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OCEAN BEACH ON A STORMY EVENING.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

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 cliff and rocky steep,
O'er dark and low ring heavens,
O'er wild and foam-decked deep.

No golden gleams of sunset,
No cloud of rosy hue,
No glimpse of azure blue,
But the dark tinted billows,
With deep and muffled roar,
Came swiftly rolling landwards,
Breaking upon the shore.

Long line of foam, white, seething,
Checked the wide expanse,
With weird and ghostly gleaming,
Seeming the gloom to enhance;
Whist now come softly creeping
Gray mists along the coast,
With motion vague, uncertain,
A phantom, shadowy host.

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

Blacker come down the shadows,
Forcer roll in the waves,
Deeper the muffled thunder
Booms up from ocean's caves,
Higher the stormy billows
Fling up their foam wreaths white,
Kath hath no scene more lonely
Than ocean beach to night.

Journal of Education.

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

THE DEAD WITNESS; 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 insensate Lillian, 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 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 Neville Atherton had just looked on with such admiration, under the fragrant shadow of the pine woods? And yet the stern-looked 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.

"O my God!" he inwardly and passionately petitioned. "Spare—spare—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 enriched me with it!"

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, these united and earnest supplications mounted to the ear of Him who has said: "Ask and you shall receive," obtaining from His mercy the boon so fervently implored.

Doctor Ewing soon arrived, listened wondering 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 public—then applied himself to the immediate restoration of the patient. After an hour of watchful care and suitable ministrations, such as the sufferer's frame, reduced by actual starvation, 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 surprise at his presence.

"Now, Miss Truaine, 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 so far gone on life's last journey as she is, retraced 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 cheek with terror. 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:



A FINNISH ACT FOILED.

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

"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 ajar is hers, is it not? I need not knock quite as imperatively as I did this morning."

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.

"What is it? Is she there?"

"Yes, but 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 poison had closed Hannah Stukely's sin-stained career.

Colonel Atherton laid his hand on cheek and brow. They were rigid, and cold with the icy chillness of the tomb.

"Come away Margaret," he kindly said, 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 must 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 and plethoric declared himself unequal to the 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 not long ere her loving anxious 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 communicated to her for a considerable time. A coroner's inquest was held over the housekeeper's remains, and owing to Colonel Atherton's efforts, was carried out with such caution that Lillian's rest was in no manner disturbed.

A sudden, rustling looking man was pointed out to the Colonel at the inquest as 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 his own counsel and volunteered no information. No one had seen him enter or leave the house for Margaret and Colonel Atherton, its only inmates apart from the unconscious almost dying girl on whom they were attending, had seen nothing of him. Neither pity nor remorse stirred his heart as he looked down on the face, his only commentary being an inward thought that she was "a deep one and might have become dangerous." After ascertaining fully, what he had already suspected in part, that his wife had left by a will dated the day after his return all she possessed to her infant grand-child and idiot daughter, everything tied up so accurately and securely by legal precautions that he could never touch a farthing of it, he resolved on leaving the neighborhood for ever, bringing of course with him the money and jewels of which he had despoiled his wife on the morning of her tragic death.

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

Thus he passed back into his old haunts and life of vice, to live and die in the manner such as he generally do, at war with all social and religious laws.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

One lovely summer evening Lillian found herself seated on a sofa in Mrs. Atherton's 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 world a mother to her. Very lovely the girl looked though fragile face and figure yet plainly bore the traces of recent and dangerous illness, and the hue of her cheek was faint as that of the province rose just placed in her hand by her host, as she stooped at the same time to place a velvet footstool under her feet, and to draw with lover-like care a soft white shawl around her shoulders. All three were silent at the moment, when suddenly the voice of the girl, soft yet wonderfully clear, made itself heard.

"Doctor Ewing has given me leave, dear friends, at last to speak—to relate to you my story. Very mournful, very tragic it is, more so than any of you have an idea of. A tale, too, of dark guilt, on whose rein I shrink from entering, yet it must nevertheless be told. You, Mr. Atherton, will then understand why I have listened in utter silence to the desires and hopes you have so often denied to express to me even when my heart was full to overflowing with gratitude for your earnest kindness. You, Margaret, will understand the sadness with which you have of late so often tenderly reproached me. And you, Colonel Atherton, will know why I have heretofore so steadfastly refused to enter into any engagement that might hereafter bind you in honor to fulfill a betrothal from which you would, perhaps, secretly shrink. After family secrets, with which I became acquainted at so fearful a price, have been revealed to you in all their horror, you may be, perhaps, glad to remember that you are perfectly unfettered by vow or promise to me of any sort."

"Not to-day, Lillian, do not tell your story to-day," hastily 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 robe that clothed her, she entered on her tale, beginning with her first nocturnal visit to the east wing.

Al! her's was not the only check 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 far less harrowing moment, a look of silent horror stole over the faces of her listeners and rested on each countenance as if frozen there. Once only a faint moan 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 writhed under the sufferings of that terrible confession, under the anguish and humiliation of laying bare to that proud, sensitive mother and son the appalling guilt of a father, the ignominy 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 whispered:

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

Whilst the eldest sister briefly complied, 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 pleaded with her the cause of Gertrude Ellis in vain. But 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 Lillian bent over her, fondly 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 renew my suit entreating 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 recollection the sorrows and trials of your early youth."

"And I will be to you a fond, loving mother," whispered Mrs. Atherton, as she approached the young girl and drew her hand over her hair. Now, not another word, for this agitation 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 Lillian must lie down on the sofa here and keep perfectly quiet for the rest of the day."

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

A blush, bright as the smile that accompanied it, flitted over the girl's face, resting on her, for the moment, her old-time beauty, but Mrs. Atherton again interposed:

"There, my son, is not that answer sufficient? At least, I will allow of no other to-day. I am fully invested with a mother's privileges and intend to use them."

Quietly Margaret and Colonel Atherton withdrew, and under the shelter 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 venerable remains contained in the oak chest privately removed to consecrated ground, taking only an old family domestic on whose discretion he could rely into his secret, and that only as far as was absolutely necessary, thus this and clanger 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 wore 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 scenes of horror through which she had passed.

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.

Truaine Court, old and dilapidated, surrounded with painful and terrible memories, would be pulled down, and Atherton Park would be the future home of all.

Just as Margaret and Colonel Atherton 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 secrets. The greater part of these she burned, reserving, 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 Truaine Court contained; and Margaret put them away to be often taken out, kissed, and wept over in her hours of solitude.

On all points connected with the last day of her sojourn in her subterranean prison, Lillian 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, sleepless, unquiet, probably, in great part by, and a fair of the place, rendering her almost insensible to all external sensations. What she truly told, however, were the sentiments of humble resignation to God's will with which she accepted death at His hands; 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 holy thoughts had filled, so absorbingly, her pure young heart.

As previously arranged, Lillian and Neville

THE HEARTHSTONE.

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 lavished on her.

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 gaieties and bewildering pleasures of fashionable life.

Atherton took 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 feminine grace allied her husband with pardonable pride, and with admiring wonder the guests who had, perhaps, heard her criticized as proud and strait-laced, or condemned as bigoted and fanatical.

Mrs. Atherton and Margaret continued to reside 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, unwearied benevolence, finally succeeded in wiping out the specks of odium that had, through so many generations, attached itself to the name of the Tremaines of Tremaine Court.

THE END.

A. B. C.

- A is an Angel of blushing eighteen; B is the Ball where the Angel was seen; C is the Chinerope who cheated at cards; D is the Deutemps with Frank of the Guards; E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely; F is the Fan, whence it passed so demurely; G is the Glove of superlative kid; H is the Hand which it spitefully hid; I is the Ice which the fair one demanded; J is the Juvenile, that dainty who wanted; K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art; L is the Lace which composed the chief part; M is the Maid who watched the elopement; N is the Nose she turned up at each glance; O is the Opera (but then in its prime); P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time; Q is the Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers; R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers; S is the Supper, where all went in pairs and stratagem; T is the Truandillo they talked on the stairs; U is the Uncle who thought 'we'd be gain'; V is the Voice that his niece replied "No" in; W is the Waiter who sat up till night; X is the Exit, not rigidly straight; Y is the Yawning fit caused by the Ball; Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1863.]

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'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 Redmayne laid his hand upon her arm.

"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; came into an honest 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, hid again, and swore she was his sister; then buried her in a nameless grave, far away from her home, and left her dotting 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 villain?"

"A most consummate villain, eh?"

"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 miniature; "whose face is that, do you think?"

"Alas for the fidelity of portraiture! The photograph of Hubert Walgrave Harcross, improved and beautified by the miniature painter, every feature and thought and age eliminated, more nearly resembled the elegant beauty than the studious lawyer. Georgie's heart began to beat wildly, and her hand shook so much, that she could scarcely lift that fatal trinket. She did take it up, however, and looked at it, with a long despairing gaze.

women 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 accusation?"

"You have your husband's picture in your hand—the locket he sent my daughter?" "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 invented this hateful 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 offensive. 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 under 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 hunt 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 out so 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 accuser 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 honorable, 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 slanders 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 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 portrait. 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 please."

He took it from Georgie's hand, and fled to this watch-tower.

"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 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 servants, 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 that place; yet he looked too respectable a person to have any sinister motive for his intrusion—a gentleman who had been overcome by bitter beer or champagne, perhaps, and had wandered this way in mere purposeless merriment.

"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 exact," answered the man, who 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' marquee—that's your place."

Rick Redmayne passed him without deigning to notice this reproach. If Francis Clevedon had gone back to the grounds, it was his business to follow him. It mattered little where they met, 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.

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

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

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 broad oak staircase to the room with the oriel window, and flung herself on her knees before her pet 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 infamy? He infamously, 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 stood 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 flashed across her brain. Her mind was too full of that one image. Love narrows the universe to a circle hardly wider than a wedding-ring. She could not look beyond the husband 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 herself hidden behind the 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 sense 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 familiar 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 been on this way to her room. In that large house, and in those 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 shadows deepened, looking at them without seeing them.

CHAPTER XXX.

"AND THERE NEVER WAS MOONLIGHT SO SWEET AS THIS."

Weston Vallory, being freed from his duties by the breaking-up of the party in the red-fogged 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.

"I want to know why you used me so cruelly, Miss Bond," he said, with an air of being profoundly afflicted by her desertion. "I thought you had promised to sit next me at dinner."

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

"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-beds, with the thermometer at ninety-two—a sort of Turkish bath, without any douches."

"What, not with me?" said the Lancers, and I don't think I should dance anything else."

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pretty girls who live and die happily enough—perhaps quite as happily as the hundred-and-odd—on 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 common! 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 deal harder."

"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 sweet-thriller and honeysuckle climbing about one's windows—good heavens! I can imagine no existence more perfect than a cottage, shared with the being one loves. Unhappily, 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 throedy 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 obnoxiously red and warm and breathless with their exertions, and as it were, a spectacle for the eyes of non-dancing mankind; like wine-flushed helots gyrating for the warning and instruction of Spartan youth.

Perhaps 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 it was nothing to have hooked her fish unless she could have the pleasure of playing him a little, to his ineffable torture.

"I shall have a nice scene with Joseph tomorrow, I desay," 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 froe with a stranger."

Weston Vallory walked away from the grassy circle on which the dancers were disputing themselves, smarting under Miss Bond's rebuff, and vindictively disposed towards Mr. Harcross as the primary cause of his humiliation. It was a very small thing of course, this repulse from a port village beauty. Mr. Vallory admired the damsel, but it is not to be supposed he cared for her; and yet he felt the affront as keenly as if he had been stung by a woman he adored. He was a man who felt small injuries; indeed his whole existence was made up of petty things. He had never cherished a wide aspiration in the whole course of his career. His value as a business man had chiefly consisted in his appreciation of detail, his rapid perception of minutiae. 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 festered. 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 stifling heat, and the riot. Had he not been bound to perform his duties imposed on him by Lady Clevedon, as an agreeable manner, so as to secure his future consideration in a very pleasant house, he would have seen this vulgar herd sunbath in the nethermost shades of Orcus sooner than he would have endured so much of their company; but of course he must fall in with the humour of the châteline if he wished to secure a healthy welcome at Clevedon in seasons to come; and as the house was agreeable, the evening irrepensible, his bedchamber spacious and facing 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 those bucolic swains and their apple-checked sweethearts. He left them to tread their measures without him, and strolled away towards the sunny old garden, where Lady Clevedon was accustomed to hold her kettledrum.

There was no kettledrum in the garden this afternoon. Times and seasons were of joint; those formal meals which mark the passing hours upon the social dial were exploded, or topsy-turvised. It was now five o'clock, and the luncheon in the great dining-hall was only just over; servants were dispensing coffee on the terrace, where the aristocratic guests had gathered to watch the dancing, and some of them 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, and wanted to calm himself down with a quiet cigar. He was very glad to find the garden deserted, the roses and carnations wasting their sapidity 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 grew 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 injuries.

"Let me only get up a good case; put this little story of Miss Brierwood—no, Redmayne—and the lodger into a practicable form, and I 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 uncarthd Miss Redmayne for her, and convinced her that my friend Harcross is a scoundrel. I desay 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."

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 in an easy-chair by one of the windows, shut in completely from the rest of the room by one of those seven-foot-high bookcases 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 magazines, 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 Redmayne confronted Lady Clevedon in that room.

Nothing could be more placid 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 comfortable 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 impression; then 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 a 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."

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 edification of Joseph Flood, 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 Bond a lesson in waltzing, the damsel having grown somewhat reckless by this time, and not caring whether her father did or did not see her indulging in this forbidden exercise. Mrs. Harcross, who was sauntering out 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 disapproval of so unnecessary a concession. She might have approved had he been canvassing the county, and these people his constituents. And so the day waned, the coloured lamps shone out of the dusky branches of the trees and twinkled round the margins of the fountain. Youthful minds began to languish for the fireworks; more weary spirits had a frequent recourse to the tonic where refreshments were liberally dispensed. The Colonel began to grow a little uneasy in his mind as the crowd grew merrier. He had organised everything to perfection except the dispersal of his guests.

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

"The steward groaned aloud.

"No," he said; "yes, if I can find barriers 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 ale 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, and 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 twinkling among the dark foliage, that novel sensation of revolving gently to the sound of

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music with a strong arm clapping and sustaining hor, was highly agreeable to Jane Bond; all the more agreeable on account of her conviction that her plighted lover was watching her from some coign of vantage in the background. Yes, this was something like dancing. How different from those jiggling, jostling, jolting Sir Roger de Coverleys, which she had been taught to regard as the chief 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 DOUGLASS.

"Yes! I am off to-morrow morn! Next week I sail for Italy! And you'll be glad when I am gone— Say, shan't you be, Lucyindy?" A Summer flower, herself, the maid Stood 'mid the sweet syringes. A Juno pink in her hair's smooth braid, A russet 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 quiver; and the red Upon her cheek grew paler. "It seems 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, I— " "Bless your soul! you'll pray for me; I know you will, Lucyindy!" The roselind from her hand he took. "This flower," he said, "I'll save it, And keep it pressed within a book, Remembrance who gave it. " "Never grieve, as women do, For garden beds and posies, But smile—why, I never knew— A always loved white roses. " They seem just made for widdies; when I come again from Italy, My bride, you'll wear white roses then; Come, won't you?—say Lucyindy!" A sudden flame upon her cheek, Her eyes like stars shone. The answer gave she would not speak, Least she might seem too willing. "For, Tom," she asked, "how can it be? Here, 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 speak, and felt too faint At heart to dare to do it; " "But when my mind was fixed to go A sailor to the Indies, I said, 'I'll have a Yes or No, O say it's Yes, Lucyindy!" "Yes, Tom! it's yes!" she whispered; "when I heard that you were going, I found you had my heart; till then 'Twas yours without my knowing!" Soft on her cheek fell, wet with dew, A sweet kiss from his red lip new— The first kiss of her lover! Though stilled the song and hushed the laugh And hushed 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 divides mankind into two distinct classes—men and women—does not admit of the existence of a family in which each member can live the same life and form a part of one harmonious whole. In Mussulman society 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 goods, nor furniture, nor friends, nor even the same hours for taking rest. The solamlik (the apartments of the men) and the harem are, in consequence, two separate establishments, placed side by side, where each one does what pleases him or herself—the man 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 Mussulman family life is based, acted upon by the paramount 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 households between the men and the women can be measured by the greater or less amount of affluence in which the family lives. A poor Mussulman has only one or two rooms for himself and his family; he is compelled to study economy, and on this account he, like a good father of a family, eats, drinks, and sleeps with his wife and children. The well-to-do middle class establishes his household after a much more orthodox fashion, and begins by drawing a more palpable line of demarcation between himself and his harem. Two or three rooms are completely divided off from the remainder of the house; these form the solamlik—the apartment for men and place of reception; the remainder of the house constitutes the harem, the forbidden ground. "If we now go to the rich—to the Pasha with three tallies—or to the minister with a port-folio, we shall find his palace installed in grand style, and the separation between men and women more complete. The solamlik 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 and 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 Pasha, 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 eunuch. "This complete separation between the harem and the solamlik gratifies the vanity, and satisfies the pride, of the grandees of Constantinople. 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

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 habits 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 solamlik, the Pashas, with their friends and domestics, do the same thing; there they receive their visitors and guests, and spend their time in intriguing and gossiping, or in setting themselves up as puppets to be admired by their parasites and flatterers. "If, on the one side, the men are spendthrifts and dissipate their means, on 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 seraglio; 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 harem, and to maintain the splendor of the solamlik. If the Pasha obtains his aim in the enjoyment of the one, and in satiety of the other of these worldly pleasures, he makes light of all else, and shuts his eyes to the robberies committed by his domestics, and to the extravagance 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 attendant—Kizilbashi—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. These Pashas who are shrewd hold the opinion that it is much more advantageous to occupy themselves with robberies on a large scale in the administration of affairs, than to trouble their heads with the petty thefts in detail made by their attendants and domestics. Thus a sort of tacit understanding grows up between master and servant, by which each robs to the best of his ability—the one wholesale, the other retail. "A Pasha, having thus disencumbered himself of all care and trouble as regards his private establishment, becomes, so to say, a mercurial 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 comers; 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 intrigues. Toward the evening, at five 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 toward the great gate which gives entrance into the harem. A eunuch, who stands as sentinel at the door, throws it open with all the requisitocommands, and introduces the Pasha into the Dowling of Illies. In the hall of the harem he is received by his wife, or by the directress or superintendent of the harem, and to her belongs the honor of introducing him into the inner chamber. "The Pasha, as a general rule, does not remain more than a quarter of an hour in the harem; that is to say, the precise time necessary to address himself, and to put on his dressing 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 to install himself here, before the entry of a procession of his friends, his flatterers, and of persons who desire to ask favors of him; these, one after the other, kiss the hem of his robe, and take their places in line before him. "Surrounded by these people, the Pasha drinks his bottle of raki, eats some dried raisins and figs, and smokes several pipes. When the hour of dinner arrives, his excellency places himself at the head of the hungry troop around him, and conducts them to the dining-hall. All who have the honor of sharing his repast do not fail to give loud expression to their gratitude; and at each mouthful which they swallow they never omit to make a profound reverence. The great man, on his part, seeing how injurious his usual presence is to the salutary digestion of his guests, does not grow during the repast at encouraging them, and urge 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, crying out continually in a loud and sonorous voice, "Bawran, bawran,"—Eat, my friends, eat! "When the dinner is concluded, the Pasha and his friends return and place themselves in the same seats which they occupied before it commenced; then begins a course of coffee and pipes, and a renewed course of social and political gossip. Sometimes, but rarely, as a variation, cards are played; but trite-trite is more in vogue: the great world at Constantinople have a preference for this kind of diversion. The Pasha and his chief eunuchs, in the meanwhile, in 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 gossip of the neighborhood, and with these companions they laugh, they feast, they play games, and sometimes have a little music with tambours—of. "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 eunuch, 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 toilet 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 them. It is usually at this early levee that his daughters and female relatives take the opportunity of presenting themselves and enjoying his society. When this short space of time has elapsed, he hastily 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 between members of the same family, and what 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 cared 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 apartments, they depend solely on their own resources, 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 pamphlets, and badly-drawn and cleverly-drawn caricatures of her might have been seen hanging up in numerous shop-windows. She was invariably depicted as the naughtiest, most eccentric, and generally most useless representative of the sisterhood of the world had seen for many ages. While it was pointed out that her vices and failings were numerous, it was shown that her virtues were only conspicuous by their absence. The thing was not so, and thus, though at first the general public were amused, after a time they grew weary of seeing the womanhood of England help up to ridicule, and often to something worse. Justice was at no time done to English girls. The idiosyncrasies of a small minority were accepted as pertaining to the whole class, and nearly all were embraced under the wholesale 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 result; 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, altogether unearned. There existed then, as there exists now, a large and growing class of "fast young ladies," who might advantageously be checked in their onward career. They may be encountered without much trouble, for they ostentatiously thrust themselves upon public notice. They have, generally, plenty of self-confidence, lots of lung power, and a certain amount of personal attractiveness, enhanced by their style of dress, which, though "loud" and, generally, extremely unartistic, has charms for men of a certain type. It can be compared to nothing so well as that adopted by the "demimoude"; indeed, it seems the desire of the "fast" young ladies to imitate the latter in many particulars besides dress, so much so that people who will be excused for occasionally mistaking them for what they are not. They have many accomplishments, they are generally well educated, congenial companions, their conversation is not dull, they go gaily on from topic to topic in a merry, well-mixed-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 sentiments 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 cuttingly alluded to; nor young men, of studious habits and steady men, be dubbed "muffs," and other uncomplimentary epithets. Notwithstanding the fact that in the "fast" young ladies, there may be heritable bloodshed, no man is likely to hear a woman speak ill of anybody, unless it be a dangerous rival for her favour. All instinctively feel that, from feminine lips, especially when the owners and the lips are alike beautiful, nothing but sugar-plums 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 being sarcastic at the expense of other less-gifted beings than themselves, in expressing a preference for dubious pleasures, and in sneering at Mrs. Grundy's laws of propriety. But the fact remains that they can never be wise, though nothing is reported to be a purely feminine attribute, is what many young ladies are unable to do except under the most advantageous circumstances. Frequently, they can sing and play fairly, though their style may be to use a dramatic term, slinky to the last degree. They are, generally, great adepts at croquet, and if they have pretty feet, can show them in the most charming manner, during the progress of this interesting game, to great advantage. They use violet powder, and the various cosmetics known to ladies, with considerable skill, and manipulate false hair, sufficient, one would almost think, to stock a hairdresser's shop, with marvellous dexterity. A cigarette—may we whisper a cigar—is no stranger to their ruby lips, and, strange to say, does not cause them to betray symptoms of nervous debility. They understand betting, and, unlike most gamblers, with a good deal more than they lose. Fortunately, however, their wagers are confined to such trifles as gloves and feminine articles generally. They can frequently ride, row, and indulge in other muscular pursuits. But, perhaps, the accomplishment in which, of all others, they, mostly excel, is that of flirtation. You can get up a flirtation with them—if you are an Adonis—a really desperate affair, with little difficulty. Without committing yourself to an engagement, you may squeeze their little hands, enquire their dainty waists, and press kisses upon their rosy lips, and it will not follow as a natural consequence that "mammas" is made acquainted with the circumstances. Nor need you fear that the injured ones will be mortally offended with you. Best assured if you can keep good counsel, so can they; and if you can keep good counsel, so can they. It will thus be evident that "fast" young ladies have many accomplishments.

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 feminine rivals. Hence some of their eccentricities and follies. 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 setting 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 squelching the aspirations of humble devotees. They do not profess to believe in sentiment to any very great extent; they are professed worriers. Such girls shine for a few years. 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 forced, and 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.*

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 extremely good and simple fashion, and, when the colour is well chosen, often makes a but coarse brown appear richer, and the face clearer. The net, in vogue 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 requires to be tastefully arranged beneath it. The slovenly habit of just brushing the hair into a tail, and then passing a net over it, so that the net hangs down long and only half-filled, will never do; no hair is sufficiently abundant to fill out a net well without some care in arrangement: at the same time hard and ill-disposed padding 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 curls of the hair within it. It is a pity that caps are so entirely forgotten by young people. These seem to be considered only fit for servants and great-grandmothers. Even middle-aged ladies fancy, by assuming a cap, they are renouncing youth; whereas, by continuing to expose the bald 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 transparent hats around their rosy faces, and a little 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 plait is 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 repeat that this is one of the most superelegantly becoming fashions ever invented by a crafty woman to beautify herself, and only unbecoming when the powder is of a kind that clots, and is seldom or ever brushed out. The powder used in the last century, with such disagreeable results was a kind of meal, very dry and gritty. Modern hair-powders are quite different. Powder is a most appropriate and beautiful ornament. The "bonnets" of silk, metal, &c., worn in the middle ages across the head, in imitation of the crests of gold termed *blondes*, among the Normans, are very pretty, and have been adopted among some of the ladies who admire a pre-Raphaelite style of dress. But, beyond all head-dresses, real flowers are the most perfect, and the least appreciated. Their prices (in towns) and their frailty 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 quiet parties; while for a formal party, or a large ball, they are contended in favour of a hollow stiff wreath of artificial ones, gilded and whirled into the most unbecoming directions? It has often made us angry to hear it said, "Oh, yes, a camellia 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. *St. Paul's.*

EXAMPLE.

The subject to which we earnestly invite the attention of our readers possesses innumerable powers of edifying good or evil. Example takes deep and eternal root; franchises with amazing rapidity and profusion, and flourishes where power is widely extended. Its impression is so indelible, that the greatest difficulty is experienced when attempting to eradicate it. Notwithstanding the salutary and pernicious influences which good and bad example propagate, we find in every avocation of life a lamentable disregard paid to the fact. In some cases a heinous negligence, and in others a culpable apathy, is evinced with respect to the principles our conduct is imparting. A merchant exacts a business transaction in a manner unquestionably at variance with the laws of equity; empowers to subordinate the action with untruthful assertions, which his subordinates are compelled to corroborate—however reluctantly—and regards entirely the example his conduct is breathing. A clergyman commutes the most valuable precepts from the pulpit, whilst evading a forest duty to avoid within the minds of the members of his congregation; but immediately enacts the good objects which might have accrued from his labours by conducting himself thoughtlessly and irreverently when engaged in his official duties. Profuse illustrations abound in every profession, calling and trade, of the effect of evil example, and also of the disregard paid to its consequences. Whether or not this disregard arises from negligence or ignorance it is difficult to determine. All classes of society, from ministers of state to itinerant mendicants, possess undoubtedly, though in varying degrees, the important power of exemplifying good or evil; and it behoves them to act with greater circumspection and discretion with respect to the injurious consequences which their example may evoke, having regard to the ability which is shown by weak minds to follow example, however pernicious. 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 innovation, fraught perhaps with imminent danger of eliciting comments adverse to its expediency 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 extent when 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 be the impression; and any endeavour 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 arises from the incapacity of those who occupy such positions to tear asunder the forms which envelop 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 allocate themselves and endeavour to live more in accordance with the laws of morality.—*Thuley's Magazine.*

THE VALUE OF THE HOE.

Hoing is one of the much-neglected operations of which few have considered the value, and to keep down weeds is generally the sole object of using the hoe. Certainly that is a good object, and if these observations quicken the vigilance of gardeners who are a wee bit careless upon the growth of groundsel, couch, bindweed, 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 hoed between, even to the extent of working the instrument very near their roots, always left to take care of themselves, with the ground broken between 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 hoe beyond the killing of weeds 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 dew. Then it will be seen that ground recently hoed or pointed over with a small fork is uniformly moist, while hard ground adjoining the same plot is almost as dry as during the heat of a sunny day. The solution is simple enough. The roughness of the surface absorbs a large amount of dew, not so readily because it is broken, but because it is a greater extent of radiating surface, for the dew position of dew depends on the radiation of heat at the immediate surface, and the subsoil heat and will not be colder than the subsoil of hard ground, although it has a greater power of surface radiation. In fact, ground frequently hoed becomes warmer from its more ready absorption 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 hoing. We have ourselves frequently indicated to gardeners that the chief benefit of dew to plants arises through its absorption by the soil for the nourishment of their roots. It occurs to us, 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 dew by night; the more cloudless the sky the heavier the deposition of moisture between sunset and sunrise. Recent experiments show that if 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 condense on the soil they gain considerably. But the hoing is the matter we wish our readers to think about and act upon. The hoe is an irrigator of as much value to the English gardener as the shower is to the wheat cultivator of the soil on the banks of the Zab or Tigris; and where people are wanting their strength in conveying loads of water, which are often more heavy than good, the hoe 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 hoe aloft. Take notice of a rhubarb-leaf; the middle lobe is 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 distils dew from the atmosphere, the water trickles to the middle, and thence finds its way by the channel of the stalk direct to the heart of the plant, for the benefit of its roots and rising leaves. This is the way nature makes almost every plant 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 enjoy the fitness of the earth.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

NEEDLES.

Agos ago, needle of some sort must have been in use, since we read that our first parents sowed fig leaves together for aprons, and the sewing implies a needle of some kind. If it were only a thorn. But the origin of needles is involved in obscurity. In Abbott's Egyptian Museum, among the articles found wrapped up with the embalmed bodies, are several needles, chiefly of bronze. They are from two to four inches long, and very clumsy. But Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who has made closer researches into Egyptian antiquities 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 have been sewed with very fine needles. In the first century of the Christian era, needles of bronze, for sewing and knitting, were in ordinary use, and such have been discovered in the long-buried, but now considerably dilapidated, cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. 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 England, 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 manufacturers in consequence, an occupation for a considerable number of work-people, in the year mentioned, however, a Roddick manufacturer revived the practice of hardening in oil, and the result was that the crooked needles were the exception instead of being the rule. The so-called straightener that they mugged the enterprising manufacturer out of town. Eventually, the revived process came to be generally adopted. A pointing machine is the latest invention of importance in the needle trade. The variety of needles made at the present time is wonderful, the surgeon, tailor, harness-maker, embroiderer, sail-maker, and others, each requiring needles of shapes, sizes and lengths almost infinite. The Chinese, who have proved themselves so ingenious in many ways, supply their own requirements in the needle way, and it is thought that the craft is more ancient in the Celestial Empire than in Europe. Certain it is that round-eyed needles were made in China long before the primitive square-eyed ones were known in England.

"From 'Thirty Years in the Harem' by Melek-Hassam, wife of H. H. Kibril-Mohemet-Pasha.

It was a model corpse's jury that was satisfied with the following verdict, at Pittsburg, last week: "We find that this unknown man, suppose to be Thomas Thacker, came to his death by being found in a Spaniard's room in the Twelfth Ward, on the morning of August 14, 1872."

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

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CHRISTMAS STORIES.

We would remind our contributors that now is the time to write and send us 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.

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.

by ballot. The weekly payments continue 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 years 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 man paying 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 \$1,000 for ten years without interest; the direct saving, therefore would be the difference between ten years interest at six or seven per cent—what he would have to pay on a mortgage—and \$390, or from \$210 to \$310. Another advantage of Building Societies, is that they enable persons to purchase homes who would otherwise never be able to do so. There are some people so constituted that it is almost an utter 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 pay fifty cents a week, and when they find themselves possessed of property to the amount of one thousand dollars "all in a lump," it will probably go far towards reforming their spendthrift habits. The greatest advantage of all, however, is the fact that it enables a poor man with a family to provide a home for his 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 every man—and especially every young man—to join one.

We said at the commencement of this article that we thought building were destined to play a conspicuous part in several important social questions; one on which we think they will have considerable influence is the vexed question of prostitution. How to lessen or even to check the growth of immorality, and prevent it, especially in large cities, is one of the most serious questions of the day. Any means

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 question. In this country we are not likely to be troubled much on this head 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, inasmuch 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-Cartier &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 HANES; or, the autobiography of Melek-Hanum, wife of H. H. Kibrizli-Mehemet-Pasha. New York, Harper & 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 and management, raised her husband to positions of great trust and importance under the Ottoman Government; but, misbehaving herself, she was divorced from her husband and disgraced. Her fault was that of trying to palm off on her husband's son, a child which was not hers, because her own son was sick and she feared that if he died her husband 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 been so many years of martyrdom. We have suffered hunger, penury, neglect, misery; we have suffered persecutions of every kind, and doctored with an ignominy marting the spirit of diabolism, and prosecuted with a degree of perseverance which indicates the intensest hatred. The object has been to discredit us everywhere, to isolate us from society; to drive us to despair, even death." She then threatens to write a book telling all her misfortunes in Europe, and suppose she will. The present volume is more a relation of personal grievances—or fancied grievances—than anything else; 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 extract entitled "Family Life in Turkey," which gives a very fair description of domestic life in that country. One of the most amusing portions of the book is the description of the manner of receiving bribes for her husband when he was Pasha in Arabia; the codway in which she explains how some of these bribes were for the unfortunate subjects over whom Mr. Kibrizli ruled, is refreshing in the extreme. Taken altogether, also, we can feel sympathy with Mrs. Kibrizli, yet her book is very readable, and a very many enjoyable passages.

Miss Hallock; this is followed by a ballad by Col. Hay, entitled "Ernst of Edolsheim." Then come some admirable illustrations of Tobacco Culture 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 hunting on the Prairies. There is a very suggestive essay by Dr. T. M. Cona, of The Independent, under the title of "Broad Views;" and the shorter articles are all readable.—"Loitering about a French Château," by Albert Rhodes; "A Visit to the Grange," by Kate Hillari; "Mr. Beecher as a Social Force," by A. McElroy Wylie; "A Village Ball in the Harz," by G. Haven Putnam; and "Letter to a Young Journalist." A long and interesting instalment of Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates" is given; there is a clever story of "Mr. Schoolmaster City," by Miss Kate Paterson; a charming sketch, "The Queen of Bees," from the French of "Eckmann-Charlatan," 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 Bonnicastle," by Dr. Holland; a short story by Bret Harjo, a poem by R. H. Stoddard and other attractions.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The October number opens with a highly interesting 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. Sarah B. Weston's article, entitled, "A Summer between the Four Seas," is very entertaining. It relates chiefly to Wales, whose people, scenery, and traditions are presented in a rapid, vigorous, and informing style. "Something about Elgin," by an old Etonian, is an unusually attractive contribution, detailing the life, manners, and vagaries of the scholars of this renowned institution. "Drawing-Room Tales," a contribution from the pen of one of the queens of New York society, is a very sprightly and amusing piece of writing, dealing in a discursive but pointed manner with the salient features of fashionable intercourse in America. There are two poems in this number, "Chestnut Avenue," by Mary Stewart Doubleday, and "The Laureate Singer," by Mary B. Dodge. Both are attractive productions. "My Portrait Gallery," by the Lady 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 anecdote. These sketches are the author's own, and are most interesting. "Our Monthly Gossip" contains the usual amount of amusing and instructive matter.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The October number is a rich treasury of illustrated and miscellaneous reading. It contains contributions from Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Emilio Castelar, Miss Thackeray, Bayard Taylor, Justin McCarthy, R. H. Stoddard, Richard Henry Dana, Julius 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 Janus Henri Browne, gives us very graphic pictures of the scenery and the population along the banks of that river, which, to use the author's words, is "much larger than the Volga, the Vistula, or the Danube, 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 concluded in the November number. Emilio Castelar continues his review of the Republican movement among the Slavonic 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 German philosophy upon Russian thought is also very graphic traced. Mrs. M. D. Brine is the author of "Fishing—May and June," a charming little poem, accompanied by a very beautiful engraving. "October's Song" is a very sweet and timely idyll by Constance F. Woolson; and Bayard Taylor gives a third improvisation. There are a number of other interesting articles; and the Editorial departments are well filled, as usual.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, 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 only to take an interest in the cause of Education, in behalf of which the Journal is issued. The current number is full of extremely valuable and interesting matter on a variety of important subjects, religious, scientific, and educational. It opens with an exhaustive paper—the first of a series—on Teaching the English Language, by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, Head Master of the City of London School, who gives some very practical hints which will be found very welcome by the profession. This is followed by selected articles on Theory and Practice in the School-Room, The Brotherhood of Teachers, The Study of Languages, and the German Kindergarten System—all possessing much interest. A record is given of the opening in June last of the Montreal Catholic Commercial Academy, and is accompanied by an illustration of the handsome silver spears presented at the king of the opening to the Hon. P. J. Chouinard. The Prize and Diploma Lists of the principal educational establishments of the Province are given by length, and the number closes with a review of the opening of Convent St. Ann's, at St. Ann's.

PART OF TANE'S "AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF THE APOSTASY OF THE GENTILES," by a Graduate of Boston, Roberts Brothers; Montreal, Dawson Bros. 12 mo. 400 pages. Cloth \$1.50. This is an elaborate and careful research into the history and progress of the Apostasy, and will be found of great interest to all who are conversant with the history of the spirit, and who are desirous to do no more than to imply, give as accurate an idea as possible of the things in which the Apostasy lives. Old and New; Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tribes who devastated the country, destroying all but the family of Noah—or as Mr. DeForest has it "the Nation" of Noah; and that the account in Holy writ is simply given in the metaphorical style of Hebrew writers. There are the usual number of reviews, art notices, &c., and two poems, "The Whip of the Sky," by T. G. A., and "Mount Desert," by John Weiss.

A work in preparation, and soon to be published, "A Biographical History of American Literature," with bibliographical and critical notices of rare and valuable books relating to history and literature of North America from the year 1492 to the present time, by George P. Phelan, is in press and will soon appear.

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 taken 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 Sydney, N.S., giving some particulars of the Hart family, which may prove interesting. The late Josiah Hart had eight children, two of whom, Josiah and Cyrus, had 22 children between them; Josiah had 12 children, 10 of whom are living, aged respectively 76, 74, 72, 70, 68, 66, 64, 62, 60, 57, 55, 53, 51, 49, 47, 45, 43, 41, 39, 37, 35, 33, 31, 29, 27, 25, 23, 21, 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, of whom are now living, aged respectively 73, 71, 67, 65, 61, 59, 57, 53, 51, 48, making a total of 688 years; one of his children died at 50, the other at 30. This gives 21 living grandchildren of Josiah Hart, their united ages amounting to 1425 years; and if we add the ages of the three who attained manhood, 136 years, we have a total of 1461 years, or an average of nearly 61 years to the 24 children. The families of the six children of Josiah Hart died also large, and we have no record of them. The Hart family are widely scattered over Nova Scotia and the State of Maine; and counting from Josiah Hart, there are young men and women of the seventh generation now alive; and thus enough to make up the biggest kind of a family party.

ONE of the most quiet acts of noble self-sacrifice 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 M'Connell's case, and who remained consecutive hours at her post, sending messages to the friends of the dead and wounded.

PHILADELPHIA, N. Y., is evidently an enterprising town, having lately offered the plan of a firm of McInay & Sons five acres of land and \$25,000 in cash if they would erect a factory at that place.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—An industrial exhibition, the first ever held in Newfoundland, was opened at St. John's, on the 10th ult. by Governor Hall, and is represented to be a very creditable affair.—Some capitalists in New York have given contracts for several good sized vessels to be built at the western ports of Nova Scotia during the autumn.—Mr. Edgar, the elected candidate for Monk, will, it is reported, be successful in his property qualifications for the office.—John Ferris, M. P. for Queen's County, will, it is reported, be translated to the Senate, vice Mr. Mitchell.—Charles Parker, aged 37 years, assumed the ship "Spartan" from the ship "Quebec" on 23rd ult., at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, while under the influence of chloroform preparatory to an operation.—On the night of 23rd ult. a violent windstorm from the north-east, blowing from the north-east, struck Mr. Brown's ropewalk at La Canardiere; it was set on fire and entirely consumed. A girl was killed by the lightning in a house near the ropewalk.—The Provincial Exhibition held at Hamilton on 23rd ult. and following days was very successful. The entries were very numerous, and the show of stock, &c., large. The Exhibition was unusually large, numbering in one day as many as 40,000.

UNITED STATES.—The Abbot House, one of the principal hotels at Titusville, Pa., was burnt on 25th ult. Loss, \$75,000.—The Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum at Newbury, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on 25th ult. The main or old portion of the building was entirely destroyed. There were about 600 inmates in the building at the time of the fire, all of whom are said to be safe. A number of these have escaped. The loss is unknown, but it will probably amount to about \$350,000, on which it is said there is no insurance.—Immense embankments are being constructed along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad to protect the track from snow-drifts. The contractor writes a letter to the Herald, declaring false the letters relative to him by Noe, and declaring that he has put neither pen nor pencil to Livingston's letter, and that the same has been begun by Eric Railroad for the recovery of the Grand Opera House from Jay Gould and Mr. Fisk.

ENGLAND.—The Government of Brazil has granted to Baron Mann a concession for the telegraphic cable between Brazil and Portuguese coast.—The London labor league adopted a resolution of approval of the award of the Geneva Tribunal as binding England and America together, and promoting advancement, industry, and civilization.—The Bishop of the diocese of St. Andrew Cockburn, disapproving of the decision of his colleagues on the Geneva Tribunal, published in the Gazette. It makes a pamphlet of two hundred and fifty pages. There was a recent meeting of the Roman Catholic Bishops in Mayo, through Archbishop Guillelmo opposed the principle of Rome Rule, the majority of the Bishops voted in favor of it.—There was frost in England on the night of 21st inst., and snow fell in Shropshire on 23rd.

FRANCE.—The author of the translation of the "Hundred Years' War" by Napoleon III. is given out on official authority that the Archbishop of Lyons has been appointed to the vacant see of the diocese of Lyons. The next session of the Prussian Diet will provide means for meeting the surplus, reparations and other expenses of the Prussian Empire. It is reported that the Emperor William will visit the Prussian provinces, and will be accompanied by the Emperor's son, the Prince of Prussia, and the Emperor's daughter, the Princess of Prussia.

ITALY.—The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops was celebrated on 20th ultimo with much enthusiasm. The city was profusely decorated. The Pope's residence was surrounded by the Italian soldiers, and the Pope's residence was surrounded by the Italian soldiers, and the Pope's residence was surrounded by the Italian soldiers.

GOD IN NATURE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

Out in the sunlight, the broad burning sunlight, I think of God's justice—His power I can see; I trace in each sunbeam that comes with its bright gleam...

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 beam...

Then I call up the story of the Angel of Glory, Who came in the moonlight to shepherds of yore, And told them of Him who should save us from sin...

Thus whether by sunlight, or under the starlight, God's attributes ever before us are shown: His Justice, bright gleaming, like sunlight is streaming...

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Agnes was asleep, and Margaret, too nervous 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 candies with which to captivate Willie's fancy...

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 seeing it run.

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

"This is the horse he had with him 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 Heavenly 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 seated 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 deem 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 doeth all things well."

"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 pass."

"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 Cunningham may keep her boy safe until he 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 at."

"I do not think so, Agnes. One whom you have never seen dead cannot be your child's dead."

"Alas! alas! too true. I don't think Willie is dead, and I am sure he was not drowned."

"Margaret, what makes you think so?" "Because since we came here I saw a hat and clothes that are just as like Willie's as they can be."

"To be like is not to be them. I dare say many mothers dress their children as we dressed Willie."

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 lost."

"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 bought it from," and she pointed to the card inside the crown and read: "Roeh 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 found?" "He was never drowned, Agnes. L'homme de la Chape stole him. He is alive!"

"Oh, Margaret!" She was unable to say more. 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 nankin, 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 holding 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 England, 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 beech-wood, Farmer Throp's cows out grazing in the field where the cowslips grow, the churchyard, various orchards; in short, wherever he had himself been, he took her; she was his favorite companion. But if an accident occurred, 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 "her child was dead and was alive again, was lost and was found," she was blessed beyond what she had ever expected to be on earth again.

Adam had now 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 tread once more the hills of his native land; and when with little presents for all his loved ones, Adam departed on what, in his eyes, (traveller as he had been for the last ten years) now that he had to go alone, was a long journey. From Einton-Sutton he went to Barton water-side, there crossing in the ferry-boat to Haddon, he took passage from thence in a schooner bound for Aberdeen.

As he trod 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 Castle.

"I'll be at Haddon Arms the morn morning," soliloquized he, "an' gin I were ance there I could get the road to the bonny hills o' Fordean, in Lord Cranston's deer forest, without either stockings or shoen."

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 McKae 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.

McKae's wife was no ways chary in giving the desired information, which Adam, Scotchman like, was too cautious to ask directly.

"The good man'll be in Aberdeen?" said he inquiringly. "I was there myself more than half a day waiting for the coach."

"Weel he's in Aberdeen sure enough, but he neither went wif my will nor his own; but it's the way o' the world—them that's down, down with them."

"You was like to be doing well when I left, Mrs. McKae," said Adam in a sympathizing voice. He knew by what the woman said that her husband was in jail in Aberdeen, and he fancied he must have been incarcerated for debt.

"I canna say but we did well enough at 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 wouldna put out a silver sponce 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 earned haings on his auld racket o' 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 wif farmers and their wives and dochters putting up

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 a wee stiff when he says a thing, and I didna care about putting our siller on the Laird's house myself, so we let it gang."

"But," interrupted Adam, "surely that wadna what took McKae to Aberdeen? Ye couldna have run so far in debt as that."

"Oh no, it wadna debt, but ye see when we hadna 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 wot o' and came and made a search through the place and found it all out, and besides putting on a fine we couldna pay, they took the Goodman to Aberdeen, and he'll no get home till the twelve month's out."

"Weel, gudewife, there never was sin nor sorrow neither in the world but whiskey was at the beginning or end o' it."

"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 hadna been angry about the house being in such bad repair, we wad never have seen the gauger in the inside o' 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 wouldna 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 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 myself be weel, and my man be weel, and the bairns be weel, it's but little I care for ither folk, especially them that'll come in and jaw in ither folk's houses, and never leave the colour o' their siller behind them."

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 he went out:

"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 curlin' yon," said Adam to himself as he went on his way. "I wonder if it's true Sir Richard is as bad as she says. He needna be his age; he's ten year younger than I am. I mind weel enough the night he was born; 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 powder dishes. Aye, that was a day; there was grating because it was a lud bairn. May the Lord grant that there will be joy among the angels of Heaven the day he dies."

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 avenue.

"Ye are there yet," said he, apostrophizing the lions, "as ye was afore Sir Richard's time, an' ye'll be there when the young Laird's time is over too, an' the braw trees, bare as they are, an' no a leaf on a branch but the first and holleys, I can tell the names of every one of ye."

The place was fraught with sad memories of the dead whom he had known and loved there, 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 ignorant 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 Cunningham, 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 Richard 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 Cranston's woods to gather nuts, another day, longest journey of all and happiest day, to Beldorne Hall, where he was welcomed with joy by the old servants as their future Laird, and the poor boy, starved of all the pleasures of childhood, became almost wild with delight. As these long-past days crowded themselves on the old man's memory with a painful vividness, he leant against the great gate overcame with emotion, and lifting up his eyes and clasped hands towards the wintry sun setting behind the towers of old Inchdrewer, he exclaimed aloud, as if addressing one who dwelt and could hear him above those red misty clouds:

"Oh, Arty, Arty, I would give all I over 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 days, and turned to the upland road leading to Lord Cranston's forest, where his own hillside home lay.

The short grey winter day was deepening into the gloaming as he neared his own cottage, where his sister and her children dwelt. She had two grandchildren living with her, who were little babies of two and three years old that moonlight night when Adam had gone down the hill, as he said, "for an hour or two,

to see what the young ladies were doing," and now, ten years after, he was coming home to 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 trodden so often from boyhood to old age; the ten years which had intervened since he last came down that hill were forgotten, that moonlight night as yesterday.

A boy and a girl came from the cottage carrying a milk-pail, 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 milk-pail, 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 oat cakes on a table close by. She looked up and stared to see a stranger, dusting the meal 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?" "Elsie?" "Oh, Adam, I thought you was dead and buried."

"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 didna ye let us hear frae ye for such a long time? It's more than a year since I had ye'er last letter."

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 oat cakes thereon hung, and looking up he saw the old salt-box hanging 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 ye'er weel that I havna the pen of a ready writer."

"What way did ye come, Adam?" "Whiles by the coach, whiles by the sea, and I just steppit it along frae the Haddon Arms."

"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 Charlie 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 bairns? I think I saw them going to the barn to milk as I came round the brow of the hill."

"I darsay ye did. They gied out to milk as ye came in. Little Jamie is as big as myself, and Annie is no' far behind him, an' they're rale gude scholars both o' them, they'll read a chapter of the Bible as clear as the minister, and they can say the questions free."

"What is the chief end o' Man?" down to the very last word, and no give a hum or a ha, and an the proofs as wad, 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 it's wonderful for bairns like them, the oldest no' fourteen years old. It's 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 myself! and periled my soul in the godless lands I have been in since I left home."

The children now came in, accompanied by their pet lamb, and were presented to their grand-uncle and duly admired. While they sat their evening meal Elsie produced a saucer of honey in honor of her brother's return.

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 hasna 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 Cunningham 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 that has seen him thinks he'll never go out till he's carried wif his feet foremost."

"That's bad news, Elsie. Did ye hear if the minister has been to see him?" "No, no, there has been no minister near him, and they say that he's no' very weel attended forbye his trouble. The two lassies that was there when ye went awa' to a bath 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 winna 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 dinna ken more about waiting on a gentleman like him than I do, so I fear it's hard times with the old Laird at the east."

"Weel, Elsie, afore the sun gangs down, I

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 me canna help him."

"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 mainly dog's wages before he went mad, and after he came back frae the madhouse sent you off frae the place as if ye had been only a year in the house."

"Maybe what ye'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'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 cotten's motherless bairn, and it was love of him that made me put up with all I had to bear there; and for sixteen 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 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 the house:

"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 ye'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 home views which dominate so large a class in every constituency. Our deluges of water neither say of liberty nor crown of iron; their insignias are neither the faces of popular consuls nor the scorpion-whip of an Emperor; our Palmers-ton and Derbys are high priests of no gods more terrible than our household gods. An Englishman's home is in a political sense his castle; till he be stormed he will yield to no aggressor. A superficial 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 statescraft, and his generous effervescence completely intoxicates him. His newspapers are commentary 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 rejection from "Madame and bébés," but the frequenters of the cabaret applaud each other's sentiments and egg each other on to mischief. When one enlists on the side of revolution before his arrondissement, 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 convictions 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 and children and garden, and bestows more thought upon what he shall take down for dinner—be it a lofty or a lowly one—than upon the knotty point of that night's debate. The Irish for politics resembles its physical prototype in being propagated by intercourse and overcrowding; 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 potent natural law. For we are capable of taking as much interest 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 agitate 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 paterfamilias. In France the man comes before everything. 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 mere appendage of the man, to be valued and cared for after the man. Wife and children are placed in the same category with the screws in the ebony cabinet, or the Louis Quinze furniture in its chintz 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 pedestal. 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. He retires to his bosom, he reads the newspaper he affects or his wife orders, he thinks acutely, and even forms a strong opinion. Next-door neighbors 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 distasteful, if innocuous, and likely to settle a troublesome class, your paterfamilias will probably vote for it, if he votes at all.—The Ec-clesiast.

PURCHASE not friends by gifts; when you cease to give they will cease to love.

THE RING-FINGER.

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

LABORING MEN.

Laborers are divided into two distinct classes—
in one who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows,
and men who gain subsistence by mental toil.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Brush a little of the furze from the wing of a dead butterfly,
and let it fall upon a piece of glass.
It will be seen on the glass as a fine golden dust.

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 sluggish brook, dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface.

THE PROPHECY OF EVIL.

The prophet of evil flourishes among all classes of the community, and has a word to say in reference to every passing event.
When a picnic is arranged he straightway sets to work to make everyone concerned feel miserable by declaring that it is very likely the day will be wet.

LETTERS.

They are of very ancient origin. The first letter of which we have any record is that written by David to Jonathan, directing him to place Uriah in the front of the battle.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.

The experiences of a pork-butcher's shop-boy, named Broche, who has just been tried by court-martial at Versailles, are well worth a passing record.

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 better than those of the Commune, for though duty shot and left for dead, Broche escaped with two flesh wounds and a broken arm.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE MARQUIS DE JONVROIR, a young Frenchman who has just completed a voyage around the world, saw a noteworthy celestial globe at Peking.

THE INK PLANT.

THE INK PLANT.—Botanists are engaged in planting ink over Europe, says the Spirit of the Times, a new plant imported from New Granada, which, if grown successfully, will be a formidable rival to our manufactured ink.

GRANULATED GOLD.

GRANULATED GOLD.—Since 1862 Signor Castellani has made experiments in order to recover the lost art of forming patterns in granulated work in gold.

THE JOURNAL OF PHARMACY.

THE JOURNAL OF PHARMACY states that Prof. Gubler, at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, exhibited specimens of wadding prepared by saturating it with a certain quantity of glycerine.

GROWTH OF CORALS.

GROWTH OF CORALS.—An interesting fact has recently been observed respecting the growth of corals. Somewhat less than two years ago Captain McTear, of the U. S. S. Albatross, was in the Bay of Islands, Cuba.

FARM ITEMS.

A CALIFORNIA farmer has shipped 700 tons of fruit for exportation this year.
John S. Lippincott tells The Poultry World that he invariably carries a few of the feather-eating propensity by feeding them corn fodder.

EARL FLOWING.

EARL FLOWING.—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 soil rot, and the more water will be available.

ENGLAND, WITH AN AREA OF CULTIVATED LAND MUCH GREATER THAN PENNSYLVANIA.

ENGLAND, WITH AN AREA OF CULTIVATED LAND MUCH GREATER THAN PENNSYLVANIA, yearly consumes 500,000 tons of commercial fertilizers, which is a larger amount than is used in the whole United States.

IF H. PORTER OF MISSISSIPPI STATES THAT WHEN ONLY A SMALL QUANTITY OF HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SUGAR IS PLACED IN A TUB.

IF H. PORTER OF MISSISSIPPI STATES THAT WHEN ONLY A SMALL QUANTITY OF HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SUGAR IS PLACED IN A TUB, and the tub is covered with a sheet of glass, and the tub is placed in a warm room, the sugar will melt and form a thick, sticky mass.

NEW PRESERVING PROCESS.

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 layers in a tank, and a solution of soda is sprinkled over them in the proportion of one third of the meat.

HELPING CHICKENS OUT OF THE SWAMP.

HELPING CHICKENS OUT OF THE SWAMP.—The illustration of the Poultry World shows a man who has made many attempts at such a thing, in vain. He has seen many others, rushed to the conclusion that chickens could not be thus saved; but an accidental discovery put another face on the matter.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

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

TO KILL FLIES.

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

TO CLEAN WAX.

TO CLEAN WAX.—A bottle of white wax may be cleaned by putting it into a wooden stocking, and keeping the latter wet in the sun. One of Wellington's Peninsular veterans invariably followed this practice in his camp.

FRUITFUL ASSAYES.

FRUITFUL ASSAYES.—Take two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of powdered sugar, two eggs, and one gill of milk; beat altogether lightly, and bake in buttered saucers, half full, for twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Two girls nineteen years old have set up as real estate agents in Chicago, Kansas.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SINCERITY is the basis of every noble virtue.
DANGER should be feared when distant, and braved when present.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

CROWN PROPERTY.—Brains.
A SOAK PLACE.—Up in the clouds.

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ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c.

21. LETTER CHAIR.—H. I. M. I. N. G. H. A. M.
22. RIBBON.—H. I. M. I. N. G. H. A. M.
23. PAPER.—H. I. M. I. N. G. H. A. M.

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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 gently kissed the soft lips that just now wore an unnatural set look, telling of bodily pain.

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

At the gate of the little churchyard which surrounds the time-worn edifice 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 ruddy farmers and their buxom wives and daughters as they pass homewards.

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 courteous 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 lady was accompanied by an old gentleman, evidently her father; and as they passed along the little pathway to the gate, and entered the carriage waiting for them, Guy almost unconsciously followed, his eyes still fixed with the same look of bewilderment upon the daintily attired figure.

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 rustic seat, under a shady tree on the pretty lawn belonging to the Rectory, sits the Rectory'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 far distant hills.

She is not alone; for by her side, on the soft grass, rests a stalwart figure, with curly brown hair and careless, insolent face. His thoughts are also far away, judging by the unconscious air of grave intendment with which he is regarding the movements of a small insect in the grass.

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 the silence.

"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 let me?"

"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 portrait, Guy?"

"So many interesting subjects in the world, I suppose," said Guy, beginning to pull up tiny blades of grass, and proceeding idly to decorate the frilling on Essie's dress with them. "By-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," he added, in a lower tone, half to himself.

"Was there?" asked Essie, carelessly. "Perhaps, it was the new tenant at Land's End Farm. Was he a little stout man, with very red cheeks?"

"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—und a rather pretty 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 tone. "Dear Ella, I have not seen her for a very long time."

"And who may this fair unknown be?" asked the nearest friend, Miss L'Estrange, who had loved each other since childhood. "Is she not lovely?" she said, her eyes, full of admiration for her beloved Guy as she spoke.

"I don't know," said Guy, with a mischievous look. "I have had a rather curious conversation with her friend in which the young man, whose appearance had no unaccountable, stood—"

"Why, Ella dear, I thought you had come for a long day. I am perfectly at liberty. To be sure, we were going—"

"Why, Ella dear, I thought you had come for a long day. I am perfectly at liberty. To be sure, we were going—"

withstanding the countermoving influence of wealthy marriages and rich gifts from the reigning 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 estate, from which was derived the sole revenue of the proprietor.

The present family consisted but of the widowed Squire Rupert—a tall stately old man of about sixty years of age—and his only child and heiress, Gabrielle. The inheritance of the family 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 somewhat wilful young lady felt at all inclined to exercise that power in the right direction remained to be proved.

Certainly a consciousness of nothing but its own health and youth seemed upon Miss L'Estrange's bright face as she slowly entered the shaded road that led 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, eagerly; "why should we not all go together? You have never seen Fairy Glen, have you, Ella? No? Then that settles it," she added, with laughing decision.

And, completely vanquished by Essie's words, which were eagerly seconded by Gabrielle's lover, Gabrielle consented gracefully to the proposal; and in a short time the trio were on their way, their bright talk and low laugh 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'Estrange.

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

"My darling, 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, fondly, 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

that drove everything from his mind but the intoxicating sense of his unlooked-for happiness.

As more coherent thoughts returned, he remembered 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 unflinching instinct of true love, Essie had seen her lover's deification, 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 her. At first Guy Norman had felt a passing feeling of regret; but, as he recalled Essie'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 Gabrielle's acknowledged love.

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'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 of 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 letters of introduction 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 anxiously awaiting for Gabrielle's answer to his suit, the evident love which shone in his pleading 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 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, Lord Harleigh," she began, hesitatingly; "and I scarcely know how to answer you."

"Perhaps you would like a little time?" interrupted the young Peer, with a brightening face, and arguing hope from her manner, as Gabrielle stopped in utter doubt how to proceed.

"Thank you," she said, with a bright smile, catching eagerly at the suggestion, "you shall have your answer to-morrow morning."

Releasing her hand to his lips, with a faltering 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, hung 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, her head buried in the clothes to keep back the chilling winds 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 ran as follows:

"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 voice, raised her head, though scalding tears were forcing 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 him—

"Essie darling, don't shake so; I am not worthy of it."

"The poor girl could only shake her head, while her sob once more broke forth; but by a powerful effort she controlled them. As she became more calm, there was a slight pause, during which Guy's falling eyes wandered slowly around the room, finally resting upon the paper in his hand. 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 heartless love, he said, gently—

"Tell her, Essie," his wooping listener knew of whom he was speaking—that I forgive 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."

And it 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 be sure to see greatly extended. The ground should be very fine and mellow. The carrier the seed is sown in September or better. If timely alone is sown, we would put on half a bushel per acre. Harrow it in with a light fine-tooth harrow, or if this cannot be had, roll the seed is sown.

A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.—Without Phosphorus no thought, any the Germans, and they might add, no action, since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous and muscular system. They constitute more than half the material of the human body, being found in every tissue, and their presence is absolutely essential to nutrition; as they promote the conversion of albumen in the food into fibrin, which is the vitalizing agent of pure, healthy blood. They are now coming into universal use in Europe and America in the treatment of ferocious, Consumptive and Venereal diseases, which are caused by impoverished and poisoned blood; and in diseases of women suffering from irregularities, obstructions, and exhausting discharges, in pale, puny children, and that condition of nervous and physical prostration resulting from bad habits, excessive use of stimulants and tobacco, and all that train of evils known as a fast life. The great reliability and promptness in its effects in immediately and permanently restoring the debilitated constitution, has caused it to be known as the GREAT NATION'S BLOOD-PURIFIER AND CALMANT. A great favorite with the Physicians and public. Sold at \$1.00.



THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE NORTH SEA.

that deep unclouded blue so often seen in England during the Autumn months; everywhere fell the bright sunshine unchecked, while in the already thinning trees numberless little birds were pouring forth their unwearied songs of cheerfulness and delight as they swung gaily to the measure of that soft West wind.

But to all this Gabrielle 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 he wished for his palette and brushes as he gazed the golden waving fields. Whistling gaily, he had steadily pursued his way; and now as he saw, standing invitingly open, the long French windows of the little morning room, in which he strongly suspected he should find the object of his 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 trunk, Gabrielle was startled by a voice sweet and pure saying archly, "May I come in?" and, turning suddenly, he once more beheld that face the remembrance of which even yet stirred his heart 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 forgot. The moment she discovered her mistake she broke a blushed rosy red, and was turning away with a word of apology, when the door gently opened, and Essie entered the room, and, seeing at a glance the position of affairs, her few words of apology and introduction sufficed for all at that time.

All but Guy; he was unweariedly quiet, as when at last the conversation subsided into a lively dialogue between the girls upon the chief events that had happened since they parted, he stood thoughtful by the window, turning occasionally to watch the animated play of the two fair faces.

At last, suddenly raising her eyes, Gabrielle encountered Guy's gaze fixed earnestly upon her; and, with a slight blush, which she could not control, she turned to Essie and said, a little shyly, though with a mischievous look in her eyes, "I have had a rather curious conversation with her friend in which the young man, whose appearance had no unaccountable, stood—"

"Why, Ella dear, I must say good-bye for the present; I will come some other day when 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—"

voice trembled, and he only for another assurance that his love was returned. Thus assured, Gabrielle lifted her head, and, looking up into the eyes so full of deep love for her, said, brightly, in her clear, sweet voice—

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

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 beautiful little wife and I, all in all to each other."

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

"My darling," said Guy, smiling a little wistfully, "I 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, "with 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 pretty 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—

"Guy, before I go, I want to ask you something. Will you do it?"

"If I 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 you promise to forgive me before you die?"

"I have no doubt," said Guy, earnestly, and raising her eyes, in whose blue depths deep love and pain were mingled together, almost making them appear as one.

More the loving smile wreathed Guy's face, and he said, gaily, as he kissed the upraised hair of his bride—

"Why, what fancies have been getting into this willful little head? We must drive all such doleful thoughts out of it."

But Gabrielle persisted, and said gravely—

"Promise me, dear Guy, promise me," and, seeing her eyes so earnestly, 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 retreating form of her he loved best on earth.

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 Friday, the 26th inst.; but gave place to a day or two of bright, genial weather; early on Tuesday morning, however, a storm of great violence prevailed, the rain falling in torrents, accompanied by vivid lightning and loud thunder. Since then, the days have been clear and warm, although another rainfall occurred on Wednesday night. The vessels of the fall-fleet are coming forward very slowly. Wholesale business generally active. Breadstuffs market closes earlier; Flour fairly active at an advance of 5c. on Supers, for the week; Wheat, quiet. Provisions:— Pork firm; Butter, quiet; Cheese a shade easier. Askes:— Pigs and Poultry dearer.

The following were the latest telegrams received on Change:

Table with columns for 'FROM LIVERPOOL', 'Sept. 25', and 'Sept. 26'. It lists various commodities like Flour, Wheat, and Lard with their respective prices and changes.

Flour—The demand this forenoon was principally from shippers, transactions reported including 1000 barrels of a City brand on the part of \$8.72; another parcel of the same quantity bringing \$6.70,—establishing a decline of 10c per barrel on quoted of yesterday. Sales to the Local and City trade include 150 barrels Fancy at \$7.25; 200 bbls Choice U. C. at \$7.25; 100 bbls Ordinary Canada Super at \$6.75; 100 do Bright at \$6.80; 800 bbls Wolland Canal at \$6.70; 200 bbls No. 2 at \$6.20; 100 bbls Fine at \$6.30; 200 bbls Middlings at \$4.15; 160 Choice U. C. bags at \$3.35; and 200 City Bags at \$3.45.

Table with columns for 'Superior Extra, nominal', 'Extra', 'Fancy', 'Fresh Supers (Western Wheat)', 'Ordinary Supers (Canada Wheat)', 'Strong Bakers', 'Supers from Western Wheat (Wolland Canal (fresh ground))', 'Superior City brands (Western Wheat)', 'Canada Supers, No. 1', 'Western States, No. 2', 'Fine', 'Middlings', 'Upper Canada Bag Flour, # 100 lbs.', and 'City Bags, (delivered)'. It lists various flour and grain products with their prices.

TELESCOPES.

The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the stars of Jupiter, &c., &c. This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best make and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sent free by Post to any part of the Dominion of Canada on receipt of \$3.00.

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The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalcules in water, cells in plants, &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spure Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$3.00 sent free.

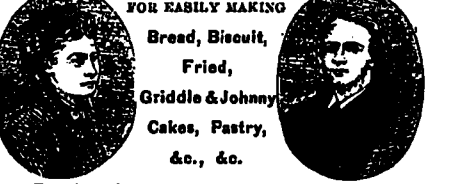
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