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**VOLUME III.** 

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

No. 49.

For the Hearthstone. THE OLD PINE CANOE.

BY J. R. RAMSAY.

Remember the days that have long ago inded
From hills that stand high in the sun's breezy
beams,
The flower-spangied shore by the cedar-tree shaded,
And the bridge where we lished in the manysurved streams.
Remember the boat rendered grey by the weather,
That often we sailed in to where the grapes grow,
We climbed to the top of the tall vines together,
And watched the waves cradic the old pine canoe.

But where is the glory ambition projected,
When gaily we roved o'er the water-bound scone?
Where now is the gladness that bright scene reflected?
Ah! where is the boat that we meered on the green?
The spirit of change has all silently taken
The charm that we loved from the objects we knew,
The beauty is fled and our friends have forsaken
The scenes where we paddled the old pine canoe.

Never again can they come to rejoice us
When evening's last sunbeams repose on the hill,
Never again shall we hear their glad voices,
Except when the coloos of memory thrill.
If we gather once more all the grave has not gathered
To join in the joys we were wont to pursue,
Ah. who could forget all the sorrows that withered
The days since we sailed in the old pine cance?

Parewell to the fair waving valley forever,
Farewell to the flowers that grew by the shore,
Farewell to the course of the blue-winding river,
Farewell to the scenes that can gladden no more.
The spring may return, and the season of roses,
The forest and valleys their verdure renew,
But the friends of those scenes that our memory

shows us likeve gone down time's stream like the old pine cance.

# **DESMORO**;

THE RED HAND

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

CHAPTER V.

Desmoro's heart began to throb fast and painfully, and his limbs were shaking as if he had been suddenly seized with the ague.

Gently and noiselessly he pressed his knee against the woodwork of his window, which, opening, swung back on its hinges. Then les-moro, moving as in a dream, entered the apart-ment, in the middle of which stood a large canopied bed, and a table, bearing on it a night-

lamp.
Shutting the casement behind him, Desmoro paused, and gazed around him. Then he advanced a step, and stopped to listen.

As he could distinctly hear the regular

he gathered courage and proceeded.

The youth was thinking how much better it would have been for Ralph and himself had Dinah managed to escape through her own casement. But Desmoro had yet to learn wherefore she required assistance in her flight.

On tiptoe he crossed the room, holding his breath all the while; and reaching a door, he noiselessly turned the key of it, and passed at once into another sleeping apartment, where Dinah Tillysdale herself was sitting, pale as a marble statue, with a twinkling rushlight on a table by her side, and a number of packages, and baskets, before her.

She started up at the boy's entrance. She was expecting to see Ralph.

Desmoro put his finger on his lip, enjoining silence; and shutting the portal behind him,

"Mr. Thetford is outside waiting for you," whispered he, "Oh. I am so frightened !" she cried, trem-

blingly, sinking back into her chair. "I shall never have the courage to pass through my aunt's room! Why didn't Ralph himself come

He couldn't climb into the balcony, Miss Dinah, and as I could, he sent me in his stead."

The young girl rose, and looked wistfully at the packages. "Will you help me to carry away these?" said she. "For two whole years I shall be very poor, Desmoro-too poor to buy any such clothes as I possess now; so as I should not like to distress Ralph by ever appearing before him in shabby dresses, I have made up my mind to take with me as much of my wardrobe as I possibly can," she added, by way of explanation.

Desmoro nodded his head, and at once begun to load himself with baskets and bundles, until his arms were completely filled.

Dinah having put on her cloak, and drawn its hood over her pretty head now took up a couple of heavy packages. "What about the remainder 7" she inquired, anxiously glancing at a small trunk, and a large parcel. You can-not manage any more, neither can I."

" I will return for these when you are safethat is, if they are of very great consequence to you," Desmoro answered.
"Thank you very much, Desmoro. Oh, I am



THE ELOPEMENT OF DIRECTED YEDALE

"Shall we need the light?"
"No; I will go first, and lead the way down the stairs, which are not at all awkward."
Saying which she softly opened the door, and

quakingly entered her aunt's chamber, Des-moro close behind her.

Then both stood still for a few moments.

Miss Tillysdale was sleeping soundly behind
the drawn curtains of her bed; and no sounds
reached their ears but her hard and regular breathings, and the tic-tic of the lady's large gold watch.

Dinah crept on, so also did her companion, until they gained the door communicating with the staircase. Here Dinah, putting down her luggage essayed the latch as the portal.

"Heavens ! it is locked, Desmoro — it is locked, and the key's removed!" she exclaimed, in a terrified whisper. "Whatever is to be done?" she continued, wringing her hands in helpless bewilderment and alarm.

"Where do you think the key is?" inquired her companion, in almost as much terror as herself.
"My aunt must have it in her own posses-

sion," she returned, despairingly. "This is as "What are we to do now?" queried Desmoro,

still speaking under his breath.
"What can we do?" she rejoined.
"The window! I will help you through it

into the tree, which is at no great distance from the ground," said the youth.

Dinah reflected for a few seconds. The room was very spacious, and her aunt was still pro-

foundly sleeping.
"Stay!" she said; "I will place yonder screen between ourselves and her." And at once Dinah did as she said, and afterwards re-

turned to Desmoro's side again. The lamp's quivering, feeble rays, filled the vast apartment with a mystic light. The heart of the runaway maiden was throbbing fast and painfully, as she stood gazing around her, un-certain how to act; whether to escape by the window, or to return to her chamber, and so

abandon all thoughts of flight. But to morrow, she reflected Ralph would have to quit Bluckbrook, and he might be lost to her for ever! Oh! she could not bear that thought-she could not endure the idea of being separated from him, who had become dearer to her than all the world besides.

Desmoro was watching the various changes passing over his companion's features, wonderng what she could make up her mind to do. In his own secret heart, he was thinking how badly the whole business had been arranged, condemning it accordingly.

"I will attempt to descend by the casement," Dinah at length said. " I must not remain here I cannot do so." "Mr. Thetford will be growing impatient,"

Desmoro remarked. "To be sure he will," she answered, quickly regaining her packages of personal property, and crossing the space between herself and the window, the sash of which she unclosed care-

Desmoro was by her side, ready to assist her

At this moment the sleeper was heard to turn round in her bed, and uti r low, murmur-ing sounds, at which Dinah started, and clung tremblingly to her companion. "She is awaking, Desmoro 1" quaked she, in

"Hush!" responded he, warningly, at the same time dropping the bundles he was carrying, and pushing her through the open window

response.

"Miss Dinah cannot leave the house by any

other means than this window. Be prepared for her, below there!"

"Ay, ay, all right! My strong arms shall catch my love, should her feet chance to slip!" answered the enamoured stroller.

Dinah now stepped over the balustrade into the tree beneath, clinging first to one branch of it, then to another; as she did so, tearing her garments to shreds, and scratching and bruising herself terribly. But her gripe was a tenacious one, her feet did not slip once, and she soon felt a pair of loving arms around her, and was safely lifted to the ground.

"Thank heaven, you are here!" at length ex-claimed Ralph, folding the makten to his heart. Now let us hence—Desmoro will quickly fol-

low us l' "No, no, not yet!" she returned. " He has il my clothing in his charge."

" Your clothing, Dinah " her lover repeated,

in surprise.
"Yes, Ralph," she answered; "you know I could not come to you without either money or

garments. Two years hence we may laugh at my present thoughtfulness, but we cannot afford to do so now." "Catch " said a voice from above; and fol-

lowing the voice, one of Dinah'r arge packages and fatherless, motherless, and almost friend-dropped at the feet of the lovers, and then another. Then Desmoro disappeared from the balless! then pray, pray, have merey on me!"

"Have merey on you, indeed!" repeated sho. cony into the room beyond it.

But scarcely had he done so, when a bony

hand clutched at his shoulder, a shrill shrick rent the air, and Desmoro, turning, confronted the grim face of Miss Tillysdale.

Red Hand!' she exclaimed, recognising the lad, and tightening her hold on him. " Thieves! famous young villain! Is this a return for my charity towards you? Thieves! - thieves! Help !

My aunt's voice l'eried Dinah. "She has tusned Desmoro, quite distinctly.
ke, and seen Desmoro. What are we to do?" "Miss Dinah!" exclaimed she, perfectly awoke, and seen Desmoro. What are we to do?" she added, clinging to her lover.

fully.

"Let me first bestow you in some place of and look after safety, then I will return here, and look after sisted in her escape hence." him. Be at rest about Desmoro, he shall not Desmoro did not reply; s placed in any difficulty on our account; of

that, be fully assured." " My aunt will arouse the whole house, and send for the constables. I tremble for poor Desmoro. Then she will discover my flight, and the share that he has had in effecting it, and he will be threatened and terrified by her until he confess to her all he knows about us:

whereabouts we may be found, and everything else she will be wishing to learn from him." As Ralph's terrors on this subject were just as great as hers, and as he was most unwilling to lose the prize now that he was holding it in his absolute possession, he drew her onwards and onwards through the darkness, entirely forgetful of Dinah's property, which had been

left behind. Still firmly clutching the youth's collar, Miss Tillysdale seized a hand-bell, and vigorously

into the balcony, where he followed her. "Hist!" rang it, all the time accompanying its sound he continued, bending over the stone railings in front of him, and endeavouring to penetrate the darkness. "Are you there, Mr. Thetford?"

"What is the matter?" was the quivering response.

"Miss Dinnh cannot leave the house by any of the house of t other sleeping rooms of the hotel, she could not, all at once, succeed in making herself heard by any one save the terrified lad who was shivering in her grasp.

"Don't stir, you young rascal?" she said, panting for breath, and shaking him. ",You midnight robber—you wicked ingrate! But you shall be sent to prison, that you shall; and I'll have you transported across the seas, to work in chains for all the rest of your un-

worthy days."

"No, no!" cried Desmore, dropping on his knees at her feet, "Spare me, spare me; I came not here to injure you in any way—I

"You false-tongued knave!" returned the lady, again agitating the bell. "I am not to be imposed upon by you—not I, indeed! Did I not read your deprayed character the very that open window," continued she, pointing to first moment I set my eyes on your ill-favoured its unclosed sash; "through that the midnight

world ?" " Oh, Miss Tillysdale !" shuddered Desmoro, all his blood seeming to congeal in his veins, "don't, don't think so badly of me, I entreat! And in pity don't say I am Satan-branded!

What have you just thrown through the casement, and who are your associates in this nefarious affair ?" she added, shaking the hand-bell

in his face. " It is no acfarious affair, ma'am, and I have

no associates at all." " Didn't I detect " What !" shricked she. md, and tightening her hold of him. "Thevest " what is stricted side." "Didn't I detect—thevest Help!—help!" she continued, you in the very act of flinging some of my screaming with all her might. "Oh, you in-property over the balcony, beneath which one of your own vile class was waiting to receive

"Miss Dinah was beneath it, ma'am," re-

" My niecel" she added, dragging "Let us fly at once !—if we stay here we are lost!" returned Ralph, hurrying her away from the spot.

"But the poor lad, Ralph?" said she regret"Empty!" she cried, in blank dismay. "Dinah." gone! fled! Whither, you limb of the Evil One? You know, you know, for you have as-

Desmoro did not reply; she had so galled his feelings that he was almost heedless of her words. "Answer!" continued she. "Answer truly,

Where is Miss or it shall be worse for you. Dinah Tillysdale at this moment?" Still Desmore was obstinately mute.

"With whom has she eloped? that!

Not a word of response came there. "She must have had a companion," the lady went on. "The ungrateful hussy could not

go off alone. Is it with Mr. Thetford that she has run away? Tell me, boy, tell me all, else you shall dearly rue this hour!" He was still resolutely silent. know that his strength was greater than that of

of secrecy to Ralph Thetford, and he was determined to keep that promise, however much he might chance to suffer by so doing.

" Listen!" resumed the lady, in angry excitement.

" Listen, and pay attention to my words.

" Are you hearkening to me?" she continued. " Yes, ma'am."

"Reveal to me all that you know of this disgraceful transaction, and I will at once give you your liberty. To commence—who is the companion of my niece's flight?" "Excuse me, ma'am," responded he, very calmly, "but I would rather not answer any of

your questions." "You would rather not!" echoed she, greatly exasperated. "Oh, indeed! but we'll see about that, thou red-handed robel! Mind! if you refuse to satisfy my inquiries, you will be made to answer those of others—of others, who

"No one can compet my tongue to speak against my will!" returned the youth proudly. "I do not care for your threats now, ma'am!" he proceeded, growing almost reckless, "so do your worst at once upon me!"

"Can I tempt you with money?" asked she, softening her tones a little, "Pil buy from you the knowledge I am seeking."

Desmoro shook his head,

Desmore shook his head.

"Then live, and repent of; your obstinacy!" said Miss 'Hlysdale, throwing him from her.

And with those words she darted out of the room, fastened the door behind her, and made

Desmoro a prisoner.
Then she once more sought to arouse the

slumbering household.
This time Miss Tillysdale's cries were heard and attended to, and her chamber was soon crowded by the inmates of the hotel—by persons who had rushed forth habited in all sorts of strange costumes, their alarm at the lady's

screams having prevented them from paying any head to their respective tollettes. The landlord of the hostel, bearing a light,

and armed with a poker, stood foremost. Her figure shrouded in a large cloak, which she had snatched up and hastily flung around her, Miss Tillysdale stood in the middle of the apartment, looking full of wrath and vindic-

The landlord glanced around, his eyes in search of the thief he was expecting to see; but he beheld only the grim figure of the ancient

spinster.
"Well, Mr. Landford," begun she, "this is a fine establishment of yours—bravely conducted, too, in which a lady may scream herself hourse

before she is paid attention to?"
"What is the matter, madain?" he asked, in

much bewilderment.
"Matter!" echoed she, scornfully. "Mr. Landlord, I have just escaped being murdered in my bed!"

A thrill of silent horror pervaded the little crowd of listeners.

visage? And that red hand of yours, too! ruffian entered the chamber where I was lying Ugh! Can't any one see how Satan-branded just as leep. But just, just as he was about to you are?—isn't the fact published to the whole strike the blow—the blow which was meant to deprive me of my precious life, I awoke, seized his hand, and struggling with him at length forced him into the next room, where I safely secured him!"

Everybody was struck with admiration at the lady's brave conduct, as described by herself; but their astonishment was greater still when they saw her unlock the door, and drag Desmoro forth.

The youth's face was covered with beads of moisture, and his white lips quivered convulsively.

"Behold the miscreant!" said Miss Tillysdale, introducing the shrinking youth to the assemblage. "Some one take charge of him, and let a couple of constables be sent for forthwith! Do you hear, landlord?"

"Yes, ma'am—directly, ma'am!" replied ho, much perplexed at the sight of an offender so youthful.

"Whoy, dung my buttons, if it beant one of thoose player chaps!" softly exclaimed an ostler belonging to the hotel, in the car of some one near him. "I'll swear to him, cos I've sin him on t'th stage, as they caws it, dressed in all manner o' colours!" the man

dicessed in all mainter of colours." the man added, in louder tones.

"Yes, you are right," returned Miss Tillysdale, catching the ostler's words. "He is one of those rogues, whom I, in the charity of my simple heart, once sheltered and fostered, to be

rewarded thus! Take him away!"
The landlord and others now laid their hands upon poor Desmoro, who was immediately dragged out of the room, down stairs, into the kitchen, in which he was detained until the arrival of the constables, for whom one of the men servants had just been despatched.

Desmore had dropped on a seat, and buried

his face in his palms. Ho felt that he was involved in a serious difficulty, out of which he saw no way of escape, save by betraying his friend, which he was resolved not to do.

The youth's heart was full of trouble—full of such trouble as it had never known till now, and he was reflecting bitterly, and asking him-

self what he was to do. He could not surely permit himself to be Miss Tillysdale, but he disdained to put that wrongfully accused, and make no defence against such an accusation? strength to the test—disdained to attempt to escape from her. He remembered his promise



trembling in every limb!"

What could they do to him in the way of punishment? They could not prove that he the ground. He would risk the descent; had stolen anything! Then with what crime nothing venture, nothing gain, he thought.

charge him? Surely not with any attempt to do he rany serious hodily harm?

What would Mr. Jellico say when they missed him? Would Mr. Thetford explain to him the adventures and misadventures of that night, and so clear his name—the name of Desmore—from all blame?

Have the large him? It is a great detroit in strength; so he paused awhile, and strove to collect his energies, and all his courage as well.

He saw that he had no time to lose. The gray light of opening day was growing brighter and brighter, and the people around would soon be awake and aske. moro-from all blame?

The company would leave Blackbrook at her side, by which he had promised her he would travel all the way?

Poor Desmoro was most unhappy while all these questions were presenting themselves to him, and he would have done much to have re-

constables arrived, and prepared to place his was thinking of the clown and his pretty

"Don't out those on me—don't, don't, it be performed by them on foot.

Pil go with you quietly enough with—I will, indeed! Believe me!"

Desmoro was shaken, weary, and heartsick. Want of natural rest, together with the late fetters. "Don't out those on me—don't, don't, don't! PH go with you quietly enough without thos —I will, indeed! Believe me!"

"No, no, my lad; sofe bind, safe find, is my

you not to put them on me !!

And as he spoke, he retreated, and held up the now sharply-descending rain, his two hands as if to ward off the man's nearer All at once catching the sounds

Nonsense! nonsense!" flustered the constable who had spoken before, advancing to-wards our hero. "Holloa!" he added, suddenly On and on he flew, his feet se wards our hero. "Hollon!" he added, suddenly on and on he flew, his feet seeming scarcely to touch the earth; yet still he could hear the rapid footfall of one who was apparently in as pansing; " why, one of your hands is covered

Desmoro's tingers closed instantly upon his

not going to stand any o' your tricks!" conti- about to fall again into the nucl the man coarsely. "Let me see your his terror knew no bounds.

The kitchen was full of light, and likewise was and on the light strong full of people. All crowded round to watch progress at once delayed.

the evanuitation of Desmoro's palm. "Let me go—let me go!" shricked he, strug-

"It's only a mother's mark, sir," quivered gling to free himself.

he.

6 It's the queerest thing I ever saw,
6 the law 6 This is a sponded the limb of the law. "This is a bad trade for you to have taken to with such a mark as this on you, my lad! It would be bad enough for an honest man to carry about with him such a print as yours; but, for one of

"My sort!" echoed the youth, indignantly;
"you mistake me quite! I never did a thor-

acled, all imnocent as he was of any crime! replied Ralph. "I ran a great risk in present-losmoro's pride was now fairly crushed within him. He would have swept the streets, and left no degradation in so doing; but to be thus fettered, and thus accused, was more than he could have seemed, was more than he could have seemed and thus accused, was more than he could have seemed and thus accused, was more than he could have seemed and thus accused, was more than he could have seemed as seemed as

Through the dark streets the constables

With a sob of wild anguish, the youthful pri-

the constantes receaning steps along in might make whatever charges she chose against make whatever charges she chose against with the mail of the might make whatever charges she chose against you; we could quash them all? Desimoro was reassured; and he now walked on by Ralph's side, feeling as if his breast had save me from further degradation at these

expressible to him in their touch.

Now Desmoro's hands, notwithstanding woman. The men had not remarked that fact, as he spoke. soul-galling manacles, which he dashed to the | conversation. ground with terror and loathing.

Desmoro now groped round the apartment,

which was spacious, and lofty as well, trying to find some outlet. There was a window, a narrow-paned window; but it was too high, he feared, for him to reach,

The youth searched his pockets, hoping that the men had overlooked his knife, when they stripped him of his few belongings, but nothing therein could be find.

Presently Desmore thought of the bench on which he had been sitting. Could he rest that bench on its end, and so clamber up to it to that casement? He thought he could, and after much difficulty, he did do so; and there was he en-conced in the deep recess of the window, peering out into grey light of breaking morn, meditating an escape from his prison, and praying that he might accomplish such.

He did not like to run away, because such an act on his part would betoken guilt; but he could not remain, and suffer added stings, and added degradation, while liberty was here be-

Desmoro opened the casement, and gazed out of it. Immediately beneath him was the roof of a house, with a tolerably high coping After measuring with his eye the distance he would have to descend, he got out and dropped himself upon the friendly states, which received him perfectly unhurt.

Our hero breathed freely, now; and his heart—which was beating fast—was filled with hopeful anticipations.

Trembling with grateful emotions, and with fear lest he should be intercepted in his flight, Desmore now approached the coping, and ex-

the ground. He would risk the descent; for, the poor stroller.

would Miss Tillysdale's venomous tongue charge him? Surely not with any attempt to do be rany serious hodily harm?

What would Ye 1-10.

mpany would leave Blackbrook at Desmoro flung his body over the coping, Would not Comfort miss him from then dropped from his hands to the ground, upon which he lay for sometime, stunned, and

almost senseless.

But he had broken his bonds; and he was free again, with the broad sky above him, and the firm earth under his feet.

As soon as he was able, he arose, and quickly gained his lost liberty.

While the youth was thus bitterly musing, almost distracted with his own thoughts, two wrists in a pair of handcutts.

"No, no!" cried the lad, in accents of terror and anguish, studdering at the sight of the on their proposed journey, which had, perforce,

scenes of excitement he had gone through, had motto!" returned one of the men, with a harsh lawly worn him out. Nevertheless, he bravelaugh; "so give here your fists, and let us have his sufferings. He did not look either this way an event which Mrs. Polderbrant declared she "I never before was brought in confact with "1-f am not a coward? faltered Desmoro, or that; but sped along as fast as he could, his accents sufficient, his eyes full of a alding with his hands thrust deep into his trousersdrops; "but I am frightened of those, and beg pockets, his bare head (he had lost his cap you not to put them on me!' somewhere) exposed to the wintry blust, and

All at once catching the sounds of footsteps behind him, Desmoro quickened his pace. He was dreading pursuit, and dared not cast a sin-

great haste as himself.

Desmoro's face was bathed in a profuse perimson palm.

Spiration, and every pulse within him was a Come, come; none o' that youngster! I'm throbbing violently. He thought that he was about to fall again into the hands of the law, and superior strength of mind

Clatter, clatter, clatter over the rough stone "There!" said she youth, at once displaying pavement, the narrow, old-fashioned street it. cchoing every sound; and, presently, a hand
The kitchen was full of light, and likewise was laid on the lad's shoulder, and his onward

"Desmore" spoke a voice.
And turning round, the youth recognised his friend, Ralph Thetford.

"Oh. Mr. Thetford-Mr. Thetford ! I thought you wouldn't desert me quite!" broke forth of foreign climes, of ages long gone by; now as between the person of t placed in handcuffs—think of that, Mr. Thetford!—carried off to prison, accused of heaven alone knows what, by Miss Tillysdale, and—" "My poor boy! And how have you escaped?

culties of your new position, which is one quite dramatic, to say the least of it, ch, Des-

me back into the gaol ?" asked the lad, his mind or going just as suits its changeful fancy.

"Tush, my dear lad!" laughed Ralph. "You any order. soner heard the grating of the lock, and then seem to forget that Dinah's evidence would enthe constable's receding steps along the pass- tirely prove your innocence! The old lady

people's cruel hands?" Desmoro cried aloud, been suddenly relieved of a weighty load. But big tears coursing one another down his cheeks, he was far too delicate to harp upon the sub-He was in utter darkness; but, although he ject of his late troubles: he merely described could not see the terrible fetters on his wrists, the manner in which he had effected his escape he could feel them: and there was horror in-

"What a brave lad he is!" praised Ralph. "I shall like you better than ever after this, their strength, were as small as those of a Desmoro," he added, his voice slightly husky

and Desmoro, after much preasing and squeezing, succeeded in releasing himself from the the youth, purposely changing the subject of

"To-morrow, after we have arrived at Freshfield. Dinah is travelling in company with Mrs

"I am already so tired, that I fear I shall not be able to get to Freshfield to-day," observed Desmoro, very faintly.

"Nonsense, nonsense! I'll have you there sooner far than you expect. I've ordered a horse and covered cart for our use, and Shav-ings and Comfort have arranged to be of our

party. What say you to all that, my and and "That you have been very thoughtful and "That you have been very thoughtful and Desmoro, his kind, as you ever are," returned Desmoro, his veius quivering at the mere mention of Comfort Chaving's name.

### CHAPTER VI.

The little party in the covered cart, now jolting over the rough, muddy roads, seeined a very happy party indeed, to judge from the laughter under the tarpaulin. Ralph was the gayest of the gay; Shavings was simple and quaint, as usual; and Desmoro and Comfort were amused Ralph knew that Dinah was safe under the

care of Mrs. Polderbrant, and that the morrow would see the damsel his own for life; and his felicity was brimming over; and he sung merry songs, related droll tales, and made the roads re-echo with his joyous and melodious voice.

"This it is to be an expectant bridegroom,

remarked Shavings, winking at Desmoro. "Do you observe, my lad?"

"Ay," smiled he, as he quietly glanced at Comfort's sweet face, hid under a gipsy hat of black beaver. Then he began wondering wheblack beaver. Then he began wondering whether, when he came to man's estate, Comfort would care for him as wealthy Dinah Tillysquestions," was his reply.

He was not at any considerable height from | dale had proved she cared for Ralph Thetford,

And thus reflecting, Desmoro's head drooped forward upon his breast, and the wearied boy slept profoundly.
Comfort, who had been made acquainted

with all her young friend's late mishaps, here touched the sleeve of Ralph, who was warbling forth one of his most hilarious ditties. In a moment Rulph was silent.

"Ah, poor had!" he said, as he spoke arranging the straw at the end of the cart, so as to form a sort of pillow for Desmoro's head, " He

has done me some good service, and must not And then Ralph himself leaned back amongst

the straw, and soon dropped into slumber. Shavings now drew closer to Comfort, and gathered her to his breast. It was intensely cold, and the father and daughter were but thinly clad; and, therefore, the closer they could get to each other the warmer they would

On the following day, Ralph Thetford, with a wedding-license in his pocket, and accompanied by Jellico and Desmoro, repaired to a certain church at Freshfield, at the door of which he met the trembling Dinah, and Mrs. dam," she said, in mysterious accents.

Polderbrant—the "heavy lady" of the strolling "You!" exclaimed the ancient spinster, incompany-who had mistaken the time, and arwouldn't have had occur on any account, if she could possibly have helped it.

Mrs. Polderbrant, who had her own peculiar notions on points of etiquette, was a fall, bony, hard-faced woman, stiff in manner and as haughty as the providest lady in the land, " Nature had intended ber for a duchess," she used to say, "but cruel fate, like a spiteful jade as she was, had foiled the great mistress's inten-

Mrs. Polderbrant was moreover, a strongminded female, who never allowed herself to be imposed upon, never, never!

Mrs. Polderbrant kept the whole company in awe of her superior birth, superior learning, superior mental qualifications, superior talents.

She was a widow. Her late husband had been a weak-brained fellow, whom people had kindly said she had formented into a galloping consumption. But such was not the case, for Patience Poldericant, peculiar as she certainly was in many things, owned a heart as soft as that of any other woman. Nevertheless she had much strangeness about her, and few persons liked her, or sought her acquaintance. She was odd in her attire too, and disregard-

ed fashion entirely, often wearing her stage dresses in the streets, appearing in the costume another time as a Scotch lassic, afterwards in some other strangerarb equally out of place and absurd.

"My sort!" echoed the youth, magnatury
"you mistake me quite! I never did a thoroughly whicked act in my whole life, and I trust
I never shall!"

At this all the m n laughed; while Desmoro,
finding that it was entirely usels so for him to
longer resist, permitted himself to be searched,
and yielded his wrists to the iron bonds.

A thin all the mean sudden chill seemed to fall

A thin all the mean laughed; while Desmoro,
finding that it was entirely usels so for him to
longer resist, permitted himself to be searched,
and yielded his wrists to the iron bonds.

A thin all the mean laughed; while Desmoro,
and learning there your
finding that it was entirely usels so for him to
see what I could do for you, when I caught
sight of your flying figure."

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finding that it was entirely usels so for him to
see what I could do for you, when I caught
sight of your flying figure."

A thin all the mean laughed; while Desmoro,
finding that it was entirely usels so for him said the skirt, a fur-tipped, black velvet hat, and a
loug vell of snew yet of search and the skirt, a fur-tipped, black velvet hat, and a
loug vell of snew yet of search and the skirt, a fur-tipped, black velvet hat, and a
loug vell of snew yet of search and yet of search and yet of snew yet of search and yet of sn look, even were such bride about to wed a king.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, Mr. Thetford," she commenced, gushingly greeting the on't. Ha, ha! I will be revenged upon you bridegroom with a pair of outstretched hands, and that beggar by your side. So I leave you, which he received and heartily shook, "I really leave you with my everlasting cur-" ought; but it wasn't my fault for all that! I At this moment, Miss Tillysdale's voice was dragged the poor, parentless one, until they arrived at the Blackbrook gaol, which was an eld, dilapidated building in an obscure part of still in terror of the law and its agents. "I hold your bride, blushing as a bride should, dropped all in a leap upon the vestry floor. more following close behind, without observing

Jellico had given away the bride, and the priest's benediction had just been pronounced lystale, who made neither moan nor movement upon the newly-wedded pair, when a voice, of any kind; but lay with her eyes and mouth shrill as the squeak of a penny trumpet, sound- | wide open. ed through the sacred building, and sent terror to the hearts of all those who recognised it.

Every one paused in blank consternation, as, rushing up the centre aisle, was seen the quaint figure of Miss Tilly dale.

screamed, nearing the altar, around which the amongst the wedding-party was still standing. "Where is she—my niece—Dinah Sophia Markland Tilcause she was about to curse one of His creations." she—my niece—Dinah Sophia Markland Til- cause she was about to curse one of His crealysdale—and that rogue who stole her away? tures," whispered Mrs. Polderbrant into Jellico's

Where is she?—where are they both?"
Dinah clung unto her husband; Desmoro kept in the background; while Mrs. Polderbrant, wet eyes. "But I did who was acquainted with Dinah's story, swell-tragical event as this?" who was acquainted with Dinah's story, swelling with importance, boldly confronted the enaged Miss Tillysdale.

"Stay, madam!" she said speaking in a solemn tone, and holding out her arms, in order to arrest the further progress of the lady. member where you are, and do not disturb the sanctity of this place!"

Miss Tillysdale gaped in astonishment.

"Do you know who I am, and wherefore I am here?" she demanded, at the same time endeavouring to push her way onward. Perfectly, madam !" was the stiff rejoinder.

"You are Mrs. Thetford's aunt, whom I would take the liberty of advising to behave as becomes a prudent old lady—"
"What!" screamed the spinster, recoiling in

horror. "Old lady!" she repeated, in a perfect fume of angry agitation. "And who are you, "Creature!" bridled Mrs. Polderbrant. "Oh, shade of the departed Frederick William Pol-

derbrant, look down and hear your widowed "Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Tillysdale. "Is it possible that I have stepped into a lunatic asylum by mistake? Where's the clergyman?

Is it thus that our English churches are conducted ?" And, with these words she dashed past the "heavy lady," and stood before the minister and the wedding-party, darting venomous looks

on all around. "Am I too late?" she gasped, addressing herself to the parson.

"Are they married?" she repeated. "Are they married—tell me that?"

The minister was on his way to the vestry, and did not heed the lady's impatient queries. Turning to Dinah, who was still clinging to her busband, Miss Tillysdale, thinging high her arms, once more reiterated her inquiry

"Are you really married, Dinah, and to that punper at your side?"

The bride winced, and Ralph reddened.

"This bride whices, and intipir reducines.
"This lady is my wife, madam," he rejoined, pointing to Dinah as he spoke. "But the son of one of his Majesty's servants, wild though he has been, can hardly be termed a pruper."

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss Tillysdale, at a loss to compr hend his speech.

"Excuse me, madam, at some more suitable opportunity than the present I will reveal to you who and what I am." And with those words, Ralph drew Dinah's arm within his own, and led her away towards

the vestry, where the minister was awaiting Mrs. Polderbrant, who had been standing by during the above, now adv need towards Miss

Tillysdale, and gravely curtsied to her. "I will show you the way to the vestry, ma-

such a person as yourself, and I'm perfectly disgusted with you!

"Disgusted, madam, and with me!" repeated Mrs. Polderbrant, firing up. "Oh, that I should live to hear a conceited old maid breathe such syllables against mel But I can read you through and through, madam, although you think I can't! You are jealous of your pretty niece—ah, I can see,—and you only object to her marriage with Mr. Thetford, because you want to marry him yourself! There! that's the truth, and you can't deny it-you know you

Miss Tillysdale's countenance was of a bright purple hue, and her whole body was in a qui ver. She was conscience-smitten, and did not

make any reply.

Mrs. Po derbrant rubbed her hands together, and laughed triumphantly, but quietly; never forg tting her accustomed dignity of demean-Then she swept past the antique maid, and disappeared through a narrow doorway at the extremity of the aisle.

Miss Tillysdale's whole frame shook with excitement and choler. She was frustrated, and exposed, and she knew not how to be revenged on those who had defeated he. She now hated Ralph Thetford as much as she had before admired him; hated her niece, and like-She stalked towards the vestry, and, entering it, once more presented herself before the elergyman and the wedding-party. She was look-ing deathly white, and grimmer than ever.

ance, but I can strike your name out of my own will, and forget you. And I will do so, depend on't. Ha, ha! I will be revenged upon you

awry, and her limbs refusing to bear her, she

Jellico was gone on the instant. All was now consternation in the vestry, and crybody was endeavouring to assist Miss Til-

nounced Miss Tillysdale to be dead.

This awful event, so sudden and unexpected, was a shock to all present. Dinah swooned "Stop the ceremony—stop the ceremony! I away; Mrs. Polderbrant burst into tears, and forbid the marriage taking place!" she half-the utmost confusion and terror reigned away; Mrs. Polderbrant burst into tears, and

> "I am sorry now for what I said to her, she added, in a regretful tone, as she wiped her wet eyes. "But I did not contemplate such a

> > (To be continued.)

## THE RED MARK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

" Is this Mr. Rushton's ?" It was a handsome young man who asked this question—a stylish fellow, with plenty of light whiskers, and the latest style of the and collar. And the girl who had opened the door for him, in that pretty country place where the richest people were not very fashionable, was not a servant, but a young lady — Mr. Rush-

ton's only daughter herself. ton's only daughter nersen.
"What a pretty little soul!" he thought.
Then, as she turned her head, he wondered
for a moment whether somebody had just slapped her on the left cheek, there was such a sin-

gular mark there, exactly like the scarlet print of a palm and four singers.

But that mark had been there all Fanny Rushton's life, and it was her one grief, her perpetual tease and torment. She had grown morbid about it in these early days of womanhood, and would willingly have been flayed alive to be rid of it. But there were no cosmetics and no arts of surgery that could remove it.

There the red slap must be as long as she breathed, its hateful scarlet attracting the first ginnes from every stranger.
"Mr. Rushton at home?" said Luke Robbins,

Then she ushered Mr. Robbins into the parlor, and went away; and in a few moments the mill owner sauntered in.

It was a business call, though made not exlor, and went away; and in a few moments the

actly in a business-like way. There had been some delay of a train, and the factory was closed when Mr. Robbins reached Mill Hollow; but those few words about woolen stuffs were easily said, and the confidential clerk of the New York itrm of Rink & Hawley knew that the manufacturer was a man of strict integrity. The business was easily completed, and then Luke Robbins rose to depart, "But you're put out of your reckoning by this delay," said the old gentleman, "and the hotel

is a long way off, and I should be pleased to have you stay over night with us. The wife always bus one or two spare bedrooms, and supper will be ready in fifteen minutes. Let us have the pleasure of your company."

"Thanks," said lake Robbins. "You are very kind. I feel tempted."

Then he thought of the pretty face with the red slap upon the cheek. Despite that slap, he

waited to see it again.

It sat opposite to him at supper time.

"The best and kindest face in the world," he said to himself a dozen times. And he did his best to win a little chat from the shy girl, who could not forget her formenting mark until they sat in the twilight on the piazza afterward. Then he discovered that she could talk. As it grew dark, and the crickets chirruped in the hedges, she grew merrier and merrier.

Mrs. Rusinton had a call from some neighbor, and sat apart conversing.

Mr. Rushton, after many amiable attempts to

rouse himself, went soundly asleep.
Through the evening shadows Luke saw the girl's tinely cut profile and exquisitely shaped head; and the moon turned all to black and white soon, and blotted out the red mark. And he sat close to her as he dared. And her robin-sweet voice charmed him; and what she said was bright and fresh, and he fell in love, as men

do, for an hour.

Men actually do fall in love for an hour. Women cannot do that. They pretend to be fas-

chated very often, but it is real or nothing with them at heart. Poor little Fanny gave away her heart that night in one whole lump. It is always best to keep a little piece, if one can; but sometimes that is impossible.

"Oh, what a beautiful night!" said Fauny, as she stood on the porch with her mother after the gentlemen had retired. "Such a fine breeze, and such a bright moon."

and such a bright moon."

"The musquitoes do bite so dreadfully, though,"
said the mother, " and it's quite damp. We'd
better retire. I womder whether your pa will be
suited with to-morrow's breakfast. He does ask visitors so unexpectedly."

Married forty and single twenty take different

views of life somethmes.

Fanny went to bed to dream of Paradise; and the next day was all happy in memory of a parting pressure of the hand, and a whispered hope that they might often meet again,
"What a pity that mark is," thought young
Robbins, "She's a darling little thing. And I sup-

pose that Rushion is a very rich man. A young man might do worse than be his son-in-law,"
Then, as the car whiried him away, he said to
himself, "What a pity that mark is." himself, "What a pity that mark is."

Nevertheless he went down to Mill Hollow very often after that, and he was with Fanny a great deal of the time. Fanny's mother felt that though this suitor was not rich, he was eli-

gible; and she knew that that red mark was a disadvantage to her Fanny. Fanny's papa was an honest, kindly old man, who loved his daughter doarly. Alone together the old people spoke of the probabilities.

" He certainly means something," said mamma. "And they could always live with us," said

papa; "we need never part from our only one." Our eyes grow used to everything after a mark on Fanny's face, unless something parti-cularly called ht attention to it. At Mill Hol-low every one knew Miss Rushton, and no one stared at the sweet blomished face.

He loved her very much at times, though there were long hours in which he never re-membered her existence. I suppose none of us ever quite believe that the men we are fondest of work us into their bargaining and ledger keeping, as we work them into our sewing and preserving. If he only thinks of you after dark, you are a happy woman. If he takes your me-mory out with his dress coat and evening tie, consider yourself blessed.

Twice a week, at least, Luke thought enough of Fanny to buy her a bouquet, or some music, and to spend two hours on a dusty railroad for

the sake of seeing her. He felt her love for him in her very finger tips; he saw it in her eyes; he heard it in her voice. He was a man who is happy in being vide open.

Presently, Jellico returned, accompanied by beloved. And it was not old Mr. Rushton's money that made him decide to offer himself to ner, despite the red mark.

> Yes, the next time he went to Mill Hollow he would ask Fanny to have him for better or for worse. And he knew that she would say Yes" very well. There are evil moments in every one's life-moment that change one's destiny for the worst. If only it had rained one morning; if

> only Fanny had fallen III; if only undertaken that trip to the city just when she did, this would be a different story. She used to be shy of going into the crowded streets alone, and even when with her mother wore a thick vail, and felt uncomfortable when any one looked at her. But now she cared noany one nonced at her. But how she cared no-thing for strangers' eyes. Somehow her blem-ished face had found favor in his. Had he not told her how sweet her eyes were? Had he not kissed her hand? Was she not sure he loved her —her most perfect of all living men? Let them

> stare. The prettiest girl living was not so hap-She went smiling down to the city. She made her little purchases with a light heart. And then, whiling away an hour of waiting over a strawberry short-cake, in a pretty restaurant, she saw Latte Robbins—yes, really Luke him-

> self coming to meet her!
> "Looks as if some one had slapped her in the face," said a giggling girl's voice. ace," said a giggling girl's voice.
>
> And he turned his head as he sat at a table,

> and saw her, and went to her at once.
> "Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Fanny. I suppose I ought to start at once.

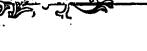
"And I'll go with you," said Luke Robbins.

He saw people stare at her as they passed down the room. Part of the staring was at the mark, part of it at the pretty face and figure, He laid it all to the mark, as she had all her life. It made him uncomfortable, But that his thoughts of her were when they are its could not have of her were what they were, it could not have affected him; but his future wife, as he already thought in her heart, that was different. He grew very grave It was a terrible blemish. In those moonlight lovers' walks in the country, he had forgotten all about it, but in bright Broadway how it forced itself upon him!

Every ones tured so. In the stage which they soon stepped into, a little child opened its round eyes, and with a child's innocent impertinence, pointed its fin-ger straight at the mark on Fanny's face, with

an,
"Oh, how funny!"





"The old lady?" saked the mean.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red sour on her shoe," said the man, lowering his vede. "All right."

"Confound you i" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no redeness, nor had Fany heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then. They crussed the ferry tagetter, and he spake no word to her, nor she to him. He handled her, into the cars. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.
There stood one of those white-bearded, red-cheeked old grattennen who are always meanteers of clube, who are always fast, to a certain degree, and who affect to be "judges of woman" in a way that is lessifing to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, haying nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how do or" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my hoy. Boing the gallant, I see. No relation!"

"No," said Lake.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sitters and cousins take care of them-

"No," said Lake.
"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Fretty figure rather; good step; but constounded ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—oh, Luke ?" No," said Luke; "a man wouldn't like it." Something rustled at his elbow.
"I—i left my parcel, Mr. Robbins, "said a cold—little voice. Fanny stond there, so pale that the mark looked pure searlet. "Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."
But he went back to the

ble yourself."

But he went back to the car with her, and he would have pressed her hand once move, only she kept it from him somehow.

She had heard the speech, "A. man wouldn't like it."

She had heard the speech that ourseld

his answer. And I leave you to judge, remem-bering how she loved him, what her feelings

were.

"She heard me," said Lake to himself, "She heard him—confound him."

And as he looked after the flying car, two tears came into his eyes. They trickled down upon his checks; he wiped them away. Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Rushton from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remarks and glaness of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of him-relf again.

him would never make him ashamed of himmelf again.

Fanny, my darling," he said to himself —
"Fanny, my fove, your face is dearer to inc
for its bemish, and you shall know it before i
sleep. You should, were you a beggar. Fill hide
it from the world's cold eyes on my bosom, darling; and I'll love you all the more for it." And
but for the place in which he stood, he would
have sobbed aloud in his agitation.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He
walked up the gardem path in the twilight. He
asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't dome yet," said the servant.
"They are so frightened about her — master
and missus — but I tell 'em she 'il turn up all
right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of
evil filted his mind. He had seen Fanny into
the car, and the train atopped within sight of

evil piled me minu.

the car, and the train stopped within sight of her father's door. So, in the gathering darkness, two anxious men went down to the depot, hop-

two anxious men went down to the deput, hop-ing against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Bither she was bewildered, or she did it on pur-pose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white het, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that,"

That was the conductor's story. That was the story that Luke and Fauny's father heard at

the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "be-wildered?" God only knows — no living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too iate new to tell her what he folt — to late its hide her sweet face on his heart. He could only stoop over her, as she isy in her cofte, and press the last kies hie lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold check that, even in the death hour, hore still upon it that fatal red mark.

### TRUTH IN THE WELL,

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

" Truth lies at the bottom of the well."

They told me Truth was in a well;
I looked to see your face so fair:
What disappointment me befell,
To find my face alone was there!

So you were false, while I was true; And then my life-dram passed away: Hope's visions, all of amber hue, Were broken—and the sky was gray.

Beneath that gray sky, reaming on, I pace the wide world round and round, The light of tife forever gene. And bearing one unhealing wound.

I look in all the lakes and wells, I gaze into the soundless sea; One face alone my sorrow tells, One only true—ab, me! ab, me!

### HOW IT ENDED.

BY PRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

Mother, Mr. Hicarna says you can't have unything more, until you've paid what owe now—four deliars and ninety-four or see, he put it down for me to show you," see, he put it down for me to whow years, as he unitered his mother's room; and dropping the empty basket, sank on a stool, looking with a disappointed face up into hers.

"I did not think it was so much. I would not have seen to ask for further oredit if I had."

"I would not have the awayents of see new take about half as much

not have sent to sak for further oresit: if I had. I know he hove? "Here the awenus-to-gen-user-tre delicas. Saturday night, when I am paid. I always pay Mr. Mtearns. I suppose he is worsted because I was not up to time. But you know how sick I was," answered the boy's mother, turning to a woman who sat braide her, busity engaged sewing buttons on a shirt.

"Well, I'd just write him a line, and tell how it was, if I was you," said her companion.

"Yes, yes, you are right. I will. But I will not ask him for sredit again until I pay, binn. I'd be sorry to have him thinked was not as good as my word. And I'm sorry I can't give

gued as my word. And I'm sorry I can't giv-

Bito was intercupted by for friend, saying the latter of the saying the saying the saying the saying the saying the say in the say

At the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the hrv.

"Two," said he.

"Two," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red sour on her face," is aid the man, lowering his wider. "All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.
But the man had meant no rudeness, nor But the man had meant no rudeness, nor troubled.

but for another and einter Neille his heart was troubled.

"Oh! why can't I think of some way to make enough money. to buy, some tea and togat?" he kept saying to himself. And then he went on counting the cost. "Six cents will get a drawing of tea, I know. Then the sugar; four cents for that. Nobody will sell me a quarter of a pound for less. Oh, if only could buy it by the large—a whole pound—I'd get it for thirteen cents. Well, I can't help it; must buy as I can pay. What heat? Bread, six cents; and butter, quarter of a pound again. Oh, deer, ten cents more! Oh, when I am rich! will always buy sawise large—a whole pound every time. Now, how much does all comes to? Six and four, that's ten i and six, sixteen; and ten again, twenty-six cents. Yes, that's what the tea and toast will cour. But where can I raise so melow."

no muon money? I must; indeed, I must, somehow."

The boy's face told plainly how his young-brain was working over the great difficulty, and trying to overcome it. Suddenly his brow cleared, the closed lips parted with a hopeful smile, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Hurry, mamma, dear. I have only three quarters of an hour to attend to business before achool time."

"Yes, I've finished now. It is no long since I have written a note, it is more difficult than it used to be. But, darling, you can't go without some breakfast," Mary Grey answered, handing the note to her boy.

Willie caught it from her, and sang out, itt a cheary voice:

white caught it from nor, and saug out, it is object voice.

"No matter about breakmut for me.—Pea.all-right. I'll be hungry in time for our dinner: A kies is enough just now. Good-bye,"
He caught his bat, snatched a hasty kies, and was out of the door a moment after.

"What a blessed boy!—Many would have gone off with a different face," said Mrs. Grey's

friend.

"He is a great comfort. Oh, I've two cents
I must call him; he will be hungry, I know
I will tell him to buy two rolls as he passes the

baker's." Mrk Grey, in her haste to call Willie back, week from the little table the cover and everything unit. She was out on the door-step, and heard not the exclamation of sharm from the little woman, who enatched up the ink-stand. When Mrs. Grey came in, a few minutes after, and caught sight of her-triend's face, absorbed with the happened. What alls you have?

Her companion held up two shirts, across the had fallen.

"Heaven help me!" cried Mary Grey.

"Troubles never come singly. What shall I do

"Troubles never come singly. What shall I do now?"
Jane Andrews' lips parted. She looked to-ward-her friend, who orded out:
"Don't, fog'pity's sake. I know what you want to say, Jane—what you always say, no matter what happens."
While the women stood bewaiting the dreadful eccidont, little Nollie had caught the shirts from Mrs. Andreys and plunged them into a pall of water.
"Well, it is awful bland to see it sometimes; but still I believe it is all for the best," said Jane, in a determined voice.
One would scarcely believe it possible for the mild, gentle eyes of Mary Grey to flash forth such a look of indignation. After which they filled with tears, as she cried:
"Best!—best that I should be deprived of the means to keep them from starving! Yes know Mr. Dyson. Every one knows be is a hard man to work for. I know he will make me pay for those shirts, or discharge me; perhaps both." Both women rubbed away diligently, and the

haps both."

Both women rubbed away diligently, and the dreadful spots faded slightly; but it was useless to hope to get them out that day. It would certainly require many hours of hot aun to entirely obliterate them.

"What shall I do? I was to have returned them finturiary. They are to be delivered at moon to-day—a special order," groaned Mary.

"Put your trust in the Lord, and go earry home the four. That's all you can do now," Jane Andrews said, and longed to conclude with her favorite maxim. But remembering Mary's look, she refrained.

Willie, after receiving the two cents, hursed along, mether stopping at the bakery, nor Mr. Stearns. On he wont, many streets further, until he came to a pretty, near-tooking cottage. Opening the gate, in-rang file bell. It was soon answered by a picusant, motherly looking woman, who asked:

What is it, my little man ?"

an, who asked : «What is it, my little man f" "Please, ma'am, I hoard you offer Jim Barnes thirty-five cents to clear up your yard Saturday afternoon. I will do it for twenty-siz, if—[[...]]

"Well, if what? Speak out. You are Willie Grey, aren't you?" asked the smiling woman. "If you pay me now, and let me do it after school, I will be here ten minutes after school closes."

If looked with such an appealing expression for her eyes, that uithough she said: "Why, child, that would be a little risky, woutin't it?" she looked kindly on him, and Willie felt he had much to here for.

Willie felt he had much to hope for.

"No, mu'ant. It is a safe bargain. I'll do. it, if I live till this afternoon. If you

no said, the appealing look deepening in the cyon.

"I will do it," the good woman said, and stopped Willic's thanks by asking, "How is it, when Jim wanted fifty cents, you are willing to take about half as much ?"

"More than half, a "little. Oh, Jim don't know the warth of seemy. He don't know how much twenty-six cents will buy. To don't know how to spend it right," Willie said, with a munity look. Closing his little hand over his prize, he bowed, smight, and was about running off, when the little woman called

out: "Wille, I hope you will spend it rightly."

He turned. The eyes that were dancing, the
face beaming, grow carnest, and so full of love,
as he said softly:

us he sam sortry:
"For mother, ma'am," and hastened away.
"Gil bless him!" she said, and was still
standing on the dear-step when a buggy stopped
before it, and a gentleman jumped out. Coming

before it, and a gentioman jumped out. Coming up, he said:

Mrs. Lavering, I feel rather uneasy about the children. The woman I have to take oars of them has not much expert use. Will you came with me and see what alle them, and it than need a physician?

"They used a mother's care, poor little clears! Certainly I will go, and be 'ready in two minutes," answered Mrs. Lovering, hurrying in.

could spare the time from number m street anything else.

True to her word, Mrs. Lovering was ready in the mentioned time.

Willie tirry was just coming out of Mr. Sisterus' with his little bundles at they passed. He tooked up, smiled, and raised his hal.

"Tiest's the best boy I,-know," Mrs. Lovering said; and when Mr. Iyaon saked:

"Who is he?" she answered:

"Why, the widow tirey's non. She works for rots."

you."

Bleange, yel so It was, that to both Mr. Dyson

that the themselt that the and Mr. Lovering came the thought that the widow tirey would be a good mother for the motheriess children.

widow Grey would be a good mother for the motheries children.

Mrs. Lovering related the incident which occurred just before Mr. Dynow's arrival, and by that time they were before his door.

The little children Mrs. Lovering found really lik. The physician was mismoned, and propounced the malady, what the good woman feared—scarlet-fever.

Ten minutes or nine, Willie stood—smilling before his mother. Seeing her troubled face, thrusting his parcels into her hands, he said, in a glad volce:

"It is all right. You will be stronger when you get a good cup of tea. It's my treat. All paid for. I must run, the belief is ringing. I will be late home; got some work to do for Mits Lovering. Good-bye."

Again he was off, with blessings following him.

him.

Nellie prepared the tea and teast by the time her mother and Mrs. Andrews had finished the

hor mother and Mrs. Anurows are abstra.

Willie would have been sadly disappointed, could be have seen the grave faces that gathered round his treat. However, when she areas from the table, Mrs. Grey said:

"Willie was right, dear boy! I do feel stroiger in mind, as well as body. Mow I must get ready. Oh, mercy! I would agoner face a cannon's mouth than Mr. Dyson. Exnow he will be in an ill-humor before I get there; and when I do..."

The pale face grew pater with thoughts of the

when I do—"
The pale face grew paler with thoughts of the dreaded interview.

dreaded interview.

Just then they heard a vehicle of some kind stop in front of the house. Mrs Grey, looking out of the window, scelaimed:

"Lord help me 3. It is Mr. Dyson."

An instant after a knock was heard on the door. Mary Grey, pale and trembling, opened it. As she raised her eyes appealingly to his, Mr. Dyson wondered he had never noticed how very pretty the little woman was before. He said:

He said:

"Mrs. Grey, I called to see about those whites.
I thought something miter wave happened to "!
He stopped, noticing her agitation, and exclaimed:

laimed: "I You are ill! Go in, madam. Don't be tanding here." And taking her gently by the standing here." And taking her gently i arm, its led her to the lumge, where she

arm, to led her to the lounge, where she burst into tears, saying:

"Have pity! Oh, Mr. Dyzon, I've spelled two of the shirts!" Not daring to glance at him, she went on: "I know you will discharge me, of course, and make me pay for the shirts too. Fill, please, don't take it all at once! I'ray me some, and let me work just till I pay for the others."

Finding he did not speak some dreadful barsh words, Mary raised her eyes timidly to his.

his. He was looking at her, not a shade of angel

He was looking at her, not a shade of anger on his brow.

"An I such a terrible man that I frighten poor women almost out of their souses?" he shade, a really pleasant smile on his face.

"Folks say you are dreadful hard," Mary answered, in a low voice.

"Humph! Woll, perhaps I have been; but business is business, and I have little time for anything else. I'm not sorry you spotied those shirts, for it has shown me what a timel, gentle little woman you are. You would not be unkind or hard on another woman's children. Now I have not the least idea of discharging you. On the contrary, I want to engage you permanently. Will you ofme had take care only little children? They are sick, and need a kind, loving hand to tend them."

kind, loving hand to tend them."
"Ome! Certainly I will! Oh, thank you!
How kind you are! I will get ready now," ex-claimed Mary, starting up to go into the other room, when Mr. Dyson called: "Stop a moment. There are some little; ar

"Blop a moment. There are some little, arrangements to make, I guess. You'll have to close up here, such-and.— Well, who do you peter to do the business?"

Mary Grey turned and looked inquiringly into the smilling face. Mr. Dyson continued:

"What parson, I mean, to marry us?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Mary, inking again on the lounge, her face crimmoning then.

"Yes, marry. Didn't I tell you a permanent angagement? How che can you be a mother to my little ones? Come, speak out: "I'd not idea it would take so long. I don't want the "time lost: You have known-me-ak; months."

Do you like me any better, or not as well, on acquaintance?" neked Mr, Dyson.

Better. Oh, yes. But—"

Mr. Dyson interrupted har:

"Nover mint. Will you have me? We will settle everything as you wish afterward."

"I will be a father to yours, when you are mother to mine. And— Well, I will do the courting at old times, when business is dulf, and I have plenty of time. I know women if the to be courted; so it will do as well after marringe, won't it? And then I'll not have given you the churce to throw at me, what so many then have to hear: 'All before marringe, and none after.' Now, say quick: Will you have me?

Mary Mary booked into his eyes carneatly a money and then anawored:

"You have been the hand, and with an area."

Mr. Dyson chaped her hand, and with

Mr. Dyson clusped her hand, and with an earnest:

"God bless you! May Its doal with me as I do with you and yours. Now about the arrangements?" he asked:

"Bank yourself," Mary answered.

"Bank yourself," Mary answered.

"Bank your limb these I-with came, he lake you to your, and home this afternoon, at six o'clock."

Mary opened for lips to atter a cry of remoustrance, but he shook his head and hurrled out.

out.
As the door chosed after him Mary stepped
back into the other room and stood before her
friend. Jano had beard most of the conversation, and when Mary naked:

"What the you think of me?"

"What do you think of mo?"
"I think in future you will lot me say,
"Everything happens for the best," because
mother always said so; and now I know it for
myself."
Willie thichead his work for Mes. Lovering;
after which that his work for mean to
fully appreciated. And he had never reason to
doubt the trath of Jatha Andrews' favorita
maxim. And she, goost woman, grew itrace
than ever to her inth, when, a year after, she
married the for man of Mr. Dyam's establishmont. Crateful for the blessings she enjoys, the micro ser, cusarise, and seem we win initial three shirts in a little time."

Mrs. Grey found it quite difficult to get together the necessary articles for writing the 
Mr. Dyson's catabilish
two minutes," answered Mrs. Lovering, here is conjugated to the binssings she capital three properties of the binssings she capital three properties. At length, with a sheet cut 
Mrs. Lovering's words. He had been thinking the very best size can for them, both by words 
from Willie's copy-book, and the ink borrowed 
just so himself several times lately, when he of comfort and deeds of kindness.

### I REMEMBER I REMEMBER.

i remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The roses, and the hill, our a,
Theose flowers unde of light!
The filese where the resha but
Apá where my brother set
The talese num on the brith-day
The tees is living yet!

f remember, I remember, Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must ruch To swallows on the wast rech My mirst flow in feathers then, that is so beary now.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I med to think their alender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childre inportance,
But now 'teltitle joy
To know I'm farther off from Boay's
Than when I was a boy.

# A SERVANT TO-DAY. A DUCHESS

OF "BETTER LATE THAY

CHAPTER VIII.

Amongst the accomplishments Evadne had equired, during her residence at a facilitatable carding-school, was a thorough knowledge of

concuting-scenot, was a therough knowledge of Italian.
Consequently, she was able to converse with the man, whom she had beckneed, and accosting him is his own language, she exclaimed, "I have an enemy; will you rid me. of left?"
"If you think it worth your while to pay me, Lwill," was the phiegmails reply.
Evador's inswer was to give him fifty ducate, which ahe had with her it a small canvas. hag.
As she placed the money in his land, "Take this as an eartest of what I will do for you if you adomptish my desire. This bag contains fifty ducate. You shall have a hundred more when the deed is done,"
"Say no more, Signors," replied the man. "I am ready and willing to do all you wish me, dwell?"
Evador government the man where does she dwell?"

who is your enemy; and where does not dwell?"
Evadre gave the man the address of the house at which Norsh was staying, and described the unfortunate girl accurately.
"In order that there may be no mistake," she added, "I will give you a letter which will liave the effect of bringing her to the corner of the street, where you can make an akinbucade, and kill her with security."
Touring a leaf from a pooket-book, Evadne wrote with a pencil, in well-defined, masculine hand.

" I have received your note, and thank you "I have received your note, and thank you for it. I have much to say to you, and at once. I am waiting for you at the corner of the street in which you live. I am standing at the base of the Statue of Justice, Pray come. Be not afraid.

"FONTIMELIA"

"Here," cried Evadne, to the brave, "take this to the English hotel, and give it to Honorah Pason!. Having delivered it, roturn, and swatt her coming. When the opportunity arrives, her coming. When the opportunity arrived strike home. Do you hear me ?--strike home

Rie I intend for her."

The man amiled, until his white teeth gleamed in the starlight, and said, "And you

The man amited, until his white teeth gleamed in the starlight, and said, "And you Signora."

"If will await your coming a short distance from the Statue of Justice."

"It is well," replied the brave, who set off at a sharp pace. Evadue. Chester followed him more icisurely.

"I wish the clouds would send their lightnings upon her head," she marmured. "How I hate her I a crime is not to my mind; but how is the difficulty to be obvinted? But much die, or I must relinquish the object of my mind; but how is the difficulty to be obvinted? But must die, or I must relinquish the object of my ambition, which I will rieve do. Itatier would I lay in the cold clay of the churchigand, thus give up my hope and my chance of being Duchess of Poutbesto."

The night was serone and shrright, who walk et through the streets without noticing my one. The short-legged, Austrian hussans were hurrying home to the best of the intion, and the orifadovoted to domina-playing, were desected, or nearly so, by the millivery clonent.

But arrived at the Btatue of Justice, and waited, with a feverish impationee, the return of her emissery.

The statue, which was he well-executed work of art, by one of Venetica's most distinguished cilizens, were record in the centre of a narrow square, at the end of the street in which the English hotel, where Norsh was, happened to be situated.

Tall houses rose up and frowned upon the

statue, making all around it dismal and fu-noreal.

Evadue stood in the shadow of a house, to see

This formidable wentern was fully constituted to reach.

her soul, all unprepared, to nicet her Maker.

Assassinations mere of frequent courrence. Assasingtions mere of frequent-assurement. It. Venice; and mobody thought number of them, Assasinations were a fruit of the soil; and when the viotim of the dugger was as Austrian, why the people were rather pleased than otherwise.

The waiter, to whom the brave had delivered the note, lost no time in taking it up to Norsh, whom he had already learned to call the "young

She did not stop to think. It had every appearance of heleg authentis, and she was inselled to consider it on.

To her simple mind, there was nothing cospicious in the fact of his requesting her to go to the distates of Jantice. Perhaps he did not wish to compromise her in the sym of the hutel propie by calling there. This was just the cert of delicate attention she expected from a gestlaman, and a man of honeur, the the Duke.

No one but Postibelle could have answered her letter as it had been nawwered without reading ft, and who but the man to whom if was addressed was liftedly to read it?

my me who but the man to whom if was ad-dressed was likely to read it? Heatily dressing herself, site feariously left the hotel, and walked towards the Statue of Justice.

Justice.

She had not taken many paces before she was stopped by an exclaimation in a familiar voice.

"Are you out so late at night with the permission of your materner."

The bucked at the speaker, and recognised the Justice of Posithetic.

"I am here to meet you," she replied.

"Mo. 91" and I thank you for your promptitude
in answering my leiter in parent."

"Your letter i" reptied the Duke, in surprise.
"My failed, I have preceived no letter from you.
I gath here by the purest accident. I felt uneasy
gind restless, and I could not rest within doors;
or I came ent for a walk, to see if the answerments of the streets would enlives me."

"Are you serious?" said Norah.
"Perfectly so."

you ?''
"Bay what you will."
"Miss Chester overheard our conversation this morning, and she immediately discharged

"the gave me same money, and commanded my to go back to England at ence," continued North. "But instead of doing oo, I would a life-lex to you, making your civice, and laying the

North. "But instead of doing on I whole a set-ler to you, asking your service, and laying the, which case before you. I also wished to know if you were desirous of snishing the conversa-tion which Miss Chester interrupted."

"The letter! must have lost," and the Pulce.
"Ah, yes! now I remember. A most was given me this morning, as I was stepping into my goodols, but what became of it I cannot tell."

"That is strange !" replied Norah. "For only five minutes ago I received a tetter, in answer to mine, telling me to meet the writer at
the Ristan of Liughton, and the note was signed
'Pontibello.'"
"Eh? — what is that you say ?" orled the
Duke, in a paroxysm of rage. "This is tristing!
It is a forgery.—I never wrote it. Give me the
note."

note:"

Norsh instantly took the note from her pot
ket, and handed it to the Duke, who perused t

with trembling hands, but carefully, "be easily, utilities Evadue's work, my child," be easily, quictly. "My accelerate meeting with you this evening is probably the means of saving you from some awhile fate. The hand of Providence is discognition in all this."
Suddenly, a wild shrick arose upon the night air.

People in the street stopped still to listen to

it.

It was the death-ory of Evadue.

The miserable woman had grown impatient as the delay which occurred in Norah's arti-

val.

At first, she fidgeted about; and at lest she
was rash enough to cross the figure, and to go
in the direction of the fittage of Justice, where
the ruffminy brave whom she had hired was
ouncealed.

conceied. Holing a woman approach him, he naterally supposed it was his prey, and etestibily everying round her, he raised his knife, and plunged it into her back, between the shoulder-binder. Evaduo uttered the one dreadful my which

has been recorded, and fell dead upon the of the square, while the figure of Justice seemed to look down upon her with anything but com-

The brave made off, and gained ser genial haunt, where he passed the nigh

genial haunt, where my passes were curity.

The Duke of l'entibelie drew Norah forward.
He feared a dreadful tragedy.

Already there was a crowd around Evadne's body.

The Duke pressed forward, and took a hasty glance.

"Alas I" he said to Norah, "she has met the fate she had intended for you. It is sad, and yet I cannot plty her."

• ... Some weeks afterwards, the Duke of Posti-bello called at the Palanno Stronn, whither No-rain had returned. Evadre had been burled, and when the Counters Adults melacurered the

her loss.

The Duke had duly informed his cousts of all that had come to his knowledge, and it was made clear to the Counters that Evadre was unworthy of longthened inmentation.

Soul for Norsh, "said the Duke as he was unlighted into the drawing-roots.

sitered into the drawing-room.

North tripped lightly down stairs, and made her entry.

"It has occurred to me," said the Duke,
"that I did not finish my conversation when

Worsh was on board the gondols."

Norsh himsted, and looked to the ground;

Had you anything of importance to say ?"

inquired the Co "I hast, indeed to"
"Pray, what was it?"
"That is exactly what I wish to unburden my
mind of," returned the Duke. "I was about to
toll Norsh that I loved her."
"What \*\*" exclaimed the Countest: " wore

"They were. I had loved Norah from the time at which we first met in the Park; and I now offer her my hand, if she will deign to ac-cept it."

The Duke spoke in a manly, straightforward

tons.

He slepped forward, caught Norsh in his arms, and she was soon leaning for heart spon-life shoulder, and sobbing with loy, as if her heart would break.

Will you be mine—my own we saked the buke, in touder accents.

Mue could only give a tacit assent through her tears.

harn could say.

And then it came to pass that the servant of to-day became the duchess of to-morrow; for the larly became the duchess of to-morrow; for the larly became the happy bride of the Duke of Pontibelio. Nor had that nobleman any reason to regist having made his choice amongst the subsequent in which he tourd a pearl of price.

THE BUT.

Tun Micanacora.—One of the most interesting appriments, and one which is easily performed, is to watch the canage and one which is easily performed, in the canage of the control of the canage of the

remember. I remember, he house where I was been, he little window where the sun ame seeping in at morn; is never dame a wink too soon, int now, I aften wish the night lad borne my breath away!

And summer pools could hardly cool The fever on my brow !

# TO-MORROW.

HEVER."

THE ASSAULTATION

If you allow her to escape, you shall share the fits I intend for her."

Tall houses rose up and frowned upon the tatue, making all around it dismal and fu-

the heart of Norsh; and the Italian braw

whom he had already learned to call the "young Engless mean."
North had been waiting for an answer to her letter to the Dirke eversines she had despatched (a and she had directly with the reflection that he had gone let fire path specific prefection that he had gone to the Palazza Strozz, and that he would not receive her note until his return from the gondoic exercision.
When, however, the agreant who was supposed to speak English, but didn't, brought for reletter, saying, "For you, mean," she sunted it out of his hand, and engerly tore it open.
She had never seen the Burke of Poutibelde's handwriting, so she could not tell whother the

handwriting, so she could not tell whather the document was a forgery, or whother it was ge-nuine, and given in a bond file manuer, under his hand and seal.

# The Hearthstone.

Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1872.

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In consequence of the serious illness of the Editor there will be some unavoidable delay in deciding upon the merits of the many stories: sent in competition for the prizes offered by the Proprietor of the Hearthstone. Under possible.

### HORACE GREELEY

sident of the United States, and the most able , this fall, in which he was so terribly defeated; journalist in America, died at the residence of the details of which are too fresh in our read-Dr. Choat, in Westchester County, N. Y., on ers' memories to need repetition. In the death synthing the 28th ult, of indamination of the brain, of Mr. Greeley the United States have sustain-on the heroine Jeanle her sister Elizabeth, twelve brought on by overwork during the Presiden- | ed a great loss; an intelligent, carnest, deeptial campaign and the immense strain on his thinking, hard-working man, with the love of mind consequent on his wife's illness and his country strong in his breast, has been called

As far as any of his associaces knew, Mr.

when on the day after the election he wrote the card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the *Tribune*. His sleeplessness was ke-wn to have become greatly worse, but for ye is he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and as is now clear, sufficient altowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, espe-cially during the last month of his wife's illness. But it soon became evident that his strength than three and a half columns after his return. On Tuesday, 12th instant, he abandoned his effort to visit his office regularly, and sent for the family physician of Mr. Johnson, a friend, with whom he was a guest, and at whose house his wife had died. Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, and it soon became explent that his case was critical, Dr. Choat and others were called into consultation, and finally it was decaded to take him to and bidden a tearful adien all round the circle Dr. Choat's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country residence, at of our acquaintances, the suggestion that we

and called the Area Porter, with the first patronnage. Experience, however, and died in her caption has present to have taught Mr. Greedey wisdom, and in 1841 he started the New York in the started the New York in the connecement of the paper and the connecement of the paper, but resumed control after his defeat, and may be almost said to have "died in harress." During the thirty years Mr. Greedey which relieve a Canadian winter, than the inhard control of the Tribane, he was probably the most which yellow, however did not the paper and the connection of the paper, but resumed control after his defeat, and may be almost said to have "died in harress." During the thirty years Mr. Greedey which relieve a Canadian winter, than the inhard control of the Tribane, he was probably the most which yellow, however defined the paper, and the control of the Tribane, he was an antagonist of a city before the paper and the control of the tribed of the paper, and the control of the tributed of the paper, and the control of the tributed of the paper, and the control of the paper, and the control of the paper, and the paper a these circumstances the indulgence of contri- institution" of the South. Fierce and vigorous never was his pen knowingly used to shield fraud or dishonesty, or to uphold injustice and both daughters, who, by the sudden removing Greeley was in almost as good health as usual of both father and mother within a month of each other, have been left doubly orphans.

### WINTER PLEASURES.

The author of a recently published Trip to But it soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he set in sections of the regions he describes winter is almost wholly unknown. This he presents intensity, the most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up the difference of the regions has the columns after his resembled the presents of the regions has all can be an expectation of "A Requiem for the soul of John Purchas, priest of the Catholic (i.e., Protestant Episcopal) Church." This requiem was managed by "Father Ignatius," in the likely to most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up the strongest inducement which could possibly be presented to persons likely or wishful to emission of the regions of the fact that in sections of the regions he describes winter is almost wholly unknown. This he presents in every variety of phrase, but always as the strongest inducement which could possibly be presented to persons likely or wishful to emission of "A Requiem for the soul of John Purchas, priest of the Catholic (i.e., Protestant Episcopal) Church." This requiem was managed by "Father Ignatius," in the almost notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up the entitle that in sections of the regions he describes winter in sections of the Catholic (i.e., Protestant Episcopal) Church." This requiem was managed by "Father Ignatius," in the almost not do no grate. So far as we are concerned, he has ruined his case utterly. If we had made up our mind to try whether Fortune would prove more propitious on the Pacific slope than here, and had made every preparation for the venture, packed our baggage, purch sed our ticket, Chappaqua; here he received unromitting at, were bound for a land where thecees and snow-

noved to Vermont when Horace was ten in proportion to their infrequency-to the years old, and all his younger days were spent darkness of the frowns and the copiousness of on a farm. From an early age he evinced a the tears which intervene. And of all great fondness for reading, and especially news- | faces, that of Nature is most fair when its expapers, and at the age of fourteen was ap-1 pression most suddenly and frequently changes. prenticed to the printing business, a business Not a lazar picturesquely lolling on the steps which he pursued in different capacities for of the church of St. Mark enjoys sunshine nearly half a century. In 1831 Mr. Greeley more than we do. For a moment or so we envy went to New York, and worked for several this leisure, and almost his tatters, if they are years in various offices as a journeyman prin- | the necessary accompaniment of his superlative ter; during this time he was steady and con-self-content. But it is only momentary. The copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy stant in his studies, and rapidly improved everlasting sunshine is too much for us. Take of Trumbull's Family Record.

Sor \$10,00: 6 conless of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates.

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For \$40,00: 25 copies for the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.

For \$10,00: 6 copies Hearthstone for 1874 and 1872, and first literary years and first lit himself in the important branches of educa- it all in all. Nature is most loveable where she \$60,00: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Family Tribune, which has proved one of the most suc-lightful, and varying alike in its severity and eive one copy of the Family Record.

Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of the commencement of the paper until his the icicles which daugle from the boughs and erann you can form a club of 25, get your of the paper, but resumed control after his de- the sleigh-hells, the trudge through the crispor and plate free, and pocket \$8,00 for your feat, and may be almost said to have 6 died in successful control after his de-T E ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR harness." During the thirty years Mr. Greeley which relieve a Canadian winter, than the in-IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

these circumstances the indulgence of contributors is asked. They may depend upon the as were Mr. Greeley's attacks, and anspacing as authors of the "Songstresses of Scotland" tell unnost despatch being used in arriving at a deche was to his opponents, yet even his most the story in this way: There was an old Scotch unmost desputch being used in arriving at a decision, which will be made known as early as bitter opposers gave him credit for honesty of sung, for that we owe to an English elergyman mossible. which Soph Johnstone was in the habit of sing-ing to words that were far from choice. Itstruck Lady Anne that she could supply the air with a wrong. The great event of his life—and which tale of virtuous distress in humble life with collapsed in his death—was his nomination which all could sympathize. Robin Gray was Horace Greeley, the late candidate for Preident of the United States, and the most able in this fall, in which he was so terribly defeated;

surroully defeated;

with all could sympathize. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar with the children of the hause. He had once arrested them in their flight to an industrial than the residence of the details of which are too fresh in our reads. arrest by seizing the old man's name, and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes dear," the frank class sister told her little condeath. The Tribune gives the following account of his illness and death:—

away, and his place will be hard to fill. Mr. idiante; found I am oppressing my herotue with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamle to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sleek, and gave her and Robin for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me, I pray." "Steal the cow, Sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted, and the song completed.—Watson's Art Journal.

It must be admitted (if we may say so withand genuflexious and orchestral musle, and trumpets and drums. Those who like these things may include in them without much lin-but too characteristic of our sex; and there is, morality, if the merely ecremonial is submitted perhaps, no animal so much indebted to suborto the spiritual, as it is for the most part in the direction for its good behaviour, as woman. I Roman Church. The difficulty, as it appears to have solverly and uniformly maintained this us, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is that i doctrine, ever since I have been capable of obthe ritualists attach an undue importance to servation, and ido so now in sincerity and sintheir methols of worship, which, through their plicity, both from what I felt at home and have novelty, may divert the mind from more im- seen abroad," portant matters. The Roman ceremonial is a. . old as the Church itself. It neither startles, nor agitates, nor distracts the worshipper, leaves him free to worship spiritually, while in-

arrangements for the construction of a railroad up the Nile to Dongola, and theme across the desert to Soudan, which country he will make one of his own provinces. He steeps only four hours out of the twenty-four, and at his desk centre his railroads, steamship lines, telegraphs, postal service, private estates, sugar-mills, cotton culture, army, navy, and civil service.

THE Scotch miners at Wishaw have voluntarily refused an offered advance to their wages of a shilling a day, because the coal-masters have raised the price of coal recently to seven shillings a ton. They unanimously agreed to a resolution to the effect. That the masters be asked to take the last advance off the price of coal, and take back the shilling."

A NEW joint-stock company has, according to the Milan Trocatore, just been started, to work all the leading opera houses in Italy, to abolish the exorbitant salaries of prima donnas, and to do away with the star system. How or thirteen years her junior, strayed into the abolish the exorbitant salaries of prima domas, bittle room, and saw "Sister Anne" at her and to do away with the star system. How escritoire, "I have been writing a ballad, my much is such a co-operation needed in our own

> THE German Army is about to be equipped with a new weapon, which is represented to be superfor to either the Werder or Chassepot gun. It is said that this gun will do execution at a distance of 1,700 yards, and can be discharged twenty-six times per minute.

The following extract of a letter from Miss It must be admitted (if we may say so without irreverence) that prolonged accounts of the attention of the ladies who are so very
rimalistic services are getting to be rather weardsome. We find in some of the London newspapers long descriptions of "A Regulem for the
Miss Wollstoneroft, but an invincibly resolved

### SPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

from Mr. (troops)—ware constructly residency at Chappeng in here he to select developed in the competition of the final, and under the theory of the final and the competition of the comp

the passengers killed were 66, the journeys being 336,515,000, giving an average of 1 in 5,090,000; in the four years ending 1869 the number killed was 91, the passenger journeys being 1,177,616,000, giving an average of 1 in 12,441,000; in the four years 1856-59 the number killed was 61, the journeys being 557,338,326, giving an average of 1 in 8,708,000; and in the three years 1847-49 the number killed was 36, the journeys being 173,159,000, giving an average of 1 in 4,782,000. These statistics confirm what is otherwise known as to the remarkable freedom of English rallways from accidents in 1871, but we fear that the present year will show a far less favourable result.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Town Council, during the reading of the proceedings of a committee, Mr. Alderman Bennett produced a bottle filled with a black substance of the consistency of jam, and emptied a portion of the contents on a piece of brown paper placed before him. Mr. Samuelson, who sat on the adderman's left, at once took exception to this proceeding, and addressing the deputy mayor, asked: Are we to be poisoned here with this stuff? Mr. Alderman Bennett: It is merely road detritus, with little or no smell. Mr. Satisfaction, and addressing the deputy mayor, asked: Are we to be poisoned here with this stuff? Mr. Alderman Bennett: It is merely road detritus, with little or no smell. Mr. Satisfaction.

the Guildhall.——Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is seriously ill.

UNITED STATES.—General Me-Dowell has been appointed Major-General, to succeed Major-General Meade, deceased.——The Canard steamer Hatavia, which arrived at Boston on the 25th ult, from Livernool, reports that on November Eith, in Int. 49, long, 41, she fell in with the wreck of the bark Charles Ward, of Newenstle, England, from Quebec to Sunderland, dismantled and water-logged, the vessel having encountered a hurricane on the 19th of November. All the cargo of the vessel having encountered a hurricane on the 19th of November. All the cargo of the vessel had been washed away. The survivors of the crew were found climing to the rieging, where they had been exposed to wind and waves for thirty-six hours, during which time cleven of the crew were washed overboard and drowned. The survivors, including the master, Capt. F. Bell, the first and second mates and six of the crew, were safely transferred to the steamer.—A complimentary hanquet was given last week at Tremont House. Chiego, to the Hon. E. B. Wasshburne, U. S. Ministerto France, by a number of his personal friends of the city.——Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor Observatory, reports the discovery of a new planet in the constellation of Taurus. Its right ascension is 65 degrees 26 minutes, declination 19 degrees 36 minutes north. It shines like a star of tenth magnitude: its move is nearly parallel with the equator.——Horace Greeby died on the 29th ult. at 650 n.m. He was reaching the trans that of his decease, and his death was peaceful. Gree of his decease, and his death was peaceful.

Figure 20 for Europe, in New York. He closed the game by a hrilliant run of three hundred and twenty points. Tho Deery, in New York. He closed the game by a hrilliant run of three hundred and twenty points. The part of the Bieth in the Notion Acceptables.

party of the Right in the National Assembly have selected Gen. Chamaranier as their candidate for President of the Republic in the went of the resignation of M. Thurs.—The Committee on the address have completed their report. They propose the immediate nomination of a select committee of lifteen to travel up to be provided for the propose the immediate nomination of a select committee of lifteen to travel up to bill providing for the creation of a responsible ministry. They declare a reply to the President all Message annecessary, because Thiors is a delegate to the Assembly. The report suggests no solution to constitutional questions. The immerity of the committee, favourable to the President have resolved to prepare a counter report. The report of the majority which makes the rupture between President Thiers and the Right complete, causes much anxiety in political circles.—The situation in France is very serious. A very excited debate took place in the Assembly on the 5th ult., and r resolution, declaring that in presenting addresses of confidence in the President the Monicipal Conneils had violated the law, and that the Minister of the Interior had done so also in receiving them, was passed. It is thought that, as matters stand, the President cannot continue to govern the country.

cannot continue to govern the country.

SEAIN.—Senor Zorilla, President of the Cabinet and Council, made a statement in the Cortes lately of the condition of affairs in the Provinces. He said troops had been sent to Andalusia, where roving bands were committing depredations and others would soon follow. There have been disturbances in Malaca, but they were soon repressed. Marcia has been declared in a state of siege and placed under anortial law. In the City of Santander, a riot occurred which was suppressed by the National Guards. Four of the rotors were arrested. There have also been slight disturbances at Gijori in the Province of Ovisilo. There were indications of disorder in Afmeria and troops were being concentrated at different points in that Province. Senor Zorilla said but little importance was attached by the Government to these demonstrations.——A sharply contested battle has been fought in Marca, between the troops and the insurgents. The latter were routed with great loss. The insurgents have also been beaten in Lonares, Andalusia, and Area de La Frontera, with loss of prisoners, horses, and material, Government forces have driven the republicans from Bazaca.

the republicans from Bazara.

Germany.—The Prince and Princess Imperial will not make their intended nor to Switzerland. The health of the Princess is delicate, and her physicians have advised her to go to Carl-raine.—A despatch says if Thiers is removed or superceded, the Germans will reoccupy the whole of the departments recently evacuated.—The Lower House of the Prussian Diet, has passed the Country Reform Bill by a vote of 28 means 10.—The Emperor has by decree created 25 Peers out of the ranks of the Government officials, Generals and land owners.

CENTRAL AFRICA.—The United States SS Yantic has arrived at Aden bound for Zanathar. The U.S. flugship Colorado's orders have been changed, and it is rumored that she will also go to Zanathar. The British steamship Briton is at Aven awaiting the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere.—The Naval officers are enthusiastic over the anticipation of the expedition against slavery.—The Khedive will also send troops to Zanathar. He desires to anticipate the English Expedition in the seizure of the lake Regions of Nile.

"ATAMY.—Symptoms of revolutionary trouble are discovered in Rome. Orsini bands have been exputered at Florence destance for the Elemnal City, and several arrests have been made of persons preparing to hold a Radical meeting.—Monseigneur de Merod, private chaplain of the Pope, is again reported to be ill.

Japan.—It is proposed to establish a branch line between Yokohama and Shanghai and the interme-diate ports of Japan, to get the arrivals and depart-ures of the steamers of the main line.

Austria.—An Imperial decree has been promulgated convoking the Reichstath on 12th December.—tiovernment contemplates introducing an Electoral Reform Bill at the coming session.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Rio Janeiro advices report that negotiations are being peacefully carried on with the Argentine Confederation and the claims of Brazil are virtually conceded.

CHINA.—Shanghai advices report multitudes dying from the famine in Corea.





THE UNPORTUNATE CANADA FARMES (A Song.)

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Ot who would five like a farmen, who ? The wretched like of the farmer, On a hundred sores of land or love, With pleast to set and pleast to do, And to "neight driver, of stand ever year the miserable life of the farmer, any wretched like of the farmer, the like of the Unnaha farmer?

You rise in the morning when eachs do arew, An early start for the farmer, To slough or harry or pleast or new, To shough or results or read or mow, To chap or early within spheadld broakfast before you go. Q, the workshold like of the farmer, The satire, pushing farmer, To or rise in the morning when books do essw. You unfortunate Canada farmer!

All day you are out in the clear fresh sig, what a wretched state for the farmer. You range the green fields with the bright of the farmer, the green factory duragene and enty leave fare. And early to bed for a sleep without tare. On the wretched life of the farmer, The berriel life in the farmer, You range the green fields with the bright of the farmer.

And early to bod for a sleep without days.

On the wreshed life of the farmer,
The berrie life of the farmer,
The berrie life of the farmer,
You rest life of the farmer,
You mercunate Ganeda farmer!

There's a voice in the air, 'his the grand did week.
Ah! the wreshed life of the farmer.
There's a voice in the air, 'his the grand did week.
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There's a twin is your early 'life house' bear.
And the herds and the fooks in grand he falle.
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The wreshed life of the farmer.
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You unfortunate Chanda farmer.

With retion regin waving to field like sense.

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PRIEND AND LOVER:

A STORY OF MY YOUTH.

SBLANCHARD Randall—we always called her "Bianche," at school, which nome exactly suited her—asme to madame De Roth's during my last term at sobool, and she and I roomed together. No one knew much about her. Madame toid as that she was from the West, and that her father had made an immense intrum in Western speculation; and madame also added that she was very well connected, if course all of madame's young ladice were. We were as workly-misded a set of young propies as were over assembled under one roof; and we affected oven more workly wedom, probably, than we had actually situated—more resummental and sighters," some of us. I was coming out of the French resitation from and slowly walking across the half to the school-room my walking across the half to the school-room proper, where we kept our deaks, when midding called match to the treatment of the first Monday morning—it was on a Monday, as I find by referring to my diary—a pretty room with a low-window, at the head of the long corritor or hall into which opened the different artisal-rooms, and up two or three steps. "Miss Notto," who said, "come here. I desire to introduce to you a new pugil."

Miss Randall impressed me at that time as inter painfully shy sho gave me her hand in \$BLANCHARD Randall—we always called her Blanche," at school which makes

rento, who said, "como here. I desire to intraces to you a new pupil."

Must itandall temperased me at that time as independently shy, the gave me her hand in a constrained, emberrased way, and was evidently utterly overpowered by the ourtasy I impediately utterly overpowered by the ourtasy I impediately utterly overpowered by the ourtasy I impediately utterly overpowered by the ourtasy I impediately. Afterwards we all called Blanche aimosts beauty, but she needed lighting up to look well, and that day she were a blacets hower alphase trimened with blanck velvet.

Miss Ha mitall is to room with you mademoly-cite," said tradems, "and I give he into your own. You are one of my older pupils, and you can explain to her the ways of the school."

It stail by mass happy," said I. "Miss Hamball, will you come with me now? I am going it put book there to me. "Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out the land by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat lying out to such by Miss Hamball and the straw hat large and "he had a long journey, and is

and gathered up the brown mantilla and the straw hat lying on the sufa by Mise Handall and limited them to me.

"Mise Handale has land a long journey, and is cred and surveys," she end. "But she will be as bright an any of you before very long. We do at bright an any of you before very long. We do at heapy here. I am not a very terrible jurges, am I, Mise Nollie ?"

"Per from it, muchande you might not have to be the constituted for inspiring any one with terror, but site knew how to keep girls in order never titeless, as I had long and discovered. She was a carp ittle woman, with a faire front, as the sirrys wore a carp gay with ather High er pink rithons. But had a very sallow, shriveling for pink rithons. But had a very sallow, shriveling face, and vary small, withered hands, atways occupied either with explandary or crecketing, the always dressed in allk which whe never known to rustin—Online silks and foliards sixtle materials of that kind. But had a way of appearing just when she was least expected on the source of antion, without string the allghest intimation of her approach. This pseudiarty possibly saught us diversioned. These was no telling when madants might hade us by surprise. However, I had been with her for all plants in the work of a will be a way of a proper in the will be she was loud, and vited to give her some tides of our cobool remine. Ordensely the ounty and an anney which had at first inspressed first cannels surely and will be dear a first inspressed first cannels surely wherein its our street were a could, and wind to our street and an anney which had at first inspressed first cannels surely wherein its our street were an annexes which had at first inspressed first cannels surely wherein its our.

true their about Bianche Radicall. Phis impressed overly one in the same way being one fell of the and fell of the first way being distributed being of the and of discovery in a friendship for heir You sometime full actionately in a friendship for heir You sometime full actionage by the first should be not such as the first to find her out.

I solvined her to change the heavy travelling dress also had were at first, and she made her first appearation at djainer in a white Margottles dress with a blue riblem fastened through her first appearation at djainer in a white Margottles dress with a blue riblem fastened through her blue had a many-chinal hematical figure.

Her light brown made peculiarly awost, innocent expression about the mouth. Then her features were closery out, and her skin was not and fair and pure. As usher open to tell the truth, you rurely see them. They were uncortain, restless eyes wantering over you as she tailed, as though she were

inter your insulate measurement; strangely at variance with the lovely, smiling mouth. His was so simple and obliditie and artises, that she felt at once into the ways of the school. Then she was so affectionate and winning. He had unbounted admiration for her freude; instilling was all effort, nothing a task whendone for them. It was impossible not to return to her in kind the affection abe bestowed.

I was an orphan, and had rarely left mader my under's guardianship, but he had been intring. I had been in the weathone, during the six years I had been with her. I had been intring in Europe all these years, and had been united in the wands to the property of the waste of the weathone, during the six years I had been with him. That is to say, Annt Luce had desided that it would be more to my advantage to remain quietly at school until the quite grown up, than in travel about with though ever all three several years older than I currie, the youngest, was, at the time I now speak of, twenty-three.

Consequently I had grown up in rather a locally way, as far as intercourse with my relations was concerned. Warner Luce, my link to the dear old home associations. That was one reason, I suppose, why I had always olung to him, and looked forward to his staurday visits as to the bright spots in my life. I loved him devotedly, from the very first, and we had been engaged from the time I was seventeen. It had been the far the work in the same of the properties of the propert

sweet from the wrook of my uncele's investments to looks like an angel, too—or is it she silves of the light hair and blue eyes? Not but that and and an aways spent during my subool-days for boots the state does not incline towards the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I think. It has the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch thair and hasel eyes; and I then the sheatch that are entitled to me may be sheatch thair and the sheatch that the boots of the same and the sheatch that the sheatch tha

you might be mistaken. I, mever. It is a gift I have—an sighth sense. Sometimes I can read people's thoughts as plainty—an, as plainty as a hook."

"Are you as comfortable as the people were in the Palece of Truth "I suited, gifd I rambing bet that I langhed rather to require local control of the dash of my loude Lues. The news come to Warner, and he told me. My whole shot himself—it was supposed in a fit of membrane inc. I am a membrane in the course of the dash of my loude Lues. The mews come to warner, and he told me. My whole shot himself—it was supposed in a fit of membrane inc. I am a membrane in the course out to his muther by the very next steamer. Warner was certisly agitalest and move depressed than I had be lieved it possible that he could ever be. He was it would not be made to even out to his muther by the very next steamer. Warner was certisly agitalest and move depressed than I had be lieved it possible that the could ever be. He was it would wish to that the could ever the life that he could ever the life that the could be for it was natural to him to be amissible and ungaging—but I tad life fooling that it was not in my power to comfort him at all an I would wish to comfort the man I loved. When he know the mount of the down on the bed as it will be rely. It seemed to me that has transitionable in the life that it was not in my power to comfort him at all there seemed to be an aggravation of misiner to have the thing from the moving, and when the came to hid me good, by, I wont up-stairs to my reorm, as I said, crying bitterly. Hanches he came to hid me good, by, I wont up-stairs to my reorm, as I said, crying bitterly. Hanches and oried ingether. Hanches asked me and the war good and that there we may good and what he had asked—and, as usual, I kept metal in the of me who was at the word perhaps it was a turing of homestokness, how over, which made my heart heavy toward night, when I pictured to myself my depr warrer out upon the waste of waters. I look out his picture to make her and eyes, br

In the course of a month I heard from my Aunt Luce. Warner, she wrote, had just arrived, but was too stred, and too much overcome, to write to me, so that he had deptied her in his stead. She ensered into all the particulars of my uncle's death, and trid me in detail what were the fature plane of the family. She said that they would probably remain abroad for some time to come, living in some cheap German town. She said that Carrie was to be married very soon to a wealthy Franchman, and that Mary was also engaged to an American banker in Faris. So that she Rill Lysin, the escand daughter, would be alone. She then alitided to my own plane; told me that Warner had given her to understand; in substance what we expected to do, and wisping Blacevery happeness, like then wont into the longest part of her letter, a best pess statement of the condition in which my uncle's death had left my property. It seemed, I never quite understood how bocause I were no business woman, that my mutoly had gone with his. I was no longer as histories, but only the mercat pittance had been saved from the wrock of my uncle's investments for the, jess, in fact, yearly income, than I had always spont during my sobool-days for boots and debate to the fact of the control of the control of the mercat pittance had head always spont during my sobool-days for boots and debate to the control of the

inque, I fanado yoù were is poor girl?"

"Yea," I suppese. Hithorto my morey has not done no much good, however, But Warner and I will, enjoy Ji, lowelter. We meen to get up busices."

Rather a singular expression crossed Blancher, Rather a singular expression crossed Blancher, and the suppese of the second state of the second state. The second state of the second

news to Blanche when I mat her on the stairs. She slarted and tirred pais, and then was all that I could have desired har to be as towympating and pleasure.

"But grip hear's he written? Has he been all. The nebed.

What would I mewer? I did not know myesti. The selt day it rained, and the day after that Blanche and I men out to ride an horsebed; ; as it we search home again I recognized a tall figure standing on the flagging watching m. It was Warrier—and, my heart gave a great leap. But how pike he was, and held hip held in his high heart, and it has a west one or two eaper questions. Then he is made in the desiration and mid that he is included to Blanche, and othered to anish her; hat she desirated his safekanea, and mid that he is included to ride on a little further with the groom. What was the mainter with Blanche, ton? How cold and constrained she held grown.

I fed the way up stairs, and rolled a shair to ward Warner, and then shood appealant, my riding habit gallened up his my hand. Warner found over me and these dood appealant, my riding habit gallened up his my inned. "Underware you, my little count n' he said. "How any you, my little count n' he said. "How are you, my little count n' tour received my falegram?" I exclaimed, "I have brink in meany." Why fild you not write n'.

"What would have been the use of it, my dear Felle? I should only have writin disagreed he is that I am one too."

"How was you, and I am one too."

"How what I am a hearth prospect, tark it."

"What would have been the use of it, my dear Felle? I should only have writin disagreed by his hearth. I am one too."

"How was prospect." And I am one too."

"How was prospect. Whit. It never the to pushappy and levely."

"How was prospect." I am not at all pure their and levely. "I should only been go unhappy and levely." and "I man talk to you just as I am and I seased my self on a low utuman faciling him.

"No," I said, "I man talk tryon just as I am and I seemd myself on a low ultimate facing him. He threw himself into a deep arm chair and folded his arms. Had be altogether coars to care for use? He never looked at me, although I could feel the barr rolling down my obses. I swallowed a sob, and bettoned and unbullened my riding-giove with a heroid effort of companies.

never discovered that I do not see her you as I seed for the woman I marry. I have always towed you. I do still love you, as a state of it coursed appearance I was the same always towed you. I do still love you, as a state of it coursed appearance I was the same prove of life and of beans nature, and I know more of life and of beans nature, and I know that I must heard appearance I was the same you happy, feeling at I do. Besides you can do mush better for your level, the world all over again a treaty-severa."

It was seen the world all over again a treaty-person.

If you had to have known all along just what words he stood still when he began to speak. I we need the same a very had news. I seemed to have known all along just what words he should still when he began to speak the same beate see quies down. But he does the same were an very had news. I seemed to have known all along just what words he should see the forcage I came to his dido and surprised. People never are at very had news. I seemed to have known all along just what were heard to see quies down. But he does not never the proper of the seemed here are quies down. But he should be the forcage I came to his dido and seemed here. I have you had lot your fortune?

I would stury you bear warner, it was made to take you had lot your fortune?

I had always here the same the seemed I know that the substance of the same that show the substance is the same the seemed here are all the same that he same the same the same that he same that he same the same that he please. We will begin all over again, and I will please. We will begin all over again, and I will lary to forget you."

Did I not "love him in the lightest part—love him in full being—deeling, thinking, seeing "! Was it any weader that my heart was simple for the disappointments and miseries of young girls—and I was a very young girl then; there is a "larger wisdom" ountempt for the disappointments and miseries of young girls—and I was a very young girl then; there is the nort of superior air with which love-troubles are shrugged and amilied away; but oh, I narried a beavy heart in those days! I romember feeling, as I left Warner, and slowly went up-stars so my own room, that anything would be better—death, medoes, deepsir—than just the deed, situated feeling which weighed us down like as iron weight. Bestlon, I was so uniterly alone in the world. "Friend as well as lover had been taken." I louked to Warner, and to Warner shoes in the fitture. A harvor of thick darkness oversame me. Before me was a blank.

there and Mr. Randell, fittentive and nearty, and like the result of the

planation absorbity—do one does in a francis—
and longined at myself with light. And then I
woke up, and could not even be entry for myself. I seemed to have no feeling whetever for
anything left.

The main morning: I ploked up n inter in
Manselov room, directed to have in Warners
Therefore un alternative in a life or dradger;
It discusses to because of these or the
feeling again instantity and Blooder seven betany language to be anything the first sevenhigh region of the first sevention of seven and the first sevention of seven in the sevenhigh the seven and that the sevenhigh is de mit low made always attend in
the first seven and that he would always attend in
the first seven in the first sevenbigh is de mit. The selection of the midhigh is de mit. The selection of the midmy yearly income—would be need index—dparticle.

The weather is the desire of the first him more
more of my selficing. If i shope is, authorities
high is de mit. The selection of the mit more
would giarly reserve the links her fixed by the popular, or and recipies on the selection of the paths means
the weath make my home with her another
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her washe asks any home with here a not then
he would make all the seventher with the reciber
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the selection of the milks and th

enly it es come in motost with him. I did not lo do anything for me. He had put from him ones. I did not wish him

come in contact with him. I did not went him is do anything for me. He had you me over from him once. I did not wish him to do it again.

A new maternation and to have come to me. I was no quarter and falte. I told min that I had formed offsity plant, that it is that I had formed offsity plant, that it is that I had formed offsity plant, that it is made it to return to Hew York, and that I should go be Madema by Roth, at least for the present. As I takked to him, it come into my mad that I could find concelling to de there; in fast, it would be necessary for me is reppert myself now. As to attending to my had second, I would be necessary for me is reppert myself now. As to attending to my had second, I would be necessary for me is reppert myself now. As to attending to my had second if I had myself. I plantyme in and if I needed his ancitance, I would let him it now. I thought that I could not be my own bendess woman.

Wayner accadell to everything that I had in fact its teamed very much retired that I had any plant at all. I can understand now what his neilings were. He had concern place to putting himself into my situation, and realiting into the minute of the course of the standers. Finally it my deposal in matters of testames. Finally in the most and he had done his duty in published his melanter over the grate, and nemotiand his menionhe.

"It is a pity that you can't unite your arringements to leave Ghiengo sooners," he mid. "I go on to New York day after to-morrow, and I would not complete." I mean to the deposit you in maker in the him." I replied, "I cannot get of hy that the him." I was trained and the had be desired to deposit you in maker in the him." I was not not that my tany and he had the had be not to deposit you in maker to leave Ghiengo sooners," he mid. "I made had be not to not to the world in the him of th

a blank.

I remember that I sented myself by the window of my room which overinshed the lake. It was a gray diseast afternors, and a storm was coming up. The lake was brown and dull—the signed from the lake was brown and dull—the signed with that water, tabling into that signed could feat as unselfer than I had all along—this myself with that water, tabling into that signed could feat as unselfer than I had all along—this was signed and the present of the service of the melanching manner of the results to the granted.

Afterwards I went down status to seal and there are the results with the status to seal and there are the results and granted there are the could result water of the status of the could result water of the status of the could result water.

I was a gray disease the status of the status of

merely Miss Nellie, the French teacher. They came to me to have their themes corrected, to recite their fables and "Morceaux Lyriques;" and when I was by they were accustomed togo on with their conversation about fashion and ctiquette, and mamma's last party, and auntie's dress at the opera, quite as if I were not present. Not that they intended to be rude or mattentive. Only I was not a part of their daily life, and it did not occur to them to make them-solves a part of mine. I belonged to nobody. I went about my daily occupations; I felt and thought and suffered, and no one heeded me, no one cared. Other people had friends and interests and pleasures to be shared, and troubles to be participated in with some one else—I was all

But out of the depths a voice called unto me

bade me be of good courage. I learned to east all cary and very heavy laden, brought all my burden and weariness to the foot of the crass There trial and disappointment and loss were all explained, and all made beautiful. I grew accustomed to the weight laid upon my shoulders. I learned to bear it by a strength not my own. Was I not told that the long, sad nights and lonesome days of my human life worked for more after more agreement, and depend weight of me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of

anche Randall came back to school some weeks after the beginning of the term. I met her first in the ball where she was walking up and down with one or two girls in her class, and when I saw her sweet, fair face my heart grew lighter than it had been for many a week, and I leaned forward impulsively to kiss her. She kissed me in return quite warmly, and with one of her familiar little nervous starts, but still ald not take her hand from the arm of Bella Wil-son, her companion. Blanche was as sweet as ever, as cordial, as winning, but somehow then and there our former tender friendship died the death. I found nothing to say to her, and she seemed to be equally at a loss with me, although she smiled on me that bright, engaging smile of hers, and was altogether her sweet, artless self. If I had expected to be made happier by her

conting. I was scarcely disappointed. Nothing scenned to disappoint me now.

Afterwards Warner came and went to see her as he used to come and see me. I learned—it was school gossip, and I heard it indifferently from half-as-dozen others as well as from lilanche herself—that they were engaged, and that the wealthing was to take these. that the wedding was to take place at Christ-

Blanche did not wish to return home to be married, and consequently her father was com-ing on to New York to give his daughter away at Grace Church. The girls were one and all deeply interested and excited all winter in the details of the trousseau Miss Randall was pre-paring. Her father had been very generous to her, and Blanche was besides an heiress in her own right. Her mother had left her a large for-

tune when she died.

I assisted in December at the bridal toflette. Blanche looked surpassingly lovely in her trailing satin dress and talle over-skirt, and floating vall, and orange blassoms, swaying and trailing satin dress and tuile over-skirt, and floating vail, and orange blossoms, swaying and drooping about, and she went from one to train the mistress of the elegant another of her school-companions, to bid them good-by. Stately, graceful and statuesque, with her beautiful face tinged with just a float of pink, she stood on the threshold of what it thought must be a very heppy her beautiful face the day of the companions. We directly another beautiful face the state of pink, she stood on the threshold of what it thought must be a very heppy her beautiful face the sked me to go upstairs again to her certain eyes fell; she hesitated an instant and then caught me to her.

certain eyes ten; sue nestrated an instant and then caught me to her.

"Don't despise messdon't hate me?" she said,
"Let no man be called happy till he dies, "O Nellie, I have such frightful presentiments to-

night,"

I had no time to reply. Madame called her, and some one handed her an opera cloak, and she was dragged away. For my part, I sat down and cried for montic. I tried to be reconcled. But it was so hard to have my life as it "might have been" brought face to face

" Just what I had proyed for bestowed on another, Empty my hands, and descried my breast,"

"Just what I had prayed for I estowed on another, Empty my hands and descried my breast."

Mr. and Mrs. Warrar Line regard a house on one of the fashionable avenues, and Mrs. Line had her carriage and diamends and imported laces and silks; and Mr. Lace occapied gravity much the same periods as a young man about town. That is to say, he was very fashionable, very exclusive, very elegant. Moreover he had the reputation of being a very tashionable, very exclusive, very elegant. Moreover he had the reputation of being a very tashionable, very same at his marring.

In the menatine, my life is analyed the same, except that fittle by if its I made and into willing; and whatever is, is right. Whatever is sent to us to bear, the strength to bear its sent at the same time, only remember that he menatine, my life is analyed to same, and varied the moment my of trachine by saturdary visits to one or two leaves where I had an unhappy once. I was very happy as it gradually because in my power to be useful in the church I attended. That capital me, and interested me, is notice about to be useful in the partish; beside, it is always well to comparence one's own lot with charted others more miserable still. The the cines came our structurely by

one's own lot with that of others more miserable still. The ble sings come out strengedy by contrast. Gradin by I grew to read begsings everywhere; even jetty every-day frots and vexations lost their sting.

And I found a dear friend, moreover, as the time passed on who as isled the in my work, and brightened my bolikays and made it seem possible to me dad even in my life might shine a fittle earthly an Line. I suppose our friendship was deeper and stronger because 1 had so few other fit 11, and becasse when channing Ward first took charge of the little church near Madame. In Buttle, he was admissible than 1 Madame De Roth's, he was almost a stranger in New York, and met me only by chance, one

evening, at my friend's, Mrs. Seymour's,

I had not seen either Blanch or Warner since
their marriage, and that had now been three years since, when I met Banche one day on the street, is she was trop frecinto her carriage. I scarcely expected that she would notice me— it had never suit of her to such me out during all this time-but when she saw me, she turned directly and put out both for hands.

"Oh, I am to read to see you," she said. "OI

have thought of you so often lately, and wanted

I was older and when now than I used to be and more given to be bego-diffune of fine Indies' speeches; but Bhanche booked now as If she were in cornect. She was very much fadedand gone off-care, thely decised, but scarcely a remnant of her wirish beauty, except her perfect form and her lovely half and gleanning teeth. The heavest was very substitution. teeth. Then her manner was painfully abrupt and conscioned and she had a way of looking about her in an abruned, startled way, as if on the outlook for some unexpected terror. She

the outlook for a me unexpected terror. She gave me no time to deliberate.

"Nellie," she said, "at is Saturday. Don't say you have not the time. Delve with mo just a little way. I want so much to see you." I fancied that semething was wrong, and that she wished to unbarden herself to me. Had we not been dear friends once. Was it possible that such a food affection could utterly have died out? For my own part I could feel the old love for Blanche still stirring at my heart, revived

by the sight of her fair face, and by the sound

her sweet voice.
When she saw that I hestuted, she tighten. ed her grasp of my hand, "O Nellie," she said, "don't refuse me. Do

The servant held open the carriage door, and

Blanche urged me in. It seemed unamlable to when there was no real reason why I should refuse. " Very well," I said, finally, " only drop me

at madame's in time for dinner at five. Then the man closed the door and we drove

Blanche still kept hold of my hand, just as she used to do in old times, when she was restless and excited. But shedld not say much. Her eyes wandered about nervously, and she had a restless, preoccupied manner. We drove had a restless, preoccupied manner. to Central Park, and passed quantities of stylish degantly-dressed people, nearly all of whom Blanche seemed to know. She told me about them, and described to me who they were and what they were, and where they lived. I could see that since we had parted all her interests in life had centered on just such things as these. They were her all—dress and fashlon and display. I wondered—no, I did not wonder; by this time I very well knew that Warner Luce's aims were no higher; nor, indeed, had they ever been. I had regarded him through a glamour

of girlish love and prejudice.

When five o'clock came, and I reminded Blanche of her promise to see me home, she banche of her promise to see me nome, she begged me instead to return with her to her own house. Under ordinary circumstances I should have declined; a certain feeling of pride would have withheld me from accepting overtures from people who had so entirely overlooked me for so long; but somehow this was not a case for pride. I felt instinctively that I was nowled; that something was worth. that I was needed; that something was weighing on Blanche's mind. I knew her so well. I used to be very familiar with every phase and expression of her face. Consequently I consent-

ed to go home with her.

"That is to say, if you are to be quite alone,"

I stipulated, glancing at my gray alpaea. "I am not dressed for company,"

"Oh, you will not see a soul," she replied.

"Not even Warner. He has a dinner engagement this evening,"

The carriage stopped before a beautiful house, which was also most elegantly fitted up in every part. Blanche made me take off my things in her own room-a lovely boudoir, furnished in blue and silver.--as costly and elegant a room as any I had ever seen. Then she opened the as any I had ever seen. Then she opened the door beyond into her bedroom and dressing impair the vitality of the glorious (rec. Let

"You know that Warner had all this fitted has for me two years ago, after my father's death. You knew that father died "

I had heard of it from sundry and divers ne I had heard of it from sundry and divers acquaintances of Mrs. Luce's. He had left all his property to his daughter, and the Luce establishment had been immediately greatly increased. But of course I had never learned of the event from either Blanche or Warner. It chilled me to remember how completely we three had drifted apart. And Mr. Randall? I recalled the letter he had written ne once, and the term he had written me once, and the term he had written he once, and thus branets with its disapprobation all corrupt

lovely white azallas and tea-roses, and trying in their full weight and original sharpness of the effect in my hair.

"You are handsomer than ever, and we always used to call you the handsomest girl in school. Now I am frightfully faded. It takes a great deal of dress to keep me up to the mark.

the brightest kind of a life. Now I have been barbarise or refine,

putation. His wife told me that the crash inight come at any moment, and that when he had left her that morning he had told her that he fully expected that the news of his militre would be all over town the next day. I could see that the loss of their fortune alone would have been an insupportable blow to them, and that coupled with dishonor—loss of caste, re-putation, everything, it would strike them like a thunderboli. No wonder Blanche looked barassed and faded and ill. This thing had been hanging over her three months. I said what I could. I advised with her, and pitied her, and tried to comfort her. But I doubt whether she even heard all I said. She would not let me go. In fact I could not bear to leave her as the evening advanced, she was so utterly unstrung. Therefore I sent a note to madame instead, explaining where I was, and saying

during the evening that tick had been the only in the room. Suddenly Blanche gave a little cry.

"The clock has stopped," she said. "Now, Nellie, I am convinced that something dreadful has happened. The clock has stopped, and it was only wound up this morning."

The clock had stopped, strange to say, I crossed the room and looked at it myself. Of but I tried to hugh Blanche out of her superstitious funcy, atthough, and I am sure I could not have told you why, a foreholling began to take possession of me, too. And as I stood there

Warner Luce came in. His wife sprang toward him with a cry of joy, and clung to him; but he scarcely returned the

elegant evening dress. Blanche, still with her hand on his shoulder, turned to me.

"Warner," she said, "here is your Cousin Nellie. She has been with me all day."

As he turned his face towards me, I could see that he had been drinking, and scarcely knew what he was doing. But he shook hands and muttered some unintelligible speech to the effect that he was yery glad to see me, then he mattered some unintelligible speech to the effect that he was very glad to see me; then he passed on into the next room, after hestatting an instant, and locked the door. Blanche turned as white as a sheet, and sank into a chair.

"O Nellic," she cried. "Pray—I cannot—pray out loud."

pray out loud."

I remembered the Collect beginning, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we to pray, and arl wont to give more than either we desire for deserve," and I began to repeat these words. At the same instant, almost, there came the report of a pistol, and the sound of a began to the post room. neavy full in the next room.

Blanche started up.

at knew it," she said. "I forciold it all day. All day there has been before my eyes the death his father died. He shot himself, and Warner

has shot himself, too."
You know how people—although actually rigid and paralyzed with horror—nevertheless act energetically, and do all that is requisite in a case of emergency, as though under the in-fluence of some luvisible force. I called the servants and soothed Blanche, and went through the ordeal of that terrible night calmly; but my heart stands still when I think of it, even at this

lapse of time.

They forced the door open, and found Warner lying on the floor in his own blood—dead.

The next morning, Channing Ward came to me, and he helped me advise and comfort poor Blanche. And not long afterwards, when I married and went to live in my own home,

that home was Bianche's too.

And I was right when I told her that God would give her strength to bear whatever He might see fit to send.

PURE TERSUS CORRUPT ENGLISH.

In a recent number of this journal, I was permitted to give my views as to the true and scientific principle of English pronunciation. I now proceed to examine certain corrupt form of speech which have crept into circulation, and which ought to be discarded. They are para-sitic growths which not only deform the stately every one consider that our language is a great national deposit, that it is our daty to watch over its purity, not for our own sake only, but for the sake of all mankind, among whom it is spreading, if not as a spoken, yet as a real and understood dialect. The French seem to take a greater pride in their language than we do; they preserve it more carefully; they have even formed an Institute charged with the special day of observing the charged. thus brands with its disapprobation all corrupt

form. And is not language, too, a currency, passing, if not from hand to hand, yet from mouth to mouth, equally or even more subject to deterioration, and vastly more precious than any amount of gold or silver coin? Words do a great deal of dress to keep me up to the mark. You composed, placid people wear so well. But then I have had much to make nervous."

O Have you, Blanche? I thought you had had the brightest kind of a life. Now I have been the brightest kind of a life. Now I have been the brightest kind of a life.

hard at work ever since we partied."

She dropped the azalia in her hand, and slipped down on the floor beside me, "Do you remember the presentiments I used to have?"

she asked. "I have them still, Nellie. I have had such dreadful ones all day. That was why I made you come home with me. To stake to be a capable about of English idlom, and I made you come home with me. To stake to an equally absurd introduction of Latin words

or Latin-derived words where English words are at once more direct and more expressive.

It is a rule of Latin grammar that a plural noun requires a plural verb; it is no less a gene-ral rule of English, but it sometimes happens that a plural in form denotes only one thing in reality, and here English idiom permits a singular verb. Thus we read in our Bible—that pure well of English undefiled—that of the wages dence in any future that may come."

She was kneeling down beside me, her face hidden.

\*\*Life is so 'hard." she said. \*\*Lifen't realize or "consequence." But now, even in our best fournals, we sometimes see, a Fitty of been paid," "Five pounds are promised as a re-ward." Here the sum is a strict unity—it is one amount, and whether paid by bank-note or one amount, and whether pate by bank-note or in coins is quite immaterial. This corruption is a sifty adherence to form to the neglect of the substance. Thus, too, I have seen, "news nee arrived" that so and-so is dead. This is equally silly as ushering in the announce-ment of a single fact. I lately saw an adver-tisement headed thus: O Deeds not words are maxim, but the crudite tradesman paraded his little learning in this senseless fashion. \* Plural nouns, you know, require plural verbs, etc." For the same reason, to say "The United States has declared" is the correct form, for the central government is one, though the states are

Another rule of grammar Is that two sub-Another rule of grammar is man two substantives are not to be united, but that an adjective and substantive go together. Thus we do not speak the \*\*England tongue," but the \*\*English tongue," But there is such a thing to the sealer thus. as a pedantic adherence to this rule; thus, I have seen something stated as happening of in inctend, explaining where I was, and saying that I would be at the school the ext day.

The hours were on. At twelve o'clock Warner and not yet returned. His wife then began to walk the floor, in valuantempting to control her terrible anxiety. Not that, there was really any especial cause for anxiety, only some overpowering presentiment of evil seemed to be gaining upon her. Meanwhile the little ormoluciock on the mantel fleked steadily on. Often during the evening that tick had been the only of the Londings and Innese crape or Chinace oranges."—It runs more pleasantly and gility for the torque, and Innese orange and Innese crape or Chinace oranges. off the tongue, and language, as I have elem-where said, is made to be spoken. To introduce worse sound, grating to the organs, out of a strict adherence to grammar, is not to improve

a language, but to infure it. Let us ask ourselves how came the rules of Some seem to suppose that they was formed a priori, and that they was formed a priori, and that they were antecedent to use and practice. The absurdity of this idea is apparent on the least reflection. Rules of course were deduced from observation of established usage. They are the mere classification of corwere deduced from observation of established usage. They are to be regarded with respect, but not to be held so sucred as not to be departed from on occasion. In the present in-

sound, and one easy for the vocal organs, as in the cases above given. But it would also be a sufficient reason if a lively idea is thus conveyed in the shortest possible form. Thus, Mirabeau called Lafayotte a "Grandison-Cromwell," wishing by this form to convey the idea that he united in his nature some of the qualities of the hero of dction with those of the hero of his-

I will next notice the misuse, and I will add the vulgar use, of the word "beneath"—a word the viligar use, of the word "beneath"—a word which is too often used where "under" is alone proper. You will hear a fine lady say, "It is beneath your chair," The vulgarism here consists in using an elegant and dignified word, one having a shade of moral meaning, instead of the common word which simply means all that is intended in this connection, below to a physical is intended in this connection—below in a physical sense. We say of unworthy conduct, "It is beneath you." There is dignity and force in the word thus used; but to take this term expressive of moral repreach merely to signify a cer-tain local or mechanical relation, is to dobase the word by using it in an improper connection. Let dignified words be only brought forth on dignified occasion; but this is the very abuse which a person of vulgar taste is apt to resort to—using a fine word on a poor occasion. The thought is not raised, but the word is disgraced. Nor let us forget that words are outworks of moral feeling, and that the use of an elevated word on a low occasion is a real profunction. We are guilty of removing a moral landmark. Then what are we to think of the following instance of the use of the word "beneath" in well known lines of Moore, in one of his Irish

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays, As eve's wild lights are declining. He sees the round towers of other days In the waves *beneath* him shining."

Is this a legitimate use of the word beneath? Here is only denoted local underness; and if so, it seems to come under the lash of the rule I have just laid down; it is, however, saved from it by the beauty and dignity of the necessories. The word is here used in the service of poetry and that glorious service elevates overy word that it employs. Hence "boneath" is not descended by its use in this passage. We ought to be precise in our use of language, but by no

to be precise in our use of language, but by no means pedants.

Our next misused word shall be "party." Its original and proper use is relative; it implies an opposite party, as in the case of "parties" to a suit, or to a contract. But it has in the course of time come to be used without any sense in relative to the tracket. of thme come to be used without any sense in relation, in the simple sense of "person." Thus you will sometimes hear, "A party came up to me," and you will hear the answer, "It was probably the same party who accested me." This is very vulgar, and one would hope would never be heard except from the mouths of unclusted people. But even in Parliament it is often wrongly used. In a late speech of members of the party will see the same party will be too be a painful state of the mind, and the very mention of it lars upon the feedings. The better term would be, "I am afraid you will be too be a perhaps you will see the often wrongly used. In a late speech of an eminent statesman, he is reported as saying a Some sanguine parties have stated," when he meant merely individuals. In these days of popular speaking, a vulgarism will occasionally be heard even in the House of Lords, will occasionally be found even in a State-paper. Even a Queen's speech is not always pure English. The word "previous" is now an old offender.

We may now write "previous," rice "before" superseded, so seldom do we hear the good old Saxon word. Tickets used to be taken "the day before;" but now we are told that "tickets day before;" but now we are told that a tickets should be taken the previous day." We used to be told of what occurred a the day before his death and the day after;" but now it is a the day previous to his death and the subsequent day." All these are downright vulgarisms. Which is better to say, a the day before Parliament meets," or a the day previous to the meeting of Parliament?" Clearly the former. It is last the difference between saying a thing in a ing of Parliament?" Clearly the former. It is just the difference between saying a thing in a roundabout pretentions style, and saying it in a simple and natural manner. Why introduce a foreign word when a native one is at hand? Is "previous" a better sounding word than "be-fore?" No; it is a worse sound. Why give a learned air to a common thing? Where a foreign word more healily conveys an idea, adopt it; not otherwise. Now it does so in the adopt it; not otherwise. Now it does so in the case of such words as cound or prestige; but to adopt a Latin term to express the primal fact of chaffore" and cafter" is a foolish affectation. Nothing is so valuer as using fine words on com-mon occasions. We debase the word, while we have consider. do not exalt the idea.

do not exalt the idea.

When Charles James Fox began his "History of James the Second," he determined to use no word not to be found in Dryden. His good faste was offended by the introduction of Latinisms, which he saw only obscured the lively spirit of our native Saxon—a dialect in itself so clear and nicurescene, and so admirable in the way of diour native Saxon—a dialect in itself so clear and picture-sque, and so admirable in the way of directness and force. The use of this simple and cherrette speech became almost a Whig tradition, and was a considerable element of their influence and power. And so in more recent times we find Mr. Kinglake, himself a consumbative master of language, in his manufacturer. "History of the Crimean War," attributing much of the power wielded by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright over the masses to their strong and showy Saxon English. He says that they did not use of weak abstractions or shreds of Latin. but spoke out hold and plain in idlomatic phenoes. They did not say, for instance, \*Let not our opponents expect that we will telerate this indiction;" but they said, "We will stand it no longer,""

But while I lay down this as an excellent general rule, we must remember that it is a rule only, and therefore we are to look for excep-tions. Latin words, by their greater length, are often of admirable use in giving fulness and rotundity to a sentence. We are to look to sound as well as to sense, for the ear is an imsound as well as to sense, for the ear is an importunate organ and requires to be satisfied. Thus the word e-couldgration? may be effectively used for effre." I have myself just written ein more recent times," why did I not say ein later times." I preferred the exotic word for the sake of its smoothness. We must not give to those who hear or read our sentences a sensation akin to that of cating chopped straw. Our-speech ought to glide on like a flowing river, and not to be like the bark of a dog.

After interposing this caution, and denouncing once more a pedantic adherence even to the best of rules, I will proceed to notice some more flaggant vulgarisms. Let me instance the tor frequent and uncalled for use of the word oposi-tion." It may be termed an elegant and digni-fied word, and that is the very reason why it is so prostituted by being resorted to on the com-monest occasions, and when there is no call for dignity. A tradesman informs the public, by chreular, that he is "in a position" to offer cer-tain goods on unparalleled terms, instead of morely saying "he is able" to do so, baying purchased a bankrupt's stock. But vulgarisms at length find, their way into Parliament, and then the bad phrase becomes surrent every-where. Thus a minister is asked whether the government "is now in a position" to declare its intentions, and the minister replies that the government regrets that it is not yet "In a postout? For my own part I could feel the old love combraces. He was flushed and excited, and for Blanche still stirring at my heart, revived looked like a worn-out, middle-aged man, in his

every trivial occasion: and so does a good saying, a notable instance whereof is afforded by a phrase of Earl Russell, the original of which is to be found in that wonderful inventor of short and pregnant phrases, "Tacitus." Lord Russell described some one "as conspicuous by his absence." A great run had been made on this phrase by the newspapers. If any considerable person is not present at a meeting where he is expected to attend, he is said to be "conspicuous by his absence." We get weary of a phrase so perpetually made to do duty; it is like a piece of velvet used for common scrubbing, and which

soon loses its gloss and beauty.

One may notice a very prevalling misuse of the word "should," by making it do daty for the word "should," by making it do duty for "ought." Ought denotes the imperative manor a moral necessity, whereas "should" is a lower word altogether, and only denotes some mere matter of arrangement, "nquirers" should address "so-and-so; "tickets should be got the day before; " but "a solemn promise aught to day before;" but "a solemn promise augut to be kept," If we say "should" we lower the moral tone and impair the sense of responsi-bility. A different idea is best represented by a different word, and it is not well to confuse together, by using the same word, matters of conscience and matters of convention.

There is also a pervading misuse of the words "attorney" and "solicitor"—or it would be truer to say that there are now no "attorneys;" the genus is extinct, and all are "solicitors." The judges are, indeed, so vulgar as to persist in using the word "actorney," but now every limb of the lower branch of the law is a "solicitor." The man whose practice is confined to the lowest cases, and who never is entrusted with conveyancing or cases of property, is, notwithstand-ing, dubbed a e-solicitor." Yet there is a broad distinction between the two branches of practice—there are attorneys-at-law and solicitors in chancery; yet the public obliterates its distinc-tion in its love of fine words; just as a "school" is too vulgar a thing to exist now except for the lower classes, and becomes a "collegiate establishment."

"Thus, too, you are never asked at the table, "Thus, too, you are never asked at the time, "Is that consph?"—the word is sure to be, "Is that sufficient?" A long, fazy Latin word is chosen rather than the more sprightly native word. It is thought to be more "gesteel," that most vulgar of all terms, and which has re-coived and well merits the extreme aversion of

cisely the same. Not so; the deficate similes of language arise from the feelings, and are not amenable to the coarse rules of logic,—G. D. H., in the Leisere Hour.

### JUST PRINCIPLES OF PUNISHMENT.

Among many questions demanding for their solution serious thought and anxious care, not the least, whether considered in relation to the protection of society or the good of the wong-doers themselves, is the subject of the punishment of criminals, &c. On few matters, moreover, has public opinion run to greater extreme. Formerly our panishments were as crucias they were futile, and the time is yet within the memory of those living when criminals were treated as savage heasts, while the speciacle of many poor wretches hanging on the gallows at the same time for such offences as sheepstealing, shoplifting, forgery, or breaking of machinery was not unfrequent, and even death itself was a merciful punishment compared with the crael fate of those condemned to confinement in the vile prisons, or to cross the sen in those viler .convict ships, so well called floating hells.

When, indeed, we read descriptions of criminal punishments in those days, and then consider the trivial nature of some of the crimes for which such to time and degradation were in-fleted, the mind revolts at the selfish indifference of a community which could allow so had a state of things to exist; for not only was this treatment of criminals abominable in its cruelty, but it was as medicacious in repressing crime. which at no time, especially in its most serious uspects, was so rife as at that period.

Some twenty dive years ago scalety, roused at

protection of the community, is clusively interested in the reformation of the criminal. Since then public opinion has therm-ated, first toward, harsbuess, then to excessive lenity, unguided apparently by any fixed princi-

penny, inclined agracianty by any fixed principle, and therefore unsettled.

In endorwaring to fix some just principle of criminal pflushment, it seems necessary to embody the truths of both these different views, and we then draw the conclusion that criminal applications. punishment to be just and effective must be retributive, as well us deterrent and remedial, Against the first of these demands, however, an Laftuential party strongly protests, denotucing in most bitter language the idea of retribution as unchristian and inhuman; but in vain do we look for any support of their view either in reason or revelation.\* On the contrary, even the loving religion of the New Testament most sternly maintains this dobtrine, denonneing indignation and wrath against every soul of man that doeth cyll, and declaring that suffering in this world or the next, in bitter repentance here or pain bereafter, must follow transgression, While referring to the Civil magistrate, St. Paul says: '• He is a terror to evil doers, for he beareth not the sword in vain,"

The moral conscience of mankind also pro-claims the same truth, When some great crime s committed and the offender escapes; when some heartless villain ruins and forsakes : woman, who in acony destroys her infant, and through imperfect laws he escapes punishment; when some cruel ruffian mains and injures his Init-staryed wife or paramour, and through the wonderful browney of the magistrate sullers only a few works continement, there is an universal feeling of indepention and regret that justice has fathed, and this among persons who are in no way directly interested. It is the feeling of justice planted in the human heart by its Mak and which demands retribution upon the vio-lator of buman laws,

Even betwee shadows forth the same truth, for the violetor of her laws specifity suffers retri-bution. Needect the laws of health, and painful stekness will fall upon you; forget the physical hws which governous world and sharp and bitter pain will follow; and if this law of retribution sjust it seems to overthrow the arguments of those who exhibit so much indignation at the

\* We of course put aside such an application of the words 'resist not evil' as would apply them to evil government, which no one practically holds.





infliction of corporal punishment even when vimanution of corporal punishment even when visited upon villains guilty of premeditated acts of violence. Surely nothing can be more just than that he who, making use of superior strength, whichly inflicts agontsing pain upon an unoffending fellow-creature should himself be made to feel some of the suffering he has inflicted. To say that corporal punishment is in teal discreti say that corporal punishment is in itself degrad-ing, is not correct. Was St. Paul degraded when five times he received forty stripes save one, were the martyrs of whom the world was not worthy degraded by their trial of cruel scourgsay that corporal punishment is in itself degradings? No, they counted their sears marks of honour, you cannot degrade a man through his body, degradation is of the soul, and if the cruel buily is still further degraded (supposing that possible), when suffering the infliction of the ent for aggravated cruelty to some helpless fellow-creature, we must seek deeper for the cause than the mero fact that the punishment he receives is bodily — namely, in the feeling that the crime for which such punishment is inflicted is so vile that society easts him out.

Surely nothing can be more strikingly just than to say to such a crimial, you have viouated human law by inflicting wilful pain on a weaker fellow-creature, feel then, what it is to suffer pain in your body, and while you writhe under its smart, think that an offending fellowbody, degradation is of the soul, and if the cruel

under its smart, think that an offending fellow-creature is suffering similar pain through your wilful cruelty. Such is just retribution. There would be indeed no just retribution in corporal punishment for theit; and other similar crimes, in such a case the man's mature would revolt, and be could say, this punishment is a cruel injustice, for in a time of temptation I stole, and in just retribution society may compel me to work with hard labour to make restitution, but it is cruel injustice for such an offence to facerate my body, when I have respected the bodies of my fellow-men. We must, however, earefully bear in mind

that after all retribution is but one of the princi-ciples that should prevail in criminal punish-ment, and though so important that the ignoring of it has produced and must produce work. ness in the administration of justice; yet the still more important principles are deterrent and remedial. Few, frany, deary that onegreat aim of all punishment should be to deter the of-fender from repeating, and to deber others of si-milar disposition from committing the same crime. But in considering the subset to the crime. But in considering the subject in this aspect we at once come into the region of statistics, which unfortunately can generally be so musipulated on all subjects as to be valueless, and with regard to the deterrent effects of dif-ferent kinds of punishment we have little data to go upon. We may, however, lay down as a muxim that punishments to be made deterrent should be such as are most distasteful to the culprits, and that to a great extent the crime itself indicates the nature of the punishment demanded; thus to the ldle swindler and the skulking thief no punishment can be more dis-tasteful than to be compelled to hard and steady labour. To the heartless scoundrel gullty of cruelty no punishment is so distasteful as the cruelty no punishment is so distasteful as the putiful flogging; on this latter point there can be little doubt.\* For since flogging was adopted as a part of the punishment for robbery with violence, this crime has decreased 20 per cent., while robbery without violence has decreased only 61 per cent., and no doubt the results would have been more striking had judges carried out the law more boldly and more uniformity. This want of uniformity and certainty in the sentences of our judges and and certainty in the sentences of our judges and magistrates is, indeed, a great defect in our ori-minal treatment; for a knowledge that every offence will certainly, when proved, carry its full and just punishment is of first importance in dealing with the criminal if he feels that not only is there the chance of escaping conviction, but that, it convicted, the punishment is uncer-tain, its deterrent mature is greatly weakened, and it is sincerely to be hoped, even on this acbut that, it convicted, the publishment is uncertain, its deterrent nature is greatly weakened, and it is sincerely to be hoped, even on this account, that before long the public conscience may cease to be so constantly shocked, as is now the case, by the injustice of the judgments of different judges. One condemns a poor follow to long imprisonment with hard labour for a pretty theft, or an offence against the mint, while another allows scoundrels of the deepest dye, at whose hands men, women, or children have suffered it may be life-enduring misery, to escape with a slight imprisonment, inadequate to fulfil any of the ends of punishment. Having considered the principles of retribution and deterrence, that of reformation or the remediation and humane community must always hold a prominent place. When we consider the temperaturally follows: and this among a Christian and humane community must always hold a prominent place. When we consider the temperaturally follows of registing the scientific places of the deepest difference, that of reformation or the remediation at difference on the surface of the deepest difference, that of reformation are of defective intellect, that a large proportion are of defective intellect, that a large proportion are of defective intellect, posed, the ignorance of right and wrong in which many of them have been brought up, the fact that a large proportion are of defective intellect, it is no wonder that many persons forget justice in arguing for mercy: and without doubt every and past cruelty by rendering our criminal le-gislation not only just but merciful. At present it is far from this; and while the treadmill and the gang system remain it never can be effective in its remedial power. The subject of the remedial treatment or the reformation of cri-

### POUTING AND THE COLD SHOULDER.

minals, is, however, so large that it well de-

serves separate consideration.—Dark Blue.

With young children sulkiness is shown by pouting, or, as it is sometimes called, " making a pout," When the corners of the mouth are much depressed the lower lip is a little averted and protruded; and this is likewise called a pout. But the pouting here referred to consists of the protrusion of both lips into a tubular form, sometimes to such an extent as to project as far as the end of the nose, if this be short. Pouting is generally accompanied by frowning, and sometimes by the uttorance of a booing or whooing noise. This expression is remarkable as almost the sole one, as far as I know, which is exhibited much more plainly, during child-hood at least, with Europeans, than during maturity. There is, however, some tendency to the protrusion of the lips with the adults of all races under the influence of great rage. Some children pout when they are shy, and they can then hardly be called sulky. From inquiries which I have made in several large families, pouting does not seem very common with European children, but it provails throughout the world, and must be both common and strongly murked with most savage races, as it has caught the attention of many observers. It has been noticed in eight different districts of Australia, and one of my informants remarks how greatly the lips of the children are then protruded. Two observers have seen pouting with the children of Hindoos; three with those of the Kafirs and

1873 shows a decrease in offences for which the punishment of florging is administered of 20 percent as against 1869.

1871 shows a decrease of only 11 percent. in offences against property without violence.

1870 a further decrease of 8 percent.

1871 shows an increase of 2 per cent. in offences against the person. Including murder, rape, and assaults of all kinds for which flogging is not administered.

Fingoes of South Africa, and with the Hottentots; and two with the children of the wild Indians of North America. Pouting has also been observed with the Chinese, Abyssinians, Malays of Mahacca, Dyaks of Borneo, and often with the Zealanders. Mr. Mansel Weale informs mo the Zealanders. Mr. Mansel Weale informs mo-that he has seen the lips much protruded, not-only with the children of the Kairs, but with the adults of both sexes when sulky; and Mr. Stack has sometimes observed the same thing with the men, and very frequent with the wo-men of New Zealand. A trace of the same ex-pression may occusionally be detected even men of New Zennind. A trace of the same expression may occasionally be detected even
with adult Europeans. We thus see the protrusion of the lips, especially with young children,
is characteristic of sulkiness throughout the
greater part of the world. This movement apparently results from the retention chiefly during youth of a primordial liability of from an occasional reversion to it. Young prayers and casional reversion to it. Young orangs and chimpanzees protrude their lips to an extraordinary degree when they are discontented, somewhat angry, or sulky; also, when they are surprised, a little frightened, and even when slightly pleased. A little gesture made by sulky children may here be noticed, namely, their "showned and shoulder" This has a different manner. ing a gold shoulder." This has a different meaning, as I believe, from the keeping both shoul-ders rulsed. A cross child sitting on its parent's knee will lift up the near shoulder, then jerk it away as if from a caress, and afterwards give a backward push with it as if to push away the offender. I have been a child standing at some distance from any one clearly express its feelings by raising one shoulder, giving it a little backward movement, and then turning away its whole body. — Deputh. away its whole body.—Darwin.

An eminent civil engineer and geologist gave the following certificate to the starters of an American coal mine;—"At the urgent request of the directors of the Ollhbeway Coal Company, I have tested the sample of coal sent to me, and it is my firm opinion that when the great conflagration of the world shall take place, and when it is expected to happen on the final day, the man who shall stand upon that coal mine will be the very last man who shall

### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Mr. J. Ch. Leye, in Westphnlia, has recently laid before a meeting of experts in Viouna, specimens of pipe not only for conducting water, but for gaz, telegraph wires, brine and other metal-corroding liquids, speaking-tubes, etc.—all made of paper.

In Paris electricity has been resorted to in order to break in a couple of zebras and a kinag—which would never before submit to bit or rain. By means of a bit of composed brass wire, and communicating with an electric pile these capricious animals are driven about the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Directly they mishchave they receive a doss of the voltaic current, which reduces them to obedience. The inventor of this system is already able to drive tandom.

dom.

Preparation of Alcohol. Pros Sawdest.—According to Mr. Zetteriund (Moniteer Soient., Queeneville, Oct. 1870, No. 370.) it appears that the preparation of alcohol from sawdust may be successfully carried on industrially. Into an ordinary steam-boiler, heated by means of steam, were introduced 9 owt. of very wet sawdust, 10. Towt. of hydrochloric acid (sp. gr. 1.18), and 30 cwt. of water; after cleven hours' boiling, there was formed 19. 67 per cent. of grape sugar. The acid was next saturated with chalk, so as to leave in the liquid only a small quantity (ball degree by Ludoradorf's acid arcomotor); when the such-charine liquid was cooled down to 31 degs., yeast was added, and the formentation flushed in twenty-four hours. By distillation, the ow cre obtained 25.5 litres of alcohol of 50 per cent. at 15 degs., quite free from any smell of turpentine, and of excellent tasto. When all the collulose present in sawdust might be converted into sugar. 50 kilos. of the former substance would yield after fermentation, 12 litres of alcohol at 50 per cent.

actually lost for two thousand years and were brought to light again.

Curious Surgical. Operation.—Dr. Lane, of this city, is credited with the successful performance of one of the most remarkable surgical operations ever recorded in the annals of the profession. In December, 1822, Luther Corey, hend sawyer at Treat's mill. Santa Graz county, had his arm broken in two places above the elbow. One of the fractures knitted and healed; the other owing to a splint of the bone being between the ends of the fracture, did not, and after suffering great pain for some time. Mr. Coreycame to San Francisco, and placed himself under the care of skilful surgeons. They opened the flosh on his arm, and cur the callous part from off the ends of the bones, pressing the ends together and beinding the arm in splints, in which condition it remained for one year and a half, but till the bones did not knit, and the muscles of the nam became shriveled up and useless. Some eight months ago Mr. Corey went to Dr. Lane, of this city, who opoped the arm, spring out the end of the bones, and, enting off the callous parts, he bevoted the ords of the bones, so that each would lap a little over the other. Its then riveted then together with silver, and set the narn in a case. The bone then knitted and healed, lenving the arm two inches shorter. Mr. Corey has been at work for the last two months, in his old position, and is rejoicing in having a sound arm to support his family.—Nan having a sound arm to support his family.—Nan Francisco Bulletin.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

GRATIFYING AND CONDESCENDING.—It is gratifying to learn that the Lamboth paupers in both houses have condescended to approve highly of the Canadian pork recently introduced.

dian pork recently introduced.

In Paris there has recently arison a class of doctors called Reboilers, who are professedly learned in sprains, but are unpopular with the police on account of their trusting for their remedies principally to calabalistic sentences and invocations to Satsu. The police are all the more anxious to put a step to their labours, as recent statistics show that out of seventy-eight amputations more than sixty were necessitated by bad treatment of sprains.

necessitated by had treatment of sprains.

A STRANGI: story is told in a foreign newspaper of a Chinese boy at Shanghai, who told his schoolmaster that he had dreamed that his stepmether had murdered him and hidden him in a jar under the floor of her house. Seen after the boy no longer came to school and the master called at his house to inquire for him. An unsatisfactory reply was given, which excited the suspicion of the dominio, who took the liberty of tearing up the floor, and behold there was the corpse of the unfortunate lad, nicely dissected and stowed away in a jar. The murderer has been duly executed and the faith of the Shanghais in dreams has been predigiously refreshed and stowed according to the conduction of our youth dispelled. Mr. J. C.

Another illusion of our youth dispolled. Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, in his "Bridos and Bridals." disabuses us of the notion that in days of yore the chains of wedlook were forged by a roal, brawny "village blacksmith." "There is no evidence." he says, "that any one of the Gream or that any one of the famous Gream amithy, or that any one of the famous Gream Green complers' ever followed the famous Greams Green complers' ever followed the smith's calling. One of those so-called pursons had been a common soldier, another a tobacconist, a third had carried a pediar's puck; all of them were

drunkards and cheats: but it remains to be shown that any one of them ever shod a horse or wrought an iron bolt."

that any one of them ever shod a horse or wrought an iron bolt."

A young lady in a country town in Worcestershire was recoulty presented by the curate with a handsone gilt Church Service. Taking it with her one Sunday morning, she proceeded towards the church, but tooked in at a friend's house in passing, laying her book down on the table while she remained. When she arrived at the church and stood up to open her book and join in the service, she was startled to hear soft s rains of music proceeding from it. The rector pansed and looked stern, the curate very sorrowful, the congregation all turned their eyes on the fair offender, who, in her confusion, dropped the book and sank into her seat, while the strains of "There is an lack about the house" continued to be heard. The churchwarden proceeded to the pew took up the book, when the tune was changed to "Onnine, wilt thou gang wi'me?" which he tried ineffectually to suppress as he bore it down the aisle, It need hardly be explained that the lady in her haste had inadvertently taken up her friend's musical box in mistake for her Church Service. Next day the curate called at the lady's house, and the direumstances were so satisfacturily expanied that we hear the lady is no longer single.

A good story is told concerning the late King of Section.

circumstances were so satisfactorily explained that we hear the lady is no longer single.

A good story is told concerning the late King of Sweden. He was an ardent admirer of the fine arts, and himself a fair performer with the brush. On several occasions when he sent his landscapes to the French exhibition the juries were anxious to recognize their merits by offering the royal artist the first-class medals. This, however, his majesty always persisted in declining, as he did not wish to owe anything to favor. He was not, however, without anxiety to obtain one of those acknowledgments of distinction, and at one of the recent exhibition he sent in a picture amongmously. This work failed to attract the favorable notice of the critics. As the time drow near for the distribution of the prizes his majesty, overcome by impationee and concern, wrote to the president of the jury an autograph latter, in which he amounced his intention of never painting any more, and recommended to the consideration of the jury the picture, which he said was the work of a problem. A few days later the king received a letter from the president expressing his regret that the inry could not entertain the clatus of his problem, and adding.

The work on which we have had to pronounce judgment makes as regret the brush of your majesty.

### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

As easy way to get rid of cockroaches is to spread sprigs of tabsy where they are troublesome, and they will leave. It is also effective in driving away black ants.

Cold-Water Sponge Care.—Three eggs, heat ten minutes: one and one-half cups of sugar, heat five minutes: one cup of floor, one sponful of cream of tartar, beat one minute: one-half cup of cold water, one-half sosonful of saleratus, one cup of flour, a lit-tle sait, beat one minute.

A TROPICAL DISH.—Select a large mature and firm cabbage, from which the coarse outer leaves have been detached and the sudk chopped off: scoop out the heart, till up with mineed ment, bread crumbs, onions and seasoning; fasten up in a cloth, plungo into boiling water, and boil for half an hour.

Keepse First First with Socar.—A method adopted in Portugal for preserving fish consists in removing the viscera and sprinkling sugar over the interior, keeping the fish in a horizontal position, so that the sugar may penetrate as much as possible. It is said that fish prepared in this way can be kept fresh for a long time, the flavor being as perfect as if recently caught. One tablespoonful of sugar is sufficient for a five-pound fish.

cient for a live-pound fish.

When lines has been scorehed, use the following remedy: Add to a quart of vinegar the juice of half a dozen large enious, about an ounce of scap raspect down, a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, an onnee of lines and one ounce of pourload. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it upon the scarched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the time, unless so much scorehed that the fabric is destroyed.

that the fabric is destroyed.

How To Make Good Yeast.—For a small family, take one onnee of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them lifteen minutes; add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain, and add half a pound of flour-patting the latter into a busin and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy-one-fourth pound of brown sugar, and a handlul of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add six potatoes which have been bailed, mashed and ran through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

A New Way To Wash Lines.—A new mode of

mary yeast.

A New Way to Wash Lines.—A new mode of washing linen has been introduced and adopted in Germany. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of sone in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one table-snoonful of tarpentine and three of liquid anomania; the mixture must then be well stirred and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out and rimed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of tarpentine and a lablespoonful of anomania must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy in time, labor and fael.

Apples.—With most of us the value of the apple as an article of food is greatly underrated. Basides containing a large amount of sugar, muchage, and other an article of food is greatly underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, musting de other nativitive matter, apples contain vegetable neids, aromatic qualities. &c., which act powerfully in the enpacity of refrigerants, tonies, antisopties: and, freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operatives of Cornwall consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year [80]—which was a year of much searcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without ment; whereas potate diet required ment or other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively. The laborers depond upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no food cooked in so many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit the value of which, as an article of nutriment, is as great and so little appreciated.

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE May of life blossoms only once. THERE is a foolish corner even in the brain of the A worn spoken in season is the mother of ages.—Carlyle.

Liks are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

GRAVES are but the foot steps of the angel of life. -Jean Paul.

Remove the friend privately! commend him publicly.-Solon. No Man can be wise on an empty stomach.-George Elllet. A JOYLESS life is worse to hear than one of active grief.—Fabor.

INNORNCE is like polished armor, it adorus and it defends .- South. VOLTAIRE defines the happy man as the one who considers himself so.

All power even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.—Humo. Offer up not to love. No love is genuine whose altar asks the sacrifice.

BETTER make penitents by gentleness, than hypo-crites by severity.—St. Francis de Sales: It is easy to look down on others: to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—Lander. The unster of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools.—Bacon.

Naturn has sometimes made a fool; but a coxeomb is always of a man's own making.—Addison.

EVERY real thought, on every real subject, knock the wind out of somebody or other.—Holmes.

TEMPERANCE is corporal picty; it is the preserva-tion of divine order in the body.—T. Parker. ENLARGE not thy dosting, said the ornely of old ; undeavor not to do more than is given thee to do. BETTER than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant trainings for a glorious strile.—Balwer.

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.—Henry Home. It is more difficult and calls for higher energies of out to live a martyr than to die one.—Horace Mann.

The religion of Christ is pence and good-will, the religion of christendom is war and ill-will. - Landor FAME is most commonly the sole reward of the intense thought and long and weary researches of the philo-sopher.

It is wisely and sensibly observed by one of the Fathers, that he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful will never encronch upon things for-bidden.

The man who possesses the power of making other men ridiculous is under a great responsibility to employ his power only to expose fully or refute sophistry, to abush impudence, and to humble insolute, arrogant pretension, and soff-conceit. Some of the most good-natured men are proue to the wanton use of ridicule; thus one our poets was called a "good-natured man with the worst-natured Muse."

This year Wive — Vos the undersum is to the

use of ridicule; thus one our poets was called a "good-natured man with the wost-natured Mase."

TELL YOUR WIPE.—Yos, the only way is to tell your wife just how you stand. Show her your balancesheet. Let hor look over the items. You think it with hirt her feeling. No, it won't do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that morrey was with you, just as little looks think it is with their fathers—terribly hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She had her suspicious already. She has guessed you were not so prosperons as you talked. But had you so befogged your money affairs, that she, poor thing, knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her that you are living beyond your income. Take her into partnership, and we'll warrant you'll never regret it.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

Hence is a poetic "personal," cut from a Western newspaper: -Wanted-A brave-hoarted man, who has buffered the storms of life and did not trouble for the issue when the troubles came; must be re-fined and respectable; middle-aged and discreet.

With thou leave me in my anguish, Groping on through life alone? Shall I, weak and trembling, languish, With no arm around me thrown? Address Widow

The women of Wyoming have their troubles as well as their rights. Not long ago a mother in that progressive Territory being obliged to serve on a jury against her will, took her haby along with her. The child set up such a vigorous protest in court that the juror was excussed from serving; in short, the right of the baby to be taken care of was paramount.

the baby to be taken care of was paramount.

A Caulistic common—very common—jury perpetrated a deficious bull recently. At the Quarter Sessions, in the "merric city," a man was charged with stealing a watch. The Jury found bion guilty, adding, however, "Wo recommend him to mercy, as it is really very hard to say whether he got the watch or not!" The commend for the presentation at once called out that that was a verdict of acquittal. The Jury were advised to "put their heads together" again, and this time they brought out a verdict of "guilty" simply.

Reality "simply.

RE-PERCISSION.—A commissioner, deputed by law to examine the newly-appointed elerks, found seated at one of the efficient deaks a raw sample of Kentuckian manufacture, of about six feet four inches in stature in his shoes, and the following dialogue passed between them:—Com.—"Do you know who was the ablest officer in the Phonician fleet?" Kent.—"Can't say I do." Com.—"Can you tell the exact interest of three hundred dollars, at 18} per cent., for three-quarters of a day?" Kent.—"No; I cant. for three-quarters of a day?" Kent.—"No; I cant the sun and the moon, when one is rising and the other setting?" Kent.—"No; I cant; but there's one thin' I ken tell yer, which is, that I ve licked five fellers since I've been here, and I'm agoin' to lick you if you ask me any more of your questions."

Josu Billings on Velocupenis.—What Josh Bill-

if you ask me any more of your questions."

JOSH BILLINES ON VELOCIPTEDES.—What Josh Billings says on the subject thusly:

"It don't take much stuff to build a filosopeede."
His critic says, "I can't accept your judgment, Josh, on this matter of a filosopeed, though you are a filosopeer." Josh, unnerved, continues, "I am bold to say that a man could make one ov'em out of a cingle old plank, and then hev enough stuff over to splinter broken limbs, or make, perhaps, a corfin." Josh's critic says, "Stand in the draught with your old build head uncovered, Josh, and you will have a better fit of corfin than you can make out of a honk tree." Josh Billings continues, undisturbed, "A filosopedo can't stand alone, and that single fact is enuff to condomn the thing in mi eye." The critic continues, "Some filosopers can't stand alone sometimes, and that condomns them in mi other eye."

"Some illosopers can't stand alone sometimes, and that condemns thom in mi other eye."

The Wizard and the Toraccorst.—The other day, a pleasant-looking gentleman, of foreign appearance and accent of speech, entered a tobacconist's shop in one of the market towns of South Durham, says the London Grocer, and requested that he might the supplied with a good eigar. The article having been furnished him, he proceeded to apply it to his nose with the air of a comolescur, and thou to protest that its flavor was most peculiar, not to say oftensive. The worthy tradesman declared that the cigar was an excellent one; his visitor as stoutly maintained that it was not, and he was so convinced of the fluct that he was at once determined to try what the cigar was really made of. Taking a pankat the cigar was really made of. Taking a pankat the cigar was really made of. Taking a pankat the cigar was really made of. Taking a pankat the cigar had been whitted away, and the shop looked more like an upholsterer's than a tobacconist's. Having given this coular and practical proof that he had not remarked the peculiar flavor of the cigar without reason, the foreign gentleman took his departure, leaving the shop-keeper utterly hewildered and the possessor of a quantity of feathers enough to suff an ordinary cushion. The customer was Signor Boseo, the conjurer.

chough to stuff an ordinary cushion. The customer was Signor Bosco, the conjurer.

A GENTLEMAN, from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching. "How long did you teach?" asked a by-tander, "Wal, I didn't toach long, that is, I only went to teach." "Wil, I didn't hire out.?" "Wal, I give it up for some reason or funther. You see, I travelled into a desertict and inquired for the trustues. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my objic, interducing mysalf, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I ranly considered mysolf capable: and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few casy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait. "Let me see you walk off a little ways." says he. "early he, "and I can tell jis's well's I heard you examined." says he. "It seat not own walk off a little ways." says he, "and I can tell jis's well's I heard you examined." says he. It seat he door ashe spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish that I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind usuch: so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'dhow. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough; then I s'elected s'thing was to say, and I looked fround. Wal, the door was shot, and Snickles was gone!"

OFFER up not to love. No love is genuine whose altar asks the secrifice.

MEN blame themselves only for the purpose of being praised.—Recheforcault.

A SECRET is too little for one, enough for two, and too much for three.—Howell.

No one over knew what friends were worth until they had lived without them.

If thou art a master be sometimes blind; if a sorwant sometimes dest.—Fuller.

No fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—Hawthorne.

When floothe was asked the secret of success he defined it as "a wise limitation."

Lay silonly the injuries that you receive upon the saltar of oblivion.—Hoses Ballou.

We have the purpose of being and particles, donedy refined and purified, of such of the choiceat remedial, and exactness, from the very notive principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choiceat remedial, and exactness, from the very notive principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choiceat remedial, and exactness the defined it as "a wise limitation."

When the defined it as "a wise limitation."

Lay silonly the injuries that you receive upon the altar of oblivion.—Hoses Ballou.

We had to destruct the purpose of being rank to decide the three purpose of the purpose of the three purposes of the very notive principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choiceat remedial, and exactness trom the very notive principles, doubly refined and purified, of such of the choiceat remedial, and exactness the of the choiceat remedial, and the choiceat remedial girth the composition of the very introdient catering into the composition of the very introdient catering into the composition of the Shoshonees Remody, and also that give the Pills through the properties that defined it is sorted that and such that the extendent and the properties that defined it is sorted that and such the properties that defined it is sorted that the extendent and the source of the very introdient catering into the composition of the Shoshonees Remody, and also that give the Pills are for

### HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

275, CHARADES.

My first between eight and ten is set, Either morning or afternoon; Of my meand twelve for a shifting you'll get, While my whole is only three-fourths.

My disa in my pocket by day I keep, But under my pillow when asleep; My second's a word as you'll easily see, My whole is a soldier's whom on sentry. J. H. B.

### 276. STRANGE PARADOXES,

I saw a pack of eards kinnwing a bone.
I saw a curly dog sented on England's throne.
I saw aw Queen Victoria shur up in a hox.
I saw a shilling driving a fat ox.
I saw a shilling driving a fat ox.
I saw a glove reading the news by candlelight.
I saw a glove reading the news by candlelight.
I saw we arinoline made of solid gold.
I saw two buttons telling each other dreams.
I heard my friends discussing all those themes.

277. REBUS. B NOT YY

uor nier, 4 d' u e how A cakeub.

278. TRANSPOSITIONS OF LONDON STREETS, BUILDINGS, Ac.

1. Clean barter: pure song.
2. O. queer glass wruet.
3. Avon lends no king.
4. Trouble can crimd.
5. Lent. shun meat.
6. Rest in my seat, Webh.
7. O. worn taper rest.
8. Mary, take the heart.
9. Need read the letters.
10. I must brush, Jen.

279. ARTHIMETICAL PUZZLE.

One and two, when they're wrote fair, Will make one hundred, I doclare,

280, CHARADE, With my dest you commence all your learning—but oh!

My next causes pain, as most people well know; My next causes pain, as most people well know; My nelide's produc'd that we all know to be bard, By carpenters us'd in the ship-budder's yard, Fibrials. 281. A CHURCH, AN OPEN SPACE, A HIGH-WAY.

A governess being asked how she would care fib-bing in the scholars, replied, "T'll cane Sarah P. Duttas."

Dutins."
Two friends, conversing on the late American war, one of them exclaimed, "I know not one of quarrel's uses," "Nay, Row," replied the other, "those southern near still sustain the justice of their cause,"
C. H. B.

### 282, TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. A sour crab came.
2. We cover ruin.
3. T. M. Hogers & Co.
4. Sir V. could rove.
5. M., move our ten cents.
6. Ma. shall M. row?
7. O. T. loves ruin.
9. A lid on end.
10. Ned sent more.
11. C. E. at home.
12. M. is on an arch.

28% ARTHMETICAL PUZZLES. Divide fifteen bans into four parts, each one to contain odd number.

Add five to six, and make the product nine.

. What is the difference between six dozen  $\mathbb{Z}[dozen]$  and half a dozen dozen  $\mathbb{Z}$ 

I pray ye now, ye worthies all who deal in mystic lore.

Come to me every one of you, and this to me ex-

plore, Put forty-live to forty-live (but do it not in vain). And you will see, if done aright, that but nine will remain.

Fifty, a hundred, two ones, and a five, Transposed, every one ought to be, that's alive. 281, SQUARE WORDS,

town in Kont River in Switzerland—River —Town in Spain.

2 A town in Hertfordshire - Volcano in the mountains of Mexico - River in Germany-- Tributary of

3. A fresh-water fish Sacred bird of the Egypf. A lady's servant. What Burton is noted for-An abbreviation for gentleman -- Near Venice. 5. A river in Warwickshire - A creeping plant-An advert of number -1s necessity.

### 285. NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of ten letters. My 10,9,7, is one of the masculine gender: 1, 3, 5, 6, a tube: 8, 3, 4, part of the body: 5, 6, 7, a cold in writing: 1, 3, 7, 6, a low-erage: 8, 7, a domestic bor! 7, 9, 4, down on cloth; 4, 3, 6, a pasty: 2, 9, 10, caten for breakfast: 7, 9, 10, 6, a term by which any species is distinguished; 1, 8, 6, 9, at the time: 5, 3, 7, a peg: 10, 9, 7, 6, hair on the neek of a horse; and my whole will be found in the 1ste of Wight.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 47.

262.--Discarrections. A. Serajo, erajo, rajo, apo, pon. 2. Bloak, leak, ako. 3. Box. ox. 4. Chido, hide, die. 5. Skate, kate, ten. 6. Crash, rash, ash. 263.—Geographical Antrimonan.—Monte Video and Washington—thus:—I. Mallow: 2. OredillA: 3. Nivelless: 4. Toolomball; 5. Ernkell; 6. VadiN; 7. IsmainG; 8. DollarT: 9. MorrO; 10. OloroN.

261.—American Pozzle--

4Ni halfpenco -- Ll. 11. 12:16:79

11111111 21691358

The half of X is V, then the half of LX is IV = 4. 25.—Street, A., Transposen.—I. Walcot Place; 2. Grosvonor Street; 3. Lansdown Place; 4. Pleasant Place; 5. Pottman Square; 6. Exeter Hall, Strand; 7. The Expirian Hall; 8. Surrey Cricket Ground, Kennington Oval; 9. Spurgeon's Tabernacle; 10. House of Parliament; 11. Covent Garden Market; 12. Bricklayer's Arms Station; 13. Bot anical Gurdons, Regent's Park.





THE ORDER OF NATURE. (FROM THE LATIN OF BOETHUES.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou, who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye, The laws by which the Thunderer bears sway. Look at the stars that keep, in youder sky. Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.

The great sun, as he guides his fiery car. Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep: The Bear, that sees star setting after star. In the blue brine, descends not to the deep

The star of eve still leads the hour of dews: Duly the day-star ushers in the light; With kindly alternations Love renews 'The eternal courses bringing day and night

Love drives away accursed War, and keeps The rentm and host of stars beyond his reach. In one long calm the general Concord steeps The elements, and tempers each to each.

The moist gives place benignly to the dry: Heat ratifies a faithful league with cold: The nimble flame springs upward to the sky: Down sinks by its own weight the sluggish mould

Still sweet with blossoms in the year's fresh prime: Her harvest still the ripening Summer yields: Fruit-Inden Autumn follows in his time. And rainy Winter waters still the fields.

The elemental harmony brings forth And rears all life, and whon life's term is o'er It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth. And wholms and hides them to be seen no more.

While the great Founder. He who gave these laws, Holds the firm reins and sits amid the Momreh and Master, Origin and Cause, And Arbiter supremely just and wise.

He guides the force He gave: His hand restrains And curbs it to the circle it must trace; Else the fair fabric which His hand sustains Would fall to fragments in the void of space.

Love binds the parts together; gladly still They court His kind command and wise decree. Unless Love held them subject to the Will That gave them being, they would cease to be.

### NO MAN'S LAND.

RY WALTER THORNRURY.

Mr. John Raffles, better known to the companions of his lighter hours as Jack Raffles, having contemptuously folded up a venerablelooking legal document and crammed it into his desk, and having then imitated the handwriting of several eminent inhabitants of Sloweum-cum-Mudford with infinite exactness

pretty dose I've brewed for this internal, stuck-up, dead-alive, old rotton borough!" he stuck-up, dead-alive, old rotton borough!" he said to himself, as he all at once vaulted off his high stool, looked at the clock, which was on the stroke of twelve, threw his blue bag at a buzzing luebottle, put on a rakish-looking, seedy white hat, cocked it over his left eye, and fanced a can-can of triumph opposite the empty desk of his venerable employer in the farther corner of the room. "If Joe Parsons only does his part as well as I've done mine, and divides the tin fairly, I'm a made man. By George! won't I let the corks fiv! I'll run. George! won't I let the corks fly! I'll run horses, mark you; I'll swagger at the clubs; I'll drive the best steppers in London: I'll wear the noblest clothes that money can buy; I'll go in a reg'lar buster at the Stock Exchange; and I'll show the world that Jack Raftles has been a grossly misunderstood individual, has got the right sort of stuff in him after all, and is up to the latest dodges out. But suppose Joe doesn't run square, Mr. John Rafiles—what then? But no, he daren't run on the cross now. Only let him try, that's

This doubt, however, set Jack thinking; and sitting backwards on a chair as if it was a horse, he was quietly meditating, with the stump of an unlit eigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, when the door opened softly, and a little, portly, sharp man in black entered, and eyed him with indignation and amazement.

"Is that deed done yet?" said Mr. Bartholomew Potterton. "You've been long enough to do twenty deeds. If this goes on, my gentleman, you and I will have words. Take

ago, and I've done a great deal of dirty work in that time. I gave you notice this day month remember, when you rowed me. I want my but it had since transpired that the said Job month's wages, and then I'm off. I shan't be Simpson, after long detention in a Flemish very inconsolable—I'll try and bear up. Come, down with the dust, old cock; for I want to before the birth of a son, who eventually came catch the 1.30 to London." And so saying, the audacious liafles struck a fusec, lit the stump of his cigar, and puffed furiously from the back of his imaginary and inexpensive

Mr. Potterton foamed with rage

"You idle worthless scamp!" he said stamping. "You're not worth your salt! You'll the present claimant. The proofs of the lineal die on a dunghill, and serve you right too! descent of the said Jeremiah Simpson, and a You're a drunken, cheating, gambling scape grace, and more fit for a groom or a racing tout

than a clerk in a respectable office.'
"Respectable?" "There's your wages, you impudent, low-"
"Take care!" said Rassles menacingly; "take care! You've said enough already for three actions of defamation of character. I've not been in your office four years for nothing. I could expose one or two pretty dark jobs. How about old Twitcher's will? How about the costs in that action of Benger's? You take

care what you say !" "You lay a finger on me!"

"You say one word more against my character! Why, I'd wring your old yellow neck for twopence."

"Provoking a breach of the peace! I'll summon you this very day!"
"Summon away. Do you remember what "Summon away. Do you remember ?" Serjeant Perry said of you at Colchester?"

"Take your money and be off, you low scamp!

"More defamation! Go it!-that's right!go it!"

"You threatened me—you put your fist in my face. I only wish I'd got a witness, you

all your windows, only it's two expensive! I'd fling this ink in your face, only that's black enough already! Ta-ta! and one word of advice: Don't take so much of that old port of old Twitcher's, or you'll go out some day like a bad brimstone match; and all the widows and orphans you've plundered in Sloeum will put on black for you at their own expense. Oh, you're a nice old customer, you are! and Old Nick couldn't get his work done half so well in any other olice."

This was too much for old Detauted.

This was too much for old l'otterton's temper. He snatched up an inkstand, which he forgot was full, and was about to send it at the head of the contumacious clerk, when Railles snatched up the deed, flew out at the

door, and banged it behind him.

"Impudent rascally blackguard!" gasped old Potterton, putting on his hat fiercely; when in at the open window skimmed the deed, and knocked off his beaver, while a voice in the street outside leaved. in the street outside bawled.

"It's all blank, so you can put in as many lies as you like, you old swindler! Summon away! I'm off!" In vain old Potterton rushed for a summous

In vain old Potterton rushed for a summons to a brother Magistrate, for John Raffles had started for London by the 1.30 train, and had left no trace of his whereabouts.

For at least a century and a half, a long strip of land, running parallel with the High Street of Slocum-cum-Mudford, had been known to the inhabitants as "No Man's Land." It had belonged to a family long cines supposed to be actions and no eleganters. since supposed to be extinct, and no clear title could be obtained with it. Tramps squatted among the nettles and thistles; and in later ages strolling players set up their ten.'s there, side by side with the itinerant photographer and his wandering house. It was a c metery for cats, a graveyard of pariah dogs: a neglected, hopeless, mournful-looking strip of land, on which an immovable curse seemed to have fallen. It was an obstruction to all improvements—a bar to the progress of the borough of Slocum-cum-Mudford. It was where the new Town Hall should have stood -the very site for the Mechanics' New Read-ing Room. There it had remained, an oasis of weeds and rubbish, amid the houses of Slocum
—an eye-sore, a bald place, a reproach, and a

At last, however, the hour came, and the on a piece of paper, which he tore into small man. That respectable and energetic business bits, was now, with a malicious chuckle, man, Mr. Bartholomew Potterton, taking upon cutting his name in large letters on his well- himself the whole risk and responsibility, had worn and inky desk in a bold and masterly offered the Corporation of which he was Mayor, style. This sculpturesque design he only delayed a sum (not large) for the obnoxious spot, and to cut six quill pens into rings for a rude sort of had built a row of excellent shops, which, soon letting, produced a rental of some £1,500 and the energy model in the e

a year, with every probability of a rise.

It was a nice little prize: and the least scrupulous and most venturesome of the Corporation had snapped it up very cleverly. The Robinsons, who once owned it, were gone several generations ago, and "No Man's Land" had turned to use after all. "Our energetic Mayor," as the local paper observed, "has at last removed the long-existing barrier to the progress of the thriving centre of an immense agricultural district — Slocum-cum-Mudford; and no minor town in Essex has now a chance with that borough in the honorable race for wealth and distinction. There can be no doubt," continued the eminent editor, "that the Conservatives, at the impending election for Slocum, will return our excellent Mayor by an enormous majority."

Imagine, therefore, the vexation and dismay of the excellent Mayor's tortuous mind when, four days after the somewhat abrupt departure of Mr. John Rafiles, he received a long quarto letter from the London firm of Parsons, Jobson, and Billage, threatening immediate proceedings against him on behalf of the descendants of the late John Robinson, Esq. of Darkhold House pear Sleeum-eye. of Darkhold House, near Slocum-cum-Mudford. The action of ejectment referred to

"No Man's Land," a strip of ground near the High Street of Slocum, at present the site of Potterton Terrace and Bartholomew Row Potterton

(lately built.)
The discovery of the lost heir was a somewhat romantic story. It appeared that Messrs. Parsons, Jobson, and Billage were successors of Messrs Kite and Jolipp, solicitors to the last of the R-binson family, who died 1720. In rummaging an old deed-box that had long remained upper the last of their street of the remaining the street of their street of the st gentleman, you and I will have words. Take that eigar out of your mouth, sir, and get on with your work. Raffles, you're drunk,"

"It's with ink, then," said unmoved Raffles; "It's with ink, then," said unmoved Raffles; the senior member of the firm had, much to their surprise, discovered a will dated 1718, by leave a man! There's your rascally deed—take it." And so saying, Raffles went to his desk, took out the deed, and skimmed it so near old Potterton that it brushed the stiff groy hair that rose like white flames over his little scarlet choleric face. "No more pendriving for me. You engaged me four years ago, and I've done a great deal of dirty work in the Scots Greys. This man, it had generally the Scots Greys. This man, it had generally been supposed, fell in the battle of Oudenarde hospital, married a Beguine. The father died before the birth of a son, who eventually came to Slocum, and, knowing nothing of his rights, set up as a cobbler. This cobbler's son became "boots" at the "King's Head," Slocum, and left a son, who settled as a tinker in Blue Yard, Slocum. The tinker's son, Jeremiah Simpson, now stableman at the copy of the will, were inclosed. The writer suggested an immediate surrender of the property as the best means of avoiding a very pensive and (to Mr. Potterton) inevitably

fruitless litigation.
The proofs seemed indubitable; the copies of the registers of the births and deaths were

unquectionable The purchase from the Corporation was most questionable affair. However the case went on, Potterton would have to refund There was no hope of his holding the land whoever was the heir. Perhaps a compromis was possible. This Jerry Simpson was the pariah, the "Christopher Sly," of Slocum. Half his time went in the workhouse, and the other half in gaol. A poacher in youth-in mature life he had turned petty pilferer and pugilista more confirmed sot was not in Slocum. In stendier moments he was extra-stableman at the "Ring of Bells," a low inn in the outskirts of Slocum. He was the terror of the police and the opprobrium of the back slums of Mud ford—a more idle, worthless, contemptible, hopeless rough did not exist in all Essex; and to this dreg and lee of society His Worshipful was to surrender his magnificent stroke of spe-"You old tape-worm, 1 defy you!" and into the light of day, and on the eve of an elec-Raffles snapped his bony fingers. "I'd break tion, too, was insupportable; to lose all his

rents for years, even if the assailants proved unsuccessful, was unbearable. Potterton, how-ever, had got into scrapes before, and, more-over, he was an energetic man. With the promptitude of true genius and rascality, he at once resolved on a line of conduct. He re-solved to seek out this Jerry Simpson, and, offering him a large sum, get him to sign a paper surrendering all claims for a certain con-sideration, and to thus settle the matter for ever in the very teeth of Messrs. Parsons, Job-

son and Billage.
The heir to "No Man's Land" happened, at this special moment, to be an inmate of the Slocum-cum-Mudford workhouse. Mr. Potter-ton, on entering that noble exemplification of a nation's progress, discovered Mr. Oakham, the master, in his parlor, with his face to a back door, angrily chiding a contumacious pauper, who was mopping out a brick-paved back kitchen. Mr. Potterton mildly asked what was the matter.

"Matter!" said Mr. Oakham. "These pau-

pers is enough to break a man's 'art. Their ingratitood is intolerable. I set this man to sweep out my back kitchen after he's done his stone-breaking, and he turns round and swears he won't do it, and yet I give him all the 

"Jerry Simpson!" exclaimed Mr Potterton.
"One of the most interesting examples of misdirected energy; a man, sir, though of low origin, capable, as I have long observed, of far better things; an individual of whose future I feel it is my duty to guard. Will you be kind enough to obtain me a short private interview with that eccentric but most interesting per-

son?"

Mr. Oakham was dumbfoundered, but he contrived to muster sufficient presence of mind to call in Jerry, and leave him closeted with His Worshipful. Jerry entered, his brawny limbs thrust into much-too-small pepper-and-salt habiliments, his great shuffling feet wandering about in felt slippers, his red bristling hair covered by a torn straw hat. In one hand he held a pail, in the other the dripping stump of

a mop.
"You're always a-worreting of me and a-nagging of me," he said, "and the skilly ain't enough to support a nigger slave. I tell you what I've a mind to do: to knock the whole biling of ye over the head with this mop, and get back into gaol at once. The grub's better there, and the work lighter. Yah! you're a

mean lot, you are."
"My dear Mr. Jeremiah Simpson," said Mr. Potterton, blandly offering his hand, "you mistake a friend for an enemy. I have such an extreme feeling of the hardships of your present position, that I am come to offer you the means of escape from this place of retirement. I have five pounds here, which are at your disposal."

If Mr. Oakhan had been dumbfoundered, Jerry was paralysed.

6 What! all these 'ere blessed gold shiners

for me ?" he said, extending his huge dirty fingers towards them as they lay, a little glittering row, in l'otterion's crafty palm. "What, the whole blessed lot? Well, you are a gentleman—the right sort, you are! and if there's any double X left at the 'Ring of Bells,' I add my pals will drink your jolly good health this

very night till we can't see out of our eyes."

"I feel a great, a very great, interestin you,
my worthy fellow," said the old lawyer in his oiliest tones, "and I haven't done with you

yet,"

"Oh, I'll stick to ye, old gentleman. I'm not
the feller to desert a friend—I'll stick to ye,
But what's your little game, eh? People, as
far as I've gone, don't generally give shiners for

"All that you will hear in due time. You go now, my dear fellow, purchase a neat tidy suit out of the money I've given you, and meet me to-night at seven, in the coffee-room of the King's Head,' where we'll talk over matters of some importance to you."

"All right, old cock, I'm your man; and I'll

bring old Bob the sweep-good sort, he is-with

" No. you had better come alone. Bob the sweep may be a most estimable person' "Best company in the world!"

" No doubt; but you must come alone, Mind and keep sober if you can. I'll take care you get leave to go from here directly.

" Right you are! Oh, I'm fly !" Jerry was punctual to his appointment, and considering he had drunk three pots of stout and two bottles of champagne, was reasonably sober. Indeed, so punctual was he, that Potterion when he arrived, found him there in full dress, both legs on the hobs, and a long pipe in his mouth. There was no one else, apparently, in the room, so Potterton at once drew a chair near a fire-screen that stood be-tween the table next the window where commercial gentlemen sat and wrote, and the fire,

and opened proceedings. His first glance at Jerry convinced him, however, that an alarming change had taken place in that gentleman's demeanor. He was bold, rather defiant, suspicious, and overbearing; and when he rang the bell, and shouted to the astonished waiter for two sixes of brandy, he beat

his first on the table, and told the man to look alive, with all the bounce of Bobadil himself. "Well, now, let's hear all about it, you sharp old file," said Jerry—" but toss off your brandy first, and I'll call for some more; for you're a jolly good feller, and so say all of us! which nobody can deny — Come, drink it up like a

man, d'ye hear !" "I never touch brandy during business hours." " More fool you! It's good at all hours.—But

now—out with this game of yours !"
"The facts, Mr. Simpson, are very easily told. An absurd claim has been set up in your name-but, of course, without your cognizance — to a certain piece of land in Slocum, in which I am interested."

"Exactly so;—and 'No Man's Land' is its name till I choose to occupy it." " Then, you know everything ?" said Potter-

ton, with a guilty start.

"No, not everything; only a good deal. Well, proceed," "For that land, which the law will never enable you to obtain, I propose to offer you — to prevent any trouble to myself—a certain sum

on your signing a surrender." A handsome sum, old boy?" ."A very handsome sum — and all for nothing."

"And I'm to sign a paper ?"

" Yes."

"Anything else?"

"Yes: start at once to America." "The sum is really handsome? - and how

much may it be?" "Three hundred pounds," and Potterton watched to see the goggle eyes of Jerry open to their widest. Oddly enough, however, they only contracted and winked with the malicious cunning of a bull-dog who is going to

"Is that all ?"

" It is a large sum."

"Oh, yes, blessed large i—Shall I sign; Mr. Parsons? What do you say?" A perky man, with a pale pimply face, sud-denly started up from behind a screen, there

its owner had been enseenced "Sign nothing, Mr. Jeremiah Simpson!—And let me tell Mr. Potterton that this offer is a most disgraceful attempt to rob an hones man of his rights !"

"This is a plot," said Mr. Potterton, bouncing like a red-hot chestnut. "There has been col-

"Yes, and will continue to be," said Mr. Parsons, "till a great and stupendous fraud has been probed to the—to the—to the very back-

Poor Potterton! he never recovered that sur-prise; and after a short, sharp tussle, in which he was ignominiously defeated, he surrendrred the property to the claimant, to whom the corporation promised immediate possession, after a careful examination had been made of the evidently indisputable will and other documents. As for Jerry, the town lavished attentions on him—balls and banquets were given in his honor, presentations of plate were made to him by the tenants of "No Man's Land." It was even unanimously proposed that Mr. Jeremiah Simpson should at once be asked to stand for the borough. His portrait was pointed at the expense of the Corporation. The tradesmen competed for his custom. Jerry had already grown insolent and proud; he threw over Bob the sweep, and Brown the farrier's man, and even refused to lend his old crony, the hosti rat the "Ring of Bells," half a crown. He played all day with his toadies at billiards for legs of mutton and trimmings, drank like a fish, and finally consummated his ingratitude by threatening to take his business out of the hands of Mr. Parsons He wore heaps of vulgar jewelry, drove about in a hired barouche and four grey horses, addressed the people from the hustings, promising to get public houses opened all night, and all taxes repealed; and, in fact, became in three weeks the most popu-

The day came for the final surrender of " No Man's Land" by the Corporation. Arbitrators were to adjudge what poor Potterton was to receive in compensation for the houses he had built so imprudently—so dishonestly, as some said; and the magistrates of Slocum were drawn together in the council-chamber. Jerry was of course there, slapping rich trades-men on the back, and tossing of countless glasses of brown sherry.

lar man of Slocum-cum-Mudford, His vulgar-

ity was called bluff honesty, his oaths were ex-

"The time has now arrived," said Mr. Parsons, taking his worthy client apart, "when we must seriously come to some arrangement about money matters. You have borrowed now of our firm nearly four hundred pounds. We must request you, therefore, before we make any further advance, to surrender to us the disposal of the recovered estate till such time as

posal of the recovered estate till such time as our payments may be reimbursed."

"I tell you," said Jerry, who had quite lost his head, and was naturally a cur at heart, "I found out long ago you lawyers are just what I had always heard you were, a pack of—greedy sharks; and I'll sign no paper of the kind, I'll just hav you when I where and I'll take. just pay you when I please, and I'll take good care your bill is well overhauled, and pared down to its proper length; so put that in your pipe and smoke it, old Six-and-eight-

"And let me tell you, sir," said Parsons, a pale green with rage and bile, "that I have found you, sir, a mean ungrateful dog, and that we'll press you to the very last penny, and we'll hang on the estate like leeches, till we get our reward for raising you from among the gaol-birds that are your fitting companions.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! pray, silence!" interposed the Town Clerk, for the conflict had grown loud; "Mr. Parsons will now produce

At that moment Parsons' clerk entered, and that home instructive into his hand. The put a letter just received into his hand, postmark was Boulogne, the handwriting Raf-The letter ran thus :

"You Dirty, Shabby Rascal,—
"You think you have done me out of my

share of the tin, and are going to pocket the whole proceeds of our dirty work. You perhaps forget that I am Yorkshire too. I was once apprenticed to a chemist, and I took devilish good care to prepare for any dirty tricks of yours ; and you will soon see no charge of forgery can touch me now, old man.

" Your truly, and be-

"JACK RAFFLES." Parsons, with a spitfire and contemptuous ook, rolled the letter into a ball, and threw it under the table.

" Mr. Parsons, will you now produce this will, which has been pronounced bont fide and con-Parsons pompously produced the square of

old discolored parchment, handed it with his politest bow to the Town Clerk, and sat down to carelessly jot some memoranda. The Town Clerk unfolded it, and, smiling,

handed it back to Mr. Parsons. "You have made a mistake, sir," he said.
"You have given me a wrong document. This is only a blank parchment."

" Blank parchment l"screamed Parsons; and leaping up like a parched pea, he clutched open the will. Yes; it was blank—blank as the ceiling.

Jack Raffles, Jack Raffles, thy vengeance had indeed fallen! The shock was too great. Parsons fell down headlong in a fit.

In stooping down to lift up the fallen law-yer, the Clerk of the Court picked up Raffles's letter, and read it aloud. The whole affair had exploded. Every face darkened against Jerry

Impostor cried " one. " Low cheat !" cried another.

Jerry retaliated with a blow, for the shorry had got into his head. "Seize that man "cried the Mayor. "I always thought he was a scoundrel We'll punish

the whole gang to the very utmost."

Jerry remonstrated, so the police were sent

"No Man's Land is mine!" he shouted: "and I'll fight the whole biling for it! I'll have my own! It's all a lie about the will. You're a mean lot, to turn on a man like this! You Mayor fellow there, come and have a fair stand-up at the 'Ring of Bells,' and I'll knock you into the middle of next week! Come along,

all on yer !"

But the whole police force of Slocum threw itself upon Jerry, and the temporary owner of "No Man's Land," fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate, was that evening amicably wel-comed to Slocum Gaol by his old friend the

beetle-browed turnkey.
"No Man's Land" still awaits the rightful heir; but he has not yet appeared, even in the Antipodes.—Hood's Com. Annual.

### MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

There is no change to note in the local flour market. The demand this morning was light, local dealers being the only purchasers, and sales were limited to about 1500 barrols. The weakness which has characterized the market for some days past is still provalent, and prices to-day are a trifle lower than on Saturday. Coreals of all kinds were lifeless and generally nominal. Provisions were dull and unchanged. Ashes continue excited and unsettled, but we hear of no sales.

Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

cused as outbreaks of energy and genius, his drinking was pardoned as sociability. People even vowed they saw in him traces of good

Pass, & bush of 66 lbs.—Market quiet at 80c to 821.0.
OATS. & bush of 32 lbs.—Market quiet and steady. Quotations are; 32c for new, and 31c for old.
Conn.—Quiet. Holders ask 53c to 55.
Balley.—Nominal at 524c to 574c for new.
BUTTER, per lb.—Dull and innetive. Nominal quot. are; Store-packed Western. 9c to 11c; fairy dairy Western, 12c to 15c; good to choice do. 16c to 18c.
Chess. & 1b.—Market quiet. Factory fine 11c to 114c; Finest new 12c to 121c.
Pons. per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet; New Mess, \$16.50 to \$16.75. Thin Mess, \$15.50.



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