspect of a king.

"Dear d'Assy," he said, "retire. A king must neither fly nor hide himself. It is for my honor to show myself."

Henry III. had scarcely spoken these words when a violent blow was given to the door.

"Heaven have pity on my soul, and give me courage to die nobly!" cried Henry III., sinking into a chair.

But suddenly he sprang again to his feet, and seizing the hand of Mademoiselle d'Assy, he pressed it tenderly.

"Dear love, did you hear nothing? Hark! oh! I am not mistaken; it was the groan of a dying man! My pages have been killed! One of the assassins must have been struck down. Can help be coming to me?—Yes, that must be it. D'Epernon alarmed at my absence, has followed on my steps."

He rushed again to the window, and called loudly:

"This way, D'Epernon—this way!"

At the same moment two almost simultaneous explosions were heard, the door fell inwards with a crash, and Sforzi, his face covered with blood, sprang into the oratory.

"Thank heaven," he cried, "the king is living!"

"You here, Sforzi!" exclaimed Henry III. "What is going on? How is it that you have come to my aid? Is there still any danger?"

"Sire, your sword!" cried Raoul, without an-

swering the king's questions, but throwing down the blood-stained fragment of the sword he was holding in his hand, and taking the rapier the king held out to him.

Almost at the same instant the sound of a troop of horses was heard outside the house, and immediately a dozen gentlemen of the king's companies rushed into the oratory, headed by Captain de Maurevert, bearing himself with an heroic bearing worthy of the Cid.

"Sire," he said, "but for my gentle companion Raoul, and your very humble and faithful servant Captain de Maurevert, the greatest king of Christendom would at this moment have ceased to live."

In answer to questions put to him by Henry III., Raoul informed his majesty of the circumstances under which he had been so fortunate as to come to his rescue.

"Chevalier Sforzi," said the king, when Raoul had finished his modest narrative, "in my distress I called on D'Epernon and you appeared in answer to my call; I see in this the hand of Providence. Come to me, at my rising, to-morrow morning. You need not wait to be announced; I will instruct my attendants that you are at all times to have free admission to my presence. Farewell until to-morrow, chevalier."

He turned, and, observing De Maurevert, smiled and added:

"Captain, you will accompany the chevalier; only you must cause yourself to be announced."

"Bah!" said De Maurevert to himself, "what does it matter whether I have or have not my right of entry, so long as Raoul has his."

"Do not forget, madame," said Henry, taking leave of Mademoiselle d'Assy, "that you have a request to make of me."

"Sire," she replied, "this request more immediately concerns Monsieur Sforzi than myself."

"It is granted, then, whatever it may be," replied Henry III., turning upon the chevalier a look of tender kindness.

The house inhabited by Mademoiselle d'Assy was, it will be remembered, only about ten minutes distant from the Stag's Head. It was, therefore, so to speak, without transition that Raoul passed from the extreme of happiness into the depth of an almost nameless sorrow; for the first person he met on reaching the hostelry was Lehardy, who, pale, trembling, and in tears, rushed to meet him with the words:

"Oh, Monsieur le Chevalier!—what a misfortune!—what a grief! Mademoiselle Diane has been violently carried off by the Marquis de la Tremblais."

Raoul heard no more. Weak from loss of blood, and fatigued by the violent exertions of the evening, he fell to the ground without consciousness.

(To be continued.)

ESCAPE OF A TRANSPORTED COMMUNIST.

The *Melbourne Argus* of May 20, gives the following account of the escape of a Communist from the steamer *Orme*, in which he was being transported to New Caledonia:—"The French transport steamer *Orme*—the arrival of which at Melbourne, with 500 Communist prisoners for the penal settlement at New Caledonia was reported last month—left the bay on the 23rd April for New Caledonia. On the night before her departure one of the prisoners, named Michel Sarigné, made his escape from the vessel in a very daring manner. At about dusk he got over the side of the *Orme*, and, hanging in the portaulans, waited until half-past seven, when all was quiet, and then, dropping into a collier which had been brought alongside, lay concealed in the coals, in terror lest the men below should discover him. All the while the sentry on board the *Orme* was keeping guard with loaded chassepot immediately above his head. At half-past nine, tying his pocketbook and papers in his handkerchief to keep them dry, he lowered himself over the side of the lighter and swam to the stern, where a boat was in tow. Cutting the rope with his knife, and hanging to the portion of the rope that remained, he gently propelled the boat from the side of the lighter with his feet, and allowed himself to drift into the bay. The night was dark; there was no moon, and it rained. When about 300 yards from the vessel he heard a cry, and, thinking that the alarm was given, he loosed his hold of the boat, and struck out in the direction of the lights on the Sandridge shore. After swimming for about three-quarters of an hour he espied a vessel, and nearly exhausted, he made for it. He caught the cable, and fastened himself to it with his belt, fearing lest he should faint, rested there for an hour. He started again for the shore at about midnight, and after an hour's swim, got safely to land. He walked from Sandridge boldly into Melbourne, in the belief, as he told a countryman who warned him that he was in danger of being arrested, that having once 'touched English soil' he was free. The caution was administered because it was thought that Sarigné had been condemned for felony of some sort, but as it turned out that he was simply a political prisoner, no effort was made to capture him, and he is now at liberty in the colony. As he was of course in a destitute state, and as it appeared that he had been a harmless member of the Commune, he found plenty of sympathisers, and a subscription was instituted for his benefit. The *Orme*, which put in for the purpose of procuring fresh provisions and live stock—the bulk of the prisoners being afflicted with scurvy—

went away well provisioned; and it was hoped that ere she reached New Caledonia, the condition of her wretched freight would be considerably improved. Some of the prisoners, while the *Orme* was in port, managed to get conveyed to land communications to the editor of the *Argus*, in which they complained that they had been subjected to harsh treatment on board the transport. On the St. Kilda beach a bottle was picked up, containing a document purporting to be written by one of the prisoners, giving a history, from the writer's point of view, of the brief reign of the Commune."

MEERSCHAUM.

The following account of the first meerschaum pipe has been published by Messrs. Pollak and Son, pipe manufacturers, in New York: In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, &c., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, ancestor to the present Prime Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The Count on his return from a mission to Turkey brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance, as was naturally to be expected, when Karol wiped it off received, wherever the wax had touched, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and polishing the pipe again, smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored; also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Karol had struck the smoking philosopher's stone; and other noblemen hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much esteemed article, and the great cost of importation, in those days of limited facilities for transportation rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowates has been preserved in the museum of Pesth, which by the way, was the native city of Mr. Pollak, sen.

TASTE.

Of all perversions in life, and misguided elements in mental economy, it is that of the intellectual discernment taste, and to search for it in its natural or cultivated purity would almost require the lantern of Diogenes, provided it were as well adapted to hunt for sensible people as for honest men. There seems to be scarce a rule of conduct but in which we are prone to go astray in the matter of taste, and we pick up habit and custom very much as a baby takes up a cat—by the tail—in the food we eat; in the clothing we wear; in the houses we build; in all matters of adornment; in the books we read; in the plays we applaud. And in the things in general which we admire we seem led more by the force of example than by self-judgment.

But we aim at present at the target of books and literature that we read, and, drawing the arrow to its head, it matters not whether we "shoot Folly as she flies" (Pope), or "Polly as she flies" (Pop), as in either quotation the reputation of the author compromises our taste; and here we remark that reputation is the bull's eye of our target. We admit that in many instances it has been deservedly well earned, while in many others it has been gained through a misguided judgment of true merit, or misdirected taste for questionable literature; and on the principle of "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," there are many who have been salted away in the larder of our appreciation that might be cast out for a better haul.

We admit the practicability of the argument that literary production is put on the market like the product of the loom or rare woven fabrics of other lands, and that which the reading public demand, and is the most readable, the publishers must supply; but while we stand at our counter and measure out the ribbon and tape of literature to our customers, we combat the ill-judgment that demands an inferior fabric for the mere sake of reputation; and while we cannot hope to revolutionize taste on a basis of true merit, regardless of Fame's brazen trumpet, we will give unknown authors a place in our columns, and lend a hand to gather the unseen flowers of the desert, which may yet diffuse their fragrance through all time.

The Omaha editor has a pleasing way of doing the little compliment to the stranger of distinction visiting that city. Thus: "W. M. Madden, commonly known as 'Fatty, the Great American Traveller,' arrived in the city yesterday and sampled forty kegs of beer, besides attending the circus, and eating eight straight meals at the Wyoming."

A VIEW OF THE WORLD.

If you want to see the world at its worst—
Distorted and base and vile—
You only need be nicely curst
With a smart attack of bile.

And you hate each living soul in the world,
And yourself the most of all;
And your bitterest imprecations are hurled
Against this earthly ball.

Beauty looks yellow, and sweet tastes sour,
And you loathe the thought of food,
And you treat all persons within your pow'r
In a manner harsh and rude.

And never—never—never again
Will the world seem aught but ill;
Till you've slaked your thirst with full many a
grain
Of that compound rhubarb pill!

HOW HE WON HER.

BY COMPTON READE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear, in these days we must be prudent and, above all, cosmopolitan. In short, we must take what we can get—English or Scotch, if possible; if not, Irish, American, African, Hindoo. A great friend of mine, Laura McDermott, married a converted Parsee, and was really very happy. He was enormously wealthy, and uxorious to a fault."

The speaker is a certain Lady Rockington, administering a little advice to her niece and ward, Ellen Stacey, a young lady of singular beauty and grace, who, in reply, does but indulge in a half-suppressed sigh. Her aunt's worldliness seems to be surcharged with the logic of fact, but not with the more persuasive rhetoric of fancy.

"Yes, child; you may sigh, and look very ill-used. However, some day you will thank your aunt for—"

"I'm sure I'm not complaining," interrupts Ellen drearly.

"Complaining! I should think not, indeed. Why, there was my poor sister, your mother. What did the silly thing do? She married a wretched lieutenant—very handsome man; your father, my dear; large blue eyes, like yours, regular teeth, big brown moustache, and that sort of thing. Well, then, what happened? All kinds of horrors—bankruptcy, occasional fits of intemperance—Edward Stacey had no self-control—degradation. Then the worry brought on fever, and she died, and he went out of his mind; and altogether, my dear—"

"I musn't do the same," says Ellen with a half-yawn.

"You shan't, if I can help it," rejoins the elder lady sternly. "Do you imagine, my dear, that, because my sight is not all that it used to be, I haven't eyes? I've seen already too much of the encouragement you have given to that impertinent school-boy, Edward Capel."

"He's not a school-boy; and I've not—I've not perceived anything—anything over-attentive in his manner to me. Indeed, I haven't, aunt. People are so much more free-and-easy than they were formerly, that, that—" Miss Ellen is rather tremulous, for she is conscious that Lady Rockington is watching her tell-tall countenance like a cat a mouse.

"My dear, I assure you I am not at all disposed to be censorious. Only for your own sake, as you never could marry such a person as young Capel, I should wish that you would reserve your heart intact for the first really eligible offer. I don't want to flatter, Ellen, but you are decidedly attractive; and in India you will have offers. That, of course, mostly from men of middle age, high up in the service, or perhaps from men of mature years, who—"

"I suppose I may say yes or no?" ejaculated the fair girl, her color rising.

"Of course, Ellen, of course. It is quite easy for a girl to make very much her own selection; for it follows that if you don't give a man a certain amount of encouragement, he won't be able to screw up his nerves to proposing point. Now, your dear uncle, Sir Charles, although lieutenant-governor, and a man of the greatest distinction, was so retiring, so nervous, so embarrassed that really, when we were left together in the drawing-room on purpose to bring matters to an issue, he talked about the weather till I was so irritated that—there, I could have proposed myself on the spot."

"That would have been an assertion of woman's rights," remarked Ellen silyly.

"Fortunately, a butterfly from the conservatory happening at the right moment to settle on my wrist, he was enabled to seize my hand in order to catch the creature. I needn't add, my dear, that I held so tight by his fingers that he was obliged to declare himself. In short, I believe I owe my position, Lady Rockington, to that butterfly—an emperor, my dear; Sir Charles pulled it all to pieces in his stupid agitation."

"But, aunt, you must make allowance for poor Sir Charles. He was so old, you know."

"Not the least old, Ellen—only fifty."

"Only?"

"Fifty, child, is a very good age for a sensible

man to marry at. I was eighteen—young, impulsive, with some pretensions to looks, though not, I would own, as attractive as your poor mother. But I felt then as I feel now, that an income is everything in this world—simply everything. I had nothing—well—except myself, so I took the common-sense view of the matter, and expressed myself very grateful to Sir Charles. Your poor mother was indignant, and talked about a sacrifice to Mammon, and all that kind of romantic rubbish; but just look at the contrast. Here am I at forty, alive, well, in an excellent position, provided for in case of accidents, envied by nine out of every ten women of my acquaintance; whereas, your poor mother—"

"Is at rest," interrupts Ellen, rising, with a hurt expression of countenance.

They are occupying apartments in a hotel at Southampton, previous to sailing for India. Sir Charles has been at home for two years on furlough, and during that time Ellen Stacey has been under the dominion of her aunt, for whom she does not entertain any very great affection.

Lady Rockington is too cold and too dictatorial to amalgamate with a fresh-hearted, imaginative girl.

It is not improbable that Lady Rockington's unfeeling reflections on the misfortunes of her dead sister, might cause a disagreement of a very unpleasant character between herself and her niece.

Fortunately, however, at the critical moment, a quick rap at the door is followed at once by the entrance of a young man of very prepossessing appearance, whose frank manner and bright ways would seem likely to entrance the hearts of all who knew him.

"Oh, Mr. Capel!" cried Lady Rockington, looking anything but delighted.

Ellen Stacey's lips move, and the color comes and goes in her fair face; but her eyes alone greet the intruder.

"How do, Lady Rockington?—How do, Miss Stacey?" he says in an oft-hand fashion. "I've come all the way from London, partly to tell you a bit of news you'll be glad to hear, partly to wish you good-bye."

"Sir Charles will be pleased to see you, Mr. Capel," replied Lady Rockington in the chilliest fashion.

"What is your news?" inquires Ellen in her softest tone.

"Simply this, Miss Stacey: that I have now every hope of remaining as secretary to Sir Charles. The Government would not permit him to appoint as his secretary a man in neither branch of the service; but, in consideration of Sir Charles's strong recommendation, and my college testimonials, they have offered me a cavalry cadetship."

One word of explanation about Mr. Capel. He is an under-graduate of a university, who has been acting as private secretary to Sir Charles during his residence in England. The old Indian official has been so gratified by the intelligence and diligence of the young man, that he has desired to retain his services in India, and was disappointed at his request to the Government having been refused.

"But," says Lady Rockington coldly, "you forget, Mr. Capel, that this cavalry cadetship will not necessarily place you at Fozzababad. Fozzababad is the seat of Government where Sir Charles presides."

Mr. Capel looks grave for a moment. Then he replies—

"I don't know; but—surely they would not have given me the appointment, if they had not intended me to be secretary to Sir Charles."

"Not at all," rejoins Lady Rockington; "you will be most lively sent to Madras, or some other part of India. You forget that there is more than one Presidency."

"Anyhow," he answered cheerily, "I hope I may have the pleasure of being stationed not very far from you."

Lady Rockington looks as if such an event would be anything but a pleasure. "We are civilians," she says, "and we don't as a rule see much of the other branch of the service." This very loftily.

This snub is so direct that he takes it as a hint that he is *de trop*. Accordingly, he accepts the tips of Lady Rockington's fingers, and, as he grasps the hand of Ellen Stacey with all the fervor of a lover, he adds—

"I shall follow you in the next steamer; I have but to pass my examination, and procure my outfit, and then—"

Perhaps he would say more; but he perceives such an expression of pain in the countenance of the girl whom he loves that he can but release her hand, and depart towards the P. and O. steamer, in search of Sir Charles.

The old veteran is standing thoughtfully on the quay. Perhaps he is wondering whether, at his great age, he may reasonably expect to return to his native shore. His eyes are fixed steadfastly on the long dark outline of the P. and O. steamship *Ibis*, which on the morrow is to convey him eastwards, to add to an already ample fortune, or to find a grave among those for whose welfare he has devoted honorably a long life.

From this reverie he is awakened abruptly by the advance of a well-known footstep. In a trice he has warmly grasped the hand of young Capel, who tells his tale in the fewest words, adding modestly how grateful he should feel if Sir Charles continued his patronage.

"Why, boy," cried the old man, "what can you be thinking about? The Government have given you a commission in order to provide me with a secretary."

"Lady Rockington thought not. She suggested that I should be sent to Madras—or some-where."

"Lady Rockington? Fudge! Hum! That is to say, Capel, you will dine with us. No excuses. You are on duty. In India you will be my military aide-de-camp, and your most onerous duty will be to order dinner; so, for goodness' sake, have a few lessons of Francatelli before you come out; and mind, boy, no dawdling. You must pass at once, and follow—"

"By the next mail, Sir Charles. I only wish that I could repeat Sir Colin's words, and say, 'to-morrow.'"

We shall now skip over some few months. The Rockingtons and Miss Stacey have been occupying Government Houses for some time. Edward Capel has been duly installed in his comfortable berth in the lieutenant-governor's suite, and inasmuch as his duties compel him to meet Ellen Stacey twice every day, it is not much to be wondered at that both the young people begin to understand each other, although not one word has passed which could be called of a binding character. They are lovers, but have not declared themselves to each other, still less to the world, which, however, being abnormally perceptive, has its suspicions.

The beauty and worth of Ellen Stacey have been fully recognised by the station. Lady Rockington, ever generous in matters of display, has brought out with her a cargo of Parisian goods. Hence her niece is the leader of the Fozzababad fashions, and held in reverence accordingly.

Among a countless host of admirers, one Mr. McDuncan, a young Anglo-Indian of forty-nine, suffers much by an absorbing passion for Ellen Stacey. His income is about four thousand pounds annually, and he has saved. On his pretensions, Lady Rockington casts a favorable eye. On his physique, and somewhat ancient manners, Miss Stacey looks askance. Nevertheless Mr. McDuncan is not abashed. He believes that he has but to ask and have. Hence perhaps the conversation following:—

Mr. McDuncan: "You have brought over with you, Sir Charles, a great addition to our station society."

Sir Charles, who doesn't understand compliments, or anything short of bald British: "Hey? what? You mean my aide-de-camp, Capel. Hey?"

Mr. McDuncan, diffidently: "I—ah—alluded to Miss—ah—Stacey—Stacey"—this with emphasis—"and in fact, Sir Charles, I feel so decidedly attracted—attracted—that I—ah—" here he pauses, perhaps from a deficiency of breath.

Sir Charles, elevating his eyebrows and twitching the corners of his mouth: "You're in love, McDuncan—hey? Well, go in and win. Look at me. Lady Rockington is now tolerably well-preserved. Twenty-two years ago, sir, I stood in your shoes. I was in love. What did I do? By Jove, McDuncan, I acted like a man! Without any beating about the bush, and nonsense, I said to Lady Rockington, 'Tell me my fate. Yes or no. I don't want any 'ask papa's,' or delays. Give me sudden life or sudden death.' Those were my words. The result was that I was accepted, sir—married, sir—and here we are."

Sir Charles has evidently forgotten the episode of the butterfly, or else Lady Rockington has been guilty of invention.

Mr. McDuncan, slowly: "I have been thinking of asking your permission, Sir Charles, to pay my addresses to the young lady, but before I make such request I should like to be informed whether her affections are already engaged?"

Sir Charles: "How? what? hey? I don't understand. Engaged? Certainly not. Ellen Stacey's heart, sir, is virgin—like—hum!—snow."

Mr. McDuncan, dubiously: "You are quite sure?"

Sir Charles: "Hey? Of course. Why not? Explain."

Mr. McDuncan: "One ought not to pay attention to gossip, Sir Charles—gossip—but I have heard Mr. Capel's name coupled with that of Miss Stacey."

Without one word the plethoric and irritable lieutenant-governor dashes off to Lady Rockington, who at once confirms Mr. McDuncan's assertion. Infuriated, he sends for his aide-de-camp. Edward Capel attends the summons promptly, and, as he stands face to face with his patron, you might have supposed such a splendid specimen of intelligent manhood and gentlemanly bearing would have been regarded with more favor, as a suitor for a bright girl's hand, than the sere and yellow McDuncan.

"I charge you," cries the lieutenant-governor, "with having basely attempted to perjure the affections of my niece, an act on your part as mean as it is ungrateful. You have misused, sir, your position of confidence in this household—shamefully. You have acted in a manner unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. You—hum!—deserve to be cashiered. You—ha!—are unfit for the service. Why don't you answer me, sir? Hey?"

Not that ill-starred young Capel has much chance of reply, for the words have kept pouring forth from the angry old man's mouth in a veritable storm.

Thus brought to bay, Cornet Capel draws himself up to his full height, as he answers—

"I might, Sir Charles take refuge in a paltry subterfuge, and tell you that nothing has passed between Miss Stacey and myself. It is a fact; and I could take my stand upon it. But I will not. I confess that I am deeply attached to Miss Stacey. She is the love of my life. I have believed—nay, more, I still believe, she is not indifferent towards me. I cannot be insensible to her kindness of manner. In short, there is a sort of freemasonry which tells a man when he is loved, and—"

"You impudent scoundrel!" roars Sir Charles, giving signs of incipient apoplexy.

"Hear me but for a second," cries Edward Capel. "I admit that I—we—have been guilty of a foolish romance. Suffer me to apply the lancet to the wound incisively. Sir Charles, I request that you will permit me to resign my office of aide-de-camp, and to join my regiment, which, being stationed some four hundred miles away, will be sufficiently remote from Miss Stacey. With your consent I will leave this place within an hour."

"Good," replies the lieutenant-governor, "you may go."

CHAPTER II.

That evening, Ellen Stacey looks round in vain at the dinner-table for the man whom she loves. After the ladies have retired, she inquires of her aunt what has become of him.

"He has behaved badly," answers Lady Rockington; "indeed, Sir Charles might have had him cashiered, but as it is, out of regard for his extreme youth, he is simply sent to his regiment at Luckra, and Sir Charles has appointed Major Rawlings to his post."

So he has left without one message, one word of farewell! The heart of Ellen Stacey swells within her. Is she angry? She does not know. Yes, she is very angry. And yet—she cannot believe him untrue. Perhaps he will write just one short letter, quite commonplace, quite undemonstrative, but just one letter as a souvenir.

He never does write a syllable. He never even does send her a message. Then her face grows paler, so pale at last, that worldly old Lady Rockington prescribes cosmetics for external, tonics for internal application, but she steadily refuses both. She has to endure the pertinacious attentions of some half a dozen suitors, among whom she readily perceives that Mr. McDuncan is the man selected for her by her uncle and aunt. To all she is polite, cold, and perhaps a trifle sarcastic. She has already given her heart, and even the suspicion of her lover's faithlessness cannot revoke that gift. As for these other men, they may be of sterling worth, but not to her.

At last Lady Rockington becomes indignant at her niece's reckless refusal of the various prizes in the matrimonial lottery. In a quiet, underhand sort of way she puts pressure on the poor girl, by making her home so uncomfortable that an escape through the church door would appear the better alternative.

Then at the proper moment, at a hint from Lady Rockington, Mr. McDuncan proposes. Ellen's great blue eyes meet his in pain, but her lips form a cold, "You may ask Sir Charles, and the infatuated man believes himself happy. The marriage is fixed for that day month. Short and sharp is the process of wooing in India. Edward Capel hears of the engagement, but he makes no sign. Indeed, just then he has another matter to occupy his thoughts.

The mutiny has broken out. The native regiment in which young Capel is cornet remains loyal, but there is an ugly feeling of suspicion in the mess-room as to the future, for Asiatics may be friends to-day, foes to-morrow.

Soon, like wildfire, the intelligence of massacres and horrors comes from all quarters. Fozzababad is burnt to the ground, and Sir Charles with his family and suite are fugitives, guarded but inefficiently, and endeavoring by forced marches to reach the fort of Luckra.

With them follows Mr. McDuncan, attentive, not to say tiresome. Ellen is beginning to detest the man. He is so obtrusive, so wearying, so unlike the brave young heart she cannot dismiss altogether from her memory. And yet somehow she shudders to think that she must in all likelihood meet him at Luckra—that she will meet him as the affianced of another. Better, perhaps, to fall by the sword of the cruel natives than that that should happen.

At last the lowering fortress of Luckra came in view. In hot haste their carriages dash within its protecting walls, and as they rest in the dark, dismal quarters allotted to them, they learn that the enemy is coming up in force, and that a battle is expected before the walls at day-break.

"What of the—th Cavalry?" asks Ellen.

"They have mutilated at last, and killed all their officers except two, who escaped."

"Tell me—tell me who they are—their names."

"Let me think," responds the lady in a half-indifferent tone. "Major Prescott—I saw him just now—and a Cornet somebody."

"Capel?"

"Yes, that was the name. Major Prescott and this Mr. Capel are forming a troop of volunteer Cavalry to aid the—th Europeans, who, with Captain Denver's troop of horse artillery, are our sole defenders."

Ellen shudders. So, after all, Edward Capel is to face death for her. Could she only see him! But, no. She cannot look him in the face and say, "I am false." So she lies down, and over-fatigue gives her sleep, from which she is only awakened by the thunder of cannon in the distance.

In a trice she is on the walls of the fort with the other ladies, and at her side in a moment is Mr. McDuncan. At him she looks with scorn.

"I thought," she says, "Mr. McDuncan, you were a good rider?"

"I am," he answers, flushing foolishly.

"Why are you not with Major Prescott?"

"My place, dearest, is by your side."

With a gesture of ineffable contempt, she answers—

"Leave me, if you please; I should prefer to witness what the men are doing for us defenceless women."

The Mistress and the Maid.

Abashed and confounded, he retires; and she, turning to an anxious mother, whose husband is in the melee, begs the loan of a telescope.

To the south of the Luckra fort stretches a vast sandy plain. The whole of the horizon in this direction is dark with the lines of the enemy, who are supposed to be some fifteen thousand strong. They have, providentially, no guns, but they number more than ten to one as compared with the resolute force which has advanced to meet them.

Through the clouds of smoke the movements of the troops are discernible. Evidently Captain Denver's guns are playing hotly upon the native ranks, and the whole efforts of the rebels are directed towards their capture. The European regiment are resisting repeated charges bravely enough, but they are surrounded, and had the mutineers only adequate ammunition, would be cut to pieces. As it is, their hands are so full that they cannot help Captain Denver, who is in imminent peril. At this crisis the volunteer cavalry advance to the charge, with all the fury of Prince Rupert's Cavaliers. They are not soldiers, but they are the bravest of the brave, magnificent horsemen, and splendidly horsed. Their charge is miraculous; they drive back the hordes of Indians with terrific slaughter, and as they fall back, Captain Denver again opens fire on the retreating masses with telling precision.

Alas! this success has cost them dear, for Major Prescott has fallen, and the command of the brave troop of gentlemen now devolves on Edward Capel, as being the only cavalry officer. To their relief, however, the enemy draw off. The Europeans are too distressed to follow in pursuit. Nor is Captain Denver inclined to move his guns, which are well placed for the defence of the fort. Of course, the volunteer cavalry remain to protect the artillery, which is indeed their one hope.

After the respite of about an hour, the mutineers appear to have rallied and reformed, for again they advance, and this time *en masse*. With accuracy and effect the guns are served upon them, so that ere they can reach within shot of Captain Denver they have suffered severely. Nevertheless, with the true instincts of fatalists, the rebels press forward, firing slowly but surely, till at last one cruel shot stretches poor Denver on the plain, and a wild cry goes up that the guns are lost.

Not so. With parched lips and eager eyes, the smoke having partially cleared away, Ellen Stacey beholds the charge of the volunteers. In front of them, waving high aloft his sabre, rides the form of a young man—a form she knows too well. It is a moment of breathless suspense. The Europeans are all but broken by the fierce onslaught of the native regiments. Captain Denver's guns are served now by a sergeant. The battle is apparently lost. Yet, patience—the English gentlemen have yet to throw in their weight. At a hand-gallop they advance, led by a man whose martial ardor has infected each one of them. They are coming down upon the rebels, who even now can recognise the firm compressed features of men whom they have been accustomed to obey and respect. There is a cry among them as of fear, but with it a discharge of musketry, and the arm of the young officer in command falls helplessly by his side. Ellen perceives this, and shrieks forth in a voice of agony, so that the women around can but learn how dear to her is that young brave now in peril. Onward, however, he rides undismayed. He is swordless, yet he leads the way into the mass of mutineers, who are fleeing right and left, till at length he falls, and, as the enemy are seen in full retreat, he is borne wounded to the rear.

An old man has been standing on the ramparts of the Luckra fort, by the side of Ellen Stacey.

He has good eyesight for his years, and by the aid of a strong glass has witnessed all. With a sigh he turns to her, dashing away a tear.

"Ellen," he says, "I have done wrong."

"You have, uncle," she sobs; "you have, indeed. My brave Edward!"

"What," asks he sharply, "have you chassed McDuncan? Hey?"

"Uncle, I can never marry a coward. I can never marry—Oh, perhaps he is dead!"

With emotion Sir Charles presses her hand.

"God grant," he murmurs, "that Edward Capel's life may be spared for you and for me."

.....

"Really, Sir Charles," grumbles Lady Rockington, "I think it is quite wrong of you to permit Ellen to nurse Mr. Capel. Even in our present circumstances the conveniences of good society ought to be observed. It is not proper."

"My good wife," replies the lieutenant-governor, "you married me for my money, and I don't see any reason why Capel should not marry my niece for her money."

"Her money, Sir Charles!"

"Yes, my dear. You will have your pension at my death, which will be ample for you. It is my intention, therefore, to make over my savings to my niece, on her marriage."

"My gracious, Sir Charles!"

"My dear," answers he, "you should never omit the conveniences of polite society, even under present circumstances, which I am glad to say will improve, for Greathead is going down the country, and as Capel is well enough to be moved, we shall accept his escort, and I trust the young people will be married from our house in Surrey. As far as I'm concerned, I've had quite enough of India."—*Cassell's*.

Nobody ever called Lady Anne Lauderdale a pretty woman. No one ever thought her saint-like. She was a lady, with a fine figure, and a well-cut face; elegant and decisive in all her movements. And she said of herself that she was cruel, and once offended, never forgave. But she had the grand air, and many people admired her very much; and many, too, declared that she was as good a hater as she was a lover.

Her portrait hangs upon the wall of what was her boudoir to this day.

The artist has managed to make a splendid, queen-like woman of her certainly.

Doubtless, if she ever resembled this portrait, it was when, beautified by love, she listened to Mark Leslie's wooing, and despite his lowly birth, gave him heart, hand, and fortune, deeply offending her kindred thereby, and puzzling all who knew her.

For Lady Anne had had offers from men of rank and fortune, and Mark Leslie was her game-keeper's son.

True, he was handsome.

No young beauty but might have been proud of his Grecian nose, low forehead, scarlet lips, and soft blue eyes.

He had nothing grand about him, body or soul, but he had certainly no little admiration for the lady who stooped to love him.

For a year or two they were a model couple, and if they could have changed places, so that she had been the husband and he the wife, there would have been nothing to wish for.

Rosine, Lady Anne's French maid, used to declare that it was charming, and that if she ever had a husband, she only hoped that he would be as devoted as Monsieur.

Rosine was a young, rosy-checked brunette, fresh from Paris.

She was always bright and *piquante*, and saucy as the lady's maid in a comedy.

Not a man, high or low, but turned his head when Rosine first tripped by him.

She was as perfect a picture in her way as Lady Anne was in hers, and oh, so much prettier.

Still, when they were together, a stranger would say, "A lady of rank, and—ah, yes; only her waiting maid;" and Rosine knew that very well.

Sometimes it made her angry to think of the contrast.

Three or four years passed quickly for Lady Anne.

Bright, beautiful years they always seemed, as she looked back.

Her husband was seldom absent from her.

He was always whispering sweet praises in her ears.

Her love for him grew apace.

They had no children, and with her wifely passion mingled a motherly tenderness that her babes might have absorbed.

All the fierceness in her lay dormant.

It was not dead, but love was lord of all for awhile.

Soft lights dwelt in her eyes, sweet smiles upon her lips, a luxurious wealth of gentleness in her heart, and life was beautiful to her; but suddenly something happened to blight all this happiness.

One bright autumn day, as she followed the hounds, Lady Anne was thrown from her horse, and taken up for dead.

They brought her home senseless, and for days her husband hung over her.

There was no hope for her life for a long while; but at last there was a change for the better.

She would live, but she must be a cripple for life.

She could never even stand alone, unless a miracle were worked for her, and miracles are rare.

Certainly none happened in her case, for as time passed on, it was plain to see that the surgeons had made no mistake.

The activity which had been her pride was at an end for Lady Anne.

Rosine waited upon her constantly.

The young husband was lovingly attentive.

They were together at her bedside a great deal.

And Lady Anne, struggling with her bodily agony, strove to be calm, that she might soothe her darling.

"I can love you still," she whispered. "Thank Heaven, my heart is as warm for you as ever."

Poor soul! it was all she had to be thankful for.

If this sad accident had happened to the man, there would have been a tender end to this story.

It would have faded off like a strain of sad love music, leaving her beside his bed with his hand in hers, he trebly dear to her for his misfortune.

But it was the woman who lay supine upon her couch, with all the charms she had possessed riven from her, and he was not a very noble man, and only noble men are tenderly constant.

By degrees the change came.

The danger of her death was over.

The constant watch was no longer needed.

An invalid for life, the Lady Anne reposed among her pillows, too proud to use her crutches or her wheeled chair, and day by day she saw less of the man to whom her love had given all she had, and all she was in her hey-day.

He was silky and soft and gentle when he came, but her sick-room bored him, and she knew it.

Lady Anne was sad, but she was too grand a woman to be pettish.

"It is natural," she said to herself. "Men are not like women, and it grieves him to see me thus. Some day he will grow more used to it."

And she was very loving to him.

But one day, as she opened a book that had been brought to her, a note fell from it, and, opening it, she read those words—

"MY LADY,—I am but a humble person, and dare not avow myself; but it grieves me to see your trust misplaced as it is. You think Rosine a faithful servant. Beware of her, my lady. If you could but see what I have seen in the balcony that opens from your boudoir; if you could but hear what I have heard there, in the dusk of the evening, you would know what I dare not tell."

"Yet, my lady, at least I can say this. Your maid is very beautiful, and your husband seems to know it."

"While you lie upon your couch, Satan is at work within your dwelling. That you may thwart him I give you this hint."

"I am, my lady, an unknown, humble

"WELL-WISHER."

Lady Anne crushed the note in her hand and hid it in her bosom.

No servant had written this; that she knew by its wording.

Her thoughts flew to her doctor, to the clergyman, to others who might have been cognisant of the affairs of her household.

With her blood boiling, she remembered certain things that had not seemed of much importance before, and she particularly recalled the fact that Rosine was always absent from her by permission about dusk, and that her husband never came to her at that time.

Vowing to herself to know the truth, she hid her emotion from Rosine all day, and when the dusk of evening came, she begged to be left quite alone.

It was a still, warm evening.

The stars twinkled in the sky, but the moon had not yet risen.

In such hours as these had love words been whispered to Lady Anne, in the days of her strength and beauty.

Memories of stealthy meetings with the game-keeper's son crowded the poor woman's soul and mingled with her doubts and terrors.

With a shudder, she reached forth her hand and took up those velvet-handled crutches which stood near her, though she had hitherto refused to use them.

They made no sound on the velvet carpet as she dragged herself across the room.

She reached the window at last, and leaned against the sill, weak and panting.

Below lay the balcony that opened from her boudoir.

From it voices ascended to her ear.

The tones were low, almost to those of a whisper, but she heard the words plainly.

They were not many, but they were enough.

Rosine and Lady Anne's husband were there together.

His hands was upon her shoulder.

"But you know you are the prettiest girl in England," said he. "You don't need me to tell you that."

"Monsieur flatters," said Rosine.

"You make me wish I were not a married man every day of my life," said he.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, if Madame heard!" said Rosine.

"But Madame doesn't," he said. "And what harm is there in praising a pretty girl? I'm not a slave, if I am married."

Then he kissed her, and she slapped him softly, very softly, in the face, and ran away.

She ran straight to Madame's room.

There was no light there as yet, but at the door a hand caught her by the neckerchief and held her fast.

In the faint starlight she could see the tall form, in its white wrapper, supported on its crutches.

But the hands were strong enough in all conscience.

She dared not use force enough to shake them off.

"Base wretch!" whispered Lady Anne's voice in her ear. "I know you now. Leave my house to-night. Go back to your native land, and out of his sight for ever, or, cripple as I am, I will find you out. My feet are useless—God help me!—but my hands are strong, and with them, if you ever return to England, I will strangle you, whether I am living or dead."

The hand at Rosine's throat clutched it as she spoke so fiercely, that when she left it go, the girl fell gasping to the ground.

She did not wait to see what befell Lady Anne, but, when her breath returned, crawled out of the room, went to the housekeeper for her wages, and ere the next day's dawn broke, she was gone, no one knew whither.

A gaunt old Scotch woman took her place, and Lady Anne kept her secret to herself; but her heart was broken.

She died of that, and not of her injuries, whatever the doctors might say.

But her will remained unaltered, and her husband inherited all her property, no other legal heirs existing.

When she was dead, he wept for her, and wore mourning for her the proper time; but at the end of the year he left England for a while, and crossed the Channel to France.

When he returned, a second wife bore him company.

She was no other than Rosine.

Gay, triumphant, happy, in her new dresses and jewels, she entered her home.

The old servants were indignant, the new ones curious.

Rosine passed them haughtily, and without the courtesy a well-born mistress would have exhibited.

Her husband led her to her boudoir (that in which she had so often waited upon Lady Anne), and left her to herself.

The supreme moment had come to her ignoble soul.

She fastened the door and looked about her.

All these luxurious appointments were her own.

This was her velvet chair, that her jewel box.

Her dresses were to hang in those wardrobes, her feet to repose upon that footstool.

This glass would mirror her face.

And down upon her, as she stood insolently rejoicing, gazed the portrait of dead Lady Anne, with her grand air and her haughty smile.

Rosine stood before it and menaced it with her little clenched hand.

"Ah, ha!" she said. "See then, my lady. This is all mine. What can you do now—you, cold in your grave? You said you would strangle me, if I ever came within his sight again. Here I stand then, my lady. Here I stand, his wife. I am all ready for your vengeance. Ha, ha, ha!"

But, as she smiled insultingly up into the face of the picture, her laugh changed to a shriek of horror, for, from out the canvas, she saw that face bend down. The figure bowed itself towards her.

The hands darted forth.

They hovered over her a moment, and then met about her throat in an awful death-like grip.

An hour after, the boudoir having called for his bride in vain, had the door of the boudoir broken in.

They found Rosine lying dead upon the floor, with a horrible black mark about her neck, and her eyes starting from their sockets, before the picture of my Lady Anne Lauderdale.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

The methods of composition employed by authors have been as various and interesting as the lives of authors themselves, and the history of these methods is one of the most entertaining and important passages in literary biography.

Old Burton kept a commonplace book, the contents of which he poured into his "Anatomy of Melancholy." Thomas Fuller, who advises everybody to follow his example, did the same.

Barthius, Turnebus, Scaliger, most of the mediæval scholars, and notably Butler, who by that means enriched his "Hudibras" with such an amount of learning, adopted a like method. So did Southey, and the "Doctor" is the product.

Bentley bought all his books with wide margins, and jotted on the sides whatever struck him in the reading, and thus supplied the defects of a memory exceptionally imperfect.

Pope was for ever collecting materials, and at once noted down a thought which struck him, even in conversation in a crowded room. He would ring his servants up at all hours of the night to get him writing materials for the purpose.

Sheridan and Foote were ever on the alert for wit. Addison took notes for his essays. Johnson pursued the same course for his "Rambler," and Hogarth would sketch on his nail any face that struck him, and in this way he managed to furnish his wonderful galleries of portraits.

Aeschylus, if we are to credit Elian, could never write until he was intoxicated; and, according to Horace, this was the case with Ennius and Cratinus. Ben Jonson wrote the best under the influence of canary. Sheridan prepared his marvellous speech on the Oude charge in a tavern, after swallowing tumbler after tumbler of brandy. The younger Pitt was often under the influence of port when he spoke, and Dundas, if we may believe one of Porson's epigrams on the subject, could never speak till he was "far gone." Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" with a bottle of port before him, and Beckford "Vathek" supported by constant draughts of the same. Shadwell stimulated himself by opium. The arch impostor Psalmanazar, Coleridge and De Quincey used the same stimulant. Dryden and Fuseli ate raw meat to insure vivid dreams. Voltaire was never without his coffee, and Byron wrote "Don Juan" under the influence of gin.

Many literary masterpieces were written at a sitting. The first draft of "The Castle of Otranto" was nearly finished thus, the author only desisting because he was physically unable to hold his pen. "Vathek" was completed in three days and two nights of incessant effort. Dryden finished "Alexander's Feast" in a day and a night; and it is said that Mrs. Browning wrote "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours. Shelley, Byron and Theodore Hook wrote with amazing rapidity; so did Scott, who seldom or never corrected. Dryden tells us that his thoughts came pressing in so fast that he had scarcely time for selection. He composed the "Parallel between Poetry and Painting" in twelve mornings, and the "Medal" in a few days. It was the same with Johnson, who wrote his "Life of Savage" in a little more than thirty-six hours, and "Rasselas" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

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

CHAPTER XL.

The crew had collected forward, and where holding counsel amongst one another. Their looks were dark and vengeful, and their thoughts and words were in accordance with their looks. They had forgotten how really kind and generous was the Captain they served. They only remembered that he was depriving them of their daily allowance of rum, and that they wished to be revenged on him for that act. Every man felt alike in this affair, and every man, save one, was alike resolute in the determination he had formed.

"He's a cowardly lubber, a mean swab, deservin' o' bein' well tarred an' feathered, that likes his tot o' grog, an' losin' it, is afear'd to speak up about it, an' demand its restitution!" one of the sailors remarked, his eyes fixed upon the boatswain.

The seaman thus addressed turned his quid in his mouth, and folded his bare, sunburnt arms.

"Looker here, shipmates," said he; "I'm a old fellow as has seen a good deal one way an' another, and I means to say as how I never seed a mutinous affair prosper; one road or t'other, the mutinous alus come to grief. I likes my tot at sea an' on shore as well as anny British tar as ever was, or ever will be. I confess to that fact like a honest man, in a straightfor'ard, upright, an' downright fashion; but I ain't agoin' fur to do a great wrong to obtain a little right; no I, indeed! I understands my duty an' discipline as a good sailor ort; an' if so be as I diskivers that I can't git my grog by fair means, why, then, I drops the subject like a hot later, an' tries to endoor with Christian fortitude the misfortin as can't be mended. The skipper, take him all in all, aren't a bad skipper; but he be a man o' his word, who, when he says a thing means to stick by it to the last; an' I don't blame him for that, providin' as how he hadn't said a syllable about our rum, bein' stoped. Now, shipmates, I've said my say; an' hevin' said that, I'll say no moor at present; leastways, not if I can help it!"

The boatswain had been listened to with evident impatience and anger, with flashing eyes and clenched hands.

"Then you'll put up with this piece of injustice!" said one of the men.

"Well, I must endoor it, I supposes," the old man rejoined, with a resigned air.

"You're a swab!" exclaimed one.

"A son of a greasy sea-cook!" cried a second.

"None of your inflections on my parentage!" broke forth the boatswain, with some ire. "My father was a landsman—I'll not deny that fact—but he war a honest man, an' a maker o' sails, which is a employment honorable enough when you takes it to pieces, and looks into it close."

His speech was replied to with a sneering laugh and muttered oaths; and then the malecontents turned away, and proceeded to hold counsel amongst themselves, utterly ignoring the presence of the old sailor, who soon left the spot, and sought employment in another part of the vessel.

"There's sixteen on us," said one of the sailors; "the ship's in our own hands—we can do as we like with it."

"Ay, ay, to be sure," answered several voices all together.

"We'll make the Mary Ann our own property, and lead a free life on the seas, eh shipmates?" proposed another.

"No, no," objected a third; "that sort of a procedin' on our part would be very dangerous. Rum's the present question—rum's the cause of our discontent—then let our struggle be to recover our rights, and nothing but our rights!"

"But supposin' that, with all our strugglin', we fall in obtainin' what we struggle for, what then?"

"Then let the skipper take care of himself!" returned another of the men, shaking high his clenched hand.

"We'll try the Cap'n once more," suggested a sailor, who had been silent till now.

"Once more," answered several voices; "an' for the last time!"

And as they spoke they moved away, and went aft in search of their commander; but, ere they reached the cabin entrance, they encountered the steward, a small, active man, bearing a covered tray in his hands.

The foremost of the crew stopped and accosted him.

"Are we going to have any grog to-day?" asked the sailor.

"I really haven't the remotest idea," the steward replied, in his politest manner.

"Ida!" sneered the questioner. "We didn't expect as how you had any sich thing inside your silly noodle. Has the Cap'n given you any orders about the matter allooded to?"

"None at present, I assure you, upon my honor."

"Your honor!" laughed the sailor. "Did yer

hear him, mates? What's under this tray?" he added, lifting off the cover as he spoke, and laying bare a couple of fowls prepared for cooking. "Hum! the cuddy dinner, steward, eh? That's good; if we can't get our rum, we'll hev something else in its place: what say you, mates?"

There then ensued a consultation amongst the malecontents, and the steward began to tremble for the safety of the cabin dinner.

"Really, 'pon my word, now, this may be a rich joke on your part, my men," said he, "but I confess I don't see the fun of it. Let me go about my business and do you all go about yours."

At this the sailor who had spoken snatched up the two fowls and held them aloft.

"Go tell the skipper that he'll hev' to whistle for his dinner to-day," said he. "To the galley, mates," he continued, addressing his companions, "to the galley! We'll hev' a feast on this occasion, eh, my lads?"

"Ay, ay, to the galley!" was the universal cry.

"It's scandalous, really!" exclaimed the steward, getting excited, and waxing scarlet in the face. "I never saw such behavior in all my life—never. Restore that pair of fowls instanter, I charge you, or it will be the worse for you all, I can tell you!"

"Really, now, will it?" sneered the spokesman of the party. "We'll see about that, my fine gentleman! Hand over the key of your storeroom!"

"What?" returned the steward, retreating in alarm.

"Hand over to us the key of your storeroom," repeated the sailor; "you aren't deaf, are you?"

"No, no; certainly not," rejoined the man, quakingly; "but I haven't the storeroom key about me; I haven't, indeed!" he added, endeavoring to make his escape as he spoke.

"No, no, you don't, mate," cried the sailor, his disengaged hand at once gripping the cabin servant's shoulder. "We means to hev' that there key, so produce it!"

"I can't—I positively can't! I shouldn't feel justified in such an act! What! Betray my trust—give you the key of the ship's storeroom? I am not yet gone mad, my men!"

"Never mind that. We wants the article, an' what's more, we'll hev' it! Now?"

"You've had my answer," responded the steward, in a sturdy manner.

Here the sailor shook the man in his grip.

"You don't want us to use violence towards you?" said he, tightening his hold of the man's collar.

"Violence! What do you mean?" exclaimed the steward, in the utmost dismay.

"Mean! You knows well enough! Come, the key!"

"I have told you once, and for all, that I have it not about me," was the firm rejoinder.

"It's a lie!" shouted the sailor. "Mates, sarch his pockets!"

At this moment, Captain Williams, hearing raised voices, appeared upon the scene.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he asked, authoritatively. "Why are you thus offering violence to the cuddy-servant?"

"Oh, he knows!" answered the sailor, very saucily.

"That is not sufficient," the Captain observed, with the utmost coolness. "It is requisite that I should also know!"

"Well, then, we want our rum, Cap'n; and sich bein' denied to us, we are goin' to take it—goin' to get the storeroom key, and help ourselves to everything there we likes!"

"Indeed!" returned the Captain, in the same collected manner as before. "Now, you'll oblige me by letting my servant go!" he continued, fixing his eyes upon the foremost of the mutineers. "It strikes me very forcibly that you will all be made to repent this outrage! Let the man go, or by heaven, I'll make you do so!"

The sailor did not relax his hold of the steward, who made no struggle to regain his liberty; and the men muttered, and exchanged dark and menacing looks with one another.

"Am I to be obeyed?" pursued the Captain, glancing from one face to another, and well understanding the expression of each.

"Let the swab adrift, mate!" said one of the sailors, in a surly tone. "We aren't in no hurry for an hour or so; we can bide a little longer for what we wants, and what we'll hev'!"

"Ugh!" uttered the seaman, flinging off the steward, and then throwing the pair of fowls overboard.

The Captain watched the act with angry feelings. He did not speak for some seconds; but his white, quivering features, fully revealed the commotion of his mind.

"I thought my crew was composed of men; but I find I have erred in my judgment—that I have manned my ship with a set of fiends!" said the commander.

"We wants our rights!" burst from five or six mouths; "only our rights, Cap'n, nothin' more!"

Captain Williams reflected for several moments before he replied. He could not for an instant entertain an idea of meeting the demands of his men; he could not permit them to govern him; and yet to further refuse their requirements would be dangerous in the extreme. He knew not what to do. His nature was neither timid nor yielding, but discretion told him how useless it would be to oppose a whole ship's company when such had risen in mutiny against him.

The men noted his hesitation, and therefrom augured favorably for themselves.

The Captain turned on his heel and retracing his steps, reached the cabin door, at which Des-

moro was standing, a silent witness of the whole scene.

The men, who had followed their commander, now ranged themselves before the cabin entrance. They looked defiant and resolute.

The steward had regained his pantry, where he was lamenting the loss of his pair of fowls, and contemplating the prudence of wringing the necks of a couple of others.

"Now, my men," said the Captain, turning and addressing them, "let me advise you to act with common sense. Go back to your duty, and let me hear no more of your murmurings."

"We're here for our rights, Cap'n; an' we mean to hev' them!" returned the spokesman of the party.

Captain Williams made no reply, but entered the cuddy, and closed its door in the face of the speaker.

There now arose tumultuous and savage shouts; and, rushing forward, the men burst in the opposing panels, and entered the presence of their master, who flew into his state-room, whence he returned with a couple of pistols in his hands.

The cabin was full of consternation; and, after the lapse of a few seconds, the mutineers were confronted by four armed men, none of whom appeared to be lacking in determination and courage.

Seeing the arms, the sailors retreated a little, their boldness somewhat checked and daunted. They had expected to meet with some resistance, but they had never dreamed of being met by four armed men, by men who were all well skilled in the pulling of triggers and the loading of guns.

"Leave the cabin, every mother's son of ye!" said the Captain, with suppressed rage. "Away, without a single word more, or I fire upon you in sheer self-defence!"

The mutineers did not stir, but ventured curses in a muttered, growling way. They were baulked in their wicked intentions, and their hearts were brimful of malice and revenge.

"Am I to be obeyed?" cried the Captain, his pistol raised ready to fire.

There came no answer. The men's faces showed a dogged obstinacy; they looked ready to sell their very lives for a draught of accursed alcohol. Nevertheless, they soon slunk away out of the cabin, and, seeking the forecabin, held fresh counsel with one another.

These men seemed to have become perfect demons, and they had become so only through being deprived of their accustomed fiery draught.

They ignored their duty quite, and they regarded no one. Rum, rum, was their cry, their continuous cry; rum, for which they were ready to imperil the safety of both body and soul.

CHAPTER XLI.

Two whole days had gone by in calmness; but the captain was watchful, and suspicious of his men, who had not yet been supplied with a single drop of alcohol. He felt no security in his position—he was fearing lest his men should break out afresh,—lest they should do so at a moment when he was unprepared to meet them. The passengers, one and all, were now living in constant terror, dreading to seek their pillows at night, and dreading also the breaking of each succeeding day.

Meanwhile, loaded with heavy irons and placed under hatches, Pidgers was groaning away his hours in darkness and utter loneliness. His daily food, which was biscuit and water, was brought to him by the under-steward, sometimes by the cabin-boy, neither of whom ever exchanged a single syllable with the prisoner who hitherto had uttered no word to them.

One night Pidgers was surprised by the appearance of one of the sailors bearing a light and a file in his hands.

"Here, mate," said the seaman, presenting Pidgers with the file,— "here, get to work at once, and set yourself at liberty. We wants you to help us to take possession of the ship, and send the captain and his passengers all to Davy Jones's locker."

Pidgers lifted up his bleared eyes, and stared at the speaker, unable to credit the evidence of his sight or ears.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, in an abrupt manner.

"What do I mean? Why, exactly what I says," rejoined the sailor. "Take the file, man alive, and make the best use you can of it!"

Pidgers stretched out his knotted fingers and grasped hold of the proffered implement. He thought he was in a dream, so wholly unexpected was the sailor's visit.

"You knows your way to the fokesell?" proceeded the seaman, significantly.

Pidgers nodded his head affirmatively.

"Well, then, when you've finished that job, and gotten your limbs once more out o' limbo, make good speed there."

"I will," answered the man, his mind still full of confusion and perplexity.

"You'll make all the haste you can?"

"That you may depend on!"

The sailor then quitted the prisoner, and went his ways to acquaint his shipmates with what he had done.

In the inky darkness of his solitude, Pidgers fled away at his irons—fled away until his fingers were fairly cramped with their task. He heard the rats around him, nay, sometimes he felt them leap upon his shoulders; but he heeded little now, when he was seeking to free himself from his hateful imprisonment, and to escape from justice.

His heart was beating triumphantly: he could scarcely keep his voice silent, so rejoiced was he at his approaching freedom.

"I know'd I'd trick 'em; I knowed I'd be a match for 'em!" he muttered within himself. "I'll pay 'em out for stickin' me in irons, see if I won't. Tack possession o' the ship! I dunno exactly w'haten the feller meant when he talked about that air sendin' o' the Cap'n an' the passengers to Davy Jones's locker; but I reckons it be somethin' as the Cap'n won't like particularly well, an' that'll just soot me to a t. I've got—or as good as got—yo agin in my power, Maister Desmoro, alias Red Hand. Eh, my! won't yo be in a rare pickle w'hen yo gets to hear that I've shakin' a loose leg once more!"

And Pidgers chuckled heartily, and fled away in high glee.

It was long before his task was finished. When it was completed, he groped his way over the tops of the wool bales, forcing himself through one aperture after another, until he reached the partition which divided the forecabin from the forehold. Here, pausing, he passed his hands over and over the boards till he found the one he sought for, the one which he had been in the habit of removing, and which he now easily pushed aside.

Pidgers then introduced his ugly head into the forecabin—which was dimly lighted by a solitary oil lamp hanging from a beam—and seeing the man who had brought him the file, he boldly entered the place.

"Oh, here's the chap, mates!" spoke the seaman, who was known to Pidgers.

"I don't like him," returned another of the men, glancing at the awkward, halting figure of the villain. "Who's he, an' what's he doin' here? We don't know anythin' about him, save that he killed that poor feller Dodd; an' that act warn't to his credit, seeing as how he didn't take place in a fair stand-up fight."

"He's got a pair of hands that'll help us," answered the first speaker, who was the leader of the mutiny, and that is all we shall want of him. "We can't afford to be very particular about his character, an' sich like; the more desperate he is, the fitter he'll be for the work we has in hand."

"Ay, ay, Bill is right there, mates; we don't want no chicken-hearted ones amongst us," observed a third sailor.

"In course not—in course not," agreed a fourth. "Sit down and hev something to eat," he added, inviting Pidgers to a seat on one of the sea-chests ranged under the hammocks all round the forecabin; "I reckons yer hungry, eh?"

"Yes, dreadful hungry!" was the rascal's reply, as he took the proffered seat amongst the sailors, one of whom handed him a biscuit with a slice of fat pork upon it.

Presently it struck eight bells; then the watch was called, and several men came down from the deck.

"The cabin lights has been out since four bells," said one of the newcomers, as he entered.

"All's quiet; now's our time for work!" Pidgers understood the words, and his malicious heart bounded in his bosom as he listened.

"They're all lulled into a idea of security," continued the same speaker; "they no more expect us than they expects a earthquake!"

"Hev you all got your marlinespikes an' your knives ready?" asked another.

The boatswain, whose watch on deck had just expired, now appeared on the scene. The old man started back as his eyes fell upon Pidgers.

"The wretch as killed Dodd!" he cried, in accents of horror. "What's he adoin' of here, mates?" he asked in angry and tremulous accents. "I thought as how he war safe in irons, an' stowed away under hatches. What's he adoin' of here, I say? He arn't fit company for a old tar like me, an' I'll not hev him a near of me!"

The sailors laughed at this speech, and the boatswain went on in the same strain as before, protesting against the presence of the hateful Pidgers.

"He ar defiance to my sight, for he ar a spiller of human blood!" exclaimed the old sailor, with great warmth. "Oh!" mates, mates, what be ye adoin' of?—what mischief be ye a plannin' of?"

"What's the use of inquiren', when yer knows well enough what we're all up to!" rejoined the leader of the mutineers.

"Bill Saunders, beware!" warned the boatswain. "The crew of the Mary Ann war once as honest a set of fellows as ye'd find in anny latitode, on anny sea, on'til ye, a noo hand, gets on a infamin' of their minds with yer treasonous words agin' the skipper an' the harmless passengers. I knows well the cause of anny plaint. I misses my tot of grog as bad as anny of ye, an' I've spoke my mind to the skipper about it, but I don't mean to turn rampagers at the thing, an' do what I ortn't; an' as fur—"

"Belay there—belay there, mate!" interrupted the sailor, whom the boatswain had addressed as Bill Saunders. "We don't want to hear anny of yer preaching—not we, indeed!"

The old man turned aside. "I'd thank yer very much if so be as yer'd make vacant the top o' my chist!" he said, speaking to Pidgers, who happened to be sitting on it. "I'm goin' to turn in!" he continued, flinging himself into his hammock as he spoke.

"You're not goin' to join us in our schemes to-night?" demanded the man Saunders.

"Speaking to me?" inquired the boatswain, his head already on his pillow.

"Ay, to you, old fellow!" Bill made answer.

"I aren't!" was the brief rejoinder.

"Then you'll hev to share the Cap'n's fate, old chap!" Bill responded, with a frightful oath. The boatswain started on his elbow in sudden alarm.

"What do yer mean?" he questioned, in anxious and affrighted syllables.

"Ye're aware what's up—what we've got on hand?" added Bill.

The boatswain, looking puzzled and terrified by turns, solemnly shook his head.

"We're a-goin' to take possession of the ship, mate."

"Of the Mary Ann?"

"Of the Mary Ann, mate."

"Lord love an' save us all!" exclaimed the boatswain, clasping his horny hands, and raising his eyes. "Hev it raly come to that state o' things, mate?"

"Hev'n't I said it hev'!" returned Bill, somewhat savagely.

"It's all the Cap'n's own fault—every bit of it! What business hed he to deprive his men of their lawful allowance o' grog, eh?"

"That be true enough, Bill! What business hed he to do anny sich thing? I've axed myself the same question fifty times without derivin' of the least satisfaction of anny sort from axin' of it!" answered the old seaman. "But I've been a sailor, man an' boy, now agoin' on fur fifty year, an' I never run my head agin' discipline, an' all that sort o' thing—never! I've alus been a fellar as knowed my dooty, an' performed it to the best of my ability; an' I says this—an' sticks to it, too—that I'll never aid and abet in anny mutinous affair on board o' the Mary Ann, or anny other ship. Now ye hev heard me, an' I've no more to say on the subject."

"Well, ye'll abide by the consequence of yer obstinacy?" said Bill Saunders.

"I will, mate, heaven help us!"

The men now drew apart, out of the boatswain's hearing, and held counsel with one another.

Pidgers was amongst them, eagerly assisting them with his base advice, to which they paid due attention.

CHAPTER XLII.

The old boatswain had dropped into a heavy slumber when the men, accompanied by Pidgers, all repaired on deck, and armed themselves with marlinespikes and staves. The night was calm and lovely, and the ship was steadily proceeding on her course. All was peace around, and the moon and the twinkling stars shone brightly on gently-rippling waters, and on the ship's white-swalling sails.

The whole of the crew, with the exception of the man at the wheel and the old sailor below, were now before the cabin door, when the officer, whose watch on deck it was, addressed the party.

"Is anything the matter, my men?" he asked, wondering to see so many of them on deck unsummoned.

The mutineers made no answer; but Saunders, springing upon the poop, struck the officer on the head, and laid him insensible on the deck.

"Now, lads," said their leader, "follow me!" And, so saying, he unfastened the cuddy door, and entered the saloon.

The place was almost in darkness; a solitary light was swinging to and fro over one end of the cuddy table, flinging around it dim, ghostly rays, which rendered the several state-room doors just visible, and allowed you to find your way to each of them.

The Captain, who was on the alert, hearing the men enter, softly tapped at the partition dividing his state-room from that belonging to Desmoro and Colonel Symure.

An answering tap at once reached the Captain's ear.

This mode of communication had been previously arranged by the Captain and his passengers. Desmoro, in a like way, had aroused the Count d'Auvergne, who arose on the instant.

The Frenchman was timid enough on ordinary occasions, but on this he was collected, and in nothing dismayed.

The mutineers had not reckoned on the slightest resistance being offered on the part of the Captain and the passengers. They imagined that they would have an immediate and complete victory over them.

But, as they burst into the several state-rooms, they were met with powder and bullets, and man after man dropped down either wounded or dead.

The utmost confusion and riot reigned, and shrieks, maledictions, and groans filled the air. Neither the staves nor the marlinespikes were of any use, seeing that the holders of them were so soon rendered powerless themselves.

It was a scene of terrible bloodshed; but the Captain and his passengers were only acting in their own defence, and reckoned not the triggers they pulled.

Many of the mutineers had retreated, afraid to face the loaded pistols, and leaving their wounded and dead companions behind them. Only three of the crew and the rascal Pidgers remained to fight the battle now nearly at an end, and those were soon overcome and secured.

The first mate, who had started out of his berth on hearing the first pistol fired, had rushed upon the scene, and was rendering his best assistance in binding the arms and legs of the mutineers, who were carried between decks, where, being heavily manacled, they were left to regret their treachery and their late wicked conduct.

Pidgers, who had been again frustrated in his

revenge, was once more in irons, once more a prisoner under the ship's hatches. He moaned and groaned, and loudly swore, so full of rage was he at being again baffled in his dark designs.

What was he to do now? He certainly saw no earthly chance of escape for him just at present, nor did he perceive any hope for him in the future. All was darkness, near and afar off him.

He writhed and gnashed his teeth when he remembered how his prey had been snatched out of his very grasp.

But his rage was wholly impotent; for what availed all his anger, since here he lay, loaded with chains and fast battened under hatches.

Captain Williams and the Mary Ann were both placed under considerable and painful difficulties at this time. Three of the sailors had fallen in the late contest, and several others were so seriously wounded as to be entirely unable to perform their accustomed duties.

The mate who had been struck down, soon recovered his consciousness and his strength; he had only been stunned for a time, nothing more.

It was a most fortunate circumstance for our friends that the weather remained calm and the wind favorable, remembering that the vessel was almost unmanned, and that the officers and the passengers had to work her as best they could.

The boatswain, who, you recollect, had refused to join the mutineers, went about his several duties in a most earnest yet saddened manner, shaking his head, and groaning over the unhappy state of affairs on board of the Mary Ann. He saw the bodies of his dead shipmates consigned to a watery grave, and he watched by the wounded men with patience, zeal, and Christian charity, all the while protesting that it was in consequence of the Mary Ann's having sailed on a Friday that all these terrible mishaps had occurred on board of her.

"I could hev told the skipper what would come of sich a howdacious act as puttin' out to sea on a Friday. There aren't sich another misfortunate day in the whole calendar—leastways, I never yeard on anny sich, and I be a old man as has yeard on a good sight o' things in my time," the boatswain observed to the steward one day. "I aren't sooperstitious—not I, indeed," pursued he, with a sage nod of his head; "I'm only a reasonable man, as can believe what he sees, and what he hears."

You can imagine how busy and anxious the Captain and his passengers had become, with their hands thus filled with almost the entire management of the ship.

The Count, Colonel Symure, and Desmoro, all lent their ready assistance in working the vessel, in pulling ropes, hoisting and lowering sails, and in performing various other necessary duties.

The late tragical events on board had cast a deep gloom over the occupants of the cuddy, who were praying for a continuance of mild weather, and a sight of the English shore.

Marguerite, whose nervous system had received a severe shock by the recent outbreak, and the fatal events which had occurred, was seldom seen on deck now. She had learned to tremble at almost every sound she heard—to shudder at every passing shadow. And she had become pale and thin, and altogether different from her former self.

The Count was much concerned on his daughter's account, and Desmoro was constantly blaming himself as being the cause of this great change in her. Of course, the Count would have been blind indeed not to have discovered how matters were standing between Marguerite and the Colonel's son. But he made no remark on the subject—he suffered matters to go their own way. He was a very easy-tempered little gentleman; not without considerable pride, I grant you, but disliking all sorts of trouble, and loving peace and comfort amazingly. He admired Desmoro exceedingly. Yes, notwithstanding all his antecedents, the somewhat bushranger held a warm place in the worthy Frenchman's heart.

Thus, unrebuked by either word or look from her father, Desmoro paid open attention and court to Marguerite, and the lovers were as happy as they could be under existing circumstances.

But content as she was of the devotion of Desmoro, Marguerite's health continued to droop daily. Yet she was cheerful; and her reply to the anxious inquiries of those about her, was that she was quite well, and that they had no occasion to disturb their minds about her.

The Count shook his head when thinking of or looking at her; and despite her assurances that nothing ailed her, she was seldom out of his thoughts. He loved her very tenderly, and her present condition filled him with uneasiness and pain.

At length, appearing like a gray streak in the horizon, the shores of old England showed themselves to our voyagers, whose breasts were filled with thankfulness and rapture at the welcome sight.

Desmoro stood on the deck, watching that gray streak grow broader and broader, various feelings at work within him; terror and joy, joy and terror, by turns taking possession of his soul. His changing expression of countenance fully proclaimed the commotion within his breast.

"There's our dear old isle, Mr. Symure," observed the Captain, his gaze fixed lovingly on the land in sight. "In all the known world there's not another spot like it!" he added, with some emotion. "I'm a rough sailor, Mr. Symure; but my bo-om has in it a deep love for

yon country of my birth—yon peaceful, sea-girt island."

Desmoro smiled a reply. He dared not trust his trembling tongue to make one.

Captain Williams looked at his companion for some moments, then he went on.

"You are getting nervous and unhappy as we approach the land?" he observed, interrogatively.

"I am, indeed," returned Desmoro; "and not without cause, either!"

"Without the slightest, I assure you. Your enemy is loaded with irons, and safe under hatches, where he shall remain until we are far out of the reach of his malice. Remember, that I am a man of my word, and, furthermore, that I am your sworn friend. Take comfort, then, and put faith in your promised security."

"I were ungrateful to do otherwise, and yet—"

"Ha! still doubtful!"

"I cannot help being so."

"Leave all to me."

Desmoro laid his hand on the Captain's shoulder, and murmured a grateful rejoinder.

"You must leave the ship as soon as ever you can," pursued the Captain, "and your friends must join you in France, whither I should advise you to proceed without delay. No doubt I shall have much to contend against with regard to the fellows below, and especially with that wretch, Pidgers. There will be a trial, and lots of other lother, I suppose; but you and your friends must get out of the way as quickly as possible. I shall weather the storm; I've no fear on that point, and all will come right in the end."

Desmoro looked into the face of the speaker, feeling much relieved as he listened to his words. Captain Williams was Desmoro's staunch friend, and he was appreciated as such, and beloved by him.

When the ship was making her way up the English Channel, which, owing to the light winds, she did slowly enough, Desmoro, pretending to be suddenly taken ill, left the Mary Ann in a fishing-boat, which had been hailed, and reached Cowes that evening. The pilot on board the Mary Ann paid but little attention to the circumstance of a sick passenger leaving the ship, and thus the somewhat bushranger escaped the testimony and vengeance of the villain Pidgers.

The Colonel, Count d'Auvergne, and Marguerite, all watched the departure of Desmoro—watched until the boat conveying him faded into a mere speck, and then vanished entirely from their sight.

Oh, how anxiously that trio leant over the side of the barque, straining their eyes after that which had wholly disappeared from their view! Marguerite sent blessing after blessing across the water, hoping that her loving syllables would be wafted to his ears, the ears they were intended for.

Desmoro safely reached Paris, and repairing to a certain hotel, there awaited the coming of his father, and the Count, and his daughter, who soon arrived to report the escape of Pidgers from the ship, Mary Ann.

Desmoro stood perfectly astounded at the unexpected intelligence. Pidgers escaped! Heavens! where was he? Could it be possible that he was still on the track of the persecuted and hapless Desmoro?

"Let the ruffian live, and welcome!" spoke the Colonel, noting his son's dismay, and wishful to reassure him. "You will be perfectly safe here, for, in the circles in which we shall move, the rascal will never be able to intrude in any way, neither as a luckey, nor as aught else. Make yourself quite at ease, then, and leave your foe to meet his just reward at the hands of a wise and gracious Judge. His day will come, be sure o' that; sooner or later the wretch must meet with his well-merited punishment. Let me entreat you to banish from your mind all thoughts of him and danger. I am longing to see you confident and happy; until you are so, I shall know no earthly rest."

"Confident and happy!" cried the Count, in blithe accents. "What should prevent his being confident and happy, I should like to know, eh? He is in Paris—beautiful, delightful Paris, where everybody is gay and joyous, and where he likewise must be gay and joyous! No, no, we must have no vapors here; we must live like the birds, singing the hours away, enjoying and caroling over every minute of our existence!"

Desmoro smiled faintly. Howsoever he strove, he could not banish from his mind the terrors which were so wholly besetting it.

Pidgers at liberty again! His direst foe once more on his track—probably at his very heels! Great heaven, Desmoro had surely every cause for terror.

It is true that Desmoro had plenty of gold; but what amount of gold would be likely to purchase his security when such was in the hands of a ruffian like Pidgers? The knave, he knew, did not care at all for money; what he was thirsting for was revenge. He had a deep and implacable hatred against Desmoro, and would never rest until that hatred was completely gratified.

A whole month had now passed away, and nothing having transpired to alarm our hero, his mind gradually became more calm—more like its old self.

The Colonel had taken a chateau in one of the suburb of Paris, near the Count d'Auvergne's beautiful dwelling, and Desmoro was now being introduced into some of the first circles of rank and fashion, where he was received as the affianced husband of Marguerite d'Auvergne—as

the handsome son of that rich Englishman, Colonel Symure.

Desmoro was much admired, and many a pair of envious eyes followed the beautiful but fast-fading woman who leant upon his arm.

The Count had hoped that the air of France would revive his daughter's declining health; but as yet it had had no beneficial effects upon her, and she was gradually becoming paler and thinner. She did not complain of any positive bodily pain, for she had none to complain of, but her looks spoke of decay—a decay which no medical skill would be likely to arrest.

But, notwithstanding her condition, Marguerite was not at all melancholy. She did not appear to be conscious of her altered looks, and she went to this place and to that, attending balls and the opera, and acted precisely as other fashionable ladies acted.

Desmoro's eyes were closed to Marguerite's state—resolutely closed. He would not see her fading looks—he would not acknowledge to himself that anything serious was the matter with her; and he accompanied her hither and thither, delighted to see her amused, and to keep her so as long as ever he could.

One night, the Count, Colonel Symure, Desmoro, and Marguerite were present at a grand entertainment given by the English ambassador, whose salons were crowded with the noblesse of that land and of others. It was a very brilliant assemblage indeed—an assemblage of rank, beauty, and wit.

Desmoro was not in his best spirits; an unaccountable depression weighed upon his mind—a depression which he could not shake off, howsoever he tried to do so. He could not help feeling that he was out of his proper atmosphere, or, in other words, that he was too unworthy to mix with his present surroundings. Desmoro was not humble-souled—far from being so; nevertheless, he could not forget the past, and what he had been in that past; and wherever he went he carried a certain amount of fear along with him—a fear which he could not cast aside, or make less.

Marguerite, who had been walking through a quadrille, was now seated by Desmoro's side, listlessly watching the company promenading round and round the rooms.

"Have you seen that lovely woman, the Baroness Kielmansegge?" asked Marguerite.

"Is she here to-night?" returned Desmoro, without feeling the slightest interest in the aforementioned Baroness.

"Yes; she stood up in the same set of quadrilles with me just now," answered Marguerite. "Oh, she is positively superb!" she added, quite enthusiastically. "I should much like you to see her. Every one is talking about her, and admiring her. You really must have a look at her."

"I have no wish to see her, Marguerite," he answered, in a low voice. "In my eyes her beauty would not compare with thine. This Baroness Kielmansegge, had she even an angel's face and form, would not appear to me half so feminine, half so charming, as thou!"

Marguerite shook her head, and shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say, "You tell me this, but I fear to believe you."

"There—there she is, with a whole train of cavaliers after her!" she cried, as a gorgeously-attired woman crossed the salon. "Isn't she magnificent, Desmoro?" she exclaimed, in rapturous accents.

"I did not see her face," he replied, indifferently.

"Did you see her figure?"

"She is dressed in rose-color?"

"Yes."

"Then I saw her."

"She is very brilliant-looking—a West Indian, they say. She is transcendent lovely. I never saw such a pair of eyes in the whole course of my life. People are nearly going crazy about her."

Desmoro smiled.

"And so also is Marguerite d'Auvergne, eh?"

"I admire her vastly; she is so fascinating. Her eyes appear to possess some magic power—a power which at once subdues you."

Desmoro could not help laughing at Marguerite's ardent admiration of the Baroness Kielmansegge, but he did not feel an atom of desire to see the lady; indeed, he had not the slightest curiosity respecting her.

"I should like to escape from the stifling heat of these salons, Desmoro," said Marguerite. "Will you take me into the conservatory, there is not so much light or heat as here?" Saying which, she started up, looking feverish and nervous, with two crimson spots upon her white cheeks.

Desmoro rose, and presenting his arm, led her through the crowd of guests in the direction of the conservatory.

They had to crush their way along, elbowing first one person, then another.

Suddenly Marguerite pressed her companion's arm. "She is there, Desmoro, to our right, the Baroness Kielmansegge!" she excitedly cried.

He turned as she spoke, but failed to see the lady whom she indicated.

"There, Desmoro, there!" pursued Marguerite, still pressing his arm significantly. "She is coming towards us; now you cannot miss seeing her."

At this moment, a female figure, full of queenly majesty, was seen advancing towards our hero and his fair companion. As if she had been a throned empress, the crowd instantly made a wide passage for her.

Desmoro raised his eyes, and encountered those of the Baroness Kielmansegge, fixed strangely upon him.

To be continued.

JILTED.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Well, well. This Arrow hath missed its mark; But, Man! you have more in your quiver! All over, no doubt, with your pleasure-bark; But swim like a lusty liver!

Perhaps she had some love for you! Some love till death doth sever; Some love for a month or a year or two, And some, they say, for ever.

That, at least, was eternal? We all think so one time or other, While very young and vernal. Pat you might not have found your heaven within

The Learned will tell you, those beautiful eyes Of witching bewildering blue Are as drumlike waters, or earth-made skies, Or unrinsed linen, in hue:

Yes. I know how you stood, all aflame, for her Your heart of hearts to fill, I know how you hardly dared to stir, Lest your delight should spill;

You say that she gave you kiss for kiss; But that was no promise of marriage. Don't you know, in a world like this, A Lady must ride in her carriage?

The old love wasn't the true love; That you have plainly proved; So turn your thoughts to a new love. Some one waits to be loved!

Never quench the shine of the rest of your wine, By pouring it out in the dust. What of your faith, old friend of mine? Can you take your trial on trust?

Lucius Davoren found himself curiously disturbed by the memory of that pretty face in his own rank of life—that glimpse of a fireside dif-

and was too poor to pay for a hansom, so he gave himself the luxury of a walk. That journey took him almost from one end of London to the other.

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blank upper windows, which, showing no trace of the life within, had a wall-eyed look that was worse than the utter blindness of closed shutters. He sometimes went out of his way even, for the sake of passing those inexorable walls. He wasted a few minutes of his busy day loitering by the iron gate, hoping that by some kindly caprice of Fortune the pale sweet face of Lucille Sivewright would appear behind the rusty bars, the ponderous hinge would creak, and the girl who haunted his thoughts would emerge from her gloomy prison.

“Does she never come out?” he asked himself one fine winter day, when there was sunshine even in the realms of Shadrack. It was a month after his adventure with Homer Sivewright, and he had lingered by the gate a good many times. “Does she never breathe the free air of heaven, never see the face of mankind? Is she a cloistered nun in all but the robe, and without the companionship which may make a convent tolerable?—without even the affection of that one warped nature? for how coldly her grandfather spoke of her! What a life!”

He pitied her intensely—this girl, whom he

Yes, I will refresh myself by a few hours' liberty in a brighter world. I will go and hunt up Geoffrey Hossack.”

They were firm friends still, though their lives lay as wide apart as two rivers which have their source from the same watershed, and wander off by opposite ways to the sea, never to touch again. They had lost sight of each other for some time of late. Geoffrey, ever a peripatetic spirit, had been doing Norway, with an excursus into Lapland, during the last two years; but a letter received just before Christmas had announced his return, and his sojourn at a manor-house in Yorkshire.

“I shall begin the new year in the City of cities,” he wrote; “and one of my first occupations will be to beat up your quarters in that queer world of yours beyond the Tower. But if you are kind enough to forestall me, dear old boy, you will find me in my old rooms at Philpott's.—Yours, as per usual, G. H.”

The new year had begun, and had brought no sign from Geoffrey; so Lucius took advantage of his leisure to go westward in quest of his friend. He detested the slow tortures of an omnibus,

has his own particular rooms here. We once turned out a cabinet minister to accommodate him.”

“A general favorite, I suppose.” “Lord bless you, sir, down to the vegetable maid we worship him!”

The enthusiastic waiter opened a door, and ushered in the guest. There had been no question as to card or name. Geoffrey Hossack was accessible as the sunshine.

He was half buried in a low capacious chair, his head flung back on the cushions, a cigar between his lips, an open French novel flung face downwards on the carpet beside him, amongst a litter of newspapers. The winter dusk had almost deepened into night, and the room was unlighted save by the fire. Yet even in that fitful light Lucius saw that his friend's countenance was moody; a fact so rare as to awaken curiosity or even concern.

“Geoff, old fellow!” “Why, Davoren!” starting up from his luxurious repose and flinging the unfinished cigar into the fire. “How good of you! And I ought to have come to your place. I've been in London a fortnight.”

“My dear old boy, one hardly expects Alcibiades beyond the Minorities. I've been living at that dingy end of town until to come westward is a new sensation. When I saw Trafalgar Square and the lighted windows of yonder Club to-night, I felt like Columbus when he sighted the coast of San Salvador. I had a leisure afternoon, and thought I couldn't spend it better than in looking you up. And now, Geoff, for your Norwegian and Laplandian experiences. You were looking uncommonly gloomy when I came in, as if your memories of the north were not of the brightest.”

“My northern memories are pleasant enough,” said the other, putting aside the question lightly, just in that old familiar way Lucius knew so well. “Come, Lucius, plant yourself there,” rolling over another capacious chair, the last device of some satanic upholsterer for the propagation of slothful habits; “take one of those Havanas and light up. I can never talk freely to a man till I can hardly see his face across the clouds of his tobacco—a native modesty of disposition, I suppose; or perhaps that disinclination to look my fellow-man straight in the face which is accounted one of the marks of a villainous character. Goodish weed, isn't it? Do you remember the Rocky Mountains, Davoren, and the long days and nights when there was no tobacco?”

“Do I remember?” echoed the surgeon, looking at the fire. “Am I ever likely to forget?”

“Of course not. The question was a mere *facon de parler*. There are things that no man can forget. Can I forget, for instance, how you saved my life? how through all those wearisome nights and days when I was lying rolled up in my buffalo skins raving like a lunatic, fancying myself in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people, you were at once doctor and sick-nurse, guardian and provider?”

“Please don't talk of that time, Geoff. There are some things better forgotten. I did no more for you than I'd have done for a stranger; except that my heart went with my service, and would have almost have broken if you had died. Our sufferings—and our peril—at that time, seem to me too bitter even for remembrance. I can't endure to look back at them.”

“Strange!” exclaimed Geoffrey lightly. “To me they afford an unflinching source of satisfaction. I rarely order a dinner without thinking of the days when my vital powers were sustained—‘sustained’ is hardly the word, say rather ‘suspended’—by mouldy pemmican. I seldom open a new box of cigars without remembering those doleful hours in which I smoked dried grass, flavored with the last scrapings of nicotine from my meerschaum. It is the reverse of what somebody says about a sorrow's crown of sorrow. The memory of past hardship sweetens the comfort of the present. But I do shudder sometimes when I remember awakening from my delirium to find you down with brain-fever, and that poor little Dutchman sitting awe-stricken by your side, like a man who had been holding converse with spirits. I don't mean schnapps, but something uncanny. Thank God, those Canadian emigrants found us out next day, or He only knows how our story would have ended.”

“Thank God!” echoed Lucius, solemnly. “After one dismal day I can remember nothing till I found myself strapped like a bundle upon a horse's back, riding through the snow.”

“We moved you before you were quite right in your head answered Geoffrey, apologetically. “The Canadians wouldn't wait any longer. It was our only chance of being put into the right track.”

“You did a wise thing, Geoff. It was good for me to wake up far from that wretched log hut.”

“Come now, after all, we had some very jolly times there,” said Geoffrey, with his habit of making the best of life; “sitting by the blazing pine-logs jawing away like old boots. It was only when our 'baccy ran out that existence became a burden. I give you my honor that sometimes when civilized life begins to hang heavy, I look back to the Rocky Mountains with a regretful sigh. I almost envy that plucky little Dutchman who left us in British Columbia, and went to San Francisco to dig for gold.”

“I verily believe, Geoff, you would have contrived to be cheerful in the Black Hole at Calcutta or on the middle passage. You have a limitless reserve fund of animal spirits.”

“There you're wrong. I believed as much myself till the other day. But I have lately discovered a latent faculty hitherto unsuspected



“I KNOW HOW YOU STOOD.”

had only known for one brief hour. If any one had suggested that he was in love with her, he would have scorned the notion; yet there are passions which endure for a lifetime, which defy death, and blossom above a grave, though their history may be reckoned by a few hours.

“Love at first sight is but the fancy of poets and fools,” thought Lucius; “but it would be strange if I were not sorry for a fair young life thus blighted.”

His violin had a new pathos for him now, in those rare hours of leisure when he laid aside his books and opened the case where that magician lay perdu. His favorite sonatas, his choicest bits of Viotti and Spohr and De B.riot, breathed a languid melancholy, which sounded to him like the complaint of an imprisoned soul—that princess of fairy tale—the bric-a-brac dealer's granddaughter. But to think of her thus, as he played dreamily by his lonely fireside, was only to feel a natural compassion for an oppressed fellow-creature.

This tendency to dwell upon one subject, and that a foolish one, since his pty could not be of the smallest service to its object—finally worried him not a little. Thus it was that, finding himself his own master an hour or so earlier than usual one January afternoon, he told himself that the wisest thing he could do would be to get away from the Shadrack-road atmosphere altogether.

“The life I lead is too narrow, too completely monotonous,” he thought. “No wonder I have taken to exaggerate the importance of trifles.

and was too poor to pay for a hansom, so he gave himself the luxury of a walk.

That journey took him almost from one end of London to the other. The forest of spars, the rope-walk, the open gates of the docks, the perpetual procession of hogsheds, cotton bales, iron bars, packing cases, and petroleum barrels, gave place to the crowded streets of the city, where all the operations of commerce seemed to be carried on quietly, by men who walked to and fro, carrying no merchandise, but buying and selling as it were by sign and countersign. Then came that borderland on the westward side of Temple Bar—that somewhat shabby and doubtful region where loom the churches of St. Clement and St. Mary, which seem to have been especially designed as perpetual standing impediments to the march of architectural progress in this quarter; then the brighter shop-windows and more holiday air of the western Strand; and then Charing Cross; and a little way farther on, hanging on to the skirts of Pall Mall and the Clubs, behold Philpott's, or the Cosmopolitan, an old-fashioned house with narrow facade in red brick, pinched in between its portlier neighbors—a house which looked small, but boasted of making up forty beds, and retaining all the year round a staff of thirty servants.

Mr. Hossack was at home. The waiter of whom Lucius asked the question brightened at the sound of his name as if he had been a personal friend, and took Lucius under his protection on the instant.

“This way, sir; the first floor. Mr. Hossack

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER III.

HARD HIT.

Lucius Davoren found himself curiously disturbed by the memory of that pretty face in his own rank of life—that glimpse of a fireside dif-

even by myself, the capacity for being miserable."

"You have sustained some family affliction—or you have taken to wearing tight boots?"

"Neither. I wish you'd help yourself to some brandy-and-soda yonder," pointing to a side-table on which those refreshments were provided, and ringing the bell clamorously; "I'll order dinner before I unbosom myself. George," to the enthusiastic waiter, who appeared in prompt answer to the noisy summons, "the best you can do for this gentleman and me, at seven sharp; and don't come fidgeting in and out to lay the cloth until five minutes before you bring the soup tureen. By the way, we'll begin with oysters and Montrachet, and you can give us a bottle of *Yquem* afterwards. No sparkling wine. We'll wind up with *Chambertin*, if you've a bottle in good condition. But don't bring it half-frozen out of the cellar, or muddled by hasty thawing. Exercise judgment, George; you have to deal with connoisseurs. Now," continued this epicurean youth, flinging himself back into the depths of his chair, "before I begin my egotistical proeing, let me hear what you've been doing all this time, my *Lucius*."

"That may be told in two words. Hard work."

"Poor old Davoren!"

"Don't take that simple statement as a complaint. It is work I like. I might have set up my *Penates* in what it called a genteel neighborhood, and earned my crust a good deal more easily than I can earn it yonder. But I wanted wide experience—a complete initiation—and I went where humanity is thickest. The result has more than satisfied me. If ever I move westward it will be to *Saville-row*."

The sybarite contemplated him admiringly, yet with a stifled yawn, as if the very contemplation of so much vital force were fatiguing.

"Upon my word, I don't know that I wouldn't exchange my three-percents for your ambition, *Lucius*," he said. "To have something to achieve, something to win—that is the keenest rapture of the human mind, that makes the chief delight of the chase. Upon my honor, I envy you. I seem to awake to the conviction that it is a misfortune to be born with the proverbial silver spoon in one's mouth."

"The man who begins life with a fortune starts ahead of the penniless struggler in the race for fame," answered the surgeon. "There is plenty of scope for your ambition, *Geoff*, in spite of the three-percents."

"What could I do?"

"Try to make yourself famous."

"Not possible! Unless I took to a pea-green coat, like that rich young planter's son in the last generation. Fame! bah! for *Brown*, *Jones*, or *Robinson* to talk of making themselves famous is about as preposterous as it would be for *Hampstead-hill* to dry and develop a volcano. Men born to fame have a special brand upon their foreheads, like the stamp on *Yeuve Clicquot's champagne corks*. I think I see it in the anxious lines that mark yours, *Lucius*."

"There is the senate," said *Davoren*; "the natural aim of an Englishman's ambition."

"What! truckle to rural shopkeepers for the privilege of wasting the summer evenings and the spring tides in a stuffy manufactory of talk! *Pas si bête!*"

"After all," returned *Lucius*, with a faint sigh, "you have something better than ambition, which is only life in the future—mere fetish worship, perhaps—or the adoration of a shadow which may never become a substance. You have youth, and the power to enjoy all youth's pleasures, which means life in the present."

"So I thought myself till very lately," answered *Geoffrey*, with another sigh; "but there is a new flavor of bitterness in the wine of life. *Lucius*, I'm going to ask you a very serious question. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

A startling question at any rate, for it brought the hot crimson blood into the surgeon's tawny face. Happily they were still sitting in the firelight, which just now waxed dim.

"Alas! as much as I believe in ghosts or spirit-rapping," he answered coldly.

"Which means that you've never seen a ghost or had a message from spirit-land," answered *Geoffrey*. "Six months ago I should have called any one an ass who could love a woman of whom he knew no more than that her face was lovely and her voice divine. But as somebody—a baker's daughter, wasn't she?—observed, 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.'"

"You have fallen in love, *Geoff*?"

"Descended into abysmal depths of folly, a million fathoms below the soundings of common sense. There's nothing romantic in the business either, which of course makes it worse. It's only foolish. I didn't save the lady's life by stopping a pair of horses that were galloping to perdition with her, or by swimming out a mile or so to snatch her from the devouring jaws of an ebb tide. I have no excuse for my madness. The lady is a concert-singer, and I first saw her while dancing attendance upon some country cousins who were staying in town the other day, and led me like a victim to musical mornings and evening recitals, and so on. You know that I have not a passionate love of music."

"I know that you had a very moderate appreciation of my violin."

"All the tunes sounded so much alike. Want of taste on my part, of course. However, my cousins—*Arabella* and *Caroline Folthorpe*, nice girls, but domineering—insisted that I should go to concerts, so I went. They both sing and play, and wanted to improve their style, they said; selfishly ignoring the fact that I had no

style to improve, and allowing me to pay for all the tickets. One morning—splendid weather for snowballing; I wished myself young again and at *Winchester*, as I looked at the streets—we went to a recital at a dreary-looking house near *Manchester-square*, lent by the proprietors. The concert people might as well have borrowed a roomy family vault. It would have been quite as cheerful. Well, we surrendered our tickets—parallelograms of sky-blue pasteboard, and uncommonly dear at half a guinea—to a shabby footman who ushered us up-stairs over a threadbare stair carpet to a faded drawing-room, where we found some elderly ladies of the dowdy order, and a miscellaneous collection of antique gentlemen in well-worn coats of exploded cut. These I took to represent the musical nobility. It was not a cheerful concert. First came a quartette, in ever so many parts, like a dull sermon; a quartette for a piano, violoncello, and two fiddles, with firstly, and secondly, and thirdly. Every now and then, when the violoncello gave forth rather deeper groans than usual, or one of the fiddles prolonged a wire-drawn chord, the musical nobility gave a little gasp, and looked at one another, and one of the old gentlemen tapped the lid of his snuff-box. After the quartette we had a pianoforte solo, to my unlightened mind an arid waste of tuneless chords, and little meandering runs to nowhere in particular, a little less interesting than a problem in *Euclid*. I prefer my cousin *Arabella's* hearty thumping and frantic rushes up and down the keyboard to this milk-and-water style, which is, I understand, classical. Number three was a vocal duet by *Händel*, which I won't describe, as it lulled me into a placid slumber. When I reopened my eyes there was a gentle murmur of admiration floating in the atmosphere, and I beheld a lady dressed in black, with a sheet of music in her hand, waiting for the end of the symphony.

"The lady, I suppose," said *Lucius*, duly interested.

"The lady. I won't attempt to describe her; for after all what can one say of the loveliest woman except that she has a straight nose, fine eyes, a delicate complexion? And yet these constitute so small a part of her beauty, one may see them in the street every day. This one stood there like a statue in the cold wintry light, and seemed to me the most perfect being I had ever beheld. She appeared divinely unconscious of her beauty, as unconscious as *Aphrodite* must have been in that wild free world of newborn Greece, though all creation worshipped her. She didn't look about her with a complacent smile, challenging admiration. Her dark-fringed eyelids drooped over the violet-gray eyes, as she looked downward at the music. Her dress was Quaker-like, a linen collar round the full firm throat, the perfect arm defined by the plain black sleeve. Art had done nothing to enhance or detract from her beauty. She sang '*Auld Robin Gray*' in a voice that went to my inmost heart. The musical nobility sniffed and murmured rapturously. The old gentleman rapped his snuff-box, and said *Bwava!* and the song was re-demanded. She curtsied and began something about a blue bodice and *Lubin*, and in this there were bird-like trills, and a prolonged shake, clear and strong as the carol of a skylark. *Lucius*, I was such a demented ass at that moment, that if the restraints of civilisation hadn't been uncommonly strong upon me, I should have blubbered like a schoolboy before a caning."

"Something in the *timbre* of the voice," said *Lucius*, "simpatica."

"Sim-anybody you like; it knocked me over like a skittleball."

"Have you seen her since?"

"Have I seen her! I have followed her from concert-room to concert-room, until my *sensorium*—that's the word, isn't it?—aches from the amount of classical music that has been inflicted upon it—the *x* minors and *z* majors, and so forth. Sometimes I hunted her down in some other aristocratic drawing-room, by the kind permission, &c.; sometimes I found her at the *Hanover-square Rooms*. *Mitchell* has a standing order to send me a ticket for every concert at which she sings. It's damned hard work. I'm due this time to-morrow at *St. George's Hall, Liverpool*."

"But, my dear old *Geoff*, can anything be more foolish?" expostulated *Lucius*, forgetful of that rusty old gate in the *Shadrack-road*, to which purest pity had so often led him.

"I daresay not. But I can't help myself."

"Do you know anything about the lady?"

"All that a diligent process of private inquiry could discover, and yet very little. The lady is a widow—"

"Disenchanted fact."

"Her name, *Bertram*."

"Assumed, no doubt."

"Very possibly. She has lodgings in *Keppel-street, Russell-square*, and lives a life of extreme seclusion with her maid and one little girl. I saw the child one morning, a seraph of seven or eight, with flowing flaxen hair, blue eyes, and scarlet legs, like a tropical bird, or a picture by *Millais*."

"That sounds like respectability."

"Respectability!" cried *Geoffrey*, flaming with indignation. "I would no more doubt her virtue or her honor than I would question the virtue of my dead mother. If you had heard her sing '*Voi che sapete*,' the clear thrilling tones, now swelling into a flood of melody, now sinking to the tenderest whisper! Could such tones as those come from a foul heart? No, *Lucius*, I need no certificate of character to tell me that *Jane Bertram* is true."

Lucius smiled—the slow smile of worldly

wisdom—and then breathed a faint regretful sigh for his friend's delusion.

"My dear *Geoff*," he said, "I daresay the conclusion you arrive at is natural to the unsophisticated mind. A great orator addresses us like a demigod; ergo, he must be by nature godlike. Yet his life may be no better than *Thurlow's* or *Wilkes's*. A woman is divinely beautiful; and we argue that her soul, too, must be divine. The history of the musical stage tells us that there were women who sang like angels, yet were by no means perfect as women. For God's sake, dear old friend, beware of music. Of all man's ensnarers the siren with lyre and voice is the most dangerous. Of all woman's tempters he who breathes his selfish prayer in musical concords is the most fatal. In my own family there has been a wretched example of this nature. I speak with all the bitterness that comes from bitter experience."

"That may be so," returned the other, unconvinced; "but there are instincts which cannot lie. My belief in *Jane Bertram* is fixed as the sun in heaven."

"Did you contrive to obtain an introduction?"

"No. I found that impossible. She knows no one, goes nowhere, except for her professional engagements. Even the people who engage her—music publishers, and what not—know nothing about her, except that she sings better than five out of six sopranos of established reputation, and that she has struggled into her present modest position out of obscurity and hard work. She was only a teacher of music until very lately. She would do wonders if she went on the stage, my informant told me; and such a course has been suggested to her; but she peremptorily declined to entertain the idea. She earns, in the season, from five to ten pounds a week. What a pittance for a goddess!"

"And who was Mr. *Bertram*?"

"I was not curious upon that subject; enough for me to know that he is in his grave. But had I been ever so inquisitive my curiosity must have gone unsatisfied. The people who know so little about her know still less about her late husband. He has been dead some years. That is all they could tell me."

"And you positively go down to *Liverpool* to hear her sing?"

"As I would go back to the shores of the *Red River* for the same purpose. Ay, live again on mouldy pemmican, and hear again the howling of the wolves at sunset."

"And is this kind of thing to go on indefinitely?"

"It will go on until circumstances favor my passion, until I can win my way to her friendship, to her confidence; until I can say to her, without fear of repulse or discouragement, '*Jane, I love you*.' I am quite content to serve a longish apprenticeship, even to classical music, for the sake of that reward."

Lucius stretched out his hand, and the two men's broad palms met in the hearty grasp of friendship.

"Upon my honor, [*Geoffrey*, I admire you," said the surgeon. "I won't preach any more. Granted that your passion is foolish, at least it's thorough. I honor a man who can say to himself, '*That woman I will marry, and no other; that woman I will follow, through honor and dishonor, evil report and good report*'—"

"Stop," cried *Geoffrey*; "let there be no mention of dishonor in the same breath with her name. If I did not believe in her truth and purity, I would pluck this passion out of my breast—as the *Carthusian* prior in the mediæval legend plucked deadly sin out of the entrails of *St. Hugo of Lincoln*—though I cut my heart open to do it. I love her, and I believe in her."

"And if you ceased to believe in her, you would cease to love her?"

"Yes," answered *Geoffrey* *Hossack* firmly.

He had risen from his seat by the hearth, and was pacing the dusky chamber, where the street lamps without and the red fire within made a curious half-light. Truly had his friend called him thorough. Intense, passionate, and impulsive was this generous nature—a nature which had never been spoiled by that hard school in which all men must learn whose first necessity is to get their living, that dreary bread-winner's academical career to which God condemned *Adam* as the direst punishment of his disobedience and deceit. "No longer shalt thou wander careless in these flowery vales and groves, where generous emotions and affectionate impulses and noble thoughts might bud and blossom in the happy idleness. For thee, sinner, the daily round of toil, the constant hurry, the ever-goading pressure of sordid necessities, which shall make thee selfish and hard and remorseless, with no leisure in which to be kind to thy brother strugglers, with hardly a pause in which to remember thy God!"

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON FLOUR.—It is maintained that the inferior quality of certain kinds of wheat and rye flour is frequently due to the action of sunlight on the flour; even when in bags or barrels the gluten experiences a change similar to that occasioned by heating in the mill. The tendency thus imparted to it, to become lumpy, and to form dough without toughness, is similar to that of flour from moist grain, or of flour when it is too fresh, or made from grain ground too early, or when adulterated with cheaper barley meal. Such flour can be improved by keeping for some weeks.

THE MASSACRE AT LACHINE.

A.D. 1689.

BY E. A. SUTTON.

[NOTE.—During the night of August 5th, 1689, 1,400 Iroquois crossed Lake St. Louis during a storm, and surprising the sleeping inhabitants of Lachine, carried woe and desolation almost into the streets of Montreal.]

I.

Calmly the August day
Fades into eventide;
Now the weary peasant's work is done,
And the children watch the sinking sun,
While dances brightly each crimson ray
Out on the waters wide.

II.

Thickly the shadows fall
Over the quiet scene,
And darker yet grows each forest glade,
As night creeps on, like a gloomy shade,
Wrapping up in her sombre pall
The homesteads of Lachine.

III.

There comes a moaning sound,
All thro' the pines it sighs,
And afar off leaps a sudden flash,
And the stillness wakes to a rumbling crash,
Which echoed thrice from the woods around,
Rolls through the blackened skies.

IV.

Wildly the tempest burst,
Forest and waters o'er;
Hard and white comes the driving hail,
The tall pines bend to the howling gale;
There are brighter darts than flashed the
first,
And thunders louder roar.

V.

Yet, sound the cottier sleeps,
Safe from the storm's rude hand;
Ah! he little dreams of coming woe,
And naught sees he of the wily foe
Who the shore has gained and stealthy
creeps
Along the silent strand.

VI.

Oh, would that from on high!
Some voice would wing its way,
And a warning to the sleepers bring
Ere 'tis yet too late, and fierce shall ring,
At their very doors, the demon cry
Of the dreaded Iroquois.

VII.

The fatal hour has come;
Hark to that piercing shout!
Oh! how wild it swells upon the air;
There's an answering shout of wild despair;
But they wait too late—each peaceful home
Is girt with foes about.

VIII.

Loud rings the savage yell,
Bright flames light up the scene,
The waters glow with the ruddy glare,
And with crackling fires and shriek and pray
It seems as if all the woes of hell
Were poured out on Lachine.

IX.

Infant and aged sire
Were butchered side by side;
There the maiden gaped, in lover's gore—
There were mothers forcing the babes they bore
E'en to take and cast into the fire,
And watch them till they died.

X.

In sleep some met their fate,
They never woke to know
Of the feast of blood that dismal night,
To arms rushed some, in despair to fight;
But they strove in vain, it was too late
To stem the tide of woe.

XI.

October's sunshine fell
Over a mournful scene—
On the horde had passed—the autumn wind
Blew chill o'er the waste they left behind,
And each ruined hearth could sadly tell
The story of Lachine.

QUEBEC.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESON.

PART II.

VII.—ST. JOHN'S EVE.

St. John's Eve lies midway between spring and fall; it is summer in its strength and glory.

The day was far advanced, evening was drawing near. Gunnar had again taken his station on the rock projecting into the lake, on the very same spot where Rhyme-Ola had found him the day before. On his knees rested a wooden board made of two rough fir-planks, whereon was spread out a large, square piece of thin white birch-bark. In his hand he had a pencil, with which he drew on the bark. The cattle showed evident signs of impatience, for it was already milking-hour; but Gunnar was too much absorbed in his work even to be conscious of their presence. Many new, strange thoughts had been playing in his mind since Rhyme-Ola's visit. Still the sad and yet bold and rousing strain of the song kept ringing in his ear, now wakening him to life and action, now turning his mind to blissful reverie. When he had first left the cottage in the valley and first had drunk the freshness of the mountain air, there had been a new life born in him. Fresh hopes and longings had thronged his mind; Necken, the Hulder, and all that was fair to his childish fancy had suddenly become living realities, and he could often feel their enchanting presence, when the day fell warm and wondering over the highlands, and the air held its breath in anxious silence. Often had he spent hour after hour searching through the dark and half-hidden copse in the hope of catching a glimpse of some hairy sprite. Never a loor-tone came floating over the plain, but he started to see if the Hulder might not be near; for he was sure the loor must be hers. True, shadows of doubt had been coming and passing,—shadows such as summer-clouds throw on the forest when the sun is bright. Like these they had again vanished, leaving the light the clearer for their presence. Then Rhyme-Ola came with his wondrous song. Although he did not sing of the Hulder, still either his song or himself in some strange manner again brought her to view. He had brought what had been lacking to make the chord full, the harmony complete; he had given form to the shapeless longings, had given rest to the restless chord. Gunnar no longer had need of looking without for the Hulder: into his own mind her image descended, clear and beautiful as the day. When he came to the saeter that night, he felt an irresistible desire to give expression to the powerful thoughts that moved within him. In the cottage at home he had always taken great delight in drawing the strange beings which lived in his fancy. For canvas he had used the cottage floor; paper he had never known. Since he had left home, he had often busied himself with projects for new drawings, but had never found an opportunity to execute his designs. To-night, however, he could allow nothing to defeat his purpose. Having searched the saeter cottages from one end to another, he finally discovered in the crevice of a beam a large pencil, which probably had been left there by the carpenters. Under one of the beds lay a pile of birch-bark, which the maids used for kindling-wood. From this he selected the largest and smoothest pieces, cut them square, and found them even more suitable for his purpose than anything he had hitherto tried.

It was late before Gunnar sought rest that night; but the sun is late, too, at midsummer, so there was nothing to remind him that midnight was drawing near. The next morning he brought his half-finished drawing with him as he started with the cattle, and took his seat on his favorite rock, while the flocks were grazing around on the lake-shore. Now the day was already leaning toward night; it had stolen away like a dream, and he knew not how or where it had gone. Soon he should give the last touch to his drawing; he saw that it was not finished, but somehow or other he could not decide where the finishing touch was needed. It was the Hulder he had attempted to picture, fair as she stood before his soul's eye. But the sketch before him was but a fair mortal maiden: that unearthly longing which gave its character to the tone of her loor, and that unfathomable depth of her eyes—that which really made her the Hulder—he had failed to express. As he sat wondering what the fault might be, a strong loor-tone shook the air and came powerful upon him. He looked up, and saw Brita, the fair-haired saeter-maid, standing on a hill-lock a few hundred yards from him, blowing her loor to call the cattle home. Glancing at the sun, and seeing that it was far past milking-hour, he quickly rose, put the loor to his mouth, and gave such a blast that the highlands echoed far and near. Brita's loor answered; the cattle understood the welcome signal, and started for the saeter.

"Indeed, you are a nice cattle-boy!" cried Brita, all flushed and out of breath, both from her running and from indignation. "Didn't I tell you to drive the flocks home early to-night? and instead of that you keep them out more than an hour after time. Now we shall have to stay at home from the St. John's Hill, all of us, only for your laziness, you hateful boy!" Brita was justly indignant, and her words were huddled forth with all the passionate fury of womanly wrath; but before she had finished she found herself nearly crying at the prospect of losing all the sport and merriment of the St. John's Eve. Gunnar, conscious of his guilt, attempted no apology. As soon as they reached the saeter, all the girls fell to milking as hard as they could, and, much against his will, he was obliged to assist them. When the cattle were disposed of, they all started for the St. John's Hill, which lay about midway between the saeter and the valley. As they approached the lake-shore, a pair of screaming loons flew up from their nest among the rushes. It was still bright day when they gained the

pine region. A confused murmur rose from below; as they came nearer they could distinguish the strain of many violins, the song of women, and the loud shouts of the men.

"No, indeed! I cannot run at this rate," groaned one of the girls, as she let herself drop down on a large, moss-grown stone. "If you have a mind to kill yourself for one dance, more or less, you may gladly do so. I shall not move one step farther until I am rested. Will you wait for me, Gunnar? for Brita hardly will, as long as she knows Endre is dancing with some other girl, down on the hill."

Gunnar promised to wait.

"A poor set of girls we have here in the valley," said Brita, laughing, "who can hear the fiddles calling, and the lads shouting, and then can talk of rest. So tired I never was, and hope never to be." So saying, she ran down the steep road, and was soon out of sight. One of the girls followed, the other remained.

On the long and even slope from the highlands to the fjord, there is not seldom found an abrupt and steep projection, as if the mountain all of a sudden had thrust out its back, and determined to check the luxuriant vegetation below, which threatens to grow straight up over its ears. From such a projection the eye has a wide range, both upward to the mountains and downward to the sea; for the pines too clumsy to climb, and the dwarf birch is neither thick nor tall enough to hinder the sight. It was on a ridge like this that Gunnar and the saeter-maid were resting. From above they saw the sun flooding with fire the western horizon, and the purple-burning glaciers gleaming and flashing. Below rose the waving crowns of the pine forest, with its heavy green hue slightly tinged with the flush of the sunset. Here and there a tall, slender fir, forgetful of the winter storms, lifted its airy head high above its humbler fellows, and graciously nodded to some admiring birches at its foot. In a wide opening between the thick-growing pine-trunks lay the St. John's Hill, which was, however, no hill, but rather a large and sunlit glade. From the centre of this glade a huge bonfire, strangely wrestling with the sunset, threw its glaring light upon a dense mass of human life, whirling away over the plain in wild enchantment. A thin, transparent dusk seemed to rise from below, as the sun sunk deeper behind the glaciers. The forest drew its dark, steady outline on the horizon in effective contrast to the wild, flushing scene it embraced.

"Now I suppose you are rested," said Gunnar to the saeter-maid, who, like himself, seemed anxious to take an active part in the merriment below.

"Yes, thank you," said she, and they both arose.

After a short walk they arrived at the St. John's Hill, where he immediately lost sight of his companion; he hardly had time to realize where he was, before he felt himself hurried along into the midst of the crowd, where the stunning noise, the fire, and the strange people worked his senses up to such a pitch of excitement that at last he was not sure whether he was standing on his feet or his head. Another boy of about his own age, seeing how frightened he looked, went up to him, and fired his gun close to his ear. That suddenly brought him back to his senses; the blood rushed to his face, he clinched his fist, and dealt the boy a blow right under his left eye, so that he tumbled backwards. His opponent, however, jumped to his feet, and returned the blow with good effect. In the next moment they held each other in close embrace, and a hot fight ensued. The people flocked densely around them, encouraging them with shouts of approval; and they both fought as if their lives were at stake. At first, Gunnar seemed likely to be the loser, as he received more blows than he gave; but this rather added to his strength. The boy tried repeatedly to trip his foot, but he was on his guard; then he made a last rush at him, and they both fell, the boy under and Gunnar upon him. He was just rising, proud in the consciousness of his victory, when he saw a tall, grave man elbowing his way through the throng. The man walked rapidly up to the combatants, gave each of them a box on the ear, seized Gunnar's adversary by the arm, and carried him off. The people roared with laughter. Then, instead of pride in his victory, a feeling of shame stole over him. He ran away as fast as his feet could carry him,—away from the fire, the din, and the people. Tired and confused, he sank down on the soft moss, buried his face in his hands, and felt unhappy as he had never felt before.

He did not know how long he had been lying in this position, when he heard a well-known voice hard by. It was the voice of Ragnhild, the widow of Rimul's daughter. "Who was the boy who struck Lars?" said she.

"It was Gunnar, your cattle-boy," answered another voice, which he concluded to be that of Gudrun, the timid little girl he had seen at Rimul.

"Gunnar, our cattle-boy!"

"Why, yes, of course. Lars came and fired his gun right in his ear, so it was no wonder he struck. I only wish he could be at hand when Lars strikes me; I never dare tell it to father, for when father strikes, he always strikes too hard, and then both mother and I cry."

Ragnhild was about to make some remark, when Gunnar, who lay half-concealed in the tall heather, raised himself on his elbows, to make them aware of his presence. Gudrun was a little frightened at his unexpected appearance, but Ragnhild walked up to him, sat down in the heather, and tried to open a conversation.

"Why do you like so much to fight?" said she.

Gunnar did not know what to answer; he felt as if he had something in his throat which nearly choked him. She fixed her large blue eyes upon him with an earnest, half-reproachful look. Then suddenly the tears rushed to his eyes, he pressed his burning face down in the moss, and wept as only a child can weep. He felt her hand on his head, and her fingers gliding through his hair. And there he lay weeping, until at last, consoled by Ragnhild's tenderness, he forgot the cause of his grief, and before long was engaged in a lively dispute with the little girls. Ragnhild, who had wondered ever since they first met at his strange story about Necken, now eagerly sought further information; and knowing little of the world of wonder, which he loved with life and soul, she could not conceal her doubt at the startling things he told her. He, of course, grew the more zealous being opposed; and the girls, who were naturally no less superstitious than he, were only too willing to be persuaded. He was just deep in the wondrous tale of Saemund of Tagerlien and Margit of Elgerford when he was interrupted by the same tall man who had interfered in his combat an hour ago. He came to take Ragnhild and Gudrun home. "It is near midnight, children," said he, in a deep voice, "and the way homeward is long." And as they went they cried their good-night to him from the distance. He followed slowly and returned to the glade, where the fire was still blazing high, and the dance wilder than ever. There he met Rhyme-Ola, who told him that the boy he had fought with was Lars Henjum, and that the tall man who struck them was Atle, Lars' father.

After a time the music ceased, and the merry dancers, both lads and maidens, thronged round the fire, where they sat down in a close ring, and talked, jested, and laughed, little heeding the waning hours and the solemn silence of the forest. It was a gay scene, indeed, and one which would have filled an artist with rapture. How fair did those fresh, healthy faces appear, blushing, perhaps, with a little deeper tinge, as the glow of the fire fell over their features! Here sat one leaning forward, with his hands knit around his knees, watching the flames in pensive silence; there, next to him, a merry couple, too much occupied with each other to take notice of what was going on around them. The young man was Endre, the same who had opened the dance at the Rimul saeter on the evening of their arrival at the highlands; and who should the girl be but the bright-eyed Brita, with the deep dimples in her cheeks. Endre must have been very interesting; for whenever he spoke, Brita laughed, blushed, and now and then turned half away, as if to avoid his gaze, while he sat bending over towards her, intently watching her face.

As the night advanced, and the soft night-glow spread over the forest, their minds were imperceptibly attuned to the supernatural. Now was the time for wonder-tales and legends; and there was none who could tell like Rhyme-Ola: there were few who denied that. So Rhyme-Ola was called upon for a story; and there was no need of asking him twice, for there was nothing he liked better than story-telling. It was Rhyme-Ola's arrival which interrupted Brita's and Endre's conversation. He came from behind them, and politely asked to be admitted into the ring, for he hardly could tell his story otherwise.

"Jump over, Rhyme-Ola," proposed Endre; but before the singer could have time to follow the advice, he seized him round the waist, lifted him high above his head, and amid a roar of laughter from the company, put him down within the ring right before the fire. Rhyme-Ola, being well used to sport of this kind, took it in good part, straightened his little figure, winked with his sad eyes, drew his mouth up to his customary smile, and began his story.

When it was ended the narrator let his eyes slowly glide from face to face along the listening circle, and saw, not without satisfaction, the frightened expressions and half-open mouths which sufficiently assured him that he had succeeded in securing attention. But in all that crowd there was hardly one who listened with so intense an interest as Gunnar. As soon as the tale had commenced he had joined the group and quietly taken his seat behind Brita's back, where he was still sitting when Rhyme-Ola found him.

"Gunnar," said Rhyme-Ola, "I have something I want to tell you." And he gently urged the boy on until they were out of hearing. Then, leaning against a large, white-stemmed birch-tree, he fixed his strange eyes on Gunnar and began again.

"I have been at Rimul to-day," said he, "and I have seen the widow." Here he hesitated, smiled his melancholy smile, and winked.

"I asked the widow of Rimul," he went on, "if she had not some cattle for me to watch too. She said she had. So, now I shall always be with you, Gunnar." And all his face laughed as he cried out the last words. Gunnar stood for a moment staring at his strange companion.

"What did you say?" asked he.

"From this time I shall always be with you," repeated Rhyme-Ola, laughing. "Now it is time to go home," added he; "it is very late, or, rather, very early."

Soon they were on their way, and reached the saeter at sunrise.

(To be continued.)

HARVEST.

All day we set the sheaves in shining rows
And capping them, hung fringes of dull gold
About their heavy brows; and at the close
Watched the wood-shadows their dark wings
Unfold,
Hovering them, and said: So may we rest
In covert of soft plumage, happy when
From the blue east, lit by her silvery crest,
Tender as south-winds in the blossomy glen,
Peace comes again.

But what of those slain lilies, whose best yield
Was the faint perfume clinging to our hands
As went we up and down the sun-swept field,
Twisting them heedless in the wheat
bands?
Their wealth was safe in unseen garner stored;
To subtle essence changed, they gained their
quest.
Said we: If immortality so sweet reward
Service of sacrifice, then are we blest
Losing life's best.

For so did reapers slay our hopes' high blooms,
Reckless of tears and pleading, till they lay
Languishing, smothered 'mong the dusty
glumes,
When the swift binders blithely passed that
way
And glancing on them, pitted—and so caught
Sweets that will linger with them evermore.
Thus hath experience fragrant memories
brought
Into our hearts, making for us rich store
Of harvest lore.

Then homeward going by the bridge that spanned
The elmy stream, faint, after toil and heat,
The mist-wraith soothed us with her delicate
hand
Cool on our brows; and dewy to our feet
The red-tops' ragged plumelets lightly bent
In welcome; and robins kept the door.
We said: "They are good signs to us"—and
went
In 'neath the woodbine shadowing the floor,
Happy once more.

Overland Monthly.

REMARKABLE CLOCKS.

We must now give some account of foreign clocks of celebrity, the first-named of these being the most famous clock ever known. It is probable that our young readers have heard of the famous city of Strasburg, formerly the capital of the department du Bas Rhin in France, which forms part of the old province of Alsace, and was a bishop's see. It has six bridges between the different quarters of the city, and six gates, and the citadel and fortifications were considered the strongest in Europe. Now, however, it has been shattered, taken, and ruined by the Prussians in the late Franco-German war; but there still remains its renowned cathedral, although much injured by the bombardment. This cathedral has a beautiful pyramidal tower, 470 feet high, on which hung the standard of France; and it is said that, until quite lately, the Prussians, though making every exertion, could neither lower nor destroy it. It is now said that they have succeeded, by sending a man up in the dark, who lowered it, but the man was killed in so doing. Within the cathedral is the famous astronomical clock, the most celebrated that ever existed. It is about twenty feet high, and was preceded by another of monstrous size, of which nothing remains. The present clock at Strasburg was begun by Conradus Dasypodius, professor of mathematic, in 1571, and completed in 1574; and it is related that the original artisan of the clock (for several workmen were employed on it) became blind before he had completed his work; but notwithstanding he finished it himself, refusing to inform any one else of the design, and preferring to complete it blind as he was. In this curious piece of mechanism the revolutions of the sun, the moon, and the planets, are marked down with scientific exactness; and the instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a pelican, who is portrayed under the globe on which the signs are seen. It would be too long to describe all the particulars of this clock, but the eclipses which are to be seen for years to come are marked on it. On Sunday the sun is drawn about on his chariot till the day is spent, when he is drawn into another place; and as he disappears you have Monday, that is the moon, and the horses of Mars' chariot showing forth their heads, and so on for every day in the week. There is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful figures of children are joined to either side of this. The one on the north side has a sceptre in his hand, and when the clock strikes he tells every stroke. The other, on the south side, holds an hour-glass in his hand, which runs exactly with the clock, and when the clock has struck he turns his glass. There are also four little bells, on which the quarters of an hour are struck. At the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and then goes and stays at the fourth bell until the next quarter. Then comes a youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child. At the third quarter comes a man at arms with a halberd in his hand, which strikes three bells, and then he succeeds to the place of the youth. At the fourth quarter comes an old man with a staff, having a

crook at the end, and he with much difficulty, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter till the next quarter. Immediately comes Death to strike the clock, who is in a room above the others; and you must understand that at each quarter he had come forth to try to carry away with him each of the former ages, but at the opposite end of the room where he is, comes forth Christ, and drives him in; but when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes the proper hour with his bone, and stands at his bell till the next quarter. At noon the twelve apostles advance in succession to bend down before the figure of our Saviour, who gives them the benediction. In a tower at the top of the clock there are pleasant chimes, which sound at three, seven, and eleven o'clock, each time in different tunes; and at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, they chime a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime is finished, a cock, which stands on the top of the tower, stretches out his neck, claps his wings, and crows three times. It is said to be the most curious piece of clockwork in Europe, though there are many wonderful old clocks in different parts of the Continent, in the great cities and cathedrals. Another marvellous specimen of clockwork is to be seen at the palace of Friedenstein, in Gotha, one of the many palaces belonging to the Duke of Coburg and Gotha, elder brother of the late Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria. It is an astronomical clock and orrery, and was the labor of an ingenious monk for 40 years. It has recorded with accuracy for upwards of 100 years the motions of the heavenly bodies, the days, months, and years in their eternal round; one hand moving over an inch of the dial in the brief space of a second; another toiling through the same long and weary journey in 100 years; and a feeling of awe involuntarily creeps over the mind, as one contemplates the little index that has pointed out the rise and fall of empires, progressing in its silent onward course like the unerring course of time. There is a curious old clock at Lubeck, constructed about A. D. 1589. It represents the heavenly bodies until the year 1875, and when it strikes twelve a number of automaton figures are set in motion; the Electors of Germany enter from a small side-door, and perform the ceremony of inaugurating the Emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when, after receiving His benediction, the whole cavalcade retires amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels. On each side are bas-reliefs, illustrative of passages in the life of our Saviour. In that of the Last Supper, a mouse is seen peeping from the white tablecloth, and this animal represents the armorial bearings of the once puissant Lubeck, formerly the head of the famous Hanseatic League, formed there in 1161. The largest clock in the world is a skeleton clock at Malines, or Mechlin, in Belgium. It has only one hand, and makes one revolution in twelve hours. We will conclude with the curious clock at Versailles, near Paris, called the "Clock of the Death of the King." This clock is wholly without works, and has only one hand, which is stationary to the hour that it is set to denote the king's demise, where it remains till the death of his successor. There is at Versailles "La Cour de Marbre," so called from its marble pavement. This court has been the scene of great events. The three central windows on the first floor are those of the king's bedroom. On the death of the king, the master of the household would proclaim, "Le Roi est Mort;" and breaking his staff of office, would take up another, adding, "Vive le Roi!" The clock was then set to the hour at which the monarch had expired, and remained until the death of his successor. This clock was first ordered by King Louis XIII., and continued in use until the death of the unfortunate King Louis XVI., when, it may well be imagined, it was never thought of; whilst his still more unhappy son, King Louis XVII., never actually reigned, and died in prison at the age of ten years, 1795. This custom was last observed at the death of King Louis XVIII., in 1824. His successor, King Charles X., abdicated his throne in 1830, and died in exile at Gratz, in Styria, in 1836, at which time the Orleans dynasty was in power.

THE BITER BIT.

A man named Gilsey, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrance, was fishing in Still River, near the Beaver Brook mills, on Saturday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The butt end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However it

was not a carpet bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White-street Bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face and bare head, and dust begrimed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

A SUMMER NOON.

A dell knee-deep with flower-sprinkled grass, Grand, stately beeches, on whose silvery bark Deep-out are lovers' names; tall feathery ferns, Wherein the rabbit crouches—nodding cups Of myriad harebells, wealth of oroid-blooms, Lie 'neath the warm glow of a summer noon. The lazy sun-gold flickers on the leaves, And in the blackthorn thicket, voiceless, mute, Conches the blackbird, resting until eve, When he again may tune his mellow pipe.

Nature is hushed, and her stesta takes, Beneath the ardent sun-rays—all is still! The wearied waggoner—his face on arm— Lies slumbering on the hay-cart, moments brief Of swift forgetfulness, quick-snatched from toil, And doubly sweet the theft. The crickets rest Amid the ripening wheat; the grasshopper Has ceased his amorous chirp; the very reeds Scarce care to bend them in the river breeze, For all creation seeks a brief, sweet rest.

Drowsily in the passion-flowers hum Brown-banded bees, and on the unripe peach Marauder-wasps settle in pirate swarms, Eager for plunder. From the green leaves peep The ripening nectarines and apricots; The jargonelle hangs reddening on the wall, And the first purple hue of lusciousness Tinges the mellowing plum; the sovereign quince Is burdened with her treasures; yellowing globes Of apples bend the laden orchard boughs Low to the rank, tall grass; rich mulberries Color space, and the green hazel-nuts Begin to change to russet, bounteous gifts Of God-directed nature unto man!

Tommy Halfacre's Parlor.

Although there be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it was a stride of many centuries that divided Harold Halfacre, the redoubted sea-king, from his descendant, Tommy Halfacre son of the much-respected tailor of Little Podsham, Wilts.

Time was when Tommy would have been regarded with a grave respect, not to say veneration, as one who, without trespass of his own, is the object of the wrathful judgment of One who cannot err. But opinion hath changed. Poor Tommy had to be content with pity, pity not unmingled with contempt. He was less than man. He was not even a noun-substantive. A loose adjective was the dower of the descendant of the sea-kings. Tommy Halfacre was a "silly"—nothing more.

I am not jesting when I affirm that the blood of the old Danish warriors—though somewhat chilled and turbid—still meandered in the veins of Tommy Halfacre. Five generations of his house had been laid to rest in the quaint old church of Little Podsham, a structure hastily thrown up in old days by an abbot of Westeham, who had got into trouble, and was understood to have entrenched himself behind this pious act, as, in another profession, he might have thrown up an earthwork. The memorial tablet appertaining to the remotest of these buried ancestors, spelt the name "Alfaker," and a still more ancient entry in the parish register, announced that one Harold Rosen Alfaque, ship-master, had taken to wife Barbara Bunce, a daughter of Little Podsham. From this bold source proceeded those generations of tailors which threatened to become extinct in Tommy. Poor fellow! he could as easily have cut out a world as a waistcoat, and, indeed, the efforts of the family were mainly directed to the preserving as wide a distance as possible between Tommy and that fascinating but dangerous plaything, the shears.

Yet he was never idle. Tommy's mind, as if making up for its minuteness by ceaseless activity, was ever on the move. Moreover, there was one great paramount duty devolving on him, every day, save Sunday, and admitted, with justice, to be fulfillable to perfection by no hands but his, namely, the conducting his father's cow to the various patches of common land and grassy roadsides of the vicinity.

Whether Tommy led the cow, or the cow took charge of Tommy, is a question we prefer to leave to the scoffers who occasionally mooted it. A cord of some length connected the parties and the management of this bond we conceive to have been the subject of some mutual understanding. For whereas, on quitting home, Mr. Halfacre authoritatively led the way, heading for whatever point his judgment suggested, the cow, when somewhat satiated, assumed the direction of affairs, would evince morbid fancies for a dusty thistle, or a toothful of wild barley, or saunter and splash for half an hour just within the margin of a russet pond, whisking the patient Tommy with her dripping tail, till the threadbare

swallow-tailed coat he always wore had the appearance of having been exposed to a pelting shower.

Having cooled her toes sufficiently, the cow would quietly march homeward, Tommy abjectly trotting behind (he never walked), less custodian than train-bearer, and, at the least pause, being jerked abruptly forward by the impatient toss of his leader's head.

Tommy Halfacre was possibly about eighteen when I first made his acquaintance. Returning oneday from hunting through the usually quiet village, I was aware of a slight disturbance. Tommy, beset, as was too often the case, by certain idle urchins on their way from school, had on this occasion turned to bay. His usual tactics were to trot straight on, answering, indeed, in his piping voice, to any direct question, but never stopping—experience having imparted to poor Tommy that any prolonged discourse would usually end in his discomfiture. He therefore only peeped (readers may recall this quaint old phrase as used by the Old Testament translators, "mutter and peep," that is, chirp like a bird), and hastened on; but on this occasion some one had offered violence. Tommy cared not a button for verbal missiles, but attack his sacred person, and what remained of the blood of the sea-kings was at once in conflagration!

He had swooped like a hawk upon the offender, and might, in his lack of self-control, have done him a much worse injury than the mere leaving a potato-skin (such, I learned, had been the affront) properly deserved. The lad was, however, rescued by a general charge, and the aspect of affairs seemed now to demand that I should interpose between the luckless "silly" and his persecutors.

Order being restored, Tommy, who seemed to be fully awake to the value of a cavalry escort, trotted easily along at my side.

"Do they often tease you like this, my boy?" I asked, by way of opening the conversation.

"I don't mind 'em, bless 'ee!" chirped Tommy.

"But when they pelt you—"

"Ah! then——" said Tommy, setting his teeth.

"What?"

"I chops their feet off—then their heads," responded Mr. Halfacre, with perfect serenity.

"Ah! And how do they take that?"

"Their mothers come, and puts 'em to rights, and says, 'You let Tommy bide, and this wouldn't happen. ('Long to your teas!'"

"What do you cut out the heads with?"

"Bill-hook," said the voracious Tommy.

"Would you like them to do it to you?"

"Can't!" peeped Tommy, exultingly; "my head goes off and on. Sometimes I wish it didn't," added the poor fellow, with a sigh. "I've strained it, somehow. I don't fit as it ought to. Wat color's you?"

"Scarlet."

"Why do you wear scarlet?"

"I am a fox-hunter."

"Does scarlet catch foxes?"

"Rather the contrary, I should say."

Tommy turned up his face with a cunning expression:

"I say, does your head fit?" he chirped; and, turning suddenly off at a sharp angle, disappeared among some cottages.

As I rode on, the question occurred to me, whether a gentleman of Mr. Halfacre's pronounced opinions as regarded homicide would be altogether an agreeable neighbor. What if, under some ungovernable impulse, he should one day carry out the truculent exploits he had hitherto only dreamed? However, no such misgiving appeared to disturb the Little Podshamites, who were, or ought to be, the best judges of the case; and as I, subsequently, more than once encountered the descendant of the sea-kings trotting homeward, cow-conducted, the picture of content and harmlessness, the doubt I have mentioned had passed from my mind, when a strange and tragical event recalled it.

Tommy returned home, one evening, later than usual, somewhat excited, and with his hands so studiously concealed in the pockets of his dress-coat, as to invite inquiry. They were found to be covered with blood!

Having himself sustained no injury, the inference was that he had inflicted some; but neither from Tommy himself, nor from perquisitions hastily made in the neighborhood, could any clue to the matter be obtained.

Tommy, cleansed of the mysterious stains, had been dismissed to his garret, and the village generally was sinking into repose, when the keeper of the toll-gate, just without the town, was startled by a vehicle passing through without the ceremony of stopping to pay.

The alert custodian was, however, beside the horse in a moment, and at once discovered that the reins were hanging loose, the driver missing. He recognised the vehicle as belonging to a young commercial traveller, Mr. Joseph Barnby, well known in those parts, and whose cheerful good-temper and genial manners had made him a universal favorite. Dark as it was, the toll-man could distinguish traces of blood upon the apron and cushions of the carriage. It was evident that a mishap of some sort had very recently occurred. He at once raised an alarm, and the horse-patrol, at that opportune moment arriving from the village, galloped off in search of the missing man.

He was quickly found. Less than a quarter of a mile distant, stretched almost in the middle of the highway, with his head in a pool of blood, lay poor Barnby, still breathing, but insensible, even to pain. He had been stricken only once, but it was by a hand of unusual power, and with a weighty but peculiar instrument; for the latter, though blunt in its general cha-

acter, had inflicted small and distant lacerations—punctures, such as might, in old days, have been effected by the spike-studded mace wielded by our sturdy sires.

Transported with care to the nearest inn, poor Barnby received all the remedial attentions medical aid could supply; but he never rallied, and before morning drew his last sigh.

Late as it was when the discovery was made, news of the atrocious deed sped like wildfire through the village, and many a stout fellow who had known the injured man offered to assist in the pursuit which was at once organised for the apprehension of the cowardly assassin. Robber he could not be called, for not only were the goods contained in the carriage untouched, but Barnby's watch, purse, and pocket-book, were safe upon his person.

The toll-man had little to report beyond what has been narrated. He had heard no unusual sounds upon the road, nor observed any suspicious lurkers in the neighborhood, only remarking, with an indifference that showed how little he conceived it to bear upon the point at issue, that the last person he had spoken with—perhaps an hour before the alarm of murder—was the poor "silly," Tommy Halfacre.

Excepting that certain zealous youths started off to scour the roads and fields in the vicinity, nothing could be done that night, and it was about nine, next day, that the nearest magistrate, Mr. Secretan, apprised of poor Barnby's death, appeared at Little Podsham, and commenced an inquiry.

On hearing that Tommy Halfacre had been seen by the toll-man so near the place and time of the murder, Mr. Secretan, though aware of the little value that could attach to such testimony, considered it desirable to examine the poor idiot, and accordingly despatched a policeman to the house, requiring his presence.

The officer, to his surprise, found the family in great agitation; old Halfacre stern and grave-browed, his wife in hysterics, and their daughter pale and anxious, apparently at her wit's end to comfort the rest. Tommy was invisible, but his hat lay on the table, and his shoes by the door. The truth was at once declared. Tommy had come home within half an hour of the murder, disordered, his hands reeking with blood; and if this fact, taken by itself, was wanting in significance, a more deadly consequence was imparted by the circumstance that Tommy, before entering the house, had concealed under a heap of lucerne in the cow-shed, the segment of a ponderous hoop, stained with blood, and having iron nails in various parts, which on close examination, were found to be stained in a similar manner.

"You have the poor lad safe?" asked the officer, glancing at the weeping mother.

Old Halfacre replied that, on hearing of the murder, and recalling the circumstances that seemed to connect with it their unfortunate son, he had proceeded to the latter's room, and, finding him quietly asleep, contented himself securing the door until they had decided on their course of proceeding.

"Was the boy known to Mr. Barnby?" the officer inquired.

"As well as to most others who frequent the village," was the answer. "Mr. Barnby would nod to him, sometimes say a few words in passing."

"Mr. Barnby was a good-natured gentleman," remarked the officer, thoughtfully. "Tommy could have had no spite against him—eh?"

"Spite? How should he?" asked the old man, briskly. "They never had a—stay, though."

"May as well out with it, neighbor, whatever 'tis," said the officer, encouragingly. "Come to the worst, the law don't punish innocents."

"But 'twas a year ago. They must have met scores of times since that," said Halfacre; "and 'twas next to nothing at best. Tommy came home very white and sick. He told his mother that Mr. Barnby had put fire and smoke down his throat, and he'd cut his head and feet off—they're the poor lad's usual words, but don't mean nothing—the first time he caught him alone."

"Fire and smoke?"

"The young gentleman was just finishing his pipe, and gave it to Tommy as he drove away, advising him to take the last whiff," explained old Halfacre.

"Is it possible that could have ranked in his mind?" meditated the officer. "Well, neighbor, I must have him, please. Don't be down-hearted, Mrs. Halfacre, nor you, my dear" (to Miss Susan Halfacre, the belle of the village, and universally admired), "Tommy's sure to be kindly treated whatever comes of it. Why, bless 'ee, his cow is a more 'sponsible bein' to the laws than him!"

Poor old Halfacre shrugged his shoulders. The remark, if not complimentary to his first-born, and the last male representative of such a line, was at least consolatory. Inviting the officer to accompany him, he led the way up the narrow stair.

The door was secured, as he had said, but the key had been left below. Halfacre called to his daughter to bring it up. Meanwhile, they knocked. No answer. Again, no answer. Susan now arriving with the key, the room was entered.

Tommy had disappeared!

The solitary window was bolted within, but a small trap in the ceiling, never opened within the memory of man, revealed the mode of escape. Tommy had managed to reach the leads, whence, over an intervening building, he had descended on the cow-shed, and thence to the ground. He had, unquestionably, for the moment, eluded capture; and, after an eager but fruitless examination of the vicinity the officer

could only return and report to the magistrate not only the suspicious circumstances attaching to Tommy, but the still more suspicious one of his desperate flight.

An inquest, holden on the following day, revealed nothing beyond that which we already know save that the testimony of a medical witness, who had examined the portion of hoop found at Halfacre's, and compared it with the injuries apparent on the victim's head, proved beyond the possibility of doubt, that, with that very instrument and no other, the deadly outrage had been perpetrated. With this before them, the jury felt that they had no alternative, and accordingly, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Thomas Halfacre the younger, thus leaving to another tribunal the task of deciding how far the unlucky "innocent" was amenable to the penalties of law.

His apprehension was regarded as so certain, that it seemed superfluous to offer a reward. Nevertheless, to quicken this desirable end, and to diminish the possibility that he might, in his evident consciousness of impending danger, lay hands on his own life, a reward of twenty pounds was offered, and a general search at once began. Here also begins the most singular part of the story that for some time brought the sequestered village of the Little Podsham into continual notice, and will be remembered in its own particular annals long after the existing generation shall have passed away.

Contrary to public—and especially police—expectation, Tommy was not to be found. Not the slightest clue to the lad's movements or place of concealment was to be obtained.

At the end of a week the reward was increased to fifty pounds, and a more regularly organized inquiry commenced. Not only Little Podsham itself, but every village within fifteen miles was searched or visited by persons selected for the purpose. The promise of reward and the description of the supposed culprit were disseminated far and wide. No Tommy. The little trout stream that trickled through Little Podsham, wherever it presented deep sufficient to drown a man, was carefully sounded and examined; every well and pond to which access could have been obtained were scrutinized in like manner, and probably not a square inch of open or wooded ground in that part of the county escaped the notice of one or other of the searchers. But no Tommy, alive or dead, was found.

So piqued was the magistrate, Mr. Secretan, at this frustration of justice, that he offered a second reward of fifty pounds on his own account; and now it was held certain that, unless the unfortunate youth had managed to reach London, or hidden in some lurking-place on the way, he must be quickly accounted for.

It would seem, however that one of these alternatives had occurred, for another week elapsed without tidings of the missing man. Judge, then, of the excitement that at last ensued, when, one day, it transpired that an officer had waited on Mr. Secretan, accompanied by one Bill Stokes, a lad well known in the village, who confidently averred that he had met—nay, touched and spoken with—the much-coveted Tommy Halfacre, no later than the preceding night!

Bill Stokes had been accustomed to drive the light goods cart of Messrs. Jardine, the general dealers, of Little Podsham, but had recently been dismissed for some act of carelessness. He had been generally considered as a sharp, intelligent fellow, and the magistrate listened with attention to the lad's concise statement.

Bill had suddenly encountered the "silly," after dark, at a turning in the road close to the village. Tommy was trotting along in his accustomed fashion, and smoking! We have omitted to state that, though Tommy had resented his first introduction to the fragrant weed, he had subsequently become so addicted to the habit, that the nearest way to Tommy's heart was known to lie through the tobacco-box.

"Ha, Tommy!" young Stokes had exclaimed, making an ineffectual grasp at Tommy's dress-coat. But it tore away.

Tommy uttered a piping screech, like the warning cry of a peewit (imitated by Mr. Stokes, and admitted to be faithful), and, vaulting over some paling close at hand, disappeared in the darkness.

"If his blessed coat hadn't giv'—I was a made man!" said Mr. Stokes, mournfully.

Tommy had got to be regarded by this time as a sort of prize of fortune—a wandering argosy, which would abundantly repay the time and labor expended in its capture.

"You were sober, of course, Stokes?" said the magistrate, faintly interrogative.

"Perfectly, sir."

"You were lately dismissed from a situation. Will you tell me why?"

"Cause some un collared a Dutch cheese out of my cart while I ran into Mrs. Murphy's with some coffee-nibs. Wasn't gone a moment, sir," said Billy.

"You were not suspected of stealing it?"

"Oh no, sir. Master said such carelessness was 'most as bad—and giv' me the sack."

"There has been much petty pilfering going on of late, sir," put in the policeman; "bits o' cloth, heatables, and such. We can't check it, do what we will."

"A mysterious community, we Little Podshamites are becoming!" remarked Mr. Secretan, musingly. "Well, Bennett, this at all events narrows the area of search. This unhappy lad cannot be far off. Be brisk, now, and, we have him. I had thought of some detective aid from London—but the idea of our not being to tackle a poor idiot! No, no, we'll manage without that now."

Once more, therefore, the hunt was renewed, and with sanguine hopes of success, for the chase was again fairly sighted—this time by an old dame on her way from the adjacent village. She had met Tommy, pipe in mouth, as usual; but the wide-awake "silly" puffed a volume of smoke into her face and escaped in the temporary obscurity.

Where could he be secreted? And how did he manage to live? As to the first question, there was not a living soul in Little Podsham—his own family included—who would harbor him for an hour. The reward was tempting; and, moreover, it was agreed on all hands that nothing better could happen for the poor lad's own benefit than that he should fall into the hands of the authorities. As to the question of subsistence, it was thought that the petty thefts referred to by the police might furnish a solution. Little plots were laid; traps, so to speak, baited chiefly with tobacco, were set in likely places and at favorable seasons; but nothing came of it. If Tommy were the marauder, he was evidently too cunning to be caught in such a manner, and doubt began to be felt whether so wise a "silly" had not adopted the safest course in keeping out of the way.

One village philosopher suggested that the cow might be enlisted in the inquiry. He thought it not unlikely that the force of habit might draw Tommy to the spots he was most accustomed to frequent—and who was so familiar with these as his friend the cow? It was determined to give her the chance, and her head. But, on visiting the cow-shed, old Halfacre found that her cord was missing, and before a substitute could be found, Susan, running out, reported that her brother's hat and boots, not to mention a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer, had vanished in the like mysterious manner? From the familiarity with the premises displayed by the intruder, it seemed impossible to doubt that Tommy himself—in the spirit of his ancestors—had executed a daring raid upon the paternal mansion and stolen his own boots, besides the provisions aforesaid!

Angry and perplexed, yet still unwilling to invoke detective aid, Mr. Secretan sought the co-operation of a brother magistrate, Colonel Bolland, and the two set seriously to work to unravel the enigma. The village and its precincts must be once more examined, and that exhaustively.

Now Little Podsham chanced to be a village almost as innocent of any eligible lurking-place as is Trafalgar-square. Its two rows of small dwellings cross each other at right angles—all else, that is neither house nor garden, being small patches of grass land separated by low, open palings, and fenced from the high road by a thick and tall quickset hedge, offering little inducement for anything bigger than a tomcat to penetrate its thorny recesses. All outlying spots had been visited again and again; still, it was certain that Tommy's refuge must be close at hand.

One day the two magistrates, who had taken different beats, chanced to meet about dusk on the high road. Standing beside the hedge, they conversed about their plans for the morrow, and were on the point of parting, when Colonel Bolland asked his colleague for a light for his cigar.

"My dear sir, have you ever seen me smoke?" asked Secretan.

"No; but I could have sworn you did—and first-rate tobacco, too!" said Colonel Bolland, laughing. "Why I can smell it now. There's a delicious whiff!"

"I—I do perceive something," replied the other, with the disdainful sniff of a non-smoker. "Why, where the deuce can it—?"

"I can see it now," said Bolland. "It's some fellow t'other side of the hedge. Eh! why, bless my soul, the smoke is rising through the hedge! There's something moving, too."

Mr. Secretan caught his friend's arm, the color, in his excitement, mounting to his face.

"We have him!" he whispered. "We have limed the bird! My best hunter to a Jackass, Tommy Halfacre is in that hedge."

"But how in the name of—?"

"Follow my directions, and you'll see."

Accordingly, after some whispered words, Colonel Bolland proceeded to the termination of the hedge, and, rounding it, walked back, till he arrived opposite his friend.

"Now!" shouted the latter.

Both gentlemen thrust their umbrellas deep into the bosom of the dense quick-set. Both were met by some opposing substance.

"It's a hare!" exclaimed Mr. Secretan, loudly.

"Shoot her, Bolland, as she sits!"

There would have been no time to carry out the unsportsman-like suggestion, for the hedge was seized with convulsive tremor, and a piping scream announced that the bird was really "limed."

"Tommy! Tommy Halfacre! Come out lad!" cried Mr. Secretan. "Here's no man going to harm thee."

"I be comin'," responded the son of the sea-kings, sullenly.

"Which way?"

"G'long to th' end, and you'll see," said Tommy.

The two magistrates obeyed, walking slowly, to allow time for their captive to make his way along the thorny defile. He arrived, however, as soon as they, and, forcing back a portion of the hedge with the aid of a stout stick, appeared, stooping in the orifice.

It should now be explained that, many years before this, a paling and ditch occupied the place of the quickset, which had been originally planted only on the side next the high road, it being intended at an after period to remove the

paling and fill up the ditch. Owing, however, to circumstances long since forgotten, this had been only partially done, a second row of quickset having been planted on the field side, shutting in whatever remained both of ditch and rail. The result of this was to produce, in process of time, a quickset hedge of extraordinary (but yet unnoticed) width, having a hollow centre, easily made hollow by a skilful and patient hand.

As Mr. Halfacre, now apparently quite at his ease, made a gesture, as inviting them to walk in, the two magistrates—Colonel Bolland, as became him, leading the forlorn hope—boldly adventured the narrow way, and, guided by Tommy's swallow-tails, arrived at a spot where the space widened to nearly five feet, the head room being at least a foot more. Here, to their unspeakable astonishment, they found themselves in a sort of wigwam or tent, somewhat resembling the tilt of a gipsy's cart, and capable of protecting its inhabitant alike from the thorny walls surrounding him, and from any moisture that might descend from above. The floor, paved with bricks and stones, was perfectly dry, and, in a snug corner, was visible Mr. Halfacre's couch, composed of straw, dried fern, and leaves.

Nor were the luxuries of the mansion confined to this. With some little pride of manner, Tommy withdrew a ragged curtain and displayed a recess, in which his cooking utensils, provisions, cup and saucer, tool-box, and tobacco-pouch, were ranged in compact order, and imparted an air of comfort to that remarkable cell which, when illuminated by the aid of the match-box, left nothing to be desired. For many a month after that eventful day, "Tommy Halfacre's Parlor," as it was called, was an object of intense interest. From many a distant county pilgrims visited the spot, and the obliging owner of the fortunate field was understood to have amassed a considerable sum by simply introducing the curious in at one end of the hedge and out at the other.

To return, however, to our party. After completing their amused inspection, the two magistrates groped their way forth, taking, of course, their host with them, and placing him in safe but kindly custody, until his examination on the morrow—his friends being, moreover, made aware of what had occurred.

When examined, the poor fellow, though exhibiting no trace of uneasiness as to his position, with a reserve unusual in him, refused to answer any question relating to the murder. He remained obstinately and profoundly silent. Only when shown the portion of hoop used in the murder, did Tommy evince any emotion, but, then, his countenance changed, his eyes sparkled and glowed like those of a mougoose at the sight of his natural enemy, the snake, the foam gathered on his lips, and to save him from convulsions, it was necessary to remove the object from his sight.

No safe inference could, however, be drawn from this, and the difficulty of dealing with their strange prisoner pressed heavily on the magisterial mind. That Tommy was a born "silly," it seemed impossible to dispute, and yet his evident consciousness of having committed a punishable act, not to mention the mixture of craft and daring which had distinguished his conduct while in hiding, denoted an amount of intelligence and reasoning power, which was held by more than one of his examiners to entitle poor Tommy to the lurid honors of a criminal indictment. Among other things, attention was called to the fact that he had never plunged more deeply into ill-doing than his actual necessities demanded. He had evidently lived, and pilfered, from hand to mouth, never, excepting in the case of the Dutch cheese, which cost poor Bill Stokes his place, taking more than was sufficient for the day, and even when making his inroad on his native home, touching nothing but his own boots, the cow's cord which that faithful companion would never have denied him, and the modest refreshments of bread and beer.

But a new and tragical incident came to solve the enigma.

Just at this period, a poaching affray occurred in the adjacent county, the serious nature of which attracted much attention.

A large band of "professe!" poachers executed a foray on the grounds of a rich proprietor, but their plans having been betrayed, a strong party of keepers and assistants placed themselves in ambush, and pouncing on the intruders in full work, endeavored to secure them all. The poachers opposed a desperate resistance, during which one of the gang, attacked by a large dog, shouted to a comrade to free him from the animal. The man, unable to do so in any other manner, fired, and certainly killed the dog, but also wounded his friend so seriously that the latter was captured, and in spite of medical aid, expired on the following day. He had been previously recognised as a wild young fellow, well known to the rural police of the county.

Warned of approaching dissolution, he desired the presence of the neighboring minister, wishing, as he said, to deliver his mind of the burden of a terrible secret.

"I 'ont say, gov'nor," gasped the unhappy man, faintly, "that if I hadn't known the game was up, I 'oodn't have held my tongue, but I'll be a stiff un afore you sits down to your supper, and I don't wish as any should get into trouble, 'count o' me. 'Twas I as did for the bagman, Podsham way. I only meant fur to snam (rob) him, and on'y giv' him a tightener when somethin' come dancing and shreeking down the road, and I vamoosed."

Such was indeed the fact. Poor Tommy's

alarm, combined with the haze that overhung his judgment, and the roving and predatory proclivities he was believed to have derived from his nautical ancestors, supplied a sufficient clue to the somewhat suspicious line of conduct he had thought fit to adopt, and released him from all penalties save that of occasionally acting as showman to his own singular parlor.

LADIES' FASHIONS.

The promenade and indoor toilettes, made of such materials as cambric, percale, foulardine, and washing satin, are increasing in number every day. The washing satins make very effective underskirts for white muslin dresses for young ladies, married or single. They are so very silky in appearance, and make such handsome drapery; if the best quality is purchased—which is always desirable—it washes well, and retains its color to the last, and there is not a fourth of the expense of a silk of inferior quality. Washing dresses are ornamented in such a manner that the trimmings are not injured by washing, and the drapery of the tunic is arranged to unfasten. This is managed by the substitution of strings, which can be tied and untied, for the usual sewn plaits and folds. Fluted frills and platings wash better than anything; but crossway bands and puffings get up very well if entrusted to a careful laundress. Ribbon trimmings are very fashionable. Though comparatively expensive, they are not uneconomical wear, as they can be transferred from one dress to another. The fichus and pelerines worn are innumerable, and new varieties make their appearance every day. They almost all have frills round the throat. Frills and ruffs round the throats of high or open dresses are much worn, but ladies of fashion do not carry them to the exaggerated extent and outré size of many seen in the shop windows. There will always, unfortunately, be persons who are only attracted by eccentricities, but all extremes are avoided by real elegants. If a dress is composed of two colors, every single portion and article of the whole toilette must reproduce the two colors. For instance, a blue and green dress, or blue dress trimmed with green, would look egregiously vulgar and in bad taste, accompanied by a blue bonnet and green parasol, or vice versa, in spite of those colors being the same as the dress. The bonnet must be of the two colors; the parasol also. In the latter case, this is very easy. Ribbon bows are always fastened to the top of every fashionable ombrelle, and, of course, these would be arranged to carry out the colors of the toilette. For out of doors the pale colors are most elegantly worn; the brilliant tints are reserved for indoor and evening wear. There are some lovely new shades of green, very suitable to the season. A prettier or more summer-like combination of color than white and green is impossible. Most of the light green dresses we have seen have been either covered or trimmed with white muslin or lace. The styles of dress now worn may be divided into three, with of course, a few subdivisions and varieties; the robe de chambre for indoor morning wear, the costume for walking or indoor wear, and the robe drapée or long dress. The robe de chambre "Princesse" is the favorite shape, cut all in one, going to the figure, but not fitting closely. It is worthy of notice that the throats of high bodices, whatever the style or material, are cut very slightly pointed in front. This is to allow of the frills so generally worn setting a little away from the throat, instead of close round. The costumes of other materials are made walking length, and, of course, are not so restricted as to the style of their trimming. Mantles are much more worn than has been the case for two or three seasons. Some are very elegant and effective, and profusely ornamented. The evening dresses are of lighter colors and more diaphanous materials than ever. For young unmarried ladies nothing is so elegant or so becoming as white trimmed with colored flowers or ribbons.—*Le Follet.*

LORENZO DOW was once preaching in the eastern part of Connecticut to a crowded house, the season being midwinter, and the weather extremely cold. During the sermon the congregation would make frequent visits to the stove to warm up. The old man stood the interruption until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence, he said, "Those who have holes in their stockings may now go to the stove and warm their feet." He was annoyed no more during the service.

THERE was a miser who was considered impregnable to charitable appeals, until a Hibernian genius "came Paddy over him." Teddy went to the office one morning and told a piteous story about losing his pig, the only one he had. "Shure," says Teddy, "Mistress—" (whose good opinion old Hard Fist was anxious to retain) "tould me to come to ye, for ye wor very rich, and gev a power of money to the poor, God bless ye! I only want to raise enough to buy me another little shlip of a pig." The miser couldn't resist the influence of Mrs.—, so he gave Teddy a crown. A few days afterwards he met him. "Well, Teddy," said he, "did you buy another pig?" "Troth I did; and a fine one it is." "Then take better care of it than you did of the other. What did the pig you lost die of?" "Die of!" said Teddy, raising his eyebrows—"swath wud he die of? Shure he didn't die at all. He was fat enough, and I kilt him!"

FLOATING.

BY CECILIA EDGAR.

Floating through the sunset blaze,
Floating through the evening haze,
Floating till the crimson sky
In the water seems to lie.

Floating through the twilight hours,
Perfumed with the breath of flowers,
Floating till the moonbeams bright
Silver o'er the stream with light.

Floating through the shadows deep,
Where the water-lilies sleep,
Floating through the whispering reeds,
Through the tangled river weeds.

Floating too, oh, heart of mine,
Back along the stream of time,
Floating back to years of old,
Golden days and hours untold.

Floating down the past so fleet,
Scenes now vanish'd, sadly sweet,
Scenes that now can scarce be seen,
For the graves that lie between.

Floating out of busy life,
Out of weary toil and strife,
Out of glaring noon-tide heat,
Into waters calmly sweet.

"THAT LITTLE FRENCHMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

RIVIERE MAKES PLANS.

"Are you mad, Rivière?"

The question was asked by Pierre, as he stood holding the other by the wrists, and gazing fixedly in his eyes.

"Mad?—yes," was the reply, given at last, in a deep, hoarse voice. "It is enough to make me. But, there, let go—it is over now."

And with a sigh that was almost a groan, Rivière crept shivering away to the darkest corner of their cell, and sat there motionless till the coming of the gaoler with their morning meal.

The interval had been spent by Pierre with his eternal straw plait, which grew yard by yard, and was rolled in a neat coil as he went on.

"Breakfast," said Pierre, as soon as they were alone; and he laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder.

To his surprise, Rivière rose up, calm and thoughtful-looking, holding out his hand, which the other grasped with effusion.

"That is better," he said.

"Better?" replied Rivière, with a sad smile. "Well, yes—I think so. One must live; for there is much to do in the future. Pierre, I was mad all last night; but it is all past now, and I have begun to think out the future. I thank you for saving my life. But it will go hard with others."

Pierre looked searchingly at his fellow-prisoner, wondering whether a greater madness were not on him now; but it was only to see him sit and eat quietly of the bread, and drink the poor, thin coffee brought for their morning meal.

Days glided by, with Rivière turned thoughtful and silent. The restless pacing of the floor was at an end, and for hours he would not stir, but sat as if revolving some plan. The restless nights, too, ceased, and the prison seemed at times quite cheerful to Pierre, when his companion sat down and conversed with him quietly about some ordinary matter—the length of his straw plait, the quality of the food, or the gloom or brightness of the day.

"There is something to come of this," thought Pierre; and at times a shiver of apprehension ran through him.

Was this the calm that was to be succeeded by a storm—by a maniacal outbreak?

He watched Rivière nervously by day, and at night he never retired without a feeling of dread, lest, even if his fellow-prisoner refrained from attacking him, he should find him some morning dead by his own hand.

And yet all seemed very much altered. Rivière was, to all appearances, quiet and resigned to his fate; and by degrees the apprehensions of Pierre became lulled, till one morning they broke out afresh, for Rivière said to him, quietly—

"The sharpened nail, Pierre, that you took away from me that morning—you have it safe?"

"Safe?—yes. Hidden away where you could never find it," exclaimed Pierre, excitedly.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rivière, smiling sadly. "I shall not attempt suicide again. I was mad that morning, Pierre; but it is all past now, and I mean to live. There, do not look so suspiciously at me. I am not trying to deceive you. Only, keep that nail safely—we may require it."

No more passed that day nor the next; and straw plait after plait was made, and afterwards sold for a trifle by the gaolers of the prison; the money obtained being expended in some little attempt to alleviate the wretchedness of their fare. Pierre grew more and more satisfied with the behaviour of his companion; for Rivière began to plait straw by his side, working with tolerable neatness, till Pierre exclaimed one day—

"There, did I not tell you how this work would prove a relief?"

To his amazement, Rivière did not reply, but sat busily using his fingers; till, suddenly, he threw down the plait and said—

"Never mind the straw. Do you feel certain that this is La Peray?"

"Yes—certain," was the reply. "And this must be the Gironde passing by the walls."

"The Gironde? Yes—the river we crossed when they brought us in here. Do you think they mean to keep us here?"

"Who can say? See how we have been changed about already. There are far-off islands where we might be taken—Cayenne, Martinique; or perhaps they may keep us at home here, for are there not the galleys at Toulon?" said Pierre, bitterly.

And he sighed as he thought of the hard labor, and looked at his soft white hands.

"Even that would be better, out in the free air," exclaimed Rivière, with animation. "But," he continued, grimly, "there is escape from it all."

"Hush!" whispered Pierre, shuddering as he recalled how that morning he had arrested his companion's hand just as, in his mad despair, he was about to pierce his throat with a nail he had contrived to draw from their table, and had sharpened on the stone floor to a keen edge. "Hush! That will come in its own good time. It is not for us—"

"But I mean real escape," said Rivière, with animation—"escape from here, and, if needs be, fight for our liberty."

"Escape!" exclaimed Pierre, gazing with a startled aspect at the speaker, as if he doubted his sanity. "What! Get out—away from prison?"

"Yes; escape—freedom."

"But how?" said Pierre, excitedly.

"Let us think it out," was the reply. "But, first, how long have we been here?"

The little bag of pieces of straw was once more brought into requisition, and after counting, Pierre said—

"Six weeks to-day."

"Six weeks!—six weeks only! It seems like a year. But let us think it out. Don't speak to me now."

He went and sat down upon the edge of his bed, wrinkled up his face, and remained silent for quite an hour, during which Pierre looked up from his straw-plaiting from time to time, to scrutinize the earnest face before him.

Twice he essayed to draw Rivière into conversation upon the engrossing theme; but without further result than a sign to be silent.

And in this fashion ended the day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WATCHWORD.

The night passed without a sign from Rivière, and the younger man lay restless and feverish, the words he had heard having raised up exciting visions for the future. Towards morning, though, he dropped asleep, to dream of freedom; but his rest was brief, for at daybreak he was aroused by Rivière shaking him roughly.

"Up!" said the latter, sternly—"up, quickly. We have wasted time, and now we must work."

"What for?" said Pierre.

"What for? For liberty and justice. Now to work."

They sat down in the corner of the cell, talking for a while; then, rising, Rivière walked to the wall beneath the grated window of their cell, and leaned his arms against it, stooping so as to form of his body an incline, up which Pierre climbed, so that he could stand upon his companion's back, hold on by the bars, and gaze long and earnestly from the grating.

Now and again there came the slow, measured tramp of the sentry on duty, whose beat lay right beneath their window; and at such times Pierre would loose his hold upon the bars, and merely steady himself by resting his fingers upon the still, stoop down, and wait impatiently until the soldier had passed.

Three times this had occurred, and as often the inspection was resumed, Rivière always replying to his companion's query as to whether he was tired—

"Go on."

At last the sentry paused just in front of the grated window, and they heard him ground his musket upon the pavement. Pierre leaped lightly down, and together they retired to the cell corner.

"Well," said Rivière, in a whisper, "what's in the front?"

"High wall."

"And on the left?"

"A higher wall."

"The right?"

"Wall, whose top I cannot see."

"Could you see nothing more?" asked Rivière.

"Nothing but cruel, hard cold stones everywhere."

"But if you had stood higher?"

"My head touched the top of the opening as it was," said Pierre, gloomily; and then the prisoners sat thinking.

"We must escape, Pierre," said Rivière, after half an hour's silence.

"Yes; but how?" said the other, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"By constant trying. The rat gnaws his way through where he will."

"Yes; but we are no rats," said Pierre, bitterly.

"And the bird beats at its wires, or the door, till the first grow loose, or the latter is unfastened," continued Rivière, without heeding his companion's words.

"Or wears its poor breast bare of feathers, and dies of a broken heart," cried Pierre, passionately. "Let it rest! What can we do in this stony tomb but write our epitaphs upon its walls, and then lie down quietly and die?"

"As you deserve to die," said Rivière, "for being a coward. You would have killed the King."

"No," said Pierre, eagerly, "I would not. I begged that he might be spared, though he had cruelly persecuted those who belonged to me. It was in a mad fit of revenge, mingled with what they called patriotism, that they were bent upon his destruction. What could I do? Would you have had me denounce—"

Rivière started as if he had been stung.

"Would you have had me give up those who were my relatives and friends? Was the King to be more to me than these?"

"But you countenanced the deed with your presence."

"Yes; but was I not forced? They knew that I was against the plot, so they would not trust me, lest I should betray them. So I was made to be a witness of it all."

Pierre shuddered as he spoke.

"It was a cowardly, cruel act," said Rivière; "and one for which others suffer. Look at me."

"I declared you were innocent a score of times," said Pierre, passionately; "but they would not hear me."

"Let that pass now," said Rivière. "We have other things to think of."

He rose from his seat, and slowly and carefully began to examine every stone in the floor and walls of the cell—tapping each with his knuckles, and testing the cement in the interstices with the tooth from a metal comb. Now he was in the dark corners, now reaching high up above his head; but every step was taken earnestly, and with an air of keen investigation which nothing escaped.

A word from Pierre arrested him, and in two steps he was at his seat, calmly picking his nails; for there was the sound of footsteps outside, gradually coming nearer. Then came a cessation of the steps, the rattling of bolts and keys; and then the gaoler appeared with their rations, which he placed upon their bench, whilst his two attendants looked round the place, examining wall and window.

Another minute, and the door was once more banged to, and bolted, and the steps heard to go echoing away.

"Eat," said Rivière, pushing the black bread to his companion. "We have only one thing to think of now—escape. Eat, and grow strong; for we shall need all our power."

The miserable meal was eaten in silence; and then, with his eyes glittering and his teeth set, Rivière rose up.

"Now, then," he said, "put away that straw plait. We must get to work, for I cannot sit down, and die here. I must meet her again, face to face."

"But, mind, I do not accuse her," said Pierre. "Nor I," said Rivière. "My wife—Madame Rivière—shall have her opportunities for defence. I am no foolish Othello in my passions; but, as the judge said to me at my trial, the case looks black against her; and as to Lemaire—"

He said those last words through his teeth, and then stopped, breathing hard, with an intensity in his expression of countenance that made Pierre shudder, as he thought over the possible result of a meeting between these men.

"Have patience," said Pierre. "Time works strange changes. Matters are, perhaps, not so bad as we have painted them."

And once more he took up the straw plait, and began to add to its length.

"Patience!" exclaimed Rivière, angrily.

"Life is too short for patience, and we have much to do, instead of waiting for it to be done. Life, Pierre, must henceforth for us be wild, exciting, feverish. We must work together for life, since the existence here is but death. And now, once more—escape! You hear that word? It is to be henceforth, till we are free, our watchword—our sole thought, our very life. Escape! You know what it means? It is a secret that we must penetrate. There will be obstacles and dangers, sleepless nights and restless days, pain and weariness, bitter suffering; but it will always cheer us on, and we must achieve our liberty, or die in the attempt. You understand—you are with me?"

"Yes," said Pierre, "to the end."

"Then we shall succeed," cried Rivière.

"Yes," said Pierre, with his face lighting up—"escape!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ARRIVAL.

It must have been the size of the house that made people in it given to yawn, for the houses in Grosvenor-square are of goodly proportions. In summer time, the very windows, half open, seem to be in the act of yawning, and the great door likewise, when "the family" are out at a dinner party, and the butler and gentlemen in uniform are cooling themselves, and yawning upon the whitened steps. As a rule, houses in Grosvenor-square are not taken by their inhabitants: they come to them by birth, inheritance—though generally, with the clog upon them of a yearly rental of no slight sum. In fact, the rent is stated in three figures, and those of goodly size.

Sir Richard Lawler only had to walk into possession of his house in Grosvenor-square when he came of age. In fact, his was not a

brain that would have achieved a mansion. He found it well-furnished, too, but yawning; and he yawned, till he woke up one day to the fact that the place was not completely furnished without a wife.

Even here he had no trouble, for his friends selected the lady for him; and one day, when he was weary of hunting, tired of throwing salmon flies, aching of foot with tramping the heather, and sick of the sea in his yacht, he proudly walked up the carpeted steps at St. George's, Hanover-square, and afterwards descended them, with the hand of that acknowledged beauty, Adelaide, Lady Lawler, upon his arm.

They were very happy—they must have been, for they told everybody that they were—and all friends congratulated themselves upon the accession to the visiting list.

Time glided on. They travelled on the Continent; returned to England; visited, and were visited. An heir was born, made much of; and then followed another visit to the Continent, ending with a stay at Paris, and the encounter with the Rivières.

Sir Richard Lawler was a very good-hearted man, and he really exerted himself strongly to procure Rivière's freedom. He would also have done anything possible to aid Madame Rivière; but, as we have seen, all advances were rejected, seeing that they came through Lady Lawler; and soon after the English mildred returned to town, and after a few squabbles—an inelegant term this, but most apropos—with her ladyship, London life began again, the customary yawnings took place in the big mansion, and the Rivières were forgotten.

There had been festive proceedings in Grosvenor-square, for the Lawlers had given a dinner party. Dinner parties were not unusual there; but this had been an extra affair, wherein the aid of the florist and pastrycook was called, and Edgington had the task of forming one of his zebraic canopies from the kerbstone to the front door. Lady Lawler had been gorgeous in the family diamonds, and, at dessert-time, there had been a small procession:

Footman, bearing a high chair.
Chief butler, with special dessert plate and d'oyley.
Jane, bearing the heir, in white and scarlet.
Rear-guard of Sarah.

The heir was greeted with a chorus of feminine raptures; and the bearer had to pause at chair-backs for the family hope to be kissed, with kisses loud and chirrupy—little liberties these, which he resented with dabs of his podgy fists. What time papa, at the foot of the table, smiled like an amiable aristocrat in wax; mamma shook her fan, and said, "Naughty Tivey"—a sweet, feminine, hissing formation of the baptismal name Clive; and Jane adjured her charge to "be a good boy, then," with the sole effect of the young monster making a dab at a dowager's front, and dragging it hugely askew.

Jane—a fresh-colored, plump nurse of five-and-twenty, glowing with health and pink ribbons—stayed behind his heirship's chair when he was beside mamma, it being an acknowledged fact she was the only personage in the house who could subdue the young gentleman in times of mutiny; and matters went on tolerably satisfactorily, save that Master Clive upset a finger-glass over the black kerseymeres of the Right Honorable Randall Spavin, M. P. for Mowbray, and M. F. H., Hippoly county.

This little mishap, though to a guest, was quite balanced by the next display of a mercurial temperament, wherein the hope of the house swept a glass of port from the table to meander down the amber glories of Lady Lawler's moiré antique.

But in a lively child such trifles are easily forgiven; and who, as a guest, could refrain from an amused smile when the excited child stood up, regardless of remonstrance, in his chair, and then made a dart, and scrambled on to the table to achieve possession of the elephant-supported sugar temple? but only to be caught by one leg by Jane, and reseated in the high chair with a sponge cake in his fist.

"He was so full of life," Lady Lawler smilingly informed her guests.

Then Jane had to be busy for a few minutes picking up dessert forks, spoons, a plate and a wine glass in two pieces; and at last, at a signal from her master—a signal resented by a reproachful look from her ladyship—the girl had to seize upon her charge, and prepare to bear him out of the room.

But this attack was met furiously by the heir, who commenced his defence with a howl of rage, and was then borne out, kicking and screaming furiously, making, too, little snatches at Jane's hair, or the head-dress of any lady he passed.

He continued to make himself heard in a cheery diminuendo, lasting from the dining-room door to the nursery on the second floor, where the closing of a balze door resulted in peace to the house below.

"Very passionate, but a dear, affectionate child," said Lawler, apologetically, to the Honorable Randall.

"All the spirit in him for making a good country rider," said the master of fox-hounds.

"Sign of health—fine lungs," observed the family physician.

"Give way to him because he's so young," said Sir Richard, who was rather annoyed.

"Oh, dear me, yes," simpered her ladyship, rising with the other ladies, and departing for the drawing-room.

The wine, the coffee, the tea upstairs—all had followed in due course. A few friends had dropped in during the evening. Carriages had come and carriages had gone, and an extra amount of yawning had been performed in the hall. Taking advantage of Master Clive having sobbed himself soundly asleep, Jane had left him in charge of the under-nurse, and descended to get her supper in the servants' hall; but she was not to reach the bottom without her adventure—being caught on the stairs by Mr. James, one of the footmen, who tried to display his emotions towards the fair maiden by passing his arm round her, and stealing a kiss.

The attempt was a signal failure, for Jane gave him a sharp box on the ear, which sent the hair powder flying in a cloud; and when the recipient emerged therefrom, the damsel had gone.

"A hard-hearted creecher!" exclaimed the injured swain.

He probably meant hard-handed; but he said no more—only retired to the pantry, where he administered a few more dabs of the scented starch to his well-oiled locks, and then proceeded to the servants' hall.

No Jane!

Making some excuse, he rose and left his place, going gently down a long stone passage to the front of the house. Here he turned into the housekeeper's sanctuary—a large press-surrounded room, looking upon the area.

It was as he expected. Going close to the window, he could dimly see two figures—one of each sex—talking eagerly together; and Mr. James gave a groan as he stood with clenched fists. There was the secret of the contumely with which his advances were met—there was the reason, in the shape of a man!

James ground his teeth, as he stood watching for a few minutes, and then a spasm seemed to seize him as he witnessed a hasty good-bye, wherein something took place not followed by a box on the ear; and then, as the area gate clanged and the door closed, Mr. James followed the slightly flushed object of his misplaced affection to the servants' hall, breathing hard as he watched her at her supper—always avoiding his eye—eating nothing himself, but drinking freely horns of ale from the great blackjack.

But all this was over. The last guest had departed; and, previous to retiring for the night, Sir Richard was having a cigar in the study, while his lady was dreamily watching the golden caverns in the fire as the cinders fell together with a musical tinkle. Twice she glanced up at Sir Richard; but he was deep in the contemplation of the wreaths of vapor rising from his cigar, and doubtless his reverie would have ended in a doze, had not a loud, resonant peal at the bell made both start, and gaze towards the door.

The step of one of the servants was heard to pass the door, and then followed the sounds of unbolting, rattling chain, and loud shout back of lock; and then, as a gust of wind swept through the hall, it brought with it the whispering of eager voices.

A minute or two elapsed, and then, when Sir Richard's patience was nearly exhausted, and he was about to see for himself the cause of this late interruption, the footman appeared at the door.

"Well?"

"If you please, Sir Richard, here's a foreign party as says he must see you."

"A what?"

"A furriner, Sir Richard, and a wom—I mean a lady—with him. Wouldn't give no card, Sir Richard."

"But what's his name?—what business?"

"Wouldn't give no name; and said, as far as I could make out, Sir Richard, as he had no business; but he's a very ignorant party, Sir Richard—couldn't hardly speak English. I did tell him to come in the morning; but he said he must see you now."

"Good heavens, Richard!" exclaimed Lady Lawler, in an agitated voice, as she rose and leaned over his chair. "Can it be—"

"There, I don't know—I will see!" exclaimed Sir Richard, his face flushing with annoyance. "Leave the room, James. No, stop—I will see these people. Show them into the dining-room."

"Yes, Sir Richard."

And the man turned to go.

"What sort of people are they?"

"Rather shabby parties, Sir Richard."

"Show them in here, James," said Lady Lawler, in a tone of voice that made her husband start; for though in some things her ladyship was but woman and water, in others she was spirit itself.

Yes, m'lady," said the man as he backed out; and the next minute he ushered in a couple of closely muffled figures, who stood perfectly still while Sir Richard motioned the man to leave the room, which he did; but not so rapidly but that he saw a portion of that which followed.

Nor did he close his ears so tightly that he was unable to catch from his lady the exclamation—

"Good heavens!"

"And from his master the words—"

"Monsieur Rivière."

(To be continued.)

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select thoroughly ripened fruit, cut them in halves; sprinkle over the cut half with bread crumbs, sugar, salt, pepper and butter. Place them in a baking pan cut side upwards and bake in an oven for two hours. Serve on a platter, garnished with curled parsley.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO PREVENT PUTREFACTION IN MEAT.—Mr. Jacquez, of the French Academy of Sciences, states that a solution of five parts of borax in 100 parts of water in which meats shall be dipped prevents the putrefaction process for a considerable time. Flesh dipped in the mixture and then dried resists the usual process of decomposition. Mr. Jacquez considers that the process is important, inasmuch as it is economical and harmless, and adapted for use in dissecting-rooms and for persons engaged in preparing cabinet specimens or animal tissues, and valuable also to the taxidermist.

DR. KEDZIE, of the Michigan Agricultural College, gives the following account of the injurious action of salt on trees; "On the college grounds there formerly grew a fine, vigorous specimen of common sassafras apparently in perfect health. A quantity of strong brine was inadvertently thrown beneath this tree, forming a stagnant pool in its immediate vicinity. In a very short time the tree began to manifest signs of decreasing vitality. The salt was absorbed unchanged in such immense quantities, that entering the circulation, it effloresced upon the surface of the leaves as a white crystalline deposit, and the tree soon after died."

NEW FUEL.—Mr. L. Banks, of Hull, proposes a new manufacture of fuel. The invention relates to the combination of the following matters:—1. The refuse which accumulates round the mouths of coal-pits. 2. Small coal. 3. Turf, peat, or such like matter. 4. Mineral pitch. 5. Coal-tar. 6. The scum or refuse from cotton seed after obtaining oil-cake therefrom. The coal-tar and the mineral pitch are prepared by being mixed whilst hot, and after being boiled in the ordinary manner in equal proportions. The two are then run together; before use they are re-boiled and mixed with the other ingredients before named. The whole are then compressed together by steam-power or otherwise, and the composition is then ready for use.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—The *Journal of Applied Chemistry* says: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold, stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to break up all the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lay on a dime, and throw in a dozen cloves to give a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well at the time. In a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel; let it cool; lay a cover on, and put it in a cool place. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. Paste thus made will last twelve months.

A TEST OF PURE WATER.—An English technical periodical points out an easy way of testing whether water is good and fit for general use. It says: "Good water should be free from color, unpleasant odor, and taste, and should quickly afford a lather with a small portion of soap. If half a pint of the water be placed in a perfectly clean, colorless, glass-stoppered bottle, a few grains of the best white lump sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turbid, it is open to the grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear, it is almost certainly safe. We owe to Heisch this simple, valuable, but hitherto strangely neglected test."

POTATOES PROSCRIBED.—Several German writers upon races predict that nations, far from improving, will deteriorate both in physical and mental characteristics, if potatoes become a principal article of diet. The celebrated Carl Voigt says that "the nourishing potato does not restore the wasted tissues, but makes our proletariats physically and mentally weak." The Holland physiologist, Mulder, gives the same judgment when he declares that the excessive use of potatoes among the poorer classes, and coffee and tea by the higher ranks, is the cause of the indolence of nations. Leidenfrost maintains that the revolutions of the last three centuries have been caused by the changed nourishment; the lowest workmen, in former times, ate more flesh than now, when the cheap potato forms his principal subsistence, but gives him no muscular or nervous strength.

FAMILY MATTERS.

FRIED EGG PLANT.—Take a large, ripe, purple egg, and cut it in slices of half an inch in thickness; strew a little salt over each, and lay on a plate for ten minutes or more to let the water run out; then dip each slice into a well-beaten egg, and then in cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in hot butter or lard as you would oysters, and the plant will taste like fried flesh.

HEADACHE is the bane of many a person's life, and it arises from such a variety of causes that remedies are difficult to find. The following is said to be worth trying: "Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, one ounce of spirits of hartshorn, and half an ounce of spirits of camphor. Put them quickly into a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirits. Soak a piece of cloth with the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the cloth afresh as soon as it gets heated."

SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Boil a

small potful of potatoes and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed, or at least alleviated by the next morning.

Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy.

COLCANNON.—This popular Irish dish is usually made with cabbages and potatoes, but cauliflower will make a more delicate dish. Take half as much cauliflower as potatoes, both of which must have been boiled previously and completely cooled. Chop them separately and very fine. Put a little milk and butter into a saucepan, and when boiling hot, turn in the potatoes and cauliflower well mixed together. Place a flat tin or dish over them, and let them warm through. Then remove the cover, and add salt and pepper to taste; make the dish boiling hot, and serve. Another way is to prepare it with strips of salt pork. Cut the pork into strips an inch long as a narrow as possible, and fry it to a crisped brown; then turn in the chopped cauliflower and potatoes, and mix well with the pork strips and fat. Heat very hot, and serve on a platter. It is a delicious dish; and a little vinegar is considered an improvement to it.

PERMANENT LEMONADE.—Some competent sanitary and bibulous authority asserts that when people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should then purchase several dozens at once and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulps—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cool, healthful drink.

GLOSSY SHIRTS.—Attention to the following directions will secure the much-desired gloss on shirts. First put a little common white wax in your starch—say, two ounces to the pound; then, if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm otherwise the wax will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold. To polish shirts, starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry, then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good finish. Don't lift the plaits. Your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirt-board, made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron which is flat and beveled a little at one end, polish gently with the beveled part, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave-like blisters. This requires a little practice; but, in a short time, with perseverance, you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It now passes into the domain of fact and history that the good cook is sure to become very aged. Good victual and vicious life are not compatible. Instance: a man aged one hundred and twenty-seven has just died in Russia; he had been cook to the great Empress Catherine II. The Emperor Nicholas granted him a yearly pension of 700 rubles, which enabled him to keep the pot boiling. He has a little boy aged ninety-eight.

GROWTH OF FINGER AND TOE-NAILS.—A scientific writer says: The finger-nails and toenails upon the human body grow at the rate of one-hundredth of an inch in ten days. This information induces reflection. Methuselah lived for 969 years. Now, suppose he had never cut his nails, he would have gone down to the grave with sixty feet of finger and toe-nails curling about his venerable person. If Adam had lived until the present time he would have had about 1000 yards of nails about his person. When we think of these things, how deeply ought we to be impressed with the wonders of nature, with the strange and awful mystery of the human body.

It is certain that Shakespeare's idea of the toad was inaccurate in two respects. The toad is not "ugly and venomous," and does not wear "a precious jewel in its head." The Rev. J. G. Wood, that excellent naturalist and charming writer, assures us that his children had a troupe of tame toads, each of which answers to its own particular name and comes when called. The children, he says, carry them round the garden, and hold them up to any insects they may chance to fancy, to enable them to swallow it, which they do by a lightning flash of their glutinous tongues. Nay, more; their tender

care for their unlovely pets is so great that they bathe and kiss them daily, he declares, just as they themselves are treated by their nurse. Upon one occasion one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen with her own especial toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the orange in alternate sucks or bites.

FANS.—The manufacture of fans in Paris is a very extensive branch of industry, supplying all civilized nations with these useful and ornamental articles. Fans were known in the East from remote ages, and were introduced into Western Europe about the time of the Crusaders; in the sixteenth century they came into general use, being generally made from peacock or ostrich feathers, fixed in a solid handle. In the time of Louis XIV., the folding fan came into use, having been introduced from China by the Jesuits. Paris fans are made at all prices, from a penny to a thousand pounds, one having been made of the latter value for the Emperor of Morocco. The chief parts of a fan are the handle, the brins, the panaches, the ends, and the leaf. The handle is the part where the fan is hinged together, and is made of ivory, wood, or any hard material; the brins are the radiating sticks, from twelve to twenty-four in number, and about four inches long; the ends are the elastic pieces which connect the brins with the handle; the panaches are the two outermost brins, wider and stronger, for the protection of the rest; the leaf is the surface of the fan, out in the shape of the segment of a circle, and made of paper, vellum, parchment, satin, gauze, or crape. It is the decoration of the leaf which increases the costliness of fans.

The last personal gossip about the way of life of Pope Plus IX., who has just entered on the twenty-eighth year of his pontificate, is that his health is so fully restored as to enable him to resume his usual food and exercise. He rises at half-past five o'clock, makes his toilet, which includes much shampooing; next follows mass; after which a simple collation of coffee, with four bits of toasted bread; then an ordinary audience; then a short walk in the garden; at noon another audience; at half-past one p.m., dinner, as simply served as its dishes are plain: a meat soup of rice and herbs, a bit of *lesso*—that is, the beef or chicken of which the soup is made; then follows a small dish of *fritho o arrostato*—fry or roast—a favorite Italian dish. No Roman dinner is complete without it; it is made of brains, bits of bread, and young cucumbers and carrots sliced into thin strips, all fried crisply, with a rich amber color, in lard. It is not bad after you get used to it. During all this dinner the Pope drinks only half a glass of wine. He was never in his younger days a wine-drinker, and now eschews all nicely about his wine. Some years ago, when he first began to drink wine at dinner, according to medical orders, he observed that every day a fresh bottle was opened for his use. Then he ordered the wine of the country to be served to him, as it could be bought on draught. *Tre Cannelle* was selected, and as he can not drink a whole *mezzo foglietto* (a gobletful), the smallest quantity sold, he has this divided into little flasks, a few drops of olive oil poured on the wine, a wad of cotton for cork; then it is fresh for a day or two. After dinner his Holiness reposes for three-quarters of an hour in a *poltrone*, or arm-chair. Then he holds another ordinary audience, after which he walks in the garden, in the gallery, or holds private conversations in the Bibliotheca. Ave Maria and prayers are followed by private audiences, at which affairs of the greatest moment are discussed. At half-past ten o'clock he takes a soup. This is another excellent Italian custom. A little before midnight his Holiness goes to sleep.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TO GET RID OF POTATO BUGS.—Mix Paris Green with water, one tablespoonful to two gallons of water; put it in a pail and take a whisk—such as is used for brushing clothes—and sprinkle the mixture on the vines. Keep the mixture well stirred at the time of applying it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Magazine* writes as follows: "On the 15th of April last a young man, employed near bees, had the misfortune of being stung. No remedy being near at hand, I remembered Mr. Gordon's note on the cure of bee stings at page 461 of the *Gardener's Magazine* for 1872. I recommended him to apply the common soil to the wound, as described by Mr. Gordon, and it immediately relieved the pain and prevented the swelling. Such a receipt is of more value than gold to all who have anything to do with bees. I formerly used common blue for bee stings, but common soil is preferable."

PROTECTION FROM INSECTS.—A farmer from Fremont, O., writes:—I am using a remedy for driving away insects and bugs that works to a charm, and if any of your readers have not tried it, I advise them to waste no time with soot, ashes, &c., but ask their druggist to order for them a pound of carbolic acid, No. 5, which will cost 75 cents. If air-slaked lime is to be had, use a teaspoonful of acid to a quart of lime; mix well, and dust over the plants. One application is frequently sufficient. The cabbage flea (jumping Jack) threatened to destroy my plants of cabbage and ruta bagas, but one dose was sufficient to clear the garden of them. If the lime is not slaked, take one teaspoonful of acid to a pint of hot water, and slake the lime with the mixture.

WATER FOR SHEEP.—It is a great mistake,

says Mr. Mechi and the cause of much suffering and loss, not to supply sheep with water, especially milk-giving ewes. During the drouth of 1868 many flocks were ruined by want of water. I know of a striking instance where the animals wasted and were sent to Chelmsford market in evil condition, the owner being ignorant of the cause. The dealer, who bought them "for a song," first examined the whites of their eyes, thinking they must have the rot or jaundice; but seeing all right so far, he found that a supply of water was the only restorative required. Grass, in a succulent state, contains 76 per cent. of moisture, but when dried very much less. The same remark holds good for clovers, &c. When we give cake, corn, malcombs, bran, &c., which we always do, it becomes absolutely necessary to provide water, or the animals will not thrive. Give them the opportunity of judging for themselves by an always available supply, and they will exercise a proper discretion in the matter. An iron water-cart is on most farms an indispensable requisite. When food is too wet and "sloppy," dry cotton cake or corn is a good and profitable regulator. Turnips and mangolds are disproportionately watery as food for animals, hence the losses occasioned by them, especially with breeding sheep. They contain fully 9 pints of water to 1 pint of dry food. Ninety per cent. of water is too much; 75 to 76 per cent. in pasture grass is the more natural and proper proportion. The human or animal frame has 75 per cent. of water, just as good grass has. Meat is dear as food because it contains, in the lean portions, 76 per cent. of water. No wonder that bread and cheese are found far more economical.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THE following is no fabrication of an irreverent secular journal, but from the orthodox Memphis *Presbyterian*: "Travelling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis, overtook a 'foot-pad,' with his carpet-bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the buggy, until, at least, they had crossed the mud and the mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy, about things ordinary and general. Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make the conversation profitable, asked the stranger 'if he was ready to die?' Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning and suspecting foul play, he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him at the top of his voice to stop! But this only hastened his speed, and, like a scared hare, he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his hasty flight he left his carpet-sack, which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and a little 'backer.'"

A NELSON street dry goods man, who is well known for his politeness, has a father who is an excellent citizen, but not a very smooth talker. They were so busy at the store Saturday afternoon that the old gentleman was called to help. Among the customers was a young lady who appeared to be waiting to trade with him whose elderly appearance invited her confidence. Soon an opportunity offered, and leaning over the counter as an invitation for him to do the same, she whispered her order. He bent close to her, and said, "what's that?" in a voice that started the perspiration to her forehead. Again she whispered. "O, elastic," said he, in a tone that could be heard on the walk, and looked much pleased with his success. "What kind of elastic?" he added, bending his head closer to the burning face of the perspiring maiden. Once more she tremblingly whispered. "For garters, hey?" he repeated, even louder than before, without noticing the horror-struck expression of the almost fainting young lady. "Something fancy, I suppose," he went on to say, in happy oblivion of the store full of people; young people now-a-days want things nice. My old woman uses a shoe-string, and sails around without noticing the difference." Then he got down the box and turned around to show it; but the customer was gone. He stood around with the elastic some five minutes, but she did not return, and it is likely he has forgotten all about the circumstance now.—*Danbury News.*

OUR PUZZLER.

48 SQUARE WORDS.

1. An important article of commerce; a French Christian name; a character in Shakespeare; high spoken; contributes assistance.
2. A female saint; ruled by pen; a well-known medicine seed; a vegetable product; appertaining to a celebrated garden.
3. A bird of prey; a place of shows; a yawning fellow; a continental city; made a mistake.

JOSEPH XAVIER.

49. ENIGMA.

In Parliament my presence gives Occasion for a fight,

'Tween Liberals and Conservatives, By constitutional right.

Lawyers are much attached to me—
I'm rear'd amidst dispute;
Bulky at times my form you see
When in a Chancery suit.

I wear the stamp of royalty
Impressed upon my face;
The legislature favors me
By certain days of grace.

Occasionally I am made out
For fashionable bonnet;
A pretty one, without a doubt,
With flowers and dew-drops on it.

Poor robin redbreast ne'er could eat
His food without my aid;
Six different things upon I treat,
Now guess—don't be afraid.

JEREMIAH COBWER.

50. ANAGRAMS.

1. I'll crow, do drill a good man; 2. A narrative is related of our mice; 3. Bless the old harmony in X-F-led; 4. O point on Europe's map a(t) a noble ruler; 5. E'en make real mice, annual stories; 6. Or vain a poet, to estimate a Burns.

FRED. J. PORTER.

51. CHARADE.

'Twas dead of night, the shops were shut, and scarce a light was shining,
And mist and cold and drizzling rain in one were all combining;
No traveller upon the streets his lonely path was wending,
And nought I saw save one pale face upon a volume bending.
With steadfast look and anxious eye the leaves were slowly turned—
I mark'd the visage calm and good on which my first it burned;
I thought upon the ways of men, how solemn was my life,
How glad we all should be to see the finish of this strife.

I've seen stout ships sail from the quay,
Bound for the ocean, wild and free;
I've seen all sorts of craft you'd name,
Some new, some old, and some of fame;
And I've seen one, not a fighter,
But a sort of sloop or lighter.
The wintry days were on us, the nights were long and cold,
And I saw a man go past me, a man both gray and old;
My whole was his profession, at it he earned his bread;
He looked both sad and weary, but no murmur e'er he said.

K. M. STEWART.

52. ARITHMETICAL QUERY.

In our house in the country was a crow, that was born in the seventeenth, lived through the eighteenth, and died in the nineteenth century. The figures of the year of its birth give the number required, multiplied by sixteen. The figures of the year of its death give the number required, multiplied by seventeen. How old was it?

ANSWERS.

16. TITLES OF BOOKS.—1. The Scarlet Letter. 2. Roland Cashel. 3. Charles O'Malley. 4. Phemie Keller. 5. Henrietta Temple. 6. The Two Admirals. 7. The Fortunes of Glencore. 8. The Greatest Plague of Life.
17. ENIGMA.—The letter O.
18. CHARADES.—1. Brill-i-ant. 2. Murder-ing. 3. Wheat-ear. 4. White-bait.
19. ANAGRAMS.—1. Governor Eyre. 2. Saint Ignatius Loyola. 3. Sir Thomas More. 4. Benjamin Disraeli. M. P. 5. William Shakspeare. 6. Francois Rabelais.
20. PALINDROMIC RIDDLE.—Madam, Adam, Ada.
21. LOGOGRIPH.—Brain, rain.
22. HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.—Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen.
23. CHARADE.—Plan-et (planet).
- 24.—AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.—1. Oliver Goldsmith,—The Vicar of Wakefield. 2. Sir Walter Scott,—The Heart of Mid'Lothian. 3. William Harrison Ainsworth,—The Tower of London. 4. William Makepeace Thackeray,—The Newcomes. 5. Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay,—History of England. 6. Miss Agnes Strickland,—Lives of the Queens of England. 7. Miss E. Braddon,—Lady Audley's Secret. 8. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton,—What will he do with it. 9. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,—Poetical Works. 10. Reverend John Keeble,—The Christian Year. 11. Washington Irving,—Bracebridge Hall. 12. Charles Dickens,—Nicholas Nickleby.
25. CONS.—1. Joiners. 2. A candle; because it is wicked (wick-ed). 3. The Sandwich Islands.
26. ACROSTICAL REBUS.—Nelson—one arm—thus:—1. Naxo. 2. Edgeworthstown. 3. LoirE. 4. Sumatra. 5. OdeK. 6. NottinghamM.

LUCKY NUMBERS.

Curious theories and superstitions prevail among devotees of the lottery and the gaming-table regarding "lucky numbers." There are traditionally fortunate and unfortunate combinations, and there are also newer favorites, based very often on figures connected with the chronology of famous men.

The career of Napoleon III. would seem to be considered by gamblers a specially successful one, for since his death they have been betting furiously on all numbers supposed to bear a relation to sundry pivotal events of his life. In Vienna, in Milan, in Rome, the newspapers notice this universal rage among regular patrons of the lottery for staking their fortunes on Napoleonic numbers; and, what is also curious, these numbers have in several instances turned out lucky. Thus in a late Vienna paper we read that "the death of the man of Sedan has brought good luck to the old women of this city, who give themselves up with unquenchable passion to the lottery." At the last drawing, as the paper goes on to say, the numbers most eagerly seized upon were 3, for Napoleon III.; 65, for his age; 20, for his birthday, it falling on the twentieth of the month; 90, as the highest number in the lottery, hence interpreted to signify "empereur;" and finally 52, the year of his accession to the throne. To the joy of all the old lottery gossips, the luck fell on these numbers, 3, 20, and 90. At Rome the death of Napoleon III. has furnished new combinations for the devotees of the lottery. At Milan the same infatuated class have "pointed a moral" of their own from the event—a moral quite different from the one extracted by sermonizers. They have been playing heavily on number 20 (a gold Napoleon being worth twenty francs), and on number 13, which latter, as the proverbially unlucky one, is interpreted to mean the ex-emperor's death. On the first drawing after his death these two numbers proved to be the lucky ones of the lottery, and it was then found that there had been a great number of winners.

Is this present year, 1873, to be, like some famous ones in history, specially fatal to crowned heads, and to heads that have once been crowned? During the whole twelve months of 1872 the only European sovereign who died was Charles XV. of Sweden, while none suffered irremediable misfortune; and in European royal families the only two losses by death were Archduke Albrecht and the Duke of Guise. But within the first six weeks of 1873 no less than three persons died who had at some time worn imperial crowns, and one monarch resigned his sceptre. First died Napoleon III., on the 9th of January. Then, on the 25th, at Lisbon, died the dowager-empress, Amelia, daughter of Prince Eugene, wife of Pedro I. of Brazil, and step-mother of the present Emperor, Pedro II. On February 8 the Empress Caroline Augusta, widow of Francis I. of Austria, and grandmother of the reigning Emperor, died at Vienna. In Spain the abdication of Amadeo is an incident to be mentioned in a year opening so ominously to crowned and discrowned heads.

POWERFUL ACTING.

The last Almanac issued by the English theatrical paper known as the *Era*, gives these amusing but apocryphal anecdotes of "powerful" American acting: On one occasion Mr. Edwin Forrest, then a young man, gave a tremendous display of really powerful acting. He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsals, Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supers who condescended to play the minions. They were too tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supers sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supers inquired, in the local slang, "Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and then the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred, the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero, another raised him about six inches from the stage by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussle. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few minutes of powerful acting, at the end of which one super was seen sticking head foremost in the bass drum of the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the files, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly." Upon another occasion, however, the powerful acting was upon the part of the supers. For the sake of poetic justice let us hope that they were the same supers. The hero was Mr. George Jones, afterwards known as the Count Johannes. Mr. Jones was impersonating the theatrical British sailor (transformed, of course, into the theatrical

Yankee sailor), who fights a broadsword combat with four pirates, and rescues a lovely damsel in distress. By some means or other Mr. Jones had offended the free and independent supers who played the pirates, and the result was a material alteration in the *dénouement* of the drama. The lovely damsel was in distress; the four pirates were about to bind her and bear her away to their secret cave; the feelings of the excited audience were wrought up to the highest pitch, when suddenly Mr. Jones (as the Yankee tar) dashed upon the scene, threw himself before the unhappy damsel, flourished his cutlass, and shouted, "Come on, villains! One Yankee sailor is more than a match for four such lubberly sharks!" "I guess not," replied one of the pirates, and the four of them coolly took the astonished Jones by the legs and arms, and, in spite of his desperate struggles, carried him boldly off the stage, locked him in the property closet, and, returning, bore off the maiden to their mountain cavern behind the scenes. The curtain fell.

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On a system that will insure to every ticket-holder a Gold or Silver Watch worth not less than \$12. or of any value up to \$200, at a uniform price of

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Gold and Silver Chronometer, Duplex, Stem Winding, Detached Lever, Vertical and Horizontal Watches.

Tickets to draw any of the above sent on receipt of 25 CENTS. A ticket describing each watch is placed in a sealed envelope. On receipt of 25 cents one is indiscriminately drawn from the whole, which are well mixed. You will know the value of the watch your ticket demands before paying for it. The watch named will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of \$10.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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