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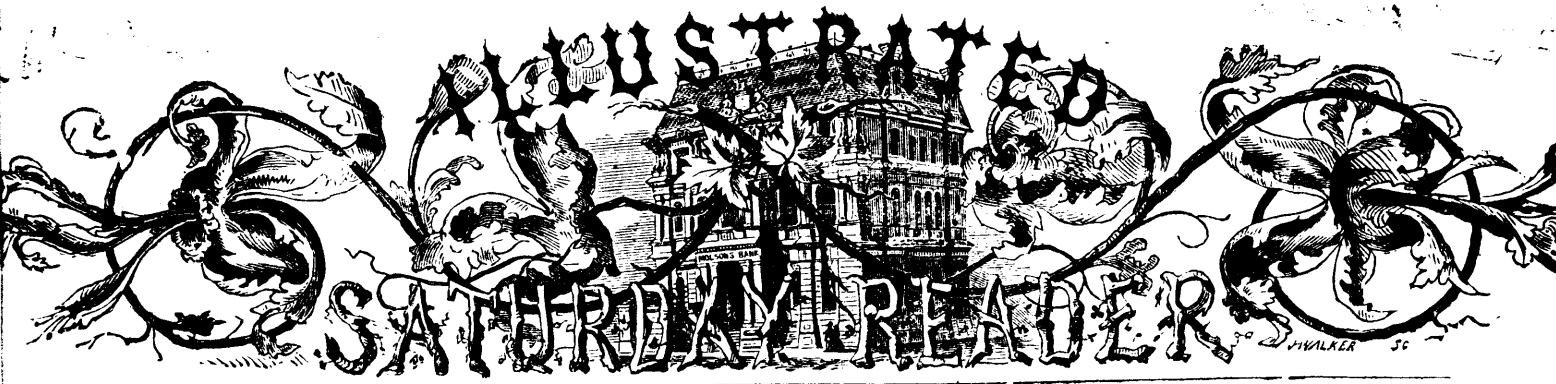
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VOL. III.—No. 73. FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 26, 1867. 4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)  
Continued from page 310.

### CHAPTER LXI.

The unfortunate man was two or three times on the point of fainting, for his hand was in such a position with regard to some projecting portion of the machine that it seemed to him he could not even withdraw it from the spike without moving the handle a little way back.

And that he could only do with his left hand, which must be exerted in a position most unfavourable for the end in view. He could not shift his right arm even a hair's breadth without the most exquisite torture, and fresh alarms of faintness.

What minutes of misery those were! Is it to be wondered if he wished now over and over again he had never undertaken such a job?

He had, even in that frightful state, to pause just for an instant—just for one instant only—to feel sure he could summon up strength enough to turn back that handle with his left hand, without having to try it a second time.

With a half-murmured prayer to God, he made one desperate effort, fixed his teeth hard, got back the handle, and then, with a steady but excruciating effort of will, raised his impaled hand from the bed of torture, and then he dropped, sick as death, on the machine, careless of any injury he might do, overborne by the pain and the shock.

This, then, was the last bit of devilry the Brothers Coombe had provided.

The last! If it were the last, what more had he to fear?

And that very thought gave new life and energy. It was the last, he had no doubt of that.

He took the trouble to penetrate the mystery of that spike.

He turned back the machine, and he saw then that at a certain period of its revolution the spike was withdrawn till it altogether disappeared; so that he would have been relieved if he had kept his hand still, and merely turned the handle. He wished he had known that at the time.

He understood, too, that the handle of the machine was not intended for ordinary use, as the moving power was connected with the water-

wheel outside, but only for special purposes—to try experiments, make repairs in it more easy, and so on. And he saw, too, a place for the insertion of a key over the spot where the spike lay concealed, so that, no doubt, during the daytime that formidable weapon of offence was kept from doing any mischief.

How painful that hand was! He looked at it, it was swelling fast!

There was water in the place. He steeped a handkerchief in it, and bound his hand up.

And then it seemed to him that it must be utterly impossible for him to sketch any more for some time, perhaps many days! And worse still—if his hand inflamed and grew worse, there would be inquiry, suspicion, discovery!

In an almost passionately despairing mood, putting both hands to the handle, he set the machine going—slowly, then faster, then very fast, till he thought he could let the handle go, and watch its method by the aid of the impetus thus given.

How intently he studied it, with both elbows resting on a projection of wood-work! but the very knowledge that it would so soon come to rest disturbed his powers of self-concentration,



Suddenly his pencil stops. What was that noise!

and by the time the machine stopped he felt he was only beginning to be able to think.

This experiment, two or three times repeated, seemed to bring gradual enlightenment. But he must go on without so many stops.

There was no help for it; his wounded swelled right hand was the only hand he could use to turn the handle, while keeping his head in a position to command an uninterrupted view of the workings of the machine: he must use that, however hard the torture might be to bear.

He did use it—after wincing two or three times—and kept the machine very slowly but continuously moving till he felt sure he saw its principle, and that he might hope almost of himself to invent anew the details, supposing he failed to comprehend or remember them.

Pain was forgotten in the delight of that belief. His face glowed; his eye grew animated, bright, joyous; his thoughts steady, concentrated, intense; his heart full of hope and exultation.

He would not trust himself to leave so soon. The lesson learned he must repeat over and over again. He stopped the machine, shut his eyes, reviewed the whole process mentally, then jotted down a brief programme in pencil, then again set the machine going, to compare his programme with the facts.

One serious omission in his notes became instantly apparent, and was remedied.

Then he adopted the same method to review in the same way each particular part of the machine that could be at all separated in thought from the rest, forming first his programme from his own memory, then testing and perfecting it by the visible facts.

And when he had thus gone through and exhausted the whole machine—by an intellectual, as contrasted with what he had originally intended, a copying artistic process—he again strove to cast the whole of the results—that is to say, principles, chief details, and minor details—into one new and more harmonious process; just as he would have done had he been the inventor of the machine, knowing it thoroughly, and engaged in expatiating on its structure to a mixed audience.

And then when all this was done, and he had extinguished his light, taken down his clothes and cords, removed his screws from the walls, and placed the whole in a place of safe deposit that he had lately discovered for himself, just outside the mill—when this was all done, and he might have gone home in the morning, not only as he did, full of self-congratulation, but full of contempt and determination to do no more?—what did he do?

We must answer that in another chapter.

#### CHAPTER LXII.—FORTUNE CULMINATING OR —.

Mr. George Faithful's first business after leaving the machine-room was to resume with extreme care his duties as watchman, and so to manage them as to make Marks wake up at a certain period, and have ocular demonstration of the zeal of his subordinate.

But when they met the next night, which was understood to be the last of George Faithful's noviciate, that worthy man proposed, in honour of Marks' long and tried devotion on the one hand, and on account of his own health not being so good as usual, that they should do honour to the occasion by a bit of supper, which he (Faithful) had provided in the shape of a pigeon-pastry, with usquebaugh unlimited afterwards.

It was curious how Marks, always hitherto a most trustworthy man, yielded now to the tempter, when the sense of continuing responsibility was being taken away. The upshot of the supper was that, whereas on other nights Marks had only been comfortable and sleepy, and a "little gone," he was now made dead drunk.

With a laugh over the body of his prostrate victim, and a glance at his watch to see how long this first step had been of accomplishment, and how many hours he might hope to have secured for his job, Mr. Faithful remarked—

"Six hours good, if I must extend the period to the last possible moment that will be safe; but I must try to finish earlier, say in four."

He then went to the machine-room, but did not stop even to look at it, he went straight to that door which he had not yet seen opened—the one leading through or past the end of the kennel into a corridor which ended in Mr. Richard Coombe's house, just under the room with the Corinthian pillars where he had seen Mr. and Mrs. Coombe, and piped to them and the children.

Was there a key on Marks' bunch to fit the lock? He very much feared not. He feared Mr. Coombe kept that entrance confined to himself.

He went through the whole bunch one by one, and all failed.

Well, he was prepared. Selecting a key that seemed to be the right thing in size, for it went in, and filled the space, he covered the key with a silk handkerchief, and cut away with a file the whole of the intermediate wards almost noiselessly. Then, inserting his skeleton he found it go round. The bolt moved, the door itself at once opened, there was a rush of air, and a deep growl from one of the sleeping dogs.

The sound was unmistakable. It came direct from the kennel, not through any door. The short corridor or passage therefore lay through the kennel, probably through its centre; for Mr. Faithful had seen enough of the kennel outside to guess that the dogs were lodged one at each end of it.

Were they chained?

He drew back the door in alarm at the thought, while he took time to think.

If the manager had not been romancing in much that Mr. Faithful had heard of his stories about these dogs, they were not chained, but left loose at night.

On the other hand, he (Faithful) knew from his own experience that the manager had lied when he said they were set free to roam over the mill, so he might hope the statement that the dogs were loose might also be equally false.

But suppose, again, they were chained. Dare he, knowing nothing of the length of their chains, venture to cross between them?

And if he could pass—if he could calm himself sufficiently to mark distances and guard his dress, and so go between them unharmed, would they not then, silent as they usually were, rouse the whole neighborhood with their tremendous bay?

Ah well, he had known it was no child's play he had in hand! Sir Moses had settled one pair of dogs; if necessary, Mr. George Faithful must at least silence another pair.

He had small but choice lumps of meat with him, steeped in a drug of such stupefying power that no creature of flesh and blood could resist its immediate action. These lumps were carefully wrapped up in thin slices of meat not impregnated; and the calculation was that the hungry dogs would gulp the lumps instantly down, being so small, and so the work be done. But how to get these lumps properly delivered into the dog's throats? He was afraid of their bark or bay the moment they became aware of a stranger, and before the influence of the drug, or even of appetite itself for the food, might affect or pacify them.

He must now go on, or go back. Which is it to be?

He opens the door; again there is the wind, the low growl, and the rattle of a few links of chain.

They are chained, then!

He will venture. It is desperate, but he will venture.

Already he has removed his boots; he advances, he throws one of the lumps just in front of him, and pauses.

One of the dogs smells it, rises, gets to the end of his chain, then tugs at it vainly.

Then the dogs cannot reach the centre. So far so good.

He now moves more boldly till he has passed the short passage that connects the machine-room with the kennel; he reaches the corner where the kennel stretches away at right angles on each side, and there his very heart seems to stop; there is such a tremendous, sudden leap, and a heavy fall, and rattle of chain from the other dog, but still no bark.

With trembling hands but determined soul the adventurer throws the lump of meat to them, but they continue to strain with terrific force at the ends of their chains, and every now and then there is a repetition of that fearful leap and heavy fall.

Can the chains hold such creatures long?

Instantly he addressed himself to the lock of the door that he finds exactly opposite him. And, just as his sagacity had divined, the key of the one door was the key of the other; so his impromptu skeleton key took him into the corridor leading to Mr. Coombe's house.

Closing that door after him, he leaned back against it to give himself time to let the agitation, that made his blood seethe and boil as if his whole frame were but a cauldron, settle a little while; and so standing, he listened for the dogs.

They were quieter, he fancied, so he listened on. Presently he re-opened the door, in a certain confidence which he found justified; the dogs had eaten the meat, and were making strange noises, and were in all probability put beyond the power to fight. This was pleasant, and especially cheering, in the view of the probable necessity of a return by the same route.

He went on with new vigour—new hope. And, as often happens in such cases, the men who have had to maintain for a long time, under a fearful accumulation of difficulties and unexpected disasters, the most arduous efforts, suddenly find, when a certain point is reached, that there is a great relaxation of relief, and that fortune itself begins to take a pleasure in reversing her former hostile policy.

Mr. Faithful had a bit of luck of this kind. Not a single obstacle nor cause of alarm interposed between his leaving the kennel and his reaching the aim and object of his desperate adventure—the cabinet in Mr. Richard Coombe's room. There were doors in the way, it is true, but not one of them was locked. There were passages to go through, but no signs of living persons in them interrupted the easy effort to thread their devious windings.

Yes, he stands before the cabinet, holding the lantern which he had carried in darkness through all these dangerous routes, but which now he ventures to open after a long pause, and after a long period of strained attention to listen.

No sound disturbs him. The household is evidently fast asleep.

He looks at the key-hole of the cabinet, and he feels assured at a glance that he cannot pick that lock without the expenditure of more time than he dares allow.

He must break it open!

He pauses an instant, thinking of the disadvantage that the violence would tell the story the instant it is seen.

No matter. Fortune is now at her culminating point for him. He must be bold; he must be prompt; he must be fearless. If he can only accomplish what he is now after—which will be his last effort—his fortune is secured.

If he fails in this particular scheme, he still has the elements of success in his hands, he believes, and had better at once take to flight.

Yes, he will take no heed of consequences to follow in the morning. The morning shall see him far away!

He takes a short tool like a screw-driver from his pocket, and easily forces open the cabinet, though not without a sharp crack that makes him uncomfortable, and causes him to shut his lantern, and stand back in the darkest part of the room for a minute or two, intently listening for the sound of feet overhead.

All remained as silent and motionless as the grave.

He opened his lantern, opened the cabinet, and there saw, as the first thing, a heap of guineas, so wonderfully bright and glittering that he saw they must have lately come fresh from the Mint, and had not yet been used.

Why does the sight of that gold paralyse the adventurer?

He drops one hand on a chair, and puts the other to his head, and stops thus for a few seconds, evidently suffering from some great internal anguish.

At last he stands up, wipes the dews from his brow and from his hands, and murmurs only—

"What folly! What weakness! As if I feared myself now!"

Then there was a laugh, half bitter, half cheery, and then—why, then, in another half minute he had forgotten all about the gold, and was hunting for the drawings of the machine.

He soon found them. How eagerly he pounced upon them! And yet how cautiously and tenderly he then handled them, one at a time!

The first he came to he seemed to understand at a glance, and put down, saying—

"I know all about you. Don't want you."

The next engaged him a little longer. He took out his memoranda, and after some moments' comparison, added something to his notes, observing—

"Hardly necessary, I think, but it's as well to err on the safe side."

But when he came to the third, his eyes blazed out so vividly upon it, as if they would of themselves give additional light for the study.

But he put it aside with a kind of loving, fond look, while he examined the others, and then it was not long before he came back to that one, with the feeling his work was done when that was mastered.

"Ah, yes," he inly murmured, after a prolonged examination; "I was right, more was needed, and here is the more. They would never have understood me; I should never have understood myself without this."

Closing the cabinet and putting the drawing down, he walked softly to the door in order to listen outside. He came back in a minute looking content with the state of things, and began to work.

Smiling a grim smile as he looked at his banded and swollen right hand, he said—

"It must be done; I can't lose this, not at any price; least of all at the price of a little more suffering of flesh and blood—a little more trivial pain."

He drew from his pocket tracing-paper and pencil, fetched himself a chair, and began, laughing, and then almost crying at his first effort to trace the drawing with that most unartistic-looking hand. But he did it, and did it with wonderful coolness and presence of mind.

No magic, thought he, like success.

He was succeeding; and he felt he could bear anything while that was the case.

Suddenly his pencil stops. What was that noise?

He cannot tell. It was so strange—so indistinctly heard.

He must not pause! Nay, that noise may be a warning how brief his moments are.

Again he hears it! It—must be the dogs whining in anguish.

Cursed fate! They will waken Mr. Coombe!

Within five minutes more he can finish. The most intricate—the most valuable portions, are precisely those he has yet to do—the very heart of the machine, as they are the very centre of the drawing.

With heroic courage he goes on, after just one hurried gliding to the door again to listen outside.

"Whew! What horrible howl was that?" he cries.

It penetrates to George Faithful's marrow, for he knows where else it must penetrate—into Mr. Coombe's ears, unless he is, indeed, a heavy sleeper.

He has done. Joy! Joy!

Now he has only to escape, and fortune does, indeed, for him culminate.

He restores the copied drawing, doubles lightly the tracing, and puts it inside his shirt against his breast, darkens his lantern, and prepares to go.

Ah! a heavy footstep descends the stairs.

The click of a fire-arm—pistol, gun, or blunderbuss—as being cocked, is also heard.

Away through the passages, where every step is a dread lest he should meet some one, away into the corridor, away through the kennel where the dogs are panting and groaning, and where they make a sort of expiring effort to rush at him, away into the machine-room, where

he locks the door behind him, and feels he has then just an instant for reflection.

Quick as lightning he now caught at an idea that promised salvation, and, armed with it, he re-opened the door leading to the kennel, and began to speak loudly to the dogs.

"Poor fellows! What's the matter? Soh! soh!" Then, in an altered voice full of agitation, yet loud enough to be heard by the now swiftly advancing Mr. Richard Coombe, who came on light and pistol in hand, he called out—

"Good heavens! Will they never come from the house! There must be thieves. I must shout again. I dare not go between those dreadful dogs."

Then, putting his hand to his mouth, as for a view-halloo, he shouted—"Mr. Coombe!"

"Hollo!" was the prompt reply.

"Oh, master! master!" he suddenly and joyfully called out, "is that you?"

"Ay! What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Coombe.

"Why I have seen lights in your room, sir, and I have been trying to find out what ails the dogs—I fear they've been poisoned—and I have been trying to venture between them, to come and alarm you."

"Thieves! do you say? Not in the mill?"

"Oh, dear, no! everything here's perfectly quiet! I have taken care of that!"

"It must be that gold that has got to be known about."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir," responded Faithful.

"Where's Marks?" demanded the master.

"Asleep. It's my watch to-night."

Stop you here, and keep guard. If they have poisoned the dogs—and they are certainly ill—they may try to escape this way; if they haven't yet got out, I can manage to stop them in the other direction."

"Shall I get one of the fire-arms?"

"Do."

Away went Mr. George Faithful in one direction, and away went Mr. Coombe in another.

Two minutes later Mr. Coombe was standing before his broken cabinet, looking with astonishment on his apparently untouched gold, which convinced him that the robbers had been interrupted, and were still in the house.

But while he calls noisily for the servants to get up with the warning of "Thieves! thieves!" and while he is keeping guard lest they break in upon him and overpower him, a new thought strikes him as he notices the strange silence of the supposed thieves at such a moment.

"Is it—is it the machine they're after?"

He runs to the cabinet, sees at a glance his drawings have been disturbed; he hunts wildly for the particular one, which he cannot for the moment find, fearing it is gone, but no, there it is!

Ay! but what is the bit of paper tacked to it? The manufacturer cannot for the life of him remember putting that bit of paper there, and his misgivings (for a moment) of a terrible discovery and loss cause him to delay bringing it to the light.

When he does, this is what he reads:—

Sir Moses Major, Mr. George Faithful, and plain Paul Arkdale, all present their most respectful compliments to Mr. George Coombe, and beg to thank him for his boundless hospitality. Never, surely, before were such guests so received, or sent away with hands so full! Sir Moses has got an ugly bite on his thigh; Mr. Faithful has been impaled, though, thank goodness, not through his body; and Paul Arkdale somehow so sympathises with his friends that he really feels their hurts as if they were his own.

But never mind, my noble-dog fancier! my patron of all sorts of devilries they call science! The three gentlemen I for the nonce represent are all merciful gentlemen, and all forgive most heartily their kind, ferocious, and most unintentional of benefactors!

PAUL ARKDALE:

who may be heard of any dog within the sound of Bow bells.

"Ring the alarm bell!" shouts the maddened manufacturer, understanding too well what had happened.

And Paul Arkdale, as he fled along, heard that tremendous bell clanging as if for a fire, and met people leaving their houses and cottages, and he hid till they passed, then again swept along, ever and anon shouting to himself, with boyish delight at the uses to which he had been able to put his talent for mimicry and acting—

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

#### CHAPTER LXIII.—AN IMPUDENT SPECULATOR.

Sir Richard is decidedly in an ill temper. Twice this morning he has been told by customers of distinction that his British made silks are decidedly inferior in quality, as well as dearer in price, than they can get elsewhere.

The aristocratic beauties who have thus offended him are in a patriotic mood, for reasons of state suggested by their husbands, and patriotism suggests "Buy the silks made by your own countrymen!"

Very well; the ladies in question are quite willing, but, of course, patriotism demands that they should encourage articles of the best manufacture, and they tell the knight to his face that his are not of that stamp.

He bows, and smiles, and apologises, but dares not deny. No, he knows well enough the secret—it is those Coombe Brothers, with their confounded machine, that is carrying all before it, and ruining the general trade of those who have no such machine.

"Oh, that there were but a man bold enough to ferret out their secret!" groans Sir Richard, as he returns from seeing the two dissatisfied ladies to their chair.

When he returned he found the shop in a commotion, through the odd conduct of a stranger—a man apparently about fifty years of age, very staid and respectable in his aspect and dress, but very noisy, and troublesome to the shopmen.

First he demanded to see one article, then another, and scarcely were they brought then he threw them contemptuously aside, and demanded better.

By some unfortunate coincidence, the articles he asked for were only to be brought forth at the expense of time and trouble. If he had known where a good deal of the articles least in demand had been stowed away and forgotten, he could not have kept the shopmen in a greater flutter—running up and down stairs, and quite unable to please this fastidious gentleman, who seemed to grow angry at the trouble they gave him, and then broke out now and then in a short laugh, as if of contempt for the arrangement of the business.

The mercer grew nettled, but thinking the gentleman was likely to be a good customer, remained silent, till the British silks were again produced, and dismissed with even more superb contempt.

"Why don't you get a machine like that of the Coombe Brothers?" he demanded.

"That is not so easy, sir, allow me to observe," said the angry mercer, still struggling to keep quiet.

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! It's very easy!"

"I really think, sir, you are the most sensible man I ever met with in all my life, or the most impudent, and I incline to think the latter."

"Do you! Who are you?"

"Who am I? Who am I?" Sir Richard's indignation now absolutely overpowered all prudential thoughts, and he became as red as a turkey-cock.

"Who am I? Who are you, sir, that dare thus to come into a respectable tradesman's shop, bully his people, waste their time, and insult their master—Sir Richard Constable, knight and alderman of London?"

"Really! Are you all that, and yet can't get hold of this paltry machine. But come, what will you give me, if I show you the machine?"

"You do not seriously mean you can do that?"

"I swear to you I have here in my pocket a drawing, with full descriptions of all that is novel in the machine that is now making the fortune of Coombe Brothers."

The mercer looked hard at the gentleman in violet, began to fancy there was method in all this madness, and asked his name.

"George Faithful."

"Will you walk this way?" asked the mercer, wondering greatly over so odd an introduction, and thinking to himself—

"Ah! I know what it means; he wants to frighten me at the outset as to his knowledge of the value, if he really has got the secret. Yes, a swingeing price, I suppose, is the explanation."

The mercer went into the inner room with Mr. Faithful, who, however, did not leave the shop till he had given one unfortunate shopman a commission to find him something that would require him a full hour's search and unpling of innumerable dusty bales.

"Well now, Mr. Faithful, if there is anything in what you say, I am ready to hear more about it."

Mr. Faithful drew a paper from his pocket, opened it out, and laid it on the mercer's table, covering it, however, with his hand, as he said—

"Are you familiar with the part of your own machines where the improvement of Coombe Brothers comes in?"

"Yes, I think so," said the mercer.

"Then, pray study that!" said Mr. Faithful, and he sat down opposite the mercer, with both his elbows on the table, supporting his head, and thus he stared impudently at the mercer.

"By the—, it's done!" ejaculated the mercer, after a pause of full ten minutes. "And what price do you demand for this?"

No price at all; don't want to sell. If you are satisfied that the thing can be done, that's enough. Good day, Sir Richard."

"Mr. Faithful! Mr. Faithful! I pray you do not run away thus. Let me offer you my hospitality."

"What! in this miserable place!"

"Well, then, at Blackheath. Will you go and spend a night there with me?"

"Don't think I can, really?"

"Pray do."

"Well, if I do, I won't be taken an advantage of, Sir Richard, mind that!"

"Then, my dear sir, Mr.—Mr. Faithful, may I expect you before eight this evening at Blackheath?"

The gentleman in violet waved his hand, as if in assent, as he bustled to the counter where the goods he had wished to see were displayed.

He flew into a violent passion at not finding a particular colour he wanted, and Sir Richard, hearing his complaints, came and apologised for the trouble his men were giving him.

"You've a rascally set here, sir," said he. "A rascally set, 'pon my soul. It wasn't so always. Where's that civil-spoken, intelligent young fellow, Peter—Paul. Yes; Paul What's-his-name. What have you done with him, eh?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir," answered the mercer, "it's owing to that young man's indolence and carelessness that you have had such difficulty to get served to-day. You have, strangely enough, asked for everything which must come from departments in his charge."

"Ah, ah! strange, strange!" murmured the gentleman in violet, and without taking any notice of a fresh supply of silk-pocket handkerchiefs a 'prentice had just brought from the store-room for his inspection, he gave Sir Richard a short nod, and bustled out of the shop.

"Impudent, but interesting, confound him!" exclaimed the mercer, as he looked after him, and pondered how he should best manage him in the impending interview.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—THE GUEST ARRIVES AT BLACKHEATH.

Sir Richard Constable sat in the drawing-room at Blackheath making wry faces at Maria's little French songs, and trying to look unconcerned and unexpectant, as he glanced at the timepiece.

It was past the hour appointed by the gentleman in violet for his arrival, and the gentleman in violet had not arrived.

Sir Richard had told Christina and Maria to use all their fascinations to soften the irritable temper of Mr. George Faithful; and Maria, only too glad to be allowed to put on a gay dress again, attired in Christina's new rose-coloured brocade, and with powdered hair, stood with

her guitar in hands, chattering and singing, and sometimes in her feverish spirits performing a little dance, always stopping quickly and glancing in pretty fright and apology to Sir Richard, would laugh, and say—

"Come, come, mistress, you are not in the Rotunda, remember."

Christina smiled at her sometimes, but with effort—sometimes even with tears, jealously hidden by her careful little hand. She was lying on the old sofa, that had great black lion's paws for its feet. She was pale and languid. The little diary was burnt; and every evidence of her love for Paul, to the little rose she had picked and kept as a remembrance of his visit to the garden that Sunday night, was destroyed. Paul was Maria's now, and she must think of him no more; she must only try to make Maria worthy of him.

So Christina lay on the sofa with one little hand on Sir Richard's and one before her eyes, as if the bright light hurt her. And something did hurt her; but it was not the light. It was the thought that, even now, when she had tried her best to turn every dear remembrance of Paul out of her heart as she had turned them out of the drawer of her Bible-stand, she never closed her eyes a minute but Paul's face was before them—never let her thoughts out of her control but they flew to Paul, as caged birds, set free, to their native wood.

"The fellow must have something in him," remarked Sir Richard. "In spite of the indifference he chose to assume this morning, I'll warrant he has gone through some hairbreadth escapes, if he has really achieved what he pretends. If he really entered the place himself, depend upon it there have been moments when his life was not worth two farthings."

Christina started. She had been thinking of Paul's mysterious journey and its probable dangers, and for the instant it seemed as if Sir Richard alluded to him.

She soon, however, remembered their important guest, Mr. Faithful, and, smiling, said—

"You must make him tell us some of his adventures, papa, if Maria succeeds in putting him in a good humour."

"They must be worth hearing, Teena," said Sir Richard, "judging from the stories that get abroad about the way in which the Brothers Coombe treat interlopers. I told you about that Sir Moses Major. A most daring fellow! Made drawings while the manager turned his back an instant. Was found out; dogs set on him. Killed 'em both; made his escape splendidly. By George! I should like to see that man."

"I hear a horse coming," said Maria. "Hark! Yes, and there's the bell."

"Ringing as if he'd pull the house down," muttered Sir Richard. "Just like him—a crusty old fool. I quite expect he will bully me in my own house as he did in my own shop."

"Nay, sir," said Maria, merrily. "I have brought many a worse bear than this can be to my feet with nothing more than a pretty song. Do leave me to tame him. See, I will sit on this cushion behind Christina's sofa, and as soon as ever he begins to growl will I begin to sing."

"Go away with thee, silly child!" answered Sir Richard, laughing, half admiringly, half contemptuously—"as if good business were ever done to the mad tunes of a giddy jade like thee. You cannot live for half an hour at a spell without conspiracy or trickery of some sort."

Maria threw down the cushion behind Christina's sofa, and, crouching on it, and peeping over the high back, waited for the entrance of the adventurous Mr. Faithful.

"A noise with the servants, of course," muttered Sir Richard. "Laughing, too; I suppose he's come in some ridiculous dress."

"I hope Summers would not be so rude as to laugh," said Christina; and then she forgot all about the expected guest as a footstep on the stairs made her face flush, and her heart beat quicker.

Summers threw the door open—Sir Richard rose.

Summers stood still and grinned. The guest seemed suddenly bashful and loth to enter.

Maria stifled a laugh, and pinched Christina's shoulder, while keeping her head behind the back of the sofa. Sir Richard "hemmed" and waited.

"Please, sir," stammered Summers, his hand before his mouth and his face very red, "this gentleman wishes to be announced as Mr. George Faithful, alias Sir Moses Major, alias—"

"Alias," said a well-known voice, as a well-known face and form entered—"alias your unworthy 'prentice Paul."

Sir Richard held back as Paul bowed before him.

"Come, come, sir! what trick is this?" Then, holding out his hand he said, "I am glad to see you, Paul! but why thus use the name of the guest I am expecting?"

At that instant, his eye lighting on Paul's violet suit, he seized him by the shoulder and gazed at him from his head to his feet, and back from his feet to his head, for some time. This done, he sank down in his arm-chair.

"YOU ROGUE!" said he, folding his arms and contemplating Paul. "You are Mr. Faithful!"

"And Sir Moses," added Paul, a little reproachfully.

"Teena," said Sir Richard, "am I dreaming? What is it this fellow says? That my good-for-nothing 'prentice is a hero?"

Christina, at the instant that Sir Richard's moist eyes turned towards her, had seen the whole truth. She rose up and answered him with a wild little cry of joyful pride and triumph. She forgot Maria; forgot her own rank and Paul's low estate; forgot everything but Paul, standing there flushed with triumph and happiness.

"Yes, yes," she cried, falling on her knees by Sir Richard, with a burst of happy tears and happy, childish laughter. "A hero, and I knew it; I felt it! I saw the promise of great things in his eyes when he went away, and I have waited and waited. Oh, I knew it—I felt it!"

For a few minutes the three were all in all to each other. Sir Richard, as he laid his arm round Paul, who had knelt to take Christina's hand, felt that he had a warmer regard for his tiresome 'prentice than he had till this moment been aware of. Paul himself, with his master's arm round him, and his hand held against Christina's throbbing heart, thought his reward so much greater than his deserts that he bent his head in joyful shame. All his adventures grew small in comparison with the happiness of this moment.

They forgot every one in the world but their three selves, till a delicious, low, soft voice, singing quite near, made all start. Paul rose with an agitated face, and gazed round in amazement; Christina, for the first time in her life, repented of an act of charity. If Maria, she thought bitterly, had not been here now, he might have forgotten her; or, at least, they two would have had him to themselves just this one night. She rose and said, in a sharper tone than Maria had ever heard from his lips—

"Maria, I should have thought you might have come forward more quickly to welcome so dear a friend."

Maria came forward, blushing and curtsying charmingly.

"Miss Preston!" stammered Paul, looking beseechingly to Christina for explanation.

"My daughter's—Christina's—guest, Paul," said Sir Richard, watching them all narrowly; "under what circumstances you shall hear shortly. But come, Paul, you are the hero of this evening, and no story shall be told before yours. After that I think I shall surprise you almost as much as you have surprised me. Come, are we first of all to be introduced to Sir Moses Major?"

"No, sir," answered Paul, trying to collect his senses, which had once more been confused by Maria's brilliant eyes. "I must first of all introduce you to an elderly gentleman in search of health, who took cheap lodgings for the winter in Coombe Valley."

Christina lay on her sofa, Maria sat facing Paul, Sir Richard leaned back in his chair enjoying, and Paul told his story,

Of the lonely and amiable flageolet player of Coombe Valley he made quite a pretty pastoral. Sir Richard laughed till the tears ran down his face, and Maria mixed her silvery laughter with his. Christina only smiled faintly when Paul's eye sought her face, but at his dangers, when he related them, she wept more than Paul ever knew or guessed. And when the knight made her show the wound in his hand, she had nearly fainted at the sight. As to Paul, he saw Maria's long wet lashes and tremulous fan, and his cheek burned with pleasure.

Sir Richard, as Paul came to the most critical points of his story, would now and then lay his hand on the young man's shoulder and say, with an emotion which made Paul the happiest fellow in all London—

"Teena, this is Paul, remember,—this is all our own good-for-nothing ne'er-do-well of a Paul Arkdale!"

And Paul, glancing timidly towards her, would see Teena nodding and smiling, and trying to look like a proud and happy sister.

But all stories must come to an end, and Paul's, though it lasted till two in the morning—for Sir Richard would hear everything minutely, and many things twice or three times over—Paul's came to an end at last.

The merchant then sent Maria to bed, and after she had gone—and she went reluctantly enough—he walked gently up and down the room, with his eyes fixed on the carpet, for some minutes.

He was wondering whether it would or would not give Paul pain to know who Christina really was. If he loved her—and the merchant would scarcely have believed any one who told him to the contrary—might it not again destroy all his courage, and plunge him into despair, to hear she was as far removed from him as ever?

Sir Richard, to his gratitude for what Paul had done, and in his reluctance to cause him pain, was strongly tempted to give his former apprentice some slight hint of Christina's secret. But he was angry with himself for the thought, as he remembered how Paul's cheek had flushed at Maria's laugh, or Maria's frightened little scream.

"Paul," said he, stopping suddenly, "did you ever have any notion that our friend Daniel Sterne, was other than he seemed?"

Paul laughed.

"How can you ask, sir, when my brother Humphrey and I have been together and compared notes?"

"To be sure. And now, Paul, I wonder if by any chance you happen to know who this young lady is?"

Paul smiled, but looked a little perplexed as he answered, glancing at her reverentially—

"My master's daughter, sir, or her spirit, for she is somewhat fallen away since I helped carry her chair, not so very long ago."

"Nay, Paul, this is not your master's daughter."

"And this dear old house," said Paul, with a smile, "and the shop on London Bridge, are these no longer yours?"

"Paul, your master speaks the truth—this is not his child."

"Which means, Paul," said Christina, rising and putting her arm about the mercer's neck, "that she has had no right to all—to any of the kind and tenderly care and goodness she has all her life received from your dear master, and that but for him she might have been—have been—like one whom you will presently know has been sacrificed for his sake."

When Paul had heard the mercer's strange story to the end, and had taken leave of both his kind friends and retired to sleep (for the first time at the great house at Blackheath) he was as silent and subdued, as if he had just reported a failure, instead of a most brilliant success.

He pushed aside the heavy window curtains, and sat looking out into the night and the snow-covered garden, and asking himself why it was he had an hour or so ago been almost giddy

with happiness, and now could look back at the delicious evening with eyes so wondrously sober.

His pleasure, his triumph had been greater than he had ever imagined when, as the romantic flageolet-player, he had found time in the dells and lanes of Coombe Valley to picture this evening to himself.

Why had it been so much more delicious than he had ever dreamed it would be?

Even as he asked himself the question Paul seemed to hear that sweet cry of delight and pride that had made his heart leap, and made him say to himself—

"All that I have paid for this seems little indeed!"

He had been in a kind of exquisite dream the whole evening. What had so suddenly awakened him?

What and whom but Lord Langton's sister taking the place of his master's daughter?

#### CHAPTER LXV.—CHRISTINA'S INTERPRETER.

"Good morning, Paul."

Paul started. He was entering the breakfast-room and looking on the floor when Christina's greeting met his ear.

She was sitting alone at the window watching the snow falling.

The long table was laid with fragile old china, and substantial dishes of cold meat and pasties, for Sir Richard's motto was, "No breakfast, no man."

A log fire threw a ruddy light over the room, and out into the murky winter morning.

Paul went to the fire and sat in his master's chair, smoking an old black dog who had been in Sir Richard's service as long as Paul himself. How strange it seemed to be sitting in this room, at the door of which he so often stood glancing timidly in, when he had been sent with a message from London Bridge!

He looked about, blinking his eyes in the fire-light, and feeling as if he should wake and find himself in his own attic on the bridge, or the lodgings at Coombe Valley.

"Paul," said Christina, "I am glad you are down before the others, as I—as there is something I wish to say to you."

Paul looked with a dreamy, puzzled air, as Christina sat down in the chair facing him, with a little quaint China pot of tea in her hands.

"Paul, I scarcely know how to begin. Promise me, if I should chance to offend you, you will forgive me."

"I promise," answered Paul, with a smile.

Christina's soft brown eyes, shy and perplexed, apparently, at her boldness, looked into the fire a minute, and then bright and tearful, looked straight into Paul's, while a little hand was held out to him.

"Paul, you may think I have not been as kind—I mean that I have not, in old times, done as much for you with my father, as I might have done; but—but—"

"Madam," cried Paul, bending over the little hand with an agitation he scarcely understood, "I withdraw my promise; I cannot forgive that accusation."

"I was going to say, Paul, I have always felt for you in your unhappiness—"

"Which has been my own making, I know."

"As much as I should have felt for a brother," continued Christina, her hand, which Paul still held, trembling, "and I think the time has come when I may show you this by doing you a service, if you will let me. Maria has been very friendly with me, Paul, and I know your secret. Ah! I see you are offended after all, and now I know not how to tell you what I wish."

"Teena, let me tell Paul for you," said a fresh, laughing voice, and the next instant Maria knelt down between them, laying one hand on Paul's knee and the other on Christina's. "Paul, I know our Teena better than you do," said Maria. "I have the key of her heart, and I could show you all that is in it at any time I pleased, and I assure you, sir, you would give something to know. See, Teena, how anxious he looks. Shall I tell him some lines of the little diary? Let's see, how ran they? 'Monday'—the something: 'Went to an auction. Saw many

handsome gentlemen, but none worthy of fastening his shoe.'"

"Maria!" exclaimed Christina.

"Be still, you shan't stir," cried Maria, looking at Paul's flushed, half-angry, and intently-listening face. "'Sunday'—hum—m—m—: 'He was at church, and church was heaven.'"

"Maria!" again and more angrily said Christina.

"'Tuesday'—is it not, Teena?—the hum—m—: 'He is gone. I ought to forget him, but I know I can never say, at my prayers, God bless papa, without all my soul crying, And oh! may God bless—' Nay, Teena, surely I may finish! See, Paul looks quite mad with suspense! 'May—'"

Christina tried to rise, but Maria held her still with both arms.

"'May God bless—' Ah! gently Teena, you are hurting me. But, Paul, I will tell you the name, I can see you would so like to know. 'May God bless my dear—' What! Tears, Teena! 'My dear, hopelessly loved—'"

Maria turned from Christina to Paul's glowing, half-averted face, and her eyes sparkled with enjoyment, as she added—

"'My dear, hopelessly-loved—Lord Cecil Bridgeman!'"

Paul laughed almost boisterously. Christina, in her sudden relief, threw her arms round Maria, and hid her face on her shoulder; then drew back with a feeling of intense dislike and bitterness, which Maria found it convenient not to perceive. Taking her hand affectionately in one of hers, and Paul's in the other, she said—

"And now, Paul, since I know her heart so well, as I have just proved to you, and since I can read in her eyes all that she wishes to express to you, let me interpret what they say, and she shall correct me if I am wrong. In the first place, Paul, she regrets a little you having stooped to love one so infinitely beneath you in every respect—is it not so, dear Teena? Well, you need not look 'Yes' so emphatically. But then, Paul, if I am interpreting rightly, these kind eyes say that, since you have given your love to one so unworthy, they will even watch over that unworthy one for your sake, and that their gentle mistress will try and cure that happy but unworthy woman of her many faults, and make her more gentle and good; in fact, more like her own sweet self. There, Paul, is the interpretation of what our Teena's eyes were saying to you when I came in, is it not, Teena?"

"Maria," said Christina, using, "I certainly wished to tell Paul that I will—ang—xious—to be to you as a sister, if you will let me try and make some amends for all that you have lost for my sake. But excuse me if I say I think I could have told that without your assistance; and let me add, Maria, that not even from a sister would I bear such treatment as yours of this morning."

Maria raised her eyebrows with a pretty pretence of fright, then laughed.

"Forgive me, my lady, but when I think how three little words would scare away that queenliness you choose to assume in chiding your poor, disreputable dependant—when I think that three little words—"

"Which you will never dare to speak, Maria," said Christina, turning her head as she went to the door; "you love yourself too well to speak them."

"Well, perhaps I do," murmured Maria, looking after her, thoughtfully, with her finger on her dimpled chin, "perhaps I do."

She went and knelt down again by Paul's chair.

"Paul," said she, softly, "how kind and good she is!"

"I could never have believed it," muttered Paul, staring into the fire. "I thought he was fierce as a tiger, and a fox into the bargain."

"Who, Paul?"

"Lord Cecil!"

"Ah, yes; and so he is. Heigho, poor Teena! Who would have thought of her loving such a one, and you always near her, Paul? Oh, what should I have done, Paul, if she had loved you? You would certainly have loved her too, would you not? Answer me, Paul—answer me."

Paul drew his chair away, saying irritably—  
“Nonsense child! How can I answer such questions? You might as well ask me what I would do if they made me King of England.”

“Ah, you are too good for a king, judging from all I have seen of kings, Paul; but you speak harshly. Has poor Maria offended you?”

“No, no; how absurd you are,” said Paul, trying to avoid the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

“But you *are* unkind—and how shall I bear that? I see, Paul, you are like all the world. I pleased you for a time when you needed me and had no other friends; but my brave soldier has been out and won himself great honours and praise; and what now is the poor girl he loved when he was obscure, unhappy, and alone in the world, but for her?”

A few moments later, Maria knocked at Christina's door, then entered without waiting for permission.

“Come, Teena, Sir Richard is waiting for his breakfast. Silly child! he will see you have been crying, and Paul will see, too. Nay, Teena, don't look reproachfully at me because I am happy. I *am* happy, and at your expense, I know.” And Maria caught her in her arms and kissed her, laughing wildly.

“Don't be angry, Teena, let me laugh while I can; some day, perhaps, it will be your turn to laugh and mine to weep. I seem to feel it will. But Paul loves me now—he has told me so again—he loves me, and I must be happy, however cruel you think me, Teena; I must laugh and rejoice while I can.”

“*While I can,*” repeated Maria, standing before the glass, as Christina broke from her and left the room with a proud quiet step. “*While I can.* What did he say? Unless I ever deceived him.”

She put her two hands to her brows and looked at herself till her face grew almost haggard.

“He should love me truly, did he say, unless I ever deceived him? I have deceived him about Teena; but the baby is proud, *she* will keep that secret. But the other—will that be kept from him much longer?”

She clasped her hands and seemed to shrink into a trembling little child. “O Paul, Paul, when the day comes that you know of that!”

Then she laughed—and the colour came back into her face, and she ran back along the passage towards the breakfast-room with a step that seemed to repeat the words she had said to Christina—“Let me laugh and rejoice while I can.”

#### CHAPTER LXVI.—MARIA'S NEW MOVE.

In the busy brain of the spy there were strange emotions at work during the night following the return of Paul, and the recital of his adventures.

His story wonderfully interested her, not merely because it was his, but for its own sake—it seemed so picturesque, so full of moving incident, so rich in life's most adventurous moods; and while it was all this, it was, at the same time, so full of promise for his future.

Ah, that future! Could she shut her eyes to the extreme probability that if Paul only knew of Christina's diary and its confessions, that he would soon forget her (Maria), and determine resolutely to win Christina from the mercer and from her aristocratic brother, by rapidly elevating himself in social position, as he thenceforward so easily might.

Then came, more terrible still the thought of the narrative to Paul of all her infamous behaviour as a spy in connection with Lord Langton.

She could not go to bed for thinking of these things. She felt as though she must do something—strike some bold stroke—that should reverse her disgraceful past, and give her also a future.

If she lost Paul now, she felt sure, in her own secret heart, she should lose him for ever. He would be surrounded with new influences, would be growing ambitious, would think more than ever of the *respectability* of his future wife.

What could she do?

A thousand schemes were started and renounced. Hour after hour she wandered about her room in her nightgown, or sat down before

her glass to look at herself, as if she felt the origin of all her hopes lay there in that beautiful face, and that she must seek inspiration from it.

Suddenly the little delicate fist came down with a bang on her dressing-table; and then she laughed at her own action, as she said:—

“That's it! I'll do it! I will! I can—it must succeed. Difficult, no doubt; and very dangerous. But that's the best of it. If they see I can incur danger for a cause, and that I do it no longer from base motives, they must respect me, even if they blame me. Ah, yes, respect! Could I only win Paul's respect, I would not fear beating this poor, timid, aristocratic pale face, even now, on her own ground, and carrying off the object of her secret worship before her eyes. I'll do it! I will!”

She went hurriedly to fetch pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write Paul a letter.

Again and again she tore up the paper after writing a few words, finding herself very hard to please; but, at last, she got to the following result:—

DEAR PAUL,—By this time I suppose you will have heard the particulars of my shameful story. I cannot now make any more excuses for it. I feel too much emotion even to venture to think of it. I *must* shut it out to feel I am in the perfect possession of my senses. But, dear Paul, that I am not yet altogether insensible to what is noble, grand, devoted, let me show you by showing what I mean to do.

You shall *never*, never see me again, unless I wipe out my past by inscribing on the page something better, something more worthy of you. Yes, my friend, I feel kindled by your example to work, to struggle, to achieve some good, to repress base desires, and so to meet you again, and say to you—oh! with what delicious tears in my eyes—“Paul, dear Paul, am I not now a little less unworthy?”

What I am going to do I dare not tell to you, or to any one. It is full of risk, but also full of noble incentive. I will succeed—or die!

Dear Paul, ever, ever most dear, farewell! If you do never see me again, you will understand I have failed, and there's an end.

But if I succeed—ah, I dare not dwell on that!

Neither dare I, wicked as I have been, invoke blessings on your head.

No; but I ask, Paul, your most earnest prayers for me. I shall need them all. Farewell!

Excuse the many blots on my paper. Though I now need a hero's soul, I am, with you, but a woman—young, weak, and miserable—and the tears would fall.

I kissed them off. If your lips ever touch the spots, I do believe I shall know it—shall feel through me the thrill of a love such as women rarely feel, and as, I suppose, only poor, half abandoned wretches like me venture to express like this.

I cannot help it; I may be wrong. But I do own it. Paul, dear, dear Paul, I *do* love you. Abandon me now, if you like.

MARIA.

The next morning there was a great outcry in the mercer's establishment. Mistress Preston had gone away secretly, in the night!

The mercer's white face showed, at breakfast, what he thought and felt about this news. Christina felt stunned, and quite unable to comfort him. But Paul, who had received his letter, and pondered over it a good deal, felt certain she could mean no such act of treachery as they feared, and was sadly distressed at the difficulty he experienced in giving them the same conviction.

Must he show the letter? He could not bear to do so. Even as regards Maria herself, he felt it was not right to expose such a confidential communication. But, in truth, Paul had a deeper objection. He did not like Christina to see it. Why? He could not tell. He only knew that the letter itself seemed quite a different kind of letter when he looked at it through Christina's eyes.

But then the suspense—the constant wearing

anxiety they would both be left in, if he did not show it, decided him. With a flush of colour in his cheek, that looked more like shame than the lover's natural modesty, he drew forth Maria's epistle, handed it to the mercer.

He, when he had done, handed it—a little maliciously, Paul thought—to his daughter, as if glad to destroy, once for all, Paul's every chance in that quarter.

Christina read it through with great quiet and courage, and then, with a smile began to speak to Paul about it, when suddenly he saw a deadly change come over her face, and she was about to fall.

Paul sprang to her—caught her; but she roused herself—pushed him proudly, and almost resentfully, from her; then, while checking her tears, again smiled; and lo! she had conquered.

Yes, she was calm! Paul should see no more; he already had seen too much.

And now she spoke to the mercer, expressing her entire conviction that Maria meant no harm to them or to Lord Langton; and from that moment Paul was only permitted to see in Christina the friend of Maria—so far as friendship was at all conceivable between two such differing natures.

When Paul left them, the mercer drew Christina to him, kissed her, and taking her tenderly on his knee, said—

“My own brave girl! Never before did I feel so proud of thee!”

And then the brave girl gave way, and there was indeed, a sad hour between the two.

While the mercer and Christina were wondering what it was that Maria was about to do, their thoughts were turned in another channel by the receipt of a letter from Lord Langton.

The instant the mercer saw it he changed colour, and said to Christina—

“The die is cast. Before you open that fatal letter I predict it is to say he has gone, and is at his rash—his evil—his bloody work!”

With trembling fingers Christina undid the red silken string with which it was fastened—a relic of the olden time, that men like Lord Langton occasionally made use of—and then read aloud these lines:—

DEAR SIR RICHARD,—After enjoying your hospitality, I am about to make you so, I fear, you will think—an ill return,

You have known me as Daniel Sterne, travelling merchant, a cosmopolitan—an Englishman, but resident generally abroad, therefore a man of no politics, caring nothing for Jacobites or Hanoverians—caring only to sell, at a fair profit, the goods he had brought.

Know me now as Lord Langton, the enemy of your king and government, both of which I hope some day or other to help overthrow.

Have I shocked you with my base ingratitude? I trust not.

Permit me to explain. Circumstances that I need not now refer to had given me some reason to hope you still retained your once loyal feelings to your true sovereign. If so, you would have been of inestimable benefit to our cause. I was prepared—I confess it—to have made great sacrifices—not in my own name, but in the name of one far greater than I—could I have won you over. But I failed, and I only now wish you farewell! and, while thanking you for your personal kindness, cannot but condemn you for your disloyal behaviour.

You know now why I have at times drawn you into conversation on political matters, even while I seemed to care nothing about them.

Sir Richard, my last word is—Long live King James!

I know how you will reply to that, but, happily, I shall not hear the detested rejoinder.

Again, thanks and farewell.

LANGTON.

“My dear, noble brother!” was Christina's tearful ejaculations.

“Noble, indeed. Yes, there is no mistaking the purport of this. He takes fresh risks for himself by this letter, in order that I, by producing it in case of need, may clear myself. Will it clear me? I cannot say. Governments are wonderfully suspicious, and are themselves

too deep in the lore of the tricksters not to be ready enough to suggest that this letter has been written, not in good faith, but to obtain a special advantage. However, we'll hope the best. But what of the misguided man himself? Heaven help him! I foresee a terrible end."

\* To be continued.

## The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 26, 1867.

### A NEW TEMPERANCE SCHEME.

SWEDEN has earned for itself an unenviable reputation for the large quantities of ardent spirits consumed by its inhabitants, as compared with other countries of Europe; and, in fact, the imbibitive powers of the chief of the Scandinavian States would almost be incredible, were not the fact authenticated by official returns, the correctness of which can scarcely be called in question. The countrymen of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth are undoubtedly a dronthy race, among whom the temperance cause is making but slow progress. A curious work has lately appeared at Stockholm on the subject, which has commanded considerable attention in Germany, as well as the author's own country, from the singularity of the views he holds forth. Dr. Gustav Brandt had, it seems, been employed for many years, associated with others, in inculcating on the people of the Swedish capital the wisdom of reforming their habits in the matter of strong drinks, but as he says himself sadly, with indifferent success, and he was often on the point of giving up his efforts in despair. Suddenly, however, a new light broke upon him, and he made the discovery that the small advance made by the temperance movement in Europe and America is less owing to the unteachable stubbornness of the masses than to the mistaken course of those who have been their teachers, but above all of the fiscal regulations which govern the liquor traffic throughout the world, or the greater portion of it. His theory is, that the source of the evil is mainly to be traced to the policy by which all governments, national or municipal, extract a revenue from the sale of intoxicating liquids, thus sanctioning and stimulating the use of what he justly calls the master-curse of the nations. He denounces more especially the custom of granting licenses to taverns and other places of public entertainment, as being at once immoral and mischievous; and he compares it to that which prevails in some countries of granting the same favour to gambling-houses and brothels. The privilege to sell liquor helps to countenance drunkenness, just as much as the others legalise robbery and licentiousness; and he contends that in all the results are similar, namely, the increase of the vice so sanctioned. His plan is to discontinue the system of licenses altogether, and to leave the retailing of liquor open to competitors, like any other business; and the consequence would be the disappearance of gin-palaces, gilded saloons, and other haunts of inebriety which the existing monopoly serves to erect, enrich, and keep up. The low unlicensed grogshops could also no longer exist. Of course, as it is with all projectors, the Doctor is sanguine that his scheme would, in the end, be attended with vast success. He has certainly given the question much attention and study, showing an intimate acquaintance with the excise and license laws of England and the United States, and even alluding to the Dunkin Act of this country.

He contends, in short, that by opening the liquor trade to all who choose to embark in it, it would cease to be a source of profit; and that if men continued to drink, they would have to drink at home, thus subjecting them to a domestic surveillance, the best of all preventives of excess. To support his argument, too, he proves that the most sober countries are those in which wines and brandies are to be found in every

farm-house and cottage, such as parts of France, Italy and Spain, and where their sale is generally unrestrained by license laws.

Dr. Brandt would, besides, invoke the aid of legislation to secure his object. He would, to some extent, deprive confirmed inebriates of their civil rights. He would enable their families and relations, by the agency of a court of justice, to divest them of the management of their property, of the right to exercise the elective franchise, and would subject them to several disabilities of a like character. He thinks the disgrace so inflicted would be felt when all other means or arguments might fail.

We do not suppose that the admirers of the Maine liquor law will agree in opinion with the Swedish physician; but the subject is one of such paramount importance that we submit Dr. Brandt's speculations in the matter to the friends of the good cause here, for what they are worth.

### THE STATE OF EUROPE.

MR. Justice Keogh, at a late public meeting in Dublin, declared that it is evident to all thinking men that Europe was on the eve of mighty changes, but that it was difficult to say whether they were to be accomplished by violence or by peaceful action. Judge Keogh is not alone in this belief, nor is it an opinion of the day only. Nearly half a century ago Napoleon Bonaparte, when a prisoner at St. Helena, uttered a similar prediction, though with fewer facts to justify the conclusion than have since come to light. Among many speculations on future events, Napoleon foretold that in less than fifty years from the day on which he spoke Europe would be either Republican or Cossack. The limit of his prophetic announcement has expired, and Europe is neither the one nor the other. Yet we must not assume that the great Corsican was speaking idly, or that his usually clear vision was clouded, when he thus expressed himself. Few men have ever been more sagacious in such ratiocinations than he has been, and he may have miscalculated the period, and not the occurrences which he foresaw. Ancient seers, aware of the danger of being too precise in that respect, always had recourse to mystic numbers or signs in the measurement of time. But to return to our subject: whether Europe is destined in the end to be Republican or Cossack, it is plain it is about to be something different from what it now is; and that before long, too. Our present object is to take a passing glance at the indications of the coming metamorphosis.

Whatever fortune may be in store for the continental nations, we hope and believe that England will still continue "the fast-anchored isle" that she has for ages been, amid the revolutions and misfortunes which have overtaken so many of her neighbours. The Reform question, and the condition of Ireland, are the only grave difficulties against which she has now to contend, and she will overcome them, as she has greater difficulties in past days. Catholic emancipation, Negro slavery, the Reform agitation of 1832, and the Corn Law League of 1846, presented more dangerous symptoms than are at present visible; yet all these questions were happily settled, leaving matters to go on in their accustomed course, as if no such disturbing elements had ever existed. For our part, we felt persuaded that when the Derby ministry took office, they did so with the full conviction that the question of Parliamentary Reform could not be evaded, but would have to be dealt with in some shape or other, and we can scarcely credit the reports to a contrary effect that are now circulated. The elective franchise must, it is evident, be extended in accordance with the popular will, and Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will probably soon have only the choice left to them of resigning power, or of following the example of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, by adopting the policy of their opponents, overbidding them, and conceding more than the Liberals would have ventured upon. One would imagine, indeed, that an appeal to the people, without promising a Reform Bill of a compre-

hensive character, would offer a forlorn hope to the Conservatives in the present state of public opinion; still such an expedient might not prove so unsuccessful as it may at first appear to be. The mass of the men who swell the ranks of Reform gatherings have no votes, and the selfishness of the actual possessors of the elective franchise might induce them to desire the exclusion of others from their privileges. The counties and the small boroughs might, under clever management, return an anti-Reform majority to the House of Commons, and thus put off the evil day for one session at all events. But it would be only for a day; for the just demands of the people must at last be granted. Of the Fenian question we shall only say, that the recent accounts relieve one from the dread that the Government would be forced to massacre an undisciplined and ungrated multitude, which was the chief danger of an insurrection, had such been attempted. So brave a people as the Irish could not be put down without a fearful slaughter, which might be deplored, but could not be prevented, if hostilities had once commenced; and the condition of their finances and the description of arms seized by the authorities, prove what an insane affair the whole Fenian movement has been. An organization which contemplated the destruction of the greatest empire in the world, lacked the means of feeding and clothing the destitute wives and children of a few "martyrs" to the cause confined in an English jail; and the Fenian prisoners in Canada were left to the charity or generosity of the community which they attempted to injure!

On the European continent, Prussia continues to attract the attention of the world; but the real results of her success in the war of last summer begin to be better understood and appreciated than they were at the time. That the advantages she won were as important as they were unexpected, is undoubtedly true, but it is equally true that she is yet far from filling the position of the leading power of Europe. She has still to consolidate the acquisitions she has made, and on the event of war with another power of the first class, France, for instance, or even Austria, when she was recovering from the effects of her recent disasters—in such a contingency Prussia might find herself greatly overmatched, especially with so many neighbours who regard her with jealousy, fear and dislike. Her twenty-five millions of subjects and tributaries do not, we repeat, constitute Prussia the arbiter of the continent, as she was declared to be some months back. Singly, she is not a match for either France or Russia, as regards her military resources in men or otherwise. In short, the King of Prussia has not quite attained the dignity of *primus inter pares* among the European sovereigns; and will not do so until he has added Southern Germany to his dominions—not an easy task to accomplish.

In fact, France and Russia are the dictators of the continent; and it is an ominous circumstance that both contemplate a large increase of their already great armies—Russia intending to augment her forces to more than a million and a half—France to eight hundred thousand men. We conceive, that on the part of Napoleon, this step is more political than military. When he re-established the empire, he found opposed to him the Republicans and Socialists of Paris and the large cities, the Orleanists, and the adherents of the elder Bourbons. These embraced a majority of the tradesmen, the mechanics, and the old families of France. Most of the eminent literary men, such as Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, were also doctrinaires or republicans; though, strange to say, all these writers, with the exception of Guizot, have been perhaps more instrumental in the resurrection of the empire, by their laudation of the first Napoleon, than the most enthusiastic Imperialists have been. It was so, too, with the Republican Bergerer. Louis Napoleon derived his support from the army and the great body of the rural population, by whom Napoleon the Great was regarded as a god. Instead of placing political power



in the hands of the latter, and governing through them, while relying at the same time on the bayonets of the others, he gave the country a sham constitution, which has turned out a failure, as he might have expected, when dealing with a people so intelligent and proud as the French. We suspect, then, that the augmentation of the army is intended to rally round himself and his dynasty a class on whose attachment he can always rely, for, to the French soldier, his uncle's memory is a sacred thing. Victor Hugo contends that "the man of destiny" was impervious to mortal attack, but, like the Titans of old, was vanquished by heaven. The French soldier believes this, and something more.

We are inclined to the belief, however, that the elder Napoleon was right, when he saw in Russia the power most menacing to Europe. The events of the Crimean war have deceived

men as to her gigantic strength, and if a great General were to arise in Russia, a man at once a statesman and a soldier, the seventy millions of subjects, of whom the Czar is supreme lord and master, would be a terrible instrument in such hands, for, unlike the case in the Eastern campaigns of Russia, an European war might be made to feed itself. The increasing decrepitude of Turkey is apparently reviving the Muscovite appetite for the rich provinces of that empire; and her statesmen are, judging from their language, resuming their traditional policy in that direction; and the probability is that her ambition will be gratified. England will not again engage in a contest with Russia to save what cannot be saved, the expiring power of the Sultan. France might make the attempt, supported by Italy and Austria, but they would soon discover that without the fleets and money of Britain, the attempt would be an arduous one.

But we are perhaps speculating respecting a crisis which may not occur; and shall discontinue our remarks for the present, with the intention of resuming the subject.

LITTLE faults, no less than great crimes, can hide the light of heaven from the soul. Just breathe upon the glasses of a telescope, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars.

HYPOCRISY.—Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others respecting facts, characters, and opinions.

GRIEF AND JOY.—Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.



### OLD LETTERS.

At the old writing table, covered with baize,  
In the drawer down below, there meets my gaze  
A packet of letters, dust stained and worn;  
They were there years ago, before Charlie was born.  
And Charlie, my son, has his hair streaked with grey;  
And a daughter fifteen, whom we call "pretty May";  
No marvel the letters look yellow and old,  
And tear at a touch in the long creases'd fold.

How faint and how faded the writing appears,  
As I gaze through the mist of some two-score years.  
There's Ella, my darling, how sweetly she wrote,  
I remember so well, 'twas a little pink note;  
No trace of the pure tint remains in its hue,  
'Tis soiled and discoloured, and brown-stained all  
through;

There's a rust on my glasses, I cannot see well,  
And the line, too, is blurred where she wrote her  
"farewell."

I have married, and twice since that little pink  
note,

In her innocent girlhood, sweet Ella wrote;  
She faded away in the fragrant spring time,  
..and the bells had to toll when I thought they would  
chime.

I have almost forgotten how Ella looked now,  
With the smile on her lip, and the thought on her  
brow;

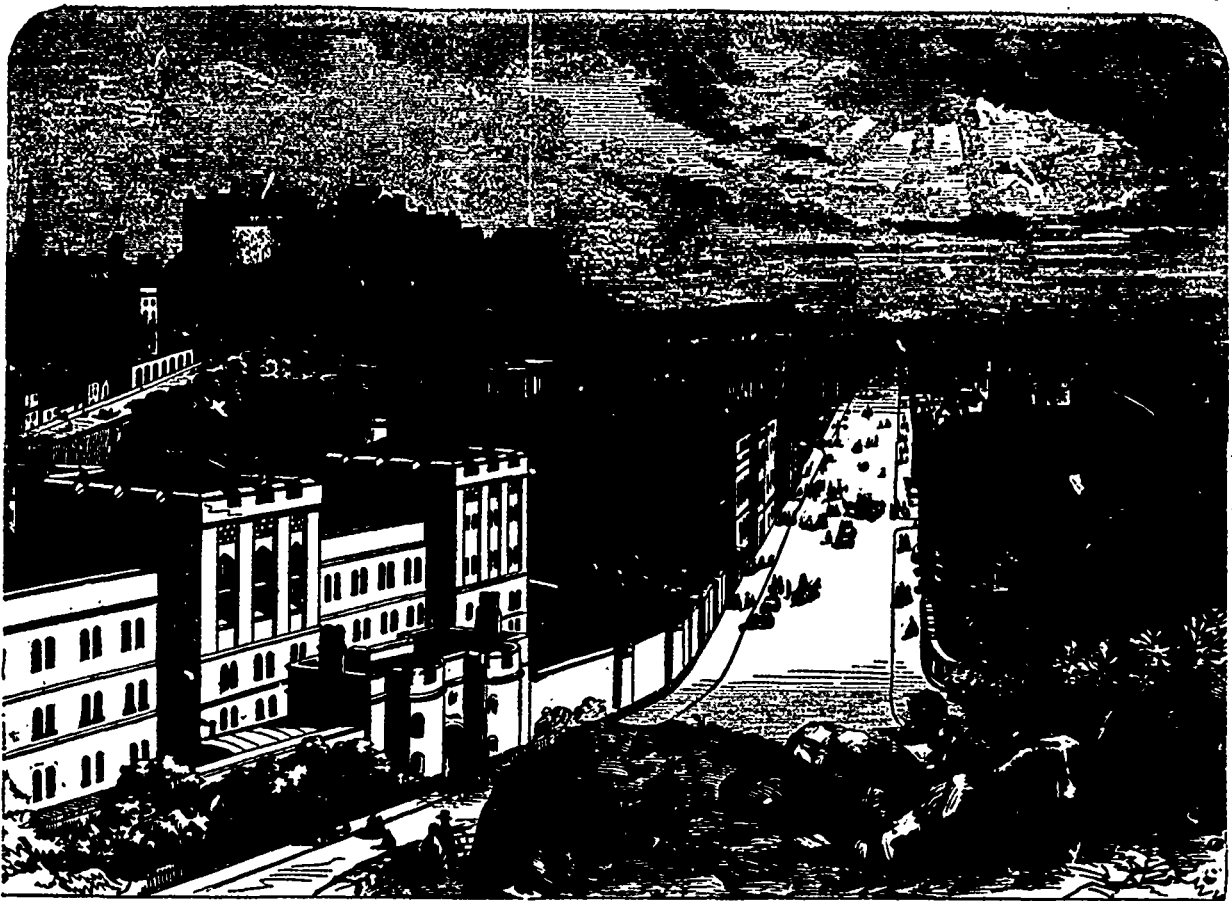
For memory grows, oh so weary and weak!  
But still I remember her soft dimpled cheek;  
And I seem to stand in my youth's bright morn,  
As I read the wee note, so soiled and torn.

Lying just near it, I next see the end  
Of a letter, 'twas written by Tom, my friend;  
And bold and broad are the strong, dark lines,  
He writes from his home in the land of vines;  
There are health and strength in each daring thought,  
And laughter and fun with each word entwrought;

And speech seems there on the time-worn page,  
All shrivelled and stained by the touch of age.

Then the letters grew few and far between.  
He had dear friends on his way, I ween;  
And I have loved others perchance as well,  
Yet round the worn paper there hangs a spell.  
I seem now to walk on life's pathway back,  
For miles and miles into boyhood's track,  
And he stands before me, though poor in gold,  
Rich in affections manifold.

Old letters, dearly I love ye all!  
The large bold type, and the writing small:  
I replace with care each faded thir-  
And bind them again with the red tape string;  
I close the drawer, and I turn the key.  
Ye are dear old relics of youth to me;  
Lie there all modern notes beneath,  
Old letters made sacred by love and death!



Edinburgh.

## EDINBURGH.

THE capital of Scotland occupies a picturesque situation on a cluster of eminences at the distance of a mile and a half south from the Frith of Forth, which is here about six miles in breadth. Edinburgh was originally a fortified town, confined within narrow limits, and reposing under the shelter of the Castle at its western extremity; but about the middle of the eighteenth century the city began to extend itself, and now reaches almost to the shores of the Frith having formed a connection with Leith, the ancient port.

Being altogether built of durable sandstone, the general aspect of the houses is that of great solidity. The architecture is usually chaste, and the masonry of the first order. Among the leading objects of interest are the Castle in which are shewn the ancient regalia of Scotland; the Parliament House, used by the Scottish Parliament previous to the union with England, and now a hall connected with the law courts; the Palace and Abbey of Holyrood; the National Gallery of Art; the Royal Institution containing the apartments of the Royal Society, and the Museum of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. The Abbey of Holyrood was founded by David 1st in the 12th century. In connection with Holyrood there also sprung up a royal palace which became a favourite abode of the Scottish sovereigns. It was not however until the era of the murder of James 1st at Perth in 1436-1437 that Edinburgh became the recognized capital of the Kingdom. Neither Perth nor Stone being able to offer security to royalty against the designs of the nobility, Edinburgh and its castle were thenceforward selected as the only places of safety for the royal household, the parliament, the mint, and the various central government offices.

In virtue of ancient charters and modern acts of parliament, Edinburgh is a royal burgh, with extended municipal bounds, governed by a town council composed of 41 members, who with

two exceptions are appointed by popular election. It sends two members to the imperial parliament. The population in 1861 was 167,857.

The country around Edinburgh is a happy blending of hill and plain. Closely adjoining on the south-east, rise Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags; and the distance of four miles to the south-west is the range of the Pentland Hills; and within a mile on the north-west is the richly wooded Corstorphine Hill. The rest of the neighbourhood consists of fine fertile fields, well cultivated and ornamented with gardens and villas.

**THE GIRAFFE HUNTERS.** By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "The Ocean Waif, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Books of adventure by flood and field are generally read with avidity; and the "Giraffe Hunters," from the prolific pen of Mayne Reid, will probably prove no exception to the rule. The scene of the story is in South Africa, and the principal characters will be easily recognized by the large class of readers who are familiar with the author's previous works. The Consul for the Netherlands, we are told, had been instructed by his government to procure a young male and female Giraffe, to be forwarded to Europe, and five hundred pounds had been offered for the pair, safely delivered at Cape Town or Port Natal. With the double view of pleasure and profit, the young Giraffe Hunters enter upon the series of adventures detailed in this volume. They suffer many hardships and encounter serious perils in the wilds of South Africa, but eventually succeed in their attempt, and claim the five hundred pounds from the Dutch Consul. We were sorry to learn from late English papers, that Captain Reid had become involved in pecuniary difficulties, owing, it was stated, to the non-receipt of large sums due him on account of his works. We sincerely trust, on the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire, that the Captain's difficulties are only of a temporary nature.

**CANADIAN SCENERY.—District of Gaspé.** By Thomas Pyc. Illustrated with Tinted Lithographs from Photographs by the author. Montreal: R. Worthington.

So little is generally known of the District of Gaspé, that it is not surprising that it should be one of the least appreciated portions of our country. It contains, nevertheless, elements of future wealth which, eminently deserve the attention of capitalists, and which will, when developed, render it one of the most valuable divisions of Lower Canada. The series of views contained in the work before us will do much to familiarize the public with the grand and beautiful scenery which abounds in this distant region, and the author, himself a resident of Gaspé Basin, has, in the descriptions which accompany them, afforded much valuable information as to the industry and undeveloped wealth of the district. The lithographs, by Messrs. Roberts and Reinhold, are exceedingly well executed; and the work, which is printed by Mr. John Lovell, is alike creditable to all concerned in its production. We shall be glad to learn that it has met with an extensive sale.

We have received the first number of the "Students' Monthly," a magazine conducted by members of the University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, C.E. Several of the articles are exceedingly well written, and the contents of the number are of a character which should secure for the magazine a circulation outside of the members and friends of the University. One object proposed by the conductors, is to supply an organ through which the views of the Church of England in the Dioceses of Quebec and Montreal may be heard. Communications from members of the Church are invited; but as the conductors desire to know no party names, such as "High" or "Low,"—articles of a controversial nature will be excluded—fair evidence, by-the-by, that the views of the conductors are quite sufficiently "High." For the rest, each number of the magazine will contain one or more chapters of a story, and in addition, Liter-

ary Papers, Original Poetry, Reviews of Books! Correspondence, Questions, &c. The enterprise deserves to be successful, and we trust it will prove so.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

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Continued from page 317.

### CHAPTER XLIII.—A GHOSTLY VISITOR.

Gurney Brackenridge, fleeing from the consequences of the deed he had done, made the best of his way to London, and lay in hiding there in a low water-side tavern on the Surrey side of the river. He had not intended, in the first instance, to stay there more than a few days, but to get out of the country altogether as soon as he should see an opportunity of doing so in safety. But when the fourth morning after his arrival in London, he read in one of the daily papers a long extract from a *Monkshire* journal describing the finding of Jerry's body in the shut-up house—found the afternoon following the lad's death, in consequence of a statement made by Griggs the cobbler, who had heard that Mrs. Winch was making anxious inquiries after her missing son; and when he read the account of the inquest, and how it had resulted in the issue of a warrant for the apprehension of himself, he began to see that his scheme for getting out of the country, at least for some time to come, was not so entirely free from danger as he had at first imagined it would be. A minute and accurate description of his personal appearance would have already been sent to every large seaport in the kingdom; and to go down to the docks in search of a vessel either at London or Liverpool, would be like putting his head into the lion's den. It was true that he had disguised himself in some measure, having shaved off his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his dress; but he had all an ignorant man's belief in the infallibility of the police, and he felt that his disguise would stand him in poor stead under the keen eyes of a detective in whose memory a certain paragraph of the *Hue and Cry* was busily fermenting.

No; he had better lie quietly by for a few weeks, till something fresher and more important should have engaged the attention of the blue-coated gentry; and then take an opportunity of dropping down the river by some night-sailing steamer, bound he hardly cared whither. He was not without funds, having brought away with him, in addition to what money of his own he had by him at the time, a hundred and twenty pounds belonging to Mrs. Winch, which had been intrusted to his hands on the preceding day, for the purpose of being deposited by him in the county bank at Eastreingham; and he knew from the evidence as given in the newspaper, that a charge of absconding with this money had been brought against him by the indignant widow, and that he was "wanted" by Justice to answer for a double crime. Sometimes he thought that had it not been for that cursed money, which he had put into his pocket on the impulse of the moment when coming away, he would have gone back, and have given himself up, and have borne the brunt of whatever charge might have been brought against him. That Jerry Winch owed his death to him, he could not disprove; but no one but himself knew the real reason why the chloroform had been administered; and it would not be difficult to trump up some plausible story to account for having made use of it, which, if credited by a jury, would soften Jerry's premature death from a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at the worst they could but record a verdict of manslaughter against him, which a few months' imprisonment would expiate in full.

It may, however, be doubted, whether, in any case, Brackenridge would have had the courage to take a course so apparently straightforward, because, even then, he would have had to piece together some story that would bear cross-ex-

amination, to account for Jerry's death; and he felt himself deficient both in the audacity and invention requisite for such a course; but, now that he had taken the hundred and twenty pounds as his own, such a step was utterly out of the question: should he be captured, nothing less than a prosecution for felony awaited him.

So Gurney Brackenridge lay in hiding at the dirty little water-side public known as the *Three Fishes*, situated in the heart of a frowsy and disreputable neighbourhood. They were not in the habit of letting out beds at the *Three Fishes*, their profits being arrived at by a much readier process; but the landlord was one of those men who cared little how he turned a penny, so long as he did turn it; and when the chemist, way-worn, dusty, and utterly fagged out, put the question to him five minutes before closing-time one night, whether he could be accommodated till morning, he had promptly answered in the affirmative, and had at once turned his sister and two children out of their warm bed in order to accommodate this white-faced stranger. And there Brackenridge had stayed. His bedroom accommodation was of the poorest; his meals were served up in a style very different from what he had been accustomed to at home; and he was waited on by a saucy, slatternly girl, whose ears he felt a longing to box twenty times a day; besides which, both house and neighbourhood were thoroughly detestable; but then—no one ever asked him any questions; no one ever seemed to suspect his reasons for lingering there, one day after another; every atom of that seething mass of humanity by which he was surrounded was too intent on its own bitter struggle for the needful daily crust, or too absorbed in the enjoyment of its own fierce pleasures, to heed him in any way; and he almost felt that he was safe. "Expecting some relation from the East Indies, are you?" said the landlord one day, in reply to some mumbled explanation from Brackenridge of his long stay at the *Three Fishes*. "That's all right enough, I daresay, but you may as well understand Bob Jarvis once for all. So long as a man pays his way like a man, and ain't stuck up, I axes no questions. Whether a cove's on the square, or whether he's under a cloud, don't matter a penny'orth to me."

Brackenridge began to find his life intolerably dull. He sent out for a newspaper every morning, which he contrived to make last him till his one-o'clock dinner was brought up; but when that was over, he had no resource left but to smoke and sleep away the long dreary afternoons, which seemed as if they would never come to an end. He never ventured out of doors while the faintest glimmer of daylight lingered in the sky; but as soon as night had fairly set in, and the *Three Fishes*, waking up from the semi-lethargy of its daylight existence, lighted all its lamps, indoors, and out, and began to grow jovial, not to say uproarious, after its own fashion, which was far from being a pleasant one, then would the forlorn chemist steal out at the back-door, and tramp the frowsy streets for hours. He rarely ventured more than a mile away from the *Three Fishes*, but found his way back to it again and again in the course of each evening's peregrination, or rather to some point from which its lamps could be seen; for no sooner had he left it behind him, than he became possessed by an uneasy sense of the insecurity of its existence, a dread of fire or of some other unforeseen calamity overtaking it while he was away, which dragged him back times without number against his better sense, as it were, that he might satisfy himself with his own eyes that the crazy old building was still intact. He was not without a reason for this anxiety. Behind a loose piece of skirting-board at the back of his bed lay hidden away the canvas-bag containing the hundred and twenty sovereigns which he had brought with him from the country; to have walked about such a neighbourhood with such a sum of money on his person, would have been sheer madness; and that was the only place of security he could think of.

The last thing every night before turning in, he crept down the short street, of which the

*Three Fishes* formed the corner house abutting on the main thoroughfare, to look at the river. Not that much of it could be seen on a dark night by looking through the gateway at the bottom of the street, and so across the little disused grain-wharf; nothing, in fact, but a great patch of blackness with a fringe of fire-flies on the opposite shore; but such as it was, he loved to gaze on it, no one less able than himself to explain the reason why; and when the tide ran high, and the wind was at all rough, he could hear the melancholy plish-plash of the water against the stone lip of the wharf, and it was a sound that drove him back to his room with a chilled heart, and dim forebodings of coming ill: but none the less would he go down to the wharf on the following night, and strain his eyes into the darkness, and listen, as though he were expecting the coming of some grim boatman, with whom he had an appointment that must not be broken.

Yes, Gurney Brackenridge began to find the life he was leading intolerably dull. No wonder, then, that he began to look to his old friend, the brandy bottle, for solace and companionship. Under the wing of this trusty friend, he could forget half his troubles, or afford to view them with as much equanimity as though they were the property of some one else; so, little by little the alluring habit grew upon him, and day by day his power of resistance grew weaker. The landlord of the *Three Fishes* made no difficulty about procuring as much French brandy as his lodger asked for, so long as his privilege of a hundred per cent. profit was not objected to.

One evening, while rambling about, Brackenridge got wet through, and took a severe cold; and after that time he lay in bed almost day and night, drinking more than ever, and rarely going outside the house, except now and then to steal down the street, and gaze through the bars for a minute or two at the river, and then creep back with a shiver to his cheerless room. He slept so much in the daytime now that he could no longer rest soundly at night, and his pillow was often haunted by frightful dreams, from which he would wake up in an agony so intense as made him dread the thought of ever going to sleep again. As each morning came round, he told himself that it should be the last of his stay at the *Three Fishes*; that on the following day he would go down to the docks and secure a berth on board the first ship he could find that was about to sail at once for a foreign port, no matter whither. Surely sufficient time had now elapsed for his little affair to be buried under the pressure of other and more immediate interests, and such a step as he contemplated could no longer be attended with much danger. Yes, he would go and look for a ship next morning without fail, and get out of this cursed country as quickly as possible. But when next morning came, bringing with it a nasty headache, and a feeling of languor and utter distaste for exertion of any kind, the soul of his resolution had vanished; and after refreshing himself in some measure with a volley or two of curses, invoked on his own head for his own laziness and lack of purpose, he would make another appointment with himself for the following morning, which would be broken in turn.

"I call him the Bottle Conjuror," said the landlord to his wife one night, in allusion to their lodger. "He has an almighty swallow, and no mistake. And so quiet as he is over it all! No noise, no blether. I like a fellow that can take his tipples without rowing."

Waking up one night from an ugly dream, Brackenridge started up in bed, and gazed fearfully round, as though half expecting to see some of the horrid shapes with which his sleep had been crowded. With a sigh of relief, he recognised where he was; and scrambling out of bed, he lighted another candle in addition to the one that was already burning, and mended his fire, and put on a few articles of dress, and drew his chair up to the blaze, and poured himself out a tumbler of brandy, and sat down to make himself as comfortable as possible till morning. His daylight slumbers were rarely troubled with bad dreams; and after this last experience, he determined within himself that he would turn day

to night in future, and go to bed no more during the dark hours. He heard a distant clock strike, and looking at his watch, he found that it was two hours past midnight. How quiet everything was! All the world but himself seemed to be asleep. He would have liked just now to go down and have a peep at the black cat; but it would never do to disturb the household at such an untimely hour. Suddenly he started, and gazed over his shoulder with straining eyes. Was there not somebody outside trying the casement? But next moment he laughed aloud to think what a timorous fool he was. "I ought to know by this time," he muttered, "that it's only that blustering old boreas in want of a night's lodging somewhere. I shall be frightened at my own shadow next."

With that he took a long pull at the tumbler of brandy; and then with his slippered feet resting on the fender, and half crouching over the fire, he fell to brooding darkly over his past life, more especially over that string of strange events which had ended by landing him, a skulking thief, at the hostelry of the *Three Fishes*.—More brandy, or he should go mad!—A long pull and a strong pull.—Why, he was better already, and could afford to snap his fingers at Black Care, and at the troop of demons that dog his heels and dance with red-hot feet on the brains of poor sinners. Alixir of life truly, to work such a sudden change in the miserable wretch of a few minutes ago! There were cakes and ale to store yet, even for such as he; and the world was a devilish pleasant place to live in.

Another hour striking by the distant clock.—One—two—three. The Miller of Dee so jolly was he, he cared for nobody, no, not he."

"Come in." He had heard no noise of footsteps on the stairs, but there was certainly a knock at his room-door.

"Jerry Winch!" He almost screamed the words; he started up from his chair, and pressed his fingers to his burning eyeballs for a moment, as if to shut out the dread apparition which his seised imagination had conjured up. But it was still there when he looked again; so he took the half-emptied bottle in his hand, and drained a draught that would have scorched the vitals of any one less care-hardened than himself. "That's better," he muttered. "I don't care a damn now for all the ghosts in the world." There was a wild glare of defiance in his bloodshot eyes, and his hands shook like those of a man stricken with palsy as he waved his arm for the phantom to enter.

"Curse you, why don't you come in!" he exclaimed. "Don't stand there, staring at me with those dead man's eyes. Shut the door after you, and take that chair. No nearer, if you please, unless I must draw back: ghosts ain't pleasant companions at close quarters. You look awfully odd.—You always are cold now, and I shall be the same when I'm like you!—By Jove I thought, say, that's serious; especially for a fellow like me, that never could stand cold. And, I say, Jerry, my buck, why do you have your jaw tied up in that white cloth? It ain't nice; there's a churchyard flavour about it that I can't stomach. What do you say? It's the custom of the country where you are now for jaws to be tied up in that fashion. Then it's a custom that ought to be abolished. Ugh! it makes me feel as if my veins were full of worms, to look at you.—While you are here, Jerry, I may as well tell you that what happened to you at my house was quite accidental—it wasn't intended, on my soul; and I hope you bear no malice.—You don't? That's kind—that's good of you.—I daresay, now, that substantial fello's like you have conceited enough to fancy that they know a heap of things; but I'd wager my two ears that you can't tell me where I shall be and what I shall be doing twelve hours from this time.—What do you say? I shall be down by Deptford Creek? That's a Seazybow; I shall be nothing of the sort. But never mind, my young romancer; go ahead, and tell me what I shall be doing down by Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon. You shake your head; you won't answer. I thought that would be a poser for you. Come, now, I'll put my question another way. How shall I go down to

Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon?—By water, do you say? You are a liar, Jerry. But never mind; tell me what will happen when I get down to the Creek? There will be a crowd of people, and two men will hook a body from among the mud and piles, and nobody there will know whose it is—is that what I understand you to say? Very interesting, certainly; only I don't quite see in what way it concerns me. I must have another nip of brandy to take the taste of your last remark out of my mouth. A drowned body! Paugh! let's talk of something else.—You must be going, do you say? With all my heart, for it is rather late, you know. Next time you pay me a visit, come at a more reasonable hour—by daylight, if possible. And I say, Jerry, do leave off wearing that white cloth round your face; and there's a cold fishy look about your eyes that I don't like; and there's a bluish tinge about your complexion that I don't remember to have noticed before. Do, my dear fellow, pay a little more attention to your appearance.—You want me to go with you, do you say? Much obliged, but I'd rather stay where I am.—There's something outside you want to shew me? What, in the fiend's name, can there be outside worth my going to look at, at this time of the night? Oh, you won't stir, won't you, unless I'll go a bit of the way with you? You're an infernal old nuisance, Jerry, to say so; and I shan't feet if I don't see your ugly phiz again for a blue moon. I suppose I must do as you want me, or I shall never get rid of you, so start at once."

Having fortified himself with another pull at his long-necked favourite, Brackenridge was ready, without further preparation, to accompany his ghostly visitor. He rose, pushed back his chair, and with his eyes intently fixed on the figure which his disordered brain had conjured up, he crossed the floor, and opening the door, passed into the corridor outside, which was lighted at its farther end by a window that opened direct on to the roof of the next house. Towards this window, through which a white stream of moonlight was now falling, the chemist advanced, still following that something invisible to all eyes but his own.

"Not there, Jerry—not there, man!" he said in an excited whisper. "That window opens on to the leads, and your way lies down the staircase. What's that you say? You are going to take a walk on the leads, and I must go with you? Well, go ahead, my hearty; G. B. is not the man to shirk anything he has promised. It would have been more manly of you, though, Jerry, to have left the window open behind you, instead of flitting through in that queer fashion, and leaving me to bungle over it as I best can. Good! though, but it blows cool out here."

By this time Brackenridge was standing on the leads of the house next to the *Three Fishes*, in the little street leading down to the river. The houses in this street were of one uniform height, and were built after an antiquated style, with dormer windows in the roof, in front of which was a flat leaded space, and outside that a broad raised parapet. On to this parapet Brackenridge now stepped without hesitation, following his phantom guide. A single false step would have precipitated him into the street below; but there was this to be remarked, that the state in which Brackenridge then was in so far resembled somnambulism that he was apparently enabled to dispense with the use of his eyes as a safeguard for his feet. He seemed to see nothing save the gliding phantom before him; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left; he saw nothing of the vast panorama of house-tops stretching out interminably on three sides of him; he saw nothing of the dark river in front of him, towards which his steps were tending; but with eyes that never winked, or broke away for a single instant from their intense stare at vacancy, and with unflinching feet, he went onward to his doom.

"A regular wild-geese chase this, and no mistake," he muttered. "Jerry, Jerry, you imp of Satan, where are you leading me to? Not up there, you nincompoop! Well, if we must, we must; but we can't get much further, at any rate, for the river's just below." While the chemist

was speaking, he came to the end of the parapet along which he had been walking, and close before him rose the higher roof of the disused granary, which was built on to the last house of the street, and ran flush up to the river, with a penthouse, and a crane, for convenience in hoisting grain into and out of the barges which occasionally moored alongside. Behind the stack of chimneys belonging to the last house, a small iron ladder gave access to the roof of the granary, which had probably been put there as a means of escape in case of fire, and up this ladder Brackenridge now mounted.

"Not another step will I follow you, Jerry, my buck," said the chemist in a positive tone as he stepped on to the roof; "and it's my belief that I'm a confounded ass for having come so far. Now, shew me what you have got to shew me, and let me go back to my room, for it's awfully cold here. O no, of course you don't feel it; you've got no— Jerry, Jerry! don't! don't!" screamed the wretched man, starting from the spot on which he had been standing, his white drawn face all distorted with terror, while a light foam began to gather on his lips. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning, the air-drawn phantom which he had been following, had changed its semblance. It was no longer the likeness of Jerry in the flesh that he saw before him, but the likeness of Jerry out of the flesh. It was neither more or less than a skeleton clothed in the habiliments Jerry had been wont to wear—the home-span suit, the conical hat, the hob-nailed shoes, were all there; there was even a peculiar little self-conceited pose of the head common to Jerry when the poor simpleton was more than usually well pleased with himself; and, more terrible than all else, there, too, were Mogaddo and Pipants, writhing and coiling round the fleshless arms and neck of their master, as Brackenridge had often seen them do when alive.

Almost before Brackenridge had time to note this horrible transformation, the phantom swiftly altered its position, and placed itself between him and the ladder. With another scream, even more shrill than the first one, the haunted wretch fell back. "O Jerry, lad, have mercy, have mercy!" he cried. "What have I done, to be tormented thus? I will confess everything; I will go back, and give myself up; only leave me—leave me, or I shall go mad!"

Trembling in every limb, the chemist retreated step by step along the flat roof of the granary, and step by step the phantom followed him up, leering at him horribly from under its conical hat; while the glittering eyes of Mogaddo and Pipants fixed full on his eyes, seemed to pierce his brain like spikes of flame. He had either forgotten how close he was to the river, or was heedless of his danger in the great dread that lay upon him. Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot, slowly pursued by the remorseless foe which his own fancy had conjured up.

"Have mercy, have mercy!" he wailed with clasped hands, but still retreating "Let me keep my senses; let me have time to—"

Not another word on earth. A sudden fall backward from the roof of the granary; a wild shriek, borne far through the night-air; a heavy splash in the swift-flowing river; and Gurney Brackenridge was no longer among the living. That wild cry and that heavy splash were heard by the crew of the Thames police-boat on duty no great distance away. They were quickly on the spot, and rowed about it for nearly an hour; but nothing more was seen or heard. On the afternoon of the same day—for it was early morning when all this took place—a little crowd was assembled down Deptford way, watching two men drag a drowned body from among the piles and mud, where it had been left by the receding tide.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—P. F. C.

*Pour prendre congé.* Yes, we have at length reached that point of our narrative at which nothing is left for the story-teller to do, save to tie up the knots of a few scattered threads, and bid his readers a kindly farewell.

Lady Spenceleigh never rallied from the effects of the rough treatment she received at the hands

of Duplessis and his accomplice, and the subsequent hour of awful suspense, when Death in one of his most terrible aspects stared her in the face. Her nervous system had been overtaxed, too, by the mental excitement of the few preceding weeks, culminating in her confession in the vault; and now that he whom she had too credulously believed to be dead, had made his appearance once more on the scene, and had indeed saved her life at the risk of his own, it seemed to the lone miserable woman that there was nothing left worth living for, and that the sooner she was done with the world and its vanities, the better for every one. The one great scheme of her life was irretrievably wrecked, and all her earthly hopes were drowned with it.

For the four days following the night of her rescue she lay in bed, and refused to see any one but the woman who took her her meals; interdicting both Gaston and Martha Winch from entering her room; but on the morning of the fifth day she sent for John and her son.

"I have sent for you, Sir Arthur Spencelaugh," she said, turning on the young man a worn, wan face, "to ask your forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you; and to claim your kind offices for Gaston when I shall be no more.

"You will believe me when I say that my son was utterly ignorant of his mother's crime. What I did was done to benefit him, but he knew nothing of the base means by which my ends were to be accomplished. For myself, I think that during the little remaining time that is left me here, it would be a comfort to me to know that you had forgiven me. That you are brave, I have had ample proof, and brave natures are always generous."

John had flushed at hearing himself thus acknowledged as Sir Arthur Spencelaugh; but the feeling which had evoked the rush of colour quickly died away, and both his eyes and voice were full of grave tenderness as he answered Lady Spencelaugh.

"For whatever wrong or injury your Ladyship may at any time have done me, he said, "I pray you to accept my full and entire forgiveness. Let such wrong be as utterly forgotten between us as though it had never existed. You were my father's wife, Lady Spencelaugh, and that fact renders you sacred in my eyes; and in time to come, I trust that you will allow me to regard you with somewhat of the respect and devotion due from a son to a mother: from this day, try to remember that you have two children.—And as for Gaston here," he added, turning towards the sullen young man standing on the opposite side of the bed, "I admit that it must seem very hard for him to be dispossessed by a stranger of what he had been brought up to look as his own. But I hope that after a little time, he will learn to look upon that stranger as a brother; and, in any case, he will find that I am not disposed to act ungenerously by him."

Gaston pretended not to see the proffered hand. "But the proofs," he said in an aggrieved voice, addressing his mother. "Mr. Greenhough told me no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, that the proofs of the identity of this—this gentleman, with the persons he states himself to be, were by no means clear at present. It seems to me that we are getting on a little too fast just now."

"This gentleman is Arthur Spencelaugh, your father's eldest son," said her Ladyship solemnly to Gaston. "Whatever further proofs Mr. Greenhough may think proper to ask for, cannot alter that fact. I committed a great crime, Gaston, to benefit you, as I thought; but I now charge you earnestly not to perpetuate that crime by striving to ignore facts which must ultimately be acknowledged by the world. I tell you again, this is Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and your brother."

"Your son is right, Lady Spencelaugh," said John. "In his position, he has no right to accept anything on hearsay. I will meet him to-morrow, together with Mr. Greenhough, and will lay before them such proofs that I really am the person I claim myself to be, as cannot, I think, be met by any reasonable doubt."

Accordingly the three met together next morn-

ing, when John entered into a detailed account of the result of his visit to America, which account, as far as it now concerns us, may be compressed into a few sentences. John's first efforts had been directed to finding Ike Yarnold, the old squatter, to whose charge he had been committed by Kreefe; and in this attempt he had happily succeeded. The old man recognised John before the latter spoke to him; and when he was made to understand the service that was required at his hands, and satisfied that no harm should happen to himself, he at once agreed to go before the mayor of the nearest town, and there have his deposition as to the identity of John taken in proper form. The only son of Yarnold now living at home also deposed before the same functionary to the identity of John with the youth who had lived under his father's roof for so many years. Before leaving, the old squatter presented John with two or three faded notes written by Kreefe, and all referring more or less to "the boy," which notes had been treasured up by Ike, as the only post-letters he had ever received in his life. Encouraged by this first success, John's next effort was directed to finding out the particular Mullinsville to which, if the information given him by an old inhabitant of Willsburgh might be relied upon, the Kreefes had removed on their departure from the latter place. Mullinsville, in the state of Massachusetts, proved to be the town of which he was in quest. Here he had little difficulty in picking up ample particulars respecting the Kreefes. The little property possessed by Barbara at her death had been bequeathed by her to one of the charitable institutions of the town. Her furniture had been sold by auction; and the broker who had purchased the greater portion of it, hearing that an Englishman was making inquiries respecting Kreefe and his wife, brought John a lot of papers which he had found in the secret drawer of an old bureau bought by him at the sale, and which had doubtless escaped the notice of Barbara when she made a holocaust of her husband's letters. Some of the documents thus strangely recovered proved to be of no small value to John. Among them were several receipts given by Yarnold to Kreefe for sums paid him for the maintenance of the boy intrusted to his care. Besides these, there were two or three letters from Martha Winch to her brother, in which the same subject was guardedly alluded to, in connection with several references to a certain "Lady S." The broker made no difficulty about parting with these documents for a small consideration, nor of further annexing to them a written statement, duly witnessed, stating by what means they had come into his possession. Armed thus with a double set of proofs, John at once made his way to England.

"We have by no means a bad case, in a legal point of view," said Mr. Greenhough to Lady Spencelaugh, when he went to visit her at the close of his interview with John. "We have possession in our favour, and that goes a long way. The armour of this Mr. John English is by no means armour of proof; there are several flaws in it, and if your Ladyship—"

"No, no, Mr. Greenhough!" said Lady Spencelaugh vehemently. "I tell you this young gentleman is the man he professes to be, and you are as well aware of it as I am. Knowing what you do, would you drag this wretched business into a court of law, and call up me to give evidence on oath! How could Gaston ever hold up his head among honourable men again. You have been a faithful friend, Mr. Greenhough, and I thank you from my heart; but this must not be, no, never—never!"

And thus it fell out at last that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh stepped into his title and estates as quietly and easily as though no one had ever dreamed of disputing his claim to those possessions. The few people who knew the real truth of the matter, found it to their interest to keep a close tongue thereon; and the world, ever ready to welcome a story with a spice of romance in it, was not difficult to satisfy. The eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh had been abducted in childhood, and Sir Philip and his wife had been led to believe him dead; but the naughty people who had taken him away

ever so many years ago, having confessed their crime, he had come back, to be welcomed with open arms by Lady Spencelaugh, and to be gracefully bowed into the seat of honour by the chivalrous Gaston, who had at once ceded his new found honours to the long-lost heir. Thus the rumour ran: and to rumours, three-fourths of mankind are ever ready to pin their faith, facts being such awkward things to get at. So the world of polite society, figuratively speaking, opened its arms to welcome the long-lost Sir Arthur, and would doubtless have welcomed him to its heart also, but that such an incumbrance forms no part of its anatomy.

Lady Spencelaugh lingered on for several weeks, growing weaker from day to day, fading out of life like a lamp that dies slowly but surely, for lack of oil. Frederica was with her almost constantly; and the bond between these two women, so soon to be severed by the hand of Death, had more strength and vitality in it during these few latter days than it had had during all the years that went before. Gaston, restless and moody, lounged in and out of his mother's room a dozen times a day. He was the last person in the house to apprehend the loss that was coming upon him; he never thought otherwise than that a few weeks would see his mother's health as completely re-established as he ever remembered it to have been, for his mother had been a semi-invalid as long as he could recollect; till Frederica broke the truth to him only two days before the end.

Sir Arthur, too, was a frequent and a welcome visitor in that little room. All that had happened between himself and Lady Spencelaugh in past days seemed as completely forgotten as though it had never been; and the dying woman's eyes lighted up with true pleasure whenever he entered her room.

"What love and tender regard might have been mine through all those weary years!" she said on almost the last morning of her life. "But I throw them willfully away to grasp at a bauble, which turned to ashes in my hand the moment I thought it was my own."

Gaston had no reason to complain of any want of generosity on the part of Sir Arthur. The weight of debt that had hung like a millstone round his neck, was at once cleared off; a liberal allowance was settled on him; and, at his own request, a commission was procured for him in a regiment, which, shortly afterwards, was ordered abroad. With all his faults and follies, there was some sterling stuff in the young man. He has seen good service already, has lost his arm, and won a captaincy. Last time he was down in Monks-shire, he was lionised to his heart's content; and had he been matrimonially inclined, he might have had the pick of half the eligible girls in the county. He and Sir Arthur are on the best of terms; and it was only the other week, in the smoking-room of a certain house where both of us happened to be visiting, and towards the small-hours of the morning, that Captain Spencelaugh, in a moment of confidence, spoke his mind to the present chronicler as follows: "Tell you what, my boy, it was a deuced good thing for this child that the title and estates went from him in the way they did. I should have made ducks and drakes of the property, as sure as eggs are eggs, and have done no credit to an old name. But look at me now. Having to fight my way up has done me all the good in the world. I've made myself known in a small way; I've as much tin as I want, and more; I'm liked by a heap of fellows; and I've got the best brother in the world. Yes, Arthur is a brother to be proud of, and I am proud of him."

Belair was not burned down. The fire did not extend beyond the wing where it originated, and which had been at once picturesque and uncomfortable. A new wing, more suited to the requirements of modern living, and more in accord, architecturally, with the rest of the mansion, rose before long on the spot made vacant by the fire.

A week or two after Lady Spencelaugh's death, Mrs. Winch, having disposed of her business by secret treaty, departed suddenly from Normanford, and was no more seen by the in-

abitants of that little town. It was supposed that she had emigrated to New Zealand, where it was known that she had relatives living; and in the lack of positive information, we may accept this supposition as correct.

Of Jane Garrod, what can I say, except that the master of Belair never ceased to remember how much he owed to her indefatigable exertions in his behalf. In a worldly point of view, he could do nothing for either her or Abel, simply because they were in want of nothing. The situation held by Abel suited his tastes exactly, and was quite up to the height of his abilities; while his income, small though it was, was more than sufficient to meet the inexpensive tastes of Jane and himself. Of worldly store or increase, they stood in no need; but Sir Arthur and Frederica could give them what they valued infinitely higher—true friendship, and that was given without grudging: none of the ordinary conventional barriers of society were allowed to reach, however, remotely, the bond of genuine friendship existing between the inmates of Belair and the humble dwellers in the little station-house of Kingsthorpe.

Of Antoine the faithful, authentic tidings have come to hand quite recently. Sir Arthur, while in London a few months ago, recognised the ex-celent in the street, without being seen himself, and had the curiosity to follow him for half a mile, till he tracked him into a small café near Leicester Square, of which place Antoine and his brother proved, on inquiry, to be joint-proprietors. Behind the counter, and flanked by two huge jars of chocolate and sweetmeats, and salient in the lustre of black satin and cheap jewellery, sat Clotilde, the imperious, less blooming, and more vicious-looking than of old. Believing, as he did, that Antoine had never been anything more than a willing instrument in the hands of his crafty master, and glad to find that he had now taken to such an honest mode of getting a living, Sir Arthur was well pleased to leave him in peace, and go unobserved on his way.

But one more duty remains to be done before the green curtain comes down, and that is, to bring my hero and heroine together for the last time in front of the stage, that, hand in hand, they may make their bow to the audience. That they two—Arthur and Frederica—would inimitably come together, that nothing but death could them part, might be predicated without fear of contradiction from what had gone before. But it is too late in the day for me to report any of the little love passages between them, or set down any of their foolish-wise speeches or tender confessions one to the other; neither can I undertake to furnish any detailed account of the wedding which followed in due course; indeed, I am so wofully ignorant in these matters, that I could not even tell you what the bridesmaids were on the happy occasion. We may, however, take one last peep at them on the threshold of their new life, before bidding them a friendly farewell.

It is a pleasant autumn evening, the evening of the day of their return from their wedding-tour. Sir Arthur and Frederica have dined quietly together without company; and now, just as the sun is beginning to dip behind the great Belair woods, and all the western front of the old Hall glows, and winks, and basks in the golden light, as though it were alive, they come stepping through the open windows of the dining-room on to the shaven lawn outside; and picking here and there a flower as they go, wind slowly down till they come to a moss-grown wicket, and so pass out into the park, the great masses of which are checkered with light or shade as the trees stand open or close. A few leaves scattered here and there on the yellow footway, that fades into a thread in the dim distance, speak of the year's fruition and the fulfilment of many hopes; and as the new lord of Belair and his wife pace slowly under the over-arching trees, the ever-busy squirrel peers down at them with curious eyes from the upper boughs; the brown bracken and coppice the timid hare and the shy rabbit peep out at them wonderingly; all the happy songsters of the grove take note of them; the gaudy peacock on the terrace screams a

shrill good-night cro he shuts up his fan, and goes within door: while the inquisitive deer follow them watchfully from afar.

Frederica's arm is within that of her husband, and she looks up fondly into his face as she speaks. "I am glad we are home again, dear," she says. "With all its attractions, I was beginning to weary of the continent—beginning to long to be back in my own sweet English nest."

"In which I hope that you and I together will pass many, many happy years," answers Sir Arthur, and with that he stoops and kisses his bride, believing himself unseen. But a one-eyed blackbird of misanthropical habits, who happens to be taking the air on the branch of an oak close by, is a witness of the sweet transaction, and resolves to consult his Brother Rook in the morning concerning this curious custom of the unfeathered bipeds.

"You remember that day at Naples," says Frederica, "when we sat in the balcony outside our hotel, and discussed our plans for the future—what alterations we were to make here and there, what improvements of various kinds we were to try to effect, the good we were to strive to do in many ways, and the general rule that was to regulate our life and conduct, as far as such things can be regulated for a future of which we know so little, do you remember the evening I speak of?"

"Perfectly," answers Sir Arthur. "I seemed to know you better from that hour than I had ever known you before."

"And all those resolves, hopes, and wishes still hold good in both our minds," resumes Frederica, "but I sometimes fear that the corrosion which wealth and ease so often bring with them will not be without its effect upon us, that our good intentions will lose their edge, and slowly rust into inefficiency, that all our fine resolutions and philanthropical schemes, having no vital principle of necessity at the back of them, will never bear fruit, but wither one by one, and die of inanition; and that as you and I grow in years, we shall gradually fade into a couple of good-natured nonentities, living for ourselves alone, not actively selfish, so long as our own little comforts are not interfered with, charitable to a certain extent, but charitable without trouble, and coming at last to a state of mind that will look back upon all the schemes, hopes, and resolutions of which we are brimful just now, as upon the wild day-dreams of two children, who looked out at the world, and all its belongings, through the rose-coloured spectacles of youth and lore. Does the dread of such a future never haunt you?"

"Never," replies Sir Arthur decisively. "I cannot conceive of myself as coming to such a pass, and with you by my side, I shall feel doubly armed against it. Gentle sloth has been the ruin of many a promising life. Let us try to make our lives healthily active; let us never be without some object to strive for, something to look forward to, and if our ends have not been ignoble ones, so much the better for us when the evening shall come.—But see, there is the spire of the little church shewing above the trees."

Frederica pressed closer to her husband's arm, and they walked on in silence. They had dedicated this the first evening of their return to a visit to the little church where lay the remains of him they both had loved so well. The old sexton was there ready with the keys. In reverent silence, they went in. Frederica's cheek was wet with tears when they came out ten minutes later. The autumn mists were rising, and the trees looked dim and ghostlike as they took their way back through the park, neither wholly sorrowful nor wholly glad. So let us leave them.

THE END.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Paris Exhibition building may be formed from the fact that the outer gallery is nearly a mile in circumference, more than 100 ft. in width, and 80 ft. in height.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

THE TWO MACAIRES.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER I.—A GOLDEN TEMPLE.

Continued from page 319.

In the very midst of the Belgian iron country under the shadow of tall sheltering ridges of pine-clad mountain-land, nestles the fashionable little watering-place called Forêt-dechène. Two or three handsome hotels; a bright white new pile of building, with vast windows of shining plate-glass, and a stately quadrangular courtyard, a tiny street, which looks as if a fragment of English Brighton had been dropped in this Belgian valley, a stunted semi-classic temple, which is at once a post-office and a shrine whereat invalids perform their worship of Hygeia by the consumption of unspeakably disagreeable mineral-waters; a few tall white villas scattered here and there upon the slopes of pine-clad hills; and a very uncomfortable railway-station—constitute the chief features of Forêt-dechène. But right and left of that little cluster of shops and hotels there stretch deep sombre avenues of oak, that look like sheltered ways to Paradise—and the deep blue of the August sky, and the pure breath of the warm soft air, and the tender green of the young pine-woods that clothe the sandy hills, and the delicious tranquillity that pervades the sleepy little town and bathes the hot landscape in a languorous mist, are charms that render Forêt-dechène a pleasant oasis amid the lurid woods and mountains of the iron country.

Only at stated intervals the quiet of this sleepy hollow is broken by the rolling of wheels, the jingling of bells, the cracking of whips, the ejaculations of drivers and supplications of touters; only when the railroad carries away departing visitors, or brings fresh ones, is there any thing like riot or confusion in the little town under the pine-clad hills—and even then riot and confusion are of a very mild order, and create but a transient discord amongst the harmonies of nature.

And yet, despite the Arcadian tranquillity of the landscape, the drowsy quiet of the pine-groves, the deep and solemn shade of those dark avenues, where one might fondly hope to find some Druidess lingering beneath the shelter of the oaks, there is excitement of no common order to be found in the miniature watering-place of Forêt-dechène, and the reflective and observant traveller, on a modern sentimental journey, has only to enter the stately white building with the glittering plate-glass windows in order to behold the master-passion of the human breast unveiled for his pleasure and edification.

The ignorant traveller, impelled by curiosity, finds no bar to his entrance. The doors are as wide open as if the mansion were an hotel; and yet it is not an hotel, though a placard which he passes informs the traveller that he may have ices and sorbets, if he will, nor is the bright fresh-looking building a theatre, for another placard informs the visitor that there are dramatic performances to be witnessed every evening on one side of the quadrangle, which is a mere subsidiary attachment to the vast white mansion. The traveller, passing on his way unheeded, save by a man in livery, who deprives him of his cane, ascends a splendid staircase and traverses a handsome antechamber, from which a pair of plate-glass doors open into a spacious saloon, where, in the warm August sunlight, a circle of men and women are gathered round a great green table, gambling.

The ignorant traveller, unaccustomed to the amusements of a Continental watering-place, may perhaps feel a little sense of surprise—as something almost akin to shame—as he contemplates that silent crowd; whose occupation seems so much the more strange to him because of their silence. There is no lively bustle, none of that animation which generally attends every kind of amusement, none of the clamour of the betting-ring or the exchange. The gamblers at Forêt-dechène are terribly in earnest: and the ignorant visitor unconsciously adapts himself to the solemn hush of the place and steps softly as he approaches the table round which they are

clustered—as many sitting as can find room round the green cloth covered board; while behind the sitters there are people standing two or three rows deep, the hindermost watching the table over the shoulders of their neighbours. A placard upon the wall informs visitors that only constant players are permitted to remain seated at that sacred table. Perhaps a third of the players and a third of the lookers-on are women. And if there are lips more tightly contracted than other lips, and eyes with a harder, greedier light in them than other eyes, those lips and those eyes belong to the women. The ungloved feminine hands have a claw-like aspect as they scrape the glittering pieces of silver over the green cloth; the feminine throats look weird and scraggy as they crane themselves over masculine shoulders; the feminine eyes have something demoniac in their steely glare as they keep watch upon the rapid progress of the game.

Half-a-dozen moderate fortunes seem to be lost and won while the traveller looks on from the background, unnoticed and unseen; for if those plate-glass doors swung suddenly open to admit the seven angels of the Apocalypse, carrying the seven golden vials filled with the wrath of God, it is doubtful whether the splendour of their awful glory, or the trumpet-notes that heralded their coming, would have power to arouse the players from their profound abstraction.

Half-a-dozen comfortable little patrimonies seem to have changed hands while the traveller has been looking on; and yet he has only watched the table for about ten minutes; and this splendid *salon* is but an outer chamber, where one may stake as shabby a sum as two francs, if one is shabby enough to wish to do so, and where playing for half-an-hour or so on a pleasant summer morning one could scarcely lose more than fifty or sixty pounds. Another pair of plate-glass doors open into an inner chamber, where the silence is still more profound, and where around a large table sit one row of players; while only here and there a little group of outsiders stand behind their chairs. There is more gilding on the walls and ceiling of this chamber; the frescoes are more delicate; the crystal chandeliers are adorned with rich clusters of sparkling drops, that twinkle like diamonds in the sun. This is the temple of gold; and in this splendid chamber one may hazard no smaller stake than half a napoleon. There are women here; but not so many women as in the outer saloon; and the women here are younger and prettier and more carefully dressed than those who stake only silver.

The prettiest and the youngest woman in this golden chamber on one particular August afternoon, nine years after the death of Tom Halliday, was a girl who stood behind the chair of a military-looking Englishman, an old man whose handsome face was a little disfigured by those traces which late hours and dissipated habits are supposed to leave behind them.

The girl held a card in one hand and a pin in the other, and was occupied in some mysterious process, by which she kept note of the Englishman's play. She was very young, with a delicate face, in whose softer lines there was a refined likeness to the features of the man whose play she watched. But while his eyes were hard and cold and gray, hers were of that dense black in which there seems such an unfathomable and mysterious depth. As she was the handsomest, so she was also the worst-dressed woman in the room. Her flimsy silk mantle had faded from black to rusty brown; the straw-hat which shaded her face was sunburnt; the ribbons had lost their brightness; but there was an air of attempted fashion in the puffings and trimming of her alpaca skirt; and there was evidence of a struggle with poverty in the tight-fitting lavender gloves, whose streaky lines bore witness to the imperfection of the cleaner's art. Elegant Parisians and the select of Brussels glanced at the military Englishman and his handsome daughter with some slight touch of supercilious surprise—one has no right to find shabbily-dressed young women in the golden temple—and it is scarcely necessary to state that it was from her own countrywomen the young person in alpaca

received the most chilling glances. But those Parthian arrows shot from feminine eyes had little power to wound their object just now. The girl looked up from her perforated card very seldom; and when she raised her eyes, it was always to look in one direction—towards the great glass doors opening from the outer saloon. Loungers came and went; the doors swung open and closed again as noiselessly as it is possible for well-regulated doors to open and shut; footsteps sounded on the polished floors; and sometimes, when the young person in alpaca lifted her eyes, a passing shadow of disappointment darkened her face. A modern Laurence Sterne, or a new Sentimental Journey, might have derived some interest from the study of the girl's countenance; but the reflective and observant traveller is not to be encountered very often in this age of excursionists; and Maria and her goat may roam the highways and byways for a long time before she will find any dreamy loiterer with a mind attuned to sympathy.

The shabbily-dressed girl was looking for some one. She watched her father's play carefully—she marked her card with unflinching precision; but she performed these duties with a mechanical air; and it was only when she lifted her eyes to the great shining plate-glass doors which opened into this dangerous Paradise, that any ray of feeling animated her countenance. She was looking for some one, and the person watched for was so long coming. Ah, how difficult for the arithmetician to number the crushing disappointments, the bitter agonies that one woman can endure in a single half-hour! This girl was so young—so young; and already she had learnt to suffer.

The man played with the concentrated attention and the impassible countenance of an experienced gamester, rarely lifting his eyes from the green cloth, never looking back at the girl who stood behind him. He was winning to-day, and he accepted his good fortune as quietly as he had often accepted evil fortune at the same table. He seemed to be playing on some system of his own; and neighbouring players looked at him with envious eyes, as they saw the pile of gold grow larger under his thin nervous hands. Ignorant gamesters, who stood aloof after having lost two or three napoleons, contemplated the lucky Englishman and wondered about him, while some touch of pity leavened the envy excited by his wonderful fortune. He looked like a decayed gentleman—a man who had been a military dandy in the days that were gone, and who had all the old pretensions still, without the power to support them—a Brummel languishing at Caen; a Nash wasting slowly at Bath.

At last the girl's face brightened suddenly as she glanced upwards; and it would have been very easy for the observant traveller—if any such person had existed—to construe aright that bright change in her countenance. The someone she had been watching for had arrived.

The doors swung open to admit a man of about five-and-twenty, whose darkly-handsome face and careless costume had something of that air which was once wont to be associated with the person and the poetry of George Gordon Lord Byron. The new-comer was just one of those men whom very young women are apt to admire, and whom worldly-minded people are prone to distrust. There was a perfume of Bohemianism, a flavour of the Quartier Latin, about the loosely-tied cravat, the wide trousers, and black-velvet morning-coat, with which the young man outraged the opinions of respectable visitors at Forêtdechène. There was a semi-poetic vagabondism in the half-indifferent, half-contemptuous expression of his face, with its fierce moustache, and strongly-marked eyebrows overshadowing sleepy gray eyes—eyes that were half hidden by their long dark lashes; as still pools of blue water lie sometimes hidden amongst the rushes that flourish round them.

He was handsome, and he knew that he was handsome; but he affected to despise the beauty of his proud dark face, as he affected to despise all the brightest and most beautiful things upon earth; and yet there was a vagabondish kind of foppery in his costume that contrasted sharply

with the gentlemanly dandyism of the shabby gamester sitting at the table. There was a distance of nearly half a century between the style of the Regency dandy and the Quartier-Latin lion.

The girl watched the new-comer with sad earnest eyes as he walked slowly towards the table, and a faint blush kindled in her cheeks as he came nearer to the spot where she stood. He went by her presently, carrying an atmosphere of stale tobacco with him as he went; and he gave her a friendly nod as he passed, and a "Good-morning, Diana;" but that was all. The faint blush faded and left her very pale: but she resumed her weary task with the card and the pin; and if she had endured any disappointment within those few moments, it seemed to be a kind of disappointment that she was accustomed to suffer.

The young man walked round the table till he came to the only vacant chair, in which he seated himself, and after watching the game for a few minutes, began to play. From the moment in which he dropped into that vacant seat to the moment in which he rose to leave the table, three hours afterwards, he never lifted his eyes from the green cloth, or seemed to be conscious of anything that was going on around or about him. The girl watched him furtively for some little time after he had taken his place at the table; but the stony mask of the professed gambler is a profitless object for a woman's earnest scrutiny.

She sighed presently, and laid her hand heavily on the chair behind which she was standing. The action aroused the man who sat in it, and he turned and looked at her for the first time.

"You are tired, Diana?"

"Yes, papa, I am very tired."

"Give me your card, then, and go away," the gamester answered peevishly; "girls are always tired."

She gave him the mysteriously-perforated card, and left her post behind his chair; and then, after roaming about the great saloon with a weary listless air, and wandering from one open window to another to look into the sunny quadrangle, where well-dressed people were sitting at little tables eating ices or drinking lemonade, she went away altogether, and roamed into another chamber where some children were dancing to the sound of a feeble violin. She sat upon a velvet-covered bench, and watched the children's lesson for some minutes, and then rose and wandered to another open window that overlooked the same quadrangle, where the well-dressed people were enjoying themselves in the hot August sunshine.

"How extravagantly every body dresses!" she thought, "and what a shabby poverty-stricken creature one feels amongst them! And yet if I ask papa to give me a couple of napoleons out of the money he won to-day, he will only look at me from head to foot, and tell me that I have a gown and a cloak and a bonnet, and ask me what more I can want, in the name of all that is unreasonable? And I see girls here whose fathers are so fond of them and so proud of them—ugly girls, decked out in silks and muslins and ribbons that have cost a small fortune, clumsy awkward girls, who look at me as if I were some new kind of wild animal."

The saloons at Forêtdechène were rich in monster sheets of looking-glass; and in wandering discontentedly about the room, Diana Paget saw herself reflected many times in all her shabbiness. It was only very lately she had discovered that she had some pretension to good looks; for her father, who could not or would not educate her decently or clothe her creditably, took a very high tone of morality in his paternal teaching, and in the fear that she might one day grow vain of her beauty, had taken care to impress upon her at an early age that she was the very incarnation of all that is lean and sallow and awkward.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE EASY DESCENT.

Amongst the many imprudences of which Horatio Paget—once a captain in a crack cavalry regiment, always a captain in his inter-

course with the world—had been guilty during the course of a long career, there was none for which he so bitterly reproached himself as for a certain foolish marriage which he had made late in life. It was when he had thrown away the last chance that an indulgent destiny had given him, that the ruined sop of the Regency, the sometime member of the Beefsteak Club, the man who in his earliest youth had worn a silver girdon at his button hole, and played piquet in the gilded saloons of Georgina of Devonshire, found himself laid on a bed of sickness in dingy London lodgings, and nearer death than he had ever been in the course of his brief military career; so nearly gliding from life's swift-flowing river into eternity's trackless ocean, that the warmest thrill of gratitude which ever stirred the slow pulses of his cold heart quickened its beating as he clasped the hand that had held him back from the unknown region whose icy breath had chilled him with an awful fear. Such men as Horatio Paget are apt to feel a strange terror when the black night drops suddenly down upon them, and the "Gray Boatman" voice sounds hollow and mysterious in the darkness, announcing that the ocean is near. The hand that held the ruined spendthrift back when the current swept so swiftly oceanward was a woman's tender hand; and heaven only knows what patient watchfulness, what careful administration of medicines and unceasing preparation of broths and jellies and sops and gruels, what untiring and devoted slavery, had been necessary to save the faded rake, who looked out upon the world once more, a ghastly shadow of his former self, a penitential burden for any one who helpless might choose to support him.

"Don't thank me," said the doctor, when his feeble patient whimpered flourishing protestations of his gratitude, unabashed by the consciousness that such grateful protestations were the sole coin with which the medical man would be paid for his services, "thank that young woman, if you want to thank any body, for if it had not been for her you wouldn't be here to talk about gratitude. And if ever you get such another attack of inflammation on the lungs, you had better pray for such another nurse, though I don't think you're likely to find one."

And with this exordium, the rough-and-ready surgeon took his departure, leaving Horatio Paget alone with the woman who had saved his life.

She was only his landlady's daughter; and his landlady was no prosperous householder in Mayfair, thriving on the extravagance of wealthy bachelors, but an honest widow, living in an obscure little street leading out of the Old Kent Road, and letting a meagrely-furnished little parlour and a still more meagrely-furnished little bedroom to any single gentleman whom reverse of fortune might lead into such a locality. Captain Paget had sunk very low in the world when he took possession of that wretched parlour and laid himself down to rest on the widow's flock-bed.

There is apt to be a dreary interval in the life of such a man—a blank dismal interregnum, which divides the day in which he spends his last shilling from the hour in which he begins to prey deliberately upon the purses of other people. It was in that hopeless interval that Horatio Paget established himself in the widow's parlour. But though he slept in the Old Kent Road, he had not yet brought himself to endure existence on the Surrey side of the water. He emerged from his lodging every morning to hasten westward, resplendent in clean linen and exquisitely-fitting gloves, an unquestionable overcoat, and varnished boots.

The wardrobe has its Indian summer; and the glory of a first-rate tailor's coat is like the splendour of a tropical sun—it is glorious to the last, and sinks in a moment. Captain Paget's wardrobe was in its Indian summer in these days; but when he felt how fatally near the Bond-Street pavement was to the soles of his feet, he could not refrain from a fond admiration of the boots that were so beautiful in decay. He walked the West-end for many weary hours every day during this period of his deca-

dence. He tried to live in an honest gentlemanly way, by borrowing money of his friends, or discounting an accommodation-bill obtained from some innocent acquaintance who was deluded by his brilliant appearance and specious tongue into a belief in the transient nature of his difficulties. He spent his days in hanging about the halls and waiting-rooms of clubs—of some of which he had once been a member; he walked weary miles between St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill, leaving little notes for men who were not at home, or writing a little note in one room while the man to whom he was writing hushed his breath in an adjoining chamber. People who had once been Captain Paget's fast friends seemed to have simultaneously decided upon spending their existence out of doors, as it appeared to the impecunious Captain. The servants of his friends were afflicted with a strange uncertainty as to their masters' movements. At whatever hall-door Horatio Paget presented himself, it seemed equally doubtful whether the proprietor of the mansion would be home to dinner that day, or whether he would be at home any time next day, or the day after that, or at the end of the week, or indeed whether he would ever come home again. Sometimes the Captain, calling in the evening dusk, in the faint hope of gaining admittance to some friendly dwelling, saw the glimmer of light under a dining-room door, and heard the clopping of corks and the pleasant jingling of glass and silver in the innermost recesses of a butler's pantry; but still the answer was—not at home, and not likely to be home. All the respectable world was to be out henceforth for Horatio Paget. But now and then at the clubs he met some young man, who had no wife at home to keep watch upon his purse and to wait piteously over a five-pound note ill bestowed, and who took compassion on the fallen spendthrift, and believed, or pretended to believe, his story of temporary embarrassment; and then the Captain dined sumptuously at a little French restaurant in Castle Street, Leicester Square, and took a half-bottle of chablis with his oysters, and warmed himself with chambertin that was brought to him in a dusty cobweb-shrouded bottle reposing in a wicker-basket.

But in these latter days such glimpses of sunshine very rarely illumined the dull stream of the Captain's life. Failure and disappointment had become the rule of his existence—success the rare exception. Crossing the river now on his way westward, he was wont to loiter a little on Waterloo Bridge, and to look dreamily down at the water, wondering whether the time was near at hand when, under cover of the evening dusk, he would pay his last halfpenny to the tolkeeper, and never again know the need of any earthly coin.

"I saw a fellow in the Morgue one day,—a poor wretch who had drowned himself a week or two before. Great God, how horrible he looked! If there was any certainty they would find one immediately, and bury one decently, there'd be no particular horror in that kind of death. But to be found like that, and to lie in some riverside dead-house down by Wapping, with a ghastly placard rotting on the rotting door, and nothing but ooze and slime and rotteness round about one—waiting to be identified! And who knows, after all, whether a dead man doesn't feel that sort of thing?"

It was after such musings as these had begun to be very common with Horatio Paget that he caught the chill which resulted in a very dangerous illness of many weeks. The late autumn was wet and cold and dreary; but Captain Paget, although remarkably clever after a certain fashion, had never been a lover of intellectual pursuits, and imprisonment in Mrs. Kepp's shabby parlour was odious to him. When he had read every page of the borrowed newspaper, and pished and psawed over the leaders, and groaned aloud at the announcement of some wealthy marriage made by one of his quondam friends, or chuckled at the record of another quondam friend's insolvency—when he had poked the fire savagely half a dozen times in an hour, cursing the pinched grate and the bad

conls during every repetition of the operation—when he had smoked his last cigar, and varnished his favourite boots, and looked out of the window, and contemplated himself gloomily in the wretched little glass over the narrow chimney-piece,—Captain Paget's intellectual resources were exhausted, and an angry impatience took possession of him. Then, in defiance of the pelting rain or the lowering sky, he flung his slippers into the furthest corner—and the furthest corner of Mrs. Kepp's parlour was not very remote from the Captain's arm-chair—he drew on the stoutest of his varnished boots—and there were none of them very stout now—but-tuned his perfect overcoat, adjusted his hat before the looking-glass, and sallied forth, umbrella in hand, to make his way westward. Westward always, through storm and shower, back to the haunts of his youth, went the wanderer and outcast, to see the red glow of chery fires reflected on the plate-glass windows of his favourite clubs; to see the lamps in spacious reading-rooms lit early in the autumn dusk, and to watch the soft light glimmering on the rich bindings of the books, and losing itself in the sombre depths of crimson draperies. To this poor worldly creature the agony of banishment from those palaces of Pall Mall or St. James's Street was as bitter as the pain of a fallen angel. It was the dullest, dearest time of the year, and there were not many loungers in those sumptuous reading-rooms, where the shaded lamps shed their subdued light on the chaste splendour of the sanctuary, so Captain Paget could haunt the scene of his departed youth without much fear of recognition: but his wanderings in the West grew more hopeless and purposeless every day. He began to understand how it was that people were never at home when he assailed their doors with his fashionable knock. He could no longer endure the humiliation of such repulses, for he began to understand that the servants knew his errand as well as their masters, and had their answers ready, let him present himself before them when he would: so he besieged the doors of St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill no longer. He knew that the bubble of his poor foolish life had burst, and that there was nothing left for him but to die.

To be continued.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**DOLOMITE** or magnesian limestone, calcined at a low heat and powdered, and then made into a paste, forms under water a stone of extraordinary hardness.

**REMOVING STAINS FROM PAINT BY CHLOROFORM**—Chloroform is said to remove stains from paint, varnish, and oil. Every one knows that care is requisite in the use of chloroform. As little as possible should be used, and the work should not be done in a close place, but where the vapour will be rapidly carried off. Another fluid recommended for the same purpose is a mixture of six parts of strong alcohol, three parts of liquor ammonia, and a quarter part of benzole.

**PRESERVATION OF BUTTER IN FRANCE**—One part of sugar, one part of nitre, and two parts of salt, reduced to a very fine powder, constitute a good mixture for the preservation of butter. Sixty grammes, or rather more than 2 oz. of this mixture, is sufficient for a kilogramme, or about 2½ lb. of fresh butter, which, thus prepared, remains very good a fortnight afterwards; its taste is soft and agreeable. There is also another mode of preserving, viz., the butter is melted and purified with honey, 60 grammes of which are used for each kilogramme, the two substances being mixed with care. An agreeable flavour is obtained, and it will remain good a long time.

An old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. K.—The collection of oriental tales known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, was first made known to Europe by Antony Galland, a French orientalist, about the year 1704. They were supposed by many to be the production of the translator himself rather than the collection of an unknown Arabian author, as stated by Galland in his dedication, and eminent oriental scholars did not hesitate to denounce them as forgeries. The work, however, was highly esteemed by the public, and soon filled Europe with its fame, much to the surprise of the critics. Galland's French edition was speedily translated into all the languages of Europe, and edition followed edition with great rapidity. When, and by whom the work was written is not known, but all doubt as to the authenticity of the "Thousand and One Nights" has been long dispelled; as several MS. copies have been found, and no less than four editions of the Arabic text have been published.

ENQUIRER.—On the first syllable undoubtedly. C. L., Quebec.—Our correspondent, whose note has been overlooked, is respectfully thanked for her good wishes. We fear we could not make room for the papers mentioned.

WYVANT.—We are sorry to be again compelled to ask for your Post Office address. Please forward it, and we will return the MS. immediately.

HERALD.—Richard the First assumed the motto: "Dieu et mon Droit," intimating thereby that the Kings of England hold their empire from God alone.

ROLAND, OLIVER & Co.—Will reply to your question in our next.

CEPHAS.—Please accept our thanks—we hope to hear from you again.

EDITH.—The consent of the Sovereign is necessary to legalise the marriage of all members of the Royal Family.

ALICE B.—We are compelled to admit that our correspondent's strictures are well founded; but after the present number in which "Brought to Light" is concluded, we shall be able to give more space to shorter tales and miscellaneous articles, as well as to resume our occasional pages of music.

FNI.—We are always happy to encourage literary aspirants, but we fear "Fni," in attempting to write stories, has mistaken his vocation.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Douglas Jerrold was born at Sheerness, England, about the year 1805.

MINOR.—A woman becomes of age at twenty-one years; the Sovereign alone excepted, and eighteen years is the limit assigned to her minority.

SCHOOL-BOY.—The treaty of peace concluded at Cambrai in 1529, between Francis 1st, of France, and Charles V, Emperor of Germany, was called "The ladies peace," (La paix de dames) because it was chiefly negotiated by Louise of Savoy, and Margaret of Austria.

A. R. T.—Yes, with much pleasure.

PASTIMES.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our friends who take an interest in the column original contributions of Puzzles, Charades, Problems, &c Solutions should in each case accompany questions forwarded.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

- 1. A town in Belgium.
2. A river in Prussia.
3. A cape of Portugal.
4. A country in Europe.
5. A range of mountains in America.
6. An island in the Baltic sea.
7. A country in Asia.
8. A Turkish seaport.
9. A river in Spain.

The initials read downward will name the establisher of British supremacy in India.

BERICUS.

SEASONABLE ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Now sell cooks.
2. Slave bill. Jane.
3. Not sad buff Sam.
4. Jee nips me.

RIDDLE.

When was B the first letter in the alphabet?

CHARADES.

- 1. My 12, 4, 9, 10, 2, is a river in France.
My 8, 6, 14, is a poem.
My 11, 13, 5, 3, is what young ladies ought to do.
My 1, 7, 4, 10, is a valley.
My whole is a general favourite.

POPPIE.

- 2. My 8, 2, 4, Canada produces.
My 10, 2, 9, 7, is an annual product.
My 5, 6, 3, 6, 1, 9, 3, was a French divine.
My whole is a living poet.

CEPHAS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A metal.
2. A poem.
3. A law term.
4. A relative.
5. A game at cards.
6. An illusion.
7. An affirmative.

The initials will name a benevolent person to whom countries on both sides of the Atlantic are indebted! the finale, backwards, will show the county of his birth.

PROBLEM.

An insurance company took a policy at 1 1/2 per cent., and reinvested two-fifths of it in another company at 1 1/4 per cent. The premium received exceeded the premium paid by \$31.85. What was the amount of the policy?

CEPHAS.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c.

No. 71.

Riddles.—1. A toast. 2. A pillow. 3. Because she is always a-musing.

Charades.—1. Concord. 2. Scapegrace. 3. The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Square Words.—R A R E

A V O W

R O V E

E W E R

Double Acrostic.—Sir Colin Campbell—Sir Henry Havelock—1. Stork. 2. Ionic. 3. Relievo. 4. Cashel. 5. Olive. 6. Lov. 7. Infanta. 8. Norwich. 9. Clay. 10. Armour. 11. Moon. 12. Palace. 13. Birch. 14. Emperor. 15. Li. 16. Lyons.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Riddles.—Don, Folio, Argus, Gouty, Ellen B. Charades.—Camp, H. H. V. Don, Geo. H., Gouty, T. P., May.

Square Words.—Gouty, Argus, Ellen B., T. P. Camp.

Double Acrostic.—Argus, H. H. V., Gouty, Camp.

Received too late to be acknowledged in last week's. "Bericus," who, with one exception, answers all.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L. A. BRANTFORD, C. W.—The Problem if faulty, having a second solution commencing with B to Kt 4 (ch.); the idea, however, is a good one, and is well worth elaborating into a perfect position.

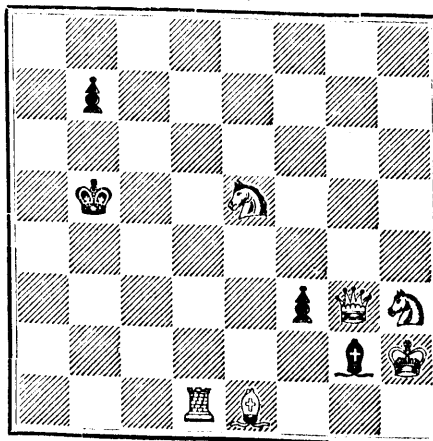
M. J. TORONTO.—The game presents some points of interest; we will make room for it shortly.

X. L. KINGSTON, C. W.—Welcome! quite correct.

PROBLEM No. 52.

BY G. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 50.

WHITE.

- 1 R to K R 6.
2 Kt to Q 5 (ch.)
3 B to Q R 3 (ch.)
4 R or Kt mates.

BLACK.

- K to Q Kt 5 or (a.)
K to B 4.
Anything.

- 1
2 Kt to Q 5.
3 B to Q R 3 (ch.)
4 R or Kt mates.

- K to Q 5.
K to B 4.
Anything.

The following game occurred in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Bird.

RUY ROPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

WHITE, (Mr. Bird.)

- 1 P to K 4.
2 Kt to K B 3.
3 B to Q Kt 5.
4 Castles.
5 R to K sq.
6 B takes Kt.
7 P to Q 4.
8 Kt to Q B 3.
9 Kt to K 6.
10 P to Q 5.
11 Kt takes P.
12 Kt to K B 4 (c.)
13 Kt to K B 3.
14 Kt to K R 5.
15 Kt to Q 4.
16 Kt to K B 4.
17 P to Q B 4.
18 Kt to Q 5.
19 Q to Q Kt 3.
20 Q B to B 4.
21 P to Q B 5.
22 B takes Kt, and wins.

BLACK, (Mr. Steinitz.)

- 1 P to K 4.
2 Kt to Q B 3.
3 Kt to K B 3.
4 Kt takes P.
5 Kt to Q 3.
6 Q P takes B.
7 P to K 6.
8 P to K B 4 (a.)
9 B to K 3.
10 P takes P.
11 Kt to K B 2 (b.)
12 Q to K B 3.
13 B to K 2.
14 Q to Kt 8.
15 B to Q 2.
16 Q to Q 3.
17 Castles (Q R.)
18 K R to K sq.
19 Kt to K 4.
20 P to K Kt 4 (d.)
21 Q to Q R 3.

(a). Black keeps a Pawn plus, but his game is a little exposed.

(b). Very interesting situation, now arise.

(c). Well played on White's part.

(d). This oversight loses a piece and the game at once.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

PROVERB.—No fool like a gooseberry fool.

THE SANITARY REFORMER'S PARADISE.—Fresh-water.

MEDICAL.—Annuitants are subject to a peculiar malady known as the long-liver complaint.

NEW METHOD OF IMBIBING.—Drinking another's health.

A TEMPTING SUBJECT FOR ANIMAL PAINTERS.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.—Always put your cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends.—Punch.

NAKED SHERRY.—An American paper says: "we notice wine newly advertised as naked sherry. It will probably be recommended to those invalids who have no coats to their stomachs."

AN AWAKENING PREACHER.—"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen (a pin) about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping man by your side, Jenny."

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—A cobbler in Essex thus announced his calling:—"Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding to the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis."

In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms.

CONJUGAL CONFIDENCE.—"Charles, dear, now that we are married, you know, we must have no secrets. So do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair-dye; you will find it in my dressing-case."

The Irishmen of the last century perpetrated all the more preposterous of the chivalric absurdities. Seeing the beautiful Duchess of Rutland dip her hands into a finger-glass after dinner, Colonel St. Leger seized the glass, and drank its contents. "You will have another treat to-night, Sallenger," laughed the good-natured duke, "for her grace washes her feet after supper."