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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

TERMS, SNOLH COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 40

OCEAN BEACH ON A STORMY EVENING.

BY MRS. LUPROHON.

had was the scene and lonely Down by that wave-washed shore, Where the wide, boundless ocean, Heaves, tosses, evermore; Shadows were tickly falling, O'er oliff and rucky steep, O'er dark and low' ring heavens, O'er wild and feam-flecked deep.

No golden gleaus of sunset, No cloud of rosy hue, Illumed that seene so dreary, No glimpse of saure blue, But the dark tinted billows, With deep and muttered roar, Came swiftly rolling landwards, Breaking upon the shore.

Long line of foam, white, seething, Checkered the wide expanse, With wherl and ghostly gleaming. Seeming the gloom t'enhance; Whilst now come soffy orceping Gray mists along the years! rny mists along the const. ith motion vague, uncertain, phantom, shadowy host.

Hark I 'bove the roar of waters List to that sullen boom ! Is that a gleam of lightning Flashing across the gloom? A minute gun sad signal From o'er that stormy soa. From to their help, oh Father! They have no hope save Thee!

Blacker come down the shadows,
Fiercer roll in the waves,
Deoper the muttered thunder
Booms up from ocean's caves,
liigher the stormy billows
If ing up their foam wreaths white,
Karth hath no seene more lonely
Than ocean beach to night.

Journal of Education.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

WITNESS: THE DEAD

OR,

LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CLOSE OF AN EVIL WOMAN'S CAREER.

We must now return to Margaret and Colonel Atherton whom we left with the insensible Lil-lian, using every effort to restore her to life and consciousness, and momentarily expecting the arrival of the physician for whom Colonel Atherton had sent off Watkins, the latter having unexpectedly made his appearance from the stables

expectedly made his appearance from the stables a short time previous.

How mournful was the change wrought in that fair young face. Thin and haggard with sunken eyes encircled by deep dark rings, pinched, pallid lips, hollow temples, could this be the bright beautiful young being whom Noville Atherton had last looked on with such admiration, under the fragrant shadow of the pine woods? And yot the stern-browed man that miration, under the fragrant shadow of the pine woods? And yet the stern-browed man that bent over her, watching with heart-sick anxiety the faint breath of life struggling back in that wasted frame, a breath so uncertain that every moment might see it extinguished in death, felt that she was dear to him as no woman had ever been since the death of his early and long mourned first love.

mourned first love.
"O my God!" he inwardly and passionately petitioned. "Spare—space—her to me! Thou who hast permitted that my long desolate and scarred heart should find at last a tie to bind it to earth, do not in mercy sever that golden link almost in the hour that Thou hast curiched me

And on her side how fervently the pious gentle Margaret prayed for the prolongation of that life so precious to her lonely heart. Surely surely, those united and earnest supplication mounted to the cur of Him who has said: "Ask

and you shall receive," obtaining from His mercy the boon so forvently implored.

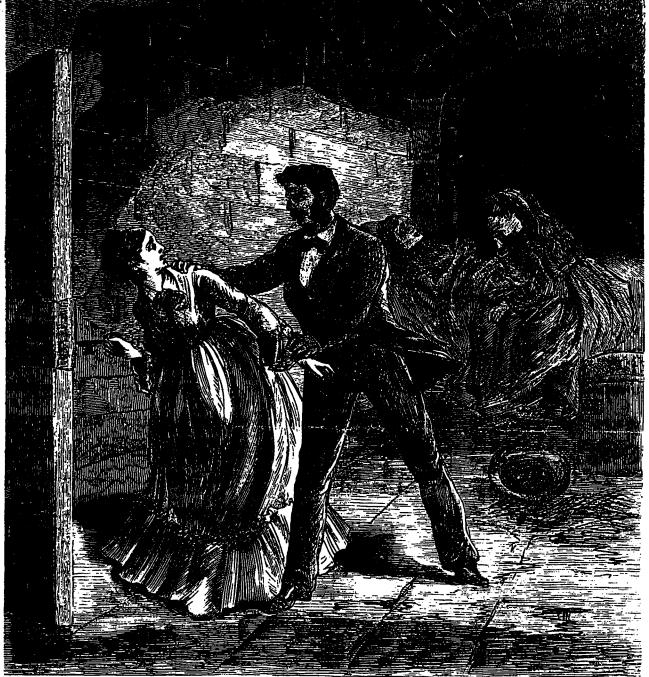
Doctor Ewing soon arrived, listened wonderingly to Colonel Atherton's hurried tale of Lillian's incarceration in one of the cellars of the building, a victim to the housekeeper's hatred—this was the only version ever given to the subthis was the only version ever given to the public—then applied himself to the immediate re-storation of the patient. After an hour of watchful care and suitable ministrations, such as the sufferer's frame, reduced by actual star-vation, demanded, the large dark eyes opened, clear and intelligent, and after first resting on Margaret with affectionate pleasure, turned on Col. Atherton, whom she evidently recognized, with satisfaction, though without evincing any surprises at his presence. surprises at his presence.

"Now, Miss Tromaine, our young friend must be put into a darkened room and kept perfectly quiet," was the softly spoken dictum of Doctor Ewing. "With extreme care and prudence her recovery may be hoped for, though I have never seen one as far gone on life's last journey as she is, retrace their steps."

"The room she occupied so long with myself, will, I think, answer best," rejoined Margaret. "I shall run up first and prepare it."

In crossing the threshold the remembrance of the formidable and guilty woman whom she might meet in the chambers above suddenly presented itself to her mind, blanching her Atherton read her thoughts at once and whispered:

"I will go with you." As they reached the upper landing the girl with a perplexed look said:



"I must get the keys of the linen closet from Mrs. Stakely."

"And you fear to ask for them, sister Margaret, is not that the case?" and something like a smile passed for the first time during the last twenty-four hours over the speaker's face. "Yes that is the exact case."

"Then I will act as your deputy and call on this formidable housekeeper to deliver them up. That door slightly agar is hers, is it not? I need not knock quite as imperatively as I did this

But something of the sort seemed necessary, for two or three rappings, augmenting in noise as Colonel Atherton's patience diminished, brought no response whatever.

"Perhaps she has left the house," he suddenly surmised. Knowing the fearful suspicions or rather certainties hanging over her head, it would be the wisest thing she could have done. Please Margaret, go into her room even if she have left, you may possibly find the keys there." The girl entered a step or two, then retreated with a white, terrified face.

"Yes, hut I dare not venture in. She looks so strange."

Atherton pushed gently past and strode into the room. Mrs. Stukely was seated in her arm chair

which was drawn up to the table, and her head drooped forward slightly as if in slumber, but her eyes wide open and blankly staring with the fixed glassy vacancy of death. A tiny vial on the table beside her, as well as the odour of some powerful drug tainting the air, revealed that a voluntary death by polson had closed Hannah Stukely's sin-stained career. Colonel Atherton hald his hand on check and

brow. They were rigid, and cold with the icy chiliness of the tomb.

"Come away Margaret," he kindly said,
drawing the almost fainting girl from the room.

drawing the almost fainting girl from the room.
"See, we will lock this door till later, and now, show me the linen closet. I will break it open, for everything necessary for our dear invalid rust be procured at once."

The thought of that beloved one restored Margaret at once to something like self-possession, and soon everything was ready. It was Neville Atherton's strong arms that carried Lillian up to her apartment, the physician being short to her apariment, the physician being short Thus he passed back into his old haunts and and pletheric declared himself unequal to the life of vice, to live and die in the manner such task, and then after exacting a promise from the latter that no consideration should induce him to leave the patient's sides till his—Colonel

Atherton's return, he whispered Margaret that he was about returning home to bring back his mother, a couple of confidential servants, as well as everything that might be requisite for Lillian till her condition would permit of her being moved to Atherton Park. The invalid however had youth in her favor as well as a naturally strong healthy constitution and it was turally strong healthy constitution, and it was not long ere her loving anxions watchers had the happiness of seeing the old bright smile light up her wan face. Of the past she was utterly forbidden to speak, nor was the death of her father, nor that of Mrs. Stukely communirest was in no manner disturbed.

A sullen, rufficatly looking man was pointed out to the Colonel at the investas the husband of the deceased; but Stukely attributing his wife's rash act entirely to the effects of his own brutality during the interview that had taken place between them in the morning kept friends, at last to speak—to relate to you my his own counsel and volunteered no information. No one had seen him enter or leave the than any of you have an idea of. A tale, too, house for Margaret and Colonel Atherton, its of dark guilt, on whose relation I shrink from for Margaret and Colonel Atherton, its only immates apart from the unconscious almost only liminates apart from the unconscious aumost dying girl on whom they were attending, had seen nothing of him. Neither pity nor reconstirred his heart as he looked down on the face, his only commentary being an invalidation of the control of t thought that she was "a deep one and might have become dangerous." After ascertaining garet, will understand the sadness with which fully, what he had already suspected in part, that his wife had left by a will dated the day me. And you Colonel Atherton, will know after his return all she possessed to her infant why I have heretofore so steadfastly refused to fully, what he had already suspected in part, that his wife had left by a will dated the day grant-child and idiot daughter, everything tied i enter into any engagement that might bereafte up so accurately and securely by legal precau-tions that he could never touch a farthing of it, he resolved on leaving the neighborhood for over, bringing of course with him the money and jewels of which he had despoiled his wife on the morning of her tragic death.

"Thanks to my own rough and ready wit, I've had a fulr share of the spells any how;" he muttered, as he descended the steps of the Prince's Feather for the last time. "Now, hey for London, where my palk will give me a deuced sight warmer welcome than the one I got at Tremaine Court when I came back.'

as he generally do, at war with all social and

roligious laws.

CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

One lovely summer evening Lillian found herself seated on a sofa in Mrs. Atherion's own room, in that lady's particular arm-chair, surrounded by the friends she loved with such just cause. Neville Atherton her devoted lover her gentle sister Margaret, and the generous, high souled woman, who was now in every sense of the word a mother to her. Very levely the girl utterly forbidden to spenk, nor was the death of looked though fragile face and figure yet plainly ber father, nor that of Mrs. Stukely communibure the traces of recent and dangerous illness, sated to her for a considerable time. A coroner's and the line of her cheek was faint as that of inquest was held over the housekeeper's re-the provence rose just placed in her hand by mains, and owing to Colonel Atherton's efforts, ther host, as he stooped at the same time to was carried out with such gaution that Lillian's place a velvet footstool under her feet, and to draw with lover-like care a soft white shaw around her shoulders. All three were silent at the moment, when suddenly the voice of the girl, soit yet wonderfully clear, made itself

"Doctor Ewing has given me leave, dear entering, yet it must nevertheless be told. You, Mrs. Atherton, will then understand why I have listened in uttersilence to the desires and hopes you have sooften deigned to express to me even when my heart was full to overflowing with gratified for your earnest kindness. You, Margaret will understand the seduce with actions. bind you in honor to fulfil a bethrothal which you would, perhaps, secretly shrink. After family secrets, with which I became acquainted in all their horror, you may be, perhaps, glad to remember that you are perfectly infettered by

vow or promise to me of any sorth,
"Not to-day, Lillian, do not tell your story to-day," hastly interposed Margaret. "You are not strong enough for such an effort."

"It must be to-day, for like a criminal I long to hear my sentence pronounced"; and with a cheek white now as the snowy morning robo that clothed her, she entored on her tale, beginning with her first nocturnal visit to the cust

Ah! her's was not the only cheek that the warm blood receded from that evening, and

though no exclamations of terror or wonder broke in on her recital, such as interrupt, so often, the speaker in narratives of fur less harrowing moment, a look of stlent horror stole over the faces of her listeners and rested on each countenance as if frozen there. Once only a faint mean broke from Margaret's pale lips, and she covered her face with her hands; and once Colonel Atherton rose and brought the speaker a glass of wine and water. How the girl's tortured heart inwardly wri-

thed under the sufferings of that terrible con-fession, under the auguish and lumiliation of laying bare to that proud, sensitive mother and son the appalling guilt of a father, the igno-miny of which could not but be reflected, to a certain extent, on his children. But her recital came at length to an end, and with a short catching of her breath that sounded like a sob, she

"Tis for you to tell me now by what providential coincidence you came to discover me in so strange and secret a hiding place? Margaret,

Whilst the eldest sister briefly compiled, Col. Atherton whispered a word in his mother's ear, and his eyes sought her's with the entreating look that they had never worn since the days of his youth, when they had hever worn since the days of his youth, when they had pleaded with her the cause of Gertrude Ellis in vain. But the Mrs. Atherton of to-day, humbled, chastened in heart, was a very different being to the Mrs. Atherton of old, whose ambitious pride had marred so completely her many other noble qualities. Gently she pressed her son's hand, and then the latter approaching fallian bent over her, tenderly saying:

"When I asked you, a short time since, to be my wife, dear Lillian, you declined giving me an answer till I had heard the tale you have just related. Its only effect has been to increase tenfold my admiration and love, and I now re-new my sultentreating you to listen to it favorably. All that affectionate devotion can suggest to render you happy will be done, and it will be my dear task to blot speedily from your recol-lection the sorrows and trials of your early youth.

youth."

"And I will be to you a fond, loving mother,"

"I whispered Mrs. Atherton, as she approached the
young girl and drew her head on "" hosom.

"Now, not mother word, for this agitation has "Now, not another word, for this agintion has been too much for you, and your white face would fill Dr. Ewing with dismay if he saw it. Margaret, you can walk with Neville on the terrace outside, or do penance in the dining-room, but fallian must lie down on the soft here and keep perfectly quiet for the rest of the

"Remember, mother," persisted Col. Atherton, as he glanced appealingly, though smil-ingly, towards Lillian, "I have not had my answer yet."

A blush, bright as the smile that accompanied it, flitted over the girl's face, restoring to her, for the moment, her olden beauty, but Mrs. Atherton again interposed:
"There, my son, is not that answer sufficient? At least, I will allow of no other today. I am fully invested with a mother's privileges and intend to neathern.

privileges and intend to use them.

Quictly Margaret and Colonel Atherton with-drew, and under the sholter of the stately trees bordering the terrace, they spoke long and earnestly on subjects that were now of common interest to them both. It was decided that Neville himself should see to having the venerated remains contained in the oak chest prionly an old family domestic on whose discretion he could rely into his secret, and that only as fur as was absolutely necessary, thus this sad chapter in the family annals should never become food for wondering gossip and comment. The marriage should come off as soon as Lillian would allow it, and as quietly as possible, out of consideration for the latter's weak health and the mourning she still were for her father. Then the new-married couple would travel for some months on the continent, a thing almost necessary to enable the bride to fully recover from the scones of horror through which she had

pussed. Margaret would remain with Mrs. Atherton. and that mutual companionship would console them for the absence of the two other beloved members of their family circle.

Tremnine Court, old and dilapidated, sur-rounded with painful and terrible memories, would be pulled down, and Atherton Park would be the future home of all.

Just as Margaret and Colonel Atherion had planned, all things came to pass. With his brotherly assistance the girl went through the examination of her father's papers and effects, fearing lest a stranger's eye might find among them some clue to the terrible family secrots. The greater part of these she burned, reserving, of course, those of a business nature. In a of course, those of a business nature. In a secretary drawer, the lock of which was rusty from long disuse, she found a small miniature of her mother, and a few yellow, time-stained letters, written in a meek, gentle spirit, to the writer's husband, during one of his frequent absences. They were the only treasures that Tremaine Court contained; and Margaret put them away to be often taken out, kissed wept over in her hours of solitu de.

opt over in her nours of solitude.

On all points connected with the last deher sojourn in her subtermnean prison, Eille was strangely reticent, and when the subject was alluded to usually contrived to change the course of conversation. She merely said she had suffered but little from hunger or thirst, a strange, sleep impor, induced, probably, in great part b in air of the place, rendering her aims is misble to all external sensations. What is wrely told, however, were the sentiments of humble resignation to God's will with which she accepted death at His hands; the free cutter foretypness who have not obligate. the free, entire forgiveness she bestowed on her enemies, praying even for them as she did for those most dear to her; and the other hely thoughts had filled, so absorbingly, her pure

young heart.
As previously arranged, Lillian and Noville



Atherton were quietly married and then went abroad. When they returned, a year later, the bride had developed into a regal-looking woman of surpassing grace and sweetness, worthy in all things of the devoted affection her husband all things of the devoted anection has massively lavished on her. She nover forgot the resolutions she had formed on finding herself face to face, as it wore, with death, in the lonely vault of Tremaine Court; nor of the clear conviction that had then forced itself on her mind of the utter vanity of all earthly things, and their pairty insignificance whon compared with those of eternity.

of eternity.

Colonel Atherton, after their return from their bridal tour, had had the family diamonds reset with a splendour befitting their great value, intending his bride should wear them when presented at Court, but Lillian never went to London, never mingled, for even one brief season, in the glittering gatelies and bowildering placeties and bowildering spaceties. It is the progression of the formula life. Rumours ing pleasures of fushionable life. Rumours went abrond of the superb beauty and regal bearing of the bride, and mon hinted, dubl-ously, that Neville Atherton must be jealous, afraid to trust so fair a wife amid London's temptations; but it was Mrs. Atherton herself who politioned that they should dwell in their beautiful country home, among their own ten-antry, seeking to do good to their kind, and to live for a future world as well as for this. Her husband, who cared little for men's opinions, and still less for pleasures, of whose emptiness he had wearled long years ago, readily acqui-

esced in her wishes. Atherion Tark often saw visitors within its precincts, for the place had ever been noted for its princely hospitalities, and on such occasions Lillian's patrician beauty and forminine grace allied her husband with pardonable pride, and with admiring wonder the guests who had, pertaps, heard her criticized as prudish and strait-laced, or condemned as bigoted and fanatical. Mrs. Atherton and Margaret continued to re-

side with the happy couple in an affectionate intercourse that was never dimmed by a cloud, and beautiful, intelligent children grew up around them, filling the stately homestead with additional sunshine.

Both sisters, by their pure, womanly virtues, spotless lives, and active, unwearying benevolence, finally succeeded in wiping out the species of odium that had, through so many generations, attached itself to the name of the Tremaines of Tremaine Court.

A. B. C.

A. B. C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;
C is the Chaperone who cheated at eards;
D is the Dauxtemps with Frank of the Guards;
E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely;
F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely;
G is the Glove of superlative kid;
Il is the ice which the fair one demanded;
I is the ice which the fair one demanded;
J is the Javenile, that dainty who handed;
K is the Lace which composed the chief part;
M is the Nose she turned up at each glance;
O is the Olga (lust then in its prime);
F is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;
Q's the Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers;
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they tulked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle who thought "we'd be goin;"
V is the Voice that his niece replied "No" in;
W is the Kniter who sat up till eight;
X is the Exit, not rigidly straight;
X is the Yawning it caused by the Ball;
Z stands for Nore, or nothing at all.

Galverley's "Fle Learys."

[REGISTERED In accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.1

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

ATTHOR OF LADY AUDIEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX .- (Continued.)

O, the man was mad evidently, a wretched creature whom grief had made distraught. Her first thought had been right. She glanced towards the door with a little look of terror, and rose from her chair, her first impulse being to fly. Richard Redmayue laid his hand upon her

"Stop," he said, "I want you to answer a question. What do you think of a man who came to my house under a false name, came to a neighbourhood where he should have come as master and landowner; came on the sly, pretending to be a stranger man's house and blighted the life of his child; tempted her away from home, under a lying promise of marriage—I have my dead girl's letter to prove that—and never meant to marry her; took her to a house that he had taken under another false name; and when she died in his arms-struck dead by the discovery of his falsehood, as I know she was - within a quarter of an hour of her entrance under that roof, lied again, and swore she was his sister ; then buried her in a nameless grave, far away from her home, and left her doting father to find out, how best he might, what had become of his only child? What do you think of such a man as that, Lady Clevedon?

"What can I think," said Georgie, who had grown very pale, "except that he was a vil-

s A most consummate villain, ch ?"

"A most consummate villain." "I am glad you are honest, enough to admit that, said Richard Redmayne, flinging Grace's locket upon the table, with the false back open, and the portrait exposed, "although the man is your husband."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Georgie. "You must be mad to say such a thing."

"Look at that," he said, pointing to the mi-

whose face is that, do you think ?" Alas for the fidelity of portraiture ! The phoion of Hubert Walgrave Harcross, improved autified by the miniature painter, every feare and thought and age eliminated, incre nearly resembled the elegant ba-court, than the studious lawyer. Georgie's heart began to beat wildly, and her hand shook so much, that she could scarcely lift that fatal

so much, that she could scarcely lift that fatal trinket. She did take it up, however, and looked at it with a long despairing "This is my husband's "Certainly," she said, in slow tremulous "Chut what does that prove? Do you, the that anything you can say would make the think ill of

him?"."
"O, I daresay you will stand by him, whatever he may be," cried Mr. Redmayne, with a sardonic laugh. "Besides, it all happened before he married you, and I suppose with a woman that doesn't count. I've heard that some room."

omen even like a man better for having been a scoundrel. No, I don't suppose you will think the worse of him for having broken my Grace's heart.'

"How dare you talk to me like that? If I thought—if I could for a moment believe that he had ever done so base a thing, ever been so false and cruel! But I am foolish and wicked to tremble like this. As if he ever could have done anything base, as if he could have been a coward and a deceiver! How dare you come here to try and frighten me with this senseless

" You have your husband's picture in your

hand—the locket he sent my daught r."

"Do you think I will believe that?" cried Georgie, with a desperate courage, ready to defy this man—nay, Fate itself—rather than acknowledge that her idol could err. "How can I tell by what means you came by this locket? You may have found it somewhere, and inventable lateral." ed this linteful story."

It was a love-gift to my daughter; there are plenty who know that. There is a secret spring, you see the portrait is not meant for common eyes—quite a lover's trick. And this man was false and secret in all he did."

"The picture proves nothing," Georgie said, with recovered firmness, "and your accusation is as ridiculous as it is oftensive. My husband only came to England last year; until that time he had lived entirely abroad."

"Were you with him all the time, that you can answer for him so boldly? People come backwards and forwards sometimes, even without telling all their friends about it. I have been to Brisbane and back twice within the last seven years. That man came to Brierwood un-der a false name, and amused himself looking about his own estate, I suppose, on the sly; and when he got tired of that, amused himself with breaking my daughter's heart. He came recommended by John Wort, the steward; and when I wanted to haunt him down, John Wort stood between him and my vengeance. Fate sent me here to-day, or I might never have known the name of my daughter's murderer.

"I will not believe it," repeated Georgie, but this time in a helpless hopeless tone, that was very pitiful. O God! the case seemed made ontso fully, and that miniature in her hand was so strong a corroboration of the miserable story. What motive could this man have for torturing her with a fabrication? Were the accusation ever so false—and false it must be—the accu-

ser spoke in good faith.

She put her hands before her face, trying to be calm, to quiet the fast-growing confusion of her brain.

"There is some mistake," she said at last. " I am very sorry for you; but, believe me, you are completely wrong in your suspicion of my husband If I do not know every detail of his past life—and I think I do, for he has told me so much about himself—I know, at least, that he is good and honourable, utterly incapable of a base or cowardly action. I should be most unworthy of his love and trust, if I could think ill of him. I cannot tell how this mistake may have arisen, or how you came by that locket but I can say—yes, with the utmost confidence—that my husband is guiltless of any wrong against you or your daughter."

She raised her head proudly, looking Francis Clevedon's slanderer full in the face. Even if he were guilty, it was her duty to defend him; but she could not think him guilty. Circumstances might lie, but not Francis Clevedon.

Richard Redmanne surveyed her will. Richard Redmayne surveyed her with a half

contemptuous pity.

"Of course you'll stand by him," he said;

"stand me out that he wasn't there, that the portrait you've got in your hand is somebody else's portreit. Women are always ready to do that sort of thing. I'm very sorry for you, Lady Clevedon; but I mean to have some kind of reckoning with this truthful and honourable husband of yours. I mean to let the world hereabouts know what kind of a gentleman Sir Francis Clevedon is. Where can I find him?" "You are not going to talk about this wretched business before everybody—to make a

scene?" cried Georgie, with a woman's natural

horror of open scandal.

"I mean to have it out with Sir Francis whenever and wherever I see him. Give me back that locket, if you pease." He took it from Georgie's hand, and tied it

to this watch-ribbon.
"You cannot see Sir Francis this evening; it is quite impossible."

"I'll find that out for myself," he said, passing her, and going out of the room,

Georgie followed him into the hall, where he paused, looking about him with a puzzled air. A couple of men-servants were lounging by the open door, and Georgie felt herself safe. If necessary, she would order them to turn this man out of the house. She would do it rather than see her husband assailed in the midst of his friends. Who could tell what mischief such an accusation might do him in the estimation of his little world, however baseless the charge might be?

Mr. Redmayne went up to one of the ser vants, and asked whether Sir Francis was still in the house.

"No, sir; my master went back to ., the grounds just now with General Cheviot." answered the man, looking at Richard Redmayne's pale face and loosened neckerchief with some astonishment. He was not one of the house visitors, and had clearly no business in the place; yet he looked too respectable a pictor to have any sinister motive for his atruston—a gentleman who had been overcome by bitter or champagne, perhaps, and had wandered this way in mere purposelest meandering.
"How long is it since he went out?" asked

Richard impatiently, "What do you mean by "just now" ?"

"Ten minutes, if you want to be a un mon exact about it replied the retainer, with an offended air. "And, I say, if you're one of the tenants, this ain't the place as you're invited to. There's the tenants' marques that's our place."

your place." Rick Redmayne passed him without deigning to notice this reproof. If Francis Clevedon had gone back to the grounds, it was his business to follow him. It mattered little where they mu, so long as they met speedily.

Georgie had remained by the library door, almost hidden by the deep embrasure. She came out into the hall when Richard Redmayne was gone.

"Send some one to look for your master immediately," she said to one of the men, "or go yourself, if that will save time, and tell him I want to speak to him at once in my own

"Yes, my lady; perhaps I'd better go my-

"Yes, yes, I think you had. And be sure you tell Sir Francis I wish to speak to him at

She stood in the porch for a little while, watching the footman as he crossed the lawn, making his way in and out among the company with tolerable celerity. She watched him till he was out of sight, and then went slowly up the broak oak staircase to the room with the oriel window, and flung herself on her knees before her net arm-chair, and buried her head in the silken pillows, and sobbed as if her heart were broken. Yet she told herself over and over again that, come what might, she would never believe him guilty. But what if, when she told him Richard Redmayne's accusation, as she meant to tell it, word for word-what if he should admit the justice of the charge, strike her dumb by the confession of his infa my? He infamous, he a traitor, he who had so often told her that his past life did not hold act or thought that he cared to keep secret from her! He stand before her unabashed, in the character of a cold-blooded seducer ! The thing was not possible. And then she remembered the face that had smiled at her in the locket his face, and no other. No thought of Hubert Harcross, and t at notorious likeness between the two men, ever hashed across her brain. Her mind was too full of that one image. Love marrows the universe to a circle hardly wider than a wedding-ring. She could not look be-yond the hu-band of her choice and the shadow that had come between them.

She rose from her knees at last, after vainly endeavouring to pray, and went to the open window, keeping berself hidden behind th silken curtain, and looking out across the idle crowds with that brazen dance music sounding in her ears - the slender thread of the last street song spun out to attenuation in the last popular waltz.

He would deny, he would explain, she told herself again and again, angry with her own weak spirit for wavering ever so little, yet not able altogether to overcome a sickening sease of fear. If he would only come, and hear her strange story, and set everything right with a few words!

"He has but to look me in the face, and tell me how deeply I have wronged him, and my heart will be at rest," she said to herself, straining her eyes in their search for that one famil-

ar figure. She could not see him, and he did not come to her. She would have gone in quest of him herself, but that would have been to run the risk of missing him altogether, should he have received her message, and be on this way to it was nothing to have hooked her fish unless her room. In that large house, and in those she could have the pleasure of playing him a crowded grounds, it was so easy to miss any one. No, it was wiser to wait; and she waited, looking at the villagers dancing in the sunset, at the lights beginning to shine out one by one among the trees, as the evening shalows deep-ened, looking at them without seeing them.

CHAPTER XXX.

" AND THERE NEVER WAS MOONLIGHT SO SWEET

"I want to know why you used me so cruel-ly, Miss Bond," he said, with an air of being profoundly afflicted by her desertion. "I ation in the whole course of his career. His thought you had promised to sit next me at dinner

"Did I?" giggled the coquettish Jane, brid-ling and simpering after her kind. "I'm sure I didn't remember anything about it. But you do bother so, there's no knowing what one

"Upon my soul, I consider your conduct most heartless," drawled Weston — "leaving me to the tender mercies of a stout lady in the laundress interest, and her still stouter sister-in-law who mangles. It was like sitting between two animated feather-bods, with the thermometer at ninety-two—a sort of him comput Turkish bath, without any douches out there, in a blaze of the capital exercise for reducing with I should think. way ?"

Will you do any!. "No, thank you ged for the Landance anything cers, and I don else,

"What, not come income yellow sands, and there take hands, and so on? No down the middle, and c partners, and that kind of the ??

you, aurmured Miss bond lan-ning herself with her pocket-handguidly cercline! . dit's too 'ot for dancing.

She glanced archly at Mr. Harcross, who had lifted himself into a sitting position, and was surveying Weston lazily between his half-

u cyclids.
- co you're better enraged," said Mr. Val-jurning on his inci-

a paltry triumph; but Mr. Harcross malicious gratification in "taking it out" Weston, even in so small a matter as this Paere are people was seen to occupy the same them is in treading upon them.

After this, he was bound to devote himself to

Jacob Brind's however wearisome her society miles to faim. They strolled away from the crowd and that wearying sound of popular dance music, walked into the wilder part of the park, and Mr. Harcross tried to abandon himto the amusement of the moment, interest himself in the analysis of lory, and those foolish dreams of some high for-tune awaiting her in the future, which that insidious flatterer had awakened in her mind. He gave the girl a little good advice upon this ; warned her to beware of such flatterers as Wes ton Vallory, whose hom ge was very worthless compared to the honest attachment of Mr.

"As for the good fortune which may befall a pretty girl like you, i the rightman happens to come across her pathway, that must always remain an unknown quantity," he said gravely; "but I believe that, for one pretty girl who marries above her station, there are a hundred

pretty girls who live and die happily enoughperhaps quite as happily as the hundred and-oneth—in their own sphere. I wouldn't break Mr. Flood's heart, if I were you, for the sake of a hypothetical remainder."

"I'm sure I like Joseph well enough," the girl answered, shrugging her shoulders, and not at all gratified by the practical turn which the conversation had taken. "I know he's very fond of me, and has stood more from me than most men would stand from any girl. He'd been following me over a year before I ever said a civil word to him—following me as faithful as a dog; but he's so com-mon! And if I marry him, I shall have to work hard all my life."

"My dear Miss Bond, if you married a duke:

you'd have to work a great dealharder."
"What, do duchesses work?"

"Like galley-slaves. And you'd have to work harder than a duchess to the manner born ; for first, you'd have to learn how to play your part — the stage business, as actors say and then to play it. Upon my word, if you wish to take life easily, I wouldn't recommend you to aspire to the peerage. An honest husband, a tidy cottage, and a little garden, with roses and sweetbrier and honeysuckle climbing about one's windows - good heavens ! I can imagine no existence more perfect than a cottag: shared with the being one loves. Unhap-pily, it is only when we begin to descend the slope of the hill that we discover what the perfection of human life means."

He was thinking of the cottage at Highgate which he had meant to make so bright a bower, and of the bird that had flown heavenward from that fatal nest. "If I had only known!" That was the perpetual refrain of his lament, the threnody which his soul was continually singing. Miss Bond found this somewhat serious conversation less entertaining than Weston's soft nothings; but there was a satisfaction in the idea of taking a solitary stroll with one of the gentlemen stewards instead of dancing with the common herd, who made themselves so ob-noxiously red and warm and breathless with their exertions, and, as it were, a spectacle for the eyes of non-dancing mankind; like wineflushed helots gyrating for the warning and in-struction of Spartan youth.

l'erhaps the best part of the whole business, to Miss Bond's mind, the circumstance that gave zest and flavour to this quiet saunter, was the idea that Joseph Flood, lashed into fury by the pangs of jealousy, was following her at a little distance, under cover of the wood, meditating vengeance upon her and her companion; and gnashing his teeth in impotent rage. The damsel had something of the angler's instinct, and she could have the pleasure of playing him a little, to his ineffable torture.

"I shall have a nice scene with Joseph to-

morrow, I dessay," she said to Mr. Harcross.
"What, will he be jealous—even of me?"
"Lord bless your heart, I should think he would. He can't abide for me to speak to any one. I think he'd like to have me under lock and key in Maidstone jail rather than that I should enjoy myself a bit, making free with a stranger.'

Weston Vallory walked away from the grassy Weston Vallory, being freed from his duties by the breaking-up of the party in the red-flagged tent a considerable time before Lady Clevedon's encounter with Mr. Redmayne, lost no time in seeking his rustic flame, where he Weston Vallory, being freed from his duties by the breaking-up of the party in the red-flagged tent a considerable time before Lady Clevedon's encounter with Mr. Redmayne, lost no time in seeking his rustic flame, whom he discovered with some trouble seated a little way apart from the revellers, amidst a cluster of pine trees, with Hubert Harcross stretched at her feet. value as a business man had chiefly consisted in his appreciation of detail, his rapid perception of minutiæ. He was a man who deeply resented trifling affronts; and an affront from Hubert Harcross was thrice as bitter to him as an affront from any one else. That unforgiven wrong concerning Augusta rankled and festored. It seemed as if this man was always blocking his pathway; and after having spoiled the entire scheme of his life, must needs oust him even in so trivial a matter as a flirtation with a pretty peasant girl.

After this vexation he was in no humour for any further exertions for the amusement of the populace. He had been immeasurably weary of the banquet in the tent, the stiffing heat, and form ... duties imposed on him by Lady Clevedon in an agreeable manner, so as to secure his future consideration in a very pleasant house, he would have seen this vulgar herd sunl the nethermost shades of Orcus sooner than a would have endured so much of their company; but of course he must fall in with the humour of the chatelaine if he wished to secure a her: :y welcome at Clevedon in seasons to come; and as the house was agreeable, the evicine irreproachable, his bedchamber spacious and incing the south-east, he did not object to take some trouble to please his hostess. The thing was done, however; and he washed his hands of these bucolic swains and their apple-checked sweethearts. He left them to tread their measures without him, and strolled away towards the suppy old garden, where Lady Clevedon was accustomed to hold her kettledrum.

There was no kettledrum in the garden this afternoon. Times and seasons were out of joint: those formal meals which mark the passing hours upon the social dial were exploded, or topsy-turvified. It was now five o'clock, and the luncheon in the great dinning-hall was only just over; servants were dispensing coffee on the terrace, where the aristocratic guests had gathered to watch the danolng, and some of thom to do a little flirtation on their own account. Mr. Vallory had no more inclination to join this privileged class than to caper with panting nymphs and shepherds on the sunlit grass. In plain English, Mr. Vallory was out of temper, this vain shallow nature; mad: the girl tell plain English, Mr. Vallory was out of temper, and wanted to calm himself down with a quiet Joseph Flood, her flirtation with Weston Valcigar. He was very glad to find the garden decigar. serted, the roses and carnations wasting their spicery on the empty summer air. He smoked a couple of cigars, strolling up and down the broad gravel walk leading to Lady Clevedon's favourite summer-house; and when he grav tired of this recreation, seated himself comfortably in the summer-house, with his back against the wall and his legs stretched luxuriously upon a rustic chair. He sat thus, basking in the afternoon sunshine and meditating his in-

"Let me only get up a good case; put this little story of Miss Brierwood — no, Redmayne | twinkling among the dark foliage, that novel — and the lodger into a practicable form, and I | sensation of revolving gently to the sound of

shall lose no farther time in letting my cousin Augusta know what kind of a husband she secured for herself when she jilted me. I wonder how she would take it if I unearthed Miss Redmayne for her, and convinced her that my friend Harcross is a scoundrel. I daresay she'd make a good deal of fuss about it, and threaten no end of legal separations, and in the end forgive him; women, generally do; and yet she's a little out of the common line. I hardly think she'd stomach any carrying-on of that kind. No; I think if I once opened her eyes upon the subject, my friend Harcross would have a bad time of it."

bad time of it."

The sunshine, which glared full upon the summer-house at this time, began to grow troublesome, so Mr. Vallory left that retreat and sauntered towards the house. The cockatoo was screaming on his perch, and he went across the grass to it, and amused himself a little at the creature's expense; then growing speedily weary of its indignant gobblings and snappings, he looked into the library, and seeing no one in the spacious cool-looking chamber, went in and planted himself comfortably ber, went in, and planted himself comfortably in an easy-chair by one of the windows, shut in completely from the rest of the room by one of those seven-feet-high bookenses which jutted out from the wall. In this sheltered nook he found Punch, and a new magazine or two, just sufficient literature wherewith to read himself to sleep. He opened one of the magnzines, turned over the leaves listlessly, read half a page or so, and anon slumbered, letting the book glide gently from his relaxing hand. This happened about an hour before Richard Rednayne confronted Lady Clevedon in that

Nothing could be more placed than Weston Vallory's repose. The burden of his annoyances slipped away from him in the sensual delight of that perfect rest in a supremely com-fortable chair, in a cool quiet room, with the balmy breath of summer stealing gently across his face as he slept. For a long time his sleep was dreamless, his brain empty of every impres-sion; than came a semi-consciousness of something, he knew not what, going on near him, a vague idea that he ought to be awake and up, and that he must break loose from that delicious bondage of drowsiness; and then, growing gradually louder, clearer, sharper, the sound of man's passionate voice.

He pulled himself up suddenly at last, and sat with open eyes and ears listening to a speaker who was only divided from him by that screen of books. His chair was placed in the extreme angle formed by the bookcase and the wall, so that he was entirely hidden from any one in the centre of the room.

He awoke in time to hear the speaker say, "You have heard of me perhaps, Lady Clevedon; my name is Richard Redmayne.

He heard this, and all that followed this, and was quick to perceive that the farmer had taken Sir Francis Clevedon for Hubert Harcross.

"A strange turn for events to take," he said to himself; and I should imagine very likely to lead up to a crisis. Now I know what kind of man this Redmayne is, I shall be able to tackle him. A passionate fellow, it seems; a fellow who would stick at nothing, I should think, when his blood is up."
He smiled—a slow meditative smile.

"Upon my word, I don't believe Mr. Har-cross has heard the last of this Redmayne's daughter," he thought, as he rose from his seat in the corner and peered cautiously into the room. It was quite empty; but Mr. Vallory preferred to make his retreat by the garden, whence he departed in quest of Richard Redmayne.

"I'll take the trouble to enlighten him as to the traitor's identity," he said to himself. "Francis Clevedon is a good fellow, and it's too bad that he should carry the burden of another man's sin upon his shoulders."

He spent some time looking for Mr. Red-mayne among the crowd, but failed to find him, and was ultimately pounced upon by Colonel Davenant and told-off upon some new duty of his stewardship, to his extreme aggravation.

When the shadows thickened in the wood Mr. Harcross and his companion went back to the lawn, where the talk and the laughter and the music had grown louder. The local band had now emerged from retirement, and were braying furiously, refreshed with strong drink, and more bold than careful in their instrumentation. Mr. Harcross and Jane Bond danced the Lancers in the twilight, while the lamps were being lighted in the wood, to the edificagosot 10 gou rlood, who sat on a bench a little way off, biting his nails and watching them; and after the Lancers were over, Mr. Harcross gave Miss Sond a lesson in waltzing, the damsel large grown somewhat reckless by this time, and not caring whether her father did or did not see her indulging in this forbidden exercisc. Mrs. Harcross, who was sauntering to and fro with a Kentish magnate, distinguished her husband's figure among the dancers. She was a little surprised that he should push the duty of his stewardship so far, but had no jealousy of rustic beauties, only a languid disap-proval of so unnecessary a condescension She might have approved had he been canvassing the county, and these people his constituents.

And so the day waned, the coloured lamps shere out of the dusky branches of the trees and ar eddled round the margins of the toun-Youthful minds began to languish for the Breworks; more world-weary spirits had a too frequent accourse to the tents where refreshments were liberally dispensed. The Colonel began to grow a little uneasy in his mind as the crowd grew merrier. He had organised verything to perfection except the dispersal of his guests

"But they'll all go directly after the fire-works, of course," he said to Mr. Wort, who stood beside him at the entrance to the chief

Phosteward grouned aloud.

"Go." he said; "yes, if I can find barrers enough to wheel 'em all away upon. That's about the only chance there is of their going, I

take it? Joseph Flood had consumed his share of the strong sie dealt out to the thirsty dancers, had tried to drown the green-eyed monster in cool draughts of wholesome malt liquor; but the more he drowned the demon the stronger it grew, until the groom's brain was on fire his mind distracted with darker thoughts that had ever entered it before.

The first lesson in the divine art of waltzing, under the harvest moon, whose calm yellow splendour rose high above those lesser earthly lights of green and red and blue and silver



music with a strong arm clasping and sustaining her, was highly agreeable to Jane Bond; all the more agreeable on account of her con-viction that her plighted lover was watching her from some coign of vantage in the back-ground. Yes, this was something like dancing. How different from those Jigging, jostling, jolting Sir Roger de Coverleys, which she had been taught to regard as the chiefest delight of Terpsichore ! This was to live a new life, to feel her heart beating with a new motion.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST PARTING.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

"Yes! I am off to-morrow morn! Next week I sail for Indy! And you'll be glad when I am gone— Esy, shan't you be, Lucindy?"

A Summer flower, herself, the maid Stood 'mid the sweet syringus,

A June pink in her hair's smooth braid,

A resolud in her fingers.

Plucked from the tall bush in the yard; Whose white flowers waved above her: And parting never seemed so hard As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to grieve; the red Upon her check grow puler, "It soons a strange choice, Tom," she said, "For you to be a sailor;

"And when the wild, black clouds I see, And when the nights are windy, —" "Bless your soull you'll pray for me; I know you will, Lucindy!"

The reschud from her hand he took.
"This flower," he said. "I'll save it,
And keep it pressed within a book,
Romembering who gave it.

"I neverenced, as women do, For garden beds and posies. But somehow—why, I never knew— I always loved white roses.

"They seem just made for weddins; when I come again from Indy. My bride, you'll wear white roses then; Come, won't you?—say Lucindy!"

A sudden finme upon her check, Her oyes the quick tears tilling. The answer gave she would not speak, Lost she might seem too willing.

" Por, Tom," she usked. " how can it be? Hore, all my life you've known me; No word of love you've said to me, No sign you've ever shown me."

And he said. "True, but though I hain't, My love, I've wished you knew it. And tried to sponk, and felt too faint At heart to dure to do it;

"But when my mind was fixed to go A sailor, out to Indy, I said, 'I'll have a Yes or No,' O say it's Yes, Lucindy!"

"Yes, Tom! it's yes!" she whispered; "when ilearned that you were going. I found you had my heart; till then 'Twas yours without my knowin!"

Soft on her cheek fell, wet with dew, A roso-leaf from above her : A warmer touch her red lip knew— The first kiss of her lover!

Though stilled the song and hushed the laugh And hot the tears are starting, What joy, that life can give, is half So sweet as love's first parting?

Atlantic Monthly.

FAMILY LIFE IN TURKEY.

"Family life is, in reality, unknown among the Turks. The law of the Koran, which di-vides mankind into two distinct classes—men and women—does not admit of the existence of family in which each member can live the same life and form a part of one harmonious whole. In Mussulman society the men have whole. In Massandar source, the men have separate ideas, habits, and interests; while, on the other hand, the women have others, which belong exclusively to them. Thus persons who pretend to form a part of one and the same family, have, in reality, nothing common among themselves—neither apartments, nor acceptance furniture, nor friends upon even the goods, nor furniture, nor friends, nor even the same hours for taking rest. The selamlik (the apartments of the men) and the haren are, in consequence, two separate establishments, placed side by side, where each one does what pleases him or horsolf—the men on one side, the women on the other. The authority of the head of the family, when he is in a position to exercise any at all, is the only connection and bond of union between these two halves of the same household.

"This separate system, upon which Mussul-man family life is based, acted upon by the paramount law of self-interest, gives rise to a partmount law of self-interest, gives rise to a singularity which cannot escape remark by an attentive observer. It becomes evident that the degree of separation which exists in Turkish scholds between the mon and the womer of affluence in which the family lives. A poor Mussulman has only one or two rooms for himeconomy, and on this account he, like a good father of a family, cats, drinks, and sleeps with his wife and children. The well-to-do middle class man establishes his household after a much more orthodox fashion, and hegins by drawing a more palpable line of demarkation between himself and his harem. Two or three rooms are completely divided off from the remainder of the house; these form the selamlik the apartment for men and place of reception: the remainder of the house constitutes the

rem, the forbidden ground.

If we now go to the rich—to the Pasha with or to the minister with a port-folio. ve shall find his palace installed in grand style we shall find his palace installed in grand style, and the separation between men and women more complete. The selamlik of a grandee comprises an entirely separate building, and the harem has the proportions of a colossal palace, with iron gates, grated windows, and a garden surrounded by high walls. The men women, shut up in these two divisions of the household, remain completely isolated from each other, and have no means of communication except through the eunuchs, or through the female Christian servants who are attached to the harem. The Pashs, his sons, and near relations, who alone have the privilege of free entry into the harem, can only enter it by a sort of bridge, inclosed with iron gratings—a

kind of secret passage, which is traversed under the escort and charge of a cunuch. "This complete separation between the harem and the selamlik gratifies the vanity, and satis-fies the pride, of the grandees of Constanti-nople. The higher they rise in station, the more absurd they make themselves in taking useless precautions, and in enforcing ridiculous formalities, as means of elevating their wives

From "Thirty Years in the Harem;" By Melek-angin, wife of H. H. Kibrizli-Mohemet-Pasha.

by withdrawing them from the eyes of the lower orders. The natural result of this complete separation of the two establishments is the existence of diverging hubits of life. The women on their side have their own private affairs, their own household management, and their own intrigues; they entertain their friends have their receptions, and amuse themselves in their own fashion. In the schmilk, the Pashas, with their friends and domestics, do the same thing; there they receive their visitors and guests, and spend their time intriguing and gossiping, or in setting themselves up as puppets to be admired by their parasites and flat-

terers.

"If, on the one side, the men are spendthriffs and dissipate their means, on the other the other the women fall not to do the same. The efforts made on both sides to get the upper hand, and to surpass each other in magnificence, give rise to a certain rivalry between the two elements. The master of the house—Pasha or Effendi, whichever he may be—generally plays the part of moderator between the different members of the seruglio; but this part, originating rather in egotism than in any real wish for moderation, is generally confined to two points—to assure to himself the full enjoyment of the barem, and to maintain the splendor of the selamlik. If the Pasha obtains his aim in the enjoyment of the one, and in satisfy of the other of these worldly pleasures, he makes light of all clae, and shuts his eyes to the robberies committed by his domestics, and to the extra-

vagance and excesses of his wives.
"The Pashas, caring for nothing but their own pleasures and gratification, leave the entire management of their households in the hands of an intendant—křařah—who does much for himself, and very little for any one else, and often ends in plunging the Pasha into debt up to his neck. Those l'ashas who are shrewd hold the opinion that it is much more advan-tageous to occupy themselves with robberles on a large scale in the administration of affairs, than to trouble their heads with the petty thefts in detail made by their intendants and domes-tics. Thus a sort of tacit understanding grows up between master and servant, by which each robs to the best of his ability—the one whole-sale, the other retail. "A Pasha, having thus disembarrassed him-

self of all care and trouble as regards his private establishment, becomes, so to say, a mere guest in his own house. During the day he generally passes his time at the Porte, where he discusses questions of justice and politics with all concers; then he makes his rounds in the town, visits his friends and partisans, and stretches the lines which are to form the nets of his political in-trigues. Toward the evening, at five or six trigues. Toward the evening, at nive or six o'clock, his excellency makes a solemn entry into his palace, accompanied by his aide-de-camp and the gentlemen of his suite. Arrived at the top of the staircase, he does not enter his own apartments, but without loss of time turns loward the great gate which gives entrance into the harein. A cumuch, who stands as sentinel at the door, throws it open with all the requisite ceremontals, and introduces the Pasha into the Dwelling of Bilss. In the hall of the lurent he is received by his wife, or by the directress or superintendent of the barem, and to her belongs the honor of introducing him into the inner

"The Pasha, as a general rule, does not re main more than a quarter of an hour in the harem; that is to say, the precise time neces-sary to undress himself, and to put on his dress ing gown and pelisse of ermine fur. In this costume, which is not wanting in elegance or comfort, he again returns to the apartments of the men, and proceeds to occupy his customary place on the divan. - He has hardly had time ic install himself here before the entry of a pro-cession of his friends, his flatterers, and of per-sons who desire to ask favors of him; these,

"When the dinner is concluded, the Pasin

and his friends return and place themselves in commenced; then begins a course of coffee and pipes, and a renewed course of social and political gossip. Sometimes, but rarely, as a varia-tion, cards are played; but tric-trac is more in vogue: the great world at Constantinople have preference for this kind of diversion. The Pasha and his circle spend their evenings in this fashion among themselves, without caring what their wives may do in the harem. These, on their part, endeavor to amuse themselves as best they can, by assembling round them their friends and all the gossips of the neighborhood and with these companions they laugh, they east, they play games, and sometimes have a little music with tambours-tef.

"It is generally half-past eleven before the Pasha definitely retires for the night to the harem: he is received at the threshold by the cunuch, who waits his approach, standing with lights in each hand, and who precedes him through the entrance hall to the apartment of his wife.

"At the time of rising in the morning, the Pasha is attended by slaves, who assist his tollet and ablutions; when these are completed, and he is ready to leave his room, he remains a few minutes and talks with the members of the harem on any subjects which may interest It is usually at this early levée that his daughters and female relatives take the oppor-tunity of presenting themselves and enjoying When this short space of time has lapsed, he hastly takes his departure, in order that he may not keep too long in suspense the crowd of worshipers who are waiting for a sight

of his august countenance.
"The description which I have now given of life among the Turkish grandees sufficiently explains the kind of intercourse which exists little care parents take of their children. It is true that for boys the case is different, because the latter have the power of going out, and can enter the harem when they please; and, besides, as their education is much more caree for, the separation from their father has not such a disastrous effect. The daughters are those who really suffer from this entire absence of family life and of a father's care, whom they do not see, perhaps, more than once or twice in a month. Confined entirely to their own apartmonts, they depend solely on their own sources, having no society but that of slaves and old women, who surround them, and amuse and manage them as they please."

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

Some few years ago a great deal was heard about the "girl of the period." She was sketched in many newspapers and pumphlets, and hadly-drawn and eleverly-drawn caricutures of her might have been seen hanging up in numerous shop-windows. She was invariably depicted as the naughtlest, most eccentric, and generally most useless representative of the sisterhood the most uscuess representative of the sisterhood the world had seen for many ages. While it was pointed out that her vices and failings were nu-merous, it was shown that her virtues were only conspicuous by their absence. The thing was overdone, and thus, though at first the general public were amused, after a time they grew weary of seeing the womanhood of England halls are to sidents and effort to the sidents. help up to ridicule, and often to something worse. Justice was at no time done to English girls. The idiosynerasies of a small minority were accepted as pertaining to the whole class and nearly all were embraced under the whole-sale condemnation. This was a pity, apart from its injustice. Had the section which alone deserved censure been singled out, much good might have been the résult; as it was, people who felt that the cap fitted them, disposed of the allegation by alleging that they were the utterances of reckless and thoughtless writers. But, for all that, the condemnation was not, and is not, alterether mealing for. There existed ls not, altogether uncalled for. There existed then, as there exists now, a large and growing class of "fast" young ladies, who might advant-ageously be checked in their onward careers. They may be encountered without much trouble. for they ostentatiously thrust themselves upon public notice. They have, generally, plenty of elf-confidence, lots of lung power, and a certain amount of personal attractiveness, cultaneed by their style of dress, which, though "loud" and, generally, extremely inartistic, has charms for men of a certain type. It can be compared to nothing so well as that adopted by the deni-monde; indeed, it seems the desire of the "fast" young indies to indust the letter in many conyoung ladies to imitate the latter in many pariteulars besides dress, so much so that people may well be excused for occasionally mistaking them for what they are not. They have many accomplishments. Provided they get with a congenial companion, their conversational pow-ers do not fail them. They go gailoping on from loads to topic has more what have accompanion. topic to topic in a merry, devil-may-care fashion. No doubt, were they wise, they would avoid vulgar slang and some of the topics upon which they touch, and refrain from expressing senti-ments which do not sound well coming from lovely and presumably innocent maidens, They would be more charitable towards their neighbours, less sparing of hostile criticism upon those who do not affect the same kind of life as they do. Their sisters, who lack such personal attractions as themselves, should not be cutting-ly alluded to; nor young men, of studious habits and stendy mien, be dubbed "muffs," and other uncannil montary continues. uncomplimentary epithets — notwithstanding the fact that, in the unfority of instances, they may be incorrigible blockheads. No man living likes to hear a woman speak ill of anybody unless It be a dangerous rival for her favour. All instluctively feel that, from feminine tips, especially when the owners and the lips are alike beautiful, nothing but sugar-plains should fall. Thus, it is far more jarring to hear a woman speaking ill of her neighbour than it is to listen to a man so doing. The "fast" young ladies, then, defeat their own purposes, in heing sareastic at the expense of other less-gifted beauts than thems share the speakers in speaking thems. ings than themselves, in expressing a preference for dubious pleasures, and in succeing at Mrs. Grundy's laws of propriety. But the fact remains that they can caller wive, though adking is reputed to be a purely feminine attribute, is what many young fadies are unable to do except under the most advantageous elements. cept under the most advantageous circumstan ces. Frequently, they can sing and play fairly, though their style may be, to use a dramatic term, stagey to the last degree. They are, gea Surrounded by these people, the Pasha drinks his bottle of raki, cats some dried raisins and filberts, and smokes several pipes. When the hour of dinner arrives, his excellency piaces himself at the head of the hungy troop around him, and conducts them to the dining-hall. All who have the honor of sharing his repast do not fall to give loud expression to their gratitude; and at each mouthful which they swallow they never omit to make a profound page. and to give loud expression to their gratitude; and at each mouthful which they swallow they great man, on his part, seeing how injurious his nugust presence is to the satisfactory digestion of his guests, does not cease during the repast to encourage them, and arge them on by the powerful stimulus of his voice. With this view, at each occasion of a new dish appearing, he never fails to request them to attack it in earnest, erying out continually in a loud and sonorous voice, **Bauaran, bauaran,**—(Example)**

Lactions casmetiques known to make, with considerable skill, and manipulate take hair, sufficient, one would almost think, to stock a hairdressor's shop, with maryellous dexterity. A cligarette—may we whisper a cigar—is no stranger to their ruby lips, and, strange to say, does not cause them to betray symptoms of internal uncastness. They understand between the powerful stimulus of his voice. With this view, at each occasion of a new dish appearing, he never fails to request them to attack it in earnest, crying out continually in a lond and sonorous voice, **Bauaran, bauaran,**—(Example)*

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> of fun, so can they; and if you can keep good counsel, so can they. It will thus be evident that "fast" young ladies have many accomplishmenis. The summum bonum of existence of the "fast" young ladies is to get as much pleasure out of life as possible. That is paramount to duty by a long way. Their chief idea of what pleasure consists is to secure as much male admiration as possible, and to triumph over many femining rivals. Hence some of their eccentricities and follos. They have small regard for any one but themselves. They enjoy eating and drinking, and are not ashamed to do either, publicly or privately. Indeed, they rather delight in set-ting the ordinary usages of society at defiance. Yet they are snobbish and insufferably proud. They would laugh heartily at the idea of love in a cottage, and have no hesitation in roughly squeiching the aspirations of humble devotees squelching the aspirations of humble devotees. They do not profess to believe in sontiment to any very great extent; they are professedly worldings. Such girls shine for a few syears. The "fast" men of the set in which they move are loud in their praises, and court their society. But they do not marry. They are passed over for less extravagant and quieter creatures. Their admirers argue justly that it would need a millionaire to support them. By-and-by their beauty fades, their vivacity becomes for their admirers few and far between. If they do not clope with the coachman or the footman. they often do what is, perhaps, quite as bad,— become disappointed women. Defend us, then, from "fast" young ladies, and may their numbers become less.—Liberal Review.

with you. Rest assured, if you can enjoy a bit

with all the circumstances.

HEAD-DRESSES.

For in-door wear we could wish more head dresses were in vogue. Hair unornamented, when plentiful, and when prettily arranged, is always beautiful, of course; but there are so many cases where, from the hair not being of a very fine colour, or the complexion being pale or imperfect, some decoration of the head would be a vast improvement. The simple ribbon or snood that many young girls wear, simply

passed around the hair and tied, is an extreme-ly good and simple fashion, and, when the colour is well chosen, often makes a bad coarse brown appear richer, and the face clearer. The net, in vocue some years ago, may be a very beautiful ornament. A gold net, or one netted in colours and beads, especially light blue, is very pretty and appropriate, but the hair re-quires to be instefully arranged beneath it. The sloventy habit of just brushing the hair into a tall, and then passing a net over it, so that the net bangs down long and only balf-filled, will never do: no bair is sufficiently abundant to fill out a net well without some care in arrangement; at the same time hard and ill-disguised pudding is equally out of place. The guised pudding is equally out of place. The hair usually requires to be waved, and then gathered up broadly and shortly—the meshes of the net being sufficiently wide to show the colour of the hair within it. It is a pity that caps are so entirely forgotten by young people. They seem to be considered only fit forservants and great-grandmothers. Even middle-nged helios fance that by assurable a capable of the ladies fancy that, by assuming a cap, they are renouncing youth; whereas, by continuing to expose the hald patch on their heads, and the increasing thinness of their locks, they imagine they still retain it. This is a terrible mistake. The bad taste which does not scrupulously conceal such a misfortune as a bald patch cannot be too severely condemned; at the same time there is no reason why anything so becoming, so coquettish, and so cleanly as some sort of caps should not be adopted by the young. Fifty years ago, or even thirty, girls were never seen without a cap in the morning, and very pretty they looked, with the transmirrent balo around they looked, with the transparent halo around their rosy faces, and a blue ribbon to crown it. The modern mania for showing off the whole of the hair in season and out of season, in the street and in the house, is of quite recent date, and has many demerits; and as the greater part of our mighty plaits are false, they are not such a "glory" after all. For full dress, I have in a previous article advocated the use of hair-powder, so that I need only repent that this is one of the most surprisingly becoming fashions ever invented by a craffy woman to beautify herself, and only uncleanly when the powder is of a kind that clots, and is seldom or ever they looked, with the transparent halo around of a kind that clots, and is seldom or ever brushed out. The powder used in the inst cen-tury with such disagreeable results was a kind of meal, very unfit for our purpose; modern hair-powders are quite different. Powder is a most appropriate and beautiful ornament. The Chends" of silk, metal, &c., worn in the middle ages across the head, in imitation of the circlets of gold termed binder, among the Normans, are very pretty, and have been adopted among some of the ladies who admire a pre-Raphaelite style of tress. But, beyond all head-dresses, real flowers are the most perfect, and the least appreciated. Their price (in towns) and their fragility are a hindrance to many who love them; but why, when they are both loved, and within one's means, are they only used at little only treated within one's means, are they only used at little only treated within one's means, are they only used at little only treated within for a format party or to the contract of quiet parties; while for a formal party, or a large ball, they are contemned in favour of a bideous still wreath of artificial ones, gummed and wheel into the most unnatural directions? It has often made us anary to hear it said, eith yes, a camella or a rose in the hair is very pretty to wear at home, but it would not be proper for a good party! People who say this are unworthy ever to see or touch real flowers.

EXAMPLE.

The suclect to which we carnesily invite the attention of our readers possesses incalculable powers of effecting good or evil. Example takes deep and temelous root; fractifies with armaz-ing rapidity and profusion, and flourishes where precept would utterly perish. Its impression is so indelible, that the greatest difficulty is expe-rienced when attempting to eradicate it. Notwithstanding the salutary and pernicious influences which good and bad example propagate we find it every avocation of life a lamentable we met a every avocation of the R minerigane disregard paid to the fact. In some cases a heinous negligence, and in others a culpable aparthy, is evinced with respect to the principles our conduct is implanting. A merchant executes a business transaction in a manner unquestionably at variance with the laws of equity; encoavours to substantiate the action with uncertainty assertions, which his subscalingte are tradified a sections, which his subordinates are compelled to corroborate—however reluctually—and disregards entirely the example his conduct is inculcating. A clergyman enumelates the most laudable precepts from the pulpit, which awaken a fervent desire to amend within the minds of the members of his congregation; but immediately cancels the good effects which might have accrued from his labours by contrade, of the effect of evil example, and also of the disregard paid to its consequences. When ther or not this regardlessness arises from nodigence or ignorance it is difficult to determine. All classes of society, from ministers of state to itherant mendicants, possess undoubtedly, though in varying degrees, the important power of exemplifying good or evil; and it behaves them to act with greater circumspection and discretion with respect to the injurious consequences which their examples may evoke, having due regard to the avidity which is shown weak minds to follow example, however per-cious. It is natural for man to imitate a model or pattern, as it thereby affords him a much easier and more agreeable opportunity of forming his ideas than launching into some bold in novation, traught perhaps with imminent danger of cliciting comments adverse to its ex pediency or utility. Nor is example confined, as some people imagine, to men holding high and public office. Its presence and power are experienced in all grades of society, high and low. rich or poor. We admit that influence good or evil, is propagated to a greater extension the source from which it emanates is more prominently before the gaze of the world than if it were less public; but we are persuaded that the closer the relation between the one who exerts the influence and the one upon whom it takes effect, the more deep and lasting will the impression prove; and any endeavours to eradicate it will involve more strenuous efforts and diligent application than where there is no sympathetic feeling evinced by the one towards the other. The implicitness with which example is followed is subject to considerable variations, as we feel inclined to avow that the lower the moral position the greater the aptitude for imitation is universally displayed. This arise from the incapability of those who occupy such positions to tear asunder the forms which en-velop them and strike a path untrodden for themselves. They find it much more congenial to their tastes and pursuits to act as others around them usually do, than alienate themselves and endeavour to live more in accordance with the laws of morality.—Tinsleys' Maga-

IT was a model coroner's jury that was satisfied with the following vordict, at Pittaburg, last week: "We find that this unknown man, suppose to EThomas Thacker, came to his death by being found in Sparis orchard, in the Tweifth Ward, on the morning of August 14, 1872."

THE VALUE OF THE HOE.

Hoeing is one of the much-neglected operations of which few have considered the value, and to keep down weeds is generally the solo object of using the hoe. Certainly that is a good object, and if these observations quicken the object, and if these observations quicken the vigilance of gardeners who are a wee bit care-less upon the growth of grounded, couch, blud-weed, and other rampant weeds among their crops, it will serve one good purpose. But it must have frequently come under the notice of practical men that a piece of cabbage or cauliflower frequently haed between, even to the extent of working the instrument very near their roots, always grow to their proportions than similar breadths left to take care of themthan similar oreaciths left to take care of them-selves, with the ground trodden between to the hardness of a Babylonian brick, "to keep the moisture in and the heat out." In such a case it is made evident that there is a virtue in the hoc beyond the killing of weeks that take away the nourishment required by the crop; and if the problem of their well-doing is to be solved by observation, it must be at day-break, when every leaf is loaded with dow. Then it will be seen that ground recently hood or pointed over with a small fork is uniformly moist, while hard ground adjoining the same plot is almost as day as during the heat of a sunny day. The solution is simple ground. The resolution is simple ground. colution is simple enough. The rough open sirface absorbs a large amount of dew, not simply because it is broken, but because it proceed a greater extent of radiating surfaces, for the deposition of dew depends on the radiation of heat at the immediate surface, and the subsoil need not and will not be colder than the subsoil of hard ground, although it has a greater power of surface radiation. In fact, ground frequently hood becomes warmer from its more ready ab-sorption and conduction downwards of solar heat, so that the roots of the plants are kept warmer and moister in broken ground than in close hard ground, and therefore the vigorous growth of vegetation is promoted by booting Wehave ourselves frequently indicated togardeners that the chief benefit of dew to plants arose through its absorption by the soil for the nour ishment of their roots. It comes to this, that if you cannot soak the ground with water, you have only to break the surface and It will soak itself. The more heat by day the more dow by night; the more cloudless the sky the heavier the deposition of moisture between sunset and smarlse. Recent experiments show that if the smirise. Recent experiments snow that it the dew is allowed to settle on the leaves of plants, and not on the soil in which their roots are, they gain nothing in weight, whereas when the dew is allowed to condenso on the soil they gain considerably. But the hocing is the matter we wish our readers to think about and act upon. The boe is an irrigator of as much value to the English gardener as the shadoof is to the wretched entityator of initlet on the banks of the Zah or Tigris; and where people are wasting their strength in conveying hogsheads of water, which are often more harm than good, the la-bour might in most cases be saved, the ground kept clean at the same time, and the plants encouraged to push their roots about in search of nourishment, by the use of the hoc alo e. Take notice of a rhubarb-leaf; the mideb-forms a depressed groove, and the leaf slopes up-on each side of it, somewhat in the fashion of the two sides of a wooden water-shoot. The upper surface of the leaf-stalk is channelled too, and all night long the leaf distlis dew from the atmosphere, the water trickles to the midrib, and thence finds its way by the channel of the stalk direct to the heart of the plant, for the be-nefit of its roots and rising leaves. This is the way nature makes almost every plants its own irrigator; we must co-operate with nature, and by the use of the hoe assist the soil also to drink freely of the dew of heaven, that we may eably freely of the dew of heaven, that we may enjoy thereby the fatness of the earth-Gardener's

NEEDLES.

Ages ago, needle of some sort must have been in use, since we read that our first parents sewed in use, since we read that our first parents sewed in leaves together for appears and the sewling implies a needle of some kind, if it were only a thorn. But the origin of needles is involved in obscurity. In Abbotts Egyptian Museum, among the articles found wrapped up with the embalmed bodies, are several needles, chiefly of bronze. They are from two to four incless long, and very clumsy. But Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who has mude closer researches into Egyptian autiquities than any other modern traveller and author, and who minutely examined the remains of the ancient garments, gives a very decided opinion that these must Ages ago, needle of some sort must have been gives a very decided opinion that these must ducting himself thoughtlessly and irreverently when not engaged in his official duties. Profuse illustrations abound in every profession, calling and trade of the official of ry use, and such have been discovered to the long-burled, but now considerably disinterred, cities of Herculaneum and Pompell. The present steel needle was introduced into England about three hundred years ago, during the reign of Elizabeth, and at that time was almost exclusively made in Spain. Much secrecy was observed as to the process of manufacture. A few Spaniards, who had settled in Fingland, kept the process to themselves, and, at the high prices which they were able to exact, did well. But in the year 1650, various needle manufac-tories were established in different portions of England, and the trade began to assume considerable importance. The first mills used in the needle trade were horse mills. Three mills were used for scouring and pointing needles, superseding the primitive method of wrapping up the needles in buckram with emery dust and olive oil, and rolling them to and fro by the movement of the workman's feet. The carliest needles made in England were square-cyed, a shape most readily produced. It was with square-eyed needles that Mary, Queen of Scots, worked those beautiful tapestries for the walls of her prison cell. After many fruitions attempts, drill-eyed were successfully brought out in 1826; two years later the burnishing machine, which gave a delicate finish to the eye, was introduced. Previous to the year 1840, needles were hardened in water, during which process the majority became crooked, and straightening the crooks was, in consequence, an occupation for a considerable number of work-people. In the year mentioned, however, a Redditch manufacturer revived the practice of hardening in oil, and the result was that the crooked needles were exception instead of being the rule. Th exasperated the straighteners that they mobbed the enterprising manufacturer out of town. Eventually, the revived process came to be geeventually adopted. A pointing machine is the latest invention of importance in the needle trade. The priety of needles made at the present time in the factor, foll-worker, sail-maker, saddless, of the proposer, sail-maker, saddless, of shapes, sizes and lengths almost infinite. The Chinese, who have proved the present the meeting of the proposer sail-makers, sail-ma themselves so ingenious in many ways, supply their own requirements in the needle way, and it is thought that the eraft is more ancient in the Colestial Empire than in Europe. it is that round-eyed needles were made in China long before the primitive square-eyed ones

were known in England.

The Wearthstone. Publisher and Proprietor.

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CHRISTMAS STORIES.

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

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

It is the first duty of a man to his family to endeavour to provide a suitable and permanent home for them, so that in the event of accident or death they may not be left wholly destitute. It is a mistake, however, for a young man to think that it is time enough for him to begin to provide for a family after he is married; after marriage a man's expenses are naturally increased a good deal, and he finds it harder to lay by a dollar or two a week for any specific purpose than he did in his bachelor days; it is, therefore, wisest for him to begin to provide for the future before the full duties and responsibilities of life have devolved upon him. We say "full duties" because we think it is every man's duty to get married, and the man who passes through life in a state of single-blessedness-as it is generally called-does not, in our opinion, perform his full duty towards his fellow man; it is natural for man to desire to have a help-mate and companion, and it is unnatural to check that desire by any theory of expediency or any other sophistry. Men and women were made to live together, and unless they do so lawfully and in an honorable state, the tendency is towards sin and shame. Any plan, therefore, which will tend to assist a man in accomplishing one of the main purposes of his life, we think worthy of consideration, and we shall this week pay a little attention to a subject which is of but recent existence, but which promises to grow into one of prominent importance, and to play a very conspicuous part in the future history of the world. This subject is the formation of Building Societies, perhaps not one which promises much at the first glance, but we think we shall be able to show that building societies are capable of doing much more than accomplishing their primary object, in providing a home for every member at moderate cost, and that their influence will seriously affect several important social questions which are now attracting a great deal of attention. Let us first consider what a Building Society is; what is its object; how that object is to be attained, &c., and for this purpose we shall quote a little from the Bules of the Commercial Mutual, Building Society, which is now in course of formation; and from the annual report of the Provident Eutnal Building. Society, which has been in existence about fifteen months, his five hundred members—its full number—and has already declared ten appropriations; amounting the object of in the aggregate to \$1. Building Societies is 500 every member a home of 6000 each and real property and for this purpose a certain number, of persons agree to pay into a common fundial ser-

tain sum weekly; this amount accumulates

until it reaches the maximum sum any mom-Ber is entitled to use, and is then appropriated

until every member has received an appropriation, and then the Society becomes extinct, its purpose having been accomplished. We will take an instance: the shares of the Commercial Mutual are put down at a nominal value of two hundred dollars, that is each share entitles the holder to an appropriation of two hundred dollars, no member being allowed to have less than five shares, nor can any one account represent more than twenty shares; the appropriations, therefore, are always for \$1,000 or more up to \$4,000, the highest amount any one account can receive. Every week a payment of ten cents per share is made on each share, and as often as \$4,000 is collected an appropriation takes place. These appropriations, it must be borne in mind, are not like prizes in a lottery, they are simply loans from the society to the member, are secured by mortgage, and have to be repaid as we will presently explain. We will suppose now that \$4,000 has been collected; the award is made by ballot; every member has a number; these numbers are put in a ballot box and one drawn out; that number is entitled to an appropriation in proportion to the number of shares he holds, i. e., if he has five shares he is entitled to \$1,000; six shares to \$2,000, &c. We will suppose that the winner of the appropriation holds five shares, he gets \$1,000, and the other \$3,000 remains in the Society until it again accumulates to \$4,000, when another drawing takes place. The man who gets the appropriation has to invest it in real estate, the value of which is judged by the Surveyor of the Society to be sufficient; the property is either bought in the name of the Society and held in trust for the member, or purchased in his own name and mortgaged to the Society for the amount advanced. This advance has to be returned to the Society in ten yours without interest, and may be made in instalments to suit the member; he paying either so much a week, or so much a month, or so much a quarter, provided always that the total payments for a year amount to one-tenth of the sum advanced; when the re-payment is completed the member receives his title deeds, and the property is his own. It will thus be seen that the money advanced is constantly returning, and is being used over and over again. The Provident Mutual Society, which has been in existence about fifteen months, is now making appropriations at the rate of about one a month. and before another year is out will probably be making three or four a month, and the number will continue increasing, so that it is estimated that in about ten years every member will have received an appropriation. Now the advantages of this plan are these

Building Societies are not speculations, but dead sure things; the only element of chance is in one man getting his appropriation a little sooner than the other, but that is no advantage, for he has to go on paying all the same, until all have had an appropriation; and indeed the man who gets an appropriation late instead of early has, if anything, the best of it, as he has not so long to continue his payments afterwards. We say it is a dead sure thing because every one is certain to get an appropriation some time; for as fast as the money is returned it is used again, and if a member fails to repay his appropriation, the Society is secured by its mortgage. The second advantage and this is a very important one—is the saving of interest. It is computed that these Building Societies will take from ten to fifteen years to accomplish their purpose; now a ma paving fifty cents a week for fifteen years-we take the outside limit—would in that time pay \$390, while he would have the use of \$1000 for ten years without interest; the direct saving, therefore would be the difference between ten years interest at six or seven per centwhat he would have to pay on a mortgageand \$390, or from \$210 to \$310... Another advantage of Building Societies, is that they enable. persons to purchase homes who: would other wise never be able to do so. There are some people so constituted that it is almost an uttor impossibility for them to save money; they will pay their way from week to week, or from month to month, but whatever is left over and above current expenses is immediately spent in some folly or other. This class will willingly, severance which indicates the intensest habred. pay fifty cents a week, and when they find themselves possessed of property to the amount in solute us from society; to drive us to despair themselves possessed of property to the amount in seven death." She then threatens to write a of one thousand dollars "all in a lump," it will just the telling all her mistortunes in Europe, and probably go far towards reforming their spend. Suppose she will. "The present volume is the probably go far towards reforming their spend." Suppose are still reformed a relation of nersonal erievances. thrift habits. The greatest advantage of all, however, is thu fact that it enables a poor man with a family to provide a home for life children which he might be utterly, unable to accomplish in any other manner. We think Building Societies are a "good thing," and would strongly advise levery man and espedially every young man to join one.

We said at the commencement of this article that we thought building were destined to play conspicuous part in several important social questions; one on which we think they will nave considerable influence is the vexed quest tion of prostitution. How to lessen or even to

by ballot. The weekly payments continue tity of theories have been stated; many elaborate plans of total extinction proposed; many homes for the fallen, refuges &c., erected by philanthropic individuals; but the evil still exists and increases. Now we say that the best cure for prostitution is to get the young men and women married, and married young ; and we think that any scheme which puts it in the power of a young man and young woman to start together early in life with fair prospects, is of much more practical advantage towards suppression of prostitution than all the "Refuges," all the "Magdalen Asylums," all the "Homes for the fallen" which could ever be built. These places are all very excellent in their way, but they only deal with the evil after its existence, the plan of marriage provides, not a cure, but a preventative of the evil, and is besides the most natural plan; and whatever is nearest to nature is nearest to truth. The general cry of young men against matrimony is that they "can't afford it," and in many instances they cannot; but show them a plan which will enable them to afford it, and the number of marriages will greatly increase, and as marriages increase so will prostitution decrease; we never expect to see it totally extinct as long as men and women are born simply men and women, but we expect to see the evil greatly reduced in magnitude. Another question which has grown to be of vital importance in England, and which will undoubtedly be seriously affected by the progress of Building Societies, is the land quesquestion. In this country we are not likely to be troubled much on this hend for centuries. the trouble here is to get people for the land, not land for the people; but we expect that even in this country the land question will be somewhat affected by Building Societies, inusmuch as they will tend to build up a numerous: class of small property owners, and thus operate against the accumulation of landed property in a few hands which has proved so troublesome a question in the old country. We think Building Societies good, and we hope to see them increase and extend from the cities to the farming districts, so that not only may farms be purchased, but in districts where there are free lands, arrangements may be made for stocking the farm-which is the hardest part of starting a farm in this country—on the mutual plan. In this article we have referred only to the Provident and Commercial Building Societies because we happen to have the By-laws of these Societies, and the annual report of the Provident, and no disparagement of any other Societies, of which there are a number such as the Metropolitan, Jacques-Cartler &c., is intended. We may make one more remark before closing, and that is on the inexpensive style in which these Societies appear to be managed; from the report of the Provident we find that the total expenditure for 11 months, including expense of formation, printing, advertising, Secretary's salary &c., was only \$561.63; this for a Society numbering five hundred members holding four thousand two hundred shares, representing a capital of eight hundred and forty thousand dollars, appears to us to be a model of economy.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THIRTY YEARS IN THE HAREM; or, the autoblography of Melck-Hanum, wife of H. H. Kibrizii-Mehemet-Pasha. New York, Har-per & Brothers; Montreal, Dawson Bros,

8 vo. cloth \$1.50. Mrs. Kibrizli, judged by her own book, appears in the character, of a clever, scheming, female, politician, who, by intrigue managed to raise her husband to positions of great trust and im-portance under the Ottoman Government; but, misbehaving herself, she was divorced from her husband and disgraced: "Her fault was that of trying to paim off on her husband as his son, a child which was not hers, because her own son was sick and she feared that if he died her hus-band would take another wife, the law allowing him four legal wives. Her imposture was discovered and she was banished to Koniah, from thence she escapes, returns to Constantinople, and appears to have passed her time in plotting against her former husband—who had become Grand Vizier—and his new wife. At last she is driven from Constantinople with her daughter and seeks refuge in Europe, where she does not, seem to have fared very well to judge from the following paragraph at the end of the volume: The six years we have spent in Europe have begg so many years of martyrdom. We have ordined hunger, penury, abject misery. We have suffered persecutions, of overy kind, con ducted with an ingenuity meriting the opithet of diabolical, and prosecuted with a degree of per-The object, has been to discredit us everywhere,

e'a relation of personal gridvances or fan cied grievances...than anything lelse; but it, contains some pleasant sketches and gives what appears to be a very good and fair account of life in Turkey.... We publish in another column an extractiontitled ... Family Life in Turkey, which gives a very fair description of domestic life.In that country: One of the most amusing portions of the portions of the portions of ceciving bribes for her husband when the was Pasha in Arabia; the cool way in which she explains how some of these bribes were forced from the unfortunate subjects over whom.

Mr. Kibrizii ruled, is refreshing in the extreme. Takon altogether, altho we can feel no sympathy with Mrs. Kibrizii, yet her book is. .yery, readable, and affords many, sployable pason the se were it vorue, that amore the Scribner. Scribner Scribner.

cheek the growth of immorality and prostild with a remarkable for the cheek the growth of immorality and prostild warder, it articles and the profit ones, of the chief and the profit of the chief and the profit of the chief and the profit of the chief and the chie

Miss Hallock; this is followed by a ballad by Col. Hay, entitled "Ernst of Edelsheim." Then come some admirable illustrations of Tobacco Culture in the South, with accompanying de cutter in the South, with accompanying descriptive article, and another lively illustrated paper on Paris by Edward King. Mr. Tuckerman, formerly Minister to Greece, furnishes a very entertaining sketch of Modern Athens, with a view of the city from a late photograph. Another illustrated article is Mr. Cooke's account of a day's burning on the Paristry. count of a day's hunting on the Prairies. There is a very suggestive essay by Dr. T. M. Coan, of The Independent, under the title of "Broad Views:" and the shorter articles are all readable—"Loltering about a French Château," by Albert Rhodes; "A Visit to the Grange," by Kate Hillard; "Mr. Beecher as a Social Force," by A. McElroy Wylle; "A Village Ball in the Harz," by G. Haven Putnum; and "Lotter to a Young Journalist." A long and interesting instalment of Mrs. Ollphant's "At His Gates." instalment of Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates" is given; there is a clover story of "My School at Fern City," by Miss Kate Putnam Osgood; a charming sketch, "The Queen of Bees," from the French of "Erckmann-Chatrian;" with additional poems by Miss Bushnell and Charlotte F. Bates. The November number will commence a new volume, and contain the opening chapters of a new serial, "Arthur Bonnicastic," by Dr. Holland: a short story by Brat. Horiz by Dr. Holland; a short story by Bret Harto, a poem by R. H. Stoddard and other attraction

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. Philadelphia: J. I

The October number opens with a highly in teresting article descriptive of the route from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. This article is beautifully illustrated, and abounds in novel and valuable information relative to the character, resources, and capabilities of the country through which the North Pacific Railway will pass. The second and concluding instalment of Mrs. Sgrah B. Wistor's article, entitled, 9 A Summer between the Four Seas," is very entertaining. It relates chiedly to Wales, whose people, seenery, and traditions are presented in rapid, vigorous, and informing style. "Some thing about Etan," by an old Etonian, is an im-usually "attrictive contribution, detailing the life mainers, and vargirles of the scholars of that renowned institution. "Drawing-Room that renowned institution. "Drawing-Room Tactics," a contribution from the pen of one of the queens of New York spelety, is a very sprightly and amusing piece of writing, dealing in a disensity but pointed manner with the saltent features of fashiomble intercourse in America, There are two poems in this number, "Crest PArnour," by Mary Stewart Doubleday, and "The Laureato Singer," by Mary B. Holge. Both are attrictive productions. "My Portrait Gallery," by the Lau Blanche Murphy, is a collection of able sketches of the private life of some of the most celebrated European characters of the times, and abounds in curious and Interesting ancedote. These sketches are and interesting anecdote. These sketches are emineutly fresh and entertaining, "Our Month-ly Gossip" contains the usual amount of amusing and instructive matter.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. New York: Harper &

The October number is a rich treasury of illustrated and miscellaneous reading. It con-tains contributions from Wilkle Collins, Charles Reade, Emilio Castelar, Miss Thackeray, Bayard Taylor, Justin M'Carthy, R. H. Stoddard, Rich ard Henry Dana, Junius Henri Browne, Colonel T. B. Thorpe, the "Old Stager," G. W. Curtis, Spencer F. Baird, and other writers less widely known. "Down the Danube"—a beautifully illustrated paper—by Junius Henri Browne, gives as very graphic pictures of the scenely and the population along the banks of thut river, which, to use the author's words, is "much larger than the Volga, the Vistula, or the United. the Duleper, and has every advantage of scenery possessing the soft charm and quiet loveliness of the Moselle, with more than the bold outline of the Elbe, added to the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine," This paper will be considered in the Newschild Constitution of the Rhine, and the Rhine, a cluded in the November number. Emilio Castelar continues his roview of the Republican movement among the Sclavonic peoples. The principal point of interest in this paper is the author's treatment of European Socialism, and its connection with Russia. The influence of its connection with Russia. The influence of German philosophy upon Russian thought is also very clearly traced. Mrs. M. D. Brine is the author of "Fishing—May and I," a charming little poem, accompanied by a very beautiful engraving. "October's Song" is a very sweet and timely idyll by Constance F. Wootson; and Bayard Taylor gives a third improvisation. There are a number of other interesting articles; and the Editorial departments are well filled, as usual. well filled, as usual.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR THE PRO-

VINCE OF QUEEKC, June and July, 1872, This is a publication that is by far too little known outside of the sphere for which it is more immediately intended. Teachers are not the only ones—or at least should not be the only it in the cause of Educa tion, in behalf of which the Journal is issued. The current number is full of extremely valu-The current number is full of extremely valuable and interesting matter on a variety of important subjects, redigious, scientific, and educational. It opens with an exhaustive paper—the first of a series—on Teaching the English Language, by the Roy. E. E. A. Abbott, Head Master of the City of London School, who gives some yery practical hints which will be found very velcome by the profession. This is followed by selected articles on Theory and Practice in the School-Room, The Brotherhood of Teachers, The School-Room, The Brotherhood of Teachers, The School-Room, all possessing much interest. An account is given of the obening in interest. An account is given of the opening, in June last, of the Montreal Catholic Commercial Academy, and is accompanied by an illustrat tion of the handsome silver tpergne presented at the time of the opening to the Hon, P. J. Chauveau. The Prize and Diploma Lists of the Cincipal The Fried and Diplomating it but vines are glyon, at length, and the number closes with a resume of the opening of Convocation at Length, and other closes with a resume of the opening of Convocation at Length;

PAOL OF TARSUS I do inquiry into the times and the gospe of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

By a Griddate Boston, Roberts Brothers,
Montreel, Dayson Bros. 12 mo. 400 pages. Cloth \$1/50./11

This is an elaborate and careful research into This is an elaborate and careful research into the life and times of the Apostle, and will be found of great advantage to the student. It is written in a fair and liporal spirit, and endes yours to do no more than its title implies, give as accorated an idea as possible of the times in which the Apostle lived. OLD AND NEW; Boston; Roberts Brothers.

Old and New Bostoni Roberts Brothers Industrial the misortines of the Gatholic Chumcher Opens with a political manning that misortine of the Gatholic Chumcher Opens with a political manning the misortine of the Gatholic Chumcher Opens with a political manning the misortine of Misortine of the Misortine of Misortine

tribes who devasted the country, destroying all but the family of Noah-or as Mr. DeKor has it the Nation" of Noah; and that the ac-count in Holy writ is simply given in the ineta-phorical style of Hobrew writers. Third sich the usual number of reviews, are intitiod sich, and two poems, "The Whip of the Sky," by T. G. A., and "Mount Desert" by John Welse, if

A WORK in preparation, and soon to be pith-lished, "A Biographical History of American Literature," with bibliographical and critical notices of mars and valuable books rolading to the history and literature of North America from the year 1493 to the present time, by George P. Philes, is in press and will soon

Volume, X. of. Bancroft's history of the United States is now in press, and will probably be issued during the coming winter. The first volume of this work, was published about thirty-five years ago, and the last, Vol. IX., in 1863. Volume X. will complete the history, which has been the work of a lifetime.

Some time ago we published the ages of the Hicks family of Milan, two sons, and nine daughters, all alive, showing a total of 693 years, and we have since received a note from Mr. Thomas Hart, of North Bydney, N.S., giving some particulars of the Hart family which may prove interesting. The late Josiah Hart had eight children, two of whom: Jairus and Tyrus, had 25 children between them: Jairus had had 25 children between them: Jairus had 12 children, 10.01 whom are living, aged respectively 76, 74, 72, 70, 68, 66, 64, 61, 59, 57, 47making altotal of 037. One child died young, the other attained the age of 56 years. Tyrus Hart had 13 children, 11 of whom are now living, aged respectively 73, 71, 67, 65, 61, 59, 67, 56, 53, 61, 48, making a total of 658 years; one of the children died at 50, the other at 30... This gives 21 living grandehildren of Josiah Hart, their united ages amounting to 1325 years; and if we add the ages of the three who attained manliand, 136, years, we have a total of 1461 years, on an average of nearly 61 years to the 21 children. The families nearly 61 years to the 24 children. The families of the other six children of Josiah Hart de also large; but we have no record of them. The lifart family are widely spread, over Nova Scotia and the State of Maine; and, counting from Joshiv Hart, there are young men and women of the serroth generation now alive; and consins enough to make up the biggest kind of a family

ONE of the most quiet acts of noble selfsacrific, at a time of trial of which we have heard lately is that of Miss Avery, telegraph operator at Stonington, Conn., at the time of the Metisticastor, and who remained seventeen consecutive hours at her post, sending mes-suges to the friends of the dead and wounded.

Poppingereste, N. Y., is evidently an enterprising town, having lately offered the planoforte firm of Steinway & Sons five acres of land and \$25,000 in cash if they would erect a factory

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS. " there ; black

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANDA,—An industrial exhibition, the first ever hold in Newfoundland, was opened at St. Johns, on the lith ult- by Governor Hall, and is represented to be a very grediple affair.—Some capitalists in New York have given contracts for several good sized vessels to be built at the western ports of Nova Scotla during the hulling the western ports of Nova Scotla during the hulling the hulling the second of the cleeted candidate for Monk; will, it is reported, he unseated, as the property qualifection is not sufficient.—Mr. Julin Ferris, M. P. for Queen's County, will, it is reported, be translated to the Sonate, vice, Mr. Mitchell:—Oharles Parkor, aged 37 years, seamain of the ship Sailors' Home, died at Quebec on 23rd ult., at the Hotel Dien Hospital, while under the influence of chloroform preparatory to an operation.—On the night of 23rd ult. a viclent bunderstorm visited Quebec. The lightning struck Mr. Hrown's rope walk at La Canardiore; it was set on fire and entirely consumed. A girl was killed by the lightning in a house near the rope walk.—The Provincial Exhibition hold at Hamilton on 23rd ult. and following days was in every respect successful. The entries were very numerous, and the show of stock, &c., large. The Exhibition was vasied by Lord Dufferin, and the attendance was unusually large, numbering in one day as many as 4,000.

UNITED STATES.—The Abbot House, one of the principal hotels at Titusville, Pa., was burnt on 25th ult. Loss, \$75,000.—The Northern Ohio Lunatio Asylum, at Newburr, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on 25th ult. Loss, \$75,000.—The Northern Ohio Lunatio whom are said to be safe. A number of those have escaped. The less is unknown, but it will probably amount to about \$\$50,000, on which it is said there is no insurance.—Immense embaukments are being constructed along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad for the recovery of the Grand Opera House from Jay Gould and Mrs. Fisk.

ENGLAND.—The Government of Brazil has granted to Baron Mans a concession for the telegr

for the recovery of the Grand Opera House from Jay Gould and Mrs. Fisk.

ENGLAND.—The Government of Brazil has granted to Baron Mana a concession for the telegraphic able to Baron Mana a concession for the telegraphic able to Baron Mana a concession for the telegraphic able between Brazil and Portuguese coast.

Loudon-labor league adopted resolutions approving of the award of the Geneva Tribunal as binding England and America together, and promoting advancement, industry and civilization.—The opinion of the chief Judge, Sir Alexander Cockura, disagreeing with the decision of his colleagues on the Geneva Tribunal, is published in the Gazete. It makes, a pamphlet of two hundred and fifty pages.

At a recent meeting of the Roman Catholic Brishops in Maynooth, although Archbishop Cullen opposed the principle of Home Rule, the majority of the Bishops woted in favor of it.—There was frost in some party of England on might of list inst., and sow tell in Shemeld on 25 pt.

Grannay.—The authorities here stopped the transmission by telegraph of a chibor dispatant of, four hundred words, skiped by Napobbon.—It is given out on ombias auttority that the Archbishop of Ermeland parests in wisholding: amachowledgment of the State; The Government intends, at the Enpercy with the Pruesian Diet, to provide means for meeting the scrupping of the Samon of the Pruesian Diet, to provide means for meeting the scrupping of the Could be army nowloccupying, from the Could be a provided the dissolution of the Poor Sayov, domested the dissolution of the Could Mining Company on Calais, descretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais, descretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais, descretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secretary of the Could Mining Company on Calais of Secre

i LTALY.—The anistance of the compation of Rome by the Italian trops was enlabated, on 20th, ultimo with much entousakem. The city was profusely decorded. The 'Pope' received visits of conditions from his catherinis, and addressed this visitors, lamenting the misortunes of the Catholic Church and shaining done, on it, by the Italian Gyrenment.

and shainivation done to it, by the Italian segrenmant in the men month of the King Charles
Swepts, The remains of the late King Charles
were brought to Stockholm and taken in solome prodession through the stroots, resolving every mark of
respect and stortow from the inhibitants!

Hinded Osear, brother of King Charles, has inuceededite, the through Sweden and Norway.

SERAM The Spanish Budget proposes in meet the
excess of agreed tures over mention; by withholding
fits subaides of the clark.

Its subaides of the clark.

"Tabyl!-A Mooth la Castern Bongat il reported

Idtle and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a downcast look in her soft gray eye;
No scornfultose of her queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, and no danoing feet,
No subtle wiles and abandon sweet,
No lewels costly, no diamonds fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine i

No "Dolly Varden" coquettish airs:
No high-heeled boots to throw hor down stairs
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "tille."
But "Lady" is stamped on her quite brow;
And she crept in my heart I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—nor born to shine—
Nobody's—Nobody's Darling but mine!

No saucy, ravishing, girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet, pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Vory silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she seemeth the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MARGARET'S REWARD.

Eugene waited somewhat anxiously to hear from Laurence Drayton concerning the false telegram which had brought him to England. He had treated it lightly enough at the time. but he was not quite so easy in his mind when

the reflected upon it.

Charence Temple had returned to Brookdale on a visit; that, in fact, being the reason which shortened Eugone's stay at Castle Hill. There was a strong friendship between him and his uncle now; and Edward had formed a companionship with Eugene which pleased the stern old man more than he confessed.

At first he held out firmly against returning,

and Eugene might have persuaded him in vain but for a few simple words.

"There are not many of the old race left," he said, "and it is scarcely kind to make Edward and me strangers against our will. We have learned to be fond of each other even in this short time. Like me, he has no beother" Like me, he has no brother."

Clarence gave nodefinite promise at the time; but in the summer, when, after a long season, Edward remarked how beautiful the old place must look in its solitary grandeur, and what a place it would be to think over his new poem in, his father wrote to Eugene, asking him to find a spare room and a welcome for Edward. The reply was immediate. Both were there, and it would be a double pleasure if Edward did not come alone.

So they went down together, and Mr. Fleming accompanied them. He had been Chrence Temple's guest in London, having given up for his old friend's sake the project of going abroad again. He had not forgotten Margaret. He remembered her with some such sadness as belongs to those who have died, and with such faithful love as his no other could ever take her

place.
When Eugene returned after seeing Laurence Drayton and told his friends what had occurred, Clarence took a serious view of the matter. "There is danger in it," he said. "Mr. Dray-

ton is not the man with whom any of his friends would attempt a practical jest. Grantley's presence explains it. To get Drayton out of the way, and so have Julia left at his morey, is just the revenge that would suggest itself to a man who can hate us as he can."
"But how can he injure her?" said Eugene.

" She is not unprotected."

"My dear boy, you are as ingonuous as ever in spite of your experience. Nothing can save a woman from a determined man who has patience to wait, money to spend, and the time to hunt her down. There is scurcely a woman in the world—that is to say, a woman worth looking at—who has not at some period of her life been forced to keep a guilty or a dangerous secret from her husband—sometimes by a dear-est friend, sometimes by a total stranger; but

there the danger always is."

"But surely with proper care a husband can

"But surery with proper care it husband can guard a wife from such peril."

"Not if he had the vigilance of Argus and the strength of Samson. Beauty and passion came into the world together. They are the twin ingredients of crime, and so till the world ends they will be. Should Grantley get Julia into his power, heaven help her. She will have no they will be. Should Grantley get Julia into his power, heaven help her. She will have no alternative but to pray for death, or forget that she ever knew Laurence Drayton, and resign for the advantage you have ever the manufacture of the more of the manufacture of the more of the m herself to her fate.'

Eugene would not surrender his more honeful view. He could not see his sister's possible je pardy as Clarence Temple, with the experien of his own terrible career, saw it. He was but a boy as yet. He had not reached the age at which man becomes woman's master.

Not many hours later, for it was early next morning, a telegram arrived from Dieppe, sent

Margaret Grantley to Eugene.

Meet Julia at Newbaven," it said; " she is in

danger."
That was all: but it was enough. dressed and ready in less than half an h

found his uncle Clarence dressed and ready to company him For," said the grim old man, quietly,

want to see what the danger is like, and whether Mr. Grantley is connected with it." They were waiting when the boat came in. Margaret's heart was glad when she saw them, and gave up her pale, trembling charge to their

care. Her own high courage had sustained her well; and if at each fresh stage of the journey the dread of being intercepted by Everard had come upon her, it was for Julia's sake. For herself, she would have braved him. "I have brought her so far," she said to Eu-gene, "and my task is done. Nothing but the

peril she was in would ever have induced me to risk meeting you again. Now, Julia, you will let me say good has " let me say good-bye." But Julia would not. She told her brother and her uncle, in some carnest, grateful words, what Margaret had done for her, and Eugene,

sister to Clarence Temple, gave Mar-You will come back with us?" he pleaded.

"I cannot let you go after what you have done. Nay, had you come at any time, you know you would have been welcome." "After the wrong I helped to do?"

"After the wong I needed to do."

You were hir unwilling agent, I am sure, and I know but for you I should have fared much worse. Drayton told me so besides. That is pass, and I have even forgiven Evdrard. Surely'I have nothing in my heart but love for the dear Margaret, who comes back like her

very dreary: there was nothing but to turn her esolate footsteps towards a friendless world.
"If it is your wish," she said, "as it is Julia's,

"It is mine, indeed." "And you can promise that I shall never meet Mr. Floming there?" "I can promise you shall never see him till you wish it!"

"'Till I wish it,' " she echoed, with a mourn ful smile, "as if it were only that!"

"Well, then, till you ask, or till he does."
"If we never meet till then, we shall not see each other in this world," she said, with a sigh; and so we may safely leave it at that. I hope I shall never see him—it would be the bitterest trial yet in store for me!"

They went to one of the hotels to rest a while:

and when Eugene was alone with his uncle in a brief interval after luncheon he repeated the story as he heard it from Julia, and dwelt grate-

fully on Margaret's conduct.

"No woman," he said, "whose instincts were not thoroughly noble could have acted so." Mr. Temple merely nodded an indifferent assent. Whether Margaret's conduct had impress-ed him favourably or not, his manner remained unchanged. He was courteous to her on the

way home: but he would have been the same to a duchess, or the daughter of a miller, had either chanced to be a travelling companion. But in less than an hour after their arrival a

He gave her his arm. The carcless kindness of his manner took her off her guard, and she went unthinkingly, wondering whom she was

"Perhaps Mr. Drayton," she thought, "to thank me for what I have done. It will be something even if he is a little kinder, for a woman likes to be liked whether she cares for the man or not; and I do not think he was ever much my friend. He has too keen an instinct much my friend. He has too keen an instinct to be a woman's friend if she does not answer his ideal, as Julia does,"

Yet the thought of meeting and being thunked by Laurence Drayton was not without its plea-sure. She knew his better nature as it was the nature of a Christian gentleman, full of charity to the erring and sympathy to the re

It struck her as strange that Mr. Temple should take her to the quiet little room where Alec Fleming had spent his time when he wanted to be alone. Many and many a happy hour she had spent there with him, talking ove the wide lapse in their past made by thirtees

Mr. Temple opened the door, stood back for her to pass, and closed it, leaving her inside. It was not Mr. Drayton who came forward to meet her with eager hands-not Mr. Draytor who ended a uscless struggle to find words by passing a powerful arm round her waist and when he said I should never see you again. Never, Laurence, never leave me any more." That he promised her with all the carnestness

of love. Safe as she was now, there was no real safety while his enemy lived and was at large. The resolve that this beautiful young girl—his priceless treasure—should never leave his sight while there was a chance of danger was not a very trying one to make.

When the change came at Brookdale, when the imposture was discovered, and Ada Darrill was sent away with her husband, with more generous mercy than they had a right to expect, there was some discussion as to what should be done with Thry Hawkins, the child of the poor fellow whose walk over the cliff with Grantley had such a fatal termination.

Ada was fond of children, and would willingly have taken charge of her; but Julia and Eugene did not forget what claim the little one had upon their care. Apart from whatever the man's character might have been, he had ren-dered them a service which revealed the truth a service which cost him his life—and they did not wish to lose sight of her. She had be-come a favorite with the household too, and the discussion ended by her being placed at a dayschool in the village, pending other arrange-

What relatives she had other than her father no one knew, till on the day after Laurence

"No, sir. We don't get much news where I was, being in a little trouble as I was—though, on my solemn eath, it wasn't me."

The nature of the "trouble" was understood, and from motives of delicacy he was not pressed " You need not go Into that," said Europe

"Take a seat, Mr. Hawkins; the little one will be here presently. You will have a glass of

"Thank you, sir. It has a little knocked me over. I dropped in to the Sea View, where I heard as he was staying, and they told me all heard as he was staying, and they told me all about him there. Jim was a good sort in the main. A better fellow never broke bread, and it wasn't in him to see a pal hard up if he'd got a piece in his pocket. Excuse me if I'm a bit quoer like—I can't help thinking of him."

He took his wine down with an unsteady gulp, and turned away to whe his eyes with a rough cotton handkerchief. Clarence Temple could not help thinking that a Christian in the finest broadcloth would hardly have fett a brother's loss more keenly.

loss more keenly.

They came in at this moment. Regular diet.

of a more delicate kind than she had been accus-tomed to in Camberwell, the daily use of a bath, and the careful dressing of the housekeeper had improved her growth, and made her a really pretty child. John Hawkins took her on his

"I suppose you hardly know your old uncle Jack?" he said, with a lusky attempt at play-fulness. • You have grown, to be sure; and

ain't you a swell neither."

The child apparently had some very affectionate memories of uncle Jack, and she kissed him fondly, rough as his cheek was from yesterday's shave. He had to admire her new frock, which she instened to inform him was not her best, and her pretty boots, which were not quite so pretty as the pair she had upstairs; and she had a large doll's house, which he was to see, and a money-hox with ever so much money in

(i) "Yes," he said, gently, "you are beffer here than you would be with me, Tiny. You see, sir," he added, turning to Eagenc, "I'm a rough kind of a chap, and mine's a rough and tumble kind of life; and if so be as she ain't in your way, and you'd rather keep her here, why then, I say, keep her, and the Lord bless you for your kind-

ness,"

o You may be quite satisfied on that point,
Mr. Hawkins. Tiny is the pet of the house, and
I think she is very happy,"

o She ought to be; it's the best thing that
could have happened to her. Only, being poor
Jim's little girl, I thought if she was in anybody's way I'd do my bost for her; but she is better offwhere she is, and much obliged to you. Perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind me taking her for a walk before I go back to town? I thought of going to take a look at the place where poor

"The child shall be dressed white you take some refreshment. You can come and see her whenever you please, Mr. Hawkins, and you shall hear of her from time to time." He rang the bell, and Job put in an appear-

een. • Take Mr. Hawkins to the steward's room, and see that he has some function, and what

and see that he has some innencon, and what-ever he may require."

"Yes, sir, I will."

"The housekeeper," added Eugene, turning to Hawkins, "shall bring Tiny to you when she is reads."

endy."

"Thank you, sir," said the man gratefully.
"Poor men would think better of the rich if the

rich was all like you." John Hawkins took Tiny for a walk an hour

or so later. Job went with them to show them the place where the betting man went to his It was a screne and beautiful summer's after-

noon, and the soft southern wind just tempered the flerce heat of the sun on the heights of those lovely hills. John Hawkins was not an impres-sionable man, but the memory of poor Jim seemed more tender and more holy in the beauty f that solltude. They went up the cliff by the pathway-the

way James Hawkins had followed Everard Grantley—and as they neared the place Job saw a stately figure with its back turned towards them, standing on the very spot from which the man was thrown.

man was thrown.
"That's just where it were," he whispered to
Tiny's nucle, "where that gentleman is standing; and that's Mr. Granney or certain,"
It was Mr. Grannley.
Not liking to disturb him, they advanced no

further. He had not noticed their near approach, he was too deeply absorbed in his own bitter

Some fatal fascination had drawn him there, and he stood with strong nerve and steady foot on the very edge of the precipice, looking as he had looked on that well remembered night down

He had only arrived that morning. The desperate purpose in his heart had not abuted, and he was waiting for his opportunity. He had arranged his plan, and was thinking over it now—trying to devise some certain plan by which he could lire Laurence Drayton out of Brookdale, and slay him in some quiet spot, with no witness but the stars to see it done.

... And should that fail," he said to himself,

"I will force my way into the house, and do it in their milist, though I full a sacrifice to my 'Just then a glad little voice—one that he had

learned to like though it often made him shud-der—called him by name, and be turned quickly, forgetting how near he was to the brink. Even then he might have been safe, had not his gaze fallen direct upon John Hawkins.

Coming at that moment—at such a time,

when the child's voice had recalled her father at such a place, where that father had didd by his hand, the resemblance so startled him that he took a step backward, forgetting that behind him there was nothing but space. That stop took litm to eterrity: He felt himself soing, and with his face blanched by the swift sense of inovitable death, he threw up his arms with a egg musik beta

He was not quite dead when they picked him Two: sturds pshermon went to help: Job and John Hawkins, and they carried him to Brook-dulg on a hurdle. He was insensible, and one arm was broken, and there was a deep gash in bis forelieut.

word: They cut near like college, and conded like would with gentlost cire; but whitever nicy ald gained no sign from him till no lay in Margardisavins, unit Julia put a cool bifidage tollis brown Then his lips moved, and the said, in a mint whisper-

in a faint whaper—

"If Kiss, we would be a high to the light of the l the dear Margaret, who comes back like had the voice that spoke so cently? Its quiet sind on the bitter feeling of his soul. And the bitte



RETRIBUTION.

Brookdale he had gone through the story over

again, and this time with only Alexander Flem-ing for a listener, and he ended by saying—

"And as she has given up her brother for the sake of saving his enemy's wife, her lot, even with her welcome here, will not be a very enviable one. Her mature is as magnificent as her beauty.
wasted!"

Mr. Fleming sat silent for some time, but he was deeply moved. Like Margaret, he had often looked into the gloom of the long lonely life before them, and always with a yearning for the past—that bright, brief time in it when the faithful dream of thirteen years was going

swiftly towards realization. He had forgiven her from the hour of their separation. He had neverthought of her except with tenderness and regret, and the deep love within him would not die. It was something to gladden him that she had repented the one sin of her life and proved her repentance.

"Temple," he said, gravely, "she never can be to me what she was. Mine is a disappointed, bitterly disappointed love, for I had pictured her so high, and proud, and pure,

"You had better put in a petition for an angel," aid Temple, dryly, " with my sincerest wish that you may get one. As a woman, Mar-

"What advantage?"
"You know exactly what her fault was, and t was only one. Most women have many, and he finding of them out is apt to be a task rather

"I wish you were more sympathetic, Tem-

ple, and less cynical,"

"And I, for your sake, wish you were more practical and less sontimental. If you have forgiven her, is it not your duty, even if you cannot love her, to make her some recompense for what she has done? You may be disappointed; but in solite of the worst, you have a better but in spite of the worst, you have a better house thus most monle heels with."

"Something of that was in my thought," said Fleating. "I love her still, heaven knows, though all the sweetness and light are gone, and

"Well, tell her so. Come," he added, in a gentler tone, "have courage to do what your very soul hungers for. Forget what you do not wish to remember, and think of her as if you and never known that she was even less high and proud, and pure than you thought her. Believe me, Fleming, in this at your age, when the whole philosophy of life is love, and more love, there is nothing like looking back upon the best, and the best only, that has been—forward to the best, and the base only, that may come. As the droams break, let them fade build up other dreams, and live in them.

"Will you ask Margaret if she will come to "Better still—I will bring her to you. "Play-ing the part of mediator between two lovers is strangest role 1 ever undertook." inim 'ii the strangest fole I ever undertook." Minim it He played it well nevertheless. All that was kindly in his nature had come to him under the

mindy in mis nature has one of intimities the influence of life son, and he was standing at ting library window, looking with large, gloomy eyes into the far distance, over the hills and over the sea—that, sea by which her lover 'hid colline to her after thirtoen years, and to be in a fact thirtoen years, and to be with her library to be the library to

as enc thought, for ever.

"Mingrict did hot for the moment recognise
the yold that spoke so cently." Its quiet sindnoss was quite new To morann and To 121

"I meant to say so much," he said, "and all | Drayton's reunion with Julia a man made his my words have died. I have nothing to say, dear, except that I love you, and I want you to listen and think of what I say as if I spoke for the first time on my return."

No other way of meeting could have moved her so deeply. It left her dumb, except for the mute language that in such cases is better than

speech. That act of grace of hers in saving Laurence Drayton's wife had brought a richer and sweeter reward than she had dared to hope or pray for.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RETRIBUTION

Julia had not been at Brookdale more than four and twenty hours when her husband arrived. The peril she had been in and his own terrible suspense had been the first great trouble which had ever fallen upon him; but the deep joy in his heart when she was locked in his arms more than repaid him for it.

He had given no notice of his coming. He sent no messages, waited for no replies.

"Better," he said to himself, "to know the worst or best at the last than undergo the sick-

oning torture of waiting and hoping, when by gotting with all speed to the end of my journey I can know what has happened."

Some faith in Margaret Grantley took him through better than he could have gone but for the letter Everurd's sister, in her thoughtful kindness, caused to be left for him. The last six miles of his travel were the most

anxious of all. The man who drove him from the station wondered that such a quiet-looking gentleman could be so impatient. He was glad when, after the most rapid drive he had ever made his slow old upfill, horse a martyr to, he set his fare down at the door of

They were on the watch for Laurence. The door was open, and a cluster of friends were on the steps from the moment the sound of the ourringe whoels was heard in the drive. Laurence gave the man ten times his price long be-

fore he reached the door, and sprang out to meet the glad figure that leaped into his arms.

"My own darling," he said, " you are safe out on the safe of the safe out on the safe out of the quite safe?" "Quite safe, dearest. Margaret brought me

The pure delight of her tone set an awail fear at rost for ever. His sweet young wife had gone through the fiery orded and escaped unscathed. His beart was very full of grateful thanks to

His heart was very full of grateful thanks to Miss Grantley, as he went in with Julia.

He heard all that had happened before an hour had passed. Margarot made no secret of her trial, and she made no neight of whit she had one for him. Her own reward was not the less pleased as his quite gratted, and his promise to always be the released to be referred.

"Forgive Everard," she said; if now, and henceforth. It sik no more." It is the promise to always be the friend.

"Heror wint be has done," said, pripage, "I, it is the promise of the less of the less

in the what be has done," and Laurenge, "it is to done with him, as justly, and kindly as Loun." It what he may, do I promise to done with him, as justly, and kindly as Loun." It was not pay easy thing to make, think promise, but he meant to keep it when the made it." That right, when Julia, with her isco billowed on his shoulder, told him without reservation. How shoulder, told him without reservation loy said to lide, the fold dimits rose, and soblidge "life the gratified he for his arms to be the head of the continuous sides in the state of the said was to his arms is continuous."

the suce in the sucredishetter, of his nyme; soft-ened the bitter feeling of his soul. An amme; soft-ing Lican forelose him; now, that, the dauger is past, his isola; mout. I hope, we shell hear, most, illiniak to what, a feel he might beyo

way to Brookdale and asked if he might take the liberty of speaking to Mr. Temple about the girl. Job, the most devoted of the clumstest of body servants, chanced to answer him.

Job had attained the height of his glory now. Eugene, remembering the lad's unsworving fidelity in the days of adversity, had raised him to a position which he might have made an easy sinccure, had the not adhered with stolld determination to a resolve that no one but himself should brush Eugene's clothes or answer Eugene's

Job lived in a world made up of four: his mas-Job livest in a world masteup of four: his master, his sweet young mistress, Rachel, and the pony. He had a slight regard for Brutus, and did not look upon Mr. Drayton entirely as an interloper, still, Rachel and the pony, Eugene and Julia, made up the sum and substance of

Job's worship. He chanced to answer the boll when the man rang and was for some moments puzzled to think where he had seen him, or some one like him, before—a strongly-built, short-haired, square-jawed man of middle height, and a style of dress suggestive of Newmarket—a determined fellow, but with some good human feeling about

him.
"I want to speak to Mr. Temple about a little girl as he was kind enough to take care on," he said, with a sort of gruff emotion. "My name is Hawkins—John Hawkins—and I am the into the depths at the bottom of the cliff. brother of him as met with an accident de here, so perhaps you will let him know."
"Yes," said Joh. "I will."

He blundered into the dining-room, where juncheon had just finished, and gave his head the usual jerk meant for a bow and his bot the usual scrape meant for respect to the company in general, then went into the subject without

" It's the brother of lilm as met with an accident come to see about the little girl, please, sir, John Hawkins his name he." "Then you had better send him in," seld Engene, quietly, though he shared in the gene-

ral, after which the moution of the name of Grantley's victim caused in the room. Mr. Hawkins was brought in. The resem-blance between him and his brother was sufficiently strong to be painful to Eugene, and make Julia look at him in pity. There was the same at of shyness, too, mixed with no intempt at atolid self-assumnce. He had more hands than the know what to downth when it becomed to thim this impolite society: it was not graceful to

nut them in the nackets of his transc

put tiem in the potents of the trousers, or hang them to his waistoon by his thumbs. I "You are Mr. Hawkins, brother to the poon fellow who came to so said an end down here."
said Eugene, kindly, "and you want to see your little nicee, if I understand rightly?"

i Buggue, annua. to nloce, it I understand rightly?" Yes, hir, thinks it. "You see Ilm and rith was Yes, hir, thinks it. "You see Ilm and rith was "good! jans the life to be fill and me was, good! jans the life to little triable that kept me away a year or so—though it was hard lines on a had wro lind nothing to do with it, not that that should not there. What I wanted to say was, that, being Jim's little girl, I thought it should like to see her, to look after her it show. "You shall see her with much pleasure,

Hawking hut do not with much pleasure, Man-Hawking hut do not are a moment think she is: a brouble to us of the old way. She is at present, in our not be the present one; and is though hit hits to movide to help miles. White always wow) tell of of eated 9 1, 10 mis Yes; such is thing once undertaken becomes

a moral bhightion, and unless you have other wise for her, her future is already provided "You're very kind, sir. I went to see poor

Out in the sunlight, the broad burning sunlight, I think of God's Justice - His power I scan; I trace in each sunbeam that comes with its brigh

gleam
The course of His anger on renegade man.

The sun brightly glowing, seems evermore growing, And ready, in anger, to rush from the sky; His rays seem to warn me, and caution and learn Of the fate which behind hard, stern Justice doth

And then each bright gleam doth suddenly seem To be welded and formed into Justice's steri sword; And the winds seem to breathe, "Repent and be-

Or dread the just anger and wrath of the Lord."

Out in the moonlight, the calm, gentle moonlight, I think of God's mercy and pity for men; And I watch the soft beam, which like silver doth scom, And calm thoughts and holy come over me then.

Then I call up the story of the Angel of Glory, Who came in the monalight to shepherds of yore, And told them of Him who should save us from sin And guard us from evil and death evermore.

While such thoughts come o'er me, the moon seems

Togrow and expand to the home of the blost;
And an angel of lightness sings out through the
brightness. " Come home, thou poor sinner, and fold thee to

Then the thin slender rays soom, to my amazo, To form in a ladder which leads to the skies, And I hear the self call which, like fairy notes full, "Awake, thou worn soul, and on mercy arise!"

Thus whether by sunlight, or under the starlight. (Iod's attributes ever before us are shown: His Justice, bright glenming, like sunlight is stream

the moon, in soft mercy, leads up to His

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IN AFTER-YEARS: on,

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXVII .- Continued.

Agnes was asleep, and Margaret, too neryous with the excitement she had passed through to sit down quietly in the house, went into the business street of the village to purchase some toys and candles with which to captivate Willie's fancy, if no more could be done at first.

Among other things, she purchased a horse on wheels, resolving when she next sent her drawings to London to order a rocking-horse for him.

On her return she brought the horse to Willie previous to going home. Mary Brown thanked her for it as if it had been brought to her own child, and tried to interest Willie in

ner own child, and tried to interest Willie in seeing it run. The child was too old, and did not care for such a baby toy.

"I'll give you your old horse and then you'll have two," said Mary, producing from the chest of drawers a beautiful, gaily-caparisoned toy horse, which Margaret recognized as similar to those she had seen at Frankfort, where a celebrated toy maker resided. brated toy maker resided.

"This is the horse he had with I im when this is the norse ne mad with this when he came here; I forgot to show it to you; and this, also," said she, taking a gentleman's plaid and opening it, "was the shawl he was rolled in. Poor little fellow, he had been kept too warm or something; he was sick for weeks after he came, and the doctor could not make out what ailed him."

The shawl Margaret knew at a glance. It was the same she had seen so often on the arm of L'homme de la Chape. The horse she had no doubt was used as a decoy. Both might be useful in tracing the man who had caused so much suffering to them all, and she begged of

Mary Brown to preserve them carefully.

Margaret now sought her sister that she might prepare her for the blessing the Heaven-ly Father had in store for her. As she entered the cottage she saw Mrs. Churchill, Adam and Simpson making the best of their way to Mrs. Brown's domicile. Mrs. Churchill had been present during the first interview Margaret had with Mary Brown, and it was evident she had shared the knowledge then obtained with Adam and Simpson,

Mrs. Lindsay was scated in the little parlour when her sister entered.

I have had such a sound sleep, Margaret,' said she, "and such a blessed dream; to dream such another I would willingly undertake a hundred journeys as fatiguing as that of last night; but no, I daresay it is best as it is, the awaking was so painful. God has enabled me to say, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord,' and now I can wait His time who docth all things

"What did you dream, Agnes?"

"I dreamed I was living in Haddon Castle and Arthur with me there, and dear little Willie.

As she pronounced the name of her child her voice almost failed her.

"Perhaps some of that dream may come to DB88."

"There is none of it that it is possible could come to pass except our being back again at Haddon. That could give me but little happiness now, and I have suffered too much by the death of my own child ever to wish another mother to suffer as I have done. I hope Lady Cuninghame may keep her boy safe until be is a man. It is a sad thing to bury the one who should bury you, but," she added dreamily, "sadder, sadder, far, to have no grave to look

"I do not think so, Agnes. One whom you have never seen dead."

"Alas! alas! too sur

"Alas I alas ! too sur." I don't think Willie'll disd, and I am sure

h) was not drowned."

Margaret, what makes you think so?"

Decause since we came here I saw a ause since we came hero I saw a had nd clothes that are just as like Willie's as

"To be like is not to be them. I daresay any mothers dress their children as we dress-

Margaret had brought the band-box containing Willie's hat and clothes with her on her return from the second visit, and she now

brought it to Agnes, saying:
"I have the hat and clothes here that I am sure are those Willie had on when he was

She opened the box, and, taking the hat out, placed it on her sister's hand. She looked at it without betraying any interest in it further than an expression of sharp pain which passed over her face."

"Yes it is the same kind of hat." said she. laying it down.

"But it is the very hat," persisted Margaret.
"Look, Agnes, at the name of the man we beught it from," and she pointed to the card inside the crown and read: "Roch 524, Rheingosse, Bonn."

"Yes, I see, other English people have been in Bonn and bought a hat the same as Willie's. Oh, Margaret, if you only knew what exquisite pain the sight of that hat gives you would

never have shown it to me." Margaret did not answer, but placed the rest of the clothes on her lap, the little chemise, with the name written by her own hand,

uppermost, "Oh! pitiful Heaven! was the darling's body cast on shore? Where were these

"He was never drowned, Agnes. L'homme e la Chape stole him. He is alive" "Oh, Margaret!" She was unable to say

Agnes, the strong woman who, in all her dire distress, had never once fainted as other women do in their trouble, was now lying back

in her chair, still conscious, but unable to speak, her face as pale as ashes.

At that moment Adam entered, leading Willie by the hand, the child dressed in his

best, a suit of nankeen, his long curls hanging over a plaited cambric collar. Adam and the child were evidently good

friends.

Mary Brown followed closely. The boy had been carefully instructed in what he was to do. He walked up to his mother, and hold-ing up his face to be kissed, said "Mamma." she looked in his face for a moment, and then, with a low cry, gathered him in her arms, and folded him to her breast.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The month of December came in as it often does in Eugland, soft and mild. Willie had now finally adopted his mother as his mamma. He was constantly by her side, took her for what he called long walks to see the beechwood, Farmer Throp's cows out grazing in the field where the cowslips grow, the church-yard, various orchards; in short, wherever he had himself been, he took her; she was his favorite companion. But if an accident oc-curred, if he scratched his finger or fell, he at once sought consolation from nurse, as he called Mary Brown, and at night, when he became sleepy, he must go to his crib beside Mary Brown; no consideration would tempt him to sleep in his mamma's room.

Agnes was too happy to have her child restored to her to mind these minor things, solacing herself with the knowledge that this would all come right of itself, and if it never did "h r child was dead and was alive again, was lost and was found," she was blessed beyoud what she had ever expected to be on

Adam had long wearied to see his own land, his own people, and one morning he proposed to Mrs. Lindsay to take the month of December and go to see his sister and her

family.

Both Agnes and Margaret gladly seconded his wishes. They had long felt sure that he must in heart yearn to see the faces of his own people, to trend once more the hills of his native land; and laden with little presents for all his loved ones, Adam departed on what, in his eyes, (trayeller as he had been for the last ten years) now that he had to go alone, was a long journey. From Eaton-Sutton he went to Barton waterside, there crossing in the ferry-boat to Huli he took passage from thence in a scheoner bound for Aberdeen.

As he troot the well known streets, the old

man felt as if he was almost at home, as if there was only a step or two now to Haddon

ing, soliloquized he, "an' gin I were ance there I could get the road to the bonny hills o' Fordeen, in Lord Cranstoun's deer forest, without either stockings or sheen."

Now that he was so near to his own people and his home, he wondered how he had been able to stay away all these long ten years.

On arriving at the Haddon Arms he was surprised to find the house falling to decay and scarcely habitable, the wife and two grown up daughters of the man McRae attending to the mail coach, no appearance of a man round the house

At the Haddon Arms the mail coach turned up the road leading to the north, and when it was gone Adam went inside to enquire into the cause of the desolation and decay which reigned on every side.

Mcllac's wife was no ways chary in giving the desired information, which Adam, Scotch-man like, was too cautious to ask directly. "The good man 'ill be in Aberdeen?" said

neither went wi' my will nor his own; but it's of all the pleasures of childhood, became al-the way o' the warld—them that's down, down most wild with delight. As these long-past with them." "You was like to be doing well when I left,

fancied he must have been incarcerated for

"I canna' say but we did well enough at above those red misty clouds:
"st." replied she. "and the Laird was so weel" "Oh, Arty, Arty, I would give all I ever first," replied she, "and the Laird was so weel pleased with our goodman that he gave him the house here for twenty years rent free; but what do ye think, after that he would'na pu out a silver sixpence on repairs o' onney kind. he said we had the house dog cheap, an' he would neither put stick nor stone on't for

twenty years.
"Ye may be sure we were'na going to put out our hard carned hainings on his auld racket of a house, so we just let it stand as it was, every year growing worse and worse, and 'deed it was a great loss to ourselves, for we lost all the custom we used to have wi' farmers and their vives and dochters putting up down the hill, as he said, "for an hour or two,

a wee stiff when he says a thing, and I did'na care about putting our siller on the Laird's

house mysel', so we let it gang."
"But," interrupted Adam, "surely that
was no what took McRae to Aberdeen? Ye could'na have run so far in debt as that."

"Oh no, it was'na debt, but you see when we and'na many folk coming to the house we had to do something, so the goodman just began to brew a little drop o' whiskey, and the excise-man got word o't and came and made a search through the place and found it all out and besides putting on a fine we could'na pay, they took the goodman to Aberdeen, and he'll no' get home till the twelve month's out."
"Well, gudewife, there never was sin nor

sorrow neither in the warld but whiskey was at the beginning or end o't."

"Maybe that's true and maybe it's not," said the woman, who did not like the rebuke implied in Adam's reply, "but I'm sure enough that Sir Richard was the man that eked on the excise-man If he had'na been angry about the house being in such bad repair, we wad never has seen the gauger in the inside of it; but if my man's in the Aberdeen jail, he'll get out again; but they say Sir Richard has his death on his back, and he'll never set his foot on the green grass again, and I'm sure I'll no' be sorry

" Hoot out, guidwife, Sir Richard was a good friend to ye when he gave ye the place so long without rent, an it would'ne cost ye much to be sorry for him if he is that poorly. We should be sorry for them that's in trouble if it was one we never saw."

"Weel, Adam Johnstone, ye can take ither folks trouble on your back if ye like," returned the woman, drawing up her spare, bony figure the woman, drawing up her spare, bony figure close to the upright high-backed chair on which she sat, and giving him a defiant look as she spoke, "but for me, I never did it in all my life, and I'll no' begin now; gin mysel' be weel, and my man be weel, and the bairns be weel, and my man be weel, and the bairns be weel, its but little I care for ither folk, especially them that 'ill come in and jaw in ither folk's houses, and never leave the colour o' their siller behind them."

Adam had ancered the innkeeper's wife, and

Adam had angered the innkeeper's wife, and as he would have looked upon it as the height of extravagance to have done what she had hinted at-namely, to have ordered dinner in her house-while only seven miles from his own fireside, he took his leave, the woman saying, in a tone loud enough for him to hear, as

"Your back is the best of ye. There's plenty of your kind that are willin' enough to gie advice that costs them nothing, but would never put their hand in their pouch to help a

body."
"She's an ill-tongued carlin yon," said Adam
"I wonder to himself as he went on his way. "I wonder if it's true Sir Richard is as bad as she says He need'na for his ago; he's ten year younger than I am. I mind weel enough the night he it was just three days after my mother got the housekeeper to take me in to clean the knives and the brass candlesticks and the pewter dishes. Aye, that was a day; there was great residing because it was a hid bairn. May the Lord grant that there will be joy among the angels of Heaven the day he

As the old man spoke the last few words he reverently lifted off his bonnet from his head in reverence for the Great One he spoke of. As he passed Haddon Castle gate he looked up at the stone lions on the pillars, and gazed

wistfully up the long avonue.
"Ye are there yet," said he, apostrophizing the lions, "as ye was afore Sir Ri hard's time, an' ye'll be there when the young laird's time is over too, an' the braw trees, hare as they are, an' no' a leaf on ane but the firs and holleys, I can tell the names of every one of

The place was fraught with sad memories of and his eyes filled with unbidden tears as he tried to discern the mansoleum among the bare trees in the distance where Sir Robert lay. -Sir Robert who, as a little child, had night after night fallen asleep in his arms, to whom he had been a father in very deed, and whom he loved more dearly than he had loved the twin sisters or little Willie, because he needed his love more; he who, when he came to be a man, was the best and kindest master in all the land, and gained the love of all; and thinking of this, Adam's tears fell fast as he looked back on the sad, weary lives of toll and wandering which this man's children had passed during the last five years; nor could he conceal from himself that the five previous years had not been without a great shadow although what that shadow was he was igno rant of. The first year after their father's death he knew had been one of unmitigated trial, and he compared what might have been, had Sir Robert lived, and what had been

And then his mind went back to the young days of Robert Cupinghame, the lonely life the boy led, and how he was tortured and driven And in the same train of thought came three days of peace and blessedness (when Sir Rich ard had gone to Aberdeen and could not come back to surprise them), and he took poor little Arty, then a child of nine years old, one day to fish, another to Lord Cranstoun's woods to gather nuts, another day, longest journey of all and happiest day, to Beldorne Hall, where he inquiringly. "I was there mysel' more than half a day waiting for the coach."

"Weel he's in Aberdeen sure enough, but he as their future Laird, and the poor boy, starved to the coach." days crowded themselves on the old man's memory with a painful vividness, he leant Mrs. McRae," said Adam in a sympathising against the great gate overcome with emotion, voice. He knew by what the woman said that her husband was in jail in Aberdeen, and he wards the wintry sun setting behind the towers of old Inchdrewer, he exclaimed aloud, as if addressing one who dwelt and could hear him

worked for and won to be sure that you are enclosed in the Everlasting Arms !"

Adam withdrew his steps and eyes from the place where he had passed the most of his and turned to the upland road leading to Lord Cranstoun's forest, where his own hillside

The short grey winter day was deepening into the gloaming as he neared his own cot-tage, where his sister and her children dwelt. She had two grandchildren living with her, who were little babies of two and three years

at the house coming or going to Aberdeen. It would have been better to us to have put out a year's rent on it, but ye ken our goodman is see that sister and her children, with whom, but for those ladies, he would gladly have rested the remainder of his days.

Each step of the road brought some tender reminiscence of the past; that road he had trouden so often from boyhood to old age; the ten years which had intervened since he last nme down that hill were forgotten, that moonlight night as yesterday

A boy and a girl came from the cottage carrying a milkpail, laughing and talking as they went their way to the barn; a pet lamb followed them very leisurely, to whom the girl now and then held out the milkpail, as if to show him where she was going, and what he might expect if he came with her.

Adam looked in through the little window of the kitchen as he passed. His sister was baking oaten cakes on a table close by. She looked up and stared to see a stranger, dusting the meet from her arms that she might go and open the door for him. Adam lifted the latch and was beside her in a moment.

" Adam !"

"Oh, Adam, I thought you was dead and ouried.

"I am no' so old as all that. What put that in your head?'

"It's no' for ye'er age, although ye'er nae far from fourscore, but what for did na ye let us hear frac ye for such a long time? more than a year since I had ve'er last let-

While the woman spoke she was taking off Adam's plaid, and placing the only arm-chair the place afforded in front of the fire.

He sat down, spreading out his hands to the blaze of the cheerful peat fire, above which the griddle with the oaten cakes thereon hung, and looking up he saw the old salt-box hang-ing on the wall, his father's silver watch above the mantel-shelf, the bird-cage with the canary in the window, what seemed the same bunches of herbs, sage, sweet margoram and thyme,— everything spoke of the old days,—for a few moments Adam was young again.
"Weel, I was o'er long of writing, but I've

been speaking to Miss Margaret about coming home to see my folk for longer than that, an' every month as it came round there was something to hinder me, and I was just waiting, thinking it was better to come than to write, an ye ken very weel that I hav'na the pen of

ar ready writer."

"What way did ye come, Adam?"

"Whiles by the coach, whiles by the sea, and I just steppit it alang frac the Haddon

"Ye're rale strong yet, Adam. The Haddon Arms is near aught miles awa'."

"Weel I'm no' tired," said the old man, who notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, did feel a little tired. "Is Charlie and Johnny at home yet?"

"Charlie is aye at Inchdrewer. He's greve there the last twelve months. John Wilson and the family are an off to Canada, and Char-lie got the place without asking for it; and I have ither news to tell you: Johnny's married to Mary Longman, an' he's aye workin' at the carpenter work, and has a rale nice shop' in Haddon village."

"And poor Lizzie's beirns? I think I saw them going to the born to milk as I came

round the brow of the hill."

"I dures oy ye did. They gied out to milk as you came in. Little Jamie is as big as myself, and Annie is no' far behind him, an' they're rale gude scholars buith o' them, they'll re d a chapter o' the Bible as clear as the minister, and they can say the questions frac What is the chief end o' Man?' down to the wint is the chief end of what? down to the very last word, and no give a hum or a ha, and an the proofs as weel, and their as far as 'Let Thy sweet mercies also come' in the hundred and nineteenth Psalm. They can say every one of the Psalms up to that, straight on or through other, any way ye like to ask them, an' 'no miss a word, an' if that's no book-

learning, I dinna ken what book-learning is."
"Weel its wonderful for bairns like them, the oldest no' fourteen years old. Its no' easy minded the proof catechism. Were it no' that I read it every day, just a portion after my chapter, I wad have forgotten it mysel' and periled my soul in the godless lands I have been in since I left hame."

The children now came in, accompanied by grand-uncle and duly admired. While they and children and garden, and bestows more cat their evening meal Elsie produced a saucer of honey in honor of her brother's re-

After tea Adam took the well-worn, though carefully-preserved Bible his father had bought for him more than eighty years before, and, reading a chapter aloud, closed the evening by praising God for having given him once more to say, though only for a season, "I will dwell

among my own people.

Next morning Adam bethought him of what he had heard of Sir Richard's state of health, asking his sister if it were so that the Laird of Haddon were thought to be dying.

"Weel they say he is, but at any rate he's very sick and feeble, and has'na been out hardly since the day o' the young Laird's funeral. He took his son's death terrible to

heart." "What are ye saying? Is the young Laird dead?"

"Oh! deed is he, four months ago, and Lady Cuninghame was thought to be dying too, but her mother came to Haddon and took away her Ladyship to France about six weeks since The doctor said it was the only chance for her. But the old Laird is worse than her, I'm thinking. Them 'at has seen him thinks he'll never go out till he's carried wi' his feet fore-

most. "That's bad news, Elsie. Did ye hear if the minister has been to see him?"

"No, no, there has been no minister nea him, and they say that he's no' very weel at-tended forbye his trouble. The two lasses 'at was there when ye went awa' a to batth married, an' there's twa young thoughtless hizzies in their place that dinna ken much about their work, nor maybe dinna care much, but at any rate they're feared o' Sir Richard (he was always a hasty spoken man to the servants), and they winns go near him, an' he put Cummins off for some tantrum or another just the week before the young Laird died, and took a young lad in his place that disna ken more about waiting on a gentleman like him than I do, so I fear its hard times with the old Laird at the

ast."

Weel, Elsie, afore the sun gangs down, I give they will cease to love.

gang to Haddon Castle and see what's doing there, and gin I see that things are as ye say they are, I'll bide with the Laird (that's to say if he'll let me) till he's better an' able to help himself, or else till he gangs where the like of

"Weel, Adam, there's no many would go near him and serve him again after the way he used you first and last, kept you on maistly dog's wages before he went mad, and after he came back frae the madhouse sent you off trae the madhouse sent you off the claim as it is the last was in the the place as if ye had been only a year in the

"Maybe what you're saying is very true, but it makes no difference to me. It was no for love of him I served him so long. I would no have been a year in the place after the old Laird died but for poor Sir Robert 'at's dead an' gone. It was easy to see the day Sir Richard came home from France to claim the land 'at little Arty was going to be as ill-used as any poor cotters motherless bairn, and it was love poor cotters motherless bairn, and it was love of him that made me put up with all I had to bear there; and for eighteen years, while Sir Richard was away, it was the best house to serve in all the country side. But there's no use speaking about that now. Sir Richard is my first master's son, and after that he was my master himself, an' I winna see him neglected in his last days if he'll let me take care of him. I would never serve him for wages if he was I would never serve him for wages if he was able to look for them who would, and to command them, he'll get plenty to do that, and more likely-like folk than an auld man like me, but I'll do better now than ither ten. I ken the ways of Sir Richard and the house up and down better than any other body, and I'll take care of him for the honour of the old house of Haddon"

The afternoon came, and Adam took his bonnet and plaid, and, with his staff in his hand, bade good-bye to his sister, saying as he left

"I'll no' do as I did last; I'll be back in a day or two. If he winna let me wait on him I'll be back the night, and if I dinna come the night ye'll be sure I'm taking care of the Laird."

"If ye'er no' back the night I'll send Jamie down to-morrow to see how you're getting on."

"Aye do; I'll be glad to see him at any
rate. Good day, Elsie."

The old man took his way slowly down the

hill, and as he went prayed to Him who ruleth in the Heavens to send His angel to arouse the soul of the sick man, and make him think of the way of escape e'er it was too late for ever.

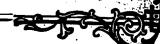
(To be continued.)

OUR HOUSEHOLD GODS.

Without wandering further into the attractive

generalities of the subject, we shall select one of the laws of English human nature which exerts an overpowering influence upon English politics, and a true conception of which is absolutely indispensable in our successful legislators. We refer to the ties of family, the bome views which dominate such a large class in every constituency. Our deities wear neither cap of liberty nor crown of iron, their insignia are neither the fasces of popular consuls nor the scorpion-whip of an imperator; our Palmer-stons and Derbys are high priests of no go is more terrible than our household gods. An more terrible than our household gods. An Englishman's home is in a political sonse his castle; till he be stormed he will yield to no aggressor. A superficul explanation of this all-pervading influence may be seen in the habits of the people. Our institutions do not include the café or the debating club. The Frenchman dines, sips his coffee, plays his dominoes in an atmosphere of political agitation and gossip. He drinks the small beer of statecraft, and his gaseous efferescence completely intoxicates him. His newspapers are complementary to his habits. They suggest enough to make him seek his friends for confirmation, and influence him enough to drive him to his enthusiastic guides for convictions. His fine theories would meet with flat reception from "Madame and bebes," but the frequenters of the cabaret applaud each other's southments and egg each other on to mischief. When one enlists on the side of revolution before his arrendissement, or has voted for the government in his commune, he commits himself irrevocably to a certain course of action; and all Frenchmen thus publicly commit themselves. With an Englishman it is totally different. His convections may be strong, and he could ably defend them if challenged, but he prefers, on most questions—not to be bored. He goes home at night to his wife thought upon what he shall take down for din-ner—be it a lofty or a lowly one—than upon the knotty point of that night's debate. for politics resembles its physical prototype in being propagated by intercourse and overcrowd-ing; your reserved and solitary Englishman strives—with much success—to keep himself scrupulously free from it. This illustration is, of course, no cause: all must be the outcome of some deeper principle, some putent natural law. For we are capable of taking as much in-terest in politics as any Frenchman; and our theories are as acutely argued as, much more widely published and more tenaciously held than many of the ideas that attate our neighbors, and dethrone their governors. At the foundation of all lies the great social law, the love of home, the bonds of family. Your Englishman is more than a man, he is a pater/amilias. In France the man comes before everything. He is the ideal of paters. The leaf of thing. He is the ideal of nature. The lord of creation must be exalted at the expense of all the world beside. There the family is looked upon as a more appendage of the man, to be valued and cared for after the man. Wife and children are placed in the same category with the sevres in the ebony cabinet, or the Louis Quinze furniture in its chints covering, but are of no more importance than the same china set and chairs would be to an Englishman were his king and country threatened. The very opposite spirit is rapidly developing itself in America. We find there a tendency to raise the family to a more pretentious but much less homely pedes-tal. The members are independent, and assert their own rights. The home circle is a co-partnership, where each is responsible for his own

losses and enjoys his own gains. Here the householder is the head of the family. Ho retires to its bosom, he reads the newspaper he affects or his wife orders, he thinks acutely, and even forms a strong opinion. Next-door neigh-bors may come to conclusions as different as black from white, but both have families, so they vote alike. If the proposal be consonant to English taste, if it be safe even though dis-tention. tasteful, if innocuous, and likely to settle a troublesome class, your paterfamilias will probably vote for it, if he votes at all.—The Electera.



THE RING-FINGER.

Merrily, merrily, church bolls ring, Merrily, merrily, minstrels sing, (Ever young hearts smile cheerily,) The mass is said, and the maid is wed. And in the great hall is the bride-feast spread, (And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

Earl Huge is lord of ten eastles strong, Lady Maud is the sweetest all maids among, (Ever young hearts smile cheerily,) Fairest of sheen and proudest of mien, But with no love-light in her eyes, I ween, (And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

Outspake the father of Maud the bride,
"Set ye the gates of my castle wide,
(Ever young hearts smile cheerily.)
Be he peasant churl or a belled earl,
Each councrshall feast him with Maud my girl.
(And ever old hearts sigh wonrily.)

In strode a knight in his armor black, Holmed and harnessed, both breast and back, (Ever young hearts smile cheerily,) He hath gone apace to the high hall dais. Where Earl llugs sits in the bridegroom's place (And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

Lady Mand looked on the stranger knight, And her eyes grow dim and her lips grow v (Ever young hearts smile cheerily:) He spake no word to her at the board, But turned him unto her new-worl lord, (And ever old hearts sigh wearily,)

"I greet thee. Earl linge, in all thy pride.
As thou sittest in Joyance by Mand thy bride:
(Ever young hearts smile cheerily:)
She issweet and free for an earl like thee,
But not for a landless knight like me,
(And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

"Thou hast wood her with gold to be thy wife, But I wood her of old with limb and life; (Rver young hearts smile choorily;) Now she is thine, but she once was mine, When I plucked her forth from the floods of Tyne (And over old hearts sigh wentily.)

"Thy ring is to-day on her finger set.
But wine was upon it ere ever ye not:
(Ever young hearts smile cheerily:)
Hone of thy bone, she is all thine own.
Save what I chain from her as mine alone."
(And over old hearts sigh wearily.)

Sudden he fiashed out his good gray brand, And smote the ring-finger from Maud's white

hand:
(Ever young hearts smile cheorily:)
Fre they can call on their merrymen all,
the hath gone with his prize from the castle-hall(And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

A nun is kneeling in Mary's shrine.
That looketh down on the floods of Tyne,
(Ever young hearts smile cheerily,)
Her small hands fair nre chasped in prayer,
But one of the fingers is lacking there.
(And ever old hearts sigh wearily.)

A knight is lying on Acre's plain, Over a heap of Paynim slain (Ever young hearts smile cheerily,)
Or his breast doth cling by a silken string
A dry bone girt with a golden ring.
(And over old hearts sigh wearily.

St. Paul's Magazine.

LABORING MEN. Imborers are divided into two distinct classes

—m in who carn their bread by the swent of their brows, and men who gain subsistence by mental toil. As a general thing, their chances of becoming wealthy are about equal, for mechanical toil, in the majority of cases, pays as well as brain labor, and is no more exhausting to the system. An industrious mechanic can easily earn the means of obtaining a fair obtaining and so improve his mind, and develop his thinking faculties, that he may eventually become master instead of man—one of the class which he envies. Considering the matter in this light, the question as to why many members of the first-named working class should so resolutely disapprove of the last-named, be-comes a problem which common sense cannot solve; but it certainly is a fact that professional solve; but it certainly is a fact that processional men, clerks, and all others whose work is mainly of the mental kind, or is at all events clein work which may be done without disfigurement of any kind, become in their cycs nearly as obnoxious as regular loungers. In short, the ideal society of the labor reformers, everywhere, though more vaguely held in some places than others is one in which all shall be places than others, is one in which all shall be, in a greater or less degree, manual laborers, so that the social distinction now created by a many not laboring with his hands shall disap-pear. The effect of such a revolution as this on civilization—that is, of the disappearance from society of everybody who did not settle down every morning to some distasteful physical task, and work at it as long as his nervous energy enabled him—would form a curious sub-ject of speculation. For it may be truly said that the first step in civilization is not made until some portion of the community is released and allowed to occupy itself with thinking, speculating, or, in other words, following the train of abstract reasoning and playing with the imagination; and the rapidity of the rise of overy people into civilization has been in the ratio of the number of those whom it was able to release in this way from the common drud-gery of life. A great majority of these have always, will always, to all outward appearance, think and imagine in vain, as if it were an es-sential feature in the moral order of the uni-verse that there should be this seeming waste of effort in every department of human ac-tivity; but the number of those who have thought to some purpose, and benefited the world thereby, have been countless. The safety and progress of humanity depends upon each man's filling his appointed place—no matter how humble it seems—well. We are all workers onch class is dependent upon the other. rude fisherman of the Northern Sea, as a great English writer has tipely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lump in the luxurous capital three thousand miles away. Should the day ever come when the fisherman will in sist on the scholar's collecting his oil, the day when there will be neither scholars, fishermen nor oil will not be far distant. So long as carth stands, there must be class distinctions. The world must have men to do its rough work. Instead of rebelling against this inevitable state, and railing against that portion of society which is exempt from hard labor, let the believe is exempt from hard labor, lot the laborer prove worthy of his hire, and work his way into that prosperity which he envies. It can be done. For in America, labor is the key which unlocks wealth's great storehouse, and opens the road to honor.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Brush a little of the furze from the wing of a dead butterfly, and let it full upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine rolden dust. Slide the glass under a microscope, and each particle of dust will reveal itself as a perfect, symmetrical feather. Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a

small drop of blood, mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so taken before a court-martial of officers of the small as to be separately invisible to the naked regular army, his protestations of innocence

eye, appear under the microscope each larger than the letters of this print. Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool, or

ditch, or singuish brook, dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarm-ing with hundreds of strange animals that are

swimming about it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilden the insertion. ders the imagination. This invisible universe of created beings is

the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of a man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting and taming and studying the lower milmals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In endless variety of form and structure, they are bustling through their active lives—pursuing their prey—defending their persons—waging their wars—prosecuting their amours—multiplying their species—and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other field of creation may yet, by some inconceivable method, be revealed to our knowledge?

THE PROPHET OF EVIL.

The prophet of evil flourishes among all classes of the community, and has a word to say in re-ference to every passing event. When a picule is arranged he straightway sets to work to make everyone concerned feel miserable by demake everyone concerned two internole by de-claring that it is very likely the day will be wet. Not even will a gloriously fine morning upon the day chosen stlence his creaking. As he trayels along in carriage or boat he keeps a sharp look-out for stray clouds which have a suspicious look, and his search is rarely in vain. In commisserating tones the ladies are asked if they have brought their unitrelias, or if they have anything on which "will spoil." If the nasty-looking cloud floats away into space, and the sun shines out bright and warm as ever, though rather disappointed that his evil prog-nostications have come to nothing, he is no way disheartened, but straightway sets to work to discover fresh signs of bad weather. If the weather prove too settled even for him to say anything disheartening in reference to it, he has other cards to play. He has a strong suspicion that a particular wheel on the carriage is by no means safe, and that it will be coming off, thereby placing the party in great danger. Or the boat is eranky, and has a tendency to turn over—an event which could not happen, he asserts, without putting everybody in the most serious jeopardy; indeed, it would be nothing less than a miracle if overyone in the unfortu-nate craft did not perish. He is continually natic craft (id) not perish. He is continuing haunted by doubts that some of the party will take cold. If he finds them reclining on the grass, in touching tones he advises them not to do so, informing them, at the same time, of some of the awful effects of such folly which come under his personal observation. He has a horror of the chilly night air. In trembling proceeds to be because a very believe to wren them. accents he beseches everybody to wrap them-selves up warm, because nothing is so danger-ous as a cold caught under such circumstances. He knows more than one unlucky mortal who had some to an early grave by such means. When he parts from those he has attempted to warn and save, his last words are, "I hope you won't enteh cold," dollvered in such a tone that those whom he is addressing cannot avoid the conviction that, if they do not do so, no one will be more astonished than he will.

LETTERS.

They are of very ancient origin. The first letter of which we have any record is that written by David to Joab, directing him to place Urlah in the front of the battle. A bad beginning, surely! Cicero wrote a letter, as he did everything, with ease and eleganice. Sence and the younger Pliny also excelled in this art. The Romans used tablets of wood coated with wax; sometimes ivery or parchiment. The Spartans sent their secret dispatches in time of war on a long strip of purchanent. This was first wrapped around a staff, rolled slantwise and written lengthwise, then taken off, and carried written lengthwise, then taken off, and carried by a special messenger to the commander who had a similar staff. It would, of course, be perhad a similar staff. It would, of course feetly unintelligible when unwound, would cause no trouble if it should full into the hands of an enemy, but when wound on the staff of the receiver it would reveal its meaning. Herodotus tells of a cruel practice resorted to, to reacting terms of a critic principle resorted to, to convey secret intelligence with safety. The head of a trusty messenger was shaved, and the writing was impressed on his skull. This was not a rapid method of transmitting news, for the poor follow's hair must grow long enough to conceal the writing, and on arriving at his destination he must again be shaved. It is probable that little anxiety was manifested in those days to secure the position of the letter-carrier! In our time, the cheap postage makes letters valueless as literary productions. But in the dear old times, when one felt it his duty to make his apistle worth twenty-live cents, the letters were not only long and newsy, but worth keeping, and the letters of the past, published for our delight, form one of the most charming branches of our lighter literature. The French, as a na-tion, are the best letter writers, and a woman, Madame De Seyigne, is their brightest star in Lady Mary Montague and Walpole. Gray, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Southey and Burns have all distinguished themselves by their letters.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.

The experiences of a pork-butcher's shop-boy, named Broche, who has just been tried by courtmartial at Versailles, are well worth a passing record. On the outbreak of the Communal insurrection, he was taken—much against his will—from the sale of sausages to serve in a Federal battalion of National Guards at Noullly. Here he incurred the ill-will of his comrades by his refusal to accept the rank of captain. He was accordingly tried and sentenced to be shot. The men entrusted with his excention decided by way of change, perhaps, to bang the unfor-tunate Broche, instead of shooting him, and ho was accordingly launched into space from a first-floor window. He contrived, however, to cling to the wall, and so to avoid total strangu-lation, until cut down by some men of another battalion, who took pity on him and disapproved of the unmilitary mode of execution adopted. Broche, however, unly remained two days with his new friends. At the end of that time he attempted to escape, but was so closely pursued that he jumped into the Seine, and swam to the bank occupied by the Versuilles troops, who hospitably received him with a hallstorm of balls, one of which struck him in the leg. Being taken before a court-martial of officers of the

were disbelieved, and he was condemned for the second time to be shot. The executioners of M. Thiers, however, did not do their work any bettor than those of the Commune, for though duly shot and left for dead, Brooke escaped with two flesh wounds and a broken arm. He was hidden and nursed by an inhabitant of Puteaux, where he had been shot, and when the Commune fell, was again arrested and taken to Versailles where he appears to have passed the last eight where he appears to have passed the har eight months in prison. Being tried a short time since for the third time, the unlucky and yet lucky pork-butcher was at once acquitted. Here's a ready-made here for a sensational no-

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

The Marquis de Beauvoir, a young Fronchman who has just completed a voyage around the world, saw a notoworthy celestial globe at Pokin. It was eight foot in diameter, and on it was marked every star known in the year 1650, which was visible from that city. This, together with the bronzo instruments of the observatory, constructed two hundred and seventy years ago, were in as periost a condition and ar accurate as when they were first made, a fact attributed to the dry climate of the region.

The Ink PLANT.—Botunists are ongaged in planting all over Europe, says the Surias Times, a new plant imported from New Granada, which, if grown successfully, will be a formidable rival to our manufactured ink. It known as the "Coriaria Shymifolia," or ink plant. The juice which escapes from it has been given the name of "Changi," and is a little red in colour, but in the space of a few hours after coxposure to the air turns into an intense black. This liquid does not corrode steel sens as the ink in ordinary use, resists chemical substances, and preserves its intensity for many yours.

GRANULATED GOLD .- Since 1862 Signor Castellani GRAVULATER GOLD.—Since 1862 Signor Castellani has made experiments in order to recover the lost art of forming patterns in granulated work in gold—that iso-patterns composed of globules of gold almost microscopic in minuteness, each soldered separately to the surface, and arranged in lines, mottoes. Act. Hithorto this art has buffled all modern skill. Surfaces could be covered with delicate granulated or powdered work, but patterns such as Greeks and Etruscan could execute wore still a desideratum. Now the difficulty has been surmounted; and it is to illustrate this recovery of the ancient process that Signor Castellani exhibits some beautiful specimens of his workmanship at this year's International Exhibition.

hibition.

THE Journal of Pharmacic states that Prof. Gubler, at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Medecine, exhibited specimens of wadding prepared by saturating it with a certain quantity of glycerine, which he had found to render it nermeable to all medicinal liquids, without causing it to lose any of its suppleness and lightness. He suggested that in this state it might prove a useful substitute for charpic, in the event of a scarcity of that article. Dr. DeSvaborde has already employed it with considerable advantage in dressing wounds. In order to prepare this glycorized cotton, it is only necessary to pour a small quantity of glycerine over the square sheet of wadding, and afterward express it as thoroughly as possible by ordinary means of pressure.

GROWEL OF CREAS.—An interesting fact has re-

GROWTH OF CORALS.—An interesting fact has recently been observed respecting the growth of corals. Somewhat less than two years ago Captain McGiregor, of the steamer Kilanea, moored a buoy in Kealake-kun Bay. Last week he was ordered to hoist the auchor and examine the condition of the chain. The latter, which is a heavy two-inch cable, was found covered with corals and oyster shells, some which are as large as a man's hand. The larger corals meature 4jin. in length, which represents their growth during the period of two years that the anchor and cable had been submerged. The specimen which we have seen shows the nature of its formation by the little coral insects more distinctly than any we have before examined. When taken out of the wator, it had small crabs on it. A query arises whether these crabs live on the coral insects, or whether they simply seek the branches of the coral of the coral correction. The popular supposition is that corals are of extremely slow growth. Here we have a formation equal to over 17ft. in a century.—Honolulu Gascite.

FARM ITEMS.

A California farmer has shipped 700 tons of fruit from 190 acres this year.

JOHN S. Lippincott tells The Poultry World that he invariably cures fowls of the feather-cating propensity by feeding them corn fodder.

AN Ohio correspondent tells The Poultry World that he recently found an egg with two perfect shells, one within the other, the inner one inclosing the yolk.

IT is said that a wash of tobacco juice on the bark of shade-trees will not only turn the stomach of the worst of cribbers, but retain its virtues for fully six months. Ma. Fuller says, if he were a country school-

teacher or a superintendent of common schools, every boy and girl under his jurisdiction should be taught the art of budding and grafting trees. FALL PLOWING.—Except on very light land, there can be no doubt of the advantages of fall plowing. The earlier the work is performed the better will the sed rot, and the more weeds will be killed.

EXGLAYD, with an area of cultivated land not much greater than Pennsylvania, yearly consumes 800,000 tuns of commercial fertilizers, which is a larger amount than is used in the whole United States.

amount than is used in the whole United States.

The editor of The Garden asserts that thousands of pounds of grapes are preserved during winter in the village of Thomery, France, by merely putting the stoms in bottles of water and keeping away from frost.

frost.

If. H. Ponter of Mississippi states that when only a small quantity of highly concentrated bisaure is available the most economical way of using it is to steep it a few days in just enough water to work it into such a consistency that the greatest possible quantity will stick, and roll the seeds in it and plant while wet.

while wet.

We find in The Journal of the Franklin Institute these five hints regarding the use of a grindstone: 1.

Do not waste the stone by running it in water; but if so, do not allow it to stand in water when not in use, as this will cause a soft place. 2. Wet the stone by dropping water on it from a pot suspended above the stone, and stop of the water when not in use. 3. Do not allow the stone to get out of order, but keep it perfectly round by the use of gaspipe, or a hacker. 4. Clean off all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit. 5. Opserve—when you got a stone that suits your purpose, head a sample of the grit to the dealer to select by: a half-ounce sample is concept.

New Presenving Progess.—A new process for

NEW PRESERVING PROCESS.—A new process for preserving meat and vegetables has recently been communicated to the french Academy of Sciences.

The substances to be subjected to the operation are placed in layors in a cusk, and acctate of sods is sprinkled over each in the proportion of one-third of the meat. At the end of twenty-four hours the places are inverted, the upper ones being put belogging twenty-four hours more the action is completed to the meat is packed in barrels together withing the meat is packed in barrels together withing the meat is packed in barrels together withing the control of the meat is packed in barrels together withing the meat is the properties of the meat to convince the meat is packed in barrels together withing the meat is packed in barrels together withing the meat is the convince to the meat.

If is not round sentences, but pointed the miner than twenty-hours. Half an one of superstition is the real approach to the meat.

The meater of superstition is the properties of the soil, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

The meater of the meat is and brings the properties of the soil in the memory.

The meater of the soil is the miner than the miner than the mean that the miner than the mean than the mean

kitchen sal is produced, which restores its freshness and flavor to the meat.

Helling Chiokens out of the Krell Wolford by made many attempts at such assistance in volume, like many others, rushed to the conclusion that chicks could not be thus saved; but an accidental discovery put another face on the matter, keep the very goin warm water (about 100°) while the assistance is being rendered, and success may is hoped for. The shell must be cracked very gondy, and the inuer membrance very tenderfy peeled off till the chick be at liberty, keeping all but the beak under water until nearly clear—The operation must be performed in a warm place, and tenderly as if touching raw flosh; and it will be found that the water greatly facilitates matters, liberating the membrane if glued to the chick, and enabling it to be separated without loss of blood. The latter occurrence nine times out of ten fatal, but if the operation be completed without blood-flowing success may be anticipated, and the nearly dead chick may be put by the fire in flaticl, or under the hea, if a quiet, good mother—und the at might, in any case—and the next day may present the successions.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Whitewasu should have mixed with it about one ounce of earbolic acid to the pailful. This will prevent insects gathering in the walls, and purify the apartment.

apartment.

To KILL Files.—A few chips of quassia wood (obtained of the druggists), soaked in a little water, and sweetened with sugar, will kill flies directly they taste it. It is not poisonous to anything clso.

To Cool. Wise.—A hottle of wine may be cooled by putting it into a woollen stocking, and keeping the latter we in the sun. One of Wellington's Peninsular veterans invariably followed this practice in a sunny Spain.

FIGUREAUS.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, half a drachm of powdered horax, and one drachm of sugar. Mix altogether, and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days; then rab it on the hands and face occasionnally.

THE OCCUSIONALLY.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Take two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, warmed, two ounces of powdered sugar, two eggs, and one gill of milk: bent altogether lightly, and bake in buttered saucers, half full, for twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

Guease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood asies; keep it on several days, and then wash off. Stains on wall paper can be cut with a sharp penkaife, and pieces of the paper so nicely inserted that no one can see the patch.

asserted that ao one can see the patch.

Someony mentions a new way to surve up passenes. Take good-sized tree-stone peaches, wipe and halve them, and place them flat side down in a little hot butter or lard. Let them fry to a nice brown, thou turn and fill the seed-cap with sugar, which by the time the fruit is properly coated, will be melted, and form with the juice of the peach a rich sign. Serve up hot. Most persons taink the dish a superbone, Tan Boyan Veneza, by

THE ROYAL NURSERY PLUCKS. — Pour scalding milk on some slices of fine and home ges very well be spoonfuls of powdered load mer, also a few good cure picked, and dried. Beat all in teacups well buttered, which be only half filled.

be only half filled.

Canassie Sal. 40.—Two eggs, well beaten, two teaspoonfuls of unstard, two teaspoonfuls of sugar; butter half the size of an egg, a little pepper and sall, and one cup of good vinegar. Heat the vinegar and butter, then sir in the other ingredients as for boiled custard. It will be about the consistency of good croun, Let it get cold, chop the cabbage line, and mix altogether. Those quantities will be sufficient for one large cabbage.

one large cabbage.

To Make Orro or Roses.—After you have gathered a quantity of roses, place them in a jar. Then poor upon them some spring water. Having covered the top of the jar with thin mosin to keep out the dust, expose it to the heat of the sun for a few days until you observe oily particles floating on the surface of the water. Take off this oily substance and place it in a bottle, when you will find that you have distilled the perfume known as "Otto of Roses."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Two girls nineteen years old have set up as real estate agents in Chetopa, Kansas. Two families in Kentucky have been poisoned by eating jelly mode in a copper kettle.

Over time millions of pipes, composed of different varieties of wood, are yearly manufactured in the United States.

United States.

A gravia machine which works with ten needles, double-thread lock-stitch, has been invented. It will make two thousand stitches in a minute.

The attempt of California to acclimatize the Cashmere goat promises success, the animal attaining a larger size and yielding a finer fleece than in its native India. There are estimated to be 40,000 Cashmeres in the States, and the fleece according to grade, is worth from 25 cents up to \$1. See, per pound.

Tria reported that young Bennett has given orders

is worth from 25 cents up to \$1. Ze. per pound.

It is reported that young Bennett has given orders
for a magnificent menument to his father, intended
to be the finest in Grounwood. The price is unlimired, but it is expected that, it will cost not less than
\$250,000. Under shart is to be of white marble, claborately sculptured with symbolical figures representing the profession of lournatism. The inscription
will be simply "James Gordon Bennett," with age
and date, "Founder of the New York Herald,"

and date, "Founder of the New York Heradi."

What Is AN INCU OF RMS P—An English acre consists of 6,272,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which at 277,274 cubic inches to the gallon makes 22,022.5 gallons; and as a gallon of distilled water weights 10ths, the rainful on an acre is 220,225ths, avoirdupois; as 2,230 lbs. are a ton, an inch deep of rain weights 100,025 tons, or nearly 101 tons per acre. For every 100th of an inch a ton of water falls per acre.

BLUE BEARD.—Like many popular fairy tales, the story of Blue Beard has been traced to a historical basis. Giles de Laval, marshal of France, 1429, was distinguished for his military abilities, but he rendered himself infamous by his extreatinary importy and debaucheries, and by murdering his wives. He had a long beard of blue-black color, whence he was called Blue Beard. He employed those who pretended to be sorecrets to discover hidden treasures, and he corrupted young persons of both excesto attach them to him, after which he killed them for the sake of their blood, which he used for his incantations. By order of the duke of Brittany, he was buried alive in a field near Nantes, in the year 11to. They knew how to effectually punish criminals in those days, it seems.

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.—The origin of this nursery tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730, a Fronch actor of equal talent and wealth named nursory tale is sufficiently curious. About the year 1730, a French actor of equal ralent and wealth mamed Thovenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon's cobbler's stail the shee of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shee with such intensity that he reappeared at the stail the next day; but the cabbler could give him no other clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of heing required. Buy after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the resintegration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly inor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his ness on extravagant became his passion for the unknown one, that he became, (were it passible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) miscrable and melancholy. His pain was, however, somewhat appeared by the avant of the little footised, appearaing to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, presented their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Leave nothing that is necessary in an dono — we rate ability in men by what not by plant they attempt.

A More Stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, to thime runs along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, ratouched by sin, may for a time keep its parity in toul company, but a little later and they unite.

WIT AND HUMOR.

CROWN PROPERTY. -Brains.

A SOAR PLACE.-Up in the clouds. A Costly Habit.—Dressing in fashion, Work and Play.—Motto for an orchestra.

" How is Coal, Now ?"-As black as ever. ELEVATED RECREATION .-- Billiards in the attic.

A Promising young men is all very well; better ave a paying one. Axong businessmen those who are most sharp go-nerally get most blunt.

Way is the inside of a thing unintelligible ?—Because we can't make it out.

STRIKING.—At one of the recent strike-meetings, a wheelwright was the best spakes-man.

STRANGE FACT.—Though a pawnbroker's shop is crowded, it is always a loansome place.

Another.-That carpets, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

An Tring not Generally Known—That people who get to high words eften use low language.

A Tringnometric can hardly be called a vegetable, though sometimes it may be up at eighty.

A STABER-UP.—Farmer: "Well, Hodge, where's our summer, oh?"—Hodge: "Zummer's else!" A Load of brick passed over an lown boy, last week, without hurting him. He was under a bridge. Way is Australian preserved mutton like France at the present time?—Because it has no Bony-part. As I own clergyman has four boys and the youngest is named Doxology, because he was the last of the

The people of Wyoning don't know whether to call their female judge a justicess of the poace, or a justice of the pieces.

A Vorsa Connecticut lady was lately taken abank when her swain got apon his knees before her, and read a doclaration of love which he had nicely written off.

A Lavy tells us that when she was a poor girl, liv-ing in the country, she used to be plant corn in her bare feet." This imparts a new idea of the origin of these troublesome thursy.

A Pota asks:—"Where are the dead? the vanished dead, who tred the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the

We are informed that a "Ford county (111.) farmer has 20,000 bushels of corn on hand, and is happy." It makes some difference where you have your corn. We know a man who has only one corn on his foot and he is not happy.

and he is not nappy.

Little girl (coming out of church)—" What is that notsic they played, mamma ?"

Manna -- "That was the organ, dear."

Little girl -- "Then the ten conts you gave, mamma, was for the organ grinder."

Of TANO O(T) - Visitor: "Mr. Thompson in T'-leish Serrant: "No, sir: he ain't come 'one yet, sir!, - Visitor: "I'm, that's very awkward: when can I -ee him?" - leish Servant: "Shure I dunno, sir, when he's in he's always out, sir!"

The following enthusiastic Groeley campaign song is said to have been composed by a wind-mill:

The boy stood on the burning dock,

His name was Enoch Arden:

He waved aloft his old white but

And cheered for Dolly Varden.

"PARA," said a little boy to his parent one day, "are not sailors very small mon!" "No my done," inswered the father: "pray what leads you to suppose that they are small?" "Because," replied the come idea, smartly, "I read, the other day, of a sailor going to steep on his watch."

Entry (1908)—Soution: "Hobson, they tell me you've taken your Eoy naway from the National School. What's that for ?" - Villager; "Cause the Master ain't fit to Teach in! "--Spairer; "O. Uveheard he's a very good Master," -- Villager; "Well, all I knows is, he wanted to Teach iny Boy to Spell; "Taters' with it?"!!!!

Dr. Planse was once at a dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the discourse chanced to be that the strategy markilly among the borristers.

We have best "said a gentloman, "six eminent barristers in six months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose at this moment, and gave the company grave:

"For this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

230. SQUARE WORDS. My first is to uphold or sustain;
My second is to wander about;
My thred is past, so try again,
And my saucy fourth may find me out.

231. ENIGMA.

My hest, though known, is nover soon; My second's sometimes on a strenm; Without my hest, it's very plain. My total ne'er would move again.

Nurrs. 232. CHARADE.

Two tipplers taged at the Navy Inn (Notorious long for its vice and sin), Where they talk of the news, and never failed To take at my first of the home-brewed alo.

But Jonathan Edward MacReady, Esquire, World never e'en dream of drinking beer; Oh dear, not he to his butter beekened. And told him to bring him a glass of my second.

And told find to being none...
and when from the bar of the Navy Inn,
Bereit of their senses and all their "tin,"
he traplers slowly and cautionaly slole,
Surely they stood in need of my whole.

F. Bryant,

A disacrecable thing on 'Change; a small portion of a mile; part of the eye; a German coin: a spiteful animal; rage; the god of hughter; a playful animal; a prima domnaof the present day; a poison; an African traveller; the wife of Orpheus; a black bird; and one of the signs of the Zodine. The initials give the name of a well-known book; the finals that of the author.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 38. ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 38, 221 Little Charade, -B.I.R.M.I.N.G.H.A.M. 222. Refuse, -Hans Rollein, thus: Henry Fitz-Alwan, Asser, Neville, St. Dunstan, Herewald-le-Wake, Orderieus Vitalis, Langton, Herewald-le-Wake, Profes Long Stein, Herewald-le-Wake, Profes Long Sicholas Breakspere 223. Profes Long Rubus, Acrostic: Grip, Prig. Roo, Ore, Apa, Pea, Ye, Ey(c).

221. Anthonorm — Reynolds, thus: -Retriever, Engle, Yearly, Norman, Ollo, Level, Doomed, Syllahus.

Inhus.
225. Diamond Pezzie. - James Thompson, thus :-

DAW
HOMER
ORLEANS
VENUSTRAP
ROBERTHERNS
JAMESTHOMPSON

The passionate are like men, standing on their heads: they see all things the grow way.

A Tave friend eases many the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one who is not so multiplies and the foles, whereas one will be an interest of the foles of the control of the foles. The Up any the human mechanism is very rule and do not the foles. It is a fine of the universe predominates every in an another than the foles of the control of the foles. The passion of the foles of the foles

conform more to the laws of be less addicted to the grati

The continuous of the world is such that benevo-lence is the best interest of every mun. It is the form roud to individual as well as seeinl happiness. You know it know it; everybody knows it; and when a man actation an inspiration of good-will to option, he hays, "That is the way to make myself happer?"



LOVE OR MONEY ?;

BY LIZZIE.

"Is your head really so bad, darling? Then I will stay and read to you." And Guy Norman bent his tall form over the sofa, and gontly kissed the soft lips that just now wore an unnatural set look, telling of bodily pain. Essio Marston smiled and shook bor head

slightly as she replied, cheerfully-

the kind. This tresome headache will soon be well. I shall try to go to sleep when you are gone; rust will take it quite away. I should not like you to stay away from church for me. So you will go to please your little Essle, won't you, dear " she added, a little deprecatingly, in answer to the objection she saw rising to her lover's lips; and a timid little hand caressingly touched Guy's bronzed cheek as the last words

were spoken.
Guy smiled in spite of himself, and said,

"What a little tyrant it is to be sure! I this a specimen of the manner in which the future Mrs. Norman intends to obtain her own way?" And with a smile at the pretty blush his words had called up, with another kiss, and an injunction to "take care of hersolf, and be sure and go to sleep," Guy turned and left the room, and was presently to be seen sauntering along the vilinge street in the direction of the little typ-covered church, from the tower of which the bell was loudly bidding all welcome with in its sacred walls.

The service is over; the somewhat numerous congregation is slowly issuing from the quaint little purch, while cheerful greetings are being exchanged between friends and neighbours.

At the gate of the little churchyard which surrounds the time-worn edities stands an old-fashioned carriage, attended by a couple of servants in a faded livery of claret and silver; and many are the glances—some envious, some of pleasant recognition—cast at the equipage by the raddy farmers and their buxom wives and

daughters as they pass homewards.

Among the last to rise from his seat to leave the church was Guy Norman; and, as the tall figure passed down the nisle, the rays of the September sun streamed brightly upon the brown luxuriance of curling hair and beard, and lighted up the handsome face, with its frank, eyes, and careless mouth. It was not a tender face, yet in it was indicated a capability for pas-

sionate affection which, engaged man though he was, had never yet been called forth. As he slowly sauntered towards the door, his head bent, and his thoughts far away, Guy suddenly became conscious that some one wished to pass him, and, with a courtous movement, he turned and made way, encountering as he did so a pair of the most glorious dark blue eyes he had ever beheld. The eyes belonged to a face which, for beauty of feature and exquisite co. loring, was unrivalled; and the eager look of Intense admiration in young Norman's eyes was

The lady was accompanied by an old gentleman, evidently ber father; and as they passed along the little pathway to the gate, and entered the carriage waiting for them, Guy almost un-consciously followed, his eyes still fixed with the same look of bowlidermentupon the daintily

attired figure.

As the carriage drove off, the readers were once more raised to his; and with a strange, uncomfortable feeling in his heart Guy turned away.

It is afternoon. The shadows have lengthened slightly, while over all reigns that peaceful calm

so peculiar to Sundays in the country.

Upon a little rustle seat, under a shady tree on the pretty hawn belonging to the Rectory, sits the Rector's daughter — quite recovered from her indisposition of the morning. She has been reading, but the book lies unheeded on her lap, and on its open pages the small white hands are listlessly clasped, while the pretty brown eyes are filled with a soft, dreamy look directed to the for distant hills.

She is not alone: for by her side, on the soft

grass, rests a stalwart figure, with curly brown hair and cureless, insouciant face. His thoughts are also far away, judging by the unconscious air of grave intentness with which he is regard-ing the movements of a small insect in the

Suddenly rousing himself with an effort, Guy Norman — for it is he — raised his eyes to the sweet face above him, and was about to speak; but the direction of his thoughts changed, and he paused for a moment in admiration ere he broke

" Essie, you look just like Shakspere's Ophelia at the present moment. I must begin a picture of you in that attitude to-morrow. Will you

Essle turned her head, and smiled down at

him, as she said, archly—
"If you do, you ought to put yourself in to
complete the picture. How is it you have such an invincible dislike to painting your own por trait, Guy ?

"So many interesting subjects in the worki, suppose," said Guy, beginning to pull up tiny blades of grass, and proceeding idly to decorate the frilling on Essie's dress with them. the-by," he said, as a sudden recollection flashed across his mind, "there was a new face at church this morning—new to me, at least," be added, in a lower tone, half to himself.

"Was there?" asked Essie, carolessly. "Per

haps, it was the new tonant at Land's End Farm. Was he a little stout man, with very Was he a little stout man, with very

"Not exactly," laughed Guy. Then, bending down his head as if to see better what he was doing, he said, in a slightly studied tone— "It was a young lady, and—and a rather pret-

ty one."
"It must have been Gabrielle" ("What a pretty name!" thought Guy); "I knew she

was coming home soon, but not yet, I imagined. How glad I am "burst out Essie, in a delighted "Dear Ella, I have not seen her for a very long time."

Lik And who may this fair unknown be ?" asked

dearest friend, Miss L'Estrange," re-fe; "we have loved each other since hildren. Is she not lovely?" she said, eyes, full of admiration for her abgyes, foll of admiration for her all pon Guy as she spoke.

gyer did not answer; will that anticipations, did not answer; will anticipations, did not all panie (the blootharmed on other subtlemed on othe

e, of the stand noblest country; and of the possession dilliant pedigree, reaching up to the distant relative and of William the Norman, be a pride, they were right.

the many virtues undoubtedly it venerated progenitors, the

venerated progenitors, the

withstanding the counteracting influence of wealthy marriages and rich gifts from the reignwealthy marriages and rich gitts from the reign-ing sovereigns, one by one various possessions had slipped away, and for the last generations all that remained to the living representatives was a rambling, dilapidated mansion, standing in the midst of a small and badly-worked esof the proprietor.

The present family consisted but of the wi-

The present family consisted but of the wi-dowed Squire Rupert—a tall stately old man of about sixty years of age—and his only child and heiress, Gabrielle. The inheritance of the fam-ily estates was entailed from parent to eldest child, son or daughter — in the latter case the lady's husband, when she married, taking his wife's patronymic in addition to his own. Therefore on Gabrielle's dimpled shoulders lay the responsibility of representing the family name, and in the charm of her lovely face lay the power to once more restore that family to its rightful position; though whether the some-what wilful young lady felt at all inclined to exercise that power in the right direction re mained to be proved.

Certainly a consciousness of nothing but its

own health and youth seemed upon Miss L'E strange's bright face as she slowly entered the shaded road thatled past the gates of the Castle grounds to the Rectory, a few days after the conversation just recorded.

It was a glorious morning. The sky was of

" No," exclaimed the Rector's little daughter, cagorly; "why should we not all go together? You have never seen Fairy Glen, have you, Ella? No? Then that sottles it," she added, with inughing decision.

with hughing decision.

And, completely vanquished by Essic's words, which were eagerly seconded by Essic's lover, Gabrielle consented gracefully to the proposal; and in a short time the trie were on their way, their bright talk and low laughfer making pleasant echoes as they passed along.

Some weeks have passed. Cold winds, telling of the fast approaching Winter, have completely stripped the trees, and laid a soft carpet of rustling leaves in the woods round Castle L'Es-

But regardless of everything beyond themselves are the two who have lingered so long in carnest conversation beneath the bare branches this damp November afternoon. At last they stop, and Guy—for again it is he—says, in low, carnest tones, as he catches his companion in

"My durling, my own one! I can scarce let you go. Would that we never had to part more! But even that glorious day will come soon, will it not, my own love?" he concluded, foudly, looking down with exquisite tenderness upon the beautiful face that lay upon his breast. No answer coming, he repeated his question

with a passionate eagerness that made his

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE NORTH SEA.

that deep unclouded blue so often seen in England during the Autumn months; everywhere ancesthat his love was returned. Thus adjured, fell the bright sunshine unchecked, while in the already thinning trees numberless little birds the difference for her, said, briefly, already thinning trees numberless little birds were pouring forth their unwearied songs of cheerfulness and delight as they swung gally to

the measure of that soft West wind. But to all this Gabrielte was heedless; her thoughts were on far different subjects; as she

daintily pursued her way.

To the artist eyes of Guy Norman however, who was at this moment crossing the little lawn of the Rectory, everything appeared doubly bright and fair; and a dozen times had be wish ed for his palette and brushes as he crossed the golden waving fields. Whistling gaily, he had steadily pursued his way; and now as he saw, standing invitingly open, the long French win-dows of the little morning room, in which he strongly suspected he should find the object of

ils walk, he turned and entered the room. But, to his surprise, it was empty.

Proceeding towards the door with the intention of elsewhere seeking his trunnt tiancie. Gu was startled by a voice sweet and pure saying archly, "May I come in?" and, turning sud denly, he once more beheld that face the re membrance of which even yet stirred his hear with a faint, strange pain.

with a faint, strange pain.

What a lovely face it was! And the pretty picture its owner made standing in the rose-framed window, the sunlight dancing on her gleaming hair, her violet eyes half shaded by their long dark lashes, Guy, never to the The moment she discovered her mistake the beaker blushed rosy red, and was turning a with a

when at last the conversation subside linto a lively dialog between the girls upon the chief events that it is proposed since they parted, he stood thou in the lippened since they parted, he stood thou in the lippened since they parted, he casionally to watch the animated play could not satisfied the animated play could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she could not control. It is flight blush, which she is the property of the lip to her friend in which the lip man, whose appearance had in the lip to her friend in which the lip man, whose appearance had in the lip to her flight in the lip thing the lip to her friend in which the lip to her friend in whi

tile present; I will come some other day, you are disengaged."

"Why, Ella dear, I thought you had come for a long day. I am perfectly at liberty. To be sure, we were going—" Essie was digin-ningan a tone of dismay, when Guy interposed with a quict-

"We can let our expedition to Fairs, Glonstand over for a day or two, if you like, Essies,

A .

o her clear, sweet voice—

"I love you, Guy, and shall always love you even to my life's fend."

Then the beautiful head drooped to its old resting place, while Guy, contented with the few words, murmured his love in tones of earnest feeling, that went to the girl's heart as she listened.

"We shall be so happy," he whispered—"my benutiful little wife and I, all in all to each

"Shall you take me to Paris when we are married ?" asked Gabrielle, with sudden ani-

"My darling," said Guy, smiling a little wistfully, "remember I am only a poor artist, and visits to Paris cost a great deal of money. But when I become famous, as I must," he said, enthusiastically, "yith my wife's peerless face always before me, then I will take my Gabrielle wherever she has a wish to go; but until then," he went on with a fond smile, "some protty little ivy-covered cottage must be our retreat. My darling would not mind that, would she?" Gabrielle shook her head, and after a pause,

said, suddenly—: "Gny before Tigo, I want to ask you some-thing." Will you'do it?"
"I'll possibly can," was the reply, in tender

tones, accompanied by a loving smile at the unnecessary question. "What is it, pet?"

"If ever I should wrong you in any way will

blushed rosy red, and was turning away with a "If ever I should wrong you in any way will word of apology, when the door gently opened, you promise to forgive me before you die?" and Essie entered the room, and, seeing at a lasked Gabrielle in earnest tones, and raising her glance the position of affairs, her few words of leaves, in whose blue depths deep love and pain apology and introduction sombut all at their timested together, almost making them appear case.

All but Guy; he was unwaitedly oulet, and the said, gaily, as he kissed the upraised lively distributed the said, gaily, as he kissed the upraised lively distributed the said, gaily, as he kissed the upraised

and he said, gaily, as he kissed the upraised

"Why, what funcies have been getting into this wiful little bead? We must drive all such deleful thoughts out of it."

But Gabrielle persisted, and said gravely.—

"Promise dear Guy, promise me;" and, seeing her extra tearnestness, Guy said, quietly—
"I promise such is my deep love for you that, whatever wrong you may do me, you have full and free forgiveness for it, even now."
Without a word Gabrielle turned to go, and, with a passionate farewell, the lovers parted, Guy watching with eyes of fervent love the re-treating form of her he loved best on earth. It had come to this-the infatuation with

which Guy had regarded Gabrielle's lovely face, and which he had at first ascribed to his intense appreciation of the beautiful, had, fed by con stant meetings with her, added to her irresist-ibly winning manners and sweet voice, increased rapidly to a passionate love; and when, on her unexpectedly alone one day, he ed his passion, it was to find its not by a timid confession of a return that drove everything from his mind but the intexicating sense of his unlooked-for happi-

As more coherent thoughts returned he re-membered Essie Marston, and the position in which he stood with regard to her; but he was spared the trouble of an ignominious confession, for, with the unfailing instinct of true love, Essie had seen her lover's defalcation, and, with an almost calm manner, which told nothing of the broken heart and renounced hopes, and which completely deceived Guy, she one day quietly released him from his engagement to hor. At first Guy Norman had felt a passing feeling of regret; but, as he recalled Essic's calm, sad eyes and sisterly manner, he decided she had never thoroughly loved him, and so gave himself up to the passionate delights of Gabriello's acknowledged love.

Of course he had not appeared publicly as a Of course he had not appeared publicly as a suitor for the hand of Miss L'Estrange, for—setting aside the fact of his broken engagement, which, however, had been a very private one—both Gabrielle and himself were well aware that such an alliance would be looked upon with utter contempt by the haughty Squire, who had far different views on the subject of his daughter. ter's future, which views he had no suspicion but that Gabrielle would readily and dutifully adopt as her own when they were placed before her.

Two days after the one upon which she had last met Guy Norman, Gabrielle stood on one o the Terraces before the old house-still called Castle L'Estrange—listening to an unexpected avowal of love from one very different from her artist lover.

Young Lord Harleigh, whom Gabrielle had met in Paris, and who had followed her to England, suddenly appearing only a day or two back at L'Estrange, armed with lotters of introduc-tion to the Squire, was a very ordinary young man indeed; and although his title, and a clear income of twenty thousand a year, cast around him a halo which usually blinded the eyes of those with whom he came in contact, yet he could not by any stretch of imagination be considered either handsome or clever.
At this moment, however, as he stood anx

iously awaiting for Gabrielle's answer to his suit, the evident love which shone in his pleud-ing eyes gave an expression to the usually rather overbearing cast of features that wonderfully improved them. But Gabrielle saw nothing of this; her eyes were fixed upon the badly-kept park that lay stretched before her, while a sept park that my stretched before her, while a tempting vision of all the pleasures and luxuries obtainable with twenty thousand per annum was passing rapidly through her mind. Then a recollection of Guy's loving eyes and tender smile came before her, and with a sigh she turned slowly, and faced her expectant lover. "You have taken me quite by surprise Lovi

"You have taken me quite by surprise, Lord Harleigh," she began, hesitatingly; "and 1 scarcely know how to answer you." "Porhaps you would like a little time?" in-

terrupted the young Peer, with a brightening face, and auguring hope from her manner, as Gabrielle stopped in utter doubt how to pro-

"Thank you," she said, with a bright smile atching eagerly at the suggestion, "you shall have your answer to-morrow morning." Raising her hand to his lips, with a fultoring hope that that answer might be a favourable one, Lord Harleigh turned and left her.

Long Gabrielle stood musing; but at last a look of decision came over her face, and with a firm step she turned and re-entered the large hall round which, in grim array, lung dark portraits of the noble ancestors of the family whose fate lay in her hands.

By the side of the dying bed of her former lover, ber head buried in the clothes to keep back the choking sobs that shook her slight form, knelt Essie Marston. The sick man was very quiet; the crisis of the sudden attack of brain fever through which he passed was over; and now he lay white and still, death approaching with rapid strides. In one wasted hand, lying on the coverlet, was tightly clutched a letter. It had been there since he was first taken ill, and all attempts to remove it had been unsuccessful. The contents run

"Guy, my darling-for, believe me. I do love you, and always shall—think no more of one who has proved herself so unworthy of your deep love. When you receive this, I shall be the affianced wife of Cecil Harleigh. Think for one moment, before you utterly condemn me, of the position in which I am placed, and then control the result of the property. -oh, the pain to write these words !-try to for.

"Remember your promise."

Suddenly Guy spoke.

"Essie, look up and speak to me once more, dear—it is almost for the last time." Essie, obedient as ever to that loved votor

raised hor head, though scalding tears were for-cing themselves from her eyes. Guy looked at her for a moment and said, in a trembling voice as if the sight of her sorrow had touched

"Essie darling, don't grieve so; I am no worthy of it." The poorgirl could only shake her head, while

her sobs once more broke forth; but by a power ful effort she controlled them. As she became more calm, there was a slight pause, during which Guy's failing eyes wandered slowly around the room, finally resting upon the paper in his band. A look of deep love and peace crept over his features, and, in the tender tones he had been wont to use towards his false and

to the man deep work to use towards his take and heartless love, he said, gently—
"Tell her, Essie"—his weeping listener knew of whom he was speaking—that I forgave her fully and freely for the wrong she did me; and tell her that I loved her deeply and truly to the end, and that my last words were for her and her happiness."

was even so. A deep sleep fell upon the dying man soon after the words had been uttered, and in its calm embrace the tired and weary spirit of Guy Norman passed away.

Sowing grass seed alone is a good practice, and one which we should like to see greatly extended. The ground should be very fine and mellow. The carlier the seed is sown we would put on half a bushel per acre. Harrow it in with a light fine-teeth harrow, or if this cannot be had, roll after seed is sown-

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MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Sept. 27th, 1872.

The succession of rains we have been experiencing from some time past was continued on the evening of Briday, the 20th insti, but gave place to a day or two of bright, conial weather; early on Tuesday morning, however, a storm of great violence prevailed, tide rain falling in torronts, accommanded by vivid lightning and loud thunder. Since then, the days have been clear and warm, although another rainfall fectured on Wednesday night. The vessels of the fall-fleet are doming forward very glowy. Wholesale business generally active.

Breadstuff market closes easier;—Flour fairly active at an advance of 5c. on Supers. for the week; Wheat, quiett. Provisions;—Pork firm; Butter, quiett. Chaose a shade easier. Ashes:—Pots and Panris dearer.

| Sept 26 | Sept 27 | Sept 27 | Sept 28 | Sept

Middlings 3 95 to 4 25
Pollards 2 90 to 3 25
Pollards 2 90 to 3 25
Upper Canada Bag Flour, \$\Phi\$ 100 lbs. 2 85 to 3 25
City bags, (delivered). 3 40 to 3 45
WHEAT.—Market quiet and nominal.
OATMEAL, per bri. of 200 lbs.—Firm at \$4.70 to \$5,00 Upper Canada
PRAS, \$\Phi\$ bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet at 85c to 90c. 5,000
bushels adout brought latter rate.
OATS, \$\Phi\$ bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 32c.
Cors.—Market nominal. Recent transactions at
57 to 58c.
BARLEY, \$\Phi\$ bush of 48 lbs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c,
according to quality.

Barley, Pbush of 481bs.—Nominal at 60c to 65c, according to quality.

Butter, per lb.—Market quiet at 15c to 17c, for fair to choice Western 3 and 20c for Eastern Townships; old nominal at 7c to 9c.

Cheese, P lb.—Quiet; Factory fine 10jc to 11jc.

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

Land.—Winter rendered firm at 11kc per lb.

Ashes, \$100 lbs.—Pots firm. Firsts, at \$7.15 to \$7.20.

Pearls dearer. Firsts, \$9.20 to \$9.25.

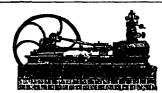
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