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VOLUME III.

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

TERMS, \ \$2.00 PER ARNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

#### SUMMER DAYS.

A little nook of wilderness Between the mendow and the river Where two crewhile together came, And one will come no more lereyer.

The rustic bridge, the narrow read, The seat upon the fullen pine. The whisper of the summer woods, So sweet, but not so sweet as thue.

A little wild flower long ago Among the tangled grasses grow,— So many things are dead since then How should not that be withered too?

Here were we sat I sit alone, Watching until the sun goes down, For though 'tis summer-time to-day, To-morrow will the woods be brown.

"Year after year," the poet sang. Year after year the spirit sighs, And summer days will come again, And sums will set in summer skies.—

But to this bourne of wilderness Between the meadow and the river Will any come because we came. And say,—They come no more forever?

## "IL BACIO."

BY JUSTIN MUARTY.

Mr. Adolphus Ranthorpe was one of the magnates of London literature. He was a roman-cist and a dramatist. He was in every way an inmense success. He was born in the purple of literature. His father had been a wealthy patron of poor poets and story-tellers; the son became a story-teller on his own account. Now Adolphus Ranthorpe would have been a weal-thy man though all his novels had followed the thy man though all his novels had followed the inte of Jean Paul's first, and "gone off like wildfire as waste paper." But to him who hathshall be given, and Mr. Ranthorpe's novels and plays were a great success. Money rolled in to him as to Dumas. He had the critics and the public too—the critics because they all knew him personally and were attached to him, and perhaps, too, because he kept open house and gave such splendid dinners. At his little festivals, I am told, you have twelve wine-glasses beside each plate. The true Amphitryon, the really great novelist, beyond doubt, is the novelist who sets twelve wine-glasses beside your plate. For myself, I don't care much about Ranthorpe's novels; I don't see anything in them. But I confess to having heard that he disparaged one of my, own little, works, and I don't dine at his house—in fact, I have not been asked.

The public admire Ranthorpe's novels because he tells a fine story, with a vigorous current of life rushing through it like a healthy breeze, and full of that old romantic emotion about true love and courage surmounting difficulty, and passion stronger than death, and all that sort of thing, which sets the great child-like heart of thing, which sets the great child-like heart of the big public throbbing, and fills its great soft eyes with tears. To say the truth, although I myself disparage the merit of Ranthorpe's works in an intellectual point of view, yet if I take one up I can't put it down until I have got to the end of it; and whenever the hero does some thing splendid for love of the heroine, or vice versa, I find myself positively wishing I was endid for love of the heroine, or vice that hero. But, of course to compare that sori of thing with the thoughtful and intellectual masterpieces of Slowboy, or the profound psy-chological studies of Barnacles, or the less ap-predicted but still more refined and impressive works of—well, it's no use mentioning names i Ranthorpe is anyhow a great success and a rich man, with a country house and a mansion in Berkeley Square, London.

In his study in this mansion sat Ranthorpe one spring day. He was a big man, some fifty-four years ago, dark-haired, with a large beard, and not one faintest shadow of gray in hair or beard. He wore a shabby old velvet coat with

His servant told him a young man wished to see him. The young man would not give his name, but declared he must see the great author. The great author grumbled, groaned, turned un-easily in his chair, threw down his pen, and, as usual, consented to be interrupted.

A slender, young man of four or five and twenty, with a pale, eager face, deep, dark eyes, and a small mustache—the brand of the race of artist stamped on every lineament and member artist stamped on every lineament and member from forehead to fingers—entered the room. He was carelessly dressed, but there was an ease about him which banished every appearance of shabbiness. He carried a book in his hand, at

the sight of which Mr. Ranthorpe shuddered.
"Mr. Ranthorpe," the visitor began, "I am
one of your devoted admirers. Your works one of your asystem summure. Lour works have seeds me! They have aroused in me an ambition and a knowledge of what I can do. You have brought me up to London, through

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed, but could not say he

felt very glad of this.

"My name," the young man went on, "is Hayward. Philip Hayward. I am alone in the world, and I have come up to London to make a fame! Therefore I have presented myself at once to you as my teacher and chief." Mr. Ranthorpe bowed again, and asked, Have you any friends in London?"

"None—except you." Rantherpe smiled, but was rather touched by this boyish kind of confidence. "Have you no one to give you a helping

No one but God and you." Ranthorpe was tempted to repeat the old bon or both. The public and of to the effect that no one could have two pa-



trons who had less influence in London. But he did not, for the thing was becoming rather

serious. "Excuse the bluntness of my question: have you any money ?

"Oh yes, plenty. I never would have come even to you if I had any fear of being taken for a beggar. I have sold every thing I could spare, and I have a hundred and odd pounds left. I live on very little, and I hope to be in the way to make a fortune and fame before all that is spent.

Ranthorpe smiled sadly. Fortune and fume so soon! A fortune to be made in literature by a novice before he had spent one hundred

"You have already published something?" Ranthorpe said, glancing at the book which his

young visitor carried.

"Yes; I have published this—a sort of philo-sophical story, or prose poem."
"Was it a success?"

"No." said the young man, boldiv. "I didn't expect it to be. Ah, too good for the dull world! I see. We

all begin that way. Did the critics attack it?"
"No; not exactly."
"Was it reviewed at all?" "Hardly; two or three short notices; faint nraise."

No condemnation, no consure, no sensation at all? "None."

Ranthorpe thought this a very desperate case.
"Tell me frankly," he said, "why you think you are likely to succeed in literature. Remember, you have actually been in the field; you have had your chance. I have known fellows whose first attempt lay for years mouldering, from mere want of a publisher; but when the thing came out at last it made a hit. Now your first attempt has been out—how long?"

" More than a year. "Yes; and I, who am concerned in nothing but literature, never heard of it or you. Excuse me if I speak plainly; it's best and honestest. Come, now; this first attempt is clearly a failure Why do you think the next is likely to be a suc

cess, or the next?"
"Will you look at my book?" "My good fellow, what's the use of my looking at your book? I can't order a new edition, and make it pay. If you have to live by literature, you must write for the public or the critics, or both. The public and the critics would not

"I only came to ask you to look at my book, Mr. Ranthorpe."

so. I guessed as much from the list. Well, hand it over. Let's have a look.'
Ranthorpe took the little volume. He had a first. wonderful way of getting the meaning and value of a book into his mind in a moment. He used to say, "I haven't time to read. I tear the

heart out of a book, and then put it away."

The young man watched him with a glowing cheek and cager, kindling eyes. The confidence which had carried him on so far seemed to de-sert him during this awful ordeal. The great author was actually looking at the pages of his first effort. Ranthorpe was thus occupied for

about twenty minutes Suddenly the door of the study opened, and a protty, brown-haired girl came in. She was so pretty and graceful, her eyes were so animated and sparkling, her hair was so rich in its curling masses, that our poor Hayward forgot even his first literary venture and its ordeal as he looked at her. He rose from his chair. She was about to draw back, seeing the stranger, when her father without looking at her, made a peculiar motion with his hand. She smiled, blushed, looked a little emberrassed, but remained standing that are the restrictions and the second standard s ing just as she was, and said not a word. She kept the very attitude of attempted retreat, looked as graceful as Canova's "Dancing G "Dancing Girl." The young man assumed that he had better keep silence too, and remain standing, and he did so; but, instead of fixing his eyes now on the great author, he glanced every moment furtively at the pretty girl. The moment was de

licious, but embarrassing.
"There?" said Ranthorpe, after five minutes more had passed, and he put down the volume.
"That will do, Charlie; I release you...I am
great in discipline in this room, Mr. Hayward.
If my daughter ventures in while I am reading any thing that requires attention I make a sign, and then she knows that she isn't to speak, she isn't to go away—for that would only distract me again—and she isn't to rustle her dress. She is a good girl, and does as she is told. Charlie, this gentleman is Mr. Hayward, a new friend of min

"I am afraid you thought me very rude and awkward, Mr. Hayward," said Charlie (otherwise Charlotte); "but papa's orders are imperative in this room. Any where else I can generally have my own way, but here he is su-

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?

"I only came to ask you about luncheon

Yes, certainly. Mr. Hayward will take luncheon with us."

"Charlie" bowed to the visitor, gave him friendly smile which meant welcome, and escaped. Her smile was wonderfully like that of her father. The young author had not been able to say a word. For the first time in his life he thought himself a fool.

"Well, Mr. Hayward," said the great author,
"I think I have read enough of this to form an

opinion.

For a moment Charlie caused to inhabit the mind of our youth. He awaited the sentence

in eagerness and awe.

"Yes, I think I can judge. I don't wonder it failed. You affect obscurity, thinking it fine, no doubt—young men always do; a great mistake, for young men have no thoughts that are worth people's groping after. All the thinking parts the philosophic parts, of the book are poor and thin-stuff, mere rubbish. Every body who isn't a downright idiot has thought all the same kind of thing, but that isn't any reason why it should be put into print. I endorse the verdict of the public as to this book—as a book, observe. ought to be a fallure; but—don't be alarmed—don't say that you ought to be a failure."

The young man's heart had almost stood still with a shock of griof and pain. A faint gleam of hope now bade it bent again,

"No; there are sparkle of fancy here and

there—and of humor too, when you are off your philosophy—which do promise. Try your hand next at a mere story—a story of common life, but with a lyric dash of passion in it. I shouldn't wonder if you were to succeed. I am not to hopeful, for I have seen rather too much of thi sort of thing; but, at least, I know of no reason which forbids you to succeed. Come. I say any thing m ore: and now what do you want

me to do for you? "Nothing more, Mr. Ranthorpe. You have done enough already. You confirm my faith in myself—you encourage me to live!"

Ranthorpe smiled. Some people are easily encouraged, he thought, especially when they have made up their minds beforehand. "Well, then," he asked, "what are you going to do for yourself?" "To begin a new work this very evening."
"What is it to be about?"

"I don't know yet. The idea will come, I m sure."

"Good! If you have any genius, trust to it. could not understand this, for in his mind the

When the first three chapters are done, let me see them. Now let us have luncheon, and then we must both of us set to our work."

That was a wonderful day for young Philip Hayward. To have spoken with the great author would have been something—indeed, a pride and delight; to have been encouraged to go on in literature by him was the rich fulfillment of a wild draum; to sit at his tuble and be talked to by Ranthorpe as a friend was beyond words;

to by Ranthorpe as a friend was beyond words; but to sit next to Ranthorpe's daughter was simply cestasy. Poor Philip Hayward was in a dream for the hour which thus passed away. Ranthorpe was a charming companion—fresh, boylsh, full of humor and good spirits. As for the daughter, young Hayward was madly in love with Charlie before he left the house. She was Ranthorpe's only child, and he was a wid-

wer.
The successful author took a great liking to the young man, and invited him to his house again and again. He could have found him ample opportunity of makinga little money by writing for the magazines, but Philip Hayward firmly declined doing any thing of the kind. He said he had made up his mind to try one book more, and do his very best, and that nothing should distract him from that purpose. "It this is a failure, Mr. Ranthorpe," he said, "I'd supplicate you then to get me a chance on the magazines." magazines.'

nugazines.

"Your withered serving-man makes your fresh tapater, ch?" said Ranthorpe.

"Yourun-successful novelist turns out your excellent magazinisis! Good for the magazines!" But he liked Hayward's spirit and resolve all the same. Philip took a small room in a suborban house.

and worked away there. He spent many of his evenings at Ranthorpe's. The hundred pounds were nearly out, but the book was on the verge of publication, and the hopes and fears of the young author were almost districting. For they were not now hopes and fears bound up only with his literary success: they were bound only with his literary success; they were bound up by his very heart-strings. O duliest of great romanelists! most blundering student of human nature! Eanthorpe, how could you go on from your moralleonsclousness and not see what was certain to happen, what was actually happening under your own bright, brown, blanded eves? If now where the Randows had actually matter. If any where else Ranthorpe has seen af pretty postic girl and a handsome romantic-youth thrown together, he would have at once seen material for love chapters in them. At home he only saw a devoted daughter, who was a little child the other day, and a spirited, manly young fellow, who was merely trying to make his way in the world. Let us see how things were getting on.

were getting on.
One evening Philip Hayward came to Ran-thorpe's house and found that his great patron was not at home. But Charlie was, and of course Charlie saw him.

"I have written the last line of the last chap-ter," said Philip.
"Oh, how delighted I am! What a success t will be! But you look depressed and melan-choly. Why is that? Tell me. You ought to be full of hope and Joy." She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"I am afraid now; I am a coward! I have no confidence; I only think of failure. Charlie, if it should fail!"

If it should fail!"

"But it shu'n't fail; it won't fall! And if it did, you must only try again."
"Try again! With what chance? My whole life is staked on this venture. If I lose this, narlie, I lose you!"
"Oh, for shame! How can you speak so?

Philip! to think that I could change to you because of a book! Have I not given you my whole heart? I didn't give it to your book." "I neverdoubted you, dearest" (and he took her hand); "I am not such a miserable wretch. But your father. Can I ask him to give his

daughter to a pauper and a failure?"

Charlie did look sad and dashed for a moment. "I can't imagine papa doing anything which would make me unhappy," she said; " and he has money enough, I am sure. But he is a little hard on failures; and then you are proud; but oh, please, don't let us think of dreadful things that never shall or will occur. If I tell papa that I cannot live happily without you..." "But then I shall be only a pensioned pauper.

What woman could respect such a husband? "No, but fancy your being a pensioned pauper!
As if you could fail to make a way for yourself
in life! I know you too well for that."
"But suppose—"

"But suppose..."
"I won't suppose. I can't suppose anything but your being clover and successful. But if you are not, well, then, do you think I could care the less for you because the world didn't appreciate you? I appreciate you—that's nough for me."

"And enough for me," cried Philip in ecstasy, The arrival of a visitor cut short this conver-sation, which has only been introduced to give action, which has only been introduced to give the reader an idea of how thing "ere going. We may add, however, that bril. C arile and her lover were a little remorse in the he idea of having all this a profound secre "our her father, and that they determined to wait is the success of the forthcoming chef d'œuvre in order that Philip should boldly tell Mr. Ranthorpe how

much he loved his daughter. The book came out. It was in one sense a complete success. It had the approval, nay, the enthusiastic admiration, of the highest critics. It won for its author a name to be respected wherever literature was talked of. It gave him an individual celebrity. It placed him well up among rising authors—that is, in the estimation of the literary class. But the public did not dare much about it. The libraries did not clamor for it. A few copies sufficed all demands. The book paid very little to the author or the publisher. Poor Philip was, in a prouniary point of view, now exactly where he started. His original hundred pounds were all gone, and his great work gave him another hundred pounds. Our young author was almost



book was a genuine success. It had won the wise, and he had no donot that in time the fool sh would follow. The wise appreciate, and

the foolish pay.

"You slily boy," Ranthorpe said, "you have made a great hit. Don't you see that if you only keep up your reputation it will soon become the right sort of thing' to buy your books? People will buy them because critics say every educated person reads them. Then you are all right. You will have the admiration of the appreciative and the guineas of the rest. It is not given to many men in a century to have the sincere admiration of all. You have done very well, and ought to be delighted. I didn't know that you cared so much about mere money."

Poor Philip thereupon burst out with a full contession. He told of his love, of his hopes, and of the reason why he so wanted money.

Mr. Renthorpe was absolutely bewildered.

This return for his kindness he had never expected. In language of grave anger he rebuked the audacious young man, showed him how it was innessible his daughter could live in pove-erty, and equally impossible that a man of any spirit could consent to live as a ponsioner. He

flatly refused to hear any more on the subject and Hayward left the house like one utterly

Mr Rauthorpe was very sorry for all this. He had grown to like the companionship of Hay-ward, and to take an interest in him. The sin-cere devotion of the young man was grateful to him; and Philip was brimful of ideas and fan-cies which refreshed the elder author, and some-times even came to his aid as he toiled, now perhaps somewhat mechanically and perfunc-torily, over his books. He had had great ideas of employing Philip permanently as a secretary and collaborateur: and now all this was shivere to pieces by the young mun's preposterous foily. The idea of handing over Charlie as a wife to a paor youth, slinply because a lad and a girl chose to fancy that they were fond of each other, seemed to the love romancist simply ab-

He had a sad time, too, with Charlie. For the girl told him in the plainest language that she loved Philip Hayward and never could love any one else. She defended her lover plaintively and pussionately, denied that he had ever beer ungrateful to Ranthorpe, insisted that she had done all the love-making and was to blame for all, and, in a word, much bewildered and tor-mented the kindly heart of her father. Still he thought he saw his duty as a parent, and he would not give way. But he was very unhappy.

Days and weeks went on and made no char rhere were times when, as Rauthorpe kissed its daughter and looked with anxious eye upon her pule check, she thought she could see signs of yielding on his part—symptoms that seemed to show that he would be glad to be even com-pelled to yield. But he said nothing, and she said nothing, and each knew that the other was wretched.

Charife was always accustomed to act as a sort of secretary to her father. None but she was ever allowed to put his papers in order, and when he was out of the house she generally set things to rights in his study. One of his whims was that no servant must touch the smallest scrap of paper belonging to him, and that the shelves must not even be brushed free of dust unless Charlie was present to direct and control the operations. Charlie, of course, remained faithful to her functions even in her unhappinathriti to her functions even in her uninappiness. One of Mr. Ranthorpe's literary peculiarities was to endeavor to take all the incidents of his storios from real life. / When any striking little event attracted his aftention in a newspaper narrative, he often cut out the scrap and pasted it in a memorandum book, ready for possible use, with a note of his own affixed. Now on one of her saddest days after the separation of her lover and herself she entered her father's study, and almost mechanically went to work to arrange his papers. An open memorandum book caught her eye. It contained a printed scrap of paper, pasted in, and with a few words written by Ranthorpe. "Not a bad notion," Ranthorpe wrote; "might be used for a little comedy or proverb, or an incident in a novel. Clever, but, I should say, can't be true. A French girl would never do it,"

What was the scrap? It was an account of the manner in which a French girl, daughter of a distinguished statesman, whose name was broadly hinted at, compelled her father to accept the proposal of a brilliant but poor young foreigner whom she loved, for her hand. "V. futher's study, and almost mechanically went

shall not tell just yet what the stratagem was.

Churlie dropped the book, and her face reddened, her eyes sparkled; she clapped her hands in wild delight. She sat down and trembled, got up and paced the room with renewed courses and the face with the strategy with the same and the face when the same with the and, in fact, seemed beside herself with agitation and excitement. At last she made up her mind. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed; "I'll do it! Perhaps you are right, my wise papa; perhaps a French girl wouldn't venture. But you shall see that an English girl would!" She ran to her own room and covered her face

with her hands—timid but firmly resolved.

Next day poor Philip Hayward, drudging sadly in his lonely den, received a letter, the very sight of which made him start and trem-ble. It was in the handwriting of Charlle. Since her father had rejected his prayers, the two young lovers had been loyal, and had not triven to meet or even interchange letters. This little scrawl, which made him wild with joy, contained only a few hasty lines. It told him that on the following night her father and she were to be at the opera with two elderly lady friends of great dignity and high social position, whom Mr. Ranthorpe greatly rever-enced; and it begged Philip, if he truly loved her to come to their box at nine o'clock, to tan at the door, and when admitted to express no surprise at any thing that might occur, but adapt himself at once to whatever should hapgen. "If you love, love, love me, do this, and don't fall your devoted Charlie."

Think of the day and night our lover spenthis wonder, his hope, his feverish longing and dread, his torturing anxiety to know what it all could mean! It seemed humiliating to go, for any purpose, to Mr. Ranthorpe's box: but if Charlie had bidden him to walk into Buckingham Palace or into the Thames, he would have without remonstrance.

Mr. Ranthorpe and his party are in their box at the opera. Miss Charlie is palpitating and distrait; her father cannot but see it; he pities the child and is tender to her, and almost wishes he hadn't seen his paternal duty quite so clearly. She draws back from the front of the box, and says she prefers to sit a little behind; and Ranthorpe looks anxiously at her, fearing that tears thorpe tooks anxiously at her, rearing that tears are in her eyes. She can hardly speak, so he endeavors to do all the talking for his guests. Nine o'clock comes, and Charlie's bosom heaves "like a little billow." "Will he come?" she thinks; "and shall I ever have the courage? If he comes and I fail, we are lost!"

If no comes and I fall, we are lost!"

A light, hositating tap is heard at the box door. Oh, he comes! She half rises from her seat, and looks all crimson toward the door. Ranthorpe calls, "Come in," and glances round. The door opens, and Mr. Philip Hayward, pale and embarrassed-looking, stands in the box.

And before Ranthorpe can say a word his insulter springs from her seat, takes both lands of the astonished Philip in her own, eaches up to him, kissee his lips, and exclaims, My dearest Philip!"

n her lover's arms.

Here was a pretty scene for Ranthorpe's party and for the theatre! The novelist saw the whole thing at a glance. He remembered having left his memorandum-book open with the fatal scrap of paper; he saw by the bewildered looks of Philip that the young man was as much amazed and innocent of complicity as himself: ie was conquered by the girl's devotion and by he humor of the whole scene. He was equal to the situation.

" Let us bring her into the corridor, Philip." he said. "Don't be alarmed, pray," (to his guests). "Let me introduce my intended son-in-law, Mr. Philip Hayward. This foolish child has been wild all the night lest he should not come. What people these young lovers are, Lady Harriet!"

In a very few moments Miss Charlie revived, and she saw instantly how things had gone. She crept tenderly to her father and touched his He answered with an affectionate preshand.

hand. He answered with an affectionate pres-sure; and she knew that all was well.

"Now, my love," said Rauthorpo, " since you are well again, sit with Philip and explain to him why you fainted, and let us elders enjoy our music."

"You see, papa," she said, in the faintest whisper, "I wanted to show you how much

whisper, "I wanted to show you now made more courage an English girl has than you would allow to a French girl."

Ranthorpe only said, "Comme Vesprit vient aux filter" and shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly. The coup de baiser was a relief for him too, and put him out of pain.

The young pair was an areal and Mr. Phillip.

The young pair were married; and Mr. Philip, know, is already making a name and a decent income in literature.

#### IRISH CHARACTER.

Few people have suffered more than the Irish from the hands both of friends and foes, in the attempts made to discuss and delineate frish character. The pictures we have on this side and on that are so different that we have often some trouble in recognizing them as intended for the same individual, and least of all as intended for ourselves. English writers have not hesitated sometimes to depict the Irishman as a dangerous and unruly animal, whom no law could restrain within the ordinary bounds of civil behaviour, and whose chief delight was in the vil behaviour, and whose chief delight was in the creation of disturbance and in the use of the blackthorn. When he was not described as a savage he was sure to be described as a buffoon, so that we have a large class of people who can think of an Irishman only as a creature who speaks in puns, and whose only seriousness is when he fails in making a joke. In the articles which occasionally appear on this subject in the London papers, we have often this view put forward in the most innocent and patronizing manuer imaginable by those who wish to com-pliment or befriend us. Iroland is described as a pleasant country where Englishmen may nmuse themselves much more cheaply than on the Continent or at home, and where the appe-tite may be stimulated at dinner by the wit of the attendant without the expense or trouble of reading Joe Miller. Every person born in Ire-land is supposed to have come into the world with a nose extravagantly retrousse, and an ir-resistible inclination to grin. Nothing is sup-posed to take such hold of him as to seriously engage his thoughts, or to make him regard the future if, he thinks of it at all, with anything but the most agreeable or the most careless yeelings. By such people the Irishman is looked upon as rather a pleasant fellow, that one may upon as rather a pleasant fellow, that one may find useful when out of sorts, or when he wishes to spend a jolly evening in an easy, undignified kind of way. They believe, notwithstanding the many hard things occasionally said about him, that he is really, after all, entitled to a place in creation. — He has got a mission, and make himself very useful at times. may make himself very useful at times. Englishmen, they say, have got a deal of gloom-

iness and indigestion mixed up with the immense solidity of their character, and want to be amused. With such critics the Irishman is regarded as always an exhibition. When they meet him, they think that he should immediately brighten up his wit and begin the perform-ance of amusing them like any other showman If they are pleased to laugh, they think he is sufficiently pleased. If he does not succeed in making himself ridiculous, they think he is greatly below the mark, and has offered them

a slight, which may be worse for himself and his country hereafter. Irishmen there may be who answer to this description, but we have never met them in real life. The Irishman of the stage is an English creation. The swagger, the bluster, the airs of exaggeration, the perpetual grin with which he is made to regard and to speak of everything, however, serious or insignificant, are the caricature of those who know nothing of the real depths of the Irish character. However gifted with vivacity and humour, the Irishman has really a nature in which the shadows of life have really a nature in which the shadows of life may fall darkest and deepest. He is far from being the perpetual jester he is represented. His mational history, which always more or less affects nature of which the colours were always suffi-ciently intense. Above all, it has made more marked the manifestations of light and hade. The saying that the deeper the sorrow the more exuberant the mirth is often illustrated in him. Often unhappy, and living in a land where misfortune has become naturalized, the Irishman has had to exercise his humour for the comfort of others as well as his own. mirth in which he sought to forget the misery of existence, and which the fertility of his intel-lect supplied abundantly, had its corresponding eaction, and was a delusive compensation for the cheerfulness which can only bolong to those whose history, raised above the worst cylls of fortune, has enabled them to make happiness a

Instead of being either a buffoon or a savage, the human nature of Irishmon is, in the man, like the human nature of most other people. He loves a jest, we allow, but he is far from being either the laughter-stricken Joe he is ropro sented by some, or the possive individual "to musing prone," that he is not represented, but sometimes is. He is the creature of a history of misgovernment, of lawlessness, and of law that seemed designed to dehase his nature, and to degrade the dignity of law, but he is not say age, and the wickedness of legislation has not destroyed his inborn respect for justice. More than two hundred years ago, Sir: John Davies, the Attorney, General of James Ligave his testimony in favour of the Irish character in words that stamped it neither as lawless nor as deficient in the best capilities of the citizenship for cient in the best qualities of the citizenship for which we are so often declared unworthy. In spite of the oracular utterances of the English ress in condemnation of the people of Ireland. the experience of history has never belied that opinion. A French traveller in Ireland, more than eighty years ago, expressed his surprise at finding so much of the real civility of civilization among a people who, he has been taught to believe in England, were almost in a state of barbaricia, and added, very innocently, that his English friends had surely made a mistake in their representations.—Northern Star and Uniter

Observer.

The other day, in looking over some old, old family papers, I came across a letter written in 1842, which had been sealed from the gaze of the disinterested by means of scaling wa ancient paper, so curiously folded, wi address written on the square cunningly left neant, almost seemed as If it belonged to the antedfluvian age.
In opening the document, an important sen-

tence had been torn into ribbons by the wax whering too strongly, and thus a point of great consequence was left to be conjectured. "Ah!" thought I. " what a convenience envelopes are. would the world in this fast age get on without them!"

Yet century after century our plodding anestors contented themselves with watering and cestors contented themselves with watering and waxing their correspondence, never dreaming that there was a better and swifter way. The unat mere was a octor and swifter way. The use of envelopes dates in England from 1846, and in the United States from 1845. Up to be-cember, 1839, the wise legislators of Great Britain imposed double postage rates for the enfolding of one place of paper within another. Then postage by weight was instituted, and January 10th, 1810, penny postage was put on Irial. Then for the first time envelopes were introduced, and soon recommended themselves to the intelligent public, for in less than two cars half the letters passing through the postoffices of the United Kingdom were thus inclosupon the postuge reform is remarkable. In 1839 only seventy-six millions of letters were mailed in Grent Britain; in 1840, one hundred and six-ty-nine millions; in 1850, three hundred and forty-seven millions; while in 1800, one hundred forty-seven millions; while in 1800, one hundred and thirty-seven millions were delivered in the London district alone. The change for the bet-ter in the United States postage laws did not come until 1845, and not until then were envel-opes employed by our writing population. Now nearly a million and a half of enveloped letters pass through the post-offices of the land daily, and a vast proportion of the envelopes used are

of American make. of American make.

In the outset, envelopes were all folded by hand with a shurp-edged bone folding-stick, a quick hand folding 3,000 a day. But it is a rule in meghanics, that whatever mere mechanical work is performed by human hands, can be effected with greater precision and far greater rapidity by automatic machinery. Accordingly the vast and increasing demand for envelopes, finally led to the invention of ingenious machines, which fold and gum envelopes with marvelous precision. A single machine folds from 20,000 to 35,000 in a day of ten hours, thus doing the work of ten hands. The operation is very curious. The attendant places a blank in position, and it is at once carried down into a rectangular box and creased, the four flanstanding upwards. The plunger then rises so as to leave room for the two short levers to fold down the wide flaps, one a little in advance of the other. The gum apparatus next descends and applies gum to these two flaps, and then a third lever presses the lower flap upon the cement. Finally the top flap is folded down, and the envelope drops to make place for another. Some machines employed are self-feeding, and only require to have a pile of blanks, or loveling at the care technical tendent. or lozenges as they are technically called, placed in position, when the lifter of the machine lifts the acceptage on the position, when the lifter of the machine lifts the acceptage one, and carries them down. On anothers must be fed with single blanks, and these require two attendants, one to feed and another to take out the envelopes when fusished, count and pack them in bunches of fusished, count and pack them in bunches of fusions. twenty-five each. There are machines which have a counting attachment, the box holding the envelopes turning around when the number

twenty-five is reached, so that the packs stand at right angles on one another. Some ingenious machines employed at the Government factory, not only turn out the envelopes complete and count them, but stamp them with the Government envelopes are, however, re-counted by hand, as sometimes, though very rarely, the stamping is defective, requiring rejection.

Machines called "self-gummers" gum the upper as well as the lower flap, these are more complicated than the others. In some of these machines the envelopes first descend and then ascend slowly, that the gum may dry perfectly before the packs are made up. Government envelopes are all required to be gummed on the eal-flap by hand, and many of the largest private manufacturers employ hand-gummers, especially for their best work. An intelligent girl can learn to run the folding machine in a

few weeks, but to be an expert hand-gummer requires much longer practice. The gummers stand in front of wide smooth boards that slide in and on grooves, and taking a pile of blanks they slide them rapidly apart with a flat piece of ivory or bone, so that the edges are exposed from a quarter to half an inch, according to order. A brush dipped in a solution of gum Arabic is then applied with such dexterity that a hundred envelopes are gummed at one sweet of the brush. The quickest workers gum from 60,000 to 70,000 envelopes in a day of ten hours,

but ordinary hands turn off 40,000 on an ave age, making fair wages. In some factories the gummers are paid by the thousand, while in others they receive fixed sum for each machine kept going. In o inctory that I visited the gammers receive \$4 a week per machine, and each gummer keen from three to four machines supplied, carning from \$12 to \$16 a week. In another factory 41 cents a thousand is paid for gramming small and medium-sized envelopes, and 8 cents for large ones. Some of the young women employed earn \$18 a week. The girls that run the foldingmachines are paid from 6} to 10 cents thousand, or from \$6 to \$12 a week, accoro their skill and the generosity of their em-

ployers. Men are invariably employed to do the cut ting and women to attend the machines and do he gumming in all the factories.

The paper used is first cut from the roll into large quadrangular sheets, in a form to insure as little waste as possible. These large sheets are then cut into the various styles and sizes required, by knives singed like blank envelopes, placed under a powerful press, worked by steam. A skillful workman cuts from 200,000 to 300,000

day, two hundred and fifty to five hundred at time. Cutters receive from \$15 to \$20 a week. time. Cutters receive from \$15 to \$20 a week. Now York is the grand center of this branch of industry in our country. New York manufacturers not only meet the home demand very largely, but export envelopes in very considerable quantities to South America and even to Europe. At one factory alone there are one hundred and fifty employes and sixty self-gumming machines in operation. As a rule, the work-rooms are airy and cheerful, and most of the operators are quite as intelligent as those in

any other factories. The envelopes folded by these wonderful automatic machines are invariably turned out perfect unless there is a defect in the paper. There is a precision in these singers of steel that human hands can not attain; but the soul of man is in the senseless iron. As a great thinker has said: "By machinery, man proceeds with his dominion over nature. He assimilates it to

Then she looks round, turns pale, and faints ENVELOPES AND HOW THEY ARE MADE. himself; it becomes, so to speak, a part of himself same.

Here was a pretty scene for Ranthorpe's party and for the theatre! The novelist saw the phole thing at a glance. He remembered have

#### THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

One evening, when Plzarro was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in com the play, there was a considerable delay in com-mencing, in consequence of one of the perform-ers being absent; the audience became impa-tient, when John Kemble ("Rolla") came for-ward, and delivered himself to this effect; "Ladles and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is Mr. Emeru."

Mr. Emery,"
The house received this explanation without

any disapprobation or otherwise. (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of the sentinel was given this eventug the part of the sentinel was given to him). Scarcely had Mr. Kembie quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great-cast, di ty boots, and a face red with baste, and wet with perspi-ration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an ap-ologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies—for you I must particularly address—my wife i—and I —(thunders of applause interrupted the apology ); and I ran for the doctor-

You've said enough !" exclaimed a thousand tongues.

"I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew that she was safe-" "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough?" was

re-echoed from all parts of the house.

Emery was completely overpowered; and, after making another ineffectual attempt to proseed, retired, having first placed his hand on his neart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the

The play proceeded without interruption; but It appeared Emery had not forgotten his obli-gation to Kemble; for in that scene, before the prison-scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the scutinel by money, the following strange inter-

ruption occurred in the dialogue:
Rolla. Have you a wife? Sentinel. I have.

Rolla, Children? Sentinel. I had two this morning; I have three

Loud applause followed this retaliation, and it continued so long that the entire effect of this scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion terminated it abruptly rushing into the prison.

#### WHAT IT IS TO BE A WIDOW.

A writer in the Home Journal thus fittingly rebukes the filppancy and thoughtlessness of some young women:—"I think it must be a some young women:—"I think it must be a joily thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark the other day in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in my girlish times. Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare that t is, alast unlooked for. It is to have your dent it is, this it misoked out the to have your dear fushionable friends cousele you after the follow-ing fushion:—"Oh! well, it is a dreadful loss. We know you'd feel it, dear." And, in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

"But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strongarm you have learned ween

is to miss the strongarm you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness that none other could give it. It is to hear no more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adering eyes seemed as the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly, the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held for him. It is to light with a mighty sorrow as a man lights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for awhile only to have—in the hours of loneliness and weakness the torrent roll over you, while-poor storm driven dove—you see no haven."

### THE POPULARITY OF REMINISCENCES.

In a review of Mr. Field's "Yesterdays with Authors," Chamber's Journal justly says of ooks of reminiscences:

When a great man is dead, and one who has known him proceeds to give the public an account of his private life, with extracts from his correspondence, there is sure to be a clamor among the critics about the "desceration of the sanctity of home." This would be more respectable if it were ganuine; but as matters stand, it only reminds one of the necropolis advertise-ments—"the feelings of relatives consulted and gravelly soil"—which are but the prelude to business, since there is no literature so popular as the reminiscences of great A or big B, even with the critics thomselves. It gives them an opportunity of stating that they too were hon-ored with the acquaintance of A or B, or, fail-ing that, of giving a sly kick to a dead lion. Thus Mr. James Fields' "Yesterdays with Au-thors' has been much abused—"the man scarcely waits till his dead friends are cold," says one (not with reference to Pope, who is one of the authors treated of In the volume, surely !)—

"Proclaim the faults he would not show ! Break lock and seal; betray the trust! Keep nothing sacred,"

quotes another, sarcasticulty; but the book is very engerly rend by everybody, nevertheless. In our humble judgment it deserves to be so. There is little revealed in it, that we can see detract from the merits of those of whom it treats. The fastidious delicacy that caused Charles Dickens to burn a mountain of corres-pondence at Gad's Hill, lest after his death, its privacy should not be respected, is rare, and upon the whole, it is fortunate that it should be so. It Boswell had been similarly conscientious, posterity would have been robbed, for the most delightful blography in the language would

#### ANOTHER NILLSON ROMANCE.

LOVE VERSUS BUSINESS.

One of the Southern Chivalry some weeks ago bought for fifty dollars the mattress upon which Nilson the Swedish nightingale built her nest while in Charleston, South Carolina. At once the religious and the secular press banned the unfortunate speculator, each after its peculiar fashion. The one first consured and then confashion. The one first consured and then con-domned him to life-long diet of thisties grown on humanity's wayside as an ass, while the other strove to hunt him from Christian society the now restraining the vagaries of Nilson, be-cause, by his audacious purchase, he had be-come not the mere sham, but the absolute proprietor of the fair Sweden had

But the romantic who are not in general virtuous to the verge of eccentricity," pleaded for him that he loved the songstress—that every "virtuous to the verge of eccentricity," pleaded for him that he loved the songstress—that overy object she touched even with her gloved hand became a relic, which, however, Jews might not kiss nor infidels adore in his presence at least. What abrasion, they ask, does the thin skin of virtue suffer by the fact that "the stubbed by the point of absence, and plerced to the heart" should selze upon the couch whereon were impressed the soft protuberances of the various obtuse angles of his love, about which lingered odors of the balm that glistened in her hyacinthine hair and soft remembrances of her hyncinthine hair and soft remembrances of her gentle snores? He carried it away tenderly in his arms to some hermitical retreat, that with its aid to pained and softened memory, he might "like some insane rose burn his heart out in sweets" and let its outer leaves, his fleshy casement, full withered upon the bed from which had sprung fair Nillson—(in the mornings.) While society was dividing itself into factions,

one maintaining about the new owner of the mattress the ass theory, another that America had been disgraced by his birth, and that he was a monster of diabolism and another that he was the gentlest courtliest lover since Abelard or Don Quixote, an end was put to speculation and argument with remarkable suddenness by the appearance of the following advertisement in a Charleston paper:

FOR SALE. Chignons. Chignons, made of the beautiful Curled Hair

The Celebrated Madame Nillson.

A LSO A few False Moustaches

Same Material. Seth Smith,

Romance was shocked. Christianity was appoased. American sagacity was vindicated. The new fumous mutters purchaser was not an ass, not a villain of adulterous tendencies, not a lorn lover, but an enterprising and not over honest hair-dresser.

### A HIGHLANDMAN'S LETTER.

Dr. D. G. F. Macdonald, son of the late Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Ferintosh, in a recent agri-cultural work, gives the following characteristic reply to his advertisement for a sheep dog:-

To SHEPHERDS .- Wanted, a pure-bred Sheepdog. State colour and price, free on board a London steamer, to Mr. D. G. F. Macdonald,

And this was one of the replies he got-

Gairloch, Ross-shire, Scotland.
Honurable Sir,—I seed in Friday last Inver-ness Courier a advertisement for pure bree sheeps Dog, I vitte your honur to telt you, that I have exselent one Bred of Pure Blod, 7 monthus of exsolent one Bred of Pure Blod, 7 monthus of agoe; Him have bone and rib, more stronger than any i ever yet did seed; and He as wise as womans or a man. By hef a words of command he will go of 1000 yants, and take any number of shops to my heil; and him understood anythings I say to him by sins, like Dumy. Him toler Black on the Backe to near end of talle, Him then whit; Him hind legs at pint with, one of four fets whit, other Black; Him whit under Bely and sume of the same under nuzles; Bit of him's nose whit like half Moon. muzice: Bit of him's nose whit like half Moon Him coreus color, Buts god Dog never have bad color; him ears Black, stand up when hear sound, like ears of Fox. One of ears have whit sound, like ears of Fox. One of ears have white spotce near head size of pony; Him eyes white Brnun, will see as far as Hake or Eagle; and him skin as fine as Backe of Lady hands. Him was breed myself, and I did keep him from Mothers womb, and him got plenty of Mothers milk when whelpe. Hims name bo sprat, cally after the young Horizon goars, him he had ed after the young Heringes, cause him be so madd in love of them to eates we smashed Tatoes; him not sheatle will eat onything; Prince Halbort, as him as pure Breed as most Gracious our Queen at Halmoral; Him price, free an board steamer for London, in England, free an board steamer for London, in England, is 37 shilling, to be paid through Hank of Caledonia at Dingwall, Rossshire, Scotland, north Brutton; or through Mr. William Mackenzle, Gairloch, Ross-shire, Scotland, North Brutton. Him will larne onything, he is so wise, and from what i knowed of your Honur, and of your fronds, I would rether you have it is your work. freends, I would rether you have it in your pos-session than any other Shentleman alive; as i as fond of him as of my Childers or Wife; Dog will be time before he get over the Galick, his Mother and Father tonge, and larne the Eng-lishers lanage; but as him act Dumy, I tell you the sins, ans you yourself can put lanage to them. He son be secolled then, and perfect for work mong sheps—expect answer from your Honur, adresed to as above, when you have the time. As hims teathes sharp, string will be to wake to put him of we, so must provide chains and colar of lether, so that come to 2 shilling more. Total of hole 39 shilling—with 1 shilling luck-penny for god wish to Dog—so Total 38 shilling.

I am. your servant, MATTHEW MACKENZIR.

D. G. F. Macdonald, Esq., Sydenham, Eng-

ARABIAN MODE OF PERPUNING.—How the Arab ladies perfume themselves is thus described by Sir Samuel linker in his work on the Nile: "In the floor of the hut or tent, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated, sufficiently large to contain a champagne bottle. A fire of charcoal or simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the clothes, or robe which forms her dress, and croundes over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the porce of the skin being open and moist, the volcalle oil from the sunce of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire has expired, the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her robe is redelent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impreguated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at a full hundred yards distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction. The seent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of ginger, cloves, cinnamen, frankincense, and myrth, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and healthy the horny disc which covers the aperture when the shell fish withdraws itself within the shell. The proportions of these ingredients in this mixture are second in the state.



#### THE OLD HOME.

The roof-tree stands as ever it stood, the jasmine stars the wall.

The groat wisteria's purple blooms o'er durk-gray gables full.

old by waves, sen we chose a shoot to plant upon our sacred gravos.

The thrushes that we paused to hear are dead long Yet the sweet rose thicket cohors are dear long summors gone.

Yet the sweet rose thicket cohors now to the self-same ringing tone.

The flowers a feller glory show, and the trees a deepened shade.

Naught also on Nature's face is changed, since here of yere we played.

Naught else on Nature's face. Oh, life, can ever

Sonsons pass
And leave our hearts renewed as fair and bright as mendow grass?

Death's foy shedow rosts for us, on the home that once was ours. once was ours.
We see through tears the bairns that sport smoug our childhood's flowers.

The stranger's shadow flits across our old familiar The stranger's footstep as of right seeks our old open

doors;
Whi a dim souse of loss and wrong, like one from death returned,
We took on all for which for years our faithful fondness yearned.

Better to keep the fancy sketch of all it used to be. Better than blurring by the truth the hues of me-Oh, earth has no abiding place, but the mighty word is given.
No cloud, or care, or change will vex the countless homes of Heaven!

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## THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDIEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXX .- (Continued.)

Mr. Harcross danced well, although of late years he had taken to dance rarely. There had been a day when it was of some importance to him to be among the best waltzers in a ball-room. He had drunk more than he was accustomed to drink in the course of this festival day, and the influence of that unwonted indulgence made his waltzing somewhat wilder than the ordinary ballroom business. He told the band-muster to play faster, and spun Miss Bond round the grassy circle, amidst a few breathless ladies'-maids with their labouring swains, in a waltz as furious as some unioly midnight dance of fleuds and witches on the Blocksberg. The ladies'-maids and their ex-hausted partners broke down under the pace, and one couple after another dropped into the background, until Hubert Harcross and Jane Bond were spinning round alone in the summer moonlight.

The sper intors applieded as the music ended with a sharp volley of chords, more or less together, and this last couple walked slowly away, side by side. Mr. Harcross, in sporting phraseology, had not turned a hair; but his partner was flushed and panting, and had somewhat of a Mænadic aspect in her streaming dress and loosened hair.

"I had no idea that waltzing was so beauti-

ful," said Jane breathlessly. "I had no idea that you were so beautiful till I saw you under the moonlight," retorted her partner, contemplating the handsome face her partner, contemplating the handsome face and dishevelled hair, the florid beauty chast-ened by that mellow light, with a purely artis-tic admiration. "You have a natural genius for waltzing; but you must have had some practice surely before to night?"

"I have waltzed by myself sometimes in the garden, when I knew father was safe out of the ind hummed the music all the time; but

it makes one's breath go dreadful."
"You have waltzed by yourself in the garden?" said Mr. Harcross in a pitying tone. " Poor little girl !"

This did really seem to him a pitiful picture -these yearnings for the pleasures of a bright unknown world, never to be grat fied.

"What a pity there should be pretty girls in this walk of life!" he said to himself," Strange that a wise dispensation did not provide for their all being plain."

He fetched a deep glass of lemonade for Miss Bond from one of the tents, and having pro-vided her with this refreshment, stood by her irresolute, wondering what excuse he could make for leaving her to her own devices. He was somewhat weary of his stewardship, had toiled hard since noon, and would have exceeding glad to slip away and smoke a quiet

cigar in one of the dim old stone colonades, which were not lighted with coloured lamps.

Miss Bond, however, having secured to her-self an accomplished cavalier, was in nowise minded to let him depart until the fête was finished. At midnight the fairy dream would be ended, and she must be Cinderella again, without any hope of future queendom to result from a lost slipper; but in the mean while, since she had the prince for her cavalier, she did not intend to let him go lightly. Nor did she much relish the idea of encountering the outraged Joseph unprotested. There was an agreeable excitement in provoking his wrath, but the wrath itself was a thing to be avoided She did not want to meet him until his jeashe did not want to meet him until his jeal-lousy had cooled a little, until he was in a state of mind to be soothed and wheedled into good-humour. Of her father she had no pre-sent fear, as a friendly dairymaid had informed her that he was safely bestowed with a little knot of gossips on a bench by the bowlinggreen, smoking and talking politics in a sober way, as became a pious non-conformist.

"You'll stop and show me the fireworks, won't you?" she asked Mr Harcross, as if aware

that he was meditating his escape.

"Do you think the catherine-wheels and the roman candles will be any better if I am by to expound them?" he asked, smiling, a little flattered even by this peasant girl's desire for his company, and yet yearning for a peaceful

Miss Bond. "Do stay."
"Of course I will stay, if you really wish it. And in that case, we may as well take a stroll don't anyways concern you?"
in the moonlight. The fireworks will not begin Richard Redmayne looked at the young man

nished their waltz. It was of very little use to have secured an aristocratic admirer, if she could not exhibit him before the envious eves January to December, when there was a moon. contemplation of moonbeams and shadows.

She assented to Mr. Harcross's proposition

graciously enough, notwithstanding, for she had perceived his desire to leave her, and was proud of having retained him by her side. They walked slowly along the grassy avenue, leaving all the glare and noise of the festival behind them, with nothing before them but the utter peacefulness and perfect beauty of the moonlit

Mr. Harcross was very silent. He had had puite enough of the toils of stewardship, and his thoughts had gone back to that one sad sweet memory which could not be banished in this scene. So sweet, so litter, so sad was the remembrance, that it was an actual pain to think of it: and yet his fancies returned from every wandering track to hover round this one spot of memory. Even the girl by his side to-night, so common a piece of clay, so wearisome a companion, by very force of contrast reminded him of that other one whose company had never been tedious, whose innocent lips had never shaped a sordid thought.

"I must get back to London at once, and start for Norway or some uncivilised place, where I shall be in danger of my life, and shall where I shall be in danger of my life, and shall have no time for brooding," he said to himself. "I must make an end of this holiday-making somehow. It is murderous work. I think a week more of this neighbourhood and these memories would be the death of me. I must invent some excuse for leaving to-morrow, whether Augusta likes it or not; and since she has their meeting? He would accuse him, de-chosen to make herself the supreme consider- nonnee him, disgrace him in the estimation of ation, she must not be surprised if I too consult my own inclinations. She can stay hero, and satisfy society. But I go to-morrow, come what may.'

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

DO EVIL DE DE THUS QUICKLY COME TO END

After that interview with Lady Clevedon in the library, Richard Redmayne went in search of Sir Francis, but did not succeed in discovering him among the crowd. The twilight deepened into night, and he was still looking for his enemy in a desultory way, pausing to refresh himself with strong drink in one of the ents, speaking to no one, and receiving very slight notice from the busy pleasure-seckers, who were all intent on their own enjoyment. He was quite alone in that joyous crowd; he drank his liquor in moody silence, and departed as he came, to renew the search for that man whom he so desired to meet face to face.

When he came out of the tent, the lamps vere all twinkling in the dusky boughs, the crowd at its gayest, the music at its loudest. The dazzle and confusion of the scene troubled his overcharged brain—He stood for some time looking about him with a perplexed air. He had lived by himself ever since he came to England, and had come straight from those remote colonial pastures where the stranger's foot rarely trod. It was a new thing to find himself amidst a herd of men and women, talking, laughing, dancing, by the light or a thousand coloured lamps, to the sound of joyous music. He looked at the scene for some little time, half stupefied by its unfamiliar brightness; then suddenly away from all this riot, and plunged into the cool depths of the park, where

the fern grew up to his knees.

He walked some distance, neither looking nor earing where he went, and only stopped when he stumbled across a prostrate figure lying at his very feet.

A poscher perhaps; yet it was scarcely a night to be selected by any manuader with fe-lonious intentions towards the game. The full moon and the festival together were strong reasons against the wiring of hares or the illegal

slaughter of pheasants.

Mr. Redmayne stooped down to examine the ndividual who had become an obstacle in his path. It was a man lying face downwards path. It was a man lying mee downwards among the tern, with his hat off, and his fore-head resting on his folded arms. "What's up, my lad?" said Richard Red-mayne, somewhat alarmed by his attitude. "Is

e anything amiss ?"

"Yes, there is," answered the man raising himself from the fern with a sullen air, and then stooping to pick up a gun which had lain beside him. "Yes, there is something amiss; but nothing you can mend, unless you know iny cure for a woman's vanity and fickleness."

The speaker was Joseph Flood, the groom.

"What are you doing with that gun?" Mr.

Redmayne demanded sternly. " What's that to you?"

"You've been after the birds,"

"No, I haven't." Then what can you want with a gun ?"

"O, I don't know. It might come handy, if I vanted to use it." "Yes, with swan-shot. Let it alone, can't

You've no business prowling about here

with a loaded gun."
"Have you any business prowling about here without a gun? I'm a screant up at the house yonder — Sir Francis Clevelon's own groom—and I've a right to be here if

please." "Not with that gun." "How do you know that? It's my own gun.

Perhaps I wanted a pop at the wild-fowl down by the water youder. There's some snipe, I've icard say."

"You don't want swan-shot for snipe." I'm not particular. Suppose I wanted to

"I'm sure I shall like them better," replied wing one of the eygnets, to get a feather for to be done he had no notion; he only knew my sweetheart's hat, you'd have no objection, I suppose, though you are so anxious about what

The great wisteria's purple blooms o'er dark-gray gables fall.

The roses that our mother loved, blush 'neath her window sill,
And the elematis our father trained, droops, as he taught it, still.

The August sunset lights the panes, where we were wont to watch,
Is rays of crimson and of gold on baby brows to entch,
On the wall where our first nest we found, the grand old ivy waves,

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The freeworks will not begin licheard Redmayne looked at the young man Richard Redmayne looked at the young man Richard Redmayne looked at the young man Richard Redmayne looked at the young nan stouch should be and see how lovely the park looks over there, beyond those garish red and blue lamps, which remind m of my loophood's paralise, Vanxhall."

Miss Bond would have intinitely preferred to dirth. It mattered very little what he meant or did not mean, Richard Redmayne hooked at the young man stouch for an hour. It is only just nine; and see how list manuner; but that might mean very little.

Miss Bond would have intinitely preferred to dirth. It mattered very little what he meant or did not mean, Richard Redmayne thought; but was curious canning to worth out first manuner; but that might mean very little what he meant diving most likely. There was something queer about his manuner; but that might mean very little had been stimulated by the dirth. It mattered very little what he meant or did not mean, Richard Redmayne hooked at the young man he was heart little what he meant diving manuner; but that might mean very little what he meant diving manuner; but that might mean very little what he was numer; but that might mean very little what he meant diving manuner

The groom went in and out among the trees by a circuitous track, till he came to a classic temple on a little knoll, a somewhat dilapiof her friends, the dairy maids and laundry maids of Clevedon. She was not at all sentimentally inclined, and she could see the moonlit avenues of the park any night in the year from beautifies decay, had crept about the boric pillars: the spider had woven his web from co-But these many-coloured lamps twinkling lumn to column; the swallow had made his among the branches, or festooned from bough nest under the cornice. It was one of the to bough, she could not see. It seemed a foolish thing to turn one's back upon them for the substance, and Sir Francis intended to restore or demolish it as soon as his leisure and his purse permitted. In the mean time, it was suf-

fletently picturesque under the moonlight.

Here Mr. Flood deposited his gun, in a convenient hiding-place, under a stone bench which had been provided for the repose of the wanderer—a bench on which lovers might sit hand in hand as one sees them in ancient engravings Lavinia in a scanty petticoat, Eugenius in a tie-wig. Richard Redmayne saw him put away the gun, and then depart by the opposite way whistling as he went, but not merrily. When he had watched the young man out of sight. Mr. Redmayne mounted the little knoll, and

seated himself on the steps of the temple.

He had his cutty-pipe in his pocket, so he was able to solace himself, or, at any rate, to tranquillise himself, with the aid of that comforter. He sat snoking in the soft summer moonlight, his figure half hidden by the shadow of the columns on each side of him and the cornice above his head. He sat and smoked, watching the blue rings of vapour wind slowly upwards in the clear air, with his mind full of gloomy thoughts, yet with a grim sense of satisfaction nevertheless,

He had found his man. The long hunt, which had seemed so hopeless even to the professional hunter, had come to an end He had found his man. It was only a question of an hour or so less or more when he should stand face to face with his daughter's destroyer. And then-what then? What was to come of every honest man and woman; mark him out for all time to come as a liar and a seducer; set against the name he was doubtless proud of as foul a dishonour as ever blotted the reputation of a gentleman! But would this satisfy his long-cherished hunger for revenge Would this slake that bitter thirst which had tormented him for years? Would this exorcise the demon of his dreams—give him peaceful slumbers in nights to come—a smooth pillow for his dying head? Would this set his augry heart at rest, and soothe his grief? A thousand times, no! Cou d words, empty words, avenge his daughter? Must be not

have heavier payment than those?

What was it he had thought of far away, upon those distant hill-tops, amids the sources of those wider rivers that flow from the Cordifferes to the sa—in that wild solitude where Nature's lonely grandeur seems to widen the soul of man—what had he thought of there, when he brooded on the day which should bring him face to face with his daughter's destroyer? Not of a vengeance made up of words, assuredly, more empty breath, frothy threatenings that must end in nothing. What was the vow which he had vowed upon those empty hills, with a savage world around him and savage instincts stirring in his breast? He knew but too well what it was. It hardly need d the strong liquor he had drunk that day to re-kindle that long-smouldering fire. The smothered embers had never grown a breath was enough to fan them into white

He had a brace of revolvers in his bedroom at Brierwood. He had bought them at Mel-bourne, after his second outward voyage, for self-defence, in the first instance, and legitimate motive enough, but not without a l might find a deadly use for them. He had hang them up by his bedside, and had contemplated them meditatively many a time, in

He thought of his pistols now, as he sat on the moss-grown steps of the Doric temple deliberating his revenge. He would have given half his estate to have had one of those grim companions lying snug in his coat-pocket. Yet how should he have thought of bringing such weapons to a rustic festival - to the birthday feast of the model squire? His thoughts went to the gun lying under the stone bench loaded with swan-shot.

"What did that fellow want with his gun out here to-night?" he wondered, but did not perplex himself long with that question. His universe was filled with his one great wrong. He had no concern to spare for another man business, were it ever so desperate. He would hardly have stepped out of his own path tonight to prevent an assassination.

He filled his pipe a second time and smoked it out, and that purpose which had been cloudy and dim at first assumed a sharper out-

Accuse him, denounce him, disgrace him? No. He would do what he swore to do on the day he discovered his daughter's fate-he would keep faith with himself, and with her shade. Of after consequences, of the price which he should have to pay soci ty or his God, for this bitter-sweet revenge, he thought no more than he might have done had he been the darkest among pagans, and alone with his foe in an untrodden world where human justice was unknown. And having fully made up his mind upon this point, he sat and smoked his third pipe with a gloomy tran-julility, like a contented savage who has made tracks for his enemy's lair, and sits lurking in the shade of the gum-trees beside his wigwam, waiting till the unconscious victim shall come out and be tomahawked. Yet he had no suspicion that his victim was very near him, was destined to smooth his way to that dark deed which had now taken its full form and pressure in his rockets, which had followed one another in mind. Of the when and where the thing was quick succession, there was nothing. The sky

that so soon as his opportunity came he would

The harvest moon rose higher, the clear pure night air grew still clearer, and that megical light which has a deeper charm, a more thrilling beauty than any glory of sunshine, spread itself over the enchanted wood-land: a landscape which by day would have been comparatively commonplace, like unto many other pictures which adoru the carth became poetical in its calm beauty. Richard Redmayne thought of Bulrush Meads, and the moonlights he had seen there; thought of that fond dream which he had once dreamed, of his daughter Grace installed as the young queen of that fertile valley, of those far-spr ading hills, tifteen hundred feet above the sea-level. It was all over, the dream. He should never see Bulrush Meads, the new home which he had beautified, any more, and the old home for which he had toiled and suffered had lost its glamour. Without Grace, Brierwood was worse than a desert; without Grace, the Australian homestend was only a strange dwelling across the barren sea. It seemed to him that he had lost his place and business on this earth, in losing her. He had lived only to satisfy his appetite for revenge; had been nourished and sustained by that very hunger, like that monster which makes the ment it feeds on.

He felt himself to-night something more than a man, with a man's passions and a man's weakness and uncertainty; felt like a being foredoomed to accomplish a certain end. If he had known anything of those old Greek stories, in which the men seem shadows moving to the music of the Fates, he might have fancled some likeness between himself and those awful figures, destiny-impelled, for over trending blindly to one forcordained issue.

A distant clock claimed the half kour after nine. That sound pierced the stillness of the wood, although the vulgar dance music and the noise of many voices did not penetrate these shadowy nisles. So early 1 He felt as if he had lived half a lifetime since Sir Francis

Clevedon come into the tent.
His third pipe was half smoked out when he heard the faintest rustle of the fern in the distance; then saw the glimmer of a woman's dress, white under the moonbeams; then heard a woman's laugh, and a man's voice answering it; and then two figures coming to-wards him—a girl with a man walking by her side, bending down with an air as of a lover to speak to her,

He laid down his pipe and watched them— at first idly, then with a sharp sudden interest, afterwards with a savage intensity. He crouch ed lower down upon the steps of the temple his strong right arm stretched itself stealthill across the brok a stone floor, his fingers groped under the bench amongst weeds and rubbish, and clutched the gro-m's gan. He drew it out, examined the lock and priming, and then e-rried it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim

He had had plenty of exercise for his gnn in Australia, when with empty heart and idle brain he tramped the woods and hills from sunrise to sunset, only anxious to get rid of his joyless day.

The girl and her companion came neaver,— the girl a mere peasant, he could see plainly enough; but the man a gentleman, whose face he fancied he knew as well as he knew his own. With what an air he bent to speak to her, and how the poor fool drank in his baleful her, and how the poor not shall be play the flatteries! A man who lived only to play the flatteries! A man who lived only to play the flatteries. Was it seducer, thought Richard Redmayne. Was it not a righteous deed to rid the earth of such vermin? They came to within about twenty feet of them, neither of them looking to the right or the left. The man walked on that side of the grassy alley nearest the knoll, the girl on his right hand. When they were conveniently close to him, Richard Redmayne fired, covering the man's breast with his gun. He dropped face downwards on the grass: the girl looked round her wildly for a moment, gave a shrill piercing scream, and fell on her knees at his side. Rick Redmayne thing the gun into a ferny hollow, and walked quietly

away.
"I am glad I have done it," he said.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WRONG MAN.

templated them meditatively many a time, in familiar with every hillock and hollow, every the pause that a better or a happier man might clump of hawthorn or thicket of hazel. He have giv n to his prayers; had turned on his knew of a ladder and stile on the south wall by pillow often in the cold gray dawn to look at which he could descend upon the Kingsbury them, with a grisly satisfaction. meeting any one even to-night.

He did not stop to consider this, however,

even for a moment. There was nothing of the criminal's headlong flight in his swift departure His business was accomplished, and he went away. That was all. How long or how brief might be the interval that must clapse before he should be called to account for the night's work, he cared very little. That he should be called to account, sooner or lat r, he considered inevitable – He was prepared to

he had done, ay, even on the scaffold.

As to the fatal result of his deliberate fire he had little doubt. His Australian life had made his hand too sure for any uncertainty upon this point. The marksman who had never failed to bring down the bird that seemed but a speek of shadow in the blue could ardly have missed the breast of a man at thirty paces. And he had seen his victim fall with the heavy leaden drop of a creature wounded to the death.

Was he sorry for what he had done? Did he regret that one swift instantaneous act by which he had separated himself for ever from the ranks of his fellow-men, and placed himself in the brotherhood of Cain? No, he was not sorry; but exultant rather, as having accomplished his earthly mission. He looked up at the stars and fancied his daughter in some unknown world beyond them, and could almost have lifted up his voice in the still night, to tell her that her wrongs were avenged.

The first of the sky-rockets shot up above the trees as he climbed the ladder. He stood for a few minutes on the highest step, watching the swift ascending stars, the showers of falling

light.
"They don't know anything yet," he thought or they wouldn't let off their fireworks."

He waited and watched for more light in the sky above Clevedon Park, but after those few

remained blank, or only peopled by those limer stars which are happily fixtures.

He dropped down into the empty road, and rossed over to a meadow path that would take him to the cross cut by which he had come to Clevedon in the morning. He did not hasten his steps with the air of a man who farcies himself hunted by mortal pursuers, nor did he rush onward blindly, as if the furies that wait on such deeds as his were already in pursuit of him. He took his time, and was perhaps cooler on his return journey than when he came to Clevelon, or at any rate more resolute. Clevedon, or at any rate more resolute. He had done what he wanted to do, that was the grand point. The time might come when his mind would be awakened to the enormity of his crime; but in this present hour he felt no more compunction than if he had slain a beast

It was close upon eleven o'clock when he came to Brierwood, letting himself into the garden by the meadow path. What an awful stillness there was in the old house as he went in, and how the empty thors resounded under his tread! He thought of the night of his first return from Australia, when his heart had beat high with the fond expedia-tion of finding his daughter's arms clasped round his neck, his daughter's fair young head nestling upon his breast. O miserable night. O bittor grief! was the payment which he had taken just now one whit too heavy for the anguish of that unforgotten hour?
"Could I do less than kill him?" he said to

himself with a conviction that there was justice in the deed. He did not light a candle in the kitchen, or settle himself in the sitting-room which he was accustomed to occupy, but went straight upstairs to his bedroom and flung himself on his bed. That, under cover of this night which he was thus wasting, he might have got clear away from the scene of his crime, and secured his escape from its consequences, was a fact which never for a moment occupied his consideration. He would stand by the deed that he had done. To have fled ignominiously, leaving some innocent person to suffer for his act, would be indeed to convert that which he had deemed a sacrifice into a murder. He waited calmly for the issue of the night's work. He thought as he lay down how that consummate scoundrel had once rested on this bed, had lain here plotting the ruin of the daughter of the house; and he thought, with a savage sense of satisfaction, of that couch on which he lay to-night, and how blank and dreary was his slumber.

"Surely such men must have bad dreams when they are dead," he said to himself. Not very long did he lie awake to meditate

upon his crime or his victim. He had drunk a good deaf at Clevedon, had been longer on foot and in the open air than he had been accus-tomed to be of late. His meditations wandered off into a tangle of broken thoughts before his head rested long upon his pillow, and when Kingsbury church-clock chimed the half hour after eleven, he was sleeping as peacefully as

a child.

What a strange thing it seemed to wake next morning, soon after daybreak, to look round him wonderingly for a few minutes, staring idly at the sunlit chamber, and then to recall, as it were in one than, the events of the previous night! It came back to him-the scene in the wood-vivid as in the moment of its enactment; and still he was not sorry for what he had done. He felt some touch of sorrow for that gentle pretty-looking young wife, who had stood by her husband so bravely, and who must needs be the chief victim in this tragedy; but for the man he had slain he felt neither regret nor pity; for the position in which he had placed himself he suffered no compane-tion. If the business of last night must be atoned for on the scaffold, he was prepared to make the atonement, to die that shameful death for his daughter's sake.

It was only five o'clock when he went downstairs and out into the garden. The Bushes, exhausted by unaccustomed dissipation, still

"I shall hear enough about last night's work when Mrs. Bush comes down I daresny," he said to himself; and he walked about the garden smoking his pipe until that time should arrive, with no shade of alteration in his habitual aspect, neither paler nor redder, neither graver nor more excited, than he was wont to

He made the circuit of the garden several her pail to fetch water for the morning's purifications. He had walked and smoked and meditated for nearly an hour and a half, however, before the lattices opened and Mrs. Bush's homely countenance appeared, picturesquely framed by the Virginian creeper that covered this end of the house.
"You're rather late this morning, nen't you,

Mrs. Bush?" inquired Richard Redmayne, coming over the grass towards the open win-

"Late, Mr. Redmayne," exclaimed the matron, "well I may be late! I'm sure I wender as I was able to get off my bed this morning, which my poor inside has not left off twitter ing ever since a quarter past ten o'clock last night; and I'm sure it was nothing as I eat or drank yesterday, for no one could have been more moderate; and Bush was as sober as a judge, and quite low-spirited like after dinner, and shed tears when Sir Francis Clevedon's health was drunk. No. Mr. Redmayne, it wasn't what we took as turned our insides; it was the awful turn as that poor dear gentleman's death gave us just as the fireworks were a-beginning to go off."

"What gentleman? What do you mean?"
"Lor, Mr. Redmayne, it can't be as you don't know what happened sure/y! My goodman saw you coming out of the tenauts' markwee, and he come to me and says it did his heart good to see you'd made up your mind to enjoy yourself like the rest of the world, for once in

"Yes. I took it into my head to go all of a sudden; but I felt like a fish out of water, and

came away soon after dinner." "What? Then you did not know-"gasped Mrs. Bush, staring at him.

"I don't know what?" "Anything about the poor gentleman that was killed in the park near the old stone sum-

mer-house as Sir Lucas built?" "A gentleman killed!" said Richard Red-mayne deliberately. "That was curious."

(To be continued.)



# The Wearthstone.

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sentation Pinte. For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record. For \$10.00: 4 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872,

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#### CHRISTMAS STORIES.

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

## ENDORSING CRIME

The telegraph informs us that Mrs. Laura D. Fair has been acquitted by a San Francisco jury, on her second trid, of the charge of murdering A. P. Crittenden. It may not be remembered that Mrs. Fair was found guilty on her first trial; and, really, the facts of the case are much the vessel might roll, the saloon and so plain and simple that it would appear, at berths will remain level. It is proposed to first sight, almost impossible that any twelve use hydraulic machinery to counteract the lance of everything shown us. Both cells, dark same men could bring in any other vortest. sane men could bring in any other verdict than that of guilty. Mrs. Fair is one of the "free love" persuasion; she lived with Crittenden-knowing he was a married man-on terms of criminal intimacy; when Crittenden's wife came to San Francisco, and her husband preferred his lawful partner to his quandam paramour, Mrs. Fair deliberately plotted against his life, waited for him, and shot him in cold blood, and in the full possession of all the senses she ever had. A more deliberate and wilful murder has seldom been proved, | ing the Channel, and whose moral courage reand it was, at one time, thought that the woman would have been hung as the law directs. But laws demanding capital punishment seem to the miseries of sea-sickness. have been made only to be broken-not one criminal in one hundred gets hung now-a-days and that one only if he happens to be poor, and has no friends-and, altho' Mrs. Fair was found guilty at her first trial and condemned to be hung, it did not prove a hard matter to get her sentence suspended and a new trial granted; once that was accomplished the rest was easy; her lawyer, of course, challenged every intelligent juror, until the jury box was packed with numskulls and friends of Mrs. Fair's who were either incompetent to form an opinion, or had their opinion already formed before they were summoned to act as jurymen. It is a noticeable fact in this case that over seven hundred persons were summoned to act as jurymen before a jury acceptable to the counsel for the defence could be procured. Now this is not an exceptional case; acquittals quite as injustifiable as Mrs. Fair occur almost weekly in the United States; in this city not much over a year ago a man was tried for killing another man by striking him at the head with a stick of cord wood, and the "intelligent jury" declared

that he not only did not murder him, but that he did not even commit an assault on him; in England we have lately had two cases of wilful murder condoned by the government, and altogether it looks as if it w s a much safer thing to kill a man than to pick his pocket; in one case you get acquitted, in the other you get from three to seven years in the Peniten-

Now, what is the reason murderers do not get punished? We think there are two reasons; first; hanging is going out of fashion; men do not like to order a fellow man to be strung up by the neck like a dog, and so, as a man convicted of murder has to be hung, they prefer to let him off scot free. We do not believe in capital punishment, but we do believe in having the laws on the statute book carried out, and as long as the law says that the man who kills another man shall be hung, we want to see the law executed, and the man hung. We think it would be much better to substitute corporal punishment and imprisonment for hanging, and we do not think that one murdered out of a hundred will get punished until this change takes place. Juries would not feel half the hesitancy about bringing in a verdict of guilty if they knew that the penalty involved was imprisonment and a whipping and not the taking of life. The second reason that murderers do not get punished, is attributable to the press; reporters "make too much of them"; and frequently to judge from the tone of the American press, one would think that a man who kilisa fellow creature has done quite a meritorious act, and ought to be patted on the back and called a good fellow. Murderers are "interviewed" day after day, the public is informed how they look, what they cat, what they say, as if they were great heroes instead of great criminals; and the public sense of justice gets blunted, they let "mercy season justice" rather too much, and there is, consequently, all mercy and no justice in the judgments arrived at. We taink that as hanging has gone out of fashion it is about time that the criminal code was changed, and some other punishment for murder subtituted; and it would be well, perhaps, at the same time it some restraint could be placed on the disposition of the newspaper to endorse crime, by serving it up in such attractive from that the enormity of the offense is overlooked and sympathy is excited when justice alone

#### NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS.

should have sway.

The hearts of all travellers by water, who have the constant dread of sea-sickness before them, will be made glad by the announcement of the intelligence that experiments are now being made in England, which, if successful, will render it possible to construct vessels on which there will be no perceptable motion, except in very heavy weather, and in which it will, therefore, be very difficult to get sea-sick. The plans for two vessels intended for service between England and France are now being made by Mr. C. J. Reed, late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, the novel feature of which will be the adaptation of the scheme of Mr. H. ness. This scheme is to have the saloon and berths suspended, somewhat in the manner a chronometer is suspended, so that however tendency to oscillation; and several eminent engingers who have seen the model at work pronounce the scheme perfectly feasible. The vessels for which Mr. Reed is preparing plans will be 350 feet in length and of 5,000 horse power; the saloon will be 50 feet long by 30 broad, and there will be eight smaller rooms for passengers. The success of these two vessels will be watched with interest by many whose pleasant dreams of a Continental trip are now disturbed by terrible visions of crossquires a deal of winding up before it can be got to the point of resolution sufficient to face

## LITERARY ITEMS.

THE WESTERN LIFE BOAT. Western Life Boa Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

We have received the first number of this Magazine, which contains fifty-five short blo-graphies of prominent public men in the State of lown, and some interesting facts respecting the Wostern States The object of the mag zine is thus stated by the publishers:-"Its object is to collect recollections of living persons who have taken part in the d-velopment of the Great West, while those memories are fresh in the mind, and before the actors pass to the silent bourne and are forgotten. Its blographical sketches are not confined to any profession of class of persons; Merchants, Mechanics, Bank ers, Farmers, Business men and men of Lei-sure; Wise men and Foolish; the staid Minister in his sacred calling, and the clown in his eccentricity, will each receive a fair delineation of character, making a true picture of western life and of general interest to those who are concerned in the civilization of the age." The price of the Magazine is \$5 per annum.

THE MAID OF SKER. By R. D. Blackmore, au thor of "Cradock Nowell, &c. New York Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 8vo. Paper, 75 cents.

The Maid of Sker will undoubtedly take its

place as "the book of the season;" we have soldern road a novel in which the interest is so well sustained, the style so easy and charming, the characters so naturally and truthfully drawn, and the dialogue so crisp and piquant. The story is told by an old Weish fisherman, whose dry humor and quaint Cymrie idiom whose ary numer and quaint Cymrie intom lend a great charm to the book. His description of the battle of the Nile is particularly good, and is given with a spirit of realism which it is almost impossible to fancy does not emate from an eye witness. Mr. Blackmore has achieved a genuine success; and we can safely recommend the Maid of Skar to all who wish to read a theremethy good and subgraphs poyed. to read a thoroughly good and enjoyable novel

Hope Deferred. By Eliza F. Pollard. New York: Harper & Brothers, Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 8vo. Paper, pp. 221,

Rather a well-written novel intended to show the disadvantages of the French system of mariages de convenance. The picture is rather overdrawn, but some of the characters are powerfully and vigorously sketched, and the book will undoubtedly prove interesting, especially to lady readers.

WE understand that a new work on Canada from the pen of one who is thoroughly compe-tent to speak of the Dominion, will shortly be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London patoished by Mossys. Chapman & Hall, London. The book will be entitled "Recollections of Canada," and will be ready for Christmas. The author is Lt.-Col. Martindale, C.B., who, we are sure, will be able to produce some graphic pen and luk sketches of Canadian life and scenery. The book will be profusely litustrated, this department coming under the care of those Carillo R.A. of Lieut, Carlle, R.A.

We understand that the illustrated edition of MM. Erekmann-Chutrian's "Histoiredu Pichis-eite" has been suppressed by the French authorities, at the instance of the Prussian government, who considered that some of the illustra-tions were calculated to give an unfavourable impression of the conduct of the Prussian soldiers during the war. We are told that the suppressed edition has been purchased by an English house, and will shortly be issued in this country,—

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. Newburgh. N. Y. S. S. Wood & Co.—A very good, cheap magazine, edited by Gall Hamilton, who contributes to the October number a clever paper on he "Woman's Rights" question, entitled Love's Labor Not Leat." There are several other good articles in the number, and the magazine appears to be well worth its subscription price, one dollar a year.

#### BJOKS RECEIVED.

NOTRE DAME DES CANADIENS ET LES CANA-DIENS AUX ETAT UNIS, par l'Abbé T. A. Chandonnet. Montreal: George E. Des-

WITHIN THE MAZE, By Mrs. Henry Wood, Pulladelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. Cloth, pp. 278, \$1.75.

#### WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The New York Sun is responsible for the following account of swearing the " Heathen Chi-

Chinaman during a residence in Cuba, was called to the witness stand yesterday in the Goneral Sessions to testify in a case involving the larceny of some eights. Counseller Wm. F. Howe suggested that Chinamen were usually sworn by the ceremony of breaking a plate over the head, and that they did not regard testimony given under other circumstances as having he sanctions and penulties of an oath.

Judge Bedford—Well, the District Attorney

ought to be able to swear his witnesses. But there is no plate here.

An active court officer called attention to the earthenware spittoon as a possible substitute. Assistant District Attorney Stewart-May it lease the Court, I hold that it is the duty of the Court to administer oaths, and not the District Attorney's.

Judge Bedford gave a cautious glance at the will be the adaptation of the scheme of Mr. H. spittoon, which weights about twenty pounds, and then decided to pay no head to the religious manufacturer—for the prevention of sea-sick—becultarities of the witness, and to swear him

> Ir would certainly appear to be rather a hard matter to puff a fallor; but the reporter of the Brantford Courier has accomplished it—he has been to fall-according to his account, and this is what he says: "We must confess we were quite delighted with the next and clean appear-The walls of the cells and corridors cleanliness. The walls of the cells and corridors are beautifully white—being whitewashed twice a month—and the floors are exceedingly clean.
> The prisoners—both men and women—there being about twenty in all in the Jall-expressed being about twenty in an in the treatment re-themseldes well pleased with the treatment re-ceived from Mr. C. E. Smith, who appears to be a great favorite with them. The food is also a great favorite with them. very good, and gives general satisfaction." If appears to us that a man who can be "delighted" at everything in a jall is not hard to piease but some people have queer tastes, and we surprised if the Courier man petitions the Local Parliament to be allowed to take up his residence permanently in the place which is so "delightful."

THE Earl of Essex has addressed a letter to some well-meaning persons who desired to pro-sent him with a testimonial, which includes a very admirable commentary on a social abuse of the day. "In my opinion," his lordship writes, "the practice so common of late years (to the extent of becoming a positive nulsance) of getting up a testimonial to anyone, simply because he has conducted himself decently (not always the case) and done his duty, is strongy to be deprecated, as leading to the inference that doing one's duty is of such rare occurrence that it requires a reward. If a man does his duty as far as he can to the public, and is king and friendly to his neighbours, he will assuredly possess their esteem without regulring a testimonial to prove it; and if not, he has no right

THE Ingenious London pick pockets have THE ingenious London pickpockets have intely discovered a very neat trick, by which to extract stray half-crowns from the pockets of unsuspecting citizens. The sporting season having just commenced, of course, friends in having just commenced, of course, friends in town are auxious and willing to receive remem-brances from friends in the country in the shape of buskets of game The dodge is for a mai dressed as a porter to present himself at the door with a hamper or box, properly addressed and duly decorated with railway tickets, deliver the parcel and collect half a crown carriage. The soil is complete when the anxious housewife opens the hamper, and instead of seeing two or three brace of plump young grouse, discovers three or four brickbats.

THE N. Y. Sun says "An unknown English, man, having gray hair and whiskers 5 feet

inches in height, and stout build, who on Mon-day lust came to this city from Newark, N. J. was found dead in his bed, at 518 Eleventh Ave-nue." Of course, what else could be expected of nue." Of course, what else could be expected of a man having "hair and whiskers 5 feet 9 inches in height, and stout in proportion;" the only wonder is that he could find a bed long enough to allow of his getting into it, and so save him from being forced to die on the floor.

NEARLY every old newspaper writer knows how hard a matter it is to write a good "puff," and will agree with us that a more unpromising subject for puffing could scarcely be found than an undertaker's shop. An editor at Council Bluffs had to write a notice of one integral to the public but to write a notice of one integral to the public but to write a notice of the country of the public but to write a notice of the country of the public but the pub ly, and he put it neatly, thus: "Since we have to use coffus, we prefer those which Riley fur-nishes. We took a view of his supply in the commodity yesterlay afternoon. His stock would even carry the city protty well through an average slege of cholera. Boside these, he has a good supply of picture frames"—suitable for the portraits of the deceased, we suppose.

THE Editor of the HEARTHSTONE takes this opportunity of acknowledging, with thanks, the following lines, received from an anonymous correspondent:

"Yes, thou art dear unto my heart,
Oh! search that heart and see.
And from my bosom take that part
Which proves not trac to thee;
But in my bosom thou art dear,
More dear than wor is can tall.
And if a fault is chorished theore
"Tis loving thee too well."

The Elitor feels very much obliged to the young lady for the fervency of her attachment, but would be better pleased if she would give un loving him so violently, as he is a married man and his wife might not like it.

It is proposed that a monument shall be erected in the Central Park, New York, in memory of the late Ellas Howe, Jun., the inventor of the sewing machine, and that the money should be raised by voluntary offerings of not more than one dollar each, from halles who have known the benefits of the invention. If all who have reaped any bought from the invention were to subscribe to the find, the "Howe Monument" would be one of the most magnificent tributes to genius ever known; for those who have benefitted by the invention of Elias Howe are numbered not by hundreds, but

"BLUFFING" is the term applied to a favorile Newport recreation. It is very simple, and soon learnt. It requires only two presons, one lady, one gentleman. The art consists in sitting on a bind on a windy night, when the two
—there must never be more than two, in one
place that is,—are obliged to sit very close, and hold on to each other to prevent their being blown away. The girls say it is "stanning," and the young fellows don't object to it.

Con-rish are curious creatures, if the stories told of them are true. It is said that when raught just before a storm, large stones, sometimes weighing several pounds, are found in their stomachs. It is a popular belief among dshermen that these stones are swallowed for the purpose of anchoring themselves during the

FRANCE need not fear famine this year, her wheat crop promising to be unusually large, reaching, it is estimated, nearly 100,000,000 bushels. This will amply supply her home consumption, and she will, therefore, save the four or five hundred millions of francs which she usually has to soul to the Black Sea to par-

It is regarded as probable that Father Hyacinthe's marriage will be followed by that of a large number of French priests, many of whom are, according to the Patrie, going to renounce publicly their vows of cellbacy. The average number of priests in France who marry is, it appears, not less than from twenty to thirty t

Tire holy of the young lady who threw herself into the water at Niazara Fails, after writing an affecting letter to her lover, has been found in a lager beer saloon in Baifalo, where she dispenses the fourning beverage to thirsty customers. The whole thing was a sham got up to create a sensation.

ONE of the results of the Sanz Canal is the advancing of the season for the commencement of the receipt of tea in England. The quantity imported in the mouth of July has risen from 711,000 lbs. in 1870 to 4,010,000 lbs. this year, and the value has increased from £53.030 to

A JOURNEYMAN shoemaker of Danlee who is on strike" has taken a mean revenge by writing to the Dandee Advertiser stating that the women of that town, of all grades, have the largest feet he ever saw. Many of the women's boots, he says, are 12j inches long.

A CLUB of Boston ladies are hard at work endeavoring to obtain the passage of a city ordin ance providing that all tobacco chewers shall be muzzled when on the street.

### QUACK MEDICINES. Concerning the origin of these "wonderful

cure-alls," a carlous story is told. Some thirts

years ago, a certain young min, having exhausted his means, and the patience of his friends, by fast living, in London, found himself limity reduced to absolute poverty, rags and hunger. He had been educated for the bar brilliantly educated: graduated even with distinguished honors, but ovil associates soon in-duced ovil habits, and he became, as we have intimated, wretchedly low. In this plight while he felt that he must beg, or starve, he wandered into a large apoth carry's shop on the Strand, and asked the attendant if the proprie tor was in. He was conducted to a back office where the party sought was ongaged with his books and business papers. First asking for food and a glass of beer, the visitor told the somewhat surprised apothecary that he would pay him by valuable information. He ate heartily, was refreshed, and felt grateful. Catling for pen and paper, he wrote what proved to be the advertisement of a grand, newly-discovered panacea, which he called the "Matchless Sanitive," four drops of which, taken at a time would gradually cure any known disease, whil it was represented to be a universal preventive igilist every infectious disorder known to man inleed, the virtues of the mixture were describ ed in such extravagant and laudatory terms that the apothecary laughed at the idea of any body believing in them. However, the young stranger soon persuaded him to risk his money by advertising the medicine in the most liberal manner, Accordingly, the walls of London were covered with announcements of the "Matchies Sanitive," the papers were full of it, and circulars detailed its marvellous powers. At first the apothecary was startled at the expense, but in a fortnight he found that he must increase his clorks—in another that he could not get vials fast enough—and in a month that he must get larger quarters. The expense of manufacturing the article was simply that required to produce colored water! At the end of the month our adventurer called for a settlement, and actually received, as his share of the profits, three hun-

to return to respectable life once more; and he did so. The " Matchless Sanitive" still sold for a while, but like all articles which are fictious and worthless, it soon sank out of sight; still it had flustrated a principle which, if applied to a really genuine panacea, would have established a valuable and inudable business. There were observant men enough in London and else were observant men enough in London and eise-where to adopt the idea, and, for a period of years, the patent medicine business, as it was called, was the source of individual fortunes, through the influence and power of advertising; and in many instances valuable specifics, which were prepared upon scientific principles, were discoussed to the public dispensed to the public.

#### EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—The public debt has been reduced ten millions during the past month.—On night of lat inst. seven masked men entered the residence of Samuel Pope, in Now York, and white five pistols were pointed at Pope's head, he and his wife were securely tied. The thieves then rified the house, carrying off \$1.800 in money, jewellery and silver ware, and \$7.590 in railway bonds.—A Paris despatch says it is probable the Gormans will evacuate the occapied districts seconer than was expected.—Stanley has closed an engagement with Frederick Ruellman, of New York, to deliver one hundred loctures in America for \$50.07, beginning in November at Steinway Hall.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Layra Frir, on her second trial, for the marder of A. P. Crittendon, have rendered a verliet of "not guilty."—The oil regions are again at fever heat everywhere. An intense feeling provails over the movement to suspand the production of oil from some local cities. It is reported that violence had heen reserved to in carrying out the measure. Wells have been burned and entires destroyed by sledge hammers, and oil tanks tapped. Some are still strongly holding out against the action, but it is thought they will yield and United has already apparent in advance I prices and more active markets.—It is believed that Tweed has run away to Furope. It is known that he left Now York on Saturday and has not since returned. His relatives refuse to furnish any information. They say that they do not know where he is. The impon ling trial of the criminal charges against the ering robbers, no doubt, hastened his departure.

where he is. The impending trial of the criminal charges artinst the ring robbors, no doubt, hastened his departure.

ENGLAND.—The Timesconfirms the report of the resignation of the Levi Chancellorship of England by Lovi I thereis.—Advices from Cinna report the rice crop this season about that.—A terrible machine the ground on 3rd Lust to a passencer train from London for Elinbarg. While ranning at a very low speed it came in callision near Kutte Bridge with a freight train, carsing the instant death of nine persons, many others injured, and it is for red several of the n will die. But low dutails received. All the dispatches agree in stating that the train was bedin i time, and was remained at a furious rate to make it up. The seeme of the disaster is not far from Carlisle, the Capital of Cumberland.—Sir James Shaw Wills, one of the indeed of the Court of Common Plass, committed a techel in London on 3rd institute was sufferent from a severe attack of gout, which reached the brain and leaved insantly in one of the paraxyens of which the fatal and was on nited.—The rinderpost has appeared in Panafoss parish. West Riding of Yorkshire.—Sir Sidney Waterlow his been elected lead Moyor of London.—The Observer says it is reported that Sir Roundell Palaner has accepted the Lord Chancellorship in place of Lord II thereby.—It is reported that Lord John Russell is propuring a review of the proceedings and award of the stoney Based of Arbitrators.—It is said that efforts are being made which have not yet assumed any official form, to require the Misses, Lurd, the constructors of the privateer Alabama to pay a portion of the sam awarded to Mr. Bonnevillo, of Longon of the sam awarded to Mr. Bonnevillo, of Longon of the sam awarded to the United States by the Geneva trabunat.—The first breash of promise suit ever tried in Yarmouth same off in the Supreme Coart on Welmesday. Hannah Parley was plaintiff, and Reinard Darkee defendant. A verdict of twenty-ive dollars for the plaintiff was returned.—It is uniferstood that the Ho

PRANCE.—The flow of emigration from Metz since France.—The flow of emigration from Metz since the occupation of that city by trops has been so heavy that the population of that city is now but one-third of what it was before the war.——Le Francei newspaper publishes a letter from General Garibaldi to the President of the Congress, in which Thiers and his policy towards Italy are denounced in terms of great severity.——Phe Strasbourg Gazette says 530 Alsalians are now serving as soldiers in German garrisons, of whom 125 are volunteers. The latter will be liable to military service for only one year.——It is remoured that Gambetta will be a candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic.

Seam.-It is reported that the Spanish Governmonth has resolved to submit to the other European powers the question of the justice of its claims against the Government of the United States for damages sustained by filibustering expeditions from American powers for Caba.——Jonez, Minister of Finance, has presented the budget for 1872—73. He estimates the reveaue from all source france, and the expenditure at 545,334,711 france

Germany.—The time granted to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine to choose between German and Fronch citizonship expired on 1st inst. The excellent during the last ten days was immense. Fully 1,200 mon, women and childron left Strasburgh city on Sunday for French territory. Trains on the railways loading into France were crowled, and proved insufficient to carry all who wanted to go.—The Government has issued an order stopping the canoluments of the Bishop of Ermeland.

Portugal.—The foundries of Lisbon with a few exceptions, have closed their doors, looking out some 200 workmen, whose demand the proprietors refused to grant; some firms however have yielded, and it is believed others will follow. The workmen's moyement is a strong one, and it is rumored is supported if not ordered by the International Society.

ACSTRALIA.—The health of the Ex-Empress Carletta, who was so seriously ill a short time ago that her death was hearry expected, is improving.—Archduke Albrocht, Field Marshal and Inspector General of the Austrian army, continues to improve, and his complete recovery is looked for at an early day.

1TALY.—Negotiations between the floly See and the Government of Russia are proceeding satisfactorily. The question of the establishment of a Nunciature, at St. Petersburg has not yet been decided.

—The Pope is reported indisposed though not satisfact.

Mexico.—Advices from Matamoras state that the revolutionary General Guerra reached Parras with his forces. He is said to be accompanied by General Dinz; both those generals acknowledge President Trajado's Government, and will lay down their arms.

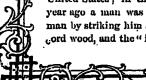
JAPAN.—Despatches reports the reception of Japan advices that a crisis has arrived in public affairs and a probable triumph of the old Japanese party over the reformers and the end for the present of the spread of western civilization in the empire.

Russia.—A telegram from Ragusa reports that a fight occurred on 1st. inst at Leposa between Turks and Montenegrins, and many killed and wounded on both sides.

llavri.—Advices state that the import duties of the Island have been increased 25 per cent; the expert daties to 20 per cent.

INDIA.—The damage done the June crop by the cyclone of the 21st ult. in Scragung is estimated at £50,000.

CUBA.—Five hundred coolies, with \$70,000 of their own savings, have returned to their homes in China. BELGUM.—Rinderpost has appeared in the country round Mons.



BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There's a diadem most massive.
Iron-rimmed and diamend set,
And the earnest brow that wears it
Never has been conquered yet,
There may be some seeming failures,
But for battle still is flame:
Triumph must reward the owner—
Courage is his mighty name.

lle has trod the tallest mountains;
He has rode the fiercest sens;
On the Wind's unbounded regions
Spread his broad Plag to the breeze.
Tempests often have assailed it,
But it never has been furled.
And must never, if man holds his Regal patent to the world.

there you enemies open, secret,
Even in the grandest aims?
Would they use the treatherous dagger,
Or in front hurl deadly fiames?
O, no matter! keep right enward—
Onward—onward though alone,
And you'll stand in real honor,
Crown on brow and foes c'erthrown.

Nor is bravery needed only
In the fury of such strife:
It must be to us sustainer
Through the inner walk of life.
Death may take away the degreet;
Would we still act the true part?
Then, with trust on Heaven unbroken,
Hug that Courage in the heart.

Thus we will have angel music, Yes, whatever sorrow falls; And by never qualifing make us Worthy of the Starry Halls; For this courage, based on Conscience, 1s the Giant on Earth's sed, Building up in every action Real altars unto God.

N. Y. Ledger.

## THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

PROLOGUE.

NIGHT at sea!

The angry waves rolling mountains high-the rivid lightning illuminating the broad expanse of heaven's campy with one continuous glare. The thunder's crashing din, loud, celloing above the roaring of the agitated waters in deafening

reverberations.
Twas at such an hour that an East Indiaman returning to England, heavily laden with mer-chandise and passengers, went down, after a flerce struggle with the elements, all hands but one being lost.

one being lost.

The solitary passenger who lived to tell the awful story of that last night's sufferings was found lashed to a plank, floating helplessly at the mercy of the sea, in the last stage of weakness and exhaustion. It was the capitaln of the "Good Endeavour" who was instrumental in his Good Endeavour his white face being on the "Good Endeavour" who was instrumental in its rescue; who saw his white face lying on the dark waters; who sprang from the ship's side, breasted the savage waves, rose and fell, was buffeted, dashed back again, beaten and bruised, but yet persevered, and returned victoriously at last with the man who owed him his life, amid the loud cheers of the crow, hanging with fast-parties bearts and anxious faces over the bulbeating hearts and unxious faces over the bulwarks to watch this act of daring bravery on the

And thus it was that Edward Jerrold made the acquaintance, and saved the life of his bit-terest enony. To what end our story will

### CHAPTER I.

CALM.

To and tro—to and fro he slowly paced.

Never slower, never faster; for well he knew
that no exertion on his part could possibly
shorten the weary length of his hateful capti-

He was a fine, strong, handsome man, of, at most, eight-and-thirty. His name was Edward Jerrold. He was a captain in a merchant service, on board his own ship, the "Good Endon-

He was bound for a land he had long pined to see; he was on his way to press to his manly, honest seaman's heart the dear woman whom he loved, and whom he esteemed himself the luckiest man in all the world to be able to call his wife.

Yet was he powerless. A dead calm set in. The broad ocean spreading out before and behind him, to the right and was searcely more the surface of a lake.

A wenry, wenry waste of waters, upon which his eyes had rested for days past, still lay unchanged, torpid, motionless.

It had been a long and wearlsome journey, fraught with dangers and disasters, and now not the least vexatious incident was this dead calm. which had brought the vessel to a sudden stand

It was one close autumn's night, during this

period of dead calm alluded to, that the captain wearily paced the deck, thinking of the bome and wife he had been so long in reaching, and from whom yet so many, many weary miles separated him. During the day-time, when any one was near

to notice him, he would not for the world have exhibited any signs of despendency, for it was his constant aim to lighten the fatigues of the journey to his less patient companions.

Now, though, thinking himself unobserved, and feeling free from restraint, his face was a dark cloud of care-of pain, even as though the long-drawn misery of his mono-tenous life were more than he could endure.

At longth his feelings seemed to master him, all leaning wearily over the ship's side, he and leaning wearily over the ship's side, he stared moodly down into the water, as a deep sigh escaped him.

But the next moment, a light sound close to him caused him to start slightly, and turn in the direction from which the voice had pro-

It was Porcy Hardwicke, the young Indian officer, whom he had rescued fom a watery grave who, lounging in such a position as to be almost concealed by the deep shadow of a mast, and hitherto escaped his observation.

He rose now, came forward, and stood by the

You, too, then, are growing tired, Captain,"

said Percy Hardwicke.

"I did not know you were there," the Captain
said, avoiding a direct reply.

"Or else you would not have betrayed your-

self," said Hardwicke, with a mocking smile; and as the other made no answer, he continued, in a conciliatory tone, passing his arm through the Captain's as he spoke, "Come Jerrold, I know you woll enough to know that you will not take offence where none is intended. Is

most weary amongst us? Why, even I am growing rather more bored than usual."
"Well, that must be almost an advantage in your case," said the Captain, laughing; "anything for a change. Seriously, though, I am tired

of this long journey, and I am anxious for many reasons to reach home."

"Mrs. Jerroid, you think, will be growing anxious at the long delay?"

"No, not that; she will be anxious, though, about my long silence. The fact is, she does not know I am coming back."

"Indeed!" " Indeed !"

"No. I have already told you that it was by accident I returned in command of this ship, owing to the sudden death of Captain Smithson. The vessel in which I made the outward voyage still remains in port. I thought that I might run quickly home, and reach my freside almost as soon as a letter would do; and I thought that

away. I am a younger man than you are by a year or two, and I have not travelled a tenth of the distance, but I fancy I have managed to see a little more of the world for all that, and believe me when I say it is a mistake."

knew was so much at home in his property, and must feel quite certain by this time that there was no fear of being called upon to render up a

true account of his little embezziements.
"Come with me, then, Mr. Hardwicke," said the Captain, warmly grasping his hand-"come home with me for a day or two, if you have no better use for your time."
"I have no use for it at all," responded his

smiling friend.

And if you think that I can make you com-fortable, I am sure it shall not be for want of a good will, even if I do not succeed. Yet it is not

"I'm the easiest fellow to please in the world, you know that Jerrold."
"Yes-yes, indeed 1 do! Why I never recollect to have seen you in the least degree agitated and yet ours has been a trying journey. Thank hencen it's over."

Thank heaven it's over.'

"By all means," said Hardwicke, with a slight yawn at its recollection. "But still, one got used to the bore, and knew what to expect whereas here, on shore, one can't say what dreadful things may be awaiting one. I expect to suffer a markyrdom myself in coming into my property, if that worthy creature who is in

charge of it leaves me any to come into."

"It is agreed, then?" cried the Captain, returning to the question originally discussed.

"You will come home with me?"

principal inn, and the Captain sprang to the

ground.

He ran up the steps into the lun, and called loudly for the waiters; then down again into the yard, and called for the ostler.

He wanted a carriage directly to take him

home. He must have one. He would have one.

He did not care what he paid as long as they

made haste!

The men bustled about; and, indeed, lost very little time in executing his orders, although he fretted and furned impatiently at their slow-

Before the carriage was ready, though, a thought striking him, he can back into the inn

again, muttered to himself.

"How selfish of me!" he said, — "how abominably selfish! Only thinking of myself. And after so long an absence, too; and he whom I have known ever since I was a boy. I'd die of shame If any one were to know of it."
While he was talking thus, he reached the bar, at which he found a young woman, the bar-

maid, who was a now-comer since he remem-bered the house, "Where is the landlord?" asked the Captain,

eagerly.

girl, however, stared at him for a moment without making any reply, evidently much as-

but that also was closed.

He looked eagerly into the room.

It was cold, dark, and descried.

He could, though, trace the outlines of some familiar articles of furniture. He functed be could discern his own picture hanging against the wall, and yet an air of strangeness pervaded all—an unaccountable air of strangeness and descrition. He drew back from the glass with a blank face, and sliently returned to the door.

The bell clanged barshly when he rang it, but some time clapsed before there was any re-

contrived to keep his place by his side, Jorrold

now descended into the valley, and, in a few brief moments' time, he had opened the garden-

gate, and was crushing the gravel of the path-way beneath his impatient feet.

He tried the handle of the door, which he well recollected was often left unfusioned; but upon this occasion it was locked.

He stepped across the him to the window,

but that also was closed.

sponse.

At length, when he was about to ring again louder than before, he heard a light footstep in the half and the rustle of a dress.

His heart beat high, and he trembled violently, but the door opening he found himself

not in the presence of his wife, as he had hoped, but before a very dashing maid-servant, who wore very smart ribbons in a very smart cap. She was a stranger to the Captain, and she resembed the heart days in the captain,

resented the hard stare he bestowed upon her by an angry toss of the head, at s your mistress at home?" he asked-ation of the head,

" No. sir."

The answer struck him as though It had been a blow from a heavy list, and it was some mo-ments before he could sufficiently master his emotion to speak again.

Then he said, however, in as light a tone as

he could assume-...

"She has not gone far, I suppose?"
"I don't know, I am sure."

Has she been gone long?"

"Two or three hours,"

"Do you know where she has gone to?"

The Captain heshated for a while, and seemed uncertain what to do. Presently, however, he

nsked— \*\* is Martha down stairs?"

"Martha ?"
"Yes - the - other servant,"
"Her name isn't Martha, sir,"
"I mean the old woman," replied the Captain, in a vexed and puzzled tone, "What has become of her? How long have you been love?"

"I have been here four or five weeks. I know nothing about the person you name, sir. My mistress may be a very long while yet. Will you call again ??

of think I'll walt," replied the poor Captain, somewhat racially. The fact is, my name's Jerroid. I'm your mistress's lustiand. Will you bring some lights, and prepare us some dimer, if you have anything in the house. I don't know how to apologize to you, Hardwicke," he added, turning to his companion. It was wrong of me to bring you here, to put you to all this inconvenience. But I did not expect—1.—1.—I hope you'll excuse it."

His voice fattered slightly as he spoke, and it was very evident that the Captain was much more hurt than he would have owned.

Percy Hardwicke, however, answered with his blandest smile, that he, for his part, had nothing to be vessed about, and that he was only sorry that he had intruded, when his presence of think I'll wait," replied the poor Captain,

sorry that he had intruded, when his presence must be a bore.

« And Pil tell you what, old fellow," he said

in conclusion, "when the trap brings round our luggage, I will ride back to the inn."

angage, I will ride buck to the fun,"

"No, no!" cried the other, although the effort
to speak kindly was a painful one. "I cannot
hear of that. You must not think of doing so,
My wife will be home shortly, I am sure, and
then—then.—I wonder where on earth she can
be--and so late, too!"

He fell to pacing to and fro the length of the dimiy-lighted room, much in the same fashion as he had paced the deck that night when he and Hardwicke had held their memorable conversation upon the folly of taking people by surprise,
But certainly, hitherto, this journey had

proved a sad fallure.

The dangers and fallgues by sea had been

The carriage was ready now, and the two traThe carriage was ready now, and the two travellers got into it, and where driven away in
slience.
They were about three miles from the Captato's house, but when they reached a village

They were about three miles from the Captato's house, but when they reached a village tuln's house, but when they reached a village be still greater and much barder to bear, upon little more than two miles further on, Jerrold the principle that it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

His foreboding of evil to come had fast begin

when he had heard of the death of the haddord at the inn, a worthy fellow, who had been one of his father's favourite servants.

Again, the loss of the old trees; then the ab-Again, the loss of the one trees; then the absence of his old servant, a woman who had nursed him as a child, whom he had resolved that his roof should shelter men How was it that she was gone? Had she

now was in that she was gine; that she gen discharged? And for what cause? Oh! that his whe would return and explain . A few words would suffice. He felt certain of

that; and he was annoyed with himself for having allowed such triffes to distress him. But for the future

But for the nature—
The servant brought the candles into the room, and said that the cook would do the best she could in the way of dimer, but that it would be some time before it was ready. It was rapidly growing dark now, and Jerrold

booked anxiously out into the gloom.

Otherwise you no lden where she is gone?" he asked the servant, speaking of his wife.

No, sir, she did not say."
 Bat—but she is not accustomed to stay out after dark, alone?"

"Oh, yes, she is, sir!" the girl made answor, pertly. "A good deal later, sometimes," "Where does your mistress go to, then?"

"She never tells me where she goes, sin He turned away without asking any more

As he raised his eyes abruptly to his friend's face, he almost functed that he could see a succeing smile upon his lips, and gittering in his dark eyes, But in another moment it was gone, and had

given place to a conciliatory and sympathizing expression, which accompanied a few polite words intended to smooth matters down, and induce the Captain to bear his disappointment with more philosophy.

There was a long delay in the service of the

dinner, which, when it came, was scarcely touched by the auxious sailor, who tried in vain to appear at his case.

The slightest sound without caused him to dart, and listen intently; though, alas! each ime he did so, he was deemed to be again disappointed.

It was quite dark now.

It was quite and now. Indeed, it was much past nine o'clock. As they sat silently over their wine, the clock

truck ten, and yet she came not.

Suddenly, however, arousing himself from a everie of some minutes duration, Jerroid bade his friend draw nearer to the fire (for the night had turned so chilly that they had had a fire lighted before dinner), and doing so himself, he shook off his despondency for a while, and



IN SIGHT OF HOME

The Captain looked at this smiling friend with some little uncasiness, and answered, almost an-

grily:

"Your philosophy, sir, is good enough. I dare
that in this you are say, in ordinary cases; but in this you are wrong, for, as I told you, I am returning to my wife."

The other gentleman smiled more sweetly than ever, as he hastened to reply,—4 Of course, my dear fellow, of course! I had forgotten that —I have such a memory. In your case it does not apply in the least-no, not in the least !' "II do not mistuke, you told me that you also were returning home unexpectedly," said

the Captain-"Obyes," replied his friend, with a laugh.
"But I know very well that my advent is not looked forward to with any particular feelings

of pleasure." "How so ?"
"Well, you see, I am going home to take pos session of my dead brother's property. For the last year or two it has been in the hands of his steward. A worthy man, no doubt; but the temptation of handling my money has, perhaps, been greater than he could resist. No; I am

afraid that he will not be by any means glad to see me. see me."

\*\*Percy Hardwicke shook his head, as though in sorrow for the shortcomings of the human species, but yet smiled forgivingly, as he muttered, half aloud, "Poor fellow! It was almost a shame not to write and undeceive him, for I

dead." The sea-captain, somehow, cared not longer to prolong the conversation, and, turning upon his heel, walked away, leaving the young officer standing silent and motionless where they had

With the exception of the very faint currents of air produced by the heaving of the waters, there was not a breath to stir the heavy, torpid atmosphere which brooded over the sea. Over head all was pitchy dark, not even the light of solitary star shone down upon Percy Hardwicke's face. A good-looking face was it truly with finely chiselled features, and bright, flash A good-looking face was it truly,

ing eyes, and a long but sliky moustache, black as jet, and carefully tended. But it was, withal, a villain's face, and the smile which flitted across it for a moment as its owner peered curiously through the surrounding darkness, hiding the Captain's retreating form

was sinister and cruel.

Oh. brave-hearted sailor, loving husband, stanneh friend, generous and truthful, had you but known at this early period, before the misthiof was done, before the home was laid desointe-had you but known then the villain, who was to break your heart and blight your happiness, and had turned upon him and struck him down into the black waters surging sluggishly at his feet. But at such a deel would your brave heart have recoiled in horror, and yet there came a time, when, maddened by your wrongs, you meditated the murder I have hinted at-

## CHAPTER II.

with what result, the future chapters of this his-

tory must disclose. ,

The sea voyage at length had reached at end.

The sen voyage at length had reached at end. Well-nigh worn to death with the fatigue of their long and thresome journey, the passengers were wild with joy at the sight of land. No sooner did they reach the nearest port, than every body, with but one exception, hurried on shore, thanking Providence for their happy deliverance. The one exception was Percy Hardwicke, who was at the last moment as list-less as ever, and who, when reasoned with for know you well enough to know that you will less as ever, and who, when reasoned with for not take offence where none is intended. Is it not natural that we should all be weary, and you, to whose share all the hard work falls, the

"I will come with great pleasure, I'm suro," drawled Percy Hardwicke, "if you really.——"

"Roully what?" "If you don't think that Mrs. Jerrold will be very much annoyed by the sudden invasion."

"Not she, my dear sir," cried the Captain,

"Not she, my dear sir," cried the Captain, warmly. "And you will find that the surprise of my unexpected arrival, too, will not be quite such a failure as you forefold,"

"I forefold?" said the other, with surprise. Then, after a pause, he added with a smile, "What a memory you have, Jerrold! I recollect, now, we did talk upon this subject, and I did

say something foolish. But the idea of your re-membering it !" His companion had remembered it, though, Had pondered upon the words — had broaded over them, scarce knowing why; and it was perhaps in some measure owing to a desire he felt to show this langual worldling how unjust, and how poor and mean was his estimate of human nature, that had prompted the Captain to invite his fellow-traveller home.

Else might he perhaps, upon reflection, have hestiated about so doing at such a time. Perhaps for a moment or two together, as they journeyed across the country in the lumbering conclude that was in those days the only convoy-ance procurable from Liverpool to the picturesque little inland town in the neighbourhood of which Captain Jerroid resided, a faint doubt flitted across his mind whether the time had been well chosen for bringing a stranger home

He would not, for his life, have done aught that was likely to displease the fond, loving

wife, whom he would find there. Well he know what a welcome he would re-ceive; well he knew, had he but written to apprise her of his coming, how the weeks and days rould have been anxiously counted and recount-

Sometimes he regretted that he had not written, fearing that the sudden joy of their meet-ing might have some evil effect upon her deli-cate frame and easily-excited mind. And then ugain he rejoiced in his silence,

when he thought that sleepless nights of dread and terror would have been caused her by the long and wearisomo delays which had occurred upon the journey, and which so oft postponed the hour of arrival. All had, perhaps, been for the best. Yes, he was certain of it; all had been for the best !

Now, only an hour or two more, and he would at home. He would see her onco more—he be at home. would press her to his heart! How intolerably slow this conch was! It coined to creep along at a small's pace.

There were for ever wearlsome stoppages oc urring to retard their progress. The chungling of horses, the packing and un-packing of passengers' luggage, maddened the impatient Captain, who chafed and fretted like

a new-enged bird. As for his companion, it must be owned, though he contributed very little amusement to wile away the monotony of the long ride, yet he offered no unseemly interruptions to the Captain's thoughts, which, running on at lightning speed, had long ugo reached the home he was

All human suffering must, however, have its limits. Even the long sea voyage, which had seemed never-ending, had at last reached a happy termination. The journey was half done, then three-qu

ers done. There were only a few miles left low, and had it not been for shame's sake, the Captain would have proposed getting out of the conch and walking the remainder.

His friend, however, would not, perhaps, have, relished this unnecessary exercise. No; he must endure his martyrdom to the end. Arriving at the little town, at length the coach drew up in the High Street, in front of the The Cuptain repeated the question. "There is no landlord, sir," she as

"No landlord !" he repeated, "What's become of Mr. Woodford, then?"

"He was bankrupt, sir, and this house was

sold to my mistress."
"Where is he, then?"
"He's dend!" The Captain stood for a moment transfixed.

Then be turned slowly away, inexpressibly rleved and shocked. He walked with a heavy step towards the door, where Percy Hardwicke stool, smoking lan-guidly, except when, now and then, he removed his cigar from his mouth to smile assweetly as ever upon some of the wonder-struck rustles.

who gathered together at a respectful distance, regarded him with evident admiration. The carriage was ready now, and the two tra-

proposed that they should alight and take a short. cut across the fields, while the luggage was conveyed by road. Percy Hardwicke having given his assent, they

Percy Hardwicke having given his assent, they set out at a brisk pace, and, soon crossing the hill which separated them from the valley where the house stood half hidden among the trees, they came to a pause, and the Captain, gazed well-remembered seenea scene which bad so often hunted his drawns at sea, when the rip-pling of the little stream which run by his garden side had made audible music ambist the noisy surging of the rough waves lashing the creaking timbers of his vessel, and the shrill screaming of the wind among the swelling canvas overhead.

He was deeply grateful for his companion's silence at this moment, when he stood gazing, with mingled emotions, at the dear old white

e, with its green shutters and rose-entwined It was just as he had left it ;-just the same

though he could hardly tell what

though he could maray ten wond.

He pendered for a while upon the nature of the change, it change there really was; but it was some time before he could make up his mind in what it existed. There certainly was something wrong, though. There seemed agap, which he could not understand-a nakedness he was not used to.

All at once, though, he discovered what it was. Two fine old trees in his garden were gone had been cut down or had fallen. Sure the latter, he thought, but if not, who could have cut them down? It was not possible that his wife would have

consented to their sacrifice, for she know how he had treasured him. It was these trees which had given the name to his house — the Idnes. This incident was a trifling one, and surely no sufficient to vex him at such a moment; and yet, in spite of himself, he could not refrain from u feeling of vexation.

brow might by a funciful person have been sup posed to have cropt upward towards him from the valley beneath, for, at the same moment, deep shadow seemed to fall upon all surrounding It appeared also to have grown ever so much colder, and Percy Hardwicke, with a shiver, made a slight movement of weariness, as a hint

The cloud which gathered upon the sailor's

to his companion that they should waste no me time than was necessary. Nor, in Captain wish to dolay any longer. With such long and rapid strides that it was

only with considerable difficulty that his friend

strove to be free and jovial, as it was his wont

to be at sen.
But the littempt, it must be owned, was a dismal failure. The dinner had not been very successful. The lattle passed but very slowly to and fro. Another cause of vexation had been found in the fact of the two spare rooms, which the little villa contained, both being in such a state that it was impossible that night to provide Mr. Hardwicke with sleeping accommoda-

Nothing was left for him then after all, but to go to the village inn at the top of the hill, and

This idea the Captain had at first most strongly opposed; but as Hurdwicke as strongly urged its adoption, upon his promising to take up his abode with Jorrold next day, it had at last been

agreed upon.
If the truth must be told, indeed, the Captain was glad enough of the release; and though be tried to be as sociable as possible, he was really praying for his companion to go away and leave him to his thoughts. As they drew near to the fire, the Captain's

chair accidentally disurranged the hearthrug, and beneath one corner lay a piece of paper which now came to light. Jerrold stooped to pick it up, and found that

it was a letter.
A curious-looking letter, awkwardly folded,

and bearing a superscription in a horribly bad handwriting, with spelling to match.
It was directed to his wife.
"Why do you not read it?" asked Percy

Hardwicke, when the other had made some remark upon the oddness of the address; \*perhaps it may inform you where Mrs. Jerrold has

The Captain's fingers instinctively twitched at the edge of the folded sheet, but almost at the same mament a deep blush overspread his face, as he replied, e No. I do not know what it is about. I do not think I should be justified in reading it until I have asked her leave. No, I will wait!"

He was about to put the letter back upon the mantelshelf, but, reflecting that the servants might be less scrupulous about invading their mistress's secrets, he put the letter into his breast-packet, meaning to give it to his wife when she returned. How little do we think, sometimes, what

great results are to arise from small causes. There, however, was this letter, doomed to be forgotten, where he had placed it, until he opened it when the blow had come, and read it in an hour of bitter misery and hopeless de-

Percy Hardwicke was not very long after the termination of their dinner before he took his departure, stoutly refusing to be accompanied on his way, and the Captain, burying its nead in his hands, sat by the fireside, and waited with what pattenee he could muster, for the return of his wife.

The fire had burnt very low unheeded, and on his way, and the Captain, burying his head

and flickering light.

The aspect of the room was sad and gloomy,

and its master sat still and motionless as the

The wind without sighed mournfully among the trees, alone breaking the deep silence which reigned in the valley. But, presently, there was a light tapping at the back door.

He did not hear it, for he expected her by the front; and yet, nevertheless, it was the long-expected wife, who had returned.

expected wife, who had returned.

The servant girl opened the door in answer to the summons, and started back at the summons, and started back at the sight of mistress, deadly pale, and panting for th.

But if the lady's agitation was remarkable then, it was still more so when a moment after-wards she had learnt that her husband had ar-

With a half-suppressed shrick, she recled back, and would surely have fallen to the ground had she not clung to the door-post for

"Come back!-Come back!" she gasped through her bloodless flps. "Why has be come? When? Where is he?"

But the voice, strangely unlike the one he re-membered though it was, had yet reached Ed-

ward Jerrold's eager ears. He sprang to his feet, and ran out into the

passage.
And then, at sight of him, the young wife rushed forward too, and, in another instant was clasped to his heart, hiding her beautiful head upon his breast, and maintaing through her choking sobs, "Thank heaven, dearest, that you have come!"

#### CHAPTER III. THE BREWING OF THE STORM.

She had come at last! What mattered now the weary hours of wait-

ing?
What mattered the disappointments he had

flered—now she had come? They were all forgotten in that long, loving embrace, when he clasped his darling to his bosom. When, smoothing back the rippling tresses of her soft brown hair, he gazed down, smiling through his tears, into his beloved one's

Well, and need be have felt ashamed of the moisture upon his eyelids? He was a brave sallor, who often enough had faced death in awful forms. He had been calm the hearts of others failed them. He had been calm and bold when He had remained staunch and steady at his

post, when others had deserted theirs, and cowering in abject terror, sneaked down below where they had weakly hoped to find shelter and safety. When the froth-tipped waves rear-ed mountains high around, and threatened to fall in upon him and crush him and his frail craft. When pirates were giving chase, and every rag of canvas was put in use to aid escape from certain death, and one false step or rash act would have been fatal.

When, at the dead of night that most fearful

of all alarms at sea, a cry of "Fire," had arisen, and the calamity had been discovered too inte to hope to subdue the confingration. When the forked flames were licking the ship's side. When the choking smoke was pouring forth in dense volumes from the port-holes. When women and children were shricking, the panic stricken, the strongest men weak and helpless with fright.

Many a time and oft, under such circumstances, and in the midst of perils such as these I have described, had Edward Jorrold proved his valour. He had no need of bravery now where there was no danger. As he had at the proper time acted like a man, he was at liberty now to feel like one, and if his great heart wa full to bursting, might he not weep like a child, when safe and sound at last he held the loved one tightly clasped in his strong arms?

He held her back at arm's length, and gazed

Her face a moment ago had been flushed and tearful. Now again it had grown deathlike in its pallor. She was evidently very much fa-tigued and actuated. She trembled so greatly, that she could scarcely stand, and cortainly could not have done so had not his strength sup-

"My poor Eleanor," he said, in a voice that

was sunk to a tone soft and musical as a wo-man's, "I was very wrong to come so suddenly. I have frightened you, have I not?"
"No-no, darling," she made reply. "Not at all. I wouldn't care a pin for twice the fright, if such a result were always certain of following It. But you were very wrong though. following it. But you were very wrong, though, in one thing."

"What was that ""

"In not writing to tell me when I was to ex-

ett yon."

"It was a mistake on my part," said the honest Captain, with a smile which was, perinps, a little rueful. "But I did it for the best, you know, and—"

"I am sure of that, Edward. But see how you have had to wait. You have been waiting

you have made to wait. Too make been waiting a long while, have you not?"

"An hour or two; but never mind that; I should not have cared half so much if I had not been so much alarmed about you. It is so late, and the country is so lonely. Are you not attaid to be out in the dark? You used to be, you know !

"No. I am not at all afraid now," she answered, with what he could scarcely help fancy-ing was somewhat of a forced laugh.

"But I am afraid upon your account," said the Captain, in a gentle tone. "You won't run such risks again, will you? And where have

you been? What made the pallor of her young face again

give place to a deep crimson blush?

She hid it from him, though, upon his shoulder; and, instead of replying to his question, toyet playfully with his light curly hair. — I am so imppy you are come," she said; ~1 can hardly believe that it is a reality though, it

seems like some happy dream; and I tremble with fear lest I should presently awake and find myself alone."

They had so many other matters to talk about, that it was no wonder that Jerrold forgot the question he had asked awhite since, and disturbed himself no more about its answer.

By the greatest accident, however, it came round again, and again the husband inquired where his wife had been.

she hestiated slightly for a moment and aughed, though with some slight confusion, "How curious you are!" she said. "I am a little curious," he replied; "but am

wrong?"
"No-no. It's no great secret; and yet you shouldn't ask if I don't tell you."

"I won't ask, then, if you wish me not to do so." "You foolish fellow," she said, playfully, "as If I could have any reason for wishing you not to know it."

And here she laughed so musically, and looked so young and pretty, he could thing of no-thing else but kissing her again, and so the

matter dropped once more. It was, however, presently a question of the trees which had been felled in the front of the house. Why had it been done?"

"They were blown down by the wind," said Eleanor, hesitating slightly.

"Blown down!" cried Jerrold, in surprise. I had no idea that the wind was over so

strong in this sheltered spot. Was there a hur-Yes," replied the wife.

"By the way," said Jerrold, after an awkward pause of a moment's duration, "you did not tell me why old Martin had left?" "She has gone into the country to live with

ome relations, dear. I wrote to you all about I don't think so."

"Oh, yes. I did. though, the letter must have ulscarried." What was there so extraordinary in the circumstance? The Captain, of course, did not for a moment doubt that the letter had been written, but he was much vexed that he had

not received it.

not received it.
"She always said she had no relations alive,"
he remarked, presently.
"It seems that she was mistaken, dear."
This subject, too, was soon abandoned for more agreeable topies; but though the Captain endeavouerd to the atmost to be light-hearted and hand have a leavy weight secretal. and happy, a heavy weight seemed to pressupon his heart. He could not help seeing that there was a

strange confusion in his wife's manner, though be could not account for the cause. Certainly, during his absence, things appeared

somewhat to have gone wrong. Something was concealed. What was it? Never to his knowledge had there existed any secrets between them. Were there any now? "What makes you so thoughtful, dear?" she

Nothing," replied the Captain, with an ef-As yet there was nothing, but the storm which

brewing had not yet burst f

While Edward Jerrold was awaiting his wife's return by the side of his lonely hearth, his friend, Percy Hardwicke, smoking a cigar, strolled leisurely up the hill towards the village. There was a tolerable inn there, considering the smallness of the place, for it was supported by the families in the neighbourhood, which was a hunting one. The landlord, Joseph Miles, had been head groom to the lord of the manor, and had married one of the upper servants: when retiring from his situation, his master had kindly set blin up in business at the "Blue

It was not a neighbourhood, however, when there was any chance of fortune-making, so that, near on twenty years after the house first came into Joseph Miles' hands, it was still a small country lin; yet it had certainly acquired a favourable reputation for some miles round, both on account of the goodness of its liquors and the beauty of its landlord's daughter Phoebe Miles, the village belle.

Phebe Miles, the village belle.

Perhaps a passing glimpse of the rosy cheeks and dark eyes of this pretty damsel, standing at the lim door, may have had something to do in determining Percy Hardwicke to go to her father's house

Perhaps, too, he had become rather fearful, fer the specimen already provided, that the Captain's house might not prove quite so comfortable as he had at first suspected.

"I will take mine ease at mine inn," thought the young officer, as he strolled onwards. shan't be bored quite so much there, as I dare-say I should be by the Captuin's wife. A dreadful provincial person, I suppose, with a voice like a speaking trumpet. No, I'm best out of it, decidedly. Anyhow, I can make up my mind after I have had a look at the lady."

It was very dark, and Mr. Hardwicke had to make the very best use of his eyes, or he would more than once have come to the ground, in consequence of the unevenness the road, and the extraordinary build of the stiles he had to climb over on his way. He had to pass over several fields to reach the

village, and in time arrived at a stile from which two paths ran at right angles, at the sight of which he came to a sudden halt, and began to consider.

Which way should he turn? For the life of him he could not clearly recollect how he had come, and it was so dark that there was no making out the truth by aid of any land-marks.
All a-head was black as pitch, and not the

faintest light glimmered in any of the windows of the village houses that he could see, It might have been a village of the dead.

As he had no wish to wander at random in the dark, and, perhaps go miles out of his way, he thought that the wisest course for him to pursue, under these circumstances, was to take a seat upon the topmost rail of the stile, and make up his mind to wait until he saw somebody he could ask.

This, however, after a few moments' trial, appeared to him to be likely to prove somewint wearisome, for it was very probable that the fustic population had all gone to beef, and that nobody would pass by until early next mornitor.

toming to this conclusion, he was about to move on again, taking one of the paths at ran-dom, when suddenly he heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

(To be continued.)

POETRY OF THE PRESS.

THE WORN OUT FORT OF TYPE,

I'm sitting by my desk, George,
Before me on the floor
There lies a worn out font of type
Full twenty thousand score;
And many months have passed George
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told; of tempest and of wreek:

Of unreder in the midnight hour,

Of war fall many a "speek!"

Of ships that lost awny at sea

Went down before the blast, Of stiffed cries of agon

As life's last moments past. Of earthquakes and of suicides.
Of crimes long since forgotten:
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotton.
Of boilers bursting, steumboats snagged,
Of viola duels fouch. Of robbers with their proy escaped, Of these, their booty enught,

Of flood, and fire, and accident.
Those wern out types have told,
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births and deaths,
Of things to please or yex us,
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet Summer days
Have faded from our view.
How Antunn's chilling winds have swept
The leaf crowned forest through:
How Winter's snow hath come and gene—
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling Spring bath warmed
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't protond to mention half
My inky friends have told.
Since shining bright and benutiful
They issued from the mould—
How unto some they joy have brought
To others grief and tears.
Yot faithfully the record kept
Of fast receding years.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Capyright Act

#### of 1868.1 IN AFTER-YEARS:

## FROM DEATH TO LIFE. BY MRS, ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXX.

Sir Richard Cuninghame is very ill and unable to leave his house, he is anxious to see Lady Hamilton that he may tell her where she will find her son William, whom she lost forty years ago.
Such was the purport of a note handed to

note to her sister, and rose to throw on her cloak for the drive; "I know he cannot tell him. and so kept him alive to torment me with me where to find Willie, I am sure he is dead, I have felt that for a long time, but he can "He grew up, the reptile fed on my bounty I have felt that for a long time, but he can "He grew up, the reptile fed on my bounty perhaps tell me when he died, and where; and year by year." His listener's face flushed ought to have done to them !"

Lady Hamilton was not long in reaching Haddon Castle and on entering, absorbed as her mind was with the extraordinary note of the morning, she could not help observing that the house looked like a place which had been shut up and consigned to the rule of spiders rather than the abode of living men and women,

She was shewn by the servant who opened the door, (a raw country had) into a room adjoining Sir Richard's bedroom where the invalid sat in an easy chair dressed with punctilious care, his cheek pule, yet his eye possessing all the brightness of its long ago.

She feeded his live and adjusted the live and a live live and a li

She fancied his lip curled slightly and his eye gave a brighter flash as if of malicious triumph on secing her enter.

excuse me not rising to bid you welcome. I have been formany weeks a confirmed invalid, pray be seated!"

Lady Hamilton bowed slightly and took the chair indicated which had been placed for her

"Lady Hamilton: you once, twice, thrice scorned my love, and it was after having led me on to believe that I was the chosen of your heart; I do not know what tempted me to ask
within call, pary go on with your narration of
you a third time to be Lady of Haddon, unless
it was that I wished to give you a chance to
you have become a felon." save your grandchildren from the rugged life I had planned out for them in case your selfishness stood out to the last; as it did."

"I came Sir Richard to hear you tell of my

son who I lost in his childhood, not of grandchildren who never had an existence. "I beg your Ladyship's pardon, they had an

existence, but we will not dispute on this Hamilton's son, and secondly because I was point, when you know all I have to tell, you fool enough to say he was my own, thereby will be willing to believe the truth of what I making him my heir now whether I would or not. I was thinking day and night how I could say, nay perhaps to sue for more information than I am willing, or it may be more than I am able to give.' Lady Hamilton sat in silence waiting for what was to come.

"You need not be told of a bright, sunny morning in early summer, long ago, when you were a young wife; on which you sent your son out accompanied by his nurse, to play with the birds and butterflies, and he never came home. I also was in Inchdrewer wood that

summer morning. I was on my way back to beyond the polices, the gates were always France where I had left my sickly wife and locked and l kept the keys myself."

child. I was driving alone, my father was a "Sometimes dull enough," was the reply, France where I had left my sickly wife and child. I was driving alone, my father was a saving man, we are a careful race we Cuninghame's, and as he wished to dispose of his placton in Aberdeen, he thought it would be as well for me to drive it there on my way to France as to incur the expense of sending it he another. I chose the high road perhaps another. I chose the high road perhaps "You cannot mean the old armory, surely" est and fulsest woman ever born lived, sur-rounded by her own satellites and said within herself 'I fear nothing.' I did not know her then as I know her now, or perhaps I might not have taken the trouble to climb the wooded hill in hopes I might see her walking on one of the outer corridors of her husband's castle, or among the broad green walks of her garden. or among the broad green walks of her garden.

Ascending the hill my our was attracted by childish accents, and looking in the direction from whence the voice came, I saw a glorious, healthy looking boy whom I knew at a glance looking with the eyes and speaking with the tones of Isabel Douglas, the same eyes I had seen a few years before look so kindly on me, the same toward the seen a few years before look so kindly on me, the same toward the same light, in which the same toward the same light, in which the same tones I heard speak my name so softly, in the green glades of her father's forest home at Invermalden."

Lady Hamilton made an impatient gesture. " If I tire you with my disagreeable reminiscences of the past, your Ladyship is at lib rty to retire. I sent for you to do you a service that you might once more embrace your son— hear of your grandchildr u."

Her Ladyship sat statue still, her eyes fixed upon his face, but moved not a muscle of face

Sir Richard resumed ; "I was within a dozen yards of where the boy stood on the bank skirting the road which ran through the wood, his glad exclamations which had fallen on my car were occasioned by the discovery of some plants of wild strawberries bearing both flower and fruit; his nurse proposed she would bring from a senty like tool-house close by a spade to uproot the plants, and bring them to edorn his own garden, to this the boy agreed, looking up delightedly in her face as she spoke, the roman went into the tool-house the door of which opened from the outside, and the child sat down beside his strawberry plant; in a few seconds the door of the tool-house was shut

house was never found.

"The woman called out 'Master Willie you off. I lifted the child and poured into its mo coward, he used to turn upon me and try to mouth some br ndy from a flask I always give fight when I kicked him with my strong carried. In as short a time as it has taken me boots in his childhood." to tell, the child was lying at my feet in the that you might have had him again; but we had removed to Paw where we were surrounded by English people who might have wondered at the child's disappearance, yet I do not know if I would have given him up; it is true he of the iron cage; he knew now that that face very soon lost the voice and manner which now cold in death had the Douglas eye.

her lips set and firm.

"Yes he soon lost all trace of the Douglas blood, he was a Hamilton every inch, and I a life up there if one were regularly feel." Oh hated him."

and land, and then I brought the boy I called green trees in the free air of heaven." Robert Coninghame here to be my football, it pleased me to hear him whine and cry; he was stiff necked and it was not easy to make him Lady Hamilton at her breakfast table on the |do ither, but I generally succeeded in making morning of the day on which Adam returned to his hillside home.

"I will go at once," said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but for said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the trouble of chastizing him as I did but said she as she gave the latter than the said she as she gave the latter than th

what I did, or rather what I did not do, and smiled, he had found out what would excite her apparently dormant emotions,

"Yes," continued be, "I fed and clothed him. the reptile who was to sting, me for fifteen long years, true the clothing was nearly all my own cast-off clothes but they covered him and kept him warm "

It was only by a strong effort Lady Hamilton could subdue the strong feeling under which she labored, she rose and pulled the | bell-rope saying : | "I will take the liberty to order your servant

to bring me a glass of water."
" He shall do so. Will your Ladyship take a

" No. 1 never drink wine." "How strange."
She looked in his face, a sharp enquiring

"How do you do Lady Hamilton? you will glance. He at once understood its meaning. "I did not drink wine for eighteen years simply because I could not. I thought at the end of that time I never would, but I found that it is one of the good things we may deprive ourselves of and have no equivalent in its place, I drink wine new because I like it

and think it right."

"And I drink no wine because I think it wrong. Your servant does not seem to be

It was now Sir Richard's turn to show the emotions of his mind, his pale face becoming scarlet as Lady Hamilton pronounced the last word, putting an emphasis on it as she did so

"The boy grew as other boys do until he was eighteen years, he was hateful to me for two reasons, first because he was William get safely rid of him. I wished to marry and save an heir of my own, but he was th the way a huge incumbus I could not endure, and yet could see no possible way of getting rid of."

"One day after dinner I had drank a fow glasses of wine more than usual and I suppose it put me in a good humor, it sometimes does I asked him 'how do you spend your time these sunny summer days,'—he could not go

Adam shewed you that years ago."

"Oh no, not the armory, but a room, the entrance to which is through a sliding panel in the armory."

"And where does the sliding panel lead to? it seems to me that there is no space in the walls of the armory, thick as they are, for a room, you must mean a closet"

way I went on my first visit; but with a light it is easy enough. On reaching the top of the staircase you find yourself at once in a low room nearly the whole of which is taken up with an iron cage, an imm use t ing you shiver to look at, a rusty ring in the wall with a chain attached shows but too plainly what it was meant for, it is to be hoped neither were

ever out in use. The boy stopped a few minutes and looked "The boy stopped a few minutes and tooked me full in the face with a look of fear in his eyes. I have never forgotten. I have often asked myself since then, if it were possible he could have read in my countenance the thoughts which were passing in my mind, thoughts which were with joy shaping out a plan by which with the help of this iron cage. could rid myself for ever and without any risk of the plague spot in my life; if looks ever speak mine must have done so then and re-

caled my plan to my life's enemy." Sir Richard stopped and drewn long breath; not from weakness—he spoke and looked so strong that Lady Hamilton was impressed with the idea that he had only feigned sickness that he might bring her into his own eastle so as to make her feel more bitterly the recital of his cruelty; but there was some strong feeling of upon her and the key in my pocket. That his soul with which he had to combat, ere he will explain to you why the key of the toel-

could resume his narration. Lady Hamilton looked in his face earnestly,

"The woman called out 'Master Willie you she could read there regret, deep and self-little rogue, open the door.' I was pleased to accusing—hatred strong as death. hear her voice muffled in coming through the closed door, it could only be h ard a few feet boy's looks were full of a latent fear, he was

Lady Hamilton's lips w re compressed as if planeton wrapped in my traveling plaid; we she were hardening and steeling herself for a arrived's fely in France where I found my own task she must go through, her eyes looked puny Robert dead and his mother dying. I duskily on him from under the long dark gave your son my own child's place, but for lashes which time had not thinned, and their expression reminded him, as strong as if seen yesterday, of eyes which had looked on him with the same scornful hard expression, as he strove with impatient wrath to break the bars

love"

As he pronounced the last words he looked searchingly in her face, she did not wince under his gaze, her check was already too white to pale, and the strong heart within know her line and an interest and in death had the Douglas eye.

"They need not have put the ring and chain there," continued your son, "the cage opens and shuts with a spring which can only be managed from the outside, so the poor captive could not get out, try as he would: what me her line and an interest and line. to put another there?"
"There might be worse lives," said I, "then

"My wife died before my father, but I did startled me, there could be nothing so bad as not come home until I could claim my title being denied the power to wander under the 6 You may wonder how I remember those trifling words at this distance of time, but every look he gave—every word he spoke that day are as indelibly impressed on my memory as if they had been written with a pen of fire:

thought over them, repeating them to my-

self and giving them every construction they would bear, in loneliness and misery for eighteen years.' "Come, said I in a gleeful voice, which almost startled myself it was so different from that I was accustomed to use in speaking to perhaps I may get him to tell me where his crimson and her eye flashed with an unwonted him. My mind was made up I would get rid of own grandchildren are; would I could undo light it had not known for years, Sir Richard him in the cage. All at once it struck me he might have told Adam, if so the old man would have torn down Haddon Castle about my cars if I had dared to incarcerate his darling; and I asked if he had shown the room or spoken of it to the gardener; his reply at once relieved me of all auxiety, he had not seen Adam since

carly morning. "The boy looked hard in my face, the expression of fear deepening as he rose to accom-

To the armory we went, he showed me how the panel opened, and I made him open and shut it several times that I might be able to do so myself on my return when I had determined I would be alone.

"He then lit a lantern which he carried up

the staircase before me. I laughed as I thought how he went to his doom." "We reached the eage-room, he put down

the lantern as he reached the last step and moved so as to let me pass. I walked in and entered the cage; as I did so I turned to look back—he was still standing upon the last step "What are you afraid of, said I, come on and let me see the spring. I tried to shut the gate like a door, but in vain, it would not move. I tried to shuke it I was request. of the staircase, his face of an ashen hue."

I tried to shake it, I was powerl as to move that iron gate without the secret of the spring as if I had been an infant of a year old." "I again called to the boy,—would that my tongue had been powerless, he seemed determined not to come near the cage,-come on at

once, said I, what makes you such a coward." "His face which was before like ashes now flushed scarlet, and a scornful flash came from his eye and curled his upper lip, he walked straight up to the bars of the cage, saying as he stood heside the gate, 'come out and I'll show you the spring.' I turned to leave the cage, at that moment my eye fell on the ring and the chain fastened in the wall, I bent down and lifted the chain, its weight was fearful; a slight, sharp click struck on my ear—I looked around without dropping the chain which I held in my

hand—the gate was shut!"
"I looked in his face—the pallid look of fear, the scarlet flush of scorn were both gone, his eye was cold and unflinching, it needed not words to tell me that in panning his doom I had met my own."

"Open the doo. instantly, said I."



" He folded his arms across his chest, and drawing himself up to his full height looked me steadily and coldly in the face, I then for the first time realized that although only eighteen years of age he was every inch's man. He did not answer me in words, there was no need of such my doom was written in his face."

"Enough of this," said I in a half concilia-tory voice, I knew it was useless to command, "let me out of this prison, I feel as if I will not breathe freely until I am once more in the

"tet me out of this prison, I feel as if I will not breathe freely until I am once more in the open air."

"Sir Richard Cüninghame," said he, "you have met the fate you intended for me; before I left the dining-room I saw in your eye what told me you had doomed my young life to well out drop by drop in that cage under this roof; you have drawn on yourself the fate you would fain have made mine—if you had learned the secret of that spring and but once haid your substitute whether any of the models or schemes thus fain have made mine—if you had learned the sceret of that spring and but once haid your substitute of the commissioners will be necepted, as the problem to be solved in devising a suitable mechanism, for the purpose is one of great difficulty. strong sinewy grasp on my arm, my stripling str ngth would have been but as the strag. Nov gling of a hare in the fangs of a tiger.

and in my wrath, (it was not despair then, or for long after, although in time that came too) I threw the chain I still held against the wall, and batter d with my body against the gate in hopes that the spring would give way. I shook and battered at every separate bar in the cage without intermission all that long summer's evening and into the night until I was obliged to halt trom sheer fatigue; I would not sit down on that foul floor then, on which I had to sleep for long weary years afterwards. Your son came late in the next day and brought me bread, cold meat and water,—water!—the Baronet repeated in a voice of bitter scorn—he brought water for me to drink, while he and his associates had my well stocked wine cellars at their command."

"Robert;" Lady Hamilton halted on the name, she knew every word the old man had told her of his theft of her son was truth, she remembered but too distinctly now how often he had smiled upon her with her husband's smile, how often he had startled her by speaking with his father's voice, and she would never again call him that hake name which had nearly led to crime. She shuddered to think of, and correcting herself said, "my son william Hamilton, who adding crime to ertine and disregarding his baptismal rights ye called Robert Cuminghame, never drank one drop of your wine, nor did he allow it to be drank in this easte while he was it's Lord."

"The post-morten shear of the ordinary rise of temperature from its of the form of the mile and properties of abstances were tried on animals: ten grammes of the yellow seliment given to a small dog produced no effect. The regarding his baptismal rights ye called Robert Cuminghame, never drank one drop of your wine, nor did he allow it to be drank in this easte while he was it's Lord." and in my wrath, (it was not despair then, or

Robert Cuninghame, never drank one drop of your wine, nor did he allow it to be drank in this castle while he was it's Lord."

(To be continued.)

### ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

The ring has been used in all ages as a gift of love, but when or where it was adopted as a badge of matrimony it is impossible to say. Although the fact is not mentioned in the Bible, the tradition of "the chosen people" informs us that engagement rings have for ages been used by them, at the espousals before marriage, and are said to have been introduced as substitutes for the pieces of gold paid on purchase of the bride, in accordance with an ancient "co-emp-tion," alluded to in the thirty-fourth chapter of Genesia. The law of the Hebrews required the ring to be of a certain value, and must have been acquired by the bridegroom neither on credit nor by gift. This being properly certified, it was put on the bride's finger, and should the ceremony not be further proceeded with, no other marriage could be contracted by either party without a legal divorce. The ancient Jews acknowledged the planet Jupiter to be a star having favourable influences, and it was customary among them for a newly-married man to give his bride a ring with the planet's name engraved upon it, so that she might be delivered of all her children under Jupiter's benign auspices. The nuns of St. Anne, at Rome believe themselves blessed in possessing the marriage ring of their saint, the mother of the marriage ring of their saint, the mother of the Virgin—a rudely-madesliver ring—and, accord-ing to the monkish legends, Joseph and Mary were married with a ring, only and amethyst. This ring was found by somebody in 990, and given by a Jerusalem Jeweler to a lapidary livvalue upon the relic until a miracle opened his eyes to its genuineness. He presented it to a church, where it worked wonderful cures upon ailing believers. In 1473, some sacrilegious rascal robbed the church of its treasure, after which, as such things were wont to do, it increased and multiplied, and was exhibited at divers churches in different parts of Europe. In the sixteenth century, the custom existed of inserting a motto posy within the hoop of an engagement ring. This custom was probably suggested by Greek sentimentalism, as, on searching the classics, we find that it was the Greeks who first gave mystic significance to rings, engraving upor them their legends or motioes, typical of love and devotion. From Javonal we learn that—at least during the Roman empire—the man put a ring on the finger of his betrothed as a piedge of his fidelity. At her actual marriage, the Roman bride usually received a ring bearing the figure of a key upon it, in token that henceforth she would be enarged with the keys of her hus band's house; and sometimes the keys them-solves were handed over to her at the same When an Anglo-Saxon bachelor and malden were betrothed, they exchanged presents or "weds," and the gentleman gave his ladylove a solemn kiss when he placed a ring apor her right hand, to remain there until he trunsferred it to her left hand, when the second and final ceremonial took place. In later times, wedding rings were hallowed before being pu to their proper use, by sprinkling with hely water, and the offering of a special prayer for the benefit of the wearer. When the bridegroom spoke the words, endowing his bride with all his worldly goods, he put the ring upon her thumb, saying, "In the name of the Father;" then upon her foreinger, saying, "In the name of the Son;" next, upon her middle inger, saying, "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" inally, placed the ring upon the woman's fourth finger,

THE USE OF TORACCO GAUSOS indigestion, palpitation, slowness of intellect, a desire for strong drink, and an intermittent pulse: it destroys the vitality of the blood, produces dizziness, disturbs sleep, makes a man misorable, and promaturely old. When the diseases are serious and stubbern, the best remedy is Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphitos, as it restores circulation, the nervous ganglin, builds up the nuscles, and induces healthy Liver, Heart, Stomach and Intellect.

#### SOIENTIFIO IT LMS.

A PICTURED cave has been discovered in Namaqua-Land, South Africa. It is about twelve day's march from Lake Ngami, and its walls are decorated with rade sketches of various animals, among which the anicornis completions. The drawings are believed to be the work of Bushmon, as traditions of the former existence of the uncorn are common among thom.

Is order to determine the amount of iron contained

strong sinewy grasp on my arm, my stripling str ngth would have been but as the strong gling of a hare in the fangs of a tiger. I might have beaten my head to pieces on those iron bars, but I would have never walked on the green grass or drank from the rippling burn again."

"The life of loneliness and gloom you devised for me has fallen on your own head, it is the conception of your own heart, almost your own hands that executed it."

"In another moment he was gone, I called to him who all his life had been my football, in accents of humble entreaty to return, he heeded me not—I heard every trainp, trainp of his footstep on the stone steps of the stairs, and in the dim distance I heard the panel shut, and in my wrath, (it was not despair then, or for heart of the content of the same stairs, and in the dim distance I heard the panel shut, and in my wrath, (it was not despair then, or for heart of the rains sensor sets in. An attempt is now being made in the Nelinghery Hills Southern India, to atticute the content of the same for artificial lakes in which to store water of irrigation.

Distificance has to be done, it will afford great assistance, as the swim ner any rest when he like, while it interfered with speed.

The action of the sen in forming sand-bars at the effectually dams up many of the emaller rivers of that aller only dams apmany of the emaller rivers of the rains sensor sets in. An attempt is now being made in the Nelinghery Hills Southern India, to atticute the content of the sensor of the school of the particular reconstitution.

Distiplication of the purpose is one of groat distinguity. Novel Laffe, but the stiff felt (deer-stalking) hats commonly wor. A hat of this deep the stiff felt (deer-stalking) hats commonly in the distinct of the distinct of the stiff felt (deer-stalking) hats commonly in the deep to the distinct of the print, and of the print, and the stiff felt (deer-stalking) hats commonly in the deep that had of the print, while it interfores very little with speed.

The action of

DISINFECTING DWELLING-ROOMS. -Some recent ex-

#### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

To Prevent Give Becoming Sour and Mouley The addition of a quantity of carbonate of sola jus

The addition of a quantity of carbonate of soda just sufficient to give a strong smell to the glue will accomplish the desired result.

Ever's Prepara.—Haif a pound of apples, half a pound of bread crumbs, a pint of milk, half a pint of currants, six ounces of sugar, two eggs and the gratted rind of a lemon. Chop the apples small; add the broad crumbs, currants, sugar and lemon-juice, then the eggs well beaten; boil it three hours, in a buttered mold, and serve with sweet sauce.

Outstart All Chapter—Peol and haif some middle.

buttered mold, and serve with sweet rance.

Ontons a la Cheme.—Peel and boil some middlesized onions in salt and water till quite tender, drain
them, and throw them into a stew pan with one ounce
of butter rolled in flour; shake them round till the
butter is quite dissolved; and a tenspoonful of
salt and as much white pepper, and then stir in by
degrees as much cream as will nearly cover them.
Shake the pan around until it is on the point of boiling, then serve.

Curling Fluid.—The following has been recommended to us as highly effective, and containing nothing injurious: —Take borax, two onnees; gum
arabic, one drachm: add hot water (not hoiling),
one quart; stir, and as soon as the ingredients are
dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits
of camphor. On retiring to rest wet the hair with
the above liquid, and roll it in twists of paper as
usual. Do not disturb the hair until morning, when
unwist, and form into ringlets.

To Make Transparent Pomade.—Here are two

unwist, and form into ringlets.

To Make Transparent Pomade,—Here are two recipes:—I. Take sperimaceti, two ounces: easter oil, five ounces: alcohol, three ounces: oil of bergamot, half a drachm: oil of portugal, half a drachm: Meit together the sperimaceti and caster oil, poor in the alcohol by degrees, stop the heat and add the oils. Sir well to incorporate, and pour into glass jars.—2. Take easter oil, two pounds: good and clear transparent soan, one counce; alcohol, one counce; dissolve the soap in the alcohol by the aid of a hotwater bath, heat the oil, and add to it the alcohol solution of generic add now spent preferred, and your solution of soap; add any scent preferred, and pour into glass jars.

into glass Jars.

A Most Excellent Domestic Confection.—Orange poel, preserved in sugar, is one of the most delightful confections which a family can use, far superior to the extracts sold in the shops. The peel should, of course, he perfectly clean, and cut in long, thin strips. Stew in water till all the bitterness is extracted. Throw away the water, and stew again for half an hour in a thick syrup made of a pound of sugar to one of peel, with just water enough. Put away in a cool place for flavouring puddings, pies, &c. For this purpose it should be chopped very line. No botter or cheapper flavouring can be furnished to a household.

No botter or encaper harouring can be turnished to a household.

Harmonious Colours in Upmoletery.—All colours have their origin in light, and the tone of one colour may be heightened or subdued by the contrast of another, that when placed side by side in a room it may look different from what it really is. This effect is, however, subject to variations according to the position of the windows. Colours appear most different as to optical composition when the complementary of one is added to the colour of the other. For instance, if window hangings be green, and the provailing colour in the carpet or ange-red, the complementary of green by adding to the orange will make it appear reader; and in like manner if the uishions of softs, chairs, &c., be blue, which is complementary to orange, be placed in a room covered with a carpet in which green predominates, the blue will appear more intense. Brown paper hargings, for instance, controst best with drab-coloured carpots, and blue with orange.

Drying Plowers in Sand.—There are, many of

will appear more incluse. Serial papear annealings, and blue with orange.

Daying Plowers in Sand.—There are, many of our brilliant-colored flowers, such as dablins, pansies, plaks, gersaliums, sweet-williams, carnations, gladioli, etc., which may be preserved so as to retain their colors and look well for years. White flowers will not answer well for this purpose, nor any very succulent plants, as hyacinths or cactages. Take half-shallow dishose, of sufficient depth to allow of covering the plants an inch deep with sand. Gotthe common white sand such as is used for scouring purposes, cover the bottom of the dish itself with a layer of the sand about half-shallow dishose half-shallow dishose of swill deep, and lay in the flowers with their stoms downward, holding them firmly in place while you sprinkle more sand over thom, until all the interstices between the petals are completely filled, and the whole flower buried out of sight. A broad dish will accommodate quite a number, allowing sufficient sand between. Set the dish in a dry, warm place where they will dry gradually, and at the end of a week pour off the sand and examine them. If there is any moisture in the sand, it must be dried before using again, or fresh sand may be poured over them in the same manner as before. Some flowers, require weeks to dry perfectly, while others will become sufficiently so to put away in a week or ten days. By this simple process flowers, ferns, etc., are proserved in their proper shape, as well as their natural colors, which is far better than to prose them in books. When arranged in groups, and mounted on a eard or in little straw baskets, they may be placed in deep frames under glass.

#### FARM ITEMS.

CURE FOR A HORSE PULLING AT HALTES.—A year ago I had a four-year old horse which had contracted the habit of pulling back whenever she was fastened. She would be sure to broak loose if what held her could be broken by her drawing in such a backward way. She was cured of the habit by taking a rope two feet long, fisstoning one end around her body just back of her shoulders, and passing the other ond through the ring of the halter and tying to the post. She hay back for her usual pull for a few times when ner body instead of her head, which she did not relish, and soon cave it op entirely. She can now be deft anywhere with perfect safety, as nothing will induce her to pull back when fastened.—Car. of Country Geatleann.

Corswood. Shere—bear was only confirmed as a contract of the contract CURE FOR A HORSE PULLING AT HALTER -A YOUR

left anywhere with period safety, as nothing will induce her to pull back when fastened.—Cor. of Country Geatleman.

Corswold Sheer.—Every year only confirms more and more the wisdom of our local men in preferring to be breeded in the ridge of the Royal Agricultural Society, our others to win the prizes, even though they may carry with them the honour that undoubtedly attaches to a prize of the Royal Agricultural Society, but such prizes involve a sierlike which our breeders wisely decline to make. It is enough for them to know what if others have won the honours, theirs is the credit of having supplied the materials for winning them. They have concened themselves only with keeping up the standard of the breed, and it is satisfactory to them to find that whether the actual prize winners are breed and full in the dry climate of Norfolk, or in the moister air of Glumorganshire, they have lost nothing of the true Ootswold character which has been so carefully preserved on our hills it was noted by owny of the best crities at the Cardiil Show that the Cotswolds wore never seen to greater advantage than they are this year. We have often heard it said that our local broeders ought to show more, if only for the sake of the number of i trenga buyers who attend our acricultural shows. The suggestion is plausible en such but our Cotswold men may be trusted, we inney, to know their own builts are to their exambility in spite of the temptation of prize-winning, would surely have led them to exhibit if it had been to their true interest to do so. Our sheep are pretty well known by this time, and wherever they are knownthey are valued for their expability of adapting themselves to any conditions in which they may be placed, a quality which could not be preserved long without careful breeding. We have from time to time published coomits of their doines, and the high prices they have realised in the United States, in New Mexico, in Canada, and other places, and this week we have just cut a paragraph out of a Californian paper

the parent stocks nover were in a finor condition than they are at this moment.—Wilts and Clourester Starlard.

Fastenna Horses in the Stall.—Farmers often find some trouble with their horses in properly restraining them in the stable or stall, and how to do it without any injury to the horse, and yet the horse he comfortable under his restraint, is a question with them. The accidents to the horse in the stable are various among farmors, for reasons often that they more frequently do not take the pains in care that is more necessary to their safety. Set, their other stock being more numerous, and other cares being pressing, the one or two horses kept on the farm are not so likely to receive as much attention in regard to safety, comfort. Acc. as the gentleman's or annatours; and again, their stables are differently constructed, so that they are from these and other causes more liable to accidents. If farmers would take one-half the care of their horses that the anatour horseman does of his, there would seldom, if over, be an accident in the stable. Among the various accidents that are of somewhat frequent occurrence is that of halter-casting, a not unfrequently dangerous and sometimes fatal one. The very mode of fastening often is the very worst, and so dangerously unwise that accidents of this kind are scarcely to be avoided; if the horse is not east, he often gets his fore-foot over the rein or halter-rope, and is thus prevented from taking his usual feed, if no further injury result. With suitable care to keep the halter-roin free from the feet, which is very easily done, there is very little danger of any accident resulting from this cause, and to do it, the halter-roin should not be too long-only just right when the horse stands up at the manger to get his hay from the rack without he rein drawing to annoy him. To fasten the horse safely, the halter-roin should pass through a ring at the rear of the manger, and the end be loaded when the order as the own of the manger to the manger to the stand on the leng

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Central Park, New York, is 876 acres in areas Phenix Purk, Dublin—one of the largest city park, in the world—covers 1,752 acres.

A MAN was put off a street car in New York recently for smoking. He recovered \$1,500 from the company, and now every car on the road looks like a

A CAR in which were a bright little maiden and her mather came rushing into the Central Depot. New York, the other day; and there, ongines were tooting hideously, hackmen howling, and small boys of dirty and fien-tish aspect were shouting "Morning Papers," Is it any wonder that the little girl ouddled up to her mother and inquired with terrihed awe: "Mannan, is this helt?"

Thy Mannan, is this helt?"

awe: "Mamma, is this hell?"

The Mechanica Magnetine describes a musical clock now being manufactured in Eugland, that will play seventy different tunes upon sixteen bells, the tune being selected by turning a hand on the dial. By a slight push upon a "stud" with the finger, the same tune may be repeated any number of times. The clock strikes the hours on a single large bell, and chimes the quarters on eight bells.

chimes the quarters on eight bells.

Anour Dork: He is a little man, with dense black hair and a ruddy complexion, healthy and sinewy, and with a confiding, triendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black mustache which select and firm lips, indoxes to a character which has always held him above the level of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul is in his work. He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires: and at the very moment that his admirers are swallowing their night-cap cup of coffee he is sketching vigorously. or pacing up and down in the studio, overmustered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper.

Apprintial, Eyes.—A French paper gives a detail-

ception which he dare not yet confide to paper.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—A French paper gives a detailad account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris,
from which the curious fact appears that the average
sale per week of eyes intended for the human beat
amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this
article carries on the business in a saloon of great
anguificence; his servant has but one eye, and the
effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is concentently tried in this servant's head, so that the
oustomer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is
about \$10 per eye. For the poor there are secondhand visual organs, which have been worn for a
time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at
roduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India
and the Sandwich Islands.

Jupag AND Pausongs.—An anecdote of Lord Chief

and the Sandwish Islands.

Judge and Prisuner.—An anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Holt is as follows: A poor woman arraigned for witcheraft. The witness deposed that she used a "speil." The speil produced in evidence—was a line from one of the classic p ets, written on parchment. The justice demanded to see it, and it was handed to him. "How came you by this?" he asked the prisoner. "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me to cure my daughter's ague." "Did it cure her?" "O yes, my lord, and many others." "I am glad of it." said the justice. "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was young and thoughtless, I went to this woman's house with some companions, had no money to pay the reckoning, and pretending that by a "speil." I could cure her daughter's ague, offered to give her this "speil." She accepted the proposition, and let us off scot free. If any one is

punishable it is the Lord-Chief Justice, and not the poor woman." Of course she was nequited, but the credulous multitude affirmed that the judge and jury were all bribed.

ine creations multitude affirmed that the judge and jury were all bribed.

Gold,—Geologists can see as far into a millstone as anybody, but they cannot decide where gold comes from. Occasionally such encruous nuggets are found, quite solitary, that it seems to indicate they were broken off from a large mass somewhere, and driven away in a torrent of gravel, whose onward, upward force was irresistible till the net with counter currents. That old theory which supposed the precious metal was existing in combination with others in a gaseons form, and occasionally precipitated by electricity into humps which worked their way like moles into the interior through strain of the earth's compact crust, is now quite obsolete. An impression is gaining advocates that gold exists in great bodies, somewhere not very far down, from whome tragments and particles are gradually brought up by aquatic agency. This gives a reasonable explanation of the diffusion of gold in small particles all over the globe.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Mex refine liquor, but liquor never returns the

THE who takes the best care of to-day has the least fear of to-more as Gone is the fool's curtain, which hides all his de-

Lier is like wine; he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

Those whom the devil tempts to presume, he afterwards tempts to despair.

wards tempts to despair:

A MAN who cannot mind his own business is not fit
to be trusted with the business of others. Or all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

Namowness of mind is frequently the cause of obstincey. We do not easily believe beyond what

The Arabs say. "Anger your friend, and you will be surprised to find what agreat villain you are, even in your friend's estimation."

If you are conscious of certain infirmities of character, select companions in whose society you would be ashanted to give way to them.

Tuk swan subdues the engle whon he attacks her n her own element; so the weakest may subdue on her own element; so the weakest may subduct the strongest fee if he but keep his place and do his duty.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask our-selves what description of character it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honoured? He that honoureth others.

In prespectly we are apt to feel too independent. It is when we stumble in dark and difficult ways, beneath startloss skies, that we feel and acknowledge the blessings of light. THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour.

and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission.

The perfume of a thousand roses soon dies, but the pain enased by one of their thoras remains long after: saddened remembrance in the midst of math is like that there amongst the roses.

We seek after three things—honour, riches, and repose. He who lives retired from the world gains honour; he who is contented with what he has is rich; he who despises the world, and does not occupy himself with it, will find repose.

A SINGERE man, like a sincere work, bears the stamp of nobility upon his connenance, no matter how rugged and uncouth his features may be. Sincerity classifies the whole soul, so that the light of heaven can shine plainly down into it.

New think a great lie a great sin, and a great shame to man; but, after all, little lies are much more dangerous, because there are so many of them, and because each one of thom is diamond-pointed. And those little, puty untraths, which are so small that we do not notice thom, and so numerous that we cannot estimate them, are the ones that take of the very enganel of the moral sonse—cut away its surface.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitatious, they rob them of their time. Such persons heg their duly happiness from door to door, as beggar's their duly bread, and like them sometimes meet with a rebail! A mere gassip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the incomposition visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself.

amissif.

A Popular author says:—" We shall all see one another in another state—that's the great comfort; and there too we shall understand one another (if over mistaken), and love and desire nothing but the extreme of good and reason to everybody. Nothing could persuade me to the contrary, setting even coverything else aside, were it only for the two considerations, that the Maker of Love must be good, and that in infinite space there is room for everything."

Some men, and some women, are always acting. Some men, and some women, are always acting. They cannot get up or sit down, they cannot move, they cannot speak, without thinking how they appear to others. It is painful to live with such persons. They are never natural; they cannot be natural. They are constantly studying for effect in everything. We must say that we like untural people. We like a good warm grip of the hand. We like a ringing, hearty laugh, no matter how loud it is. We like words that are carnest and true, and actions that are gonaine, spontaneous, and instructive. Give my warm nature rather than cold calculation.

gonune. spintaneous, and instructive. Give us warm nature rather than cold calculation.

Is the morning of life we paint, with the brush of fancy, our beautiful ideal of the future lying out hefore us—a picture of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, of flower-strewn paths and tropic blooms—a picture where joy and love and friendship and fame standsholding out their beautiful offerings, and we the central ligure of the whole. But how dilucrent the pictures painted cash day of life by the brush of pittless reality! Not one picture, but unany; for the scones are over shifting. The skies are clouded, and the sunshine faded. The flowers are whitered, and hide the thorns no longer. Sorrow steps in where joy had stood; hatred take the phace of love; friendship, that we had painted with a beautiful face, takes on the hideous look of treachery. At the eventide of life we gaze at the pictures in the gallery of memory, and, comparing the ones that fancy painted with those stamped upon our hearts by the stern realities of life, we wonder where fancy got its beautiful face colourings.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CELIE.—The Act to which you refer was passed at the Council of Trullo in the year A. D. 601. Overrone.—That number of our issue has since been reprinted, and we can send the back numbers

Maria Burgess.—Your note is received and fifty cents; but you do not state your address. Please write us again.

CARLOTTA.—A good reason should exist for every-thing one does. The name you send us has a good signification—bold, resolute, and without foar.

ALPERD.—We cannot decide in such a matter. The marriage, as you state it, was perfectly legal, apparently there was no need of secrecy, the registration is perfectly good. A certificate is unnecessary.

GEORGE, Orillia.—Subscriptions may commence at any time: the lat of January, lat of July, or the be-ginning of a story is the best. The Premium Plate is sent by return mail after receipt of remittance.

ARTIST, Peterborough.—The color you send us is not of a true kind, but is prismatic. There are many solors in use at the present day which are styled fancy," such as the "Solferino" and " Magenta."

CONTANGO.—The rate of interest at Verena in 1228 was fixed by law at twelve and a half per cent; at Modera, in 1270, it ranged up to twenty per cent. The first Bank of Doposit was instituted at Barcelona in the year 1401.

II. Matthews.—The letter you send is very antis-factory, and we thank you for the opinions expressed in it. In answer to your question, the person to whom you allude was a native of China, and the flag of that Empire is of yellow color, with a blue and white border.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

A and all conveyance-The police van.

THE worst of Downs - Down in the damps. Nor Suitable for a Bridle - A fourpenny bit.

What a Barber Mustn't do-Lather his wife. Ax Awful Swell -The cheek after a toothache. THE Best Weather for Calmen - Fare weather.

Vestuo interests-Money in the waistcoat packet. A avention comperes a shirt-button to life, be-cause it hangs by a thread.

A JERSEY City grover was quite smitten with his acighbor's wife. She did it with a rolling pin. Good AGAIN, "A fectotaller can never prove a friend at a pinch, because he has a horrer of a "nip."

Poor Joel! his head is level now if it never was fore." is the inscription on a tombstone in an lowa

Figure have not feet; this is strange, as we have ally to go to the dishmonger to behold the sole, the Deel, and the skate.

The New York Sun tells of an Ogdensburg man who are so much alst that he had to wear a tin shirt to keep the bones from tearing his clothes.

Who are the most exacting of all landlords? Why, children; because they never fail to make their own fathers and mothers pa-rents.

Why are coals the most contradictory artisles known to commerce? Because, whom purchased, listend organize to the buyer they go to the cellur. The editor of the St. Joe timette has at last ranched the height of housen nanouness. He has a shirt that opens at the bock, and feels so good that he wants some one to kick tim.

Them is a man down East, a rather facetions fel-low, whose name is New. He named the first child Something I it was Semething New. The next child was Nothing: it being Nothing New.

was Nothing; it being Nothing New.

As Office baggage smasher was knocked down by lightning the other day, but never let nothertanik he was operating on, and upon coming to his senses proceeded with the work of destruction.

Also Lottic Grant, who weighs four hundred and eighty-two pointels, is on exhibiting at a Wostern Fair, and a crazy paragraphis says that though she does not hold office her position is a fat one.

A Discrepance is Natural "Two sisters met at a railroad station." O, my dear sister?" excitanced on enthusiastically, as they cathraged. "You've been eating onions?" said the other, sternly and disgustedly.

celly.

Define Mrs. Mrs. Stowe thinks there comes a time after marringe when a husband has something else to do than to make direct love to his wife. This is probably the time when he is making love to another man's wife.

A cook in a fashionable Boston family, whose wages were sally in arrears, lately look her revonge by substituting her chignon for the dressing of a turkey on an occasion when her employer gave a grand dinner-party.

One of the Mesclames Brigham Young has been paying a visit to Cheuro, and they say that the competitive attention shown her by divorce hawpers who were anatoms to get the business of the family was something quito overwhelming.

18 New York mekties made of leather with gilt

was sometring quite overwhelling.

IN New York medities made of leather with gilt backers are said to have been proposed as the fashionable novelty for gentle near's wear the coming winter. A celebrated wit of the clabs, on being offered one of these, exclarined. "Is thy servant a dog?"

dog?"

Do Hall has written a long article to prove that it is unleastly for a man and his wife to sleep in the same room; but the editor of the New York than mercial knows some wives wine would make it decidedly unleastly for their husbands to sleep anywhere use.

where else.

Ose of our young married men has just made the discovery that he has married a left-handed woman. All his buttons are sewed on the wrong side. He manages to get along as far as the rost of his garmonts are concerned, but when he dons a closar shirt he has to lay down on his back and lash his right hand to the hed post. De is afraid he will have to use shoestrings.

strings.

"West, my little man, what are you going to do for a living when you grow up?" inquired a gentleman of a little boy at the Four Courts the other day, "O. I am going to be a hwyer," was the reply. "I believe I wouldn't be a lawyer, if I were in your place," said the gentleman, "Yos, my father is a lawyer, and I intend to be one, too," returned the little fellow, adding in a considential whisper, "If you are a lawyer the policeman can't take you up o'nights."

you are a lawyer the policeman can't take you up o'hights."

RED TAPE, "One of the celebrities of the Moscow ballet lately called upon a local official with a request that he would give her the usual formal permission to take a month's tour in the provinces for the bone-fit of her health, retaining her salary during the time of furlough. The man in office received her very politely, and asked for her written portition." I have no written pertino," answered the artist: "I had no idea that such a thing was necessary."

Not necessary, madain? Why, nothing cam be done without it? What am I to do, then?" "Hore are pens, ink and paper; he so good as to sit down and write while I dietate." The high obeyed; the potition was written, signed and folded. "And now," said the representative of instica. "you have only to deliver it." "To whom?" "To whom?" repeated the official, with a slight smile at her simplicity. "To one, of course!" And taking the petition which he had himself dietated, he produced his spectacles wiped them carefully, adjusted them upon his nose, read the whole document as though it were perfectly new to him, docketed it and alled it in due form, and then, turning to the injection dansense, said, with the atmost gravity: "Madaim, I have read your petition, and regret extremely that I cannot grant it."

### HEARTHSTONE SPHINX

28. ANAGRAM.

Read me forwards, I am the highest point of everything; read me backwards, scarcely anything

25. ENIGMA.

Three-fold, most famous rocks are we— World-famed, and much renowned; A verbant isle we proudly guard By beetling chifs high-crowned.

Take us then singly, one by one; The housewife's pride are we. The shutern's dread, the schoolgirl's aid, If she be "busy bee."

Without us sailors could not cross The ocean's boundless space: There must in every ship that sails For us be found a place.

Our eyes, though used from morn till ove, We never close in hod; Our lives are fragile, for, in truth, They hang upon a thread.

26. CHARADE.

In my whole you'll find my first;
Of my first my whole is made.
If off you do not read my whole,
You'll be thrown quite in the shade.
Grouse.

26. DOUBLE REBUS.

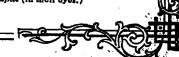
A town in the Chinese empire; a mixture of vine-gar and honey; a Turkish law official; a short-lived insect; a colour. The initials give the name of a celebrated ancient poet, and the finals that of his greatest work.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 39. 226.—Execus.—A flag.—I, on ships, in armies; 2, on a church steeple; 3, carried in processions; 4, toy flag; 5, large banner; 6, llag of victory or rejoicing; 7.8, flagstones; 9: pavements: 10, 11, the water flag and the garden flag; 12, stones of the street; 13, haumered and benten by the paviour; 14, stones; 15 plants: 16 ensign presented to soldiers; 17, to droop or grow dejected.

or grow dejected. 227. Phose Chanapes.—1, Winchoster ; 2, Green-law ; 3, Castlebar ; 4, Dun'tirk ; 6, Madrid ; 6, Cour-

228. CHARADE.-Sir John Donham.

22). CONUNDRUMS.—1. It is re-membered; 2. It's a guinea less-on; 3. It is a going to metre (meet-her;) 4. When 'tis a "blowing up;" 5. Of a Parry; 6. They have always had pupils (in their eyes.)





#### THE MAIL ROBBER.

## Story of a Government Detective.

BY A DETROIT REPORTER.

Complaints had been made that valuable letters passing between Smithville and Holden, two New England towns about seventy miles apart, had been robbed on the route, or at one apart, had been robbed on the route, or at one of the two post offices. This was before the days of money orders, and also previous to the days when Smithville and Holden were connected by raifronds. But little attention was paid to the complaints at first, as the public are always too roady to find fault, and too slow in appreciating the mail man who strives successfully against temptation; but when the firm of Cash & Co. lost from a letter addressed to them from Smithville, cash to the amount of \$390, from Smithville, each to the amount of \$300,

then I got orders to take the case and hang to it until the rogue or rogues were brought to justice. Naturally enough, I first turned my attention to the two postmasters. I found that both be-longed to the churen; both stood above suspi-cion in the minds of their friends, and that there was reason to believe that both were honest. But the reason to believe that both were honest. But It was my duty to prove them so. This was not a difficult matter. I had first to get the confidence of the stage driver, who was also the mail car-rier (the law was lax then) between the two towns. I knew that the driver had nothing to do with the robberies, as he had no keys to the bags, and his bungling fingers could never have unsealed the letters, rescaled them after abstracting their money, and prepared the package again. This was what made the case a mysngain. This was want made the third tery. The letters were not stolen, but were

manipulated.

With my mind made up that some post-office clerk, or some clerk's friend would prove the guilty party, I went to work. Standing at the window of the Holden post-office, I scaled up a bank bill in a letter, the clerk watching mo, though I pretended I did not see him. This was late in the afternoon, and next morning I was out on the road, on horseback, waiting for the Smithville stage. Pixly, driver and mail carrier, always carried the bacs under his feet. rior, always carried the bags under his feet. I hitched my horse behind, mounted up on his seat, and as we rolled along I opened the bag. My letter was there all right, as also two letters

containing money, which I had dropped into the receiving box unnoticed by any one. Getting down and mounting my horse, I reached Smith-ville next day two hours ahead of the stage. Standing by the window, I saw the postmaster and his clerk distribute the mail, and my three letters, as soon as picked up, were placed in the box of a friend to whom I had directed them. He came in presently, called for them, and we went to his office and opened them. The money

was gone!
I had seen the letters through both post-offices all right, but yet they had been robbed. I was puzzled over the mystery, and in spite of myself I began to mistrust Plaly. I would lay another trap. I scaled up four one dollar bills in different letters, directed them to four mythical citizens of Smithville, but all to the care of one box, and dropped them into the Holden postoffice. I repeated my maneuvre of overhanling onice. I repeated my manacture of overhanding the bags, found the letters all right, and then harried on to Smithville. The mail was poured out on a table, the letters sorted and boxed without any delay, but when I opened my four letters I found that they had been robbed again. I had carefully examined the letters, and I found that each one had been rescaled with new multiple. The thick had be three care spread the clinge. The thief had in three cases spread the muchage considerably beyond the point where the original had ended, but altogether had made a neat job. None of the letters were in the least torn or defaced.

The two postmasters were cleared, and now who was the robber? Pixty's face came danging before me, and I said to myself, "Thou art the man!" Now, to hunt him down and secure the man!" Now, to must him down and secure the proofs, without informing him of the results of my experiments; I told him that I was going away and would trouble him no more. He talked so frankly, and carried such an honest face under my scrutiny, that I doubted again if

I went to the hotel, overhauled my trunk I went to the hotel, overhauled my trunk, and the next morning a fat man, having red hair, wearing spectacles, and being of a very chatty turn, got upon the seat with Pixly as a passenger to Holden. My disguise was so complete that he could not suspect it. I intended to stick by the mail bags until I saw them delivered at the Holden post office, and if Pixly was the guilty party I should nait him. I had mailed three letters this time, only one of which contained money, though all weighed the same, and no one but an expert could have told which one contained the money.

I had reason to believe that the letters were in the bag at my feet as I mounted up with Pixly, but in my disguise I of course could make no examination. Riding along, I manaved the conversation so as to finally bring him to talk about the mystery. It troubled him

"It makes me feel mighty uncomfortable? he remarked, his brow clouding. "I have lived in Smithville nigh on to forty years, and carried the mail for upwards of fifteen, and this is the first time that I ever had the slightest trouble. Something's mighty wrong somewhere, and I'll gin fifty dollars out e' my own

neeket to have the trouble cleared up."

If Pixly was guilty, he knew how to act the hypocrite better than any criminal I had ever encountered. A day or two would, I hoped, solve the puzzle, and allow me to lay my hand on the right party.

The coach rumbled along until noon, and then drew up to a tavern for dinner and a change of horses. I had my eyes open, to see what became of the mull bags. There were three of them, two for intermediate post offices, and one for Holden, instead of having all the

mail in one bag, and the letters and papers bunched up so that the two other post masters would have the handling of the bag. As this was a post office, one bag was left here. Pixly took the other two on his arm, carried them into the hotel, and I saw them locked up in an old chest in one corner of the While waiting for dinner I examined the chest pretty closely, and saw that it was stout and firm, and could not be entered, except one had a key. The landlord had an open, honest face, and when we rose up from the dinner table I was sure that I must look further for the robber.

The afternoon passed away without incident and just before dark we arrived at Liverpool, a small village, which was the half-way station. We were to remain here over night, and would reach Holden next day at dusk. Again I watchfor the one as the stage drove up, and the driver took the Holden bag, passed in bohind the bar of the hotel, and looked it up in a little dark room. As near as I could judge, the room had but one door, and was used for no other purpose than to contain the host. than to contain the bag. I, however, determined to find out, and after supper, as Pixly and I sat smoking, I mentioned that he took extra care of the mail at this point.

extra care of the mail at this point.
"To tell you the truth," he replied, looking around and lowering his voice, "I am half a mind to believe that all the trouble about the

letters has its start here. The room is the baggage room, but it's not once a year that it is used for anything but the bag; in fact, the landlord lost his key about a month ago, and 1 now hold the only one which unlocks it. I pay him a small rent for use of the room, as I am sworn to take good care of the mails, and must use all precautions."

"How about the landlord?" I inquired.
"Oh! 'tain't him," replied Pixley; "I have
known Tom Bell twenty years, and he isn't the kind of man to turn mull robber. No; it's some one cise, but I can't guess who. The bag some one cise, but I can't guess who. The bag hangs just where I put it the night before, locked up just the same, and I can't say that any one has touched it."

I made no reply, and after a stroll through the quiet village, retired for the night, and slep "ellie a log" until aroused by the breakfast bell. We were off in good season, and entered Holden on time, when Pixly delivered the bag into the hands of the post master, resigned the lines to the hostler, and went off home. Know-ing now that I had matters at a focus, I walked over to the post office just in time to see my Securing them, I hastened to the hotel, and in five minutes had made the discovery that none of the letters had been opened and that none had been robbed. This was another puzzle. I was quite certain that none of the post masters than that I was quite certain that none of the post masters. knew that I was hunting them, and so it came around to Pixly again. He was the robber. He had become affald, and had let the bag go

hall ran clear from end to end of the building, and I just got sight of a white figure entering a door at the further end. I passed quickly down and looking up at the transom, could see a dim light, and could also hear a slight rattling from light, and could also hear a slight rattling from the mail bag. Picking up a chair I placed it beside the door, mounted up, and then I discovered the mail robber. A woman about thirty years old, in her night clothes, was just unlocking the bag. She opened the padlock without difficulty, put it one side, and then drew the strap and opened the bag.

I had a good view of her. She seemed a little excited, but did not hurry. Emptying the letters out on the table — there were about a

letters out on the table — there were about a hundred—she sat down, and picked up one and held it between her and the caudle. With a shake of her head, she laid it one side, and took another; this she hild in another place. I think she was a full hour sorting over the let-ters, as she took up each one, and then sho had eight laid to one side. Taking a common round eight laid to one side. Taking a common round pen-holder from a drawer, she then proceeded to open those letters. Her dexterity was wonderful Inserting the small end of the holder under the flap of the envelope, she rolled the holder over and over, and the entire flap peeled up without a stop or a break.

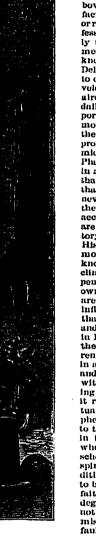
My letter was uncore them. I pleinly saw

She passed out into the hall, and I heard the stairs creak as she went up. I rose up, lifted the chair away, and crept up stairs after her. A the mail of a large sum of money, and been the oreasion of much anxiety and annoyance, but no earthly court could call her to justice.

To Socrates the world is indebted for checking the spread of the many absurd theories of creation, and discourses on nature which were fashlomable in his day. He showed forcibly how little men who set up for professors really knew about these matters, and he laboured with success to their the attention of his heaves. about these matters, and he laboured with suc-cess to turn the attention of his hearers from physics to morals. He brought the powerful lest of his cross-questioning Elenchus to bear on the misty, wordy speculations of would-be-scien-tific doctors, and he stigmatized conceit of knowledge without the reality as far more dis-graceful than ignorance. He scattered in his discourses the seeds of all that Plato taught of general terms, or, in other words, of those me-taphysical abstructions called ideas, according to which visible things were made and concrete pen-nonder from a drawer, she then proceeded to open those letters. Her dexterity was wonderful Inserting the small end of the holder under the flap of the envelope, she rolled the holder over and over, and the entire flap peeled up without a stop or a break.

My letter was among them. I plainly saw her remove the money, and she also took the money from the other seven. Then she went to discourse, In the early part of his career he had occupied his mind with physics, and when Aristophanes produced "The

when Aristophanes produced "The Clouds," and made Socrates the hero, he brought him on the stage as treading the air and speculating about the sun, while his disciples ransacked the bowels of the carth. But Socrates, in fact, became disgusted with physics, or rather with the ignorance of its pro-fessors, and giving his thoughts main-ly to the study of himself, he sum-med up his philosophy in the well-known words of the inscription at Delphos. His object was not so much to communicate knowledge as to devolop in others the gorms of knowledge already discoverable in them. He daily and hourly sought and found opportunities for awakening and guiding moral consciousness, and inquiry into the end and value of our actions. He the end and value of our actions. He professed to practice a kind of mental midwifery, and to imitate his mother, Phemerete, who was really a midwife, in an intellectual way. He believed that almost all persons know more than they suppose, but that they have never been led to express accurately their own ideas. His political life, his accusation, trial, sentence, and death are matters belonging to Grecian history, and familiar to all our readers. tory, and familiar to all our readers. His admirable discourses on the im-mortality of the soul are equally well known, and if we are sometimes in-clined to regret that he did not use the pen and record with his own hand his own acute and magnificent ideas, we are consoled by the reflection that his influence as a philosopher was wider than that ever attained by any writer, and that ever attained by any writer, and that when dead he lived and spoke in Plato and Xenophon, in Euclid and the Megaries, in Aristippus, the Cyreniac Antistinenes, and Diogenes, all in a greater or less degree his disciples and that to this day he supports from without much of the negative teach. without much of the peculiar teaching of Christianity, and helps to render it respectable in the eyes of intellectual men. But for a line of philosophers such as Socrates and Phito, alive to the supernatural, education would in the course of ages have become wholly materialists and Christian wholly materialist, and Christian schools, left alone in their belief of spiritual realities, would have no traditions of natural religion whereon to butld, and to which to appeal. The faith of the church depends in some degrees on the faith of those who are not of the church, for in conducting missions there can be no results in de-fault of all common ground between the preacher and hearers.—The Ikav-thorn.



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS .- LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

through without molestation. I was so certain | a trunk, deposited the money in a libbe, brought of his guilt that I almost determined to arrest back a bottle of muchage, and in five minutes of his guilt that I almost determined to arrest him, hoping to find some of the marked bills on his person or in his house.

along another disguise in a bundle, and next morning when the stage drove up to the door, a man with heavy black whiskers, stove-pipe man with neavy black whiskers, stove-pipe hat, and wearing green goggles, got into the the stage. I had dropped into the post office a letter containing a \$2 bill, and if that bill failed to reach Smithville, some one would be arrested for robbing the mails.

for robbing the mails.

I was the only passenger except an old woman and we had a dull day of it. Pixly carried the same face as on the day before, and exercised the same caution in locking up the bag when we reached Liverpool. It was midsummer, and when ten o'clock came, he went to the barn to sleep on the hay with the hoster, while I was shown to a room up stairs. I threw off everything but pants and shirt, and made up my mind not to so to sleep that night. Something mind not to go to sleep that night. Something told me that I should be able to unravel the mystery before many hours, and I sat down before the window to wait until the house was

Out in the country people do not hold late hours, and wear the tired look of dwellers in cities. By eleven o'clock, even the dogs of Liver-pool were saleep. There was no stir about the house, and I tossed my cigar out of the window and determined to go down and keep watch over the mail bag. If discovered prowling around below, I could make plenty of excuses to account for my presence. Barefooted, I slipped out of my room, crept softly down stairs, through the hall and presently entered the bar-room. The night was not dark, but in the room one

crowded into a corner could not be easily seen.

I sat down on the floor in the corner farthest from the room which contained the bag, drew a chair in front of me, and my watch com-menced. To get the bag one must enter the room, and no one could enter it without my see ing them. I fully expected that before daylight I should have Pixly, and perhaps the hostler, under my care.

Half an hour went by, and then I began to get sleepy. The room was very warm; and in spite of my determination to exercise great vispillance, I actually went off to sleep before the clock struck midnight. But, I did not sleep long. About half past twelve o'clock I was awakened by a slight click, as if a key had turned back the bolt of a lock, and I was all attention in a moment. Through the gloom I county is the little for white surveys the little for caught sight of white garments at the little door caught sight of white garments at the little door behind the bar, and next moment I heard the mail bag rattle as it was taken down. I was considerably excited, but I did not move. Some one come towards me, carrying the bag, and I made out that it was a woman!

had rescaled the letters, taking great pains not to stain the envelopes. When she commenced putting the letters back into the bug, I got down But after a little reflection I gave up the idea, and determined to try him again. I had told him on the evening before that I was to stop in Holden a whole week, and now I meant to give him one more trial. I had brought to give him one more trial. I had brought to give him one more trial. I had brought to give him one more trial. I had brought to give him one more trial. I had brought to the bag, and then come back after replac-

ing it.
I would have given a hundred dollars had the I would have given a hundred dollars had the robber been a man. I had seen the woman about the house, and knew her to be a sister of the landlord's wife. I knew just what a time of hysterics, weeping and wailing there would be, and dreaded the coming of the morning. But I must do my duty, and when morning came I had planned to do it in a way to prevent much of a scene. I intended to wait until just before the stars left excess her secure the proofe and the stage left, expose her, secure the proofs, and take her on to Smithville, and from thence to Brownfield, where she could be arraigned before a United States Court. By the time the had got to understand what was occurring, I

would be away with my prisoner. The programme was duly carried out. I called the landlord aside, told him what I had seen, and we went up to her room and found the money and other proofs. He was dumbfounded and almost crazy, but did not propose to inter-fere in any way. Going downstairs, we passed into the dining room where Anna was washing dishes. She must have suspected that her guilt was known, for she fainted away before we reached her. On recovering, she asked for twenty minutes' time to dress for the journey, and I, of course, granted it. I did not like the way she received the denouement. Instead of going off into hysterics, as I had looked for, she was very calm, and her eyes had a look which I could not account for.

"I will not detain you long," the said, as I stook at the head of the status of what for the test of the head of the status of the status

stood at the head of the stairs to wait for h

dress.

The news had traveled over the village, and the hotel was soon crowded with anxious citizens. The landlord was sobbing, his wife walling, and I felt like a oriminal. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and An

na did not come; knowing how excited she must be, I extended the time ten minutes, and then knocked at the door of her room. No answer The door was locked, and after a time I called

Death had cheated me of my prisoner, Swinging to and from the end of a rope fastened over the window was the corpse of the mail-robber, dead five minutes before our entrance. On the table was a slip of paper bearing the words : " I

alone am guilty."

I learned that the woman had once been employed in the family of a postmaster in another part of the State. She must have picked up the mail key around the house, and after coming to her sister's, and seeing how easily she could use it, being so strongly tempted that she could not resist. In her dress pocket was also found the

#### SOCRATES.

## MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Oct. 4th. 1872. The following were the latest telegrams received on Change:—

FROM LIVERPOOL OM LIVERPOOU.

1.30 p. m.
s. d. s. d.
32 6 00 00
112 0 6 12 8
112 4 6 00 0
13 3 6 13 4
30 9 6 00 0
3 0 6 00 0
3 0 6 00 0
40 6 6 00 0
40 6 6 00 0 2.30 p. m.
s. d. a. 00
12 0 @ 00
12 0 @ 12
12 4 @ 12
13 3 @ 13
30 9 @ 00
3 6 @ 00
3 0 @ 00
40 6 @ 00
40 6 @ 00 Red Wheat... Red Winter... White...

wo out that bugs at parto, and 200 do at the to.
\$ c. \$ c.
Superior Extra, nominal 0 00 to 0 00
Extra 7 75 to 7 80
Favey 7 25 to 7 30
Frosh Supers (Western Wheat) 6 65 to 6 70
Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat,) 6 65 to 6 70
Strong Bakers' 6 80 to 7 00
Supers from Western Wheat (Welland
Canal (fresh ground) 6 65 to 6 70
Supers, City brands (Western Wheat), 6 70 to 6 75
Canada Supers, No 2 6 15 to 6 20
Western States, No 2 0 00 to 0 00
Fine 5 20 to 5 30
Middlings 3 95 to 4 25
Pollards 2 50 to 3 25
Upper Canada Bag Flour, # 100 lbs 2 85 to 3 25
City bags, (delivered) 3 40 to 3 45
Warner - Wardest suiet A same of No. 7 Miller

Wirkat.—Market quiet. A cargo of No. 1 Milwau-- Spring, to arrivo, was taken at \$1.40 yesterday P. M. OATHRAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5.—
OATHRAL, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5.—
OUpper Canada
PRAS, \$\Phi\$ bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 85c to 90c. A car
of new changed hands at 92jc.
OATS, \$\Phi\$ bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 32c.
CORN.—Market nominal at 57 to 58c.
BARLEY, \$\Phi\$ bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c,
for now.

BARLEY, P bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c, for new.
BUTER, per lb.—Market quiet. Recont transactions were at 14je to 15c, for fair dairy Western; and 15 to 17c for good to choice do.
CHRESLY, P ib.—Market a\_shade firmer. Factory fine 10je to 11je.

§ FORK, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market firm; New Mess, \$17.50 to \$17.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.

LARD.—Winter rendered firm at 114c per lb. ABRES, \$10.50.

See Pearls firmer. Firsts, \$9.20 to \$9.25.



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