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# THE FAVORITE

Vol. I.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

PRICE FIVE CENTS OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CR.

## MY LADY'S SLIPPER.

Torn at the heel, out at the toe,  
Brooke half dim, and rumped the bow;  
Quaint in design, dainty in size,  
Something Titania's self might prize;  
Hinting of instep's proud impress;  
Hinting of dimpled foot's carress—  
How came you perched on my papers and chair,  
With such an impudent, coquettish air?

Gay little buckle, arch little heel,  
Will you my lady's life reveal?  
Tell where you bore her such a day?  
If to the church? if to the play?  
If through the dance's dizzy maze,  
Twinkling faster than eye could gaze?  
If through the wet, tangled grass in the lane,  
Seeking the lover who lures in the rain?

Tell me if ever daintiest foot  
Walk into mischief? Do they meet  
Hard, sharp stones and slippery ways,  
Misty nights and drearier days?  
Tell me if ever Want and Pain  
Lift for her soothing tread in vain?  
Tell me if sorrow e'er lurks by her side?  
Tell me if Love is her faithfullest guide?

Not into evil, dear little friend,  
Let my lady's footsteps tend.  
Watch no brave man's loving heart  
Her proud foot shall spurn apart.  
Grant this tiny slipper soon  
Meets a heavier pair of shoon,  
Whose stout make and stronger will  
Shall my lady's pathway fill,  
Turn her haughty foot aside,  
Subject to their manlier stride;  
Quick to aid it, swift to cheer,  
Up the rocky hill-side tread;  
While the patter of willing feet  
Makes music in his heart most sweet!

## FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

## TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

### A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

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

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE KING'S FAVORITE.

On the morning of the third day after Raoul had missed seeing the king on his way to Bel-Ebat, the hall, ante-chamber, audience-chamber and council-chamber leading to his majesty's private cabinet, presented, at five o'clock, a truly imposing appearance. All these rooms in the Louvre were occupied by a compact crowd of courtiers, who, according to their offices and dignities, waited in one or other room to present their respects to the king, as soon as his majesty should have asked for his morning cloak and sword.

Henry III. was in his cabinet, the servants charged with the important duty of dressing him engaged in the discharge of their office. Near him, in a large arm-chair, loling in an attitude of almost incredible carelessness, was a young man of handsome figure and highly intelligent features.

The face of the king, which was ordinarily stamped with an expression of real good-heartedness, was this morning marked by a look of mortification and embarrassment.

"My son," he said to the young man seated before him, "your unjust reproaches pierce me to the heart. Why do you constantly affect to believe that I do not love you? You know well, my dear d'Arques, that you and Lavalette possess my entire affection. If you would not make me the most miserable of men, cease this painful jest, and confess that you do not doubt my attachment."

The young man whom the king addressed as d'Arques received with a smile of incredulity the king's professions of devotion, and replied in an ironical tone:



RAOUL'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

"I am quite sure, sire, if I were to take you at your word, you would find yourself so much embarrassed as to speedily wish me at the devil. That, sire, is why, instead of taking you at your word, I pursue the more open course of discussing the matter with you."

"Silence, ungrateful!" cried the king, in a tone that changed the command into an appeal. "To speak to me in this way, you must have been secretly mixing yourself up with the League, and taken an oath to worry me to death. The language you use is neither that of a friend nor of a subject; you forget that I am the king."

At these words d'Arques rose quickly and placed himself in a humble and respectful attitude.

"Sire," he said, gravely, "I beg, on both knees, your Majesty to forgive me the freedom of my language. If the king had not authorized me to treat him as gentleman to gentleman, I should never have permitted myself to behave so towards him. The moment your majesty reminds me of the respect I owe him, I become his most humble subject, and await whatever orders he may deign to give me."

The action and the reply of the young courtier made a strong impression on the king, in whose eyes tears instantly glittered.

"My son," he cried, "why can you take such pleasure in tormenting me? Why do you remind me that heaven, by placing me upon the throne, has condemned me to isolation? Do not be so cruel, d'Arques. Drive away that cold look from your face. You know well that between you and me there is neither sceptre nor crown. We are, as you said just now, two gentlemen, two friends, and companions in arms—

better still, two brothers. Come, come, d'Arques—your anger has passed away, has it not? Sit down again, and let us talk as if not a cloud had, even for a moment, come between us."

"Sire," replied the favorite, without stirring, "if the king orders me, he shall be obeyed; if it is a request addressed to me by Henry de Valois, the gentleman, I shall not heed it."

"Ill-natured!" murmured the king, in a tone of affectionate reproach. "What have I done, that you should be so merciless? Since you drive me to extremities—yes; it is the king who orders you to be seated, to recover your habitual gaiety, amiability, and abandon, and to treat him with the brotherly familiarity always so delightful to him."

The favorite re-seated himself in his arm-chair, but his face was still overshadowed.

"Duc de Joyeuse—for in a few days your accounts of Joyeuse will be raised into a duchy, and you will have a right to bear this title—take care how you venture to disobey the orders of your king!" said Henry, in a coaxing tone.

"I, sire—in what?"

"Have I not commanded you to drive from your countenance this villainous shadow that persists in darkening it?"

"Henry," cried the Duc de Joyeuse, in a voice really moved by feeling, "I beg you not to exhibit so much attachment to me: the thought that, some day or other, you may withdraw your friendship from me, prevents my enjoying the signal and numberless favors you shower upon me, and leaves me, envied of all, as I am, the most miserable gentleman at your Court."

"I withdraw my friendship from you!" cried Henry III., with such indignation as might have

been aroused in him by the occurrence of some frightful act of blasphemy; "you know that that is impossible!"

"Why, then, do you refuse my request, Henry?—why do you not give me a position so elevated that envy, reduced to impotence, shall be compelled to renounce all attempts to rouse me in your regard? Why not change into reality the title of brother which your heart already accords to me? But no—you dare not! Instead of eagerly seizing the idea of cementing this alliance, you listen to the propositions of the ambassador of Ferrara, who solicits the hand of your sister-in-law, Marguerite of Lorraine, for his master, Alphonso d'Este!"

"Henry, if I did not love you with unequalled devotion, if my affection for you were not proof against all trial, I should never have dared to speak to you of this marriage. I am not swayed in this matter—I give you my word as a gentleman—by any feeling of cupidity or ambition. You yourself know what little use I make of greatness and riches. My sole desire, I repeat, is to create between you and myself such a bond as envy itself shall be powerless to break.—One last word, Henry. If, forgetting that you are king—that is to say, the absolute master of your subjects, and fearing the clamor of the envious through at my elevation, you refuse my prayer, I make a solemn and irrevocable oath that I will retire at once and for ever from the Court. I shall prefer to see you regret my voluntary exile than to submit to your indifference. I fear neither poverty, disgrace, nor abandonment; but the thought that I had lost your friendship I could not bear."

"My dear son," cried the king, deeply affected, "you are right; nothing but death must separate us. I will this very day dismiss the ambassador from Ferrara, and within a month you shall marry the queen's sister."

Henry III. rose from his seat, gently pushing back Camusat, the oldest of his body servants, who was at the moment holding ready his majesty's pourpoint, and throwing his arms about his favorite's neck, kissed him warmly on both cheeks.

While this little scene was passing between Henry III. and the Duc de Joyeuse, the chevalier, his brain on fire and his heart violently agitated, dismounted from his horse before the gates of the Louvre. De Maurevert's prediction had been realized. The young man had the evening before received an order to attend at the rising of his majesty.

"My dear companion," De Maurevert remarked to him, after the messenger's departure, "let this be a lesson to you for the future. Never forget that every man has his feeble and sneaking side on which he is vulnerable. To oppose force by force is to produce a struggle, with the chance of defeat. One can only engage with security after having carefully sought out the weak side of one's adversary. If you had had nothing but the goodness of your cause to rely on, the king would assuredly never have condescended to grant you an audience. Flatter one of his manias, serve him in one of his absurdities, and then it is the king himself who comes to you!"

"And now, my dear Raoul, suffer me—for really you are not a good hand at business—one last bit of advice. When you are introduced to his majesty don't give him any of those exaggerated compliments. Kings are used to speeches—great eloquence goes for very little with them. What they like—because it is what they rarely get—is people who amuse them—or clever flatterers, who, under the appearance of rough frankness, ply them with the most extravagant laudation."

"It is of no use attempting to prove to his majesty that the Marquis de la Tremblais is an abominable miscreant; what you have to do is to assure Henry III. that he is the most accomplished man in the world. One word more: the king is very fond of dress; your costume must be irreproachable. Here, my dear friend, are two hundred crowns to help you to dress yourself. No refusal! The devil—we are not on a footing of compliments and ceremonies. The money a courtier spends in finery is money well laid out. I will add, if you wish it, that I make no objection to your giving me your note of hand for five hundred crowns; but my sole wish, in making you this advance, is to oblige you."

Thanks to the generosity and advice of the captain, when Sforzi reached the Louvre, the following morning, his appearance was elegant in the extreme. At the moment he was giving his horse into the charge of one of the grooms in waiting, Henry III. was saying to his future brother-in-law, the Duc de Joyeuse:

"Have you remembered, as I begged of you,

to send for the gentleman who demanded twenty thousand crowns for that delicious little spaniel, I saw on my way to Bel-Esbat, the day before yesterday?"

"You know well, Henry, that your requests are orders to me. This gentleman ought now to be in the waiting-hall."

"Thanks, my dear D'Arques. What do you think of his demand?—twenty thousand crowns for a spaniel! I never heard of such a thing! All last night I did nothing but think of this spaniel. As far as I could judge at a mere glance, the dog is wondrously beautiful."

"Possibly, Henry. What rouses my indignation is, that his master, knowing the king's desire, should not have hastened to gratify it, without making any sort of conditions."

"Alas, my dear son!—kings are rarely beloved by their subjects."

"Henry!" cried the future Duc de Joyeuse in a slightly reproachful tone, "it is somewhat ungrateful, as well as unjust, for you to say such a thing. Do you esteem as nothing the incomparable attachment which binds us to you, Lavalette and me? What man in all the extent of your kingdom can boast of possessing such friendship? Not one!"

"You are right, my dear D'Arques; you two represent to me France entire.—I am truly curious to see this twenty-thousand-crown man. Shall we have him brought in?"

"With pleasure, Henry."

The king at once gave orders to one of his attendants, and shortly afterwards the Chevalier Sforzi appeared at the door of his majesty's cabinet.

So grave was the young man's purpose, and so heavily did it weigh upon his mind, that for a moment his self-possession deserted him. If the king had abruptly spoken to him, while he was making the customary three bows, he would have been utterly incapable of making an answer. His embarrassment was of short duration, however; the thought of Diane speedily bringing back to him all his energy.

After bowing thrice, he remained standing at a distance of about five or six paces from the chair in which his majesty was seated, waiting until it should please the king to address him.

Though ordinarily gay of humor and good-natured, the sight of Raoul appeared to produce an unpleasant impression on D'Arques. He fixed upon him a haughty look, and addressed him in a sharp and overbearing tone:

"You are the person, monsieur, who has dared to haggle with the wishes of his majesty? Your conduct appears to me singularly ill-judged. In spite of the dress of a gentleman, which you wear, you are doubtless the son of some artisan? Just try and explain the irreverence of your behavior. His majesty deigns to listen to you."

The paleness which had overspread the chevalier's countenance on being introduced to the presence of the king gave place to a lively hue of red at the Duc de Joyeuse's words; and when the duke ceased to speak, he remained silent.

"Did you hear what I said to you?" demanded the favorite, sharply.

Sforzi bit his lower lip till the blood came, and his downcast eyes flashed with indignation; but he still remained silent and motionless.

Henry III. spoke to him.

"Do you not see, monsieur," he said, "that my beloved brother, the Duc de Joyeuse, is getting impatient? Why do you not answer the questions he has deigned to address to you?"

"Sire," replied Sforzi, "I hope your majesty will pardon my ignorance of the usages of the Court of France. I had thought—so great and immense is my reverence for royalty—that no one had the right to speak before the king, until invited and authorized by his majesty himself."

"Your instincts have not deceived you," replied Henry III. "Such is, indeed, the usage."

The Duc de Joyeuse could not repress an angry gesture, and the king, whose tone had at first been somewhat sharp, went on more gently, looking fixedly at Sforzi while speaking:

"How do you reconcile, monsieur," he said, "the immense respect you pretend to feel for royalty with the exorbitance of your demands? Does not the twenty thousand crowns you have named as the price of your spaniel amount to a formal refusal on your part?"

"Sire," replied Raoul, "my intentions have unfortunately been misunderstood. I confess that, though poor, I said I would not part with my spaniel for twenty thousand crowns, but I added that I valued far above that sum the happiness of approaching your majesty."

"Having been received into our presence, then, you ask nothing for your spaniel, but declare yourself to be perfectly satisfied?" remarked Henry III.

"Sire," answered Sforzi, "the remembrance of the honor I have this day received, and which would have been more precious still had your majesty called me to him to require me to expose my life in his service, will fill my entire existence with joy."

"Your sentiments," said Henry III., after a short pause, during which he looked at the chevalier with increased attention, "are those of a good and loyal subject. What is your name?"

"The Chevalier Sforzi, sire."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Four years younger than you, my dear brother," remarked Henry III., turning towards the Duc de Joyeuse. "Good heavens!—how rapidly time flies! When I saw you for the first time you were the chevalier's age—it seems but yesterday! On looking at you closely, however, I see that you have grown older."

The king again paused, and then without observing signs of impatience on the part of his favorite, addressed himself to Raoul:

"It would be difficult, chevalier," he said, "to find in all my Court a gentleman better-looking than yourself; but I can see clearly, by your sunburnt complexion and certain details of your dress, that you do not appreciate as you ought the advantages with which you have been endowed by nature. I take a great interest in the happiness of our ladies, and I hold that our gentlemen eclipse in beauty and elegance all their rivals at foreign Courts. You will go this very day to my yeoman of the laundry, and tell him, in my name, to furnish you the powders, essences, and perfumes prepared for our personal use. I particularly recommend you to use Castre soap. It produces a marvellous effect on the skin. Have you no request to address to us, Chevalier Sforzi?"

Raoul's heart beat violently. The moment so ardently desired for obtaining justice against the Marquis de la Tremblais was come. He was about to reply when the Duc de Joyeuse, whose impatience had become more and more uncontrollable, rose from his seat and addressed the king:

"Sire," he cried; "let me beg you to observe that it is already nearly six o'clock, and that, contrary to the etiquette of the Court and the directions of your physician, you have not yet called either for your morning broth or your wine. It seems to me that you can defer to some other time this interesting interview with Monsieur Sforzi. Really, if your friends did not take care of your health, you would in a short time become so changed as to be unrecognizable. The infraction committed this morning on your regular habits is already bearing fruit. The freshness of your complexion—so conspicuous a little while ago—has vanished. You accused me a few minutes ago of growing old! look at yourself in a mirror!"

"Don't make yourself uneasy, my son," said Henry III., at the same moment snatching up a mirror and anxiously looking into it; "I own I have done wrong. Chevalier Sforzi, give one of my gentlemen your address, I will see you again soon. Heaven preserve you! Don't forget what I told you about the Castre soap. My dear Joyeuse, tell the two gentlemen of the chamber, my physician and the officer of the goblet, that they may bring me in my broth and wine. Let the princes, cardinals, officers of the Crown, and Secretaries of State come in. I certainly have talked too long fasting. Chevalier Sforzi, good-day."

From the mocking look of the Duc de Joyeuse, Raoul was at no loss to understand that he had seen the king for the first and last time. It was with a heart swelling with anger and despair that he took his departure from the royal cabinet.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### OUT OF SCYLLA INTO CHARYBDIS.

For the space of half an hour Raoul Sforzi was completely unmanned by the failure of his interview with the king. A cold perspiration beaded his forehead, his legs bent under the weight of his body, so that he was fain to lean for support against the balustrade of a balcony. By degrees the fresh morning air calmed his agitation. His pride, too, rebelled against the weakness by which he had been momentarily overcome.

"Am I a child or a woman?" he asked himself, "to allow myself to be thus cast down? No, I will not be conquered! If Monsieur D'Arques interposes between me and the king, I have still my sword. His majesty loves bravery. Monsieur le Duc de Joyeuse is not immortal—of his body I will make a stepping-stone to reach the throne! Accursed race of courtiers! To live in intimacy with the king, to have the means of inspiring him with generous resolutions and grand designs, and to make him spend his time in prattling about fashions, and talking about the trumpery scandals of the Court!—woe to whoever of you shall come in my way! After all, why should I despair? I have not yet lost the game. His majesty's reception of me was even kinder than I ventured to hope. When D'Arques and Lavalette first went to Court, they were as unknown as I—and to-day the highest-handed seigneurs dread their interest and bow before their power. Why should not I succeed as well as they have done?"

After indulging in these reflections, which had the effect of arousing him from despair, he descended from the balcony to the open court of the Louvre where his horse awaited him, and sprang into the saddle.

Passing along the Louvre, he saw at about fifty paces off a numerous and brilliant cavalcade of gentlemen advancing towards him. By an instinctive movement he drew his horse towards the wall, without observing in so doing that he occupied the upper portion of the paved road.

"Mordieu, gentlemen!" cried a young man of about eight-and-twenty, who rode at the head of the party, "there are two kings in France, it appears!—for I do not recognize anybody in the kingdom, if not his majesty, or the Duc d'Anjou, or Messieurs de Guise, all at this moment absent, who have the right thus to take the wall of me!"

"Unless it should be the redoubtable Seigneur Bussy d'Amboise, come from his grave," said one of the gentlemen, laughing.

The young man whom Sforzi's involuntary pretensions had so strongly moved, took this jesting remark in anything but good part.

"Monsieur," he replied coldly, "the Seigneur

Bussy knew that my sword gave way in nothing to his; therefore, though we were enemies, and he had several times announced his determination to seek a quarrel with me, he always saw fit to remain on terms of the most exquisite politeness with me."

An almost imperceptible smile passed over the lips of the courtier who had called forth this reply, but he refrained from pursuing the subject further.

The young man, who boasted of having daunted the most dangerous duellist of the time, the Seigneur de Bussy, might have been, as we have said, about eight-and-twenty. His visage, in spite of the delicacy of his effeminate features, presented a remarkable expression of coldness, pride and arrogance. His costume was of almost incredible sumptuousness; but a certain carelessness with which it was worn seemed to indicate that its extreme richness arose rather from the position at Court of the wearer, than in obedience to the wearer's own taste.

Sforzi, absorbed in his own reflections, was waiting to continue his way until the cavalcade had passed, when his attention was roused by a voice calling out roughly:

"Get to your proper side of the road, lout! You are blocking the way."

So little did the chevalier imagine that these words were addressed to him, that he turned his head to see who the person was thus addressed. The road by the side of the Louvre was completely deserted. He started; it was to himself, then, that the insulting words had been spoken?

His uncertainty was of brief duration. A second interpellation, not less energetic than the first, cleared away all doubt. The young man at the head of the cavalcade spurred his horse up to Sforzi, and cried, with an imperative gesture of the head:

"Get to the lower side of the road, or, *mordieu!* I'll send you and your sorry nag rolling in the dust!"

To provoke Sforzi, even when he was in a normal state of mind, was to run a great risk; but to venture to insult him gratuitously, at the moment when all his passions were in a state of turmoil, was to run upon almost certain death.

"Monsieur," said Raoul, with that fearful calmness which rage driven to extremities gives, "was it really to me you spoke?"

The only answer deigned by the young man was to raise a riding whip he held in his hand.

"Blood and carnage!" yelled Raoul, "your last hour has come!" And driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, he drew his sword, and dashed upon his adversary.

So prompt was the chevalier's movement, that the young man in luxurious costume had barely time to draw a pistol from one of his holsters and fire it. He fired point blank, but with such precipitation that the ball injured only the small plume of feathers in the front of the chevalier's cap.

"Help, gentlemen!" cried the courtier, spurring towards the cavalcade—help! I am being assassinated!"

"No, only chastised!" cried Raoul, striking him across the face with the flat of his sword.

A witness of this scene, which passed within the space of a dozen seconds, would have remarked that at this proceeding of Sforzi's the companions of his adversary exhibited more pleasure than either astonishment or anger. Nevertheless, they did not hesitate to go to the assistance of the latter, and twenty swords instantly gleamed in the morning light.

To defend himself against such superior forces was impossible. The chevalier bravely and promptly took his measures. He replaced his sword in its scabbard, dropped his bridle on the horse's neck, crossed his arms, and contemplated his enemies without quailing.

"Messieurs," he cried, "if you are out-purses, leave me at least time to recommend my soul to heaven. I will not attempt to escape. If you are gentlemen, do not dishonor yourselves by a cowardly and odious assassination. You are twenty—I am alone."

These words, uttered with as much firmness as dignity, controlled the troop of courtiers.

"Messieurs," continued Raoul, quickly, "I see I have to do with gentlemen. Nobility has been insulted in my person: which of you will act as my second?"

No one replied. The constrained and embarrassed men of the gentlemen, however, testified how much this silence cost them, and that all of them, if they had not been withheld by some powerful consideration, would have answered warmly to the chevalier's appeal.

It was Sforzi's adversary who was the first to break the silence.

"Monsieur," he said, in a voice indistinct with rage, "you have to thank heaven that our meeting took place before the Louvre. A loyal and respectful subject of the king cannot fight, so to speak, under the eyes of his sovereign. My vengeance will lose nothing by waiting. I shall find you on some more convenient spot. Your name, if you please?"

"Monsieur," replied the chevalier, pointing to the walls of the Louvre, "I should better understand your scruples and your delicacy if I did not perceive here, upon the wall of his majesty's dwelling, the mark left by the ball from your pistol. No matter; I consent to admit that you gave way to the prompting of unreflecting rage, and that your intention is to meet me again. I am called the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi; I lodge at the Stag's Head, in the Rue des Tournelles. And you, monsieur—who are you?"

The young man, decorated with the cordon of the Saint-Esprit, hesitated. Presently, however,

the wicked smile contracted his mouth, and, in an undefinable expression of voice, made up equally of sarcasm and menace, replied:

"I, monsieur, am called the Vicomte de Lavalette, or, if you prefer it, the Duc d'Epéron. I am well enough known at the Court to be found without difficulty."

The favorite of Henry III. looked at Sforzi from out the corner of his eye to enjoy the overwhelming effect he expected to see this revelation produce; but his expectation was enormously disappointed.

On learning that he was in the presence of one of the witnesses of Henry III., Raoul saw but in this circumstance a stroke of Providence, and gave utterance to a cry of savage joy.

"Ah! you are the Duc d'Epéron!" he cried. "It is your evil-star that has brought you on to my path. I have a double revenge to take upon you!—revenge for the personal insult you have put upon me, revenge for the impertinent behaviour of your companion, the Duc de Joyeuse, towards me. Now, Monsieur le Duc, dismount! If you are victorious, his majesty will duly applaud your valor; if you fall, he will shed tears to your memory. In either case, impunity is assured to you. Dismount, I say, and let us settle our difference."

At the trembling voice, flashing eyes, and knit brows of his adversary, the Duc d'Epéron turned lividly pale; his hand moved stealthily towards the holster of his pistol.

Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron, who, the year preceding, had the good fortune to be wounded at the siege of La Fère, at which so many gentlemen were destroyed, and where young D'Arques, since then become Duc de Joyeuse, lost seven teeth—Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron did not like figuring, as an actor, in a duel. Gifted with an active mind, clear-sighted and ambitious, differing greatly from Quéfus, Maugiron and Joyeuse, who, all headstrong and quarrelsome, drew their swords on the slightest pretext, and of a party of honor made a party of pleasure, he had always taken the greatest care to keep out of single combats!—so much so, that many courtiers doubted his courage.

The king alone, blinded by the boundless attachment he felt for his favorite, believed him to be infinitely brave and daring. It is true that, under the king's eyes, d'Epéron exhibited a rare audacity. With the remembrance of the tragic ends of his beloved Quéfus and Maugiron, Henry III. exerted himself to interpose his authority, and, with tears in his eyes, implored the fiery d'Epéron to control his transports.

Every duel which d'Epéron sacrificed to his love for the king was worth a new favor. And as the fortune of d'Epéron had been overwhelmingly bountiful, it may be judged how many affairs of honor he had given up.

"Well, monsieur," cried Sforzi, in a mocking tone, "have you yet succeeded in coming to an understanding with your courage?"

The Duc d'Epéron gently half drew his pistol from the holster, and addressing Raoul, either to throw him off his guard, or to drive him to a fresh aggression, warranting a prompt defensive movement:

"Monsieur," he said, "I cannot, whatever my wishes may be, compromise my dignity with the first person I happen to encounter. Laws exist for the chastisement of the insolencies of such as you. Perhaps I ought to have recourse to the severity of these laws."

At this arrogant reply, Raoul felt a cloud of blood swim before his eyes. However, not wishing to injure the goodness of his cause by any outburst of passion, he contrived to retain the mastery over himself.

"Monsieur," he said, "his majesty by deigning to admit young Caumont to intimacy, after it was pretended that the young man was not a gentleman, has given you a beautiful example of humility for your guidance. I do not see in what way Monsieur Caumont, become Duc d'Epéron, can tarnish his glory by accepting the challenge of the Chevalier Sforzi. Monsieur, my patience is exhausted; do not force me, by refusing me a just reparation, to use violence towards you, which I should assuredly regret afterwards, but of which you would at once be the victim."

"You threaten me, I think?" demanded d'Epéron.

Sforzi was about to answer, when a voice, at once piercing and charming, sounded near him, and checked the words upon his lips. This voice, proceeded from the interior of a coach which, distant from the spot on which this scene of violence was passing.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," the voice cried, "be on your guard. Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron is always to be distrusted when he is now so with the pommel of his pistol, as he is now doing. Do not harass yourself to obtain an impossible reparation: reserve yourself for the future. Get away from this spot, chevalier, as fast as you can. I admire your valor and your just pride. Monsieur le Duc is already my enemy; it will be a true pleasure to me to join my interests with yours. You may see by my language that I very little dread the anger of Monsieur Caumont. Do you not think, dear Duke, that my support will be extremely useful to Monsieur Sforzi?"

"Madame," replied d'Epéron, with the assurance which nobody carried to such an extreme as himself, and which brought him a great deal of ill-will at Court, "your interference does but confirm the opinion I have always held, that you shamelessly take your lovers from all ranks of society. The appearance of this Sforzi pleases you, that is all. Good day, madame. It is I who tell you we shall meet again."

The Duc d'Epéron gave the rein to his horse

and rode away, followed by his cortege of gentlemen.

Raoul, surprised by the sudden termination of his adventure, was about to thank the unknown lady, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Monsieur," she said, haughtily, "I know your name and address; I will let you know when I have need of you."

Sentinel motionless upon his horse, Sforzi watched for some time the course of the heavy vehicle. He remarked that several pages attended at the door, and that it was accompanied by a considerable escort of gentlemen. It was not until the carriage passed out of his sight that he pursued his way.

"Who can this woman be?" he asked himself. How beautifully her blonde hair and blue eyes harmonized with the brilliant whiteness of her complexion!—what audacity and nobleness upon her brow!—what fire in her glances! Everything about her indicated illustrious origin! Shall I see her again?—will she remember me?"

During the remainder of his ride, the chevalier thought of nothing but of the unknown. On reaching the Stag's Head he perceived De Maurevert impatiently awaiting on the threshold of the hostelry.

"Well," cried the captain, "has the king complimented you on your good looks?"

Sforzi took the giant by the arm, and drawing him into the room, related to him all that he had done during the morning.

"Thousand legions of devils!" exclaimed De Maurevert; "this is a pitiful beginning! To start by making enemies of Messieurs de Joyeuse and d'Epéron leaves you no chance! The meeting with the handsome blonde companion to a certain degree, it is true. There are few women in Paris who possess a coach, this must be some high lady. You must contrive to employ your handsome dress to good purpose before it becomes faded! Who knows!—from the moment the king advised you to use Castro soap, and authorized you to apply to his groom of the laundry, there is no doubt he was pleased with you. We shall see!—we shall see!"

De Maurevert was going on in this fashion, when, on hearing a modest tapping at the door, he interrupted himself to bid the person knocking for admittance come in. The landlord of the Stag's Head presented himself.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing Raoul, "here is a letter, brought by a servant, with instructions that it was to be given into your own hands."

The chevalier broke the seal, and after running his eyes over the contents of the missive, remarked:

"It is from the mistress of Phœbus, and informs me that she will receive me this afternoon at her house, at two o'clock."

"By Cupid, I'm delighted to hear it!" cried De Maurevert. "By the way, does this lady mention in her letter the gratitude she owes you?"

"Certainly she does."

"That's all right, then. Nothing could be better—I mean more promising."

Raoul's thoughts had wandered, and his mind was filled with the remembrance of Diane. So deeply was he plunged in reverie, as for some time to be unconscious of the fact of the captain still continuing to address him. At length De Maurevert's voice aroused him with a start.

"My dear friend," cried the captain, "the anticipation of this rendez-vous appears to have a decidedly strange effect on you!"

"What rendez-vous, captain?" asked Raoul, absently.

"Well, that is an amusing question!" cried De Maurevert. "What!—has your mind been wandering so far in the fields of imagination that you have forgotten your appointment for two o'clock this afternoon?"

"I really had for the moment forgotten it," replied Raoul.

"Forgotten it!—and here have I been predicting the most brilliant results from your making violent love to the old mistress of Phœbus, who is evidently deeply smitten with you. Why, my dear Raoul, you have got here a splendid chance of making your fortune—if you will only follow my directions."

"My dear captain," replied Sforzi, smiling, "I am afraid you waste your time with me. I love mademoiselle d'Erangoe with all the strength of my soul, but if ever I were so wild as to prove false to my sworn faith, it would certainly be without any thought of reaping advantage from my inconstancy."

"By the charms of the noble lady Venus!" cried De Maurevert, with a disappointed air, "I should never have expected, dear companion, so much ingratitude and simplicity on your part! Why, if such are your sentiments, have you given me your note of hand for five hundred crowns? Are you ignorant of the fact that nearly all the great lords at Court reap both honor and profit from the extravagance of women? Do you wish to affect singularity by such savage ways of living?"

"Captain," replied Sforzi, gravely, "you will infinitely oblige me by not continuing this discussion. I have the misfortune to be very stubbornly wedded to my opinion."

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders with an air of vexation, and remained silent. However, ten minutes before the clock struck the hour appointed by the late mistress of Phœbus for receiving the chevalier, the captain went to him and said to him affably:

"Raoul, it is not well-mannered to keep a lady waiting. It is time for you to start."

Sforzi, a second time roused from meditation,

hastily arranged his dress and departed, promising the captain to return to supper.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A REPENTANT MADAME.

Raoul speedily reached the house inhabited by the late mistress of the spangle, a solitary looking building, half hidden by the trees of a vast garden, and enclosed on all sides by high walls, presenting a severe and gloomy aspect.

At the first stroke of the knocker, the door was opened—the visitor was evidently expected. It was an old man-servant who received and conducted the chevalier up a flight of steps into the interior of the house, on reaching which he threw open a pair of large folding-doors and announced:

"Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi."

The mistress of the house was seated in a large arm-chair. She rose, bowed to the chevalier and motioned him to be seated. So greatly was the light which entered the room, intercepted by trees growing against the windows, that at first Raoul was unable to distinguish the surrounding objects. It was not until his eyes had grown accustomed to the half-light of the room that he was able to recognize the fact that he was in an oratory.

A large crucifix, exquisitely carved, was supported against the wall by a group of angels, and a massive prie-dieu and two arm-chairs composed the entire furniture of this sombre retreat.

As to the unknown lady, she presented in face and bearing the stamp of a melancholy grace and distinction, so remarkable as to make him at once feel for her a tender and respectful friendship.

She was incontestably beautiful; but the air of gentle and resigned sorrow exhibited in her features, instead of awaking admiration, evoked the beholder's sympathy.

"Monsieur Sforzi," she said, in a melodious voice, "if I hesitated before receiving you, do not accuse me of ingratitude. I live so completely out of the world, in such absolute retirement, that to give access to a stranger constitutes an important event in my existence. I beg you now to accept my thanks for the protection you so bravely and generously afforded me."

"Madame," replied Raoul, "I should be sorry if you were to attribute to mere curiosity a question I ask permission to address to you. The attack to which you were nearly falling a victim does not appear to me to have been made by chance. I attribute it to the hate or vengeance of some person. Do you not intend to take precautions against a renewal of the attempt against your life?"

"I thank you, chevalier, for this mark of interest. Yes, I have powerful enemies, eager for my destruction. As to taking my precautions against their designs, I have no intention of doing so; my life is in the keeping of heaven. Blessed will be the day when in its infinite mercy and goodness, it deigns to relieve me of my earthly burden."

These words deeply affected the chevalier. "When one believes in heaven, madame," he said, "one cannot despair on earth."

"Alas, chevalier!" replied the lady, with a sigh, "when memory serves but to call up remorse, nothing can assuage its bitterness."

"Remorse! Applied to yourself, madame, the word, it seems to me, can have no real application."

"You are mistaken, monsieur. It is remorse which is killing me."

The speaker burst into tears. "Monsieur," suddenly continued the lady, checking her sorrow, "I am called mademoiselle d'Assy."

Raoul bowed politely; but the name given him by the lady conveyed no information to his mind.

"What, monsieur?" she cried—"do you not turn your looks from me with horror? Ah, you treat me with too much generosity and indulgence."

"Madame," replied Raoul, more and more astonished, "you would confess to having committed some crime, but I cannot believe it of you. I recognize in you signs of goodness and virtue in which I cannot be mistaken. You are, I am sure, worthy of all respect and homage."

Mademoiselle d'Assy raised her eyes towards the crucifix suspended to the wall, and cried in a fervent tone:

"He ven be thanked that has willed to preserve my name from the ignominious celebrity it deserves!—Heaven be thanked!"

In spite of his strongly-excited curiosity, Raoul remained silent, while Mademoiselle d'Assy was absorbed in pious contemplation.

At that moment the door opened, and a charming little girl, about five years of age, with blonde curling hair, burst joyously into the oratory and clambered on to Mademoiselle d'Assy's knees, and threw her arms about the lady's neck.

"You promised me not to cry any more, mamma!" said the child. "You have not kept your promise. Why do you cry?"

Mademoiselle d'Assy smiled at the child through her tears and kissed her passionately. Sforzi looked at the child with as much astonishment as admiration. The face of Mademoiselle d'Assy's child called up a vague recollection, reminding him confusedly of the likeness of some one he had previously seen.

This indecision of the chevalier's did not escape the attention of Mademoiselle d'Assy.

"Monsieur," she asked abruptly, "do you know his Majesty the King of France?"

Raoul could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The child, presented, considering her age, an extraordinary resemblance to Henry III.

"Do you now understand my remorse, Monsieur Sforzi?—I was betrayed, my innocence abused—the wickedest means were employed to make me fall into the abyss. My crime was not in my fall. It was in the love that followed it—love, which I still feel for the author of my dishonor. May the confession I at this moment make of my sin serve for my atonement."

"Madame," replied Raoul, deeply touched, "your humility raises you in my eyes—where you are worthy of all admiration and respect! I can now explain the crime to which you were so nearly falling a victim. Your beauty, your love, your virtue, have given umbrage to Mademoiselle de Joyeuse and d'Epéron. Have I not guessed aright?"

While the chevalier was speaking, mademoiselle had fallen into deep meditation. At the name of d'Epéron she hastily raised her head, and replied in a tone of alarm:

"He has sworn to kill me!"

"And me also, madame," replied Raoul, with a sad smile.

Mademoiselle d'Assy placed her child upon a velvet cushion at her feet, and said to her:

"Place your head upon my knees, Henriette, and remain quiet. I want to talk with this gentleman."

"I will go to sleep then, mamma," replied the child, kissing her mother's hand.

She kept her word; for her head had hardly rested on her mother's knees before she closed her eyes, and sank into a tranquil slumber.

Mademoiselle d'Assy then continued the conversation.

"Monsieur Sforzi," she said, "we have met but twice, and the first time you saved my life; the second, you gave me the ineffable pleasure of which I have so long been deprived, of speaking of him! Like all unhappy persons, I am superstitious. It seems to me that your visit will be fortunate to me—that heaven itself has guided you upon my path. You and I, monsieur, have a common bond of misfortune! Have you a sister, chevalier?"

"Alas! madame, I have no family."

"If the fault which I have committed does not render me an object of abhorrence in your sight," continued Mademoiselle d'Assy, bowing her head—"if you believe, chevalier, that a creature who has descended so low may have preserved some little goodness of heart—accept me for a sister!"

Sforzi, by a spontaneous movement, rose from his chair and bent his knee before this unfortunate royal victim.

"Madame," he cried, respectfully kissing her hand, "I cannot tell you how much joy your offer gives me. I will justify your confidence by my devotion and gratitude."

"Monsieur Sforzi," said Mademoiselle d'Assy, "since you have so generously accepted the offer of my friendship, I owe you certain explanations, certain confidences. If I have loved the king, believe me it was not only because he was, at that time, the most brilliant gentleman of his kingdom: it was, on the contrary, his weakness which attached me to him. I thought it would be possible, if not to ennoble, at least to excuse my fault, by saving his majesty from the pernicious counsels of the courtiers who surrounded him. Having once entered on the struggle, I ought to have made any sacrifice to continue my influence over him. But it is now too late."

"D'Epéron controls him, and d'Epéron is not a man to give up his prey. I admit that, in affairs of State, he has high qualities. His subtlety, his tenacity, the straightforwardness of his judgment, his foresight, his ready and bold expedients, raise him far above all the men about him. At the Court he is a giant in the midst of dwarfs. To have such a man for an enemy is to play a dangerous game. He turns to his own profit the boundless influence he possesses over the king, but I admit that he would never sacrifice to his own interests those of his master, for whom he feels an unutterable attachment. If Henry were to lose his crown to-morrow, if all his servants turned traitors or perjurers, Monsieur d'Epéron would be the only one who would remain faithful to him. It is an inexplicable mystery of the human heart."

In the course of the conversation, which was continued for a considerable length of time, Raoul, at the pressing request of Mademoiselle d'Assy, related the affairs of his past life, the circumstances of his love for Diane, and his anxieties on account of her safety.

"Ah, chevalier," she replied, sadly, "in spite of the distress you are enduring from the uncertainty you are left in as to the fate of your beloved Diane, how much less you have to complain of than myself, how preferable your lot is to mine! It is better a hundred times to suffer persecution from the wicked than wane under the weight of remorse! The desperate position of Mademoiselle d'Erangoe divides your line of conduct. You must, notwithstanding the enmity of d'Epéron and De Joyeuse, see his majesty again. His majesty must listen to you, and render you justice. Do you know no one, chevalier, who can aid you to gain renewed access to the king? Have you no powerful friend in credit with Queen Catherine? The king still fears his mother, and Catherine, alarmed at the daily increasing ascendancy of the Duc d'Epéron, is secretly endeavoring to undermine the favorite's credit. Catherine, as I have too well learned by experience, is a resolute woman, who would shrink from no means for the attainment of her ends. If you could secure her support—let out of hatred

for d'Epéron she took your case in hand, you would have a great chance of success."

"Alas, mademoiselle!" replied Raoul, "I am alone and isolated in my weakness! In all Paris I can count but one friend, and even this one enjoys but little credit. Yet now I think of it—oh, no," he added, "that is a mere dream."

"You are thinking of some other friend?"

"This morning," answered the chevalier, "while I was quarrelling with Monsieur Favolte, a lady in a carriage—a lady of quite like beauty, proud bearing, and biting and ironical tone of voice—stopped her carriage, and boldly took my part. She treated the Duc d'Epéron not only with hauteur but with indescribable disdain. She told him to his face that she was his enemy, and that she made my cause her own, and as she drove away she assured me of her protection. But to count on such a promise would be folly."

"Why so, chevalier?—On the contrary—did you remark the livery of this lady's servants?"

"No! I only observed that her suite was numerous."

"It must be she," said Mademoiselle d'Assy, half to herself.

"Do you know this lady?" inquired Raoul, eagerly.

"I am not sure, chevalier. Your description answers perfectly to one of the highest ladies in the kingdom. If I am not mistaken in my supposition, be assured that no accident could have served you better. The boldness of this woman shrinks from nothing—not even before the royal authority! If, as she has declared, she makes your cause her own, I do not despair of your triumph. Still I must warn you, Monsieur Sforzi, that in spite of the deep interest with which the unmerited misfortunes of your Diane have inspired me, I cannot join my efforts with those of your powerful protectrice."

"The tenacious and implacable hatred which this woman bears towards the king, the criminal project which she meditates and openly avows, forbid me to have any dealings with her.—One last word, chevalier, I do not for an instant doubt the nobility and loyalty of your character. I am sure you are incapable of committing a shameful action, and yet I tremble to think of the dangerous ally with whom you are about to unite yourself. Be on your guard—this woman is endowed with irresistible powers of seduction. I repeat, be on your guard."

Singularly interested by what Mademoiselle d'Assy had told him, the chevalier was reflecting how he might gain from her complete intelligence as to the character of this mysterious protectrice, when the waking of little Henriette put an end to the conversation.

"Dear mamma," cried the child, kissing her mother, "I have had such a beautiful dream."

"What have you dreamed, my darling?" asked her mother.

"I dreamed that I was at the Louvre, in a room all gilded. The king held me on his knees, called me his child, and offered me oranges and hyacinths. When I am grown up you will take me to Court—will you not, mamma?"

"Never! never!" exclaimed Mademoiselle d'Assy, with an indelible impression of terror in her voice, and pressing her daughter almost convulsively to her breast.

Sforzi rose and took his leave.

"Monsieur Sforzi," said Mademoiselle d'Assy, "I hope to see you again soon. Meanwhile, I shall pray for my beloved sister Diane d'Erangoe."

Raoul was passing out of the oratory when Mademoiselle d'Assy called him back.

"Chevalier," she said, "man's courage is nothing without the support of heaven. Accept, I beg, this reliquary; it contains a piece of the holy cross. I shall be less uneasy, knowing that in the midst of dangers you are under the protection of this relic."

To refuse such a present, offered in such a manner, was impossible. Raoul accepted it, and mademoiselle took from her neck a chain of gold and transferred it to his.

Half an hour later he reached the Stag's Head.

(To be continued.)

AN ISLAND DYING UP.

The Island of Santa Cruz is drying up. This gem of the West Indian Seas was a garden of freshness, beauty and fertility twenty years ago; it was covered with woods, trees abound everywhere, and rains were profuse and frequent. One fourth of the island has now become an utter desert. Forests and trees have been cut away, rain-falls have ceased, and the process of desiccation beginning at one end of the island, has advanced gradually and irresistibly upon the land, till for seven miles it has become dry and barren as the sea shore, houses and plantations have been abandoned, and the advance of desiccation is watched by the people, wholly unable to prevent, but knowing almost to a certainty the time when their own habitations, their gardens and fresh fields, will be part of the waste. Indeed, the whole island seems doomed to become a desert. This sad result is believed to be owing entirely to the destruction of the trees upon the island some years ago.

The death of John Stuart Mill brings up the anecdote of the Philadelphia publisher, who advertised certain new books as follows: "Mill on Political Economy," "Ditto on the Flows."

## CANADA TO THE LAUREATE.

BY CANADENSIS.

"And that true north, whereof we lately heard  
A strain to shame us, 'Keep you to yourselves,  
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love  
Is but a burden: loose the bond and go!  
Is this the tone of Empire?"

Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen.

We thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,  
Spoken for us to her to whom we look  
With loyal love, across the misty sea,  
Thy noble words, whose generous tone may  
shame  
The cold and heartless strain that said, "Be-  
gone."

We want your love no longer: all our aim  
Is riches—that your love can not increase!  
Pain would we tell them that we do not seek  
To hang dependent like a helpless brood  
That selfish, drag a weary mother down;  
For we have British hearts and British blood,  
That leap up, eager, when the danger calls!  
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,  
To fight in Britain's quarrel, not our own,  
And drive the covetous invader back,  
Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own,  
So we had cast the British name away.  
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,  
For Britain's honor, that we deemed our own;  
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep  
Unwaken, still, the cherished filial tie  
That binds us to the distant sea-girt Isle  
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,  
As the dear home of freemen, brave and true,  
And loving honor more than ease or gold!

Well do we love our own Canadian land,  
Its breezy lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,  
Past stately towns and peaceful villages,  
Mid banks begirt with forests to the sea;  
Its tranquil homesteads and its lonely woods,  
Where sighs the summer breeze through pine  
and fern.

But well we love, too, Britain's daisied meads,  
Her primrose-bordered lanes, her hedgerows  
sweet,  
Her winding streams and foaming mountain  
becks,

Her purple mountains and her bathery brass,  
And towers and ruins ivy-crowned and grey,  
Glistening with song and story as with dew;  
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, since  
We heard of them from those whose hearts  
were sore

For home and country, left and left for aye,  
That they might mould, in these our western  
wilds,  
New Britains, not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—  
One worthy of the lineage that we claim;  
Yet, as our past is but of yesterday,  
We claim as ours, too, that long blazoned roll  
Of noble deeds, that bind, with golden links,  
The long dim centuries since King Arthur  
"passed!"

And we would thence an inspiration draw,  
To make our unlined future still uphold  
The high traditions of imperial power  
That crowned our Britain queen on her white-  
cliff.

Stretching her sceptre o'er the gleaming waves,  
Ever beyond the sunset! There were some  
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,  
Who left their cherished homes, their earthly  
all,

In the fair borders that disowned her away,  
Rather than sever the dear filial tie  
That stretched so strong through all the tossing  
waves,

And came to hew out, in the trackless wild,  
New homes, where still the British flag should  
wave.

We would be worthy them and worthy thee,  
Our old ideal Britain, generous, true,  
The helper of the helpless. And, perchance,  
Seeing thyself in our revering eyes  
May keep the worthier of thine ancient name  
And power among the nations. Still we would  
Believe in thee, and strive to make our land  
A brighter gem to light the royal crown  
Whose lustre is thy children's—is our own.

## MRS. FRANK.

Mrs. Frank. That was just her name; nothing  
more. But whether it was Mrs. Frank as a  
Christian name, or Mrs. Frank as a surname,  
no one knew; and so Miss Cripps, the Mentham  
milliner and post-mistress, said to Mrs. Barnes,  
the rector's wife, "It was a particularly  
awkward thing not to know which it was when  
you came to think of it."

As little was known of her old home or be-  
longings as of her legal patronymic. If she had  
come from the clouds she could not have drop-  
ped into Mentham and Fairview more suddenly,  
or with more mysterious aptness.

"It was to be supposed," said Miss Cripps, re-  
presenting public opinion on the matter, "that  
Squire Tapp, the owner of Fairview, was satis-  
fied. But if he was, no one else was, and he  
should have considered his neighbors' feelings."

Indeed, public opinion in Mentham ran quite  
high against Mr. Tapp, and the Menthamites  
were disposed to resent it as a personal affront  
that he should have let one of their prettiest  
places to a stranger with no more sponsorship  
than had this monosyllabic Mrs. Frank. What

did he know of her? they asked indignantly of  
each other. Nothing, absolutely nothing; and  
to know nothing was equivalent to knowing—  
everything.

Mrs. Frank was young and pretty; two grave  
offences in a society composed mainly of un-  
married ladies of a certain age, with a couple  
of disappointed bachelors in less. Young,  
pretty, alone, reserved, unhappy, and not too  
rich, the Menthamites were convinced she was  
no good; and that if every one had his or her  
due, and moral obliquities were punished like  
legal ones, she would be somewhere now in a  
mob-cap and a grey woollen dress, picking  
calkum behind a grating. The only person in  
the place who expressed his firm belief in her  
respectability was Mr. Graves, the surgeon. But  
then Mr. Graves was an odd man; not account-  
ed quite sound in his theological views, and  
vaguely suspected of an amount of liberalism—  
it was called by another name in Miss Cripps's  
back parlour—which, if Mentham could have  
verified its suspicions, would have made Mr.  
Graves look elsewhere for patients than among  
its safe and orthodox homesteads. So that his  
advocacy did the new-comer little or no good,  
and was even regarded as one suspicious circum-  
stance the more. For, you see, he was not an  
old inhabitant, like Squire Tapp or Mr. Lum-  
ley, the two disappointed bachelors who had  
held the female world of Mentham in divided  
allegiance for all these years; but comparative-  
ly a new-comer, and not well known even now,  
though he had been some four years in the  
place, and had had every family more or less  
through his hands in the time. And when it  
was remarked that Mr. Graves and Mrs. Frank  
soon became exceedingly intimate, and that the  
reserved, harsh-voiced surgeon spent a good  
deal of his spare time at the pretty little  
woman's, Mentham assumed an attitude of in-  
dignant reprobation; and if there had been  
another Mr. R. C. B. within hailing distance,  
John Graves would have had but a barren time  
of it here.

Indeed, there was talk of some public kind of  
protest, and the rector was gravely exercised in  
his mind as to the propriety of allowing the  
new-comer to stay with the rest on sacrament  
Sunday; but he took counsel of the rural dean,  
and so was fain to content himself by a scorch-  
ing sermon, which, supposing that Mrs. Frank  
were really all she was held to be, would scathe  
her pretty sharply. She bore the test, however,  
without any public self-betrayal; and the  
Menthamites wondered, when they came out,  
whether it was innocence or hardened indif-  
ference that had carried her through.

It was a still summer's evening when Mrs.  
Frank and John Graves were walking by the  
river-side. A hundred yards or so below sat  
Miss Cripps, snugly encoined within her arbor  
—half an old boat set up on end; and sound on  
such an evening travels far with the stream.

"I cannot, John. I would do anything you  
told me, as you know; but this is too hard," said  
the woman's soft voice, in a piteous kind of  
entreaty.

"You must, Aline. What is the use of me  
if you will not let me guide you?" was his reply,  
made sternly.

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Cripps, with her  
sharp nose in the air. "They have not lost  
their time at all events. 'John' and 'Aline';  
indeed; and she not here six weeks, the mix!"

"But such a terrible step!" said Mrs. Frank.  
"It is for your own good," answered her com-  
panion, "if you refuse you know what I can do,  
Aline; and in your interests—mark, in your  
interests, child—what I will do."

He spoke strongly, harshly, and so far seemed  
to have overborne Mrs. Frank, for she did not  
answer him for some moments. Then she said:  
"When is he coming, John?" And Miss Cripps  
fancied there were tears in the soft voice.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, John! dear John!"

"Aline, you must be brave! All depends on  
your firmness and courage."

"And I have so little of either, and you and  
he so much!" she said, sighingly.

"Why do you couple us together?" said Mr.  
Graves, angrily. "You know I have repudiated  
him. To-morrow is the last time I will ever  
see him, and the last time you shall ever see  
him, too."

"Ah, John! it is all very well for you to be  
so stern; you are not a woman—you cannot tell  
what I feel!" said Mrs. Frank.

"I am not a woman, as you say, child, but I  
can understand what you must feel at your  
association, remote as it is now, with such an  
unredeemed villain as he is!" answered John  
Graves, with that hard and vicious kind of  
coolness which betrays so much in a man.

"No, not that—more weak than wicked,"  
she pleaded.

"I don't think Lady Manners thinks so," said  
Mr. Graves, the surgeon, grimly.

And then Miss Cripps heard the unmis-  
takable sound of sobbing, with a confused kind  
of whispering, as if he were trying to comfort her,  
as the two retraced their steps and went back  
towards Fairview.

"I thought there was something bad about  
her from the first," said Miss Cripps, triumph-  
antly, "and now I've found her out! As for  
that Mr. Graves, he's past praying for, and I  
always thought so. I only hope the poor-law  
guardians will hear of it, and put another man  
in his place, the serpent! And to think of  
her being such a mix—oh, the bad, brazen  
creature!"

The next morning Miss Cripps was stirring  
betimes, and watching carefully. The omnibus  
that ran between Mentham and Heaton rail-  
way station went past her house, bringing the

mail bags among other things, and sometimes  
passengers who became her lodgers; and some-  
times boxes of millinery for her own use in  
trade. To-day it brought the bags, as usual, and  
two boxes of the sweetest trumpory Heaton  
could produce; but of the three gentlemen  
traveling outside, never a lodger for her, though  
she felt convinced that, wrapped in the coat of  
one of them, sat Mrs. Frank's secret. Which  
was it? There was no mark by which he could  
be distinguished—this mysterious he who was  
so sternly reprobated by John Graves, so tenderly  
bewailed by Mrs. Frank, and who was to  
come to-day to be discarded for ever after. One  
was a fat, red-faced man, who looked like a  
cattle dealer, another was dark-haired, smooth-  
shaven, one who wore his hat jauntily, had a  
showy coat, a huge breast pin, and a loud style  
of dress generally, and who had the appearance  
of a low-class actor; and the third was a fair-  
haired, boyish-looking fellow, like a mother's  
pet or a sister's darling—a careless, loose-lipped  
kind of man, who might have been only eighteen  
or twenty years old, so little of the results of ex-  
perience did he carry on his face, and so boyish  
and facile was the type.

Miss Cripps decided on the dark-haired man  
in the middle. He was the most disreputable-  
looking of the lot; and as she was sure that all  
about Mrs. Frank was disreputable, this was  
the one she chose as the partner in the mys-  
terious drama playing out at Fairview. She  
raised her eyes to him severely. She meant  
virtue, and she looked it. But the actor gave  
her a wink that sent her into her shop as if she  
had been shot; and the omnibus rumbled on  
bearing the Mystery unsolved to its destina-  
tion.

"Like the impudence of those men," she  
said, as she turned to stamp and sort her letters;  
"and I'll let Mrs. Frank know what I think of  
her for bringing such stuff as that to Mentham."

Miss Cripps was wrong. Not the smooth-  
shaven, loudly-dressed man, but the fair-haired,  
youthful fellow asked his way to Fairview, with  
a careless tone and a kind of lounging, slippery  
grace that seemed to mark a not too solid  
nature; and, guided by the ostler of the George  
and Dragon, a few moments brought him to the  
iron gates that shut in the gardens of pretty  
Mrs. Frank's pleasant home.

Mrs. Frank was in the drawing-room as the  
stranger passed in. John Graves, the surgeon,  
was with her. As she heard the light swift  
step on the gravel she started up, and her face  
broke out into a trembling, plaintive kind of  
love more pathetic than tears; but her com-  
panion laid his hand on her arm and checked  
her sternly.

"None of that, Aline," he said. "Are you  
going to throw away your advantage?"

Mrs. Frank sat down again, and buried her  
face in her hands.

"It is hard," she murmured, while the surgeon  
looked at her with an expression in his eyes it  
was well she did not see. It would have told  
her something more than she knew already if  
she had seen it, and something it were, perhaps,  
better for her and him should be unknown.

Then the door opened, and the maid ushered  
in "Mr. Smith."

The stranger went up to the pair sitting side  
by side against the table, like two assessors of  
judgment, and offered his hand.

"No, sir," said John Graves, sternly, "I do  
not shake hands with rogues."

The young man's fair face flushed. "As you  
will," he answered, half carelessly, half defiant-  
ly. "I will try to survive the infliction." He  
turned to the lady. "And you, Aline?" he said,  
in a different tone, a tone tender, uncal, ap-  
pealing, "do you, too, refuse to shake hands  
with me?"

She looked down, her eyes filling with tears.

"Your silence is an answer," said very gently  
the man the servant had called Mr. Smith.

"Perhaps I have deserted it, Aline, but it is  
hard to bear all the same. I have always loved  
you, always been true to you, and were our  
places changed at this moment it is not I who  
would refuse to touch your hand, were it loaded  
with ten times the amount of dirt there is on  
mine."

"I know that, Frank," said Aline, softly, and  
she laid her hand in his.

"This is not the time for false sentiment,"  
put in John Graves, in a harsh voice. "While  
you have paltered and prated of love, forsooth,  
see to what you have reduced her and yourself  
by your villainy. It was always the way with  
you, Frank, to talk like a hero and to act like a  
blackguard; and talking satisfied you."

"And it was always your way, Jack, to be  
hard on me and every other poor devil who  
chanced to make a slip," answered Frank, with  
that nonchalant grace which evidently irritated  
the surgeon. "But I want to speak to Aline,  
not to you, and it is her decision I have come  
for, not yours."

"Here is the same as mine; separation final  
and irrevocable," said Mr. Graves; "the total  
obliteration of your very name, of your whole  
existence. When you leave this house you leave  
behind you all you ever held—both a brother  
and a wife. If you do not consent to this, then  
neither do I consent to be your shield any longer;  
and the law—and Lady Manners—may do their  
worst."

"Is it so, Aline?" asked Frank, leaning  
nearer to her. She was weeping bitterly, and  
made no answer.

"Speak, Aline," cried John Graves, grasping  
her arm. "I too have some right to be con-  
sulted."

"I must," sobbed Aline. "You yourself, Frank,  
have separated us. You have put it out of my  
power to help you any more."

"And to love me, Aline?" asked the man's  
tender caressing voice.

"And to love you," echoed John Graves,  
sternly.

She clasped her hands over her eyes, the tears  
forcing their way through her fingers.

"I take only her word for that," said Frank,  
turning with a quick flush and a dark look to  
his brother. "In this at least you have no part!  
Tell me, Aline," and his voice trembled, "have  
you ceased to love me?"

The surgeon, who had never removed his  
hand from her arm, here gripped it so hardly  
that she blanched with pain; but she looked up  
into his, not her husband's face and answered  
steadily:

"No, no! I can never do that, Frank! I love  
you as I have always loved you, as I always  
must love you. Am I not your wife?"

"Yes, Aline, for better, for worse. So at least  
you said. But vows don't count for much, I  
find, when the current sets the wrong way."

"If you would use the short time before you  
in business, not in sickly schoolboy sentiment,  
it would be more to the purpose," said Mr.  
Graves, with his assessor manner. "If your  
love had been the love of a man, and not of a  
fool—and a vicious fool too—you would never  
have brought your wife into this pass. If you  
had not respected yourself you might at least  
have cared for your name and for hers. It al-  
lows me to hear all this absurdity of love when  
you have reduced her to what she is—the wife  
of a—"

"Hush, hush, John!" cried Aline, placing her  
hand over his mouth. "You must not say the  
word—the thing is bad enough!"

"Always the way with women!" muttered  
the surgeon, contemptuously. "The word worse  
than the thing!"

"Thank you, Aline," said Frank. And for the  
first time their eyes met. She colored violently,  
then grew pale and white, and turned her eyes  
away as if she had done wrong; but his fastened  
themselves on hers with as much pertinacity  
as tenderness, following her face as it drooped  
aside, as if he was exerting some kind of power  
over her.

At that moment the servant rushed into the  
room.

"If you please, Mr. Graves, sir," she said,  
breathlessly, "you are sent for at once to the  
rectory. Mrs. Barnes—she was the rector's  
wife—is in a fit, and they don't think she has  
a moment to live. The rector's own horse is  
here."

John Graves, never the meekest of men rose  
from his place with an imprecation.

"Lost!" he said, between his clenched teeth.

"But I will make one effort more! I will be  
back in a few moments," he said to Aline; "and  
I shall find you here, sir," to Frank, sternly  
enough. Then to both, "Remember the duty  
before you, and the only terms on which my  
protection will be granted."

On which he went out, and the strangely po-  
sitioned pair sitting there, so near yet so far off,  
seemed to breathe more freely when he had left.

As the garden gate swung to, and they heard  
the horse's hoofs thundering down the road,  
Frank rose from his seat and went over to Aline.  
He flung himself on his knees by her, and laid  
his head on her shoulder with the caressing  
gesture of the old fond love days so long ago  
now.

"Ah, you have made me so happy in the  
midst of all my misery," he said, tenderly.

"You love me still, Aline?"

"How can I help it, Frank? I could not if I  
tried," she answered, simply.

"Yet you are going to renounce me for ever?  
You, my wife! going to separate yourself from  
my very name, from all the past and all the  
hope of the future?"

"It is not I, dear, it is you who have made  
our life together impossible," she cried.

"Nothing is impossible to love, Aline," Frank  
answered.

"Oh, do not say that! You know I love you  
—love you," she repeated, "and that I am forced  
to leave you for ever."

"I know that you need not if you do not wish  
it," said Frank. "I know that you are merely  
obeying the cruel will of a man who, though my  
brother, has been my enemy all my life; that  
you have let him come between us; and that in  
his jealousy of me he does not mind making us  
miserable, and forcing you to commit a sin."

"Jealousy?" echoed Aline.

"Why, Aline," remonstrated Frank, "you  
cannot pretend to be ignorant of the fact that  
John is in love with you—has always been in  
love with you! Get me out of the way; kill me  
with grief and despair—and there you are! To  
be sure you are his sister-in-law, but the world  
will not know that; and your marriage, if ille-  
gal, will not be questioned. And you would try  
to make me believe you do not foresee all this  
—you, clever and shrewd as you are?"

"You are wrong, Frank! indeed you are!"  
said Aline, earnestly. "John is my brother and  
best friend, no more."

He smiled quite pleasantly, being a man of as  
little malice as earnestness. "A convenient  
kind of friend if the husband could be got rid  
of," he said, as if in no wise concerned himself.  
And Aline, in spite of herself, lowered her eyes,  
and trembled under his.

"Come into the garden," then said Frank,  
caressingly; "we have sweeter associations  
there than in a stifling room like this. Do you  
remember when we used to walk in the garden  
at Redhill? Aline, can you forget those days?  
I cannot!"

Aline shivered. "Oh, that I had never known  
anything but those days of love and trust!" she  
cried passionately.

"You have only to will it, Aline, wife! love! and they will come again, never to be interrupted," said Frank, as he drew her hand within his arm, and led her tenderly into the garden; and Aline, yielding to his fascination, as if she had been a girl not wholly wooed, went to what end she knew would come. She had always been in love with her handsome, slippery, good-for-nothing husband; and she was a woman who only felt and never reasoned. Love was her sole logic; and what she hoped that she believed in.

Here John Graves found them, when he came back from the rectory, sitting, lover-like, under the shadow of the horsechestnut in the shrubbery; and at a glance he saw the ground he had lost and the way Frank had made. The love of a naturally yielding woman for a man with rare powers of persuasion was stronger than all the dictates of prudence or even gratitude; and he felt that his work of strengthening and hardening had to be done over again; if, indeed, it ever could now be done over again! He had it at heart to save her from his brother; not because he was "in love" with her in any paltry sense, but because he loved her, and because he thought his brother was unworthy of her. She was his cousin, and he had been left her guardian and trustee under her father's will; and he had already blamed himself that this marriage with handsome, scampish Frank had been the upshot of the intimacy that had followed. So that he felt it in a manner a sacred kind of duty he owed her, to protect her now in the best way he could from the consequences of her own folly, and to break the marriage which his brother's crime had rendered dishonoring. He did not ask if he would give her pain; he only knew he should keep her safe. And the end justified the means, he thought.

The pair, sitting in the shadow of the chestnut tree, startled like a couple of surreptitious lovers surprised, as John Graves strode up to them; but they said nothing to turn him from his purpose, when he repeated again what he had said before, that they must part now; and for ever. On the contrary, Frank expressed himself resigned to the inevitable; and Aline, never once raising her eyes, looking neither to her husband nor her brother-in-law, and speaking as in a dream, seemed scarcely to know what she said, when she merely repeated after Frank, "If it must be, John, it must." But John Graves, who knew every turn of her face, had his own uneasy doubts, and felt there was more behind than came to the front.

"I wish she had looked at him or me, that she had either cried or remonstrated," he said to himself, uneasily; and yet he could not tell what it was he feared. For when the omnibus went back to Heaton, Frank went back with it; and on his way to the inn, where John took the precaution to see him safe, he swore a solemn oath that he would never trouble his brother more, nor reappear in England now that he was set afloat in the world again, his forgery bought up, his debts paid, and a certain sum of money in his pocket wherewith to begin life anew in the New World. So John Graves went about his day's business with a lighter heart, or rather with a heart that strove to be light, when the omnibus had fairly started, carrying his brother Frank, with all his mistakes. A perplexities, away from Mentham, and from Aline.

The day wore on, and as evening approached, Aline became more and more nervous. She had been occupied in her room all the day, and the servants had scarcely seen her. Luncheon and dinner both had been sent away untouched; and the little household gossip, as households will, whether big or little. For, indeed, it had been an eventful day for the quiet order of Fairview, and the mystery that surrounded Mrs. Frank had never seemed so mysterious as now, when it had crossed the threshold of her home in bodily shape.

The day darkened into the evening, and the evening deepened into night. Aline sat by the drawing-room window, which opened on to the lawn, looking into the darkness, and listening. The servants were in bed, and the last few lights across the water had long been extinguished. Suddenly she heard a step on the gravel—a light, swift, yet cautious step; and a man's figure crossed the dark lawn. It came nearer, and Frank's tender voice whispered her name. In an instant she was in his arms.

"Oh, love! love! what it is making me do!" she said, half in ecstasy, half in despair, as her head sunk on his shoulder, and her hot tears rained fast.

"Repenting already, my Aline?" "No, no, Frank! Repent of being with you?" and her arms tightened round his neck. "Only sorry for John—that I am deceiving him after all his goodness to me!"

"We will forget past, dear," said Frank, hastily. "If you are deceiving your cousin, is it not to protect and be with your husband?" "Ah, I cannot live without you, Frank!" she murmured, passionately; "for I love you."

"You shall not regret it, Aline," Frank said, with a husky voice. "In a country where we are not known, and under another name, I shall have a fresh start, and this time you shall not be ashamed of me. I am not bad all through, Aline."

"I know that, darling. I have always said so."

"God bless you, wife! and you have said true," he answered, kissing her. "Only trust in me this once again. Love me, and do not leave me, and all will be well."

"I do love you, and I will trust you; and never leave you," she said solemnly. And with this she came out into the dark-

ness; and the two, hand-in-hand together, passed through the gate, and took the road that led through Mentham and away to the west; John Graves stirring restlessly in his troubled sleep as the sound of a carriage, driving at hot speed, dashed over the village stones.

The next morning all Mentham was astir with the news that Mrs. Frank of Fairview was missing. No one knew where she had gone or what she had done; whether she had run off with a lover or run away from her creditors; some said she had probably drowned herself in the river in despair at her sins, whatever they might be. All that was sure, however, was just this—she had gone, and no one ever knew more. She was held to have committed some grievous crime; and the only man who could have cleared her name kept silent, and told no one how that she had eloped with her own husband, a swindler, a forger, whose public prosecution and disgrace, he, John Graves, his brother, had bought off with all his savings. If he had but known, however, that he was going to make this return, he would have given him over to the consequences of his crime. As it was—let him go? She was weak and he was wicked; though it broke his heart to lose her, and lose her thus—let them go! In the future years, when she had learnt for the second time the miserable mistake she had made, she would come to him again, and he—he would love her and shelter and protect her as before. So he turned to his life's work again, harder, sadder, more reticent than ever; but always looking out towards the west for the return of the woman he loved, whose happiness he believed his brother had destroyed, and whose happiness he, John Graves, would give his life to build up again.

But they never met. Years after, a staid and naturalized citizen of Boston, who, some did say, was a reformed rake with a history at his back that would not bear repeating, and a matron still beautiful and loving, read in an English newspaper the death of one John Graves at Mentham; and in the same paper they read a lawyer's advertisement for "Aline, wife of Frank Graves, who, if living, would inherit her cousin's property. If she was dead it was to go to a charity."

"My enemy to the last. Poor old Jack!" said Frank, as he put down the paper with a sigh; and Aline, laying her hand on his, looked into his eyes tenderly, her own filled with tears, and said:

"I did right, Frank! I saved one life, if I saddened another and deceived my true friend. But I saved the one which was most precious, and I kept faith with the dearest love!"

Moral Sores of the Body Human.

BY W. O. PARKER.

The study of Geology, Ichthyology, Zoology and all the other *ologies*, may have attractions for a certain class—for men possessed of inquiring minds, and endowed with sufficient patience, learning and love of the abstract, to qualify them to pursue such branches of recondite knowledge; but no study deserves more sympathy from society, at large, than the study of what scholars are pleased to define as *animal rational*—man himself. This fact has been so well recognized that the literally world has never been wanting in incubations of every mental calibre, designed to portray, the chameleon-like character of the so-called lords of creation! But we need not have recourse to the *répertoire* of a Plutarch, where the infinite idiosyncrasies of our species are photographed in fresh and lasting colors by the process of "parallel" and "contrast"; neither is it necessary to roam through the boundless regions of imagination, nor to tread the many labyrinth of fiction to be able to see that human nature is many-sided, ever, and unfortunately, betraying phases little calculated to uphold the dignity attached, by association to the title "lord"—be it of "creation" or other. Reflection, assisted by personal observation, demonstrates that if society has its accepted great ones, surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry of royal courts, and in some instances, adorned, like our Victorias, by virtues as exalted as their rank in life is elevated,—that it has, also, its legions of nameless, unknown outcasts, whose characteristics are not less repulsive than their mode of living is degrading. However, not being a lover of "extremes"—never having succeeded, in any appreciable degree, to "make extremes meet,"—it is my purpose in this short paper, to avoid alike the palace of the King and the tent of the gypsy, while restricting my observations to the "golden medd"—to what are known as the middle-classes, those men whom we encounter at every turn in life,—who, from their numbers, diversity of character and universality offer an ever-present, never-failing source of study for the least observant eye.

Conventionally, now-a-days, all men who dress tolerably well, are called "gentlemen." But intimacy with these, like the test of the crucible, often proves that "all's not gold that glitters," and that social jackdaws are so numerous in the "exception," as to seriously trench on the domain of the "rule." Who has not admired the peacock—its elegant form and magnificent plumage, but, alas! what a voice—how harsh and inharmonious! So much by way of preamble. Premising that "brevity" will be the soul of my remarks,

I will now proceed to introduce to the reader's notice

THE WOULD-BE PUNSTER.

There are three degrees of mental corruptions, so to speak: Wit, humor, and pun. Punning, the last in order of precedence, as of merit, however delectable when turned out fresh, sparkling and spontaneous from the mint of native-born talent, like that possessed by the justly celebrated John Philip Curran and those of that ilk,—becomes a positive nuisance when attempted by illiterate simpsions. For, in almost every instance, that has come under the writer's notice, the maker of *soi-disant* puns is a man of comparatively no literary culture, an individual, who, with barely sufficient learning or intelligence to grope his way through the obscure by-ways of the world of letters, is not content to plod on foot, but must perform a scurvy feat to the sunny, inaccessible heights of the noble Parnassus,—the nature of his progression to the goal of his ambition provoking comparison with the performance of the Turtle in the Fable. Both attempt the impracticable—both assume false wings (our friend's composed of unfledged, abortive puns) and both come ingloriously down to their native level, mother-earth, despite their desperate endeavor to prosecute their fool-hardy designs.

I know not if it has ever been the reader's fortune—or misfortune, rather—as it has been mine, to find himself or herself compelled by a "coincidental circumstance" to spend an evening in company where this intolerable "bore," delighted, apparently, in beholding people's features distorted by unnatural grimaces—the only compliment paid to his forced hot-bed vivacity, which is incapable to elicit anything approaching to a hearty laugh. Ever irrepressible, like jumping-jack-in-the-box, the self-styled punster is always ready to spring up at every point of the conversation, however grave and important, with some monosyllabic interruption intended for a "smart saying," but invariably insipid or irrelevant, or else so far-fetched that Dr. Faust himself, not to mention a poor Scotchman, would be puzzled to know where the laugh came in. From intercourse with such monsters, one can readily appreciate the story of the Western editor, who first engaged a man to write jokes for his newspaper, but was afterwards forced to hire another to explain them.

This brings us to the consideration of the

PEDANT,

an individual who may, not inappropriately, be placed in the same category with the pseudo-punster. But, although classed as kindred spirits in respect to deficiency of parts, their presence affects the refined in a manner totally different, for while the one excites contempt, the other oftener affords amusement. We witness the verbal eccentricities of the pedant with something of interest, akin to curiosity, that actuates one on beholding, for the first time, the performance of a contortionist. But beware of joining issues with him in a wordy war, because with him it is sure to degenerate into a war of words, in the most literal sense. You will be discomfited, if not by the logic of his reasoning, by the grandeur-like length of his words—regular six-footers each—"rocks of speech," which he seems to glory in showering about your ears so promiscuously, "heads and points," that even the great Webster himself would stare aghast, unequal to the novel contest.

"For even though vanquished, he could argue still,

While words of learned length and thundering sound Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

This class of pedant might be termed the After-*laudandine*-word-without-meaning-scrambler, to distinguish them from another style of pedant,

THE BOOK-WORM.

Now, I mean no disparagement to many thus named, as most distinguished *literati* are sometimes, rather disrespectfully, in the habit of being designated book-worms. But my book-worm is a different personage. He is a man who reads *multa* instead of *multum*, whose education is entirely superficial and without foundation, who has never received that intellectual training afforded by a rigid course of classical studies, which alone fits the mind to solve those grand truths and problems often involved in the consideration of the arts and sciences. In fact, he would be puzzled to define the difference between a "soliloquy" and an "apostrophe," or to distinguish one metaphor from another. Yet, you will see him without diffidence or hesitancy, deliver judgment *ex cathedra*, on the most abstruse points of scientific lore and literary composition. He will critically review the best known authors and dogmatically set up his opinion in the presence in opposition to the dictum of the most enlightened. Indeed, his bump of disputation is wonderfully developed on the subject of literary criticisms, his views being upheld with a volubility to impress kindred ignoramuses.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew."

But we advance nothing new when we account for the flippancy of such blatant coxcombs on the principle that error is talkative and ignorance dogmatic. But if these high-sounding brass gentry were only acquainted with the

classics, which they affect to condemn, they would find themselves in a better position to appreciate all the soundness and beauty of the golden precept of the ancients—*Agnosce teantem*—which, liberally paraphrased for their benefit, might be made to read thus in the vernacular. "Turn thy tongue seven times in thy mouth before speaking once."

THE WOLF IN LAMB'S CLOTHING,

or the rogue hid under the mask of honesty, is a personage of a totally different stamp from either of the preceding celebrities. Like all hidden dangers, the polished rogue in muffs is hard to guard against. Oily-tongued and specious, he worms himself into the confidence of the unwary, who are apt to be cajoled by his plausible manners, flowery speeches and high-toned assumption of honor and principle, the theme of his constant laudation. So indignant is he seen to wax when denouncing the moral delinquencies or extracting the "moats" of his neighbors, while his defence of his vaunted motto, "Honesty is the best policy," is so enthusiastic that no one would suspect so much virtue was only assumed, that the fine spun moralist is little better than a "whitened sepulchre," unscrupulous to the extent of fleecing you of your last coin by the vile agency of falsehood and misrepresentation, at the same time that he is welcomed and smiled on by his associates and society generally as a boon companion and model of probity. But experience never proclaimed a sounder truth than that conveyed in the lesson, "Self praise is no recommendation." By it we are wisely taught to look with suspicion on the man who makes a practice of "blowing his own horn," and to appraise his pretensions to honor and principle as doubtful, as his conduct in proclaiming them is subversive of all modesty and self-respect. Nay, any one possessing an intimate knowledge of life, its intrigues and secret doings, cannot have failed to perceive that the business mart, like the political world, contains its uncompromising Catalinas; that there are more business "skeletons in cupboards" than the uninitiated ever imagined, while, perhaps, many who enjoy freedom and immunity and a *carte blanche* to respectable society, might be made to change places with some less fortunate who are the inmates of our prison-cells, without outraging the majesty of the law or crossing the ends of justice. I am aware that people who only dream of the millennium, or philanthropists accustomed to view the rosy side of humanity alone, may take exception to the boldness of my language and insinuations. But I would advise those visionaries to be careful how they impeach my sincerity, and to remember that truth is not fiction, nor was Copernicus less in the right because censured and condemned.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES

FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING

BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Desmoro laid the still form on a grassy knoll and loosening his neckcloth, sought to revivify him.

After a time, the gentleman opened his eyes, and groaned loudly, as if in considerable pain. "My arm, my arm!" he cried out between his set teeth. "Mon Dieu! what a day I am enduring!"

"A broken bone, I fancy, m'ami?" said Desmoro.

"I know not—I know not!" moaned the sufferer, huge drops starting out on his brow. "But who are you?" he added, looking inquiringly at our hero, who did not choose to make any reply.

The lady now approached her father, and knelt down by his side.

"My poor papa!" she exclaimed; "are you hurt very much?"

He answered her with a cry of agony. He was evidently a man of a highly nervous temperament, one who could ill-sustain bodily suffering of any kind.

What was to be done in this affair? Monsieur d'Auvergne's arm was seriously injured; night and darkness were fast approaching, and the nearest town—Parramatta—was far distant.

Monsieur d'Auvergne must have immediate assistance.

Desmoro reflected for some seconds. The carriage, relieved of its burden, had been extricated from the ruts, and the horses, no longer fretted, were standing in passive quietude, ready to proceed on their way.

"Monsieur cannot possibly resume his journey," said Desmoro. "Mademoiselle must travel onwards alone. To the gentleman I can offer a shelter, and some little assistance in the way of surgery as well; but I cannot show the lady any hospitality, I am sorry to say."

"Travel none!" repeated she, in alarm. "I dare not do so—indeed, I dare not! See, it is

fast growing dark, and there are bushrangers on this road—that terrible Red Hand—"

"Will not harm you, mademoiselle, depend on it," Desmoro answered, in a significant manner. "You will not see more of Red Hand than you see of him at the present moment. Behold, mademoiselle!" he added holding up his left hand, his open palm fully exposed to view.

She uttered a shriek, and recoiling clung to her father, who was listening to and watching this scene in mute amazement.

There was still left in the heavens to show Desmoro's scarlet palm, before which Mademoiselle d'Auvergne was shuddering as at the sight of some horrible and appalling spectacle.

"Red Hand!" she gasped.  
 "Himself, mademoiselle, at your service."  
 "Eh! *Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the little French count, starting up on one elbow; "what's this I hear! Are we in the power of that scoundrel, that outlaw, Red Hand? Oh, for the use of my other arm, that I might defend myself and child from the ruffian—"

"Who has not offered you or your daughter one discourteous word, monsieur," interrupted Desmoro, very calmly, and with some hauteur as well; "but who is both ready and willing to lend you all his poor aid on this unfortunate occasion."

The consul was silent. He felt the helplessness of his situation; and that, as yet, he had nothing to complain of at the hands of the bushranger.

"Pardon me, Red Hand," he said, in suave accents. "Your remarks are very just, and I were worse than a brute not to acknowledge that they are so. I see that you are a generous fellow, a very generous fellow, indeed, and I throw myself entirely on your mercy—advise us how to act. Here we are, on an unfrequented road, with the dark bush to our right and our left—not a house within sight or reach—and I in a state of mortal agony, with a broken arm, or something of the sort—not to say a single word about my poor daughter—my Marguerite. Your counsel, Red Hand—your counsel!"

The grey light had now vanished out of the sky, and a bright, full moon was showing her ruddy, silver face, shedding her mystic, tranquil beams over the scene. Marguerite d'Auvergne was looking into the open countenance before her, contemplating the manly features of our hero, as she, with her father, awaited his answer.

"You are a gentleman, monsieur," said Desmoro, pointedly.

"I am a d'Auvergne," answered the consul, proudly.

"You will give me your word of honor not to betray me?"

"You shall be in no danger through me, on the faith of a d'Auvergne!" answered the Frenchman.

"You must come, then, to my place, monsieur," returned the bushranger, without any hesitation, "while mademoiselle proceeds on her journey, which, I trust, will meet with no further unpleasant interruption, either from ruts or bushrangers."

"Eh, Marguerite?" queried her father, addressing her in his peculiarly affected manner, which was that of a foppish, frivolous Frenchman, with few brats, but a genial, kindly heart. "Eh, Marguerite, what sayest thou?"

From across the dark, dreary bush the moon was shedding her pale, silvery lustre on Marguerite's colorless, yet faultless, features.

She was looking at Desmoro with a curious interest in her large eyes. She was totally unlike her father in every respect; for she was tall and elegantly formed, and she had none of that nervousness and affectation which so strongly characterized his manners.

"I will pursue my journey, papa," she said, decidedly, "leaving you to his honor and his mercy," she added, inclining her head towards Desmoro, as she spoke. "He will be kind to you, dear papa, I am sure he will; and will render you all the help in his power. And when you are able to travel, you will be restored to me again."

"Mademoiselle d'Auvergne will remember that I shall expect her to be entirely secret respecting this meeting with Red Hand?"

"I will answer you in the words of my dear father—I am a d'Auvergne!" was her lofty reply.

"I will trust you, mademoiselle," said the bushranger.

Marguerite d'Auvergne then kissed her father, and Desmoro conducted her back to the waiting vehicle, which prepared to start off at once in the direction of the next town, whither her father and herself were proceeding when their progress was arrested in the manner we have just recounted.

"You are safe, mademoiselle," said Desmoro, closing the carriage door upon her. "Your father shall receive only kindness while he is my guest."

"I feel assured of that fact, Red Hand," she answered, lingeringly. "My poor—poor papa! You will find him immensely troublesome, I much fear; and his arm,—what of it?"

"Do not give yourself any concern about that, mademoiselle, I shall be able to do all that will be required. I have set a broken bone before now; and that, too, with signal success."

"Adieu, then,"

"Adieu, mademoiselle; in the course of a week or ten days you shall be informed respecting your father's condition. In the meantime, be patient and secret likewise."

And with those words, Desmoro quitted her, and the equipage was driven away by the surly coachman, who was at a loss to comprehend

matters, he having heard nothing whatever of the conversation just repeated.

Desmoro now returned to the moaning Frenchman, whose face looked perfectly ghastly under the moonbeams.

"Now, monsieur, with your permission, I will conduct you to my home in the bush."

The consul gathered himself together, uttering many a groan as he did so, and, gaining his feet, announced his readiness to be gone.

"Ciel!" he exclaimed, "Here is an adventure much more romantic than charming."

Desmoro led the way into the bush, through which he and his companion proceeded for nearly a quarter of an hour, the poor Frenchman, at almost every onward step, giving vent to moans and maledictions.

Suddenly the bushranger stopped short before a thick scrub, that seemed to defy their further progress in that direction. But Desmoro pursued his way forward; as he did so, carefully holding the branches back in order that the injured man might pass on safely.

At a few paces further on, they came to a narrow, but well-cleared pathway, which led them to the brink of a high, precipitous, rocky cliff, at the foot of which lay a grassy, secluded dell, dotted here and there with leafy trees, under the shade of which a silver creek, struggling over its pebble-paved channel, was murmuring and gurgling along.

The consul uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration of the scene before him. Every surrounding object was as visible in this light as in the light of broad day itself, and the music of the singing brooklet was distinctly heard in the silence of the night.

"Stay here," said Desmoro, addressing his companion, who, wholly entranced with the lovely panorama spread before his gaze, had almost forgotten his pain. "My stairway is not fit for a one-armed man to descend."

Saying which, Desmoro clambered the decayed trunk of an immense tree; and, entering a wide gap in its side, was at once lost to view. He soon reappeared, carrying a coil of strong rope, at the sight of which the consul started, and shrank back in alarm.

Desmoro, reading his companion's thoughts, laughed heartily. He then tied one end of his rope to the middle of his gun (which he had first taken the precaution of unloading. "You can sit across this, monsieur, and keep yourself steady with the hand that you can use.")

The consul—poor little man—shuddered, as he glanced over the wall-like cliff, thence at the bushranger. The Frenchman was wishing himself miles away from the spot, or safe back on the highroad again. Closing his eyes, he resignedly permitted himself to be lowered by Desmoro, who was quickly by his side, reaching it, as it seemed, by magic.

The bushranger now conducted Monsieur d'Auvergne into a cave, a sort of domed apartment, very spacious, and receiving ample light from wide fissures in the rock above."

"Monsieur is welcome to my château," said Desmoro, with a gay, careless laugh, and a dignified wave of his arm. "We are somewhat in obscurity at present, for moonlight is not the sort of light to make my stony *salon* appear to proper advantage; but we will amend matters presently. Halloa, Neddy, my boy!" he called out, the cavernous passages, branching out in various directions, echoing the call. "Bring hither a lamp, instant!"

Presently a sharp, peculiar whistle reached the spot, and after the lapse of a few seconds, a man appeared bearing a lighted lamp.

"Mister!" exclaimed the new-comer, perceiving a stranger in company with Desmoro, and showing some discomposure at his presence.

"All right, Neddy!" answered the bushranger, in reassuring accents. "This gentleman has met with an accident, and being unable to pursue his way home, I have offered him the hospitality of mine for a few days, until he be again fit to proceed. Pray be seated, Monsieur d'Auvergne," he continued, preparing a seat for his guest, who was staring about, lost in wonderment of all he saw around him.

Desmoro had spread a bright-hued horserug over the rude couch to which he was inviting the Frenchman, whose eyes were wandering here and there, first resting on one object, then on another: on guns, pistols, saddles, whips and bridles, books and newspapers.

Desmoro had to touch the gentleman on the shoulder in order to arouse his attention.

"Now let me see to your hurt, monsieur, there is never any time to lose in such matters," the bushranger observed, gently pushing the consul into the seat prepared for him. "Neddy," he added, turning to the man who answered to that name, "bring hither some linen for bandages, and some splints of soft pinewood."

The man disappeared without a word, and Desmoro ripped up the sleeves of the consul's coat and shirt, and proceeded to examine the injury done to the limb.

"A very slight affair indeed, monsieur: the fracture of a small bone. In the course of a week or so, you will be all right again."

Neddy now reappeared with the articles he had been sent for, and the bushranger commenced his surgical operations, which he performed with such skill and such tenderness of touch as to draw forth repeated praise and thanks from the patient.

"Ah," returned Desmoro, at the completion of his task, "my cook and butler here (pointing to Neddy as he spoke) was once clever enough to tumble down my staircase and break his arm in two places, which places were neatly mended and made sound and strong again by your humble servant. Indeed, what else can be done for us, save the best we can do for ourselves? Here

we are our own physicians—we are compelled to be such; wherefore, it is needless for me to explain. But I am forgetting my duties as host—and no wonder at that, seeing that you are Red Hand's first guest—you must be hungry, let me lead you into my dining-room."

"Dining-room!" echoed the bewildered consul.

"Ay, I live in state here, in my cavern-house," Desmoro laughingly answered, taking up the lamp, and leading the way into a branch cave, whither Neddy had preceded him.

Here a bright fire of red gum logs was blazing away, lighting up the sombre-walled apartment, flickering on various objects hanging around, and scattered about it—on a fine brush-turked and a brace of wongas, on the hind quarters of a kangaroo, on a cask of flour, a chest of tea, a pile of cut wood, a bag of sugar, and sundry cooking utensils.

Desmoro pointed to a seat, on which Monsieur d'Auvergne rested, while Neddy, no longer a lad in rags and tatters, with hollow cheeks and eyes, scraped the wood-ashes from a well-baked damper, and served up a most delicious stew of kangaroo, a dish fit for a king.

The Frenchman's orbs twinkled: the savory smell was stirring up his appetite, and making him long to partake of the coming feast, to which, when it was presented, he did not fail to do ample justice, his injured arm and his novel position in nowise destroying his relish of the good things set before him.

Then Neddy, producing a heap of blankets, prepared a bed for the guest, who, nothing loth to woo repose, soon sought his pillow, and dropped into as profound a sleep as ever it had been his lot to enjoy, while Desmoro lay dreaming, three female faces alternately flitting before his slumbering senses.

One of those faces was that of Comfort Shavings, a calm, pure countenance, full of mournful expression and gentle sympathy; the next belonged to the brilliant-looking and wicked Madame Volderbond; and the last wore the resemblance of Marguerite d'Auvergne, the consul's fair daughter.

When the Frenchman rose on the following morning, his breakfast was ready prepared for him. Desmoro, who had been grooming a couple of beautiful horses, which were now cropping the tender grass around the mouth of the cave, was plunged up to his knees in the creek, performing his customary ablutions.

The consul rubbed his eyes on seeing the beasts. He was wondering how they came there, and, turning, he asked Neddy for information.

But the bushranger's faithful retainer cleverly evaded the questions put to him, and the Frenchman remained as ignorant as before.

Well, days fled, and under the bushranger's roof, of which heaven had been the sole architect and builder, still abided the French consul, amused by books and periodicals of a tolerably recent date, and the conversation of his host, whenever he could induce Desmoro to talk freely on any subject.

Meanwhile, Monsieur d'Auvergne's injured arm progressed most favorably, and the bushranger, as far as his power extended, left nothing undone that would add to the comfort of his guest.

The consul, who was highly-educated, could not help discovering that his host was a well-informed and intelligent man, whose language was ever sensible and well-chosen.

One day (the very first hour that he was able to hold a pen between the hitherto swollen fingers of his right hand), the consul, having prepared a letter informing his daughter concerning his bodily condition, inquired how the missive was to reach its intended destination.

Desmoro reflected.

"You cannot yet handle the reins of a horse, monsieur?"

The gentleman addressed shook his head.

"Neither can you climb my ladder?"

Again the shake of the head.

"There is a steep path leading hence, one winding, tedious, and dangerous for both man and beast. I would not advise you to essay it at present; no, you cannot go hence just yet," said Desmoro, as if musing aloud.

"I do not expect that I can," returned Monsieur d'Auvergne; "but as I have not yet written to my daughter, she will be getting painfully anxious on my account."

"Yes, so I should suppose, monsieur," answered the bushranger, in an abstracted manner, as if he were deeply meditating on some subject widely apart from that of the present moment.

Suddenly Desmoro lifted his head.

"Mademoiselle is at home, near Sydney?" he said.

"Yes: here is her address—Casurina Villa, Woolloomooloo."

"I myself will deliver your note," said the bushranger, suddenly.

"You?"

"Into her own hands, monsieur."

"You will be mad to risk a visit to Sydney—you, with a price set on your head."

"Pshaw! I shall take good care of myself, never fear!" responded Desmoro, lightly. "I shall visit the town in open day, knock elbows with the sharp-eyed agents of the police, and that without a single quiver of fear. I dread nothing save the discovery of this my lair—my rocky castle."

His listener thought him crazy, and told him as much. Even in the short time that he had known him, Monsieur d'Auvergne had grown attached to the lawless young man, and felt ready to render him every service in his power. He was, therefore, reluctant to agree to his pro-

posal of visiting Sydney, where he would run such terrible risks of being recognized and seized. The gentleman, anxious as he was to communicate with his daughter, did not wish to purchase that gratification at the price of Desmoro's safety. The Frenchman was a somewhat strange character, fidgety, nervous, weak, and foolish; but, despite all that, he did not lack charity in many ways.

"Red Hand," he said, abruptly, "I'm not quite a brute. Marguerite must go without her letter."

"Nay, monsieur, that would be cruelty towards the lady. However, I have the missive in my possession, and it is my duty to see it safely delivered, and that which is my duty in this case I shall certainly perform."

"And as Desmoro finished speaking, he walked into the adjoining cavern, where Neddy was busily employed amongst his saucepans, plates, and dishes.

There was a look of importance in the bushranger's face—a look which his faithful ally knew well how to interpret—and, in an instant, Neddy had left his domestic affairs—his hot water and his dish-cloth,—and was eagerly listening to his loved master's words.

"The shepherd's suit, did yer say, mister? Lor! what's up now, I wonder?" said Neddy, ever curious and anxious about all Desmoro's movements.

"I am going to Sydney, my lad," was the reply; "I shall want the bay mare and the old saddle; the rougher she looks the better. The jade is almost too handsome for a stockman; but never heed, I'd offer her for sale, if any one looks on me suspiciously as though I had no right to own such an animal. I hope we shan't come across her late master, though—Sydney would be too hot to hold me if I did. Ha, ha!"

Neddy scratched his ear (an old habit of his, you remember), and coughed once or twice. He did not quite approve of Desmoro's projected expedition: he saw too much danger in it.

"What'll you do with the hand, mister?" he asked, anxiously.

"Wrap it up in a black neckerchief, and put it in a sling, my lad."

Neddy nodded his head, and went about his business; and Desmoro was soon furnished with the desired habiliments, which were of the roughest kind, including a cabbage-tree hat bound round the edge, and crown-encircled with black ribbon, and much battered about, as shepherds' hats generally are.

The bushranger provided himself with a brace of pistols, thrust a black pipe into his waistcoat pocket, rumbled his clustering locks, tied up his hand, and, putting it into a sling, pronounced his disguise perfect.

There was a looking-glass in Desmoro's cavern-house: he was furnished with many articles of comfort and of luxury, likewise. Although isolated from society, he did not live in self-neglect of any sort whatever. He was an outlaw; but his surroundings—no matter how such had been procured—and his own personal appearance, fully proclaimed his innate refinement—the superior nature of the man.

Assuming a slouching gait, and relaxing all the muscles of his face, a strong stick in his grasp, Desmoro presented himself before the astonished Monsieur d'Auvergne, who failed to recognise, in the coarsely-clad clown before him, the man whose thoroughbred air he thought nothing could conceal.

The consul had risen, and was staring at the supposed intruder, not knowing whether to speak to him or to remain silent.

Desmoro saw that he was unrecognised, and laughed heartily on beholding the perplexed expression of his guest's face.

But the ringing notes of the bushranger's voice at once announced their owner's presence.

"Red Hand! Is it possible?" cried Monsieur d'Auvergne.

"Red Hand! Och, botherashun to ye, an' is it that thafe iv a fellow yez after takin' me for?"

"Eh?" interrogated the consul, now fairly bewildered by the rich Irish brogue rolling off Desmoro's tongue as naturally as if he had taken to it in infancy. "Ciel! What am I to understand? I thought you were—"

"Red Hand? An' shure it's mighty insultin' to be thinkin' me such a great big blackguard as himself!"

"Really—"

"Och, be alsy wid yez now; and loan me a fig of baccy! By dad, but it'll be the worse fur yez if we are in any ways stingily inclined!"

The listener, in a nervous flutter of fear, rushed past the seeming shepherd, and, at the top of his voice, called out for Neddy, who was close at hand, enjoying Desmoro's acting exceedingly.

Unable to longer contain himself, the bushranger now flung himself upon a seat, and burst into a merry peal.

"Bah! 'tis he, after all!" cried Monsieur d'Auvergne. "What a fine actor he is! How clever of him to so deceive my penetration! Yet how could I have been so blind? Let me look at him well!" he added, critically examining Desmoro's general appearance. "Ciel! what a metamorphosis, to be sure!"

"You will not now fear my being recognised by any one—eh, monsieur?"

"Not for a single moment, *mon ami!*"

"An' sure, iv I'm axed what's the matter with my hand, that I've got it wrapped up after this fashion, I'll tell him to mind their own business, or maybe, I'll soon make them do so."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the consul, clapping his hands. "Capital, capital! Away with you at once. Let me see—how many miles are we from Sydney?"

"About twenty-two."  
 "You will see Marguerite to-night?"  
 "I trust so."  
 "Carry her a hundred kisses—"  
 Desmoro looked up demurely.  
 "No, no; I did not mean exactly that!" stammered the consul. "Although less worthy men than Red Hand have often kissed beautiful women—and Marguerite is beautiful, superbly so!"  
 The bay mare was ready saddled, and impatiently pawing the ground, eager for a gallop through the balmy air.  
 "Take care of monsieur, Neddy," said Desmoro, as he took the bride from the man's hands, and vaulting lightly into the saddle. "Adieu!" he added, waving his hand to the gentleman, who was watching his departure,— "adieu!" And touching his steed, it dashed across the dell, thence through some thick brushwood, until it arrived at a crazy, precipitous pathway, which it began to clamber like one who was intimately acquainted with every footstep of the way.  
 "Steady, mare—steady!" said Desmoro, patting the animal's neck as she labored up the steep, winding road; upward, upward, upward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dusty and weary from his long ride, Desmoro reached Casurina Villa, and stopped before its lodge-gates.  
 The time was sundown.  
 A rough-looking Irishman was wanting to see Mademoiselle d'Auvergne, Marguerite was informed, by a spruce serving-man.  
 She hesitated. She was expecting to hear from her father; but whether it's rough-looking Irishman was his messenger or not, she could not possibly surmise.  
 "He refuses to say what his business is?" said she, turning to the servant.  
 "Yes, mademoiselle; he said that he must see you, yourself."  
 "Admit him."  
 The man disappeared; and, after the lapse of a few moments, the bushranger was standing in the presence of Marguerite d'Auvergne.  
 "Who are you, and what want you with me?" she demanded, as the door closed upon her attendant.  
 Desmoro snatched his arm from its sling, and held up his left palm.  
 "Red Hand!" she cried, impulsively rushing towards him. "Oh, my poor papa—what of him? Is he well—when shall I see him again?" she continued, in detached sentences, her face all aglow with pleasurable excitement. "You have been kind to him, I am sure of it! Pray sit down; you look tired. I will get you a glass of wine."  
 "Thanks, mademoiselle; but I do not drink wine," returned the bushranger. "Here is a letter from monsieur, who has almost recovered from his late accident. But the missive will speak for his state," he added, presenting the consul's epistle, which Marguerite carried to a window to read.  
 By-and-by, she came to Desmoro with her two outstretched hands, her countenance beaming with grateful smiles.  
 "How shall I thank you for all your kindness to my dear papa?" she exclaimed. "How changed you are; I should not have recognised you in this dress. Will you not accept my proffered clasp?"  
 "Mademoiselle, my touch would defile you," he answered, shudderingly.  
 She looked at him with sorrow in her eyes.  
 "I know what you are," she said, tremulously. "Papa has a large sum of money upon him, to gain possession of which you might have robbed and murdered him, had you been wickedly inclined. But you have behaved towards us generously and nobly, and I wish to show you that Marguerite d'Auvergne appreciates your merciful conduct, and desires to treat you as her friend."  
 "Friend!" echoed Desmoro, in amazement. "Lives there a woman in this world who will call Red Hand her friend?"  
 At this, Marguerite's face became scarlet as the sun then sitting, and afterwards it gradually paled again.  
 She made no reply, but placing a chair, pointed to it.  
 Desmoro seated himself, mechanically, as if in a dream, and Marguerite glided into a chair opposite to him.  
 Here she sat for some minutes in embarrassed silence. She had proffered the clasp of her fingers to an outlaw, and he had refused to receive their touch.  
 Desmoro's hat was slung aside, and his features were full of sadness, and full of manly beauty as well.  
 He did not dream that Marguerite's eyes were bent on him admiringly—that all the sympathy of her generous nature was awakened for him—for him, the bushranger—the man on whose head Government had set a large price.  
 But Desmoro was no common individual, and Marguerite d'Auvergne had quickly discovered that fact, and had become deeply interested in him.  
 And no wonder that such was the case—for Desmoro's manner, although entirely unostentatious, possessed a nameless charm, and his voice had a melody all its own.  
 "You must remain here to-night, papa says so, as there are many dangers for you in Sydney," said Marguerite. "You can depart as early as you please to-morrow, after your horse has been refreshed, and you yourself have rested for awhile."

The bushranger heard her words, and his heart was being melted. Marguerite d'Auvergne's feminine accents were exerting a sort of charming power over all his senses, and he was already wishing that he could listen to her for ever.  
 "My father, being a consul, has oftentimes strange visitors. It will not seem anything extraordinary for you to remain under this roof, all night."  
 Desmoro hesitated.  
 "Thanks, mademoiselle, for your hospitable offer; but it is long since I mixed in the busy scenes of the world; I think I should not like to lose my present opportunity of doing so."  
 "You will walk abroad in the public streets of Sydney—you, whom Government is hunting for day and night? Surely you will not be so mad?" she said, very earnestly.  
 The bushranger smiled.  
 "None will recognise me in this garb," he replied, with a confident air. "I shall be perfectly safe, never fear."  
 "Remember, should any danger threaten you, while you are in town, fly here at once, as a place of security. None would expect to find Red Hand beneath my father's roof."  
 Desmoro thanked the lady for her considerate and kindly offer, resting his arm, and rose to take his leave.  
 "My father is supposed to be on a visit up the country," pursued Mademoiselle d'Auvergne. "Shall I write to him? He will soon be able to return home—how soon?"  
 "In the course of another week, I should say, mademoiselle," he replied. "Make ready your letter, I'll call for it early to-morrow."  
 And with a bow, the grace of which mocked his coarse garments, Desmoro quitted the room, and, encountering a domestic waiting in the corridor, was shown into the court-yard, where his jaded beast was patiently waiting for him.  
 With his hat pulled far over his brow, and clumsily bestriding his steed, the bushranger fearlessly pursued his way along, into the very heart of the town, where, finding a quiet hostel, he put up his horse, and, on foot, proceeded down George Street, thence into Pitt Street, curiously peering into every face he met.  
 It was quite dark now. The tradespeople were closing their shops, and the gas was flaring in front of the theatre, and in all the public-house bars.  
 Desmoro's love of the drama was still so strong within him, that he could not withstand the temptation held out by a huge playbill displayed under the vestibule of the theatre, before which he had paused.  
 There were very few people about. Desmoro, seizing the opportunity, entered the vestibule, and commenced perusing the bill.  
 While he was thus employed, there drew near a man with limping gait, bearing a can of paste and a bundle of playbills in his hands. But Desmoro read on, unmindful of the presence of the new-comer, who was pasting a poster on a large board, close to where Desmoro was standing.  
 Presently, his task being finished, the man halted by the bushranger, stopped suddenly by his side, and inquiringly peered under his hat.  
 At this the bushranger averted his face a little; then, walking to the ticket-place, he threw down a couple of shillings, and at once entered the pit of the theatre, where he took a seat, with a desire to witness the play—to sit there, a quiet and harmless spectator of the mimic scene.  
 The billsticker followed close on the heels of our hero; but Desmoro did not remark that fact, he was feeling so secure under his disguise, that he was perfectly heedless of the man's pointed scrutiny.  
 The curtain was up, and the action of the play was progressing. Desmoro was sitting on the back seat of the pit, which seat was only occupied by himself, his attention wholly possessed by the stage and the actors on it.  
 Thus he remained for some time, entirely unconscious that some one had taken a seat by his side.  
 When the act-drop fell, Desmoro's gaze wandered round the house, and, at length, fell on the person by his side, which person was none other than the prying billsticker, whom the bushranger had carelessly observed once before.  
 "It's a nice piece, aren't it?" spoke the man, addressing our hero.  
 Desmoro started. Surely he had heard those harsh accents before! But where? And back, back into the past fled the exile's thoughts, seeking to recall the grating sounds which had just assailed his ear.  
 Desmoro felt suddenly disturbed. But this was no time for him to give way to childish fears—indeed, he did not imagine that there was anything very serious to apprehend.  
 "I said it was a nice piece, malster," repeated the stranger, in a louder tone than before.  
 "Did you, sir?" answered the bushranger, once more adopting the Irish brogue. "An' faith I didn't differ from what you said, did I?"  
 "Oh, you are a Irishman, are you? Well, I didn't take you for sich—I raly didn't."  
 "Maybe ye took me for a thafe?" retorted Desmoro, assuming a fierce air. "By dad, iv I thought so, an' I had but the use of my other hand, I'd knock you into the middle iv next week, so I would!"  
 The man shrank back a little, protesting that he meant no harm in what he said, while the bushranger doubled up his fist, and shook it threateningly before the other's eyes.  
 "Ye'll please to hold yer tongue, now, an' let me listen to the play!" pursued Desmoro. "Shure I've paid me two shillin', and I'd like to hav the full worth iv me money."  
 "Ye're a sheep-tendin' fella!" persisted his

companion, glancing at the outlaw's habiliments. "I reckon that you don't often come down to Sydney, do you?"  
 Desmoro looked furious, but made no reply.  
 "How fur up the country do you live?" added the man, peering into the other's face, and examining it's every feature.  
 Still no answer from Desmoro, whose gaze was again directed to the stage.  
 "Aren't you scared of bushrangers, livin' at sich an outlandish distance from town, eh? How you ever heard on that chap, Red Hand?" he added, sinking his voice, his mouth close to his companion's ear.  
 Desmoro started violently, and his heart gave a painful bound. Nevertheless, he kept his eyes fixed on the scene before him, hearing nothing but the whispered words of the man by his side.  
 For a time, Desmoro's neighbor remained silent.  
 But though his tongue was at rest, his eyes were fully employed in spelling the lineaments of the bushranger's face.  
 Desmoro was filled with alarm. Who was this man, and wherefore all his questions? Could it be possible that he (Desmoro) had been recognised by him? Tush! under his present disguise, who could recognise Red Hand, the daring, dashing bushranger? He was then tormenting himself with useless fears—with fears that had no foundation.  
 Still, Desmoro was uneasy—too uneasy to remain where he was; yet he did not like to leave until the play was over; lest such a proceeding on his part might awaken, or confirm, the man's suspicion, supposing that he had any, such concerning him.  
 "Look!" resumed the man, unfolding a dirty paper, which he had just drawn out of the depths of a capacious pocket; "here's his description on this yere bit of paper, an' a reward o' one hundred pounds. I can't read, but I don't want no description of the fellow; I knows him well enough, whatsoever a dress he may put on himself or howsomever he may talk, or wrap up his hand what's as red as ever blood war."  
 At this, Desmoro turned round on the speaker.  
 "By my soul, iv ye don't let that blessed tongue iv yours hev some rest, I'll take you by the scruff o' the neck, an' pitch you into the orchestra, so I will."  
 "No, ye'll not, Malster Desmoro!" returned the man, with a diabolical grin. "I knows, yo, yo sees; don't yo know me? I'm Pidgers—Hoppin' Pidgers—once belonged to the Brammount Theatre. Ye recollects me well enough, I'm sure."  
 The curtain was dropped at this instant, and the people, anxious to escape from the gas-heated building for a time, were rushing out in crowds. Desmoro saw his opportunity, and saying not a word, darted from his seat, and plunged into the living stream then making its way out of all parts of the theatre.  
 At the instant he disappeared, a harsh voice was raised, and "Red Hand, Red Hand!" resounded throughout the whole place.  
 There now ensued a scene of utter confusion. Those who were struggling to make their way out into the fresh air turned back in order to ascertain the cause of the tumult; every one was on the alert at the mention of the notorious bushranger's name.  
 "Red Hand is in the theatre," repeated the hoarse discordant voice of Pidgers. "Look out, ladies and gentlemen, fur he's amongst you."  
 Desmoro heard these words, and elbowing his way through the throng, soon reached the outside of the building, when he lent wings to his feet, and fled along in the direction of the hostel where he had stabled his horse. But just as he turned into King Street, a hard grip was laid upon his shoulder, and Desmoro, turning round, saw a constable with a staff in his hand.  
 "What are you running for?" queried the man in office.  
 "Because I'm in a devil iv a hurry," was the reply.  
 "What's your name?"  
 "Is it me name yer after axin in that soort iv unperlite fashion? Shure, an' I'm called Mick Boyne."  
 "What ship?"  
 "What do you name?"  
 "You're a Government man, I'll go ball, and have no business out at this hour."  
 "Let go iv me; I'm a free man, I tell you, an' it'll be the worse for yourself if you keep a hold iv me. Let go, I say! Sure I'm off fur a docther for the wife, poor sowl," cried Desmoro, struggling with the constable.  
 This little scene took place directly under a gas-lamp, which was shining brightly on the two faces beneath it.  
 At this moment uncertain footsteps were heard approaching, and a panting cry was echoing throughout the street.  
 "Stop the villain! Stop thief! Stop bushranger! I claims the reward! Stop him! Stop Red Hand!"  
 It was the scoundrel Pidgers, who was fast nearing the constable and Desmoro.  
 The latter did not pause an instant, but snatching out one of his pistols, fired at the advancing figure; then breaking away from the agent of the law, Desmoro fled on and on, not knowing whether he was flying, or how many pursuing steps were behind him.  
 Up this street, and round that corner; along that alley, and over those garden palings; fleet, fleet as the wind, the hunted one flew, not daring to glance over his shoulder, his heart beating wildly and painfully all the while.  
 The night was dark; had it been moonlight, Desmoro's chances of escape from his pursuers would have been slight indeed.

The bushranger still rushed onward, afraid to pause, eager to put distance 'twixt himself and his followers. He knew that he was flying for his precious life, and that knowledge gave him almost supernatural strength and swiftness of motion.  
 He could not surmise the effect of his late shot, nor did he bestow a second thought upon the matter. His own individual safety was all in all to him at the present moment.  
 Desmoro remembered Mademoiselle d'Auvergne's offer of a place of security should any danger menace him. But he was perplexed to know where he was at this time; extensive and well-kept grounds were around him, and the walls of a fine mansion rose before his view.  
 Where was he—where was he—in what part of the town was he now standing?  
 He listened for a few anxious, aching seconds. All was still; not a sound from afar or near could be heard.  
 Then Desmoro crouched low, and put his ear to the ground, even as the blacks do when they are tracking man or beast; but all was silence. They had missed him, he thought, and he was safe again.  
 Five minutes went by. Desmoro heard the clock of a neighboring church strike eleven.  
 He arose, and looked around. His eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and he could now clearly distinguish every object about him. There was a light in one of the lower windows of the mansion in front of him. Desmoro saw through the uncurtained glass a figure sitting at a table, reading or writing, he could not say which.  
 Desmoro stole softly to the casement, and peeped in upon the occupant of the apartment, whom he now perceived to be busily engaged in writing.  
 The bushranger felt strangely attracted by the face upon which he was looking for the first time. The writer was a man with a white head and furrowed brow; whose hands looked pale and thin, as if they belonged unto one familiar with trouble and bodily pain. Desmoro watched until the writer raised his head, until he could study all his lineaments; then he stood wrapped up in a dream, wondering wherefore he was thus entranced.  
 There was something inexplicably gentle and winning in the countenance upon which the bushranger was thus curiously gazing, also he could not have paused to regard it with such deep interest as he did.  
 For upwards of five minutes Desmoro secretly looked on, his eyes fairly riveted on the countenance before him, which countenance he fancied he had seen somewhere. Where? In his dreams—or in the mirror in which his own features had been reflected?  
 Desmoro could not say; he could only gaze on and on, lost in a perfect labyrinth of conjecture and perplexity.  
 All at once the bushranger's acute ears caught the sounds of approaching voices—of voices from beyond the garden rails.  
 At this moment the writer rose and unfastened a hinged pane of the window, in order to admit a little fresh air into the room.  
 "I tell you that he went this way," spoke one of the voices from the other side of the enclosure.  
 "Well, suppose we search those grounds fur the big scoundrel," and a second voice, which Desmoro instantly recognised as that of the rascal Pidgers, who had sprung up in the bushranger's path so suddenly and unexpectedly that he could scarcely believe his waking senses, and felt as if lost in the confusion of some horrible dream.  
 What cruel fate had brought this man sixteen thousand miles over the sea to rise up before him thus? Desmoro felt that Pidgers was his most deadly enemy; yet therefore he was such, was more than he could say.  
 "I aren't a good 'un at climbin', by rayson of my lame legs," pursued the last speaker, in subdued tones, yet loud enough for the listener to catch every syllable that was being said; "but if you'll give me a helpin' hand, I'll be over in less than no time. I sees a hundred pounds in the distance, an' I remembers that he shot at me a short while ago."  
 "The hundred pounds mayn't be all yours," observed another. "Whosoever catches him will have the reward, or half of it. What a grab-all you are!"  
 "Well, well, halves be it; now give me a helpin' hand over the palings."  
 Desmoro heard no more; his pursuers were ready to pounce upon him, he had no time to pause.  
 He put his scared face to the open pane, and spoke hurriedly, and in accents scarcely above his breath.  
 "Don't be alarmed, my dear sir, but for the love of heaven serve a poor hunted man by giving him an hour's shelter beneath your roof!"  
 The occupant of the apartment started up in amazement, and in some terror as well.  
 "Make haste, make haste!" cried Desmoro, imploringly. "Another minute, and I am lost! Oh, for the love of heaven, give me a temporary shelter!"  
 The speaker's accents were so full of entreaty and afflict, that his listener made no pause, but at once unclosing the casement—which opened like a pair of cupboard doors, and was level with the floor of the verandah—he admitted the anxious appellant, who, flying to the lamp, at once extinguished it.

(To be continued.)





# FLORENCE CARR.

## A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

### CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

The question, the interest Florence showed in preserving Sidney Bertram's life, produced an entire revulsion of feeling.

He dropped the weapon from his nerveless hand, threw his arms round her neck, and rested his head on her shoulder, and burst into tears.

The reaction had set in. He was at her mercy now, rather than she at his.

Do not attribute any excess of pity or sympathy to Florence Carr when I tell you that at this moment she spared him.

He was the last spar from the wreck that she had to cling to.

Possibly he might be a raft on which she could drift into some safe port or harbor.

Without his help she could not escape from this subterranean prison.

He was her gaoler now, but he might be her slave, a willing slave too, and she could not afford to indulge in any sentimental notions of love or hatred, liking or disliking, with so much at stake.

For a few seconds she let him weep on unrestrained, let him weep for his lost and dishonored manhood, for his once pure heart and noble aspirations, for all he had loved, worshipped and revered, his faith in God and man, the memory of his parents, his spotless ancestry and noble name, slurred, desecrated, and defiled by the unholy passion, which, like a burning madness, consumed him.

Over all of it he wept as a strong man weeps but seldom in a lifetime; wept, as all that was good and true and pure in his past career passed from him, leaving only their memory like dead ashes behind.

Then the siren, who, almost unconsciously, had thus bewitched and influenced him, spoke soothing words, parted the dark hair from his clammy brow, and roused him up to live in the present and future, shutting out the past as a tale that is told.

A very Samson shorn of his strength, he clung to her, calling her fond, endearing names, and really frightening her with the intensity of the passion she had excited.

At length, by a judicious combination of tenderness and firmness, she succeeded in rousing him to meet the dangers and difficulties that lay before—nay, that surrounded them.

There was no longer a question of their separate destinies, for henceforth their lives lay together.

Little could that man, the man who this day was to have been a bridegroom, dream or know that the deed of blood, the sight of which had stricken him down, had bound the lives of two concerned in that dark tragedy together, as no other human power could have done.

Sidney Bertram had come to the coal pit prepared for disguise and flight, and it would have taken a sharp, keen pair of eyes indeed to have recognized the beautiful Florence in that middle-aged widow lady who travelled to London that night with a young clergyman who might have been either her brother or son.

### CHAPTER XLI.

#### BOB BRINDLEY'S PRIZE.

"Eigh, Moll, lass, art thee glad to see me?" The question was asked by Bob Brindley, as he drew near the form of the shrinking girl.

In the man's eyes and on his heavy face was an expression which sent the blood curdling to her heart with nameless terror that no amount of fury or anger on his part could have excited.

His cruel hatred was as nothing in comparison to the intensity of his still more cruel love, and, for the first time in her life, she recognized the frightfully explosive power which this man's passion for her had become, and trembled to think that, like an infant playing with the elements of its own destruction, she was completely and utterly at his mercy.

Florence Carr's advice to her to promise anything, or, at least, try to soothe rather than irritate her gaoler, recurred to her now, and, though her habit of truth and sincerity prevented her from following the precept literally,

it made her somewhat more cautious in her manner and speech.

"Aye, I'm glad to clap eyes on anybody, Bob, arter being in this black hole so long. I canna think what I come here for, but thee'll tak' me out on it, won't thee, Bob?"

"Aye, lass, if thee agrees to what aw'll ax thee."

"Oh, tak' me out now, Bob, and tell me what thee wants arter. Aw feels as if aw should die in this hole."

"Not if aw knows it, lass. It ha' cost me too much to oage thee, to let thee out till aw've clipped thy wings."

"Eigh, Bob, how cruel thee art. But thee war ever so. Hast thee brought me here to murder me?"

"Noa, lass; aw've brought thee here for summat sweeter nor murder, and that be love and revenge."

"Revenge!" she repeated, "Why, what have aw ever done to thee?"

As well might the lamb ask the wolf how it was possible for it to disturb and trouble the water when it flowed from him to its innocent self.

The question, as with the wolf, only served to

"Aye; but thee needn't scream it like that. Even the very walls have ears."

He had not meant, had not said, indeed, anything more than implied caution, but the strange look in his face and ring in his voice told her plainly as words could have done, that he was not himself innocent of participation in the crime.

"Dead, murdered!" she repeated. "Why, then, there's blood upon yo', and thee comes to me with red hands. Beant' thee afraid that Him as made us all will cut thee off from cumbering the ground?"

"Thar, don't give me any more gab. Thee knows what aw'm here for; art thee ready?"

Instead of answering him, Moll sank on her knees, and, clasping her hands together, began to pray.

To pray; but not to the man stained with human blood, which, though the spots showed not, seemed to burn into and sear his very soul, and who stood threateningly before her, but to her Heavenly Father, before whom all things are open, and whose power is omnipotent; and the guilty man, startled and awed, stood looking at and listening to her, restrained, in spite of himself, from the violence he meditated.

Quickly enough he regained his feet, and groped about for the lamp; but, though it might have been close to his hand, he could not find or touch it.

He called to Moll.

But no reply or answer came.

He held his breath, to try to listen for hers, and thus learn in what direction and how far from him she was.

But even this test failed.

Not a sound, not the breathing of the woman whom he had marked as his victim was to be heard; and he swore and threatened, and even ground his teeth in impotent rage and fury, but all in vain.

With the same result, also, he searched his pockets for matches, or anything by which to strike a light, and at last, baffled, half mad with the bewildering effect of darkness, he tried to grope his way back to the opening of the working and the side of the shaft through which he had descended.

This, however, was not so easy as he had imagined, for in groping about after the lamp, and in the fruitless effort to catch hold of Moll, he had lost his bearings, as a sailor would call it, and it was not until he found himself surrounded, except on one side, by a wall, that he knew he had been stumbling away from the very point he was so anxious to reach.

The noise he made was quite sufficient to warn Moll of his proximity, and though more than once he was so near her that she had to crouch away and suspend her breath, lest he might hear and grasp her, he passed on; and, dreadful as solitude and darkness might be, it was a relief and a blessing in comparison to what had been threatened her.

She would have followed him, followed, at least the course he had taken, but she had never been in a coal pit before, did not know where the gallery she was in might lead to, or what holes, obstructions, or dangers she might incur in the dense and complete darkness, and her ignorance of the place; so, when convinced that Bob had left her for a time at least, she crept back to the straw upon which she and Florence had passed the night, and here huddled herself up, wrapped in the cloak which had shrouded her when brought there.

Hour after hour passed in silence and passed in want of air, cold, and hungry, Moll had sunk into a state of semi-consciousness, and lay on her heap of straw, neither properly asleep nor awake, but only conscious and overwhelmed with the horror of her position.

What an age it seemed since she had left her own house—been free and comparatively happy.

It could not be much more than twenty-four hours, perhaps, but counted by sensations and experience, those hours had contained the condensed agony of a lifetime.

And now here she was, with life, but without hope, for who could or would help her?

Bob Brindley would either return to complete his vile work, or leave her to die of lingering starvation.

Poor Moll, barely conscious as she was, the memory of drear tales of persons being buried alive, though accident, neglect, or the falling in of a mine, recurred to her now like a vision of her own untimely end; and still no one came near her, and she had not tasted food, or even a cup of water, for many, many hours.

In the world above the eventful day had closed.

The murder of the old woman and abduction of the two girls, one of whom was that day to have been a bride, was on every tongue.

Great was the horror, still greater the wonderment, but suspicion had as yet been fastened upon no one.

Men and women looked at each other, wondered who it could be; and, as nobody was missing from among them, many came to the conclusion that the double crime had been perpetrated by strangers to the town.

The police had taken charge of the cottage and its contents, and whatever clue they had, or thought they had, remained, for this day, at least, a secret in their own hands.

Grave, also, were the rumors circulated as to the effect of the shock upon Frank Gresham.

One report was that he was dead, that it had killed him.

Another, and doubtless nearer the truth, that he was raving mad, or raving with brain fever,



"THE LIEUTENANT WAS STARTLED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A WAITER."

irritate the beast of prey by showing the injustice of his plea.

"What hast thee done to me?" repeated the man, waxing angry. "Hast' thee flouted me, and scorned me, and turned up thee nose at me, and gone with another man afore my eyes, and let everybody see as thee doted on him, and had never a kind word for me? Didst thee think aw war of the stuff to see thee Will Bolton's wife—thee as aw marked for moy own when thee war a wee lass? Noa; aw'd have murdered him, if he'd not been transported, afore he should ha' had thee for a wife."

"Ah! then 'twas yo' who got him transported, war it?" asked the girl, trembling with fear, and yet anxious to solve the mystery which had haunted her.

"Noa, it warn't; but aw knows the man who did. But that's nort. You're mine no', and there's no escape for yo'."

The girl was weak with hunger, cold and terror, but the confirmation of her belief in Willie Bolton's innocence, a belief shared in by few or none besides herself, gave her now courage, made her determined to struggle to the bitter end—aye, and die rather than become this man's living victim.

"Then thee wants me to marry thee?" she asked, striving still to temporize, and wondering if there were not some loophole of escape from his power.

"Aye, if thee likes," he replied, as though slightly surprised at being tak' at his word. "But," he added, "thee'll have to wait for the church part on't, and we mon be off for furrin parts w'out a good-bye to onybody."

"W'out saying good-bye to onybody," repeated the girl. "And why, mon? We have done no wrang to nobody."

"Noa, but somebody else have. Jone Barker killed his aunt last night arter we'd brought yo' two lasses from the cottage, and folks put it all of a piece, and they'll think . . . bin my work and youn if yo' ever shows your face in Owd-ham ag'in."

"Killed her, killed Willie's mother?" repeated Moll, as though trying to realize what he had told her, and believe that she was in her right senses.

The spell did not last for long, however; and scarcely had the girl risen again to her feet, when he burst out in a tone of fury—

"Come, now, if thee canting's done, aw'll have my turn."

But her courage had risen with her prayer, with her consciousness of innocence, truth and virtue, and also with horror at the crime of which this man was guilty, and she stood up now, not the cringing, trembling woman of a few minutes ago, but, like one inspired by a power scarcely human, to meet this man on his own ground, defy, and conquer him.

"What didst thee say thee wanted?" she asked, calmly, and without the least sign of fear.

"Aw want yo' and aw'll have yo'," was the reply, supplemented by an oath.

"Thee may wait, but thee'll never have me. Bob Brindley," was the steady reply. "Thar's One above as'll take care on me and protect me from thee. Aw've prayed to Him, and He hears me."

A volley of oaths and curses assailed her for the moment; but the murderer, nevertheless, felt rooted to the spot.

It may be easy enough to attack a shrinking, trembling, terrified woman, but to offer violence to one who, with death, and worse than death, staring her in the face, yet stands calmly and unflinchingly defying it, requires even more nerve than this brute possessed.

Still the case was desperate, desperate almost as much with him as with her, and, after the first start of surprise and pause of hesitation, he placed his lamp on the ground, took a flask of spirits from his pocket, from which he drank a deep draught; and now, having fortified his sinking courage, he began to make use of some coarse, vile language, and rushed towards the pair though still unshrinking girl.

Suddenly—far more quickly than I can describe it—there was a thud, like the fall of some body, a cry, and total darkness.

The cause of it was simple enough.

Bob Brindley, in rushing towards the girl, had kicked over the lamp, fallen over it, in fact, and by this means extinguished the light, while he himself measured his length upon the floor.

and accusing his mother of being the author of the crime.

An accusation to which grave color was given by the violent threats and strong language which Mrs. Gresham had used when speaking of the girl, or referring to her son's marriage.

All this was raked up against her now, and though no one could imagine that she had perpetrated the deed herself, there were many who believed she had paid others to accomplish it for her.

In any case, her threat, uttered in a moment of heat and passion, that the girl should never be her son's wife, seemed more than likely to be fulfilled.

But this conviction brought no comfort with it to the heart of the proud, indulgent mother, for her own boy lay, the doctors told her, between life and death, and her very presence seemed to inspire him with such loathing horror, that the medical man had positively forbidden her to enter the sick room.

And the wedding guests put aside their unused finery with something like a shudder, while one of them, Lieutenant Blackie, as soon as he had taken Gresham home to Bankside, shut himself up in his own room at the hotel for more than an hour, wondering at the events which had crowded in upon him during the last twenty-four hours, and asking himself, with something like remorse, if his presence in Oldham had, in the remotest degree, been the cause of it.

For that the intended and missing bride, and the woman whose strange history he was well acquainted with, were one, he had no doubt whatever.

He was startled from his solitude and self-communing by a knock at his bedroom door, and the entrance of a waiter, who informed him that Mr. John Gresham was below and desired to speak with him.

"I will be with him directly," was the reply. But the lieutenant, though no coward, felt his cheek pale at the prospect of the interview and conversation which must take place as part of it.

"How little can I tell him to spare others?" he thought; "and how much must I tell him to justify myself?"

The question was still undecided when he descended to the private sitting-room, to meet John Gresham and the Reverend Sidney Beltram, whom he had brought with him.

#### CHAPTER XLII

##### A CHANGE OF PRISONERS.

"Here, Moll, wake thee up. Aw'm come to save thee."

No answer, and the vigorous shake from the speaker seemed to produce no effect upon the mass of inert matter in the form of a woman which lay upon the strewn straw.

"Moll, look thee here; it's me, Jem, as is come to save thee. Wake thee up, lass, or my grandmother will be here, and then we be both lost."

But even this failed to arouse the unconscious sleeper.

"Be she dead, aw wonder?" asked the deformed girl, whom you have no doubt recognized.

She placed her hand on the sleeper's heart. It beat faintly enough, it is true; still there could be no doubt about it, the pulsation was regular, and the body of the girl, though chilly, had not the freezing cold of death upon it.

"Aw've brought her a sup and a bite," muttered Jem, "mayhap it'll wake her. It be some of my granny's whisky too."

And with a grin at the expense of the relative she had thus defrauded, she placed her lantern upon the ground, and managed with some trouble and difficulty to force a few drops of the strong spirit down the throat of the unconscious girl.

The effect was rapid. A sob and gasp, something like a muffled cry, and warm glow, told that the whisky which Jem continued to force upon her, was doing good service.

"Art thee better? Iost know me?" asked Jem, anxiously.

Time, precious time, was slipping away; she feared the arrival of her grandmother, and she had much to tell Moll before the arrival of that worthy person.

"Eigh, where be I?" asked Moll, gazing wildly about.

"Here, lass, take a bite, and another sup, and try to wake theesel' up. Aw's come to save thee, but if we be lang, they'll catch me as well as yo'."

Moll obeyed, though the bread seemed to choke her, and the fiery spirit she drank tasted little stronger to her than water.

"Art thee better, Moll? 'Anst thee understand me? Granny'll be here soon, and then maybe it'll be too late."

"Aye, tell me; aw knows all about it. Am aw to stay here to die, Jem?"

"Noa, that's what aw be here for. Thee's sure thee's awake and knows what aw'm saying? It's about thee and Willie Bolton."

That came across as a spell.

"Willie, Willie," she repeated. "Aye, what of him—what of him, Jem?"

"Why, thee dost na love him still, dost thee?" demanded Jem contemptuously.

"Love him?" repeated Moll. "Aye, lass, aw love him better nor my own life, and aw'll lie here and die gladly—die alone, in the dark, with not even God near me—if it'll do him good, and prove that he bean't guilty."

"Thee heest a fule, Moll," was the scarcely complimentary rejoinder. "Dost na know as he went mad for that baby-faced Florence, as I allays hated, and as I have now. It it had na been for that, aw'd ha' saved him fra being transported—for aw knowed all about it—but aw thort, as he war not true to you, spinner and granny might have their own way, and so aw let 'em."

"The spinner! What, Frank Gresham?"

"Aye, it war him."

"But wherefore? What cause had he?"

"Why, he war mad for F' once too, and he thort she favored Willie. Thee minds the night o' the ball, Moll, when thee war cross as Willie did na come?"

"Aye, that aw do; and Willie called whoam. But it war to leave word for me as it war so late and he war so tired he could na come to the ball arter me."

"Aye, that's what she told thee, and she did na care for him; he warn't game enough for her, and much as aw hates her, aw believe she tried to spare thee. But he war mad arter her for all that, and the spinner knowed it, and got him out o' his way."

"How, Jem? Tell me how?"

"Granny'll be here in a minute," replied Jem, evasively; "and we'd best see what's to be done."

"Tell me first how they put the guilt on Willie. Aw must know, Jem; tell me quick."

"Well, then, spinner gave granny a big bag o' gold, and she got Jone Barker—thee minds Willie's cousin?—and as like him as two peas, and he got in the counting-house, and then hid the treasure in Willie's bed. That's how it war."

"Thank the Lord for His mercies," said Moll, fervently.

"Aye, thank the Lord, but do it above ground. He's more likely to hurt thee than," returned Jem, impatiently.

"Now look thee here, Moll," she went on. "Bob Brindley come to granny this evening, and says he, 'That lass Moll will g'v' us trouble, and make us all swing.' 'S'pose you swing her,' says granny. 'Noa; aw'll leave that fur yo' to do,' says he. 'Yo' must be a brave lad,' says she, 'to be feared o' a woman.'

"'Brave or no,' says he, 'yo've got to go to her. She'll be high dighted by this time, fur she's had no bile nor sup since yesternight, and that bean't too much fresh air whar she be neither. Go and tell her it be her last chance. She can come w' me to furra parts, if she will, and if not, why, she mon die.'

"'Aw' what should aw go fur?' says granny. "'Cause I can run away, and yo' can't,' says he, 'and them as stays behind'll swing for it. Besides, there's naught to be proved agin me; aw can snap my fingers at 'em.'

"'No, arter a time,' continued Jem, 'when they'd swore at each other a bit like a cat and a dog over a bone, granny says as how she'll come to yo', and if yo' wouldna say yes to Bill, gran' wor to shoot yo'.'

"'Shoot me?' repeated Moll.

"'Aye, shoot thee. Aw saw Bob g'v' her a wee pistol as he said would do it.'

"'And how did yo' get here, Jem?' asked the captive, surprised almost to incredulity by what she heard.

"'Oh, Ben, that's the man as is at the mouth of the pit, be my sweetheart, and though he's mortal feard o' Rob Brindley, I made him let me come down to yo', and he'll know nort of yo' being up till we be out of the cage, and then he dar'n't make a row.'

"'Ben knows aw am here, then, does he?'" asked Moll.

"'Noa, he don't know yo're here, but he knows there be some lass here, and aw thought, if we could manage it, we'd wait till granny comes, and leave her here till we gets out. Aw've brought a bonnet of hers, and r. shawl, and if thee could bend theesel', and make believe thee war lame, mayhap in the dark Ben wouldna know but yo' was granny, and then yo'd get a start of Bob.'

"'Aye; but whar mon aw go, Jem, when aw gets out?'"

"'That aw dinna know, lass. Thee must not go to thee whoam, and thee mon get out of Owdham as soon as thee can, for thy life be in danger. If aw was yo', aw'd go to Lunnon. Willie Bolton be thar, at Millbank Prison—aw heard granny say so—and aw'd go and see him; but thee must na split on me till Bob and Jone and the parson be kitched, or they'll murder me for helping yo'.'

"'Noa, aw will be very careful, Jem, for yo'r sake more nor my own. But what will thee granny say to thee when she comes up the pit again?'"

"'Oh, aw don't care for her then. Aw's going to be married to Ben soon. But hark! there she be. Aw'll make the lantern dark, yo' lie down on the straw. While she be jawing on yo', aw'll come behind and throw a shawl over her head. Then we'll take both the lamps and run. Aw've got the bonnet and shawl hid for thee near the shaft.'

Moll lay back quietly. There was no time to lose, while Jem, covering the light with a stide, retired into one of the cavern recesses with which the side of the gallery or working abounded.

The old hag came bobbling along, a lantern in one hand, a stick in the other.

As she approached Moll, she looked about curiously, even cautiously, but the rays from her lantern failed to reveal Jem in her hiding place, and Moll was so wrapped up in the large cloak as to completely hide her face from her scrutinizing gaze.

"Moll, lass, wake up!" she exclaimed, poking her with her stick.

But Moll gave no sign of hearing, neither did she move.

The order was repeated with a still more vigorous poke, yet still Moll remained silent and motionless.

"Seems aw've had my trouble for nort. Surely the lass is dead."

She bent over the prostrate figure, pulled the cloak from off the girl's face, and then, seeing from its color and expression that she could only be in a deep sleep, shook her again heartily.

Moll opened her eyes, stared at the old crone in evident and unaffected terror, and then, sitting up, demanded, in a trembling voice, what she wanted.

"Aw've come for thee answer; thee last moment's come. There can be no more shilly-shallying; thy companion's bin wise and gone; thou'rt here all alone, and thee'll have to go w' Bob Brindley or stay here for ever."

"For ever?" repeated the girl, with a visible shudder.

"Aye, for ever; you know the dead tell no tales."

The threatened girl covered her face with her cloak—to shut out for a moment the horror that awaited her, the hag thought—but in reality, to collect her thoughts.

If the old woman were unarmed, she was a match for her, weak as she was, without Jem's help, but if Jem was right and the White Witch came provided with firearms, the utmost caution, even cunning, would be needed to disarm her.

She might also have confederates, of whom Jem knew nothing, and even Bob himself might be in the mine, waiting only a signal from Granny Black to come forward.

It was best to be certain on this point, so hat uncovering her face, she sobbed out Bob's name, as though she were yielding and asking if he were there.

"Noa, but thee can come to him," was the reply.

And indeed the old woman, though somewhat surprised, was not sorry at having, as it seemed, succeeded so easily.

Moll began to scramble to her feet, and the noise and rattle she made among the straw, hid the possible sound of the cat-like tread of Jem as she stole from her hiding-place, and crept behind her grandmother.

Looking at her was more than Moll could or dared do, and yet she had no idea, could not even dream of the diabolical plot formed in Jem's scheming brain.

Had she possessed even a suspicion of it, the chances are that she would have renounced this her very last hope of escape.

As Moll stood upright, something was thrown from behind over the old woman's head and face and pulled tightly there, while Jem cried out in a voice of alarm—

"The pistol, Moll; mind, she's got it."

Not a moment too soon did the warning come.

Moll struck up the old woman's arm, and the same instant, it seemed, the ball lodged in the roof which was intended to have found its destination in her heart or brain.

"Hold her tight," cried Jem, "while I fastens her," and Moll, not knowing what other danger might threaten, held the old creature's wrists tightly.

Jem, however, soon relieved her, taking off her garters to secure her granny's wrists, and then, like a dutiful grandchild, as no doubt you think her, she expeditiously rummaged the old creature's pockets, transferring anything of value which they contained to her own.

"Now, Moll, we'll let her try how soft your bed may be for the night," said the little imp maliciously; "straw be good enough for such as you and me, she thinks; let's see how she likes it. Good night, granny; pleasant dreams to you. Come, Moll, we must be sharp. Here, granny will lend you her lamp; she'll not want one to sleep by. Come along."

And so saying, she led the way, Moll following silently.

It must not be supposed that Granny Black bore the process of being secured silently, or made no protest against it.

On the contrary, she screamed as loudly as the shawl hid over her face would allow her to do, cursed, blessed, begged, and entreated.

She likewise struggled to the utmost of her ability.

Struggled so determinedly that Jem, as I have said, secured her wrists, and then bethinking herself that the wooden leg which her respected relative used was quite unnecessary to her comfort when sleeping, relieved her of it for the time being, placing it and the stick which she had brought with her out of her reach.

How Moll reached the surface of the earth again she never knew.

The excitement and strain on her nerves had been so great that the night-air, although it was warm for May, seemed too cold and strong for her.

She staggered like a cripple or drunken woman, so much so that Ben, the man at the mouth of the pit, and whose attention was quite taken up by Jem, could not, if he had wished, say, with certainty, half an hour after, that it was not the old White Witch and fortune-teller that had come up again.

"Yo'll have no more work to-night, Ben," said Jem, as she took an affectionate leave of him, and then joined her companion, who had paused to rest and lean against a wall.

"Thee must na stay here, Moll," she said, in a firm, earnest tone. "The only chance of sav-

ing theesel' and Willie Bolton is by getting away from Owdham, until them as did the murder is found out. When it be, you'll be safe to come back again."

"Aye, Jem, thou'rt right. Aw'll go. Thank thee, lass, for saving me. Good-night, Jem, and God bless thee! I'm going to Lunnon. Good night."

And thus these two women parted, under the blue vault of Heaven, with myriads of stars, like angels' eyes gleaming down upon them, one to fulfil her errand of love and mercy, the other to gloat over her ill-gotten wealth, and wonder with a shiver of horror, what was the condition, living or dead, of its miserly owner.

(To be continued.)

## "OUR JOE."

BY JAMES PITT.

(Concluded.)

"Upon what?"

"Upon a hundred things; the first, upon finding a thoroughly good man."

"Alice, could you marry me?"

"Marry you!" replied Alice, laughing heartily at what struck her as a very queer idea, "marry you!" she repeated, "not if every hair of your head was hung with diamonds."

Joe was astonished, confounded, thunderstruck. He saw that Alice meant what she said.

"What not marry me, when we have known each other so many, many years? I always thought, Alice, we should be husband and wife."

"People, especially young men, never marry those they think they will," sharply responded the fair young girl, a little in fun, and a great deal in earnest, "so you had better say nothing more on the subject."

"I must, Alice."

"You needn't."

"You will surely tell me why you won't have me for your husband?"

"I can only give you one reason why I should if I were ever so much inclined to marry you, which I am not, and that is, I believe you care a little, just a little for me."

"I do, Alice, I love you devotedly."

"Yes, I know you do, about a twelfth part as much as you love yourself. No, no, you are too lazy, too selfish, and too fond of gay company to suit me." And Alice struck the ground with the umbrella, emphatically.

"But if I turned over a new leaf, Alice; what then?"

"Suppose you did, and suppose—it's very cheap, you know, to suppose possibilities and impossibilities—I was willing to be your wife, how much money have you got towards housekeeping?"

"Not much."

"Can you keep a wife with your wages? Because if you fancy you can you are greatly mistaken—that's all."

"I think I should make you a good husband, Alice."

"Do you? I don't. You were a bad, wicked son by all accounts, and bedsons are always bad husbands."

This unexpected upbraiding cut him to the quick; he remembered what he had forgotten, his cruel, heartless treatment of an exemplary mother, and shame and remorse filled his soul. These whisperings of conscience generally catch us when we are unawares, bit us hard when we are least prepared to parry. After long years of the most secret seclusion, an old sin will present itself in appalling hideousness, and awake the still, small voice to activity, and its incessant murmurings of reproach are hard to stifle. Conscience will always assert its power; you cannot, thanks be to God, utterly subdue it, and those who reply to its warnings, "To-morrow we will open," and when the morrow comes answer again, "To-morrow," had better "take heed, lest they fall." Conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Joe was no exception to this rule. He was afraid to speak another word until Alice reached her destination, when he resumed the conversation.

"I have been thinking, Alice, I am not half the man I ought to be. I am utterly ashamed of my former life, and utterly horror-stricken when I remember my treatment of my poor mother. But I am determined to show, by my future life, that her teaching, too long despised and neglected, has not been entirely lost upon me. Good-bye, Alice, good-bye. I shall not, for some time at least, renew the subject we have been talking about, nor refer to it in any way. In a few years, if I feel more worthy of you, and you are not married, I hope, God willing, to be able to offer you as comfortable a home as any working-man in the whole parish could offer you. Again good-night, Alice."

"Good-night, Joe."

Thus the two parted. Alice thinking no more of the matter, Joe returning to his lodgings, full of thought, subdued, disappointed, dejected, if not humiliated.

The next week, to the great surprise and regret of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, he removed to another dwelling, not daring to encounter Alice so soon after his recent discomfiture. On the Sundays she came home he studiously avoided the neighborhood; nevertheless, in the week, he would sometimes stroll to the place where Alice was at service, and watch the house until every light disappeared. This, at last, became his favorite recreation, and not a night passed without his sur-

veying the premises at a respectful distance, and breathing a fervent prayer for the future welfare and happiness of one of the inmates—his beloved Alice.

Joe now set to work in earnest, determined to make money. His first endeavor was to obtain a more lucrative and honorable situation, and hearing that an assistant engineer was wanted at the colliery, and knowing the chief engineer well, he was lucky enough to secure the appointment. In six months he managed to save five pounds, all of which he expended upon a stone for his mother's grave, but he was not allowed to place it there, as she had been buried at the expense of the parish, and no ornament is permitted to point out the resting-place of a mere pauper. Keenly he felt this disappointment, but he bore it bravely, saved a pound or two more, and paid to have the stone placed in the churchyard path, among the many monuments to money and merit which already overcrowded it.

And every time he passed that way he read this ever-recurring "sermon in stone," "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Four years had passed, and Joe had taken a cottage and furnished it, and a pretty cottage it was, with its green porch, its small green verandah and green venetian shutters, all standing out in pleasant relief to the yellow-ochred plaster of the external walls. Standing in a large garden, and surrounded by lofty trees and a charming landscape, this cottage was quite a picture. Joe was proud of his house and garden, as may be imagined from the fact that nearly every moment of his leisure was devoted to their adornment and improvement.

About this time he renewed his acquaintance with the Harveys. Alice was still in her old situation, Joe was pleased to find; the same guileless, charming creature she had ever been, a trifle more staid, perhaps, but chatty and cheerful as of yore, and she possessed a vast knowledge of domestic economy—"an excellent thing in woman."

One Sunday, when Joe had invited the Harveys to tea, he made Alice sit at the head of the table. He had lost some of his hesitation and bashfulness, and openly asked her if she would not like to occupy that position every day, to which she laughingly replied that she thought not, she didn't know, she was sure she was a very poor hand in a house, &c., &c.

On the following Sunday Joe called for Alice, according to promise, and both proceeded to the parish church, where, until the service commenced, Alice sat wondering why the pews were made so high that worshippers could see only the people in the same seat as themselves, no one else, not even the minister.

But the organ pealed forth, the choir sang the anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father," and then came the general morning service, Alice trying with all her heart to enter into the spirit of the liturgy.

But the high pews were a great abomination to her, a very great abomination—until the conclusion of the second lesson, when she thanked the high pews, for to her exceeding astonishment and agitation she heard this announcement uttered in ringing tones, "I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Bracey and Alice Harvey, both of this parish. If any one of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the first time of asking."

A DREAM OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

I stood on a rough, craggy eminence overhanging the sea. 'Twas a wild, bleak and barren spot, far away from human habitation, but to me it was most beautiful. Far as the eye could reach extended the deep blue waters, like an immense mirror, reflecting the beautiful face of Heaven; and as I gazed from my airy heights, it seemed as if I looked through the earth and saw the Heavens on the other side, so clear was the water, so distant and yet so distinct the reflection.

The soft light of the moon threw the shadows of the tall cliff in fantastic shapes over the ocean. Now it seemed an embattled tower; now a palatial pile; now a church, with minaret, spire and dome. Again, it changed and in grim form it stood forth a prison, a dungeon, a tomb.

From earth I turned to heaven, and there the blue dome was lighted with a myriad of tiny lights, like sparkling diamonds, and all was clear save where the young moon showed her pale crescent, and hung reposing on a pile of clouds, like an infant being rocked to sleep in its cradle. All was so calm, so peaceful and so still, that my soul seemed drawn from earth and lifted through the air to seek its home above where such peace reigns forever.

But as my spirit winged its way on high, it seemed to be joined by a sister spirit, whom I saw not, yet I knew was there; and a voice which I knew not, but which spoke to my sense clear and distinct, like the mellow cadence of a far-off tinkling bell, said,—

"Come with me, and I will show you a lesson of life."  
Then I thought that I dreamed, yet I seemed still to stand upon that tall cliff and view the calm waters beneath. And the voice said,—

"See thou this tall cliff rock on which we stand? This is a man's conscience; and see the calm, quiet waves, with gentle and caressing motion, patting its base. These are human passions which war against the soul. In youth they are so mild, so peaceful and so still that they seem to offer no resistance to the force of God's will on earth. And see thou the bright star, afar off in heaven, 'tis the eye of God, reflecting its light on the conscience to show that it is a spark of heavenly flame. And now, look at it again!"

And I looked, and behold "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The waters dashed against the cliff, and I felt it shake to its centre, and heard the great rocks groan in their agony; and the fierce wind howled over the ocean's face, lashing it into foam, and stirring it up to greater madness; and the tempest roared and shrieked like demons let loose, and I felt the strong rock quiver and bend like a reed before the blast. I looked to heaven, and there was still that star, but not so bright, for flying masses of clouds coursed across its fair face, and strove to hide its beauty; yet it still shone fainter, and fainter, and I felt the reed grow weaker, and the wild waves tossed more tumultuously as that star's glory dimmed.

At last it was gone, and then with one great bound the billows came on, and the vast rock was upturned and fell heavily into the dark, troubled waters; and the wild winds laughed with demoniac joy at its downfall.

And I fell not, but seemed to stand on air, and view the great conflict of the elements. Then I knew that I dreamed, yet wished that I might see the end. And again the voice spoke to me and said,—

"And this, too, is human life. See the fierce winds which stir the ocean up to fury. These are the spirits of evil in this world, ever exciting the human passions and goading them on to ruin; and the tall rock which has fallen is the dead conscience of man, killed by the incontinent passions of life. And see how the bright star above hides its face in sorrow at its fall! And now see the end!"

And I gazed and beheld—nothing! Where the surging waves and howling winds had held their wild banquet of destruction I saw nothing. All around and about me was thick darkness; and far, far down I saw a red glare, yet could distinguish nought; and I heard a groaning, as of a mighty mass in dire agony, and from below arose a heavy, sulphurous vapor which almost choked and took my breath away. And again the voice spoke to me and said,—

"This is human death!"  
Then I looked to heaven and saw that star again. It grew brighter and brighter, and I heard a host of heavenly voices sing:—

"Son of mortal, child of clay,  
Earthly things shall pass away;  
Man's short term below is given  
To fit his mind for things of heaven;  
To teach his soul to seek on high  
The way to live, the way to die,  
So that when earth has passed away  
The King of Heaven may be its stay.  
(Child of mortal, son of clay,  
The joys of heaven pass not away."

The voices ceased, and while I gazed the whole heaven became light, and it seemed as if bright beings with golden wings flitted about me. And the star became one vast white, shining light; and the beauty and glory were too good for human eyes. I bowed my head and turned my face away; then the voice said,—

"This is after death"  
I started from my dream and awoke.

J. A. P.

BELLA'S PROMISE.

BY M. L. D.

"I'll wait for you, Ralph, no matter how long it will be. I'll trust in you, and wait for you."

The speaker was a fair-haired girl, not exactly pretty, but with a delicate, oval face, glowing with health, soft, truthful brown eyes, and a slight, trim figure. She stood under the apple-trees, loaded with blossoms that perfumed the air, the setting sun shining slantly on her head, and a stray white petal from the apple boughs lying on her fair hair.

"It won't be for long, Bella; only three years," said her companion, a tall, handsome youth, with curling chestnut hair and dark blue eyes. "We are both young—you, only seventeen—I, twenty; three years won't seem long to either of us."

A shower of snow-flakes fell on Bella from the apple-boughs above her.

"Let us go in; it is almost tea-time," she said, brushing them from her hair.

The young man drew her hand through his arm, and they sauntered up the garden-walk. Ralph Trumain and Bella Selton were companions since childhood. Ralph had lost both parents at an early age, and had been left in the care of Squire Selton, whose wife had died at Bella's birth. Ralph was as dear as a son to the Squire, who fondly hoped to see him married to Bella; but an unexpected event came to change the current of the young people's lives. This event was the receipt of a letter from an uncle of Ralph's, his father's brother, who had long been thought dead, having left home in his youth, and though diligently searched for, his relatives had discovered no trace of his whereabouts.

It seems that he had settled in Hong-Kong, and having amassed a large fortune, wrote home to his brother, being in ignorance of his death.

The letter, addressed to Ralph Trumain, was, of course forwarded to the young Ralph, who, upon opening it, discovered that it was intended for his father, and was from his long-missing uncle. Both he and Squire Selton lost no time in answering the letter, and informing the absent man of his brother's death.

As soon as possible, a letter reached Ralph from his uncle, requesting him to come to China, and promising to make him his heir.

Though sorry to part with him, Squire Selton could not do otherwise than counsel him to go, so preparations were made for the journey, and Ralph was to start on the morning following the commencement of this story.

"Well, children," said the Squire, who sat smoking in the porch, as Ralph and Bella stood before him. He was a stout, hearty-looking man of forty-five years, with a good-natured expression on his jovial countenance. "Well, children! don't look so down-hearted."

Bella murmured something about seeing if tea was ready, and entered the house. Ralph threw himself down on the steps, and surveyed the scene before him with a sigh.

"Are you sorry to leave the old place, my boy?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, sir," replied Ralph, "but—"

"But what, Ralph?"

"I—I should feel happier if there was an engagement between Bella and myself."

"No, no, my boy! there must be no engagement between you; in three years either or both may change your minds. It is best that you should both be free."

"May I consider that your final decision, Mr. Selton?" inquired the young man gravely.

"Yes, Ralph," replied the Squire, replacing his pipe between his lips.

Next morning Ralph Trumain left the home of his childhood to find his uncle in far-off China.

A month after his departure, Bella and her father received letters from him. He was in Liverpool, and was about to sail for China in one of his uncle's vessels.

"You see, Bella," he wrote, "my uncle has not forgotten the land of his birth. The vessel I am to sail in is named *The Rose of Canada*."

After that no news from Ralph reached the Seltons, so they concluded that he had sailed for China, and did not expect to hear from him till the next spring.

The summer passed, and autumn came, with its ripened fruit and golden grain; a little later and the frost set in, and the trees waved their leafless branches in the November blasts, when Bella, sitting one morning by the cheerful wood-fire in the dining-room at Selton Hall, awaiting the appearance of her father for breakfast, took up a newspaper that lay folded on the table. Turning it over, a heading, "Lost at Sea," caught her eye. She glanced over it, and read:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 20th.—The brig *John Lawrence*, from Singapore, Brown, master, reports having picked up, on the 8th August, in the Indian Ocean, lat. 20 deg. 15 min. south, long. 75 deg. 31 min. west, a long boat, bearing the name *Rose of Canada*, with the body of a man, apparently a sailor, in it. It is supposed that the vessel was wrecked in mid-ocean, and that the occupant of the boat perished from exposure and starvation. A blanket and an empty bottle were found in the boat."

No cry escaped from Bella; she sat clutching the paper, her eyes strained on the paragraph. Five minutes later the Squire entered the room.

"Good morning, Bella! Kept you waiting, eh? Well, let's have breakfast at once."

No answer.

"Bella, child, are you so interested in that paper that you can't leave it?"

Still no answer.

"Is the child asleep? Bella!"

He advanced and laid his hand on her shoulder. The touch seemed to break the spell that bound her; with one wild cry she sprang from the chair, threw up her hands, and dropped senseless at her father's feet.

Raising her in his arms, the Squire filled the house with calls for help.

All that day, and for many days after, Bella Selton lay unconscious of what was passing round her.

Squire Selton, in searching for the cause of Bella's swoon and subsequent illness, discovered the paragraph concerning the *Rose of Canada*. Though he greatly feared that Ralph Trumain had perished, yet he set to work to discover, if possible, a clue to his fate. He wrote to the captain of the *John Lawrence*, wrote to the consignors of the *Rose of Canada* at Liverpool, and wrote to Ralph's uncle at Hong-Kong. Two of these letters were answered before Christmas, the captain giving the particulars of the finding of the long boat; the consignors informing the Squire that Ralph Trumain had sailed in the *Rose of Canada*, which had undoubtedly been lost with all on board.

Long before the last letter had reached the Squire, Bella, much paler and thinner than formerly, had taken her accustomed place in the household; before spring came her form was as round and her cheeks as pink as ever; but that she grieved for the playmate of her childhood, and the lover of later years, was plainly seen in her quiet, sad manner.

Years passed by, and Bella recovered her old cheerfulness. Suitors came, but she encouraged

none. Her every-day life said plainly, in the words of Marian Gray:

I can love no more.  
My heart lies buried beneath the sea,  
Yet why should I give my days to grief,  
There is plenty of work in the world for me.

And work she did; the poor of the country round blessed her; not a house did sickness or sorrow enter but Bella Selton found her way to, bringing sunshine to many a darkened home.

Squire Selton had mourned for Ralph as for a son, yet he hoped that Bella would forget him and marry. Only once did he mention the subject to Bella, when a rising young lawyer asked for her hand in her twenty-second year.

"Bella, my child," he had said, "why won't you accept young Granville? He would make you happy, and I wish so much to see you settled."

"Dear papa," Bella replied, "I cannot. Something whispers to me that Ralph is living. Five years ago I told him I would wait for him, and I will keep my word."

"God grant that he is living," said the Squire, solemnly; "but I can scarcely hope it; five years is a long time, Bella."

"I know that, papa, and still I have hope," was the reply, and so the subject dropped.

And the years passed on, bringing no tidings of Ralph Trumain or the *Rose of Canada*.

Again it was May, and the apple-blossoms loaded with perfume the air round Selton Hall. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, its rays lighting up the windows of the old house, as a fair-haired woman passed out of a side door and walked towards the orchard. Down at the far end she stopped, and leant against an apple-tree.

"Sixteen years to-day," she murmured, "and it seems like a dream; sixteen years since I promised to wait for you! O, Ralph, Ralph! my poor lost Ralph! living or dead, do you know that I am waiting for you still!"

A soft breeze rustled the apple-boughs above her, and a shower of blossoms fell on her head, as she stood, her forehead resting against the tree. A step on the grass startled her, and she turned round. A tall, sunburnt man, with long brown beard and curling chestnut hair, stood before her. For a moment Bella's heart stopped beating, and she grew pale, but the next instant she sprang towards the new-comer.

"Ralph!"

"Bella!"

And the long-parted lovers were re-united at last.

The first words Bella said were, "Come to papa, Ralph," and she led him to the porch, where Squire Selton sat dozing.

"Papa," she said, "here is a gentleman, an old acquaintance, who wishes to see you."

"Oh—ah—yes! Very happy to see you, sir," said the Squire, starting up. "I believe I don't remember you—RALPH!"

Upon getting a full view of his visitor's face, Squire Selton had recognised him at once.

"Yes, Mr. Selton, it is Ralph; have you a welcome for him?"

"A thousand, my boy, a thousand," cried the Squire, shaking hands with Ralph as though he intended to wring off his arm; "and there's that lady;—pointing to Bella—"she has waited all these years for you, what do you say to that? And, Bella, child, see if tea is ready; we mustn't let curiosity get the better of hospitality," here the Squire stopped for want of breath.

After tea Ralph Trumain gave the Squire and his daughter a detail of his adventures; how he was wrecked in the Indian Ocean, and cast, with two companions, on an uninhabited island, where they remained for fourteen years, and were at length rescued by a vessel bound for China, whither they went.

Upon reaching China, Ralph learned that his uncle was dying, and hastened to him. He lingered for a few weeks after Ralph's arrival, and died, leaving Ralph his sole heir. As soon as possible after his death, Ralph started for Canada, returning to his native land a wealthy man.

The following day the neighborhood was electrified by learning that Ralph Trumain, who, for sixteen years, had been considered dead, had returned.

Two weeks later there was a wedding at Selton Hall, which every one declared to be the grandest they had ever seen; and looking fairer beneath her bridal veil than ever she had looked in her youth, Bella Selton became the wife of him whom she had mourned as dead years before, and yet clung to the promise she had made—to wait for him, no matter how long.

SELF-CONQUEST.—An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live for ever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

When a wife in Turkey forgets to keep the suspender buttons sewed on her husband's trowsers, she is patted on the back for half an hour with a pine board an inch thick.

## THE MISS NOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,  
Miss White is as red as a berry,  
Miss Black has a grey head of hair,  
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;  
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,  
Miss Rich can scarce muster a guinea,  
Miss Haro wears a wig and has none,  
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,  
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary.  
Miss Young is now grown very old,  
And Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy!  
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,  
Miss Noblo's of humble extraction;  
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,  
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular blue,  
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;  
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,  
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men ally.  
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,  
Miss Lyons from terror a fool,  
Miss Moe's not at all like myself,  
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Saddler ne'er mounted a horse,  
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;  
Miss Kilmore can't look at a corpse,  
And Miss Ashwell ne'er levelled a gun;  
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,  
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,  
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,  
Overhear—Miss Fairweather likes reigning!

Miss Wright is constantly wrong,  
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;  
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,  
And alas! Miss Cash has no money;  
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth  
To purchase a man to her liking,  
Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth,  
Miss Boxer the men don't mind striking!

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,  
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;  
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,  
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"  
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,  
The nerves of Miss Steadfast are shaken;  
Miss Prettman's bean is not pretty,  
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,  
Miss Soles they'll make wait I am thinking,  
Miss Mockly is apt to be wroth,  
Miss Lofly to meanness is sinking,  
Miss Seymour's as blind as a bat,  
Miss Last at a party is first;  
Miss Bridle dislikes a striped cat,  
And Miss Waters has always a thirst.

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,  
Miss Day wants to marry a knight,  
Miss Prudence has just run away,  
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;  
But success to the fair—one and all!  
No mis-apprehensions be making:—  
Though wrong the dear sex to mis-call,  
There's no harm, I hope, in mis-taking.

## EDUCATING A WIFE.

## A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

We had much gay society at Braxfield; and among the visitors who almost daily thronged our table were many young ladies, very eligible matches, and some almost as charming as that dear Fauleu Munchausen.

Two of them, I remember, came from Dublin with their father, who was physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had apartments at the castle. They were splendid specimens of the old Milesian race, fair girls with finely-formed, well-developed figures, strong and stately, and just evading the exuberance of embryo, with brilliant complexions, the rich red in their cheeks such as only the "weeping skies" of the Green Island call out; with magnificent auburn hair, and large blue eyes that looked filled to the brim with merry thoughts. They were highly accomplished, too; dressed with simple elegance, and were modish and well-bred, as far as that irrepressible spirit of fun and frolic which seems inborn in spirited Irish girls would let them.

The first evening, after the elder of these dashing Milesians had given us, with stirring effect, "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," while she accompanied herself admirably on the harp, gracefully displaying arms of marvellous whiteness that a sculptor might have yearned to copy, it chanced that their father as I mine became deeply engaged in a grave conversation touching the formation of human character. Meanwhile, on a sofa at some distance, I had commenced a low conversation on some light topic with the fair songstress, who seemed indifferent to metaphysics; when the younger sister, touching me so as to call attention to her movements, stole slyly up behind her father, and cautiously raising her hands to his head, twitched off his wig while he was in the very midst of some learned reply, and made off with it to our end of the room. I shall never forget my father's look of amazement. From his guest I expected an outburst of anger, but he only said, "Come back this minute, you mon-

key! Do you think I can talk philosophy without a wig?"

They stayed with us several days; and I was quite dazzled and somewhat overwhelmed by their beauty and spirit.

A complete contrast in character to these stylish perpetrators of fun, less bewildering but far more interesting, were two young ladies whose acquaintance I had previously made. They also were from Ireland, indeed from one of its noted families; daughters of a nobleman whose name is still cherished by the Irish people as one of the most daring and disinterested defenders of their political franchises.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, younger son of James, first Duke of Leinster, seems, despite his rank, to have been born a democrat. A mere stripling in our Revolutionary days and barely of age when France quailed under her "Reign of Terror," he warmly sympathized, during the revolutions, with the oppressed millions struggling for freedom. As a member of the Irish Parliament toward the close of the last century, he took a stand for the independence of his country, then in imminent danger of subversion. Brooding over her oppression, impatient under her sufferings, and finding words unavailing to effect redress, Lord Edward appears to have felt that the time for action had come. He joined the secret society of "United Irishmen," and was enthusiastically elected its president. That society virtually adopted as its motto the same which had been the watchword of the American Revolution, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must"; and ere long it counted its members by hundreds of thousands, scattered over every parish in the island; many of them devoted men, nerved to a stern purpose by sacred incentives, national and spiritual. At that time the Irish Parliament enjoyed absolute independence of all power but the Crown. Grattan, in 1780, had procured the passage of a resolution, "that the king's Most Excellent Majesty and the Lords and Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland." The British government, acquiescing at the time, sought now to abolish this only competent power; replacing a national and independent legislature by the admission into the British Parliament of a few Irish members, none of whom, however, it was lawful to choose from among professors of the Catholic faith. Then the "United Irishmen" plotted treason. The plot was prematurely revealed, and their leader betrayed, for money—by an informer. Lord Edward, after killing with a dagger one of his assassins and severely wounding another, would doubtless have been tried for treason and sentenced to the gallows, but that he died in a Newgate prison-cell two weeks after his capture, of wounds envenomed by disappointed hopes.

Some years before his death Fitzgerald had won and married the beautiful Pamela, daughter, by more than adoption, it seems, of the celebrated Madame de Genlis. By her he had two daughters, Pamela and Lucy. These young ladies were connections of a kindly neighbor of ours, Lady Mary Ross, who lived two miles off at Bonnington, a romantic country-seat near the Falls of the Clyde; Lady Ross's son, Sir Charles, having married their father's sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald. During a visit of some months at Bonnington they were frequent visitors, and always welcome ones, to Braxfield.

We found them charming girls, charming and estimable, but one would never have imagined them sisters. The elder, Pamela, inheritor of her mother's personal gifts, but without the gaiety of her mother's country, was a handsome brunette, small of stature and beautifully formed, with large dark pensile eyes that seemed still to mourn her father's untimely fate; the younger, Lucy, a delicate blonde, tall and graceful, sprightly and sympathetic; Irish evidently, not French, of origin; her enthusiastic father's true child. Both had the charm of perfect manners, noble, simple and kindly, rather than demonstrative.

One of them became a connection of ours. It chanced that Sir Guy Campbell, my mother's first cousin, a dashing young officer, came to us on a visit for a few days; and that my father invited Lady Ross and the two Miss Fitzgeralds to dinner to meet him. That evening decided his fate. The dark eyes, with their depths of wistful expression, made an immediate conquest of the lively and brilliant youth. Next day he rode over to Bonnington, and the next, and the next. His visit to us was finally prolonged into a three-weeks' stay, and every forenoon, during that time, Sir Guy's charge was brought regularly to the door, not to return with his master, after the first week, till late at night. At the end of the three weeks, the rider's furthest drawing to a close, there was a wedding at Bonnington, and my father (who had been appointed Pamela's co-trustee with the Duke of Leinster, her uncle) gave away the bride.

I, in the officer's place, should have preferred Lucy. As it was, she being five or six years older than myself, I did not presume to think of her, except as a boy thinks of a beautiful woman, with reverential admiration and, as Tennyson has pleased it with "tender dread." She was to me a sort of ideal being, removed beyond the actual and the familiar. Perhaps this was in part due to the fact that my affections had already begun to attach themselves elsewhere.

I have stated that, as a boy, I had read a work of Thomas Day's; the same of which

"Pamela, who adopted, or (as may now be said without scruple) the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans (Egalite), etc."—Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore, London, 1831, vol. 1, p. 178.

Leigh Hunt says, "The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Sandford and Merton." But I do not think that, up to the time of which I am writing, I had read the author's life; or found out that he had selected, from a foundling hospital, two young girls of twelve, intending to educate them on Rousseau's system and to make one of them, by and by, his wife; and that this strange contrivance did not succeed.

An experiment which, at the age of twenty-one, I commenced, was, I think, better deserving of success than Thomas Day's; inasmuch as it was not founded on the cold-blooded calculation of educating first and taking the chance of falling in love afterwards; also, because, instead of wandering off to French philosophy, I trusted to the domestic influences of Braxfield House.

Among the young girls in our village school was one, ten years old, and whom, as she may be still alive, I shall call Jessie. Her father was foreman of a room in one of our mills, an ordinary character; her mother (often familiarly going among her neighbors, according to the custom of the country, by her maiden name, Peggy Gardiner) seemed, by beauty and demeanor, and to judge by the exquisite cleanliness, order, and good taste that marked her humble apartments, quite above her station. From her, no doubt, had come to Jessie the nameless grace, the native refinement that distinguished the child, not in my eyes alone, from all her schoolmates.

I should not trust myself to describe this young girl, as I first remember her, did I not call to mind what my mother, six or seven years later, confessed to me, on her return from a visit to Glasgow, on which Jessie had accompanied her. "I could not walk the streets with her," she said, "without serious annoyance. Almost every gentleman we met turned round to look at her, and several contrived to pass and re-pass us several times, evidently smitten by her beauty. In the shops it was little better: business seemed half suspended, customers and shopmen alike pausing to admire."

"You don't think it was Jessie's fault, mother?" I asked.

"No; I think the poor girl's modest and quiet bearing only attracted people the more; but it was very unpleasant."

That was when she was fifteen or sixteen; as a child of ten she was scarcely less noticed by the fashionable visitors who thronged our school. Not in music and dancing alone did she excel all her fellows. I gave occasional lessons in geography and history to the elder girls' class to which she belonged; and while I found her first in almost every branch, she seemed quite unconscious of her superiority.

Her complexion was fair and of unrivalled purity, her face a perfect Grecian oval; the eyes deep blue, and filled with a dancing light when she smiled; the chestnut hair long and silky. Every feature was cut with singular delicacy; the only deviations from strict regularity being that the mouth was, in proportion, a trifle larger than that of the Venus of Milo, but then the teeth, dazzlingly white and perfect, atoned; and that the nose was just a little bit what the French call *retroussé*;—though one need not now have recourse to French; Tennyson has coined just the word. To Jessie, as to Lynette, the lines apply,—

"And lightly was her slender nose  
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Only that, in Jessie's case, the divergence from the classic line was so slight that the simile of the flower-petal does not quite suit the occasion.

Though she afterwards grew to medium height only, she was, in those days, rather tall for her age. Her person was perfect in its form and proportions; and this has always had a singular charm for me. Spurzheim set down form large, and color small in my phrenological chart, telling me I should make a good sculptor or architect; and, in effect, I have always found more pleasure in going over a collection of the best statuary than in viewing the finest gallery of paintings. I recollect reading casually, in some newspaper, the lines,

"She had a form—but I might talk till night,  
Young as the sun is now upon our watch,  
Ere I had told its beauties. It was slight,  
Even as yon willow, and, like its soft stem,  
Fell into thousand motions and all lovely."

and thinking that they must have been written expressly to describe Jessie. Yet I believe it was not so much her beauty, alike of form and feature, that first awoke in me a sentiment seldom felt, I think, by an adult, for a child so young, as another peculiarity. She was a creature of quick sensibilities, which she had not learned to conceal. Her countenance, always an interesting one, was, if love be dangerous, a somewhat dangerous one to watch. She had a habit—painful, I knew she herself often found it—of blushing at the touch of any emotion, whether of joy or sorrow; of trifles even, as at the unexpected sight of some girl-friend; and when deeply and suddenly moved, the flush would overspread face and neck. This happened on one occasion, when I had taken her by surprise in addressing to her a few words of commendation; the tall-tale blush which my praise called up first awoke in myself the consciousness how dear she was to me.

I was very much ashamed when I became aware of this: knowing that if it were observed it would expose me to ridicule; not so much on account of the girl's social position,—I did not care for that, it being already an article in my social creed that Love, like God, is no respecter of persons,—but a mere child! not half my own age, and I but just out of my minority: that

was ridiculous! I could not even call to mind that any hero of a novel had ever indulged in so absurd a fancy.

The parents of Jessie belonged to the sect over which my grandfather had presided,—the Independents; and my mother attended service twice every Sunday in a small chapel or hall which my father had set apart for these worshippers. When I returned from college, my mother, feeling that her authority in such matter had ceased, merely asked me if I chose to go with her. She was greatly delighted when she found me a willing attendant both at morning and evening service; and I am glad the dear, good lady never guessed what the attraction was, never knew how often I might have played truant if Peggy Gardiner, a regular church-goer, had not brought her little daughter with her, looking as fresh and lovely as a spring flower; dressed simply but with scrupulous neatness, and recalling to me what Christ said of the lilies of the field,—that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Luckily our pew was square and spacious, and I almost always contrived so to select my place (facing the congregation) that I could see that charming young face. My sisters, and even William, would now and then drop to sleep when the sermon overran an hour and a half; but I knew that grave, serious audience must have been greatly edified and my mothers quite comforted, by my wakefulness, and by what must have seemed to them my unwavering attention, during endless discussions on free-will and election and predestination, on vicarious atonement and original sin. The preachers were too gloomily in earnest, ever to select so cheerful a theme as that embodied in my favorite text, "Love is the fulfilling of the law"; and, fortunately for their good opinion, of me, thoughts are not read in this world as no doubt they will be in the next.

It has sometimes occurred to me, however, that this sudden attachment of mine might have proved a passing fancy only, had not my eldest sister, Anne, very innocently and unintentionally given it food and encouragement.

Anne was then a thoughtful girl of seventeen or eighteen, shy, and a little awkward in manner, not handsome nor even pretty, but thoroughly good and practical; domestic in her tastes, a skilful needle-woman who had worked a wonderfully elaborate sampler, embroidered with crowns, royal, heronial, and I know not how many others, and bearing, in various colored worsteds, a stanza, selected, I think, by her mother as a bit of quiet consolation for lack of beauty, and reading thus:—

"Can comeliness of form or shape or air  
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?  
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gaily,  
But those—these only—can th' heart retain."

Anne was very fond of children and a born teacher; attending the village school almost daily, and often taking part in the instruction of the various classes. In the spring or summer of 1823 she selected two of the best pupils (of whom Jessie was one and a certain Mary the other, who came to Braxfield after school-hours and had lessons from her in music, reading, and sometimes in other branches. After a time, Mary being required at home for domestic duties, Jessie remained sole scholar. Toward the close of the year, her mother began to talk of sending her into the mills; but pupil and teacher having by this time become strongly attached to each other, a respite of a few months was obtained, and her daily visits, which were uninterrupted even by the rigor of a severe winter, were continued into the next spring.

During all this time, however delighted I was with Anne's proceedings, I set special guard on my looks and actions. Yet I was unable to refrain from frequent attendance at my sister's private lessons, especially in music. In eight or ten months Jessie had made wonderful proficiency on the piano, and sang duets with my second sister, Jane, to the admiration of the household; with all of whom, I may add, she had become a favorite. As I look back on those days, this seems to me strange; for marked favor to one of humble rank is wont, in a class-ridden country like England, to produce envy and ill-will. It was Jessie's idiosyncrasy, I think, which averted such results. She had that innate refinement which is sometimes held to belong only to "gentle blood"; coupled with a simple bearing, alike removed from servility and presumption, which seemed to accept a new position, gladly indeed, but quietly and as a matter of course. Less than a year's daily intercourse with a cultivated circle had wrought on that delicate nature that, by personal carriage and good breeding, she seemed "to the manor born." The servants instinctively treated her as one of our family; yet to her school companions she was still the same lively and cordial playmate as before. Need I add that the impression she had made on me deepened daily?

About the 1st of March, 1823, I had a conversation with Anne. She began by saying Jessie's mother had been telling her that her husband thought it was time that their child should begin to defray her own support by tending a throstle-frame. I could not help reddening, almost as Jessie herself might have done.

"You don't like that?" said Anne.

"Of course not. Do you?"

"It would give me great pain. I love the dear child, and I should feel almost as if I were to lose a little sister. But, Robert, I think you would care more still."

"What makes you think that?"  
 "Well, you have a tell-tale face; but that's not all. I found you out some time since. A man who has a secret to keep ought not, when he reads his favorite authors, to make marginal references."  
 "I can't imagine what you mean, my dear."  
 "You and I are pretty much in the habit of reading the same books; and in half a dozen places lately I've found passages marked that showed what you were thinking about; one of them in Thomson's Seasons, in that story about the 'lovely young Lavinia' who 'once had friends' and married so nicely at last."  
 My consciousness must have betrayed me at this point, for she added, "It's no use denying it, Robert. You wish, some day, to make Jessie your wife."  
 "You think me an idiot for falling in love with a mere child?"  
 "No; one may admire a rosebud as well as the full-grown flower; and such a sweet rosebud, too!"  
 "But I'm more than twice her age."  
 "You won't be, by and by. When you're thirty, Jessie will be nineteen. That's not out of the way. You're willing to wait?"  
 "Willing?" I felt pretty much as a Peruvian worshipper might, if he had been asked whether he was willing to await the rising of the sun; but I only said, "Will you help me, Anne?"  
 Thereupon, after consulting together, we concocted a scheme. My father was then on a visit to Ireland, where he had been lecturing in furtherance of his plans of social reform; and my sister told me she intended, as soon as he returned, to ask his permission to adopt Jessie, charging herself with the child's education. When I heard this, I thought Providence must be helping me; for that was just what I had been wishing for months to bring about, without daring to suggest it, and not knowing whether the girl's parents would consent. Anne thought they would; for the mother had expressed to her doubts whether her daughter, who, though healthy, was far from being robust, could endure without injury the confinement of the mills at so early an age.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. ADOLPHUS NIMMO.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER, OF MONTREAL.

Mr. Adolphus Nimmo was an exquisite of the first water. Tall and slight, pale and pensive-looking, what romantic young ladies call interesting, with a profusion of dark brown curls, arranged in the latest style, a rather dark moustache, decorously smooth and curled on either side, and you add to that an eye-glass, stuck in one of the small (not very expressive) grey eyes, you will have the exact appearance of "Dolly Nimmo," as he was familiarly called by his friend at the hotel where he boarded, Mr. Nathaniel Doughty.

Mr. Adolphus Nimmo was always appraised in the most fashionable style, without regard to price. He did not take that much into consideration, as the disbursement was far off in the future.

"You must wait on me a little longer, Mr. Brad," he would say, with a twirl of his light walking-cane and a smooth of his soft moustache, showing to advantage a ring which glittered on his little finger. Adolphus said it was a diamond, for which he had given one hundred dollars, but those who knew him best had doubts upon the point. "You must wait a little longer, my friend. You lose nothing by letting me have your suits; my style is wonderfully admired, and I am a sort of walking advertisement, for I tell every one what tailor's patronise, and send lots of customers to you."

"That is all very good, Mr. Nimmo," the "victim" would reply, "but a little money would come handy too."

"You shall have it all, my friend," our dandy would say, "but my property is not yet sold. I expected to have received money long before this, but being disappointed myself, I must disappoint others—the way of the world, you know."

What this property was, or where it was, that Adolphus was always vaunting of, no one had ever heard. He had no occupation, but was always looking out for something to do, but what it was was as uncertain as everything else about him. If any business was proposed to him he would cough, clear his throat, and ejaculate: "Bless you, that wouldn't suit me."

Where he came from, or what were his antecedents never could be properly understood, for Adolphus gave such contradictory snatches of information about it that elucidation on the point was quite out of the question.

All that was certain was that he had appeared among the promenaders of the fashionable world one fine afternoon about twelve months before, and there our "exotic" had since bloomed daily.

"Who is he?" asked one lady.  
 "Some rich fellow travelling for pleasure," said another.  
 "An adventurer, perhaps," said a third.  
 But, in spite of surmises, Mr. Adolphus Nimmo managed to weave himself into good society, and many a note of invitation lay from time to time on his table in his finely-furnished bedroom.

Mr. Nimmo appeared to have money, for he regularly paid his hotel bill; but whether he had

a rich father or had inherited a fortune was never told by Adolphus; suffice it to say this youth continued to live on, month after month, in idle bliss,—rising at any hour he chose, partake of a luxurious breakfast, smoke and yawn away the hours until luncheon, then, in the afternoon, array his person to the greatest advantage, and saunter forth, the centre of observation to all, particularly the ladies.

"Bob, do ask Mr. Nimmo this evening," pleaded Miss Arabella Tibbs; "you say you have met him. He is a gentleman, no doubt, and his presence will be quite an acquisition to our party."  
 The brother said "he would see about it," and Mr. Adolphus Nimmo figured at Mr. Tibbs' "soiree" that evening.

Other invitations followed, and soon Mr. Nimmo found himself "quite the rage."  
 There were some prudish young ladies who said they did not like Mr. Nimmo, for he was too audacious in his manner to be called gentlemanly, but these ladies were in the minority, and the opinions of the majority carried the day for Adolphus.

Months flew on, and found our hero a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Clair, who had a daughter, the richest heiress in the city report said, and Adolphus had discovered by some means that report, though often wrong, was not quite so in this instance. It is astonishing how this young gentleman managed to discover all the eligible girls from those who were not.

"By George, Dolly," said his friend Mr. Doughty one day, "is it really to be a match with the little gipsy heiress?" (Miss Clair was a dark brunette.) "You had better strike the nail on the head at once. I hear there are many after her."  
 "Yes, yes" our hero replied, "I know how to manage matters; trust me, she won't slip through my fingers so easily. I intend to have everything settled in a few days. By the bye, old chap, my funds are getting low, for I have been disappointed by that confounded attorney of mine in not sending me some cash this month. Wouldn't you lend a fellow a hundred dollars to carry me on until I receive a bill? Now, no excuse, for I saw your bank book some days ago, and you have a snug little sum to your credit. You need not fear, I am perfectly sure, and will have plenty of funds probably before you return, still I do not like to run short."  
 Mr. Doughty looked blank for a moment, but soon brightened up.  
 "I would lend you what you ask with pleasure, Dolly, but you know full well that I am going off this evening travelling, and I have not as much by me to spare, as I only drew what I knew I should require. I would gladly draw it, but the bank is now closed."  
 "Is that all your excuse? Why, Nathaniel, my friend, write me a cheque for the amount, and I can get it in the morning. Now, no nonsense about it; be a goodfellow, and give us the cheque."  
 Time was flying, and Mr. Doughty, having soon to be at the station, was unable to combat the importunities of his friend, and sitting down, dashed off a cheque for the required amount.

Adolphus pocketed it with a cool "Thanks," then Nathaniel, shaking hands with his friend, and feeling, without exactly knowing why, very uncomfortable, jumped into the cab which was waiting at the door and drove off.

The next morning Adolphus went to the bank, and returned home chuckling as he drew out a roll of notes and counted out three hundred dollars.

"This will exactly hold me out until I can contrive some other dodge. I did manage this nicely," soliloquised our fine gentleman. "I must be off before our friend Nat comes back. The chap will open his eyes a bit when he discovers it; I don't care, a fellow must live, and if I can only get Miss Floda into my safe-keeping all will be right. I am afraid it will have to be an eloping affair; that old father of hers may question too closely when marriage papers are being arranged. Well done, Adolphus, as yet."

That evening Mr. Nimmo was the accepted lover of Floda Clair—that, of course, with "papa's consent," to whom he was referred by the young lady.

Adolphus sought the old gentleman. Mr. Clair's questions were replied to quite glibly by Adolphus, much to his own satisfaction, but evidently not quite so much by his interrogator, who hemmed and hawed, and then said:  
 "Matters must remain a little longer as they are, in statu quo, as the lawyers say, before I can pledge you for my daughter's hand. I am sorry to annoy you (for Adolphus was turning rather red in the face); but one must be particular with strangers, but you will continue to visit as usual, while I write to the parties whom you have mentioned as your intimate friends, also I must communicate with my brother, who, strange to say, was left as executor to my sister's will, and in charge of a fortune which she bequeathed to my daughter to receive on her gaining her twenty-first year, and in the meantime she receives the interest. This is good news for you, I presume, Mr. Nimmo, you scarcely thought that Miss Clair was such an heiress, for she will get also a good penny at my death."

Of course Adolphus appeared to start with surprise at the information, and said that money was of the least importance in his eyes in connection with Miss Clair, as it was herself he wished, not her money.

And the cunning Adolphus left Mr. Clair with the impression that he was a warm-hearted, unselfish fellow, as he told his brother some short time after, when uncle Nimrod came down to

town to see all about the aspirant for his niece's hand and fortune.

Adolphus had also to undergo a categorical examination from the "guardian," who did not seem as much prepossessed in his favor as Mr. Clair was.

No replies had been received from the parties to whom Mr. Clair had written, which was not strange, as they were only creations of Adolphus's brain; therefore, matters did not progress.

Adolphus's courtship, much to his anxiety, to know his plans were to be brought to a close before his friend Doughty's return. If he once could get possession of Floda's fortune, or rather the interest for the present, he could manage to settle all difficulties.

"Floda, dearest," he said one evening, when he had written to crave an interview with that young lady, "it seems that everything is against me. You will never be mine unless you agree to a plan which I am going to propose."  
 "Oh! don't say that, dear Adolphus. There is only a little patience required, and all will be right."  
 "Patience!iddlestick, my dear. Don't you see plainly what your father and uncle are perring off my suit for? They wish you to marry that fellow, Fred Haynes; they both seem awfully fond of him, young humbug as he is."  
 "Now, Adolphus, you know I love you; but indeed I will not be well pleased if you speak in that disparaging manner of Mr. Haynes. He has been a very old friend of ours, and I believe has a great regard for us all, and it hurts me to hear you speak like that," and the tears began to course down Floda's cheeks.

Adolphus found that he was on a wrong tack, and changed his course, beseeching pardon if he had annoyed her, declaring it was only jealousy that actuated him, and finally dashed into the subject near to his heart:  
 "Floda, I have thought of every expedient, and find there is nothing left but your going with me secretly. Once my wife, you will be sure to be forgiven, and we will both be happy; but I have a presentiment that you will never be mine otherwise."  
 "Oh! I could never do that, never!" cried the now sobbing girl, "and it is cruel to ask me. It would break my dear father and uncle's hearts."  
 But Adolphus was nothing daunted by these declarations, and continued to pour out arguments until he gained the conquest, and Floda promised, through tears and sobs, to meet him at the corner of the next street the following evening at ten o'clock.

Poor Floda glided about the house like a ghost. Her brown cheeks were pale, and her dark eyes hollow. Illness was assigned to her anxious friends, and it was an excuse for retiring early in the evening.

When all was still through the house, Floda rose and stole silently out of the door, but as she sped down the street, with trembling limbs, she heard her little pet Flodo barking furiously; terrified, and with a beating heart, she almost threw herself into her lover's arms.

"I am so frightened, Adolphus, for I fear that Flodo will awaken the house!"  
 "Well, let us hasten, dearest," said Adolphus, embracing her, and then hurrying her into the carriage, for deceptive as he was, he was not so hardened but that he had a tender feeling for the girl who was so trustfully committing herself to his mercy and care.

The horse started off, and before many words could be spoken they were at the station, where Floda was soon ensconced in a berth in the sleeping-car.

The whistle blew, the train was about to start, when a great confusion occurred. There was a stoppage, some voices in eager tones were heard. Floda jumped up and listened.

"Ah, Heaven! my father," she cried, as that gentleman, accompanied by her uncle, entered. Floda cowered, and sank down with shame and terror, while Adolphus stood by, glaring with vexation and disappointment.

"Poor misguided girl," said Mr. Clair, "this would not have happened had your mother been alive. Thank God, I am in time to save you."  
 "As for you, young villain," said uncle Nimrod, stepping forward, "I arrest you for carrying off a minor. Here, police," and immediately Adolphus was seized and dragged away by two policemen, while Floda, in her love, forgetting at the moment pride and modesty, pulled herself away from her father, and throwing herself in her lover's arms, almost screamed in her agony:  
 "What are they going to do to you, oh, my poor dear? I shall never see you again. God bless you. Good-bye."  
 Mr. Clair tore his daughter away, half fainting, and almost lifting her out of the cars, deposited her in a cab, and drove home, leaving his brother to deal with the "scamp," as he called Adolphus.

In the meanwhile our hero was being handled rather roughly by the police, as he resisted, and to the scuffle, behold! the fine moustache dropped off, leaving a pale incipient one in its place. As soon as that was observed, uncle Nimrod cried out:  
 "Polloemen, see what else about him is false," and in a twinkling his hat was snatched off and his handsomely arranged curls followed, exposing a scant supply of straight flaxen hair.  
 "Hah! is that you, my fine chap! When we reach the station I will call the detectives' attention to you. Maybe you are some one they are in search of. People don't disguise for nothing."

And the idea was correct, for on the books being referred to, a telegram from New York, giving a description of a young man who had

absconded from his employer (a barber) with several hundred dollars the year previous, and which corresponded with the person of our "exquisite" Adolphus, he was further identified by a black scar behind his neck.

"I have found the man," exclaimed the detective, much to the horror and consternation of our fine youth. "Mr. Thomas Kemp, for I see that is your name, I must place you in close confinement until I communicate your being discovered. This is a greater charge than the one you were brought here upon. You had better have come along quietly, instead of fighting; it didn't bring you any good."  
 And the policeman led the unhappy creature away to his room, looking as pale and rigid as a statue.

Yes, our hero's game "was up," as he himself would have said.

Floda's sorrow was very great. She kept her bedroom, and would see no one, not even her father.

A few days after Mr. Thomas Kemp's (alias Mr. Adolphus Nimmo) incarceration Mr. Doughty returned, sooner than was expected. Hearing with amazement what had taken place, he rushed to the bank to ascertain if all was right there, and discovered the forgery. Hastening to the police station, he requested to see the prisoner. After a short time Mr. Doughty left the station with a roll of notes in his pocket; he had shown pity for the unfortunate wretch who had once been his friend, and took what money he had, being some by it, but he was only glad not to have lost it all.

A week after this our hero escaped from prison. How it happened no one could discover, but I think bribery must have had some hand in it, for uncle Nimrod, when he was told of it, smiled and said:  
 "I am right glad of it for Floda's sake. I knew she never would have held her head up again if her once lover had been punished as a criminal. Let him go. I hope this will be a lesson to him; he is young enough to reform."  
 Nothing was over heard of Mr. Adolphus Nimmo, and, forgotten by all except one little pale face, who would still sometimes shudder when she thought of that terrible night in the station, and a tear of pity steal down her cheek.

But time gradually heals all ills, and about two years after the marriage of Miss Clair to Frederick Haynes, Esq., could be read in the papers, much to the satisfaction of father and uncle, with whom that young gentleman had always been a favorite.

BOY LOST.

Here is a beautiful, tender thought, amplified with all the feeling of genuine originality, indeed so pure and effortless that we feel it a duty to send it broadcast for the "culture of the mind."

"He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small, black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say: 'Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt.' But my eyes are aching for the sight of whistlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbling-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks of trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumblers on the carpet, and paste split on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say: 'How quiet you are here. Ah! one hero may settle his brains and be at peace.' But my ears are aching for the pattering of a little foot, for a hoarse shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra-la-la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a boomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern, Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbor, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh, I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book! My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little, tired boy in a long, white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop and listening to his deep breathing. If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold. I can never have him back again. But there are still mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know that they are living their very best days—that now is the time to really enjoy their children? I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one."

Short Speeches and Curt Correspondence.

When people are driven half-distracted with long speeches in and out of Parliament, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wanganui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her proudest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her debut as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters may they reach the port in safety. God bless our working-men, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family. God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds. Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." "I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.  
Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.  
Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.  
If we do well here, we shall do well there; I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The last time Justus Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grand-jurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen—The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J——, from the irresistible force of my brother B——'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Crosswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen—The defendant's a fool-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence,

the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money: "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyon, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Veapers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure.—Drive on, postillion!" One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well, your foe?" "Nothing," quoth the great medico: "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the Queen smugly observed: "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her Majesty, "not very sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The Duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him, he said: "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is — fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can —" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington: "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning!"

Naturally, men of action are generally men of few words. Caesar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim despatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's despatch to the empress was in rhyme, and has been translated: "Glory to God, glory to you. The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply: "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" despatch has its pendant in Hawke's "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi," its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Cibber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "Sir—I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week: will you hold forth?—T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkeley wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "DEAR DORSET—I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.—BERKELEY." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "DEAR BERKELEY—Every dog has his day.—DORSET." Mr. Kendall, sometime Uncle Sam's Postmaster-general, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "SIR—This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up?—Respectfully yours, &c." By return mail came: "SIR—The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down.—Very respectfully yours, &c." Kendall not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "SIR—Your

appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, &c., pertaining to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "SIR—the revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been 63 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, 1.03 dollars. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an inundation at that place—received for reply: "You will find them in Genesis." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than: "Brown—boof—Boyd." The colonel receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd—boof—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards solliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher of the Charterhouse: "DEAR FISHER—I cannot, to-day, give you the preference for which you ask.—Your sincere friend.—ELDON. (Turn over)—I gave it you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Cork: "DEAR CORK—Please ordain Stanhope.—YORK." "DEAR YORK—Stanhope is ordained.—CORK."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the door-keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read: "SIR—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury in which I do not find the name of Charles James Fox.—NORTH." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law: "SIR—I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here. Yours, H. DRUMMOND." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "SIR—I was lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1758, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved irresistible, almost as irresistible as that of the dying dramatist: "DEAR BOB—I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life thine.—G. FAK-QUHAR."

Bob Johnson the jockey, noted in turf annals by his connection with the famous mare *Deewing*, was as chary of his words as his master was of his money. Having to write to Mr. Ord to let him know how things were going on at home, Bob compressed his information into the smallest possible compass: "SIR—The moor's weel; I'm weel; we're all weel.—ROBERT JOHNSON." A pretty connubial effusion was that of the French lady: "I write to you because I have nothing to do, I end my letter because I have nothing to say." Not so pretty the note chalked upon a tea-tray by a woman who hanged herself after a tiff with her husband: "DEAR JIM—You have driven me to do this little affair. Be good to the dog, and ask Mrs. L. to be kind to the birds."

An American paper, the organ of female rights and free-love, says in one of its issues: "On Monday, April 10, five hundred barrels of Cincinnati whiskey were landed on the levee in Louisville. On Wednesday the 12th, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* appeared without a line of editorial." This suggests a new argument in favor of brevity, for with a little care a man might slander folks to his heart's content with perfect impunity, for such libels by inference would scarcely be actionable. The laconic is just now in favor with transatlantic journalists, who have a knack of making fun out of very serious matters.—A circus rider in Texas tried to turn three acrobats on horseback; the manager sent to New Orleans the following day for another somersault man. A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene; her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well. Few men would attempt to dry gunpowder in the kitchen stove; a man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts. A boy in Detroit disregarded his mother's warning not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin; his mother don't have to cook for so many as she did by one. In Massachusetts, the other day, a man thought he could cross the track in advance of the locomotive: the services at the grave were impressive.

Were this style of reporting to become naturalized here, the penny-a-liner's vocation would be gone. Perhaps we should be none the worse off for that; we might well spare the sickening details of "frightful accidents" and dreadful crimes, and who knows but suicides might cease to be every-day occurrences if they were chronicled thus. "John Smith, of New York, revolver. Annie Jones, of New Jersey, laudanum. G. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, third-story window."—*Chambers Journal*.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MMAMOTH remains have been discovered at Vienna in sinking a well through a glacial deposit. They were found fifty-seven feet underground.

A MIXTURE called Asepline, consisting of alum and boric acid in equal parts, is mentioned in *Les Mondes* as a compound used in Sweden for the preservation of food.

SPECTRUM OF THE AURORA.—Vogel has determined that the spectrum of the aurora may with great probability be regarded as a modification of the air spectrum, the variability of the spectra of gases under different circumstances of temperature and pressure being well established.

THE cultivation of the sunflower has been strongly recommended by Prof. Mantegazza, of Pavia, and others, as tending to check the development of malarious fevers in marshy districts. Not only the sunflower, which has no particular perfume, but many odorous herbs and flowers are said to possess the same properties; among them the heliotrope, hyacinth, and mignonette. Hence the *British Medical Journal* urges all who live in localities where ague or other malarial affections prevail, to make the experiment of planting fragrant flowers about their abodes in great abundance. Thus they are certain to beautify their homes, and not unlikely to verify in their own experience an important suggestion of sanitary science.

GEOGRAPHERS are not agreed as to whether one or two great water-falls have actually been discovered in British Guiana. It will be remembered that one of the reported discoveries is a cascade two thousand feet high. Mr. J. Bonumont writes to the *London Times* that, while it is possible two cascades exist such as that described by Schomburgk and that visited by Mr. Brown, it would be something not to be expected to find there two such wonders, elsewhere unmatched, so identical in their characteristics as they are said to be by these two travellers; and still more so, that travellers of such experience and credit should describe one of such a remarkable pair without alluding to the other, or should be ignorant of its existence. He therefore infers that they both saw the same fall.

INGENIOUS ARTISTIC INVENTION.—M. Felix Plateau describes in *Les Mondes* an ingenious process of his own invention, for drawing on paper white lines on a black ground—a method so frequently used for scientific illustrations—by means of which both author and artist will be able to judge of the effect of such an illustration before putting it into the hands of the engraver. A piece of thickish paper, as smooth as possible, a little larger than the intended illustration, is heated, say, by laying it, with proper precautions against being injured, on the top of a stove, and a piece of bees wax is rubbed over it until the paper is completely covered with a thin coating. A piece of glass, the size of the paper, is blackened by being held over a candle, and when thoroughly cooled it is laid on the wax paper and rubbed firmly with the fingers, the result being that a blackened surface is produced on the paper, on which any design can be traced, with a needle for the finer lines, or the back of a steel-pen for the thicker ones.

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT IN ITALY.—Professor Peyron, the well-known agricultural chemist, in his evidence before the "Inchiesta Industriale" in Turin, states that with regard to agricultural industries in Italy, few countries can be said to be more behind-hand, and the manufacture of products derived from the productions of the soil is as yet in its infancy. The government has endeavored to introduce the cultivation of various new plants, such as cotton, the esparto grass, &c., but without success, and of late a great effort has been made in Italy to encourage the growth of the sugar beet, and to teach the farmers carefully the general treatment of the land for the cultivation of this root, so as to produce heavy crops, rich in sugar. Professor Peyron expresses his opinion that Italy will never become a sugar-producing country, as the juicy root, although rich in sugar, is not easily crystallized, and that other crops can be grown with far more profit than the beet-root. A series of experiments made in Tuscany, Naples and Lombardy, by himself and Signor Perle, gave in some cases a production of 12 per cent of sugar, and on the average from 10 to 10½ per cent.

SOME SEASONABLE DISHES.—A very delicate breakfast-dish can be made of "oat-meal jelly." Soak half a pint of good oatmeal overnight in one and a half pints of water. In the morning, drain off the water through a sieve, adding to it one and a half pints hot water, and put it to boil over a quick fire. Stir till it boils, then set it simmer ten minutes. Turn it into moulds, and in fifteen minutes it will be set sufficiently to turn out into saucers, and will be warm enough to eat nicely. Serve at once, without trimming, or with a little milk or sweetened fruit-julee. The soaked meal that is left, can be utilized in batter-biscuit, or corn-meal mush, or made into a porridge by itself. In the latter shape, it is bland and peculiarly suitable for invalids who have not yet learned to like oat-meal. These preparations are in no way better than the whole oat-meal, excepting for variety.

FAMILY MATTERS.

REMOVING STAINS.—If you have been pickling or handling any acid fruit, and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stains will disappear.

BOILING VEGETABLES.—Why should soda be boiled with greens, cabbages, broccoli and turnip greens? Because the oil which all these vegetables contain, more or less, the soda extracts, and leaves the greens sweet and wholesome; but the water is, after boiling the greens with soda, most unwholesome, perhaps poisonous.

HOW TO WASH SUMMER SUITS.—Summer suits are nearly all made of white or buff linen, pique, cambric, or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance after washing is a matter of the greatest importance.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

FLAX.—Some of the Oregon flax was some time ago forwarded to be tested at the Belfast manufactories, Ireland. It has just been returned in the shape of a hatched flax ready for the spinner.

RASPING HORSES' FEET.—A correspondent of the Canada Farmer says: "Rasping down the feet nicely, as they call it, is quite a passion with some people. I have often rasped the hoof, and the owner of the horse standing by to tell me when it would suit him.

WATER AS A PRESERVER OF BUTTER.—After being duly packed water-tight, the packages may be placed in good, cold water, such as is found in good wells and springs anywhere.

years as good as when packed. Possibly lard and some other articles of food may be stored in this way.

THE POULTRY YARD.—The great value of the poultry is for the family use, and not in its market value. And the family should have it. Better be short of sugar, tea and coffee than to be short of eggs and poultry.

Notwithstanding all that is said against the inordinate use of pork and lard, they continue to be largely used on the farm, and among nearly all the laboring classes.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A St. Louis lady is opposed to female clerks, because it destroys the romance of shopping.

An Illinois couple, who were divorced nearly half a century ago, were re-married last week, the husband having been twice made a widower in the meantime.

At the recent wedding of a Bavarian army officer, 181 of his brother officers claimed the right to kiss the bride.

WHEN one learns that the United States contains 14,000 drug stores, each of them dispensing on an average a score of prescriptions a day, the only wonder is that so many people die natural deaths.

BARNUM is in Boston, and a paper there says: "When you overtake an acquaintance drifting down Columbus avenue with his coat tails full of pine splinters, it is safe to ask him how he liked the circus."

MULTITUDINOUS matrimonial engagements in the senior class at Utica are rendering prudent parents and guardians doubtful about the advantages of admitting students of both sexes into the same college.

THE "wild man" has made his appearance in Florida. He has been chased to a cave in Ocoola, where he bids defiance to his pursuers. He is described as a man of gigantic proportions, ranging apparently from six to seven feet in height, covered with long, whitish hair of bristly stiffness, and so singularly thin as to still leave the pursuers in doubt as to whether he is man or beast.

PIES.—These grand promoters of indigestion may be considered an "institution" in America. A single New York bakery claims that it produces nine hundred pies an hour from one of its ten capacious ovens, and a total of fifty thousand pies daily, the year round, forcing the supply occasionally up to sixty-five thousand—probably on Fourth of July or other festive occasions.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—Hang this in your library, parlor, office, store, shop, or some other place where it will be seen:—"What does it matter if we lose a few minutes in a day?" Answer.—Time-table (days in a year, 313; working hours in a day, 8).

Days, h. m. 5 minutes lost each day is, in a year... 3 2 5 10 minutes lost each day is, in a year... 6 4 10 20 minutes lost each day is, in a year... 12 8 20 30 minutes lost each day is, in a year... 19 4 30 60 minutes lost each day is, in a year... 39 1 00

We trust that the above will touch the hearts of those who call in to see you "just for a minute."

GOLDEN GRAINS.

THE love of women is gold that is tried in the fire. The love of man is too often alloyed with baser metals.

SATISF.—In fashionable circles, general satire, which attacks the fault rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault is always acceptable.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

HABITS influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes or retard our progress, their power is not the less important because imperceptible.

OUR world has been called "a vale of tears," and human life a bubble, raised from those

tears and inflated with sighs, which, after floating a little while, decked with a few gaudy colors, is touched by the hand of Death, and dissolves.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

THAT man who attempts to bring down and depreciate those who are above him, does not thereby elevate himself. He rather sinks himself, while those whom he traduces are rather benefited than injured by the slanders of one so base as he.

THINK are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been impressed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.

God's word is like God's world—varied, very rich, very beautiful. You never know when you have exhausted all its secrets. The Bible, like nature, has something for every class of mind. Look at the Bible in a new light, and straightway you see some new charms.

DESPAIR is a sin exceedingly vile and contemptible; it is a word of eternal reproach, dishonor and confusion; it declares the devil a conqueror, and what greater dishonor can be done to Christ than for a soul to proclaim, before all the world, the devil a crowned conqueror.

THERE are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest tree until the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

EDUCATION begins with a mother's or a father's nod, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to the Almighty himself.

LOVE-MAKING.—Young love-making—that gossamer web! Even the points it clings to—the things whence its subtle interlacings are swung—are scarcely perceptible; momentary touches of finger-tips, meeting of rays from blue and dark orbs, unfinished phrases, lightest changes of cheek and lips, faintest tremors. The web itself is made of spontaneous beliefs, and indefinable joys, yearnings of one life towards another, indefinite trust.

HAPPINESS between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit silent, self-absorbed, and silent, in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband's tastes and wishes, renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

WHAT the young lady said to the dentist—Dr. W. it mild.

It is suggested that Poe's bird must have had the delirium tremens, as he was raven on a bust.

It is said that iron is a good tonic for debilitated young ladies. That may be so, but ironing is a better one.

A COUNTRYMAN at Dyersburg, Tenn., was notified the other day gravely setting his watch by a painted sign in front of a Jeweller's.

THE confectioner who a few years ago taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store, is now very rich.

A WATERFALL 2,000 feet high, or more than twelve times the height of Niagara, has been discovered in British Guiana. The lady's name is not given.

A NEW YORK minister, preaching the funeral sermon of a famous skater, the other day, said he had "gone where there is no ice." That was capable of a very serious interpretation.

THE reason an urchin gave for being late at school, on Monday, was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed-cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

A NEW JERSEY man has succeeded in raising some very fine bananas—from the cellar of a neighboring fruit dealer, and says the climate of this country seems well adapted to this fruit.

A YOUNG man, searching for his father's lost pig, accented a man as follows:—"Have you seen a stray pig about here?"—To which Pat quickly responded, "Faith, and how could I toll a stray pig from any other!"

A MAN out West, who married a widow, has invented device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to do so on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor dear man! How I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

A YOUNG couple went to a Yankee clergyman noted for his waggishness, to get married. By an innocent mistake he began to read the Prayer

Book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake, we come to be married." "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist I will marry you; but believe me my friend, you had better be buried!"

PRESENCE of mind is a good thing to have in cases of emergency. Our friend Atkinson had it in an alarming form. He was out sailing one day in a skiff with another man, and a storm came up. The other man accidentally fell overboard. "He swam up and seized the side of the skiff," said Atkinson, "and made violent efforts to climb in. I was in momentary danger of being upset, but fortunately I had the presence of mind to crack him over the fingers with an oar, and so he let go and sank, and I got in to shore all safe and sound." A very little of that kind of presence of mind would satisfy most people.

OUR PUZZLER.

95. CHARADES.

1

A young man courts a pretty girl, He don't wish to offend her, But asks her to become his wife A week before December.

But when the question's put to her, A blush runs o'er her cheek; She evidently feels my first, And therefore cannot speak.

My second on most doors is found, For safety I would say; My whole will name a character In one of Shakespere's plays.

2

My first is dazzling to the eye, So rich, superlative, and grand; And every one has felt its power, In this and every land.

My second may be termed a veil, Which overspreads the earth; It renders everything obscure, And hide's true nature's worth.

My whole it is a canopy, Oft borne by ladies fair, When they go out to promenade, Or pleasure any where.

W. TYRRELL.

96. ENIGMA.

Three Irish boys, Mick, Pat, and Bill, Were standing close beside a hill. The top of which was very high, And looked as though it reached the sky.

Pat made a bet with Mick and Bill To have a race right up the hill, And he who first on me should sit, Would win the prize—and I was it.

They started off, when down fell Pat, And Bill went tumbling o'er his hat; But Mick, the luckiest of the three, Got up the hill, and sat on me.

And now bold Pat and luckless Bill, Have managed to get up the hill; On me sits Mick so full of glee At his success in winning me.

Although you'll find me on the hill, You'll find me with Mick, Pat, and Bill; And now, a little more to tell, Poor Paddy's hat upon me fell.

THOMAS LIDGERTON.

97. QUARTETTE OF IRISH TOWNS.

- 1. A month and a vowel. 2. A proposition, and a man's name. 3. An industrious insect, and the edge. 4. A female name, and a place with a corporation.

SHYLOCK.

98. METAGRAM.

Whole, I am found on every shore, And seen in every street; Put head to tail, I go before Brave armies when they meet Behead, curtail, and now confess A heavy weight you've got; Reverse that weight, what'er you guess, You'll find that it is not Five letters whole; of two bereft, How strange that only one is left.

B. A. GOLESBERG.

ANSWERS.

95. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Egbert, Harold, Ernest, thus: EGBERT, GIBBART, BOUBON, EIUPÉ, RILIS, TRIDENT.

94. NAMES OF POETS.—Shakespeare, Dryden, Steele, Congreve, Gay, Churchill.

93. SQUARE WORDS.—

Table with 3 columns and 5 rows of square words: 1. M A R A H, 2. E A V E N, 3. W A L E S; 4. A L I V E, 5. A L I V E, 6. A D E L A; 7. E V I L E, 8. V I C E S, 9. L E M A N; 10. A V E R T, 11. E V E N T, 12. E L A N D; 13. H E R T S, 14. N E E T S, 15. S A N D S

92. ENIGMA.—Trunk.



## OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADLER.

We are not surprised when Mrs. Hotchkiss demanded a divorce. Mrs. Hotchkiss was a somnambulist, and after getting to sleep at night she would rise and grope her way down stairs to the kitchen. Then she would do the whole of the week's washing, and after hanging the clothes upon the line come back to bed. The next night she would do the ironing, and the next the sweeping and so forth. And always when she came down in the morning she would be astonished to find the work all finished, and she always insisted that Hotchkiss had done it for her while she was asleep. And Hotchkiss, the unprincipled scoundrel that he was, would smile and take the credit for it, just as much as she chose to give him, although he used to watch her get up in her sleep, and he knew well enough how it was. And when she would throw her arms around her neck and kiss him and tell him how very kind it was in him, that conscienceless rascal would say, "Oh, it's nothing, Harriet, nothing, my dear. I do it because I love my darling Harriet." Then Mrs. Hotchkiss would nestle her head on his waistcoat and cry over his shirt front, and he would stand there with the air of a man who was conscious of having done a great and noble action at the cost of fearful self-sacrifice. This kind of thing continued for several weeks, until one night, while Mrs. Hotchkiss was washing shirts in her sleep, a needle concealed in one of the garments ran into her finger and awoke her. For a moment she was bewildered. Then the truth flashed upon her. She went up-stairs. Hotchkiss was fast asleep and snoring like a fog-whistle. She shook him and waked him. He thought she was still in a somnambulist condition, so he exclaimed, "See here, old woman, lemme alone and go down and finish up that washing." Mrs. Hotchkiss did not nestle her head upon his bosom then. She nestled her hands among his hair and yelled at him, and pulled him out on the floor and hammered him with a chair. And the next day she went for a divorce. They made it up afterward, but she stopped washing in her sleep, and has taken to blackmailing Hotchkiss for bouquets. If he seems indisposed to disburse handsomely she always starts for a divorce, and he succumbs.

We never fought more than one duel. It was with a man named Blood, who was determined to make us fight whether we wanted to or not. When we got on the ground, our second said to us: "Do you want to kill your man?" "Of course not," we replied. "Because if you do," urged our second, "aim at that tree, three hundred yards to the right of Blood. I have seen you shoot. I know your style." "But we don't want to kill him." "Oh, all right; then aim directly at his heart. You are deadly with a pistol only when you don't want to be. I and Blood's second are going down to the bottom of the hill to be out of the way. Both of you fellows scatter too much for us. Call us when you are through." Then Blood and his enemy began. It was seven in the morning, and the battle began raged until noon. Seven hundred and thirty-four shots were fired, and the bullets hit all the barns in the neighborhood, killed stray pigs, perforated several cows in the surrounding fields, lamed a ploughman in the left leg, barked the trees in the woods to the right of us, brought down a musk on the towpath close by, riddled the fences until there was hardly a whole board left in them, and flattened themselves against the rocks, but neither Blood nor we had a scratch, excepting a slight wound which Blood got by shooting himself in the calf with his two hundred and forty-fourth bullet. Then we began to get hungry, and we asked Blood if he didn't consider this duel almost too monotonous. He said he did, and proposed that we should stop shooting and both go and jump off a precipice together. We urged that precipices always made us dizzy, but promised to see him buried comfortably if he wanted to take the exercise alone. Then the seconds came up, and didn't seem a bit surprised to see us unhurt. Then they proposed that we should settle the matter with a game of poker, to ascertain whether we were wrong or Blood. Blood held both Jacks and won. So we apologized and went home. The next day Blood called to say he was sorry about the affair, and to ask us to lend him seventy-five dollars, which we did, and we have never seen him since. And now we regret that we didn't aim at that tree three hundred yards to the right of Blood and kill him.

We have been both interested and puzzled by an advertisement offered by "Mrs. H. A. Robinson, a Psychometric Medium," in Chicago. Mrs. Robinson says that "upon receiving a lock of hair from a sick person she will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and send a remedy which will permanently cure it." Certainly this is very wonderful. We cannot understand how Mrs. Robinson can tell from a bunch of hair whether a man is suffering from biliousness, stomach-ache, or corns. If hair has one appearance when there is rheumatism and another when there are bunions, what is Mrs. Robinson going to do when a man has bunions and rheumatism both at once? And suppose a man has torpidity of the liver when he sends his hair, but he gets well of that before the hair reaches Chicago, and is taken with fatty degeneration of the heart, will Mrs. Robinson treat him for his liver, and will he have to take the medicine? And if a man with measles sends

hair in the same mail with that of a man who has mumps, and Robinson gets them mixed, what guarantee have we that the mump-man will not be deluded into the measles-man's medicine, and so die? And what is a bald-headed man going to do? Must he perish from disease, or can Robinson fix him by getting him to send a square-inch of his scalp, to be examined under a microscope? Can she discover lumbago by investigating a tuft from a wig, or can she perceive *deltirium tremens* in a few hairs from a mutton-chop whisker? Can she detect cholera infantum in a chignon, or can she ascertain a case of lame leg in a forty-cent curl? These things are important. We shall not treat with Robinson until she gives satisfactory answers to them, and tells us how she does it.

Some of the friends of a reporter on a Trenton paper called on him the other day, and with a neat speech, presented him with a pair of gold sleeve-buttons. The reporter said, in reply: "Gentlemen, I need not tell you that this is the happiest moment of my life. I have the most thorough appreciation of the kindness which moved you to this act of generosity; and if I could summon up words with which to express my feelings, I would endeavor to secure from

he settled up. They said "now we'll let Hillegas die. We have fooled with him long enough. He has either got to pay up or go down to the grave quick. No more Hillegas for us unless we can see some cash." So for six months they let him alone, and whenever one of them would drive past the house, he would pull up for a minute, look to see if there was any crapo on the door, shake his head solemnly and say "Poor Hillegas; the obstinate old fool is not long for this world." But one day Dr. Jones felt moved by humanity to break through the resolutions, so he called at Hillegas's house to see how he was—perhaps to see him die. As he entered the yard he perceived a stout man lifting a barrel of flour into a wagon. Then the man went and poked up a four-hundred pound cooking-stove in the shed with one hand, and seizing a keg of nails with the other, he began to walk off to the barn, but seeing a stranger he put the things down and came back. The doctor thought he recognized that scar on the man's nose; but he couldn't believe it. Nevertheless it was Hillegas, perfectly well, weighing two hundred pounds, and able to lift the roof off the barn if he wanted to. And Hillegas hasn't paid those bills yet, while medicine as a profession

lence to the proprietors. After a few rehearsals the mule did well enough. It would bound up the white pine precipice with an enthusiastic ardor which was most commendable. When the play was produced they trotted out the mule, strapped Mazepa on its back, and turned its head towards the precipice. But it manifested a reluctance to move up the frowning cliff. It began to back. It recoiled until it reached the footlights, and then it drove out its hind feet suddenly, and kicked the leader of the orchestra clean through the bass drum, nearly killing him. Then it stood still and mused over things, and summed up recollections of its youth, and meditated over the fitful past, and dreamed of bygone days, while it occasionally lifted its off hind leg and scratched itself on the side, stopping in the midst of the exercise sometimes, with its leg half-way up in the air as some new thought seemed to strike it. Then the scene shifter jabbed it with a sword to bring it out of its reverie, and all at once it began to pitch and rear and wheel round and round, and to reach its nose over and show Mazepa's elbow. Then it dashed through a canvas temple at the side, kicked over four muslin trees, tore a sixty-dollar vermilion sunset to rags, and nearly switched the eyes out of a Tartar chieftain with its tail. Finally it was seized with the blind staggers, and it lay down, rolled on Mazepa three or four times, and finally slid over into the orchestra upsetting the lamps and setting fire to the stage, and bringing up at last with one hoof in the mouth of the trombone and its tail tangled up with the triangle. Barnaby was in the hospital for a month, and now whenever anybody asks him if he ever played Mazepa he feels as if he wanted to commit murder.—*Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.*

## BOARDING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MAX ADLER.

One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer, is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city and his business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time, so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene frame of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up-train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the depot. In a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers, the skin is tough, and after fooling with it for a moment, it mashes into a hopeless mess, and he gets his fingers smeared; he drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth, while his wife hands him his astechel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room, looking for his umbrella; then he kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump and makes a dash for the door. Just as he gets to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He doesn't like to run through the village, because that would be undignified, but he walks furiously. He goes faster and faster. Half-way down he does hear the whistle, for certain. He wants to run, but he knows that he will start up that yellow dog there by the sidewalk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming in at the depot, and he feels that he must make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join in the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously, and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement, as he goes past, by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting-house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch that train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up until two or three women, who are on the sidewalk discussing the servant-girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hundred yards of the depot with duster flying in the wind, coat-tails horizontal and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or to perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand-rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and aided in by his coat-collar by the brakeman, not mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs in his umbrella broken. Just as he gets comfortably into the car, the train stops, backs upon the siding, and lays there for half an hour while the engineer fixes a broken valve. Then he is madder than ever, and determines that he will move in town to-morrow, and swears, while he looks out of the window and watches the dogs that followed him engaged in a contest over a bone which the yellow dog found on the platform of the station; and he registers a silent vow to devote his first holiday to hunting up that dog, and braining him with a club.



"RAINING TO READ."

you a solution of a problem which seems to be too formidable to be explained. I would like to ask you—in fact, I—that is—as it were—I want to ascertain, you may say—I wish to inquire what in the thunder a man is to do with sleeve-buttons when he has no shirts? My wife took my last one yesterday for a pillow-case, and I am now wearing a gunny-bag, with arm-holes in it." They gave him four the next morning, and now he is more convinced than ever of the power of a free press.

We learn from a medical journal that the doctors have prepared for circulation in the profession a "black list," containing the names of persons who will not pay their bills. The purpose is to deprive such sinners of medical attendance. This reminds us of the case of Hillegas, who lived up in Montgomery county. For years Hillegas had been almost at the point of death. Broken down, emaciated, with his appetite gone, his lungs weak, his liver torpid, his heart affected, his legs paralyzed, his arms rheumatic, his head full of neuralgia and his back aching with lumbago, he lay on his bed for five or six years miserable, unable to move and expecting death every moment. All the doctors in the county had a shy at him one after another, and as he kept getting worse all the time it made him mad and he refused to pay their bills. So one day the doctors held a meeting, and after discussing the avarice of Hillegas, they determined not to look at him again until

peys less in that neighborhood than anywhere else in Montgomery county. People won't let a doctor come within a mile of their houses unless they feel perfectly well and know there is no danger.

We do not know the name of the man who told the following story of Anches Brown. If we did we would be perfectly willing to recommend him to any one who wants a good, strong, vigorous liar, who will hesitate at nothing. Brown, it is alleged, has a very bald head, and he used to permit his children to amuse themselves, while he took his afternoon nap, by playing ut-tat-to on his scalp with pieces of charcoal. One day the little ones grew tired of that game, and started to play "mumble-peg" with a jack-knife, and at the first blow drove the blade half an inch into Brown's skull. Nobody ever ascertained who would have won, for the game stopped suddenly, and Brown took a turn at another game in which he chased each child around him with a slipper. He sleeps with his hat on now.

Barnaby was leading man in the theatre at the city of Blank, Penna., and when the manager determined to bring out "Mazepa" as a show piece, Barnaby was selected as the person to represent the hero. None of the livery-stable people would hire a horse for the performance, and so the manager said he didn't care, he would rent a mule, even if the presence of such a long-eared animal upon the stage did do vio-