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# THE FAVORITE

Vol. II.—No. 6.

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

## FEUDAL TIMES; OR, TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring  
and Adventure.

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

### CHAPTER XLVI. A MORNING'S WORK OF THE CAPTAIN'S.

The crowd of Gascon gentlemen, pages, valets, jockeys and pikemen who guarded and blocked up the approaches to the palace of the Duc d'Epéron, situated close to the Vieille-du-Temple, rendered the dwelling of the favorite indisputably more difficult of access than the Louvre. Roland de Maurevert knew all that sort of thing too well to allow himself to be impeded by such an obstacle. In deference to the dashing, half-threatening air he assumed on presenting himself, he was freely allowed to enter the waiting-hall.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing a Gascon whose costume, at once sordid and pretentious, announced poverty and self-esteem combined, "will you be so good as to tell me—if I am not mistaken in supposing you to be one of the familiars of the house—why Monsieur le Duc does not at once receive me? I am so little accustomed

to the ways of ante-chambers, that I am fearful of cutting a ridiculous figure by remaining here any longer unannounced."

"Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron is at the present moment in conference with Monsieur le Duc de Joyeuse," replied the Gascon, very drily.

"Thank you. That is reason the more why I should be introduced without delay. I shall not be sorry to shake hands with the dear Seigneur d'Arques. I have just arrived off a journey, and it is some time since we have seen one another. He will be delighted to see me."

At the assured manner in which De Maurevert pronounced these words, the Gascon bowed to the ground, and, springing towards a footman who was passing, brought him to the adventurer.

"Go and inform your master," said the captain, in a tone of majestic authority, "that a gentleman, one of his friends, desires to see him immediately, on an affair of the highest importance, and which admits of no delay."

"Whom am I to announce, monsieur?"

"Nobody; I desire to preserve the strictest incognito."

The valet looked askance at De Maurevert, but on observing his magnificent appearance, decided upon obeying him.

"Monsieur," said the Gascon, as soon as the valet was gone, "may I beg you will not be offended at the question I am about to ask you. The disturbed state of my mind must be my excuse for my impertinence. I have just lost my purse containing ten crowns. Now that sum, insignificant as it was, constituted my whole fortune; for I gave five thousand livres yesterday to my mistress, and lost ten thousand crowns at the gaming table last night. I should therefore not be sorry to replace myself of these miserable ten crowns. You have not by any chance found them on your way?"

"No, monsieur," replied De Maurevert, gravely; "I have found only one crown."



"DE MAUREVERT LEAVING THE DUC D'EPERON'S PALACE."

"Only one! How very singular! It really must be admitted that rascals have strange ways sometimes. Why should my thief have left one crown behind him?" cried the Gascon, holding out his hand, into which the adventurer dropped the piece of money.

"That arises from want of virtue," murmured De Maurevert, looking with an air of pity after the Gascon, who had hastily left him to throw himself in the way of a person who had just entered the waiting-hall. "This man is young, robust, well-made, carries a sword, and yet asks charity. What a sad falling is idleness!—it leads us to utter forgetfulness of personal dignity!"

The return of the footman interrupted the adventurer in his philosophical reflections. The Duc d'Epéron consented to receive *incognito* the seigneur, who announced himself as having such urgent business to communicate.

After passing through several magnificently decorated rooms, De Maurevert was shown into the sleeping chamber of the *mignon*, whose dressing was being completed by his valets.

D'Epéron, standing in front of a table laden with papers, and on the edge of which he rested his hand, was reading with much attention a parchment filled with beautiful writing. His rival in the king's favor, the Duc de Joyeuse, was half lying in a large arm-chair, and amusing himself by blowing comfits through a tube against a large watch-clock hung against one of the wall tapestries. So warmed and excited was he with his work of destruction as not to notice the adventurer's arrival.

"*Tudieu!*—I have lost the effect of my entrance!" thought the captain, with vexation.

Suddenly the Duc d'Epéron turned towards him.

"Oh! it is you, Monsieur de Maurevert, is it?" he said, abruptly.

"Why not, Monsieur le Duc?" asked the adventurer, boldly. "Does my presence appear to

you so inconvenient, that you should be unable to hide the discontent it causes you? What the devil, monseigneur!—I am not such a pitiful person as to be treated in that manner."

"The Captain has not had a pleasant waking this morning," said De Joyeuse, who, having succeeded in breaking the long hand of the clock, had thrown down his tube. "Good day, captain—what news? Have you killed anybody since yesterday?"

"Not yet, monseigneur?"

"You are making holiday then, De Maurevert?"

"No, monseigneur, quite the contrary—I am just entering upon two big pieces of business."

"Dear De Maurevert—always the same!—with an activity and conscience proof against everything! Do you know, De Maurevert, I have always felt a weakness towards you. Your sword-thrusts delight me."

"You confuse me with joy and pride," replied the adventurer. "The fact is that, after you, I believe I am the most skillful swordsman in the kingdom."

"After me, De Maurevert! Are you speaking sincerely?—are you not trying to flatter me?"

"What good would that do me, monseigneur? I am not a solicitor—a *ante-chamber* hunter."

"So you really think that if we were to fight I should have the advantage?" replied De Joyeuse.

"No, monseigneur; on the contrary, I should kill you. I can well understand your astonishment at this apparent contradiction. Your method of fencing, Monsieur le Duc, is that of a great nobleman—generous, bold, imprudent, liberal; mine, that of a poor devil of a gentleman who has to gain his living—circumspect, artful, sneaking, infallibly safe. You study fighting as an art; I as a business. That is all the difference. If your position were changed to-morrow, and you were obliged to rely on your sword for the means of subsistence, I am per-

suaded that you would become of equal force with myself; or, as you possess more eloquence, that I should have to recognize in you my superior."

This response agreeably flattered the self-esteem of the favorite.

"Come, De Maurevert," he said, in an affable tone, "tell me and Epéron, what these two big affairs are in which you are engaged. I have always been pleased with your manner of telling a story. Some lady-love in the case, no doubt?"

"No, monseigneur."

"Some insult to avenge?"

"This time you have guessed aright."

"Do you know, De Maurevert, what, if I were in your place, would considerably cool my ardor?—the idea that I was fighting for a coward!"

"Monseigneur, you are this time on the wrong track. I am employed by a gentleman who cannot obtain satisfaction by arms, for a grave wrong, and who has, therefore, to punish the refusal of his adversary to meet him face to face."

"That is an excellent cause, De Maurevert. And your second affair?"

"Ah! that is altogether different. It concerns a great nobleman—very brave, doubtless, but proud to excess—who, fearing to compromise his rank by accepting the challenge of a simple gentleman, has decided to have him assassinated!"

"Some what doubtful as to morality, that, De Maurevert. Unless he is a prince of the blood, or a seigneur very highly placed, he has no right to decline the challenge of a simple gentleman."

"The fact is, monseigneur, that the subject is open to discussion."

"And tell me, De Maurevert, what are the names of your clients? We promise, Epéron and me, the most perfect discretion."

"On your honor, Monsieur le Duc?"

"On my honor."

"Excuse me for still further insisting, monseigneur. You have, if I do not deceive myself, formally engaged yourself never to reveal to any person—not even to the king—any of the details which, with the desire of obeying your wishes, I am about to confide to you? You must further promise me that, should my revelations in any respect offend you, you will not attempt, in any way, to act to my injury."

"Yes, a hundred times, yes, I promise!" cried De Joyeuse.

"I am thoroughly reassured, then, as to the consequences of my indiscretion. Question me, monseigneur—I will answer."

"In the first place, what is the name of the gentleman who, having been unable to obtain satisfaction of his adversary, has confided to your skill the care of his vengeance?"

"The Chevalier Sforzi, monseigneur."

At the name of Sforzi the Duc d'Epéron started, and his friend De Joyeuse cast a rapid and significant glance at him.

"And against whom does the Chevalier Sforzi count on employing your rare talents?" inquired De Joyeuse, hastily.

"Against Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron," replied De Maurevert, coolly.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed De Joyeuse, bursting into a fit of laughter. "It is becoming delightfully droll. And now, as to the second affair?"

"That of the great nobleman who, fearing to

comprised his dignity, has resolved on assassinating his adversary?"

"Exactly. What is the name of this extreme nobleman, De Maurevert?"

"Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron."

At this point, De Joyeuse threw himself back in his chair, and gave free vent to his boisterous hilarity.

"Monsieur de Maurevert," said the Duc d'Epéron, "I had so far taken no part in the conversation. It appears to me that you have not understood either the presumption nor the insolence of your dangerous replies. Take care that they be silent!"

"Monsieur," interrupted De Maurevert, "I take the liberty to remind you that Monsieur le Duc de Joyeuse has guaranteed in your name as well as his own that no harm shall come to me on account of what I have just said. The least violence offered to my person would dishonor Monsieur de Joyeuse; I therefore brave your anger."

"My good friend Epéron," cried De Joyeuse, whose gaiety instantly disappeared and gave place to a serious air, "Monsieur de Maurevert is right: we are bound to him."

"Not at all," said d'Epéron, quickly. "We have given this man no promise, my dear De Joyeuse, to let his lies and calumnies go unpunished. Now, I swear that I have never commissioned him to kill the Chevalier Sforzi."

"It is true, monsieur," replied the captain, coolly, "that it is not to me personally, but to my cousin Sforzi, you have given the commission; but in consideration of a sum of money I am to pay him, my cousin has transferred the engagement to me. With me, therefore, rests the task of waylaying and killing the Chevalier Sforzi."

A somewhat protracted silence followed. D'Epéron, tacitly admitting his defeat, was ruminating vengeance. The Duc de Joyeuse was the first to renew the broken conversation.

"Truly d'Epéron," he said, "it would be a pity to spoil the gaiety of this charming interview; will you let me go on with my questions?—Yes; thanks. Dear De Maurevert, the position of things—if I am not mistaken—is this: you have to kill Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron on account of Monsieur Sforzi, and to kill Monsieur Sforzi on account of the Duc d'Epéron?"

"Your statement of the case is rigorously exact, monsieur."

"Very good. Will you now tell us what are your intentions? Do you accept this double mission?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"So you propose to kill my beloved brother, d'Epéron?"

"I will at least do my best to that end."

"And afterwards you will kill the Chevalier Sforzi?"

"Afterwards or before, according as circumstances may present themselves more or less favorably; but I shall certainly kill him."

"I am astonished greatly, good De Maurevert, that you, who are so prudent and reticent in business, should not yet have thought of one thing."

"I think I have taken everything into consideration, monsieur."

"Not, I think, the penalty of the rack and the wheel, which would crown your double exploit. You would have labored simply for the benefit of the executioner, who would inherit your spoils."

"Oh, no, no, monsieur!" cried De Maurevert, with a cunning smile. "In the first place, whatever may be the friendship felt by his majesty for Monsieur d'Epéron, he would be obliged to behead me, because I am of noble race, and claim the right of axe and block. In the next place, Monsieur d'Epéron once defunct, you cannot suppose that I should amuse myself by strolling about the streets of Paris. The means of flight, which I have already prepared, will enable me to pass without danger into a foreign country; once there, I shall take service, and tranquilly continue to follow the profession of arms. And now, who knows?—perhaps—the thought cuts me to the heart—Monsieur de Guise may one day find himself upon the throne of France! My position would then incontinently be changed from that of exile to that of favorite. Monsieur de Guise would know how to reward me for the death of the Duc d'Epéron. I should be overwhelmed with honors, dignities and offices. I assure you, monsieur, that the more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that, from all points of view, it is extremely advantageous to me."

"Enough of this absurdity!" interrupted the Duc d'Epéron, very pale. "Captain, you may go."

De Maurevert rose at once, but at a sign made to him by d'Epéron, and which he understood, De Joyeuse recalled him.

"De Maurevert," he said, "come soon to my house. I shall not be sorry to have a bout of fencing with you."

"I will not fail. Will you now permit me to address an observation to you, Monsieur le Duc?"

"What is it?"

"It is that during the present interview you have done me the honor to address me in terms of the kindest familiarity."

"What then?"

"When this happens, I always imagine, in spite of myself, that I am in the presence of a friend."

"And what follows?"

"I have contracted a bad habit of borrowing money of my friends," continued the adventurer, "and I am anxious to excuse myself to you, monsieur, if the impulse should come upon me on the present occasion."

"He has, to his own share, as much wit as a whole company of free-lances, this dear captain!" cried De Joyeuse, laughing heartily. "Here is my purse, De Maurevert. I don't know how much it contains; but as I shall still continue to treat you as a friend, if you find the sum insufficient, you, on your side, will not hesitate to address me as a reliable friend."

The duke's purse contained two hundred crowns in gold. De Joyeuse justly passed as the most generous and magnificent of all the nobles of the Court of Henry III.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

On quitting the cabinet of the Duc d'Epéron, De Maurevert passed with majestic step through the vast rooms crowded with suitors, and cast a look of pity on these hungry creatures, attracted thither by the great credit of the *mignon*.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing the tattered Gascon who had found a valet to announce him on his arrival, "two words with you, if you please."

"Twenty, monsieur!" replied the Gascon, bowing to the ground.

Followed by the poor fellow, De Maurevert continued his way until he was outside of the palace.

"Monsieur," he said, "the dishonesty of the man who robbed you has not greatly profited him, for I have found two more of your stolen crowns. Here they are."

The son of the Garonne once more overwhelmed De Maurevert for his generosity, and continued to pour forth his thanks long after the captain was out of hearing range.

"*Morbleu!*" cried the adventurer, "I am pleased with myself. At bottom I am an excellent fellow, as this sudden impulse of charity testified; for indeed what interest have I to serve in giving two crowns to this Gascon? None! I have simply given way to a good movement of my heart. The idea that this Gascon, who is an entire stranger to me, may be enabled to pass a pleasant day is agreeable to me. Yes, I am decidedly a thousand times better than I am reputed to be. But now let me reflect a little on the present situation of things. Does my double-dealing with d'Epéron constitute a trait of genius or an act of consummate dunniness? I know not. In any case, I was boldly inspired. That I made the proud Lavalette afraid is beyond doubt; he was certainly very much afraid. The question is whether his fears will be favorable or prejudicial to the chevalier's interests."

"Believing himself to be in danger, d'Epéron will now employ in his own defence—at least I hope so—the resources he had intended to use against Sforzi. That, at all events, will make a useful diversion. Besides, I have not yet said my last word. When the proud *mignon* sends me an ambassador, as he will, I will go to the bottom of the question. I will undertake to abandon my imaginary project, on his reimbursing me the pretended sum I expect to receive for killing him, and the five hundred crowns which my honored cousin has agreed to give me for the death of Raoul. Yes, yes; I foresee that I shall succeed in coming to an arrangement with Monsieur d'Epéron. He is vindictive, but he is utterly wanting in stoicism. Yes, yes; I shall certainly make a handsome gain out of my friendship for Raoul!"

De Maurevert lightly stroked the ends of his long moustaches, and started forward at such a rapid pace that a trotting horse would have had some difficulty in keeping up with him.

While the captain was busy with the means of bringing to a successful end the project which had entered his mind, Messieurs the Duc de Joyeuse and d'Epéron were engaged in serious conversation.

"My dear d'Epéron," said d'Arques, "I owe it to the unalterable friendship by which we are united, not to withhold any portion of the truth from you. Your unfortunate rencounter with this accursed Sforzi has made a great noise. People are astonished that you have allowed the deadly insult to which you have been subjected by this vagabond to go unpunished. I will not conceal from you that a part of the blame excited by your doubtful conduct, by your want of presence of mind, falls back upon the king and upon your very humble servant. It is openly said that the *Quéluses*, the *Maugrons*, and others, have no successors—that our swords are as patient as theirs were hasty! People affect to doubt. You know how we are envied, and consequently detested, by the mob. People, I say, affect to doubt the solidity of our courage! Death and carnage!—the thought made me so furious that for two days I have been seeking everywhere a cause of quarrel. Somebody I must kill!"

"Calm yourself, dear brother," interrupted d'Epéron, coolly; "our position is too highly raised for calumny to reach us. What matters to us the prattle of the crowd?"

"*Morbleu!*—dear d'Epéron, nobody holds their ill opinion in greater contempt than myself, since, after all, it is a portion of the homage rendered to our power. Have I not twenty times, to show how little I fear them, paid out of my own purse the authors of the pasquinades and satires published against us? But this time, unfortunately, it is not only a question of the opinion of the court and the city; the king also is concerned."

"The king!—in what way?"

"Beloved d'Epéron, our brother Henry is dissatisfied. Have you not observed that since your adventure with Sforzi he exhibits towards us a certain coldness? I allow that your favor

has nothing to dread from this slight cloud; the affection entertained for you by Henry is unquestionably solid; but it is not the less true that he is mortified—pained. You know what Henry is, dear brother. The idea that we may be killed in single combat makes him turn pale and tremble; but though sorrow for our loss were to carry him to his grave, he would never forbid us to fight. Henry is excessively touchy on the point of honor. Nobody better than he understands the duties of a gentleman."

"So," answered d'Epéron, thoughtfully, "you are of opinion that a meeting between me and this Sforzi is necessary?"

"In good faith, my dear friend, yes."

"What!—you would have me descend to the level of this adventurer? You must be mad, De Joyeuse! I have often observed the facility with which you compromise our dignity. Dear brother, if you and I occupy a post so elevated that princes themselves envy us, it is not because chance has aided us, but because we are greatly superior to all by whom we are surrounded. I fight with this, Sforzi!—Oh! That would be too good a joke! The inequality of the stakes makes the game impossible. Where I have been wrong is in not having killed the fellow on the spot. Within twenty-four hours I will repair my fault."

"Take care what you do, d'Epéron? Reflect well before acting. It will be said that you have had recourse to assassination because you have wanted courage to fight."

"People may say what they like!" cried d'Epéron, violently; "but they shall see that, at least, those who dare to insult me—die!"

"May I tell you one thing, beloved d'Epéron?" asked De Joyeuse, after a moment's silence. "It is that I feel sure Sforzi will come out of all this with advantage. I do wrong, perhaps, in telling you this. A few days ago, I consulted the astrologer, Albatia concerning you."

"Oh!—he has gone back to the practice of sorcery, has he?"

"Do not speak lightly of astrology," replied De Joyeuse, gravely; "it is an infallible science. Albatia is never wrong."

"And what has the infallible Albatia predicted of me?"

"He has predicted that if you obstinately persist in pursuing a young man of whom he gave me a description—and that description tallies in an extraordinary manner with Sforzi—you will die by the stroke of a poisoned sword! Now, Albatia knows no more about Sforzi than he does about the projects of De Maurevert. Does not that at least strike you as being very singular? I admit that hearing thatascal just now confess to you, with the splendid impudence which belongs to him alone, his sinister projects against your person, I felt a shudder pass through my body. This De Maurevert is a cunning and determined fellow, a rough swordsman. He is moreover endowed—it must in justice be admitted—with unequalled modesty; he makes no attempt to push himself forward, and never sings his own praises; therefore, when he advances anything, it may be taken for certain."

"If the constellations take part against me," replied d'Epéron, affecting a gaiety which was completely contradicted by the pallor of his visage, "there remains for me nothing but to mount my horse and fly as fast I can out of the kingdom."

"You do wrong to jest, beloved brother; but I have done my duty. I came this morning to warn you, and I have warned you; my conscience is now at rest. Good day, brother; I must now return to Henry."

The Duc de Joyeuse, after embracing d'Epéron, was about taking his departure when the latter called him back.

"You are going to see De Maurevert shortly?" he asked, with an air of embarrassment.

"Yes, dear friend. Have you any proposition to make to him?"

"I treat with the captain as equal to equal? You are out of your senses! But though I attach no importance to his threats, I think it will be convenient to me to get rid of him; he might impede me in the course of my vengeance. Whatever you promise him, I will agree to; whatever you engage to do, I will carry out."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

It was almost two o'clock in the afternoon. Raoul, fearing to disturb the rest of which Diane, who had not slept the night before, stood so greatly in need, had not ventured to return to the young girl's side. But, conquered at length by impatience, he was preparing to go out, when he saw De Maurevert enter the door of the Stag's Head.

"*Parbleu!*—I am back just in time," cried the captain. "A little later, and dear Raoul would have trusted himself alone in the streets of Paris."

"I do not understand you, De Maurevert."

"These lovers are never for conversation! To speak more clearly, then, after an attempt on your life which so nearly succeeded last night, it is necessary for you to take precautions. For the future, you must not go out except in my company?"

"You are jesting, captain?"

De Maurevert shrugged his shoulders without replying, and contented himself with following the young man.

On reaching the street, Sforzi perceived, in front of the hostelry, a troop composed of fifteen horsemen perfectly armed, drawn up in battle array.

"Who are these men, and what do they want?" he inquired of De Maurevert in an undertone.

"These people are your servants, and they desire to see that you are allowed to pass along in peace!" replied the captain. "There is no necessity for you to open so wide your eyes, and to torture your brain to understand. I have spent the greater part of this morning in recruiting this troop of brave fellows. It is agreed that I am to pay each two francs a day, in addition to feeding for themselves and horses, and that they are to obey all my orders strictly. It is a costly bargain, but necessary. You will give me an undertaking to reimburse me my outlay in your defence, will you not, my dear Raoul? But, into the saddle! I long to see myself at the head of my troop! By all the treasures of Pluto!—we shall make a brave appearance! We shall be taken for high and mighty seigneurs! Who knows?—this may help me to conclude a brilliant marriage! As to my dear and honored cousin—let him take it into his head to be otherwise than civil, should we chance to meet again! Mount, chevalier!—Mademoiselle d'Erlanges is waiting for you!"

The moment would have been ill-chosen to address any remonstrance to the captain; deferring all he was impelled to say, therefore, Raoul mounted his horse. De Maurevert instantly turned to his army, and, in a ringing voice, cried:

"Attention!—march!"

The escort moved forward at a trot. As soon as the two companions reached Diane's house, De Maurevert dismounted, and, with a superb air, threw the bridle of his horse to one of his men. As to Raoul, before the captain had even crossed the threshold of the door, he was in the presence of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges.

At the outset the conversation of the lovers was of an utterly disconnected kind—they were so happy to see each other again, they had so much to say to each other, so many explanations to ask! After listening for awhile, and not without giving signs of impatience, to the charming talk in which the two young people appeared to find so great a delight, De Maurevert determined at length to give the conversation a more ordinary character.

"Chevalier Sforzi, and you, Mademoiselle d'Erlanges," he said, "pray cease your childish discourse. The position in which we are placed is grave enough to occupy our most serious attention."

"Mademoiselle Diane has generously forgiven me—what more have I to desire?" cried Raoul.

"Can anything be wanting to my happiness?"

"What is wanting to your happiness?" repeated the captain, in an ironical tone, and shrugging his shoulders, "something essential—its stability, its duration. *Morbleu!*—does it strike you as being pleasant to pass along a road lined with assassins and studded with daggers? To observe your mad security, and hear your gay talk, one would imagine that everybody was striving to render himself as pleasant as possible to you—that everybody was bent on helping you to your felicity! By the helmet of Madame Minerva!—it is not in the least so—quite otherwise. Let us not be blinded by pleasure, but see things as they are in reality, and not as you look at them, through the prism of love. I begin with you, chevalier; presently I will deal with Mademoiselle d'Erlanges."

"Madame de Montpensier, the most vindictive woman in France; Monsieur le Duc d'Epéron, the most powerful man of the day; and, finally, the Marquis de la Tremblais, a knave of the worst sort—all desire your death! You have neither more nor less than roused the houses of Valois and Lorraine against you. What defence have you against the forces of your enemies? Remarkable imprudence, a great deal of temerity, and the friendship of bold Captain de Maurevert. Your imprudence is beyond question, your temerity would bring you to destruction, and were it not for the devotion of that valiant and knowing De Maurevert, I should already advise you to consider yourself as no longer belonging to earth."

"Alas, captain, you are right!" cried Diane, pale and trembling. "Oh! I conjure you, do not abandon Monsieur Sforzi. You alone are capable of getting him out of this horrible position!"

"That is true, mademoiselle," replied De Maurevert, coolly; "but to attain this happy and difficult result, it is necessary that the chevalier should blindly follow my advice."

"He will follow it, captain."

"I doubt it. But, in any case, I shall have done my duty, and secured my conscience against remorse, which is all-important."

"Speak, captain—speak!"

"The simplest common sense will point out to Raoul the means he must employ. The first thing for him to do is to get into the good graces of Monsieur d'Epéron. Diane!—I admit that the task is difficult, but it is not, I think, impossible. Monsieur is not free from apprehension as to projects of the chevalier's relating to him. If Raoul, by some public and conspicuous act, were to humiliate himself before the haughty *mignon*, and requested of him forgiveness of the past, it is probable—nay, certain, that Monsieur d'Epéron would not rest insensible to this advance. His self-love satisfied, his pusillanimity reassured—for, between you and us he is said, the duke is a little wanting in courage—Raoul would end by gaining his cause."

"Captain," interrupted Sforzi, warmly, "do you take me for a coward that you venture to propose such shameful means to me?"

"You see, mademoiselle," continued De Maurevert, tranquilly, indicating Raoul by a significant loss of the head, "that is as he always is. Instead of listening he flies into a passion, and instead of receiving thankfully my good-natured advice, he insults and threatens me. But there—I love him in spite of all. Oblige me, Raoul, by allowing me to go on without interrupting me."

"Yes, go on, captain—go on," cried Diane, eagerly.

"Raoul reconciled with the duke, the horizon of our unfortunate friend would be very appreciably cleared. Relieved of the house of Valois, we pass to the house of Lorraine. The Duc d'Epéron hates the Duchess de Montpensier with all his soul—if the dear nobleman has one—and it would be a great satisfaction to him to checkmate her in her projects. That is the point at which brave Captain de Maurevert would appear on the scene. With that rare ingenuity which distinguishes him, he would speedily find means, while preserving entire right on his side, to rouse the duchess to such fury against him as to treat him with a high hand and drive him from her presence; whereupon, freed from the engagements which at present bind him to Madame la Duchesse de Montpensier, he would proceed straight to the Duc d'Epéron, inform him of my misadventure, and make him the offer of my services. The duke and the captain once in each other's presence, it is impossible that something new, bold, serious, should not come from the contact of two such active and intelligent minds. Monsieur d'Epéron—my impartiality compels me to render him this justice—is a man of resource and action; and, by putting our heads together, he and I, we should certainly finish by triumphing over the house of Lorraine."

"The Marquis de la Tremblais remains to be dealt with. This nobleman, powerful and almost invulnerable as he is in his strong castle of Auvergne, is no more than a simple mortal in Paris. He never goes about except well guarded, it is true; but have not I also a troop of brave fellows at my command? chosen with a care, a tact, a discernment, mademoiselle, of which I alone am capable of exercising! All men reared in theft, broken in to murder, hot in fight, hungry for plunder—all scoundrels who have at least twenty times deserved the gallows, the wheel, and the stake; in a word, the flower of the bandits of Lutetia! I meet the marquis, then, and he looks at me askance; I frown at him and swear—he grows angry; the fight instantly begins; the shops are hastily shut, pistols crack, swords clatter, and—Lucifer exterminate me!—if before five minutes are past, the escort of the Marquis de la Tremblais is not in flight, and their master stretched on the ground as dead as he can be made. Such, dear Sforzi, and you, gentle demoiselle, are my projects."

"Humiliate myself before Monsieur Lavalette—that parvenu of yesterday!" cried Raoul. "Never, De Maurevert, never! Mademoiselle," he continued sadly, after a slight pause, "if you truly love me, if you have confidence in me, there is but one course for us to pursue—that of expatriating ourselves. Far from France—in the Low Countries, in Italy, or in Spain—I shall find glorious and loyal employment for my sword. I have left behind me some reputation in Piedmont, and I do not doubt that wherever I may present myself my services would be readily accepted."

"Happy inspiration!" interrupted De Maurevert, in a bantering tone, "to associate the fate of her you love with your present misfortune and the dangers of a long journey—that is what is called exhibiting devotion, giving proof of generosity and unselfishness!"

"Monsieur Sforzi," cried Diane, interposing, so as not to give the young man time to reply to the captain's sarcasms, "I thoroughly appreciate your proposition; it springs from a noble heart, a generous nature; but, alas! it is impossible for me to accept it. Chevalier, when, just now, I heard you refuse with noble indignation to humiliate yourself to Monsieur d'Epéron, my heart bounded with joy! Your pride is truly that of a loyal gentleman. I, also, have my pride, and that pride imperiously commands me not to fly, and not to quit France."

"What do you say, mademoiselle?" interrupted De Maurevert.

"I say, captain, that I owe it to the name I bear to continue the struggle in which I am engaged to the end. I say that I have no right to expatriate myself, leaving behind me the Château de Tauve and the Comté of Erlanges in the hands of a coward and a thief. I attach no importance to fortune, and undeserved poverty has nothing in it to make me fear; but, *noblesse oblige*, captain, and I will not quail before the duties it imposes."

"Mademoiselle," cried Raoul with enthusiastic admiration, "if anything could render you in my eyes greater, more perfect, more adorable, than you are, it would be the virtuous pride you have now exhibited, of which I did not before know you to be possessed. You are right, a thousand times right! Oh! is it possible that heaven will not reward so much virtue and courage? I have a presentiment that, before long, a brilliant triumph will recompense your heroic resolution."

"I do not believe in presentiments," said De Maurevert; "the world is void of sense. I understand only what is logical. Nevertheless, I declare to you, my dear mademoiselle, that your courage pleases me. I find it wholly out of place; but, I repeat, it pleases me. Let us try and talk a little more reasonably. On what hope, mademoiselle, do you found the success of your project?"

"I trust in heaven, captain, and my wish is immediately to address myself to his Majesty the King of France."

"Alas, mademoiselle!—the saying is, Help yourself and heaven will help you, to which I add: 'Do not count on the king.' Be sure of it, Diane—I beg your pardon for treating you with such familiarity, but sometimes it really seems to me as if you were my daughter—be sure of it, that from the moment the Duc d'Epéron is no longer with us, and when, consequently, we cannot longer look for the countenance of De Joyeuse, the gates of the Louvre will be shut and triply barred against us. The king is a sort of phantom of doubtful sex, who speaks, acts, shows itself, and disappears at the will and pleasure of Messieurs d'Epéron and De Joyeuse. By himself, the king has no existence. He is the reflection of his favorites—nothing more."

"Now, I ask you, would it ever be possible for you, without quitting your reserve, without sacrifice to your dignity, to succeed in gaining the good graces of De Joyeuse and D'Epéron?—I doubt it. These young insolents have such a detestable opinion of women, that they would never understand the nobleness of your solicitations, the sanctity of your proceedings; they would only see in you an ambitious young girl, and heaven only knows at what point their impudent pretensions might stop. Besides these noblemen, there is the queen, and the queen-mother: the first, wrapped up in her devotions, would never consent to protect a young girl professing the so-called reformed religion. As regards the second—that is to say, Madame Catherine, it is altogether different; she would willingly aid you with her immense credit, fervent Catholic as she is—if she had anything to gain by so doing! Undertake to detach some powerful Huguenot chief from his party, or instil into her the idea of some dark and profitable treason, and then she will help you warmly. But except on these conditions, you have nothing to expect from her. You see, my gentle Diane, there is absolutely no ground for your presentiments."

A long silence followed these extremely discouraging remarks. It was Sforzi who was the first to continue the conversation.

"Mademoiselle Diane," he cried, "the captain is right. It is not possible for you to set foot within that wild-beast lair called the Louvre; but where you cannot go I can go. Trust your interests to me—give me full power, and I swear before heaven that justice shall be done to you! I do not believe in all that De Maurevert has told us as to the nullity and powerlessness of his majesty. The glorious title of a king is so great, so divine, as to place those who bear it high above humanity! That Henry III. has his weaknesses is, alas! only too certain; but I remain none the less convinced that there are times when the man disappears before the majesty. The king has had, and still has, to suffer much from the insolence, pretension, and pride of the nobles of his kingdom. I feel sure that my complaints will awaken in him the sentiment of his wounded dignity, and find an echo in his heart! I beseech you, Diane, not to attempt anything yourself until I have failed."

"By Monsieur Cicero!" cried De Maurevert—"you have now expressed yourself with a fire that advantageously replaces eloquence! After all, who knows?—have I not often seen the recklessness of youth succeed when the experience of ripe age could do nothing? Try, Raoul, try. Only—what steps are you going to take to reach the king?"

"I have a means, captain."

"Aha!—let us see it."

"I request on the contrary, your permission to keep it secret."

"It is a very bad means, then?"

"That I do not know. If it is a good means, it will not become better by my imparting it to you; if doubtful, you would only discourage me by adverse criticism, and thus render it still less efficacious. I prefer, therefore, to keep it to myself."

"Faith, that is not badly reasoned, for a young man!" said De Maurevert. "And when, dear Raoul, do you propose to see the king?"

"To-morrow, captain."

(To be continued.)

## HOW MY GRANDMOTHER LOST A DAY.

When my grandfather died, my grandmother, finding her house too large as well as too expensive to maintain, determined on leaving it; and, with that view, commenced seeking for a residence, smaller and more suitable, a little out of town. Suburb after suburb was searched, till at last her fancy rested on an old-fashioned red brick house in "a quiet neighborhood."

The house itself was, perhaps, rather more extensive than she cared for; but it had one great attraction in her eyes—a large garden at the back, in which, with its shady trees and high walls, she fancied she could walk or sit unobserved by her neighbors.

Thither she prepared to move; but a few weeks' delay was required, owing to the somewhat dilapidated state of the house—it having been untenanted for some time. Accordingly, workmen were sent in, and all that was necessary seemed approaching completion. During this interval, people in the vicinity began to throw out hints about the house—nothing definite, but such as—

"I should not care to live in that house," (A strong emphasis on "that.")

"Is it haunted?" said my grandmother.

"Oh, no."

"Is there a distinguished ghost?"

"Oh, no—at least, I don't think so."

But that was all my ancestral parent could obtain in the way of information. It was said "strange things" had happened to several families who had lived in it: people lost their memory, or forgot the day, or the month, and made curious mistakes. The house had got an "uncanny" name, which perhaps accounted for its being let at a lower rent than it would seem to be really worth.

My grandmother laughed at these idle tales, and said she did not fear. Such things only happened to people of lazy habits and indolent temperaments; and as both she and her sister were, if not altogether strong-minded, at least not easily frightened, she felt no further anxiety on the subject, and proceeded with her preparations for moving, and finally settled in the red brick house. She had considerably reduced her establishment; so the family consisted of my grandmother, my mother—then a little girl of twelve (both my uncles being settled in life, one serving with his regiment in the Peninsula), a maiden sister, and two domestics—Sarah, the cook, and Mistress Betty, the factotum, nurse-maid, housemaid, lady's-maid, and general tyrant. The household thus literally consisted of females—the men servants having been dispensed with after my grandfather's death.

It was in the autumn that my grandmother took possession of the house, and perfectly satisfied she was with it. In winter it was warm and free from draughts, and containing all the little et ceteras that people desire in their dwellings, proved a very satisfactory residence; so all rumors faded out of her mind. No ghost appeared; no midnight visitant disturbed the equanimity of the in-dwellers of the red-brick house. Winter budded into spring, spring blossomed into summer, and nothing occurred to decrease my grandmother's satisfaction in the choice of her new abode.

One Friday came, as Fridays have a way of coming towards the end of the week, when my grandmother and great-aunt decided to go into town for a day's shopping. So they went, making a long day of it, and returning rather tired. Before retiring to rest that night, they had a grand council of war with Betty, without whom no family affair ever could be settled. Woe betide any member of the household who dared to overlook Betty's right to be consulted on every point, from a spring cleaning downwards.

The weather was fine, my aunt said, and next morning they would have a clear-starching. Now, a clear-starching was a real business in every respectable family in the early part of the present century, when our ancestresses delighted in ruffles to their elbows, and ruffs to their necks, not to speak of the responsibility of "getting up" those edificial caps under which they strove to conceal nature's best gift to a woman—a good head of hair. Besides all this, there were those wonderful net or muslin kerchiefs which were so generally affected by the dames of that period. So you will see that a clear-starching was a business not to be lightly undertaken, or without due consideration as regards weather, sunshine, and such necessary adjuncts. It was only done once or twice a year, as in those days, before "Glenfield's Patent" was invented, starch was an expensive commodity. A heavy tax was put on it during the war, when things were at famine prices, to prevent the too rapid consumption of flour, and many cheaper things were used as substitutes by those who could not make up their minds to do without.

The point of the next day's clear-starching being settled, so the question of some new strings to be put to their Sunday bonnets—or hats, as they were called in those days—my grandmother, her sister, and the rest of the household retired to rest.

The morrow came, and with it the requisite sunshine. So, after breakfast, Mistress Betty descended to the garden to commence operations, my great-aunt intending to overlook and assist her, as ladies of that period were not above seeing after some few of their own concerns. I ought here to say something of my great-aunt, who was the most energetic and active-minded person I ever knew, and who was the presiding genius of my grandmother's household the seventy years of her life; but I must hasten on with my chronicle. When all was put on train below, my great-aunt returned to the drawing-room, where she found my grandmother gazing steadily out of window, and looking rather puzzled.

"I cannot make it out," she said; "but the streets appear so unusually quiet and still—no carts, no carriages, few passers-by; and what there are all walking so gravely."

Presently the bells of the neighboring church began to ring.

"A fire!" said my great-aunt.

"A funeral!" said her sister.

For this was in the Georgian era, when daily services were ignored, and the rubric a dead letter. Had my beloved ancestresses lived today, the church bell on Saturday might not have proved so startling. Presently a family passed by in mourning.

"I knew it was a funeral," said my grandmother, triumphantly.

"A soldier's funeral, then," said my great-aunt, not to be outdone, as a drum was heard, by no means muffled, and some companies of soldiers, headed by their officers, marched past.

At this moment Sarah appeared from the lower regions, with indignation depicted on her countenance.

"Well, ma'am, as never I saw the likes.

Here's eleven o'clock, and neither the butcher, nor the baker, nor the grocer has been near us; and this Saturday, too! Them tradespeople is just unbearable—so they are—never to come this morning for the week's orders."

My grandmother, the gentlest of matrons, attempted to mollify her angry *cuisinière*, and finally persuaded her to issue forth, basket on arm, to see what had become of "them tradespeople."

She returned rather quickly, more irate than ever.

All the shops were shut, and she could get in nowhere; and when she had asked what was the matter, she was only answered by the jeers of the small boys.

"And you must know, ma'am," continued she "that they said I was no better than a heathen, to be out shopping on a Sunday."

Scarcely had the infuriated Sarah finished her speech, when Betty arrived from the garden, her stout arms much bestarbed, "clearing" a lace cap of my grandmother's, with loud claps between her red palms.

"I can't stand it any longer, ma'am," quoth the female Nero. "Mrs. Smith's Mary, next door, has been laughing at me, and saying we are pretty kind of Christians to be working like that on the Sabbath. I gave her as good as I got, though; but Mr. Smith puts his head out of window, and says, 'My good girl, don't be making such a noise there, as the neighbors like their Sunday quiet!'"

My grandmother looked aghast, and let the bonnet, on which she was arranging the new ribbons, fall from her hand.

There was a pretty commotion in that orderly and Sabbatarian household; and it was not until evening they could be quite persuaded of what really was the case—that they had entirely lost Saturday, and that what they thought was a funeral was only the troops from the neighboring barracks marching to service along with the respectable folks of the "quartier."

My grandmother felt rather ashamed of the whole transaction; but became less so when, a few weeks afterwards, a friend from a distant county told her that the very same thing had happened to some relations of his, who had occupied the red brick house some years before.

Subsequently, it was found that the much-abused butcher, baker, and grocer had called on the Saturday, but had rung and knocked in vain; and, seeing the smokeless chimneys and closed shutters, had concluded that the family had suddenly gone from home.

Had they all slept, or had they become totally oblivious for thirty-six hours—*qui sait!* It never was unravelled.

My grandmother lived many years afterwards in the same house, and finally died there; but nothing of the kind ever occurred again. I have often passed the red brick house when a child, but never without calling to mind Mistress Betty's clear starching, and how my grandmother lost a day.

## A POINT FOR PIANISTS.

The *Vox Humana*, a musical publication, shows that a pretty experiment in acoustics is within the reach of all. Every tone of a piano string is composed of four or more different sounds. They seem to be but one, and it is difficult to realize that four or more distinct and separate notes are merged in the sound we hear. A very keen ear can resolve the note, and hear one and sometimes two of the added tones that accompany the lowest tone. The lowest tone is very much louder than the rest, and gives the name to the note or group of notes. These added tones that accompany every note of the piano, are known as over tones. Their existence was only discovered a few years ago, and at first it was very hard to prove that they were really present in every note we hear from a piano string. This is now so well understood that it no longer attracts attention, and is treated as one of the common scientific facts known to everybody. Moreover, the number and power of these over tones determines the character or quality of every musical sound we hear, whether it be from voice or instrument. To prove the existence of these unnoticed, and yet audible over tones the following experiment may be tried: Touch gently the notes C, E, and G, one octave above middle (two foot) C, and press the keys down till all the sound has died away. Then, while these keys are held down, strike the C below (two foot) C one quick, hard blow. The damper will at once fall, and the sound will stop abruptly. At the same instant will be heard a low soft chord from the piano. The keys are not struck, and yet the piano sounds plainly. Lift the fingers, and the chord will stop at once. Try the experiment over, and the same result will follow every time. The fingers pressed on the three notes do not give the chord, and yet the strings sound. The explanation is easily found. The middle C had all the three notes in it. They were present as over tones. The three strings corresponding to these over tones, were free to sound as the dampers were raised, and out of sympathy with the over tones they too sounded and gave the same notes. So we see that these over tones really exist in what we call the one note of the C string. Were they absent, we should quickly notice the changed character of the note, and we should be surprised at the thinness and cloying sweetness of a single really pure tone without over tones. A note without over tones would be characterless, tiresome and insipid. Well supplied with them, it is clanging, individual and interesting.

## AN AUGUST SUNRISE.

BY T. A. G.

As waits with worshipping awe a Parsee facing  
The eastern skies,  
Till his god come; so stand I, mute and gazing  
To watch him rise.

Ah! see upon the dim horizon's margent  
A pearly glow,  
Where, fused with night, a kindling faint and  
argent  
Soars from below.

It quickens, widens, and ascending ever,  
Sends javelins on;  
And plants on ebon mount and dusky river  
Its gonfalon.

A shining cimeter is drawn in heaven:  
On it the word  
In mystic characters of fire engraven:  
"Allah the Lord!"

On some far beach long waves surges, breaking,  
Bear sails of gold,  
Which dip and fly, their airy streamers shaking,  
Fold after fold.

Not Golgos' nor Idallum's buried bicker,  
Irised by time,  
Fuse with such hues as tint with magic liquor  
Yon cup sublime.

The foam of falls, the light in eyes when dying,  
The sheen of shells,  
Aurora's footprint shall surpass, defying  
All lustre else.

With burnished rods of gold, day's herald's clear-  
ing,  
And making room,  
Proclaim to earth and heaven is swift appear-  
ing,  
Whose loss is doom.

They hang their banderoles on azure highlands  
And cloudy knolls;  
While a dim music thrills the attentive silence,  
As on it rolls.

The small birds hear it, and in slumberous  
dreaming  
Begin to sing,  
Till Nature feels the pulsing glory streaming  
Through everything.

The vassal earth stirs; and the gentle breezes,  
Which are its breath,  
Lift from its heart the stupor that releases  
From night-long death.

Kneel ye in homage; swing your censors,  
flowers!  
In welcoming,  
To him who is your sovereign and ours;  
For, lo! the King!

—Old and New.

## GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESSEN.

Gunnar felt strong and free. He sat down on the soft verdure, and drank new delight from the glorious sight. The whole plain was overgrown with rich, fresh, green grass. A few miles away lay a large mountain lake; and a clear, broad river wound quietly through the imposing plateau. On a slight elevation near the lake-shore lay three turf-thatched chalets, hedged in by a fence of low palisades; that was the saeter of Rimul. In the blue distance a Yokul lifted its airy head into the clouds. Suddenly his grandmother's old, forbidden story of the poor boy, the three-headed Troid, and the beautiful princess, stood vividly before Gunnar's mind. When the poor boy had walked a long way and had reached the top of the first mountain, he had met an old woman, of whom he had asked the way. "Can you see that high mountain, far away in the blue distance?" the old woman asked.

Yes, the boy could see that mountain.  
"Well," continued the old woman, "ten thousand miles beyond it is another far higher mountain. There is the palace of the Troid; there sleeps the beautiful princess."

"This must surely be the right mountain," thought Gunnar. "O, could I but see beyond it!"

Before long the caravan was again moving, and he was no longer left to his own meditations. Indeed, the goats gave him enough to do for the remainder of the day, and he soon had a foretaste of the unpleasant part of the duties of a "cattle-boy." The goats did not seem at all disposed to keep company; and when that animal has formed a determination, it is not easily prevailed against either by force or by cunning. But in spite of the resolute resistance on the part of the goats, Gunnar at last had the triumph of seeing his rebellious subjects gathered with the rest of the party on the saeter-green. The saeter cottages were opened, and the horses unloaded. Before the door of the middle cottage, out in the open air, there was a large fireplace built of rough stones; here a fire was made, and the wooden cups and milk-pails were boiled with juniper branches, before they were

taken into use; for unless thus prepared they would give a wooden taste to the milk.

It was indeed a welcome sight to Gunnar when at length a repast, consisting of oatmeal and dried beef, was spread on the grass; and he was certainly not the only one who looked forward with eagerness to the approaching feast. All preparations being finished, the merry company sat down round the fire, and attacked the solid food with an enviable appetite.

When the meal was at an end, it was already late in the afternoon. The cattle would find pasture within the corral that night, and the hour for milking was near. The maids then went to their work, and the men to theirs.

"Poor lads we have nowadays," said Brita, a tall, slender girl, with a mass of rich blond hair flowing down over her back, and deep dimples in her cheeks, "poor lads we have nowadays! Among so many, not one who knows how to tread the springing-dance decently." And she put down the filled milk-pails she was carrying, set her arms akimbo, and, with an air of roguish defiance, fixed her eyes upon a group of young men who lay lazily smoking around the fire.

"Did you ever hear of the chicken who wanted to teach the hen to lay eggs?" answered a young lad in the smoking group, to whom the challenge seemed to be especially addressed.

"The best buck is not always the one that has the biggest horns, Endre," laughed the girl. "Your strength has always been in the mouth, you know; your legs are certainly more than long enough, if you only knew how to use them."

"Knut, halloo! Out with the fiddle," cried Endre to an older man, who was sitting on the threshold of the cottage leisurely smoking his evening pipe, "out with the fiddle, I say! and Brita shall soon see whether I understand how to use my legs or not."

Knut soon got his eight-stringed Hardanger violin in order, struck a few strangely sounding chords by way of prelude, and began. Brita was only too glad to accept Endre's invitation. The other young men follow Endre's example; and before long the whole crowd is moving in a ring around the fire in time with the alluring music. Only Thor does not dance; he takes a seat at the fiddler's side, and soon seems entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the smoke from his pipe, as it curls up, spreads, and slowly vanishes in the clear night air. "Probably he is musing over the days when he ranked the foremost among the dancers of the valley. Gunnar looks in wonder at this unwonted sight; and the longer he listens to the exciting notes the stronger a desire he feels to join. Now the music comes softly rippling from the strings, now it rolls and rumbles, and now again flows smooth and clear, until it hushes itself into a gentle, whispering murmur. And the dancers understand, and they feel the power of that music. First forming a long line, they move slowly forward, leading the girls by the hands after them, and softly touching the ground alternately with their heels and toes, and adapting the gestures of their whole bodies to the rippling tones; but gradually as the strokes of the fiddler grow wilder, the tread of their heels becomes stronger, and the motions of their limbs more wildly expressive.

It was late, but still the sun was lingering; it looked red and tired, for it had waked many hours. One long, loving, parting look, and it sunk in a dreamy halo behind the western glaciers. A nightly chill crept over the highland.

The dance was ended. Knut, the fiddler, carefully wrapped his precious violin in his handkerchief to protect it from the damp night air. Gunnar, who had looked on and listened until he was fast asleep, was aroused by his father: "I am going home again now," said Thor, "but I shall come up here to see you now, and then, here, take this as a keepsake from your father." And Thor went. Gunnar had hardly time to realize whether he was awake or dreaming. It was a fine knife, with carved haft and silver sheath, he held in his hand. He had long wished for just such a knife. Surely he had never known his father before now. He saw that clearly.

## VI.—RHYME-OLA.

Gunnar sat on the lake-shore musing; he started down into the deep, clear water. The sun stood right in the north. Round about lay the cattle in their noon rest. Although it was but three weeks to-day since he had come to the saeter, it was to him an infinitely long time; he appeared to himself so much older and wiser; and the little boy who a few weeks ago rode on Fox and talked to the dark was as far off as if he had but heard of him in some Neck or Hulder legend. And the poor boy who slew the Troid and married the princess! curious it would be to know if he had ever been in the highlands and watched cattle.

How strange it looked down there in the water! How wonderfully cool and clear! Now a big, shining dragon-fly came dancing away over the invisible mirror, gently touched it, and small, quivering rings spread and spread, and vanished,—vanished somewhere and nowhere. How wonderfully still! The water rested, the air rested, everything rested. No sound, no motion. But the silence seemed to make everything look stronger, to color and intensify it. Down there on the bottom of the lake the gray stones lay between the tall, rustling bulrushes; and they grew and moved, drew nearer and nearer. Gunnar, half frightened, turned his eyes swiftly, flung himself on his back, and gazed up into the air. There was not a cloud to be seen; the air was a great nothing. And the longer he gazed the weaker he appeared to himself, as

if he was losing himself in the clearness of the air; and the air grew stronger and stronger; it began to float and move before his eyes, until at last an infinite number of small colorless disks came slowly swimming past him, and filled the space far and near. Then, by degrees they assumed a faint violet or blue color, faded, and again grew brighter. A flash of light from nowhere and everywhere leaped through the air, trembled, glittered, and vanished. And the air itself vanished too. Again it was as nothing. He shut his eyes. How strange!

Then it was as if something spoke,—spoke without a sound, yet distinctly and audibly; without word, yet full of hidden meaning. He listened; and the longer he listened the dimmer grew the boundary between silence and sound, until they strangely blended. The silence seemed the symphony of an infinite number of infinitely small voices too small to be called sounds; they gushed forth all round him and from within him; they whizzed in the air, they buzzed in the grass, the bulrushes rustled with them. Suddenly, as he became conscious that he was listening, the sound stopped, as in wonder at its own existence, and a vast emptiness filled the world far and near. He held his breath; and as his thought lost its hold on itself, the air, the grass, the rushes were again alive with numberless voices; but to him it seemed as if they had been forever, as if they had never suffered an interruption; for there was that in their nature which has no beginning, neither has it any end. And as he lay there listening in half-conscious unconsciousness, the thought shot through his mind that he must have seen and heard all this before, he knew not when or where. Then came the poor boy with his princess; certainly, from his grandmother's tales, it was there; he knew it all. He felt as if he stood at the entrance of that new world which, though unknown and unseen, he had been vaguely conscious of through so many long years of yearning, whose nearness he had felt many a dark winter night when, after the tale was ended, the drowsy embers from the hearth had stared at him with weird, beckoning eyes; when on Fox, the old saddle, he had ridden out in search of Troid, and wonders; when, up under the roof of the cottage, he had spent such happy hours gazing at the dark, and with the fantastic shapes of the dark gazing at him. As all these impressions now again stood vividly before him, he saw that they had all been tones in the same chord. This was the full chord; still there was no rest in it,—it was a chord of transition, a step to something higher. And the Hulder,—he felt her presence; she could not be far from him now.

A thundering noise struck his ear; he started to his feet, still dreaming, senseless, bewildered. He had half expected to see the golden hair and the scarlet bodice of the Hulder, and in the first moment he was not sure but it might be she. But before his second thought, he felt himself seized by the arm and flung up the hillside, and he thought he heard these words: "Whatever you do, boy, don't you rush right into the water!"

Gunnar rubbed his eyes and stared. He saw a queer-looking little man standing on the hillside, holding a long loof in his hand, and with a broad grin on his face.

"I do not think you are a very good cattle-boy," continued the man. "What do you think the widow of Rimul would say if she knew you went to sleep at this time of the day, and that right in the sunshine? If it had not been for me, you might have looked in the moon for your cows to-night. They were all straggling."

"I was not asleep," said Gunnar, now somewhat recovered.

He thought the little man was very queer-looking indeed. He was rather homely, some would, perhaps, say even ugly. His eyes were large and dark, and looked as if he had just been weeping; his mouth was broad, and drawn up to one side in a strange, half-sarcastic smile. There was an inexplicable conflict between the dreaming sadness of his eyes and the broad burlesque expression of the rest of his features. He seemed to be conscious of this himself; for he kept winking with one eye, as if trying to make this discordant feature conform to the leading characteristic of his face.

The little man flung himself down on the greensward and fixed his eyes intently on Gunnar; and the boy followed his example, and stared at him in return. Thus they sat for a while. At last the stranger opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, then shut it again without saying anything, and so again and again.

"Have you got anything to eat?" cried he suddenly, as if it cost him a great effort to speak the words.

"No," said Gunnar.

"Then come here," continued the other, "and hold this cow by the horns, while I milk her. I am hungry as a wolf."

Gunnar obeyed. There was something very peculiar in the little man, some strange mixture of strength and weakness, which did not fail to make a strong impression on his mind. While he held the cow, his companion stooped down, milked with one hand, using the other for a cup, and now and then emptying it into his mouth. But after awhile, probably finding his process too troublesome, he knelt down, put his head up under the cow, and milked right into his mouth.

"Does the cow kick?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Very well." And he went on milking, while Gunnar stood gazing at him in mute astonishment. At last the cow began to show signs of impatience.

"Ah," said he, rising, and wiping the milk from his mouth with his ragged coat-sleeve, "what a delicious meal! I have not seen a thing to eat since yesterday noon; and since this morning my miserable bowels have been entertaining me with a wofuller Lenten-hymn than ever found its way into old Kingo's hymn-book. Strange enough, I never was partial to fasting."

And he laughed aloud; but finding no response in Gunnar, whose face was as grave as ever, he suddenly stayed his mirth, and with a look of disappointment turned on his heel and seated himself on the grass, with his back to his companion. Gunnar, however, unconscious of offence, walked up to him, and flung himself down at his side on the green. The man then, after having examined all his pockets, finally from the one on the inside of his vest drew out some ragged and greasy papers, which he carefully spread out on his knees, and for some time contemplated, with an expression of the keenest interest. Soon his mouth was again drawn up into its customary grin or smile, and his face grew brighter and happier the longer he looked. Gunnar was quite curious to know what these old papers could contain; for, judging from the expression of the man's face, they surely afforded him great delight. Now he shook his head and laughed heartily. The boy could no longer restrain his curiosity.

"What is your name?" asked he, rather abruptly.

The man was so absorbed in his papers that he heard nothing.

"What is your name?" repeated Gunnar, this time close to his ear.

The little man quickly raised his head, and looked round bewildered, as if he had been suddenly awakened from some delightful reverie.

"My name?" said he; "my name? Sure enough; that is more easily asked than told. I have such a great number of names, that I hardly think I can remember them all."

"Then tell me only one of them."

"Well, if you are so very anxious to know, I will tell you as many as you can bear to hear. Some call me Fool-Ola, others Rag-Ola; but with the pastor and all the gentlefolk of the valley I generally go by the name of Rhyme-Ola."

"Why, indeed! Are you Rhyme-Ola?"

"They say so."

"I have heard grandmother speak of you. She knows a great many of your songs too." Rhyme-Ola's sad eyes brightened, but he said nothing. Gunnar was very anxious to know something about the papers, but he hardly knew how to approach the subject. At last he made an attempt. "Is there anything written in those papers of yours?" asked he.

"Written!" cried Rhyme-Ola, in sudden excitement; "written, did you say? No, sir; there is nothing written on my papers,—nothing written," with an indignant emphasis on the last word.

"I beg your pardon. I did not know there was any harm in asking," said Gunnar, quite frightened by the irritation of his friend.

"No, sir; there is nothing written," repeated Rhyme-Ola, indignantly; "the pastor himself said that it was printed,—printed in the great city beyond the mountains, and read by all the judges and pastors all over the country. Then it cannot be written."

Upon Gunnar's further inquiry, Rhyme-Ola related with great minuteness a long story, of how he had once, a long time ago, sung one of his ditties to the old pastor, who was now dead and buried; how the old pastor had praised his song, and asked his permission to write it down, and send it to one of the city papers.

"That is a good song, Rhyme-Ola," the old pastor had said, "and worthy to live a long time after both you and I are dead and gone." So he had it sent to be printed in print, and these were the leaves on which the song had been printed. Never author found more happiness in his far-famed volume than this poor country songster in the long-forgotten newspaper in which his only song was printed. "It is to live after I am dead," muttered he, gazing at the half-worn-out leaves with eyes as tender as those of a mother looking on her first-born child.

Gunnar fully showed his delight, and looked upon the remnants of the song with reverence, as if they contained a world of wisdom.

"Could you not read the song for me?" asked he, eagerly.

"Read? I cannot read."

"Sing then?"

"Yes, gladly will I sing." And Rhyme-Ola once more took his papers, turned, and examined them closely, running down the page with his finger, as if reading; at about the middle of the page he pointed at a line and called Gunnar.

"Read there," said he: "what does it say?"

The paper was so soiled that Gunnar had great difficulty in making out what it was.

"Now, what does it say?" repeated the author impatiently.

"The Bruised Wing: by Rhyme-Ola."

"By Rhyme-Ola; yes, that is right, by Rhyme-Ola." And he rose to his feet and sang:—

"Little sparrow he sits on his roof so low,  
Chirping the summer-day long.  
The swallow she bathes in the sunlight's  
glow,  
And lifts to the heavens her song.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow he buildeth his lowly nest  
Close decked by the shingles red.  
The swallow she findeth a better rest,  
With her wings to the storm-wind wed.  
And high is the flight of the eagle.

"The swallow she cometh from far away,  
O'er wild waves and mountains high;  
She comes from the land of eternal day,  
Where the summer shall never die.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Little sparrow's world is his narrow lane,  
He knoweth no sunshiny shore;  
His nestlings he feedeth and gathers his grain,  
And yearneth for nothing more.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"Now spring was breathing its healing breath,  
With life teemed the earth and the sky;  
And fled were darkness and cold and death,  
In the days now long gone by.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"And the swallows came from the lands of  
light;  
In the belfry they built their nest,—  
Their fledglings had there so wide a sight,  
And there could so safely rest.  
But high is the flight of the eagle.

"For they saw the sun in its glory rise,  
Saw the huge clouds chased by the gale:  
And they longed to bathe in those radiant  
skies,  
As for the breeze long the slackened sail.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"One morn then, as loud chimed the sabbath-  
bell,  
All the world seemed to beckon and sing;  
Then rose to the clouds one nestling, but fell,  
To the earth with a bruised wing.  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Swift summer speeds, and the swallows flee  
To the realms of summer and light.  
Alas for him those wing is not free  
To follow them on their flight!  
For high is the flight of the eagle.

"Yea, tenfold pity on him in whose breast  
Live longings for light and spring,  
But still must tarry in sparrow-nest,  
Tarry with bruised wing.  
For high is the flight of the eagle."

There was something almost ethereal in Rhyme-Ola's voice; in the beginning of the song it was clear and firm, but as he approached the end it grew more and more tremulous, and at last the tears broke through; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Gunnar's sympathy was heartfelt and genuine; before he knew it, he felt the tears starting too. He hardly understood the whole depth of pathos in Rhyme-Ola's song; but for all that he felt it none the less. It inspired him, as it were, with a vague but irresistible longing to do something great, he knew not what; and as he sat there musing over the sad words, "tarry with bruised wing," the outer world again receded, he forgot Rhyme-Ola's presence, and his fancy again began its strange and capricious play. The words of the song, which were still ringing in his ears, began to assume shape and color, and to pass in a confused panorama before his eyes. Unconsciously, his thought returned to what he had seen and heard in the air and in the silence, and it was to him as if he had never awakened, as if he was still wrapped in the visions of his summer dream. He was startled by Rhyme-Ola's dark eyes staring at him. With an effort he fixed the scene in his mind; and, as again the lake, the rocks, and the distant Yokul lay before him, glittering in the noonday, the song appeared far away, like a dim recollection from some half-forgotten fireside tale. The fireside led his thought to his grandmother; and as one thought followed another, he at last wondered if Rhyme-Ola had any grandmother.

"Have you any grandmother, Rhyme-Ola?" said he.

"Grandmother? Never had any."

Gunnar could hardly credit such an assertion; and wishing for more satisfactory information, he continued to ask the songster about his father and mother and other family relations; but he received only evasive answers, and it was evident that the subject was not agreeable. Now and then he made a remark about the cattle or the weather, and finally succeeded in bringing up another theme of conversation. So they talked on for an hour or more. Then Rhyme-Ola started to go.

"It is St. John's Eve to-morrow night," said he, as he arose; "you will of course be at St. John's Hill."

"I did not know it was St. John's Eve, but I think I shall come."

And Rhyme-Ola walked off.

"Many thanks for your song," cried Gunnar after him.

"Thanks to yourself."

"You will come again very soon, won't you?"

"Very soon."

Here Rhyme-Ola was out of sight. Gunnar again sat down on the rock, reviewing all the wonderful events of the day.

(To be continued.)

PINCHBECK PEOPLE.

It is, perhaps, a healthy sign that a large number of people, at great cost to themselves, endeavor to "keep up appearances." Their doing so evidences that they retain in a marked manner, that self-respect which forms such a protecting barrier against assaults which may be made on the finer points of their natures. Those who struggle bravely against adversity, and, in the face of considerably privation, put a good face upon the matters before the world, deserve hearty commendation. It is to be feared, however, that the feeling which prompts

men and women to sacrifice almost everything else, so long as they may retain their caste, leads them into many acts of folly and imprudence. Notwithstanding the literal truth of the Micawberish axiom that the man whose income is twenty pounds a year is happy so long as he spends only nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and elevenpence, but is miserable when he disburse anything above the amount of his receipts, there are many foolish persons who will persist in conducting their affairs in such a manner that it is impossible for them "to make ends meet." The great mistake which individuals of this sort fall into is that they imagine that, whether their means justify them or not, if they do not pretend to be as rich as their neighbors they are disgraced. So they are led to sacrifice much real comfort for the sake of some ostentatious display. The too frequent termination of their career of imprudence is—ruin!

These pinchbeck people, it may be freely granted, have often extremely difficult parts to play. Commencing life with a certain income, they spend every penny thereof, in preference to putting something aside for a rainy day, or preparing for the time when the calls upon them shall become greater. Their engagements rarely fail to become heavier. In addition to maintaining themselves they have, generally, sooner or later, to keep a number of children. The misfortune is that their incomes do not increase if they increase at all—in a corresponding ratio. Having taken up a certain position, they feel they cannot abandon the same without bringing a certain amount of discredit upon themselves. They recoil, with instinctive horror, from the idea of their doing anything to cause their friends to think that they have failed to advance themselves in life so well as the majority of their acquaintances have done, for, to do this, is to confess to a lack of ability. So they bear up a cheerful front in public, and reserve their expression of despair for private. They calmly contemplate their growing load of debt with the firm conviction that, unless help comes from some unexpected quarter, they must inevitably sink under it. Their misfortunes do not come upon them unexpectedly; there is nothing sharp nor decisive about the blow by which they are finally stricken; they are simply borne to the ground by an overwhelming weight. When the final shock comes it finds them very much changed from the blithe and light-hearted creatures they were at the commencement of their careers—it discovers them with soured and warped natures and low spirits. When exposure comes they are filled with regret that, in straining after a myth, they have lost substantial comfort and happiness, and with remorse that, by the foolish line of conduct they have pursued, they have endangered the prospects, of those to whom they have given existence. Money that might have been profitably spent upon the education of children has been frittered away upon that which can by no possibility bring any return. When poverty—in the shape of country-court summonses, threatening letters, and duns—enters at the front door, love only too often flies out at the back. Husband and wife indulge in mutual and bitter recrimination. The husband complains that the wife has been an improvident housekeeper, that she has signally failed to do the best with her resources, and that she makes many unnecessary demands upon him. The wife, on the other hand, reproaches him with not giving her what she demands, and, if admitting his inability, declares that it is owing either to his own folly or stupidity. He assumes a sullen and dogged attitude, varied, perhaps by passionate outbursts; she sinks into a listless, morbid, discontented state. He becomes careless about his personal appearance, irregular in his habits, and reckless as to what happens to him and those dependent upon him; she ceases to take a pride in her home and her children, who show symptoms of neglect. Friends are gradually alienated, for it is supremely unpleasant to enter the houses of people in the condition indicated. Poverty stares you in the face the minute you pass the portals; poverty of the worst kind, viz., the shabby genteel. It is no difficult matter to detect the shallow artifices which are made to hide or penetrate through the thin veil which is hastily thrown over everything that is disagreeable, and which will be withdrawn as soon as you have departed.

It is easier to get into the forlorn position of genteel poverty than it is to emerge therefrom. The pinchbeck people, for the most part, seem to always remain in their miserable plight. Though they, perhaps, never themselves, actually descend from the sphere in which they were born, their children, being indifferently trained and exposed to associations of a low order, invariably marry into a grade of society actually beneath them. The pinchbeck people have themselves to thank for the greater portion of the pain which they endure. If they get a chance they will not avail themselves of it. They prefer temporary pleasures to perspective benefits. They will not deprive themselves to-day so that they may feast for a week or a year hence. They never husband their resources. They spend their money before it is earned. The consequence is that they have to pay more for what they consume than has the prudent individual. If men and women were content to live, not as they think they ought and as their social status demands, but as they can afford, that utterly miserable state of genteel poverty would not be so universal as it is now the case. When will the human race learn to act with common prudence?

THE VILE WEED.

HOW SMIKES STOPPED CHEWING TOBACCO.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So one morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously, what she had never said before, that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to take a chew when he recollected himself, and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy vice, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening, at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had already heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon him a monstrous quid of "fine cut" as large around as a cartwheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told everybody who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated, "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that chamomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured two ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for his dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes' office that day. He was a friend of Smikes, and as he drew forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and he handed Smikes his box, remarking that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

BY LAURA W. LEDYARD.

"A bonnie lassie!"—so they said;  
The ladies turned the lassie's head  
Wi' singin' ane and a'  
About her starry glancin' een,  
Her parted lips wi' pearls between,  
An' winsome dimples sma'.

An' wha shall lead her out to dauce,  
An' where will fa' her witchin' glance,  
An' wha shall tie her witchin' shoon?  
I dinna find the flirt sae fair—  
There's sweeter lassies ev'rywhere;  
Ye lose your hearts fu' soon!

'Twas so I spoke wi' anger fu',  
To see the lads a' peekin' through  
The trees where she maun lie.  
I lead the dance wi' Effie Lee,  
An' all ye laddies follow me,  
An' trip it merrilie.

But just before the dance begun  
I turned and saw a little one—  
Alas for Effie Lee!  
A little one wi' starry een  
That whispered, "Nane will dance wi' Jean;  
Will ye nay come wi' me?"

I saw her een sae sparklin' fair,  
An' little waves o' sunny hair,  
An' winsome dimples sma'.  
Her twa wee hands upon my arm  
I could na think it any harm  
An' followed her awa'.

An' now I'm dancin' down the street  
Behind her wee bit twinklin' feet,  
The daftest lad of a'  
The maddest o' the mony wights  
That sigh o' days an' dream o' nights—  
My wits have flown awa'.

An' oh! to lead her out to dauce;  
An' oh! to catch her witchin' glance;  
To tie her little shoon!  
If Jean is here the time is come;  
If Jean is gane I maun gae home—  
She lingers, 'tis too soon.

She's comin' near. I hear! I hear  
Her footstep on the grass!  
An' will she bide, or turn aside  
Anither way to pass?  
Soft! twa sma' hands have closed my eyes—  
I dare na' turn my head.

"Wha is it, Jamie, bither hies  
To seek thee in the mead?"  
I ken fu' well—I shall na' tell.  
I'll keep her here wi' me;  
I'd gladly die, sae daft am I,  
Gin she would bide a wee!

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Neddy rubbed his eyes, thinking that he was just awaking out of a frightful dream. He then stretched out his hands, and groped in the darkness for his late companion; but there was no one near him—his hands came in contact only with the hard, wet spar.

Neddy, whose brain had been much weakened by his recent attack of illness, was fairly dazed and stunned. The voice of Pldgers, together with his well-remembered name, was still ringing in his ears, driving all his wits astray.

He sat still, in a state of utter bewilderment, lost to everything around him, crushed by the hideous words which had been spoken only a few short moments ago.

"Pldgers! Whence had the man come? Had he dropped from the clouds?" Neddy inwardly cried, as he tried to rouse himself. Meantime, the moon peeped forth, and then hid her face again, and presently a hand was laid on Neddy's shoulder.

The man started up with a cry of affright.

"Why, Neddy, what is the matter with you? You are looking as if you had just seen a ghost!" said Desmoro; for it was he who had touched the man.

"Ghost! Y-e-s!" stammered Neddy, confusedly. "In course it must hev been a ghost—the one as is alus a-thievin' of the stoord and the sailors."

"What are you talking about?" asked his master, in great amazement.

Neddy shuddered, looking around him in considerable terror.

"Oh, mister," said he; "I'm afraid I'm a losin' of my senses!"

"What has happened to you?"

"Somethink most dreadful—somethink I can hardly believe, mister. I've surely been deluded by some wicked sperrit—mayhap

the very one as the bosen is alus a talking about."

"I cannot understand you, Neddy," returned Desmoro. "On my life, I think the people here are all going mad! What have you seen?"

"What hev I heard, yer ought to ask, mister."

"Well, what have you heard?" laughed Desmoro.

Neddy look around, in order to assure himself that no one was near. "I'd better tell what I hev to tell in your cabin," he added, in undertones.

Desmoro made no answer, but led the way into the cuddy, thence to his own state-room, whither his attendant followed him.

Shutting the door behind him, Neddy sank upon a seat, and dropped his head upon his breast. He was nearly fainting with terror. "It aren't possible!" he exclaimed, gradually recovering himself. "I must hev been dreamin' that I heard the villain say them words."

"What words? Of whom are you speaking?" demanded Desmoro, wholly at a loss to comprehend the subject of his companion's speech.

Neddy gasped. His senses were in such a state of mizmaze, that he could not sufficiently command himself to answer at the moment.

Presently he spoke.

"Pidgers is aboard, mister!" uttered he.

"Pidgers!" echoed the listener, his color fading instantly at the mere mention of that terrible name. "You are surely demented to say so!"

"Demented, mister! Not a bit of it! I thought so at first, but now I feels that that wretch is aboard of the Mary Ann."

Desmoro took a seat silently and looked into Neddy's face.

"In the name of heaven, Neddy, explain yourself!" said he, in quivering syllables, his face of a deathly hue, his frame all shaking.

Here Neddy repeated to his master the particulars with which you have been already made acquainted.

Desmoro sat transfixed. All at once he seemed to understand who was the ghost of the fore-castle—who was the thief of whom the sailors and the steward had so often had reason to complain.

Yet how had the scoundrel got on board without the knowledge of the sailors, and for what purpose was he there?

"You are certain, Neddy, that you were wide awake when you were on deck just now?"

"As wide awake as I am at this moment, mister; I wish it had been 't'other ways, and that it had all been a dream."

Desmoro wrung his hands and bit his lips in silent but fearful trouble of mind. He knew not what to do in this new strait into which he had just fallen. Was his arch enemy really so near him—ready to pounce once more upon him?

He meditated for some moments. Presently he spoke again.

"Say nothing of this event to any one, Neddy; discreetly keep your own counsel," said he.

"All right, mister; yer may depend on me."

"I am aware that I may do so, my good fellow."

"What do yer intend to do?" inquired Neddy, in earnest, anxious syllables.

"I shall at once make the captain acquainted with the whole circumstance, as related to me by you," was the answer.

"An' what do yer think he will do?"

"I really cannot form the remotest idea. Heaven help me! my persecutions appear as if they would never come to an end! What have I done to this fellow, that he should thus hunt me all around the world? Neddy, Neddy, you must have been deceived in some way or other!"

Desmoro added, quite excitedly; "for, rascal as he is, he would surely never have the temerity to venture here?"

"I only wish I had only been deceived," rejoined the man, in mournful accents. "I knowed the fellow's voice the moment I heard it."

"You knew it! How could you do so, since you had never before heard it?"

"I had heard it before, mister; but the fact had gone clean out of my mind: now it's all come back agin to me," answered Neddy.

"Not a word, mind, to any one!" warned Desmoro, unable to comprehend the man's speech. "Of course the Captain will question you on the subject, after I have made it known to him; and to him you must be as explicit as you have been to me."

"I understand perfectly," nodded Neddy.

"I do not wish to make Colonel Symure at all uneasy on my account," pursued Desmoro. "I will spare him all the trouble I can, feeling how much he has already suffered for my sake. The sudden and unexpected appearance of this ruffian has filled me with a score of terrible apprehensions. I cannot express the fear that possesses me. I do not exaggerate my dangers at the present moment. I am completely in the power of this unscrupulous knave, who will not hesitate to betray me into the hands of the law—into the hands which will punish me according to my sad deserts."

Desmoro lost no time in seeking a private interview with the Captain, to whom he at once rehearsed the tale lately told him by Neddy, and the reason he had to fear.

Captain Williams was confounded, and, for a while, he sat staring at his informant, unable to credit the story he had heard.

"Do you think there is full dependance to be

placed in Neddy's report?" asked he, after a lengthened silence. "I have heard you say, that since his recent illness, his mind has not appeared to be so strong as before."

"Certainly; yet, in this case, I fancy Neddy is only too correct in his report."

"What did you say this rascal's name is?"

"Pidgers."

"Wait until I lay my hands on him, the thief; I'll make him remember the ship Mary Ann, and also her commander," cried the Captain. "He's the fore-castle ghost, the purloiner of the steward's dainties, eh! Now we can understand how the champagne and the eatables disappeared. Oh, but he shall smart for it as soon as we can catch him! We've a rat in the ship's-hold, have we? Ha, ha! Very well, we'll hunt him out of it, and then we'll cage him, and keep him where he can do no harm to any one."

"But he will proclaim my name aloud—he will publish my identity to all on board!" rejoined Desmoro, in great terror.

"Ah!"—and the Captain fell into a deep fit of musing. "I understand—I understand," he continued, by-and-by. "We must be careful, and leave matters alone for a time until we have concocted some sort of plan for tying the rat's tongue and extracting his teeth. Leave the affair entirely in my hands, and have you no fear for the result. I shall not carry you upwards of sixteen thousand miles across the sea, to see you fall into the shark's jaws at the last—that much you may depend on; so make your mind as easy as you can under present circumstances. The fellow's in the wrong box, as he shall soon discover to his sorrow, or my name is not Andrew Williams."

"You will not, then, take any notice of the discovery we have just made, eh, Captain?"

"Not the slightest. I'll hide my time patiently; I'll endeavor to catch the scoundrel in the very snare he has laid for another. Take you no further notice of this affair, and caution Neddy to be always on his guard lest he let slip a careless word that may betray our secret."

"I cannot imagine when or how the man got on board here," observed Desmoro. "Nay, I cannot understand his being here at all. I am lost in conjecture, and know not what to think. The whole affair is extraordinary and incomprehensible. Wherefore did he not make use of the information he had obtained, as to my whereabouts, before I sailed? I cannot comprehend him."

"We must have patience, Mr. Symure," answered the Captain. "By-and-by, I have no doubt, we shall learn all."

"My late feeling of security is entirely destroyed," Desmoro sighed. "For reasons I know not, this man is my deadliest foe, and he will not rest, I fear, until he has delivered me unto death itself."

"We'll see about that," returned the Captain, with a cheery, reassuring laugh. "We have, on board the Mary Ann, such things as irons, which, by my manhood, he shall feel the weight of, ere he leave the ship. Again I entreat you to put faith in me. I will stand by you in this affair as I would stand by my own brother. I cannot promise to do more than that," he added, feelingly.

Desmoro made no answer, but, seizing his companion's hand, wrung it tightly. He knew the Captain to be his sincere friend, and that he might place the utmost reliance on his word.

Nothing was said to any one respecting the recent event; Desmoro, the Captain, and Neddy, each and all, remained silent; and matters went on precisely as before, while the good ship steadily pursued her onward course.

But although Desmoro was mute, his manners betokened that he was ill at ease. He had become absent-minded and haggard-looking; and Marguerite, who had remarked his changed appearance, often heard him deeply sigh, as if he were oppressed by some mighty sorrow.

Feeling uneasy at these signs put forth by her lover, Marguerite questioned him about them. But he evaded her queries, loth to distress her mind with these new and unexpected troubles of his.

The ship had now passed through the severe and stormy latitudes, and sunshine and fair winds attended our voyagers, and they were wafted along over smooth seas quite pleasantly.

The steward daily grumbled about his missing stores; but the Captain appeared to turn a deaf ear upon all his complaints, and answered him never a word, and the pilfering still went on as before.

The steward shook his head and so did the sailors all, astonished and perplexed that their commander should thus neglect to inquire into this important matter.

Among the crew there was a sailor on board (a silent man, whom none affected) whom all the men forward suspected, and, suspecting, treated with harshness and general unkindness. Many of the crew even refused to speak to him, and he was rendered most unhappy in consequence of all this; and his mind soon became bitter and vindictive as well. He was being unjustly treated, and, unable to prove that he was so, his soul brimmed over with a hidden anguish. He made no complaint of his shipmates' treatment of him, he only prayed that he might some day be enabled to prove to them how deeply they had wronged him, in deeming that he could be capable of committing such dishonest deeds as those now secretly laid to his charge.

The steward looked darkly on this man, who slunk about, avoiding rather than courting the companionship of his fellows, wishing that the Mary Ann had foundered ere he had shipped on board of her. He was in the boatswain's watch,

and he was none the more comfortable for that fact, as the old seaman was ever sending him aloft to perform dangerous tasks, a feeling of dislike prompting him to select Dodd (so the man was called) to do those offices over which he writhed and inwardly exclaimed.

Dodd's position on board the Mary Ann was altogether a painful one; and he felt it to be such in its keenest sense, and desired, if possible, to change it.

He was wishing that they might run short of water, or of some necessary article of food, that the Captain might be compelled to put into port somewhere, in order to recruit his stores. Then Dodd had resolved to run away from the ship, and leave his miseries behind him.

The man, one day complaining of giddiness in his head, was suspended from his accustomed duties, and suffered to remain below, where he lay in his hammock all the day, quiet and still, none of his shipmates caring whether he lived or died. On the following evening, the men, being all summoned on deck, to put the ship about, Dodd was left lying alone in a dark corner of the fore-castle. He was wide awake—for his malady, which was purely a nervous one, would not allow him to sleep much, and he could see all around him, without himself being seen.

While he was lying thus, watching the oil lamp as it swung to and fro from one of the beams of the deck, a plank in the partition, which divided the fore-castle from the hold, was gradually and noiselessly removed, and a face, half covered with hair, and most repulsive to behold, showed itself.

Dodd held his breath, and fastened his gaze upon the intruder, wondering whether he were one of mortal mould or whether he were one just risen from the shades below.

The stranger looked cautiously around, and then, creeping to the men's biscuit-bag, helped himself to some of its contents.

Dodd did not once remove his eyes from the stranger, but observed him narrowly, the perspiration oozing out of all his pores, as he did so. He understood now who was the thief, who it was that had so long stolen food and other things from the men in the fore-castle, and likewise from the steward's store-room, and he was resolved to punish him for what he had done.

Dodd was not so stupid as to imagine than an apparition required to comfort his vitals with food and drink. He remembered that spirits—

if such were really permitted to visit the earth—could exist on air, being only airy shadows themselves. He then made up his mind that tangible flesh and blood were before him, and that, being such, it should be made to ache and smart for its many late misdeeds on board of the Mary Ann. He did not calculate upon being met with much resistance by a man whom he supposed to be some unhappy convict who had stolen on board of the ship, while she was lying in harbor, and was remaining in concealment during the voyage, until the vessel should reach her destined port.

Dodd slid out of his hammock, and, all undressed as he was, sprang upon the intruder, who turning suddenly, let go his spool and clutched at the sailor's throat, with a grip like a vice.

Dodd, who was weak and ill, made only a feeble struggle, and then, losing all consciousness, dropped like a log on the deck, where he was left to recover as he might.

The vessel being put about, the men whose watch below it was, returned to the fore-castle, to find the sick sailor stretched in cold insensibility.

Well, Dodd was lifted up; and, restoratives being administered to him, he soon recovered his recollection. But he did not explain to any of his shipmates wherefore he had been found out of his hammock, in a deep swoon; he kept his late encounter a profound secret from all, and did not even allude to the advent of the fore-castle's late visitor. He did not exactly know why he maintained this secrecy; in doing so he merely obeyed an unaccountable impulse, nothing more.

In the course of a few days, having perfectly recovered from his recent attack of illness, the man resumed his accustomed duties.

Dodd was now ever on the alert, ever watching and waiting for the reappearance of the fore-castle thief. He had an account to settle with that individual, and sooner or later, he hoped to be able to punish him according to his deserts, and establish his own innocence in full.

Dodd was not an ignorant man, far from it; but he was one who, being injured, would sooner or later seek to avenge himself in some way.

All this while Desmoro pined, anxiety and terror preying upon him, and crushing all his happiness. He knew that his only enemy was near him, and, knowing that much, he quaked accordingly.

Of course you understand the length of this voyage; you are aware that a distance sixteen thousand miles cannot be performed in a week or two; certainly not, when you are wholly dependent on the ever-changeable winds, and your ship has no assistance from steam-engines.

Dodd kept a sharp look-out over matters; but, sharp as he was, he did not succeed in discovering anything further than he had already learned. And, in the meantime, the ship, favored by prosperous gales, pursued her onward course.

The sailor was almost beginning to despair, for the thief, who evidently watched his opportunities, had never once shown himself since Dodd had encountered him in the fore-castle. The steward had, as usual, been complaining of the constant raids committed on his store-room,

which room was between decks, and at no considerable distance from the crews' quarters; but no one, excepting Neddy and Dodd, had seen anything of the robber in question, his existence was a mystery to all, save four of our characters.

The wind now lulled, and the Mary Ann lay in a dead calm, her white sails idly flapping to and fro. And thus she had remained for several days when a light breeze sprang up, moving the ship lazily along, at about two knots an hour.

And thus sped away a whole week, and than another, and another.

Our passengers were in despair at the slow progress they were making. Yet what was to be done, since the Captain and the boatswain had both been whistling for wind, and it had refused to come?

Desmoro was most impatient and unhappy at this delay. And he had much reason to be so, knowing, as he did, how near to him his direct enemy was.

The Captain was on deck, whistling, as was his habit—whistling for the wind, which still refused to obey his coaxing call, when a man from aloft shouted, "Land O!"

"Ay, Pernambuco," said the Captain, aloud to Desmoro, who was standing looking over the vessel's side. "We shall run in there for a few days, I think; we are short of fresh-water, and our sheep are all gone; yes, decidedly it will be best for us to recruit our stores a little."

Desmoro looked up at this.

"You are intending to put into port, Captain?" he asked, his colour suddenly changing. "Do you think such a step would be prudent?"

"I have no choice left, Mr. Symure," the Captain answered. "We must have a fresh supply of water."

Desmoro was silent for some few seconds. "I am thinking of the fellow in the hold—of that rascal, Pidgers," he said, with a shudder.

"So likewise am I," returned the Captain. "Do not imagine that I am losing sight of your affairs. I have them in view at this very moment. Your foe will not trouble himself to denounce you here at Pernambuco. It would not be worth his while to do so. No; he is waiting until we touch British soil, before he will emerge from his present concealment. The scoundrel is a most resolute one, else he could not endure as he does the stifling atmosphere of the hold, and all the many horrible discomforts to which he is there condemned. No fear need you entertain on his account at present, and before we reach England I will devise some scheme or other which shall utterly frustrate all his evil machinations. Have you any trust in me now?"

"Every trust, my kind friend!" breathed Desmoro, gratefully.

"That's right!" responded the Captain, in a hearty manner. "You shall go ashore to-morrow, and stretch your legs a little in Pernambuco. You look at me as if you doubted my word; I promise (heaven willing) that you shall do as I say. Now are you contented?"

"I cannot help feeling a certain amount of dread, notwithstanding all your kindly assurances. I am aware of the bitter foe I have to contend against, and know that I can expect no mercy at his hands, if ever those hands are permitted to fall upon me," Desmoro added, with a deep sigh. "On board of a ship is not like the bush. In the latter place I could have defied this fellow; but here I am hemmed in on all sides, and thoroughly in his power."

"His power!" echoed the Captain, with a gay laugh. "I see you still lack confidence in me and my promises. Well, never mind, we shall see!"

And so saying he turned to one of his officers, and gave him certain directions respecting the vessel's course, and various other matters.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the following day, the Mary Ann was lying safely moored in Pernambuco Harbor, and the Captain's gig was lowered, and waiting to convey the master and the passengers to the shore.

Brave-hearted as Desmoro had hitherto been, he was feeling sadly depressed and fearful now. Marguerite remarked his altered manners, which were so different now from what they had ever been before, and pondered much on the alteration.

Captain Williams kept his word. Desmoro took a walk in the streets of Pernambuco, and with Marguerite on his arm.

And the whole party, including the Count d'Auvergne, Marguerite, Colonel Symure, Desmoro, and the Captain, dined at the principal hotel at Pernambuco.

Desmoro tried to put on a happy expression, but that endeavor cost him much trouble, so great was his anxiety and mental pain, so strong was the fear that had taken possession of him.

The weather was excessively hot, and, even when the sun went down, the stifling heat continued. Our friends had returned to the ship, and had retired to their several state-rooms, where, fatigued with the exertions of the past day, they now soundly slumbered. On board the Mary Ann all was peace; no sound could be heard but the slow pacing to and fro of the night-watch, and the bells, as they sounded at certain intervals during the fleeting hours.

Dodd was the man on watch on this occasion—"Sully Dodd," as his shipmates had all learned to designate him.

Dodd was thinking of the fore-castle thief, and wondering in what part of the vessel he managed to abide at this particular time, when scarcely a breath of air was stirring.

The night was beautifully bright; the heavens

were refulgent with countless stars, and a full moon, like a burnished shield, shone forth, gilding the still waters, as they lay clear and deep beneath her.

The man paced round the deck, then he leaned over the ship's side, and gazed on the silent tide. There were only three other vessels in the harbor, and those were merely coasters, manned with Brazilian sailors.

Dodd suddenly turned round. He thought he heard footsteps near him. As he turned, he saw a dark, elfish-looking figure dart under the long-boat, and disappear.

Without pause, the sailor cried out, "Who's there?" But not being replied to, he flew after the figure, and caught hold of it. Dodd was strong enough now. This time, Pldgers (you are aware that it is he) had one of superior strength to contend against.

"Now, I've got yer!" cried the sailor, forcibly dragging out the struggling ruffian. "I aren't afraid of yer; sperrets don't kick and plunge after this sort o' fashion! Come into the light, and let me look at yer ugly figure-head!"

Confinement, and lack of proper food and water, had done their work upon Pldgers; and his resistance was but a feeble one at the present moment.

Dodd had pulled the rascal into the broad moon-light, and was there holding him firmly.

"Now," said the sailor, shaking the man in his grasp,—"now answer me, ye son of a sea-cook—ye scur of the galley coppers! Who and what are ye but a tarnal thief that I shall give up to the Captain, to be sarved as ye desartes to be sarved?"

"Let me goo," spluttered Pldgers,—"let me goo, and I'll promise to make yer rich!"

"Rich, ye lubber!" sneered the other. "None of your crocodile whinnings here, I don't understand any such lingo! I know what ye are, I say again; and having been made to suffer for your misdolings, I've made up my mind to hev my revenge on ye!"

Saying which, the sailor raised his voice; but his accents were suddenly checked. Pldgers had snatched a knife out of the man's belt, and plunged it deep into his breast.

Dodd's hand at once relaxed their hold, and he fell back on the deck, bleeding, and lost to all recollection.

At this instant, a man's form emerged from the cabin, and ten powerful fingers were gripping Pldgers' throat, and a loud voice was summoning the watch on deck.

Aroused by the well-known tones of their commander, the crew turned out of their hammocks, and rushed to the spot whence the cries proceeded, where they found the Captain cording a man's writhing form about the main-mast.

"Here's the fore-castle thief!" cried the Captain, addressing his men, and speaking in excited syllables. "I've caught him at last! Here, two of you lads, relieve me of this fellow—who has, I fear, done for poor Dodd yonder—and secure him hand and foot, until you can place him in irons! Pah! I feel contaminated by his very touch!" he added, in positive disgust. "The wretch would be all the better for a good towing overboard!"

Several of the crew had now taken possession of Pldgers' limbs, and, for him, all chance of present escape was entirely over.

"Carry him down below, and iron him heavily—do you hear?" pursued Captain Williams. "What do you think of your spirit, boatswain?" he continued, turning to that individual, who was standing, gaping with astonishment and perplexity, at a loss to comprehend the scene. "You see here the fellow who made those raids upon your rations and your grog! Do you recognize the pea-jacket he has on?"

"I does, Cap'n," replied the boatswain, "and werry much I wonders how he kin a-bear to wear it, in sich a roasin' toasin' latitood as this! Ah, you infarnal rogue! Where's my pannikin, eh?" he went on, turning to Pldgers, who was sullenly submitting himself to be bound hand and foot.

The Captain had crossed the deck, and, with others, was assisting the wounded seaman, who was borne at once into the cabin, which was all in commotion, the gentlemen passengers having left their state-rooms in order to ascertain the cause of the tumult on the deck.

"Do you know anything of surgery, Mr. Symure?" the captain demanded, addressing Desmond, who was standing near, pale as any ghost. "Here is a case for you, if you have only a little skill. The poor fellow has been stabbed by a rascal who has been concealed in the hold ever since we left Sydney Harbor!" he added, in marked accents, at the same time exchanging significant glances with Desmond. "I am much afraid that his is a hopeless case—that he will only linger out a few short hours!"

Desmond approached the man, and ripping open his flannel shirt, proceeded to examine his wound, from which the blood was quickly flowing.

"Great heaven!" cried Desmond; "the man is dying fast. No surgeon, however skillful such might be, could save him. He will never rally out of his present state; he will pass away without any knowledge of his sufferings."

"Suppose I send a boat ashore for surgical aid?" said the Captain. "I should only be performing my duty by so doing."

"True," rejoined Desmond; "but there will be great difficulty in finding a surgeon at this hour, and in a foreign place. The man will be past all aid before the boat can reach the shore. See, see! He is drawing his last breath even as I speak."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" the Captain wildly exclaimed.

"Nothing!" returned Desmond, solemnly. "He is gone already."

"Dead?" cried all, in shuddering horror.

"Yes, he is dead," answered Desmond, turning away with a shiver, and dropping into a seat near him.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Captain. "Murder has been done on board of the *Mary Ann*!"

"Murder! by whom?" queried the Count d'Auvergne, in considerable terror, retreating to the other end of the cabin as he spoke. "Dear, dear; pray explain matters, Captain Williams! My poor Marguerite will not, I hope, hear anything about this fatal and horrible affair!" he added, in great nervous trepidation. "I do trust she is fast asleep in her bed; the sight of this man's body would shock her exceedingly!"

"Is the murderer secured?" asked Colonel Symure, speaking to the Captain. "I am almost confounded—this occurrence is so terrible!"

"It is terrible, Colonel!" returned the Captain. "But rest content; the miscreant who struck the cruel and deadly blow is already heavily ironed, and thrust between hatches—where he shall remain until we sight British land; when he shall be handed over to justice, to meet his just deserts!"

As the Captain uttered these words, a loud shout rose on the air.

Captain Williams rushed out of the cabin, and reached the deck, just as another shout, louder even than the one before, assailed his ears.

The flood of moonlight, after the dimly-lighted cabin, for an instant almost blinded the Captain; but the scene that burst upon his sight was quickly understood.

The men had fastened ropes around Pldgers' body, and were towing him overboard; dragging him up the side of the vessel one moment, and in the next, letting him drop into the water; all this being accompanied by derisive shouts from the crew, and frenzied shrieks from the victim.

"Duck him ag'in, mates," cried the boatswain, in vengeful glee. "A good souse now for the pannikin o' rum he stole of me. Now fur it, mates!"

"Hold!" thundered Captain Williams, in tones of stern authority. "Is this the way in which the men I command obey my orders? Haul up the man directly; and let every one of you remember this, that your grog will be stopped during the remainder of the voyage. Boatswain, I am amazed to find you foremost in the disgraceful affair; an old seaman, like yourself, ought to have set his shipmates a better example than this!"

There was a confused murmur of dissatisfaction from the sailors, who did not relish the notion of losing their daily allowance of rum; but they knew their captain's word would be law, and that he would not readily depart from that word whether such were uttered in passion or otherwise. Surlyly enough they hauled up the dripping, half-drowned man, whose arms and legs being bound with cords, was wholly unable to assist himself in any way.

"Unbind the ruffian; give him a dry shirt and trousers, and then put him in irons, and under the hatches, until we reach London. Give him plenty of food, for the miserable wretch will have to swing for the deed he has done this night. Dodd is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the men, with a shudder of horror.

"Heaven preserve us all!" uttered the old boatswain, reverentially taking off his hat, and casting his eyes upwards.

Pldgers did not articulate a single syllable; he stood with moody looks, shaking in every limb. He was being baulked of his revenge on Desmond—balked of a revenge for which he had been suffering whole months of darkness, cold, hunger, thirst, and wretchedness. But, oh! more terrible than all, he had killed a man, and he would have to answer to the law for the horrible deed he had done.

He did not feel much remorse for the awful act he had recently committed; remorse was not in Pldgers' line. He felt almost mad to think that he had been so frustrated in the plans he had arranged and he was beginning to wish that he had been left in the water wherein he had just been so mercilessly immersed.

He glanced furtively in the direction of the cabin, thinking that he might, perhaps, obtain a glimpse of Desmond or Colonel Symure; but his expectation in that respect was doomed to be disappointed, for not a single glimpse of either of them did he obtain.

The wretch did not entirely despair; even when loaded with manacles, he still continued to anticipate carrying his designs into effect.

He crouched in the inky darkness, and ground his teeth, venting curses many and deep. Oh, if he could but gnaw his fetters off—if his limbs were but once free again! There was blood on his hands—a fellow-creature's blood; yet he bestowed but little thought on that matter, he was thinking solely of his own malicious, base self.

He did not care for either the darkness or the loneliness of his place of imprisonment; for weeks and weeks Pldgers had been in gloom and solitariness both night and day.

"I've hev to swing high, eh?" muttered he to himself. "Not if I knows it! I war only a defendin' of mysel' when I used his knife. I did not go for to kill him—nout o' the sort. Oh, let 'em bring me afore the judges, I've able to stand up fur mysel'; an' as fur sweerin', I've sweer as weel as the best on 'em. I don't care for the irons a single bit; let 'em put me on heavier ones if they loikes, it'll be all the same to me. I sees through that blessed cap'n, though he don't think I does, not he; sailors is al'y's a

stooped set—knows nothin' at all. I'd loike to o' clapt my two eyes on Maister Desmond; but he war too wise to come out o' th' cabin, an' show hissel'; oh, ay, he knowed a card worth two o' that. In coorse, they thinks that they has got me safe yere, an' that because I've gotten my legs an' arms fast; I've not use my tongue; but they're varry much mistaken, as they'll quickly find out to their sorrow. Red Hand! My gracious, won't I thunder out that name as soon as ever I gets a chance o' doing so? I didn't come here to be nearly starved to death—to lie night after night a screwed up atween the wool-bales, wee rats as big as kittens a playin' an' screechin' all about me—an' all that for nothin'. I never does nothin' from nothin', I don't see no good as comes o' that sort o' work. If my teeth war only edged loike files now, I'd hev these irons off in less than no time. Weel, weel, we shall see; I've not give up, spite o' everythin', fur I aren't none o' yor cowards; I've gotten some pluck o' my own, I has. Goo on, then, Maister Desmond in th' cabin, wee all yor good eatin' an' drinkin'—goo on, I says; yor day's work, mine'll be by-an'-by, when nobody'll be dreamin' on it. I've be able to ruin this cap'n fellow; I knows that they'll put him in prison, an' try him fur helpin' of a convict to run away from the colony. Oh, I'll sarve him out for his treatment o' me, never fear fur that part o' the business! But I've bide my time—I've bide my time!"

On the following day the ship took in a supply of fresh-water, meat, and eggs; then a breeze springin' up, the *Mary Ann* once more put out to sea, over which she scudded pleasantly, prosperous gales filling her white sails. The body of the murdered man was consigned to the deep, and, despite the lovely weather and the favoring winds, a gloom hung over all on board of the *Mary Ann*.

Desmond looked upon himself as being the causer, indirectly, it is true, of the sailor's death, and reproached himself, accordingly. Thinking it wisest and best to confide to his father and friends the whole truth of the matter, he did so at once. And the Count and his daughter, and likewise Colonel Symure, were made fully acquainted with the painful facts, exactly as they existed.

As you may well imagine, the Colonel was greatly alarmed and shocked on hearing the story. Pldgers, his son's direst and most resolute foe, on board of the *Mary Ann*! Great heaven, what was to be done? How was Desmond to escape this man's malicious intentions?

As for the Count and Marguerite, they were quite in despair on Desmond's account, and the lady's anxiety was so harassing to herself, that she became ill through it, and gradually drooped, until she seldom felt able to quit her bed.

Captain Williams assured our friends that they had no earthly cause for all the solicitude they were suffering. "I have the villain in security," he said; "and as I have the law on my side, I can keep him in such, until I give him into the hands of authority. There is then no occasion, whatever, for you to quake about him—the adder is harmless without his sting. Again, I beseech you to put full faith in me, and in my promises also."

Now there was great dissatisfaction manifested by the crew, in consequence of the stoppage of their accustomed allowance of rum, which several times they came aft to demand. But the captain had issued his command, and the steward knew his duty too well to disobey those commands.

The men did their work with gloomy looks, and discontented mutterings were heard from one end of the ship to the other. Still the captain did not yield, although he could see a storm impending.

Hitherto his men had been well-conducted and faithful, now they appeared to be changed into a troop of mortal fiends, so unruly had they become, so strangely altered and violent were they in all their ways.

The captain kept a sharp eye over their every look and act; he was preparing himself to resist any attack that they might make upon him. He knew that some men's appetites were their masters, and he was not blind to that fact on the present occasion.

The men drew up a petition to their master, and came aft to present the same. But he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and ordered them all to go about their business.

"Were you asking me for anything but rum, I might be won to listen to your wishes; as it is, I can only repeat to you my former denial," he replied.

The boatswain now stepped forward as spokesman, but Captain Williams refused to hearken to anything he could say.

"Go about your business, all, and do not again come aft on your present errand," he said, in authoritative accents, and turning aside as he spoke.

The men did not stir, and several loud oaths reached the master's ear.

"Am I to be obeyed or not?" he demanded, loudly and sternly, his face flushing as he spoke.

"Already you have transgressed, and by so doing have brought punishment upon your own heads; transgress again, and by heaven I will put you all in irons, and send you to keep company with yonder murderer below."

The boatswain turned the quid in his mouth, and silently slunk away, followed by the rest of the sailors, who were all complaining of the injustice and bitterness on their present lot.

But the captain, notwithstanding that he was a generous man, was a strict disciplinarian in every respect. He honored his word, which, when given, he held as sacred as any oath he could make. He had said that the men's allow-

ance of grog should be stopped, and nothing would ever induce him to unsway those words.

The Captain had always been so beloved by his men, that he could not believe that they would ever injure him in any way. He heard, then, their muttering menaces without much fear—little dreaming that they would seek to carry those menaces into effect.

"Are you as bad as the other lads?" he asked, turning and addressing the scowling man at the wheel.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It ain't right for you to rob the men for'ards of their honest due! I speak my mind, sir, and don't care whether you likes it or not!"

The Captain opened his eyes, in amazement and anger. Never, in his whole life, had he been so insulted as now. He looked at the man steadily and sternly before he answered him.

"Perhaps you would like to take the entire command of my ship, eh?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Many's the true word uttered in jest!" was the meaning and rude rejoinder.

Captain Williams started, unwilling to credit his own hearing. But the man was grinning in the face of his commander, who could no longer doubt the testimony of his ears.

"You'll be made to suffer for this, my man," observed the master. "You seem to forget that there's law to be had in the land we are so quickly nearing. I'd recommend you to keep a still tongue in your head."

The sailor made no reply; and the Captain left the deck, and went into the cabin, where, seeking Desmond, he drew him aside, and related to him the scene which had just taken place between himself and the man at the wheel.

"I'm beginning to think that there's some evil abrewing towards me," said the Captain, shaking his head; "I'm almost sure there is."

"Amongst the crew?" questioned Desmond.

"Assuredly."

"On account of their rum being stopped?"

"Ay."

"You fear a mutiny?"

"I fancy I have cause to do so!"

Desmond was silent. Here, again, he felt that he was the source of trouble; wheresoever he went, he carried with him mischief and tribulation. There was no peace for him, he feared—neither was there peace for any that befriended him.

"I am reproaching myself of being the cause of this terrible turmoil," Desmond sighed. "It is because of me that you are being thus distressed. Great heaven! it seems as if I am doomed to bring misfortune upon every hand that stretches itself out to aid me."

"My dear Mr. Symure, set your mind perfectly at rest about this unpleasant affair. Do not let it disturb you in the least," returned the Captain, very kindly. "The rascals will come round by-and-by, perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Well, one can make certain of nothing in this world, save death."

"True."

"We must, however, prepare ourselves for the worst that can happen; it will be only prudent so to do. I do not positively anticipate violence from the men, yet they might offer such; it is just within the range of probability that they might mutiny, you understand."

"They have no fire-arms of any kind?"

"None, that I am aware of."

"While on the other hand, you are well provided with such?"

"Yes; they'd meet with a desperate resistance at our hands—at four pairs of hands all so well skilled in the use of arms. But have you no fear! In the words of the proverb, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Desmond shook his head sadly. His heart was full of alarm, and his hitherto firm nerves were fast succumbing to fresh terror.

(To be continued.)

Is it very unfair to suspect ladies who complain of the extravagance of fashions (says the "Globe"), which they nevertheless feel themselves obliged at any expense to follow, of being just a little insincere? If such a suspicion is unjust, now is the time to express it frankly, because there is at this moment an admirable opportunity for showing it to be unfounded. The queens of fashion in Rome are preparing costumes that fill the milliners with despair. Coarse sheets are being bought to cut into polonaises; and "traliccio," which, under a high-sounding name, means nothing more magnificent than mattress-ticking, is being made up into dresses trimmed with innumerable metal buttons. The cause of this singular rage for tearing beds to pieces in order to turn bed-clothes into day-clothes seems to be a caprice of the Prince as Margherita, who bought a piece of blue and white striped ticking for her summer dress—a proceeding which has set every body else wild to follow so illustrious an example. The idea savors of genius in respect of the infinite number of its possible developments. A bed-curtain, for instance, trimmed with its brass rings, would be quite as long, and perhaps quite as graceful, as many trains that have already dragged their passing hour. It is curious to observe, however, how invariably extremes meet. A squaw has hitherto been regarded as eccentric for looking upon a blanket as the height of the mode and perhaps by next season a fine lady will be "not fit to be seen" unless she is dressed in a counterpane.



# THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1875.

## "THE FAVORITE"

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### EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

We do not mean by this to educate them in the knowledge derived from books, nor in the usual routine of a school education. But there is an education which each child should receive, that is, perhaps, of more importance than that to be obtained from books. We mean educate them to a knowledge of the respective positions they are to occupy when they become men and women. Educate them to the duties that the world will require of them when they arrive at that long looked for period that occupies one half the thoughts of the child. That period when they will be men and women, and enter into the game that every person must play during his existence in the world. Educate the girl to the intricate duties that will be required of her as a wife and mother, and to the position she is to occupy in society, and that it rests with herself whether it shall be exalted, or whether it shall be debased and lowly. It seems to us that this part of a child's education has been greatly if not entirely neglected. From school children are sent out into the world with their heads crammed with book knowledge, having traveled the paths that thousands before them have traveled, and when they have arrived at the end of it they know that the world has existed for thousands of years, that thousands of great men have lived in it, and nations have arisen and fallen, and that great and glorious things have been, and constantly are achieved. But of the world itself they know nothing, and thus ignorant of all the ins and outs that constantly beset us, they are ushered into that sphere that has been left for them by those who have filled their places and gone to that home which we all most assuredly will, at last, occupy. When the daughter comes home from boarding school, her mother considers her an accomplished lady; when, in fact, she is nothing more than a tiny bird with the pin feathers just shooting forth into the feathers that must eventually cover the body, and like the young bird, she is anxious to try her pinions in the whirlpool of fashion. The mother discovers that they are too weak, and starts about to strengthen an trim them. But how does she do this? Is it by laying before her in grand panorama, the difficulties that she, herself, had to encounter, and pointing out to her the quicksands and quagmires that constantly beset her, and the almost invisible road by which they are to be avoided? A path that is overlooked by the young, and one that many a heart broken girl has looked for in vain and failed to find. But the first duties that a mother considers she owes to her daughter is to initiate her into the system of shopping, and flirting with the nonsensical and giddy clerks, whose only duty is to measure out tapes and muslins. Her daughter, of course, loves to be admired, and every word that falls upon her eager ears in praise of her charms, she considers as so many words of gold, and treasures them up accordingly; and she is thus thrust, almost unthinkingly, into the very throng of flattery, and into the midst of men whose duty it is not only to measure lines and tapes, but also to flatter, and by this strange but enticing bait, lure those giddy girls to the counters of their employers. The mother does not tell her that those popinjays who lounge about the corners and wink to ladies who pass by, are, most of them, gamblers, pickpockets and house-breakers; and even if some of them were honest, they have but little more principle than their companions, and that the loungers on the steps of fashionable hotels are but little better than the class we have just named; for no gentleman so far forgets himself as to stare a lady out of countenance. One, more impudent than the others of those pests that infest our streets, chances, by some trifling accident,

to make her acquaintance, insinuates himself into her good graces, and, finally, with a falsehood on her lips, she introduces him to her family, and lies away the manner in which she formed his acquaintance. Eventually she marries the scapegrace, only to find that she has taken for a husband a thief or gambler. These cases are almost of daily occurrence, and who is to blame for all this but the mother who suffers her child to go out into the world without inculcating into her mind the lessons that years of experience have taught her? Now, how is it with the boys? Do fathers now warn their boys against the folly of dishonesty, teaching them that honesty is the best policy, and that rascals are sure to come to some untimely end? How often do we see boys, whose lips are still impressed with the dowsy influence of youth, most expert gamblers and **FAST MEN**. We find their pockets generally filled with the licentious papers and books of the day, while here and there we see volumes of "The Adventures of Jack Sheppard" and "Dick Turpin." "Oh," says the father, "my boy attends Sabbath school and church," but who is there in either of those places to tell him that to read such works of fiction as we have mentioned is wicked, and will have a pernicious and evil effect. Ministers of the gospel cannot tell him that those things are wicked, or chide him for reading novels. And why? Because they set them the example by writing them, and thus give their sanction to a practice that has always been condemned by churches, until it was found that writing works of fiction for fabulous sums paid better than preaching the gospel, and thus they now encourage the very sin against which, in our youth, great and good ministers declaimed. When we were boys, we admired ministers for their piety and learning, and how frequently have we heard our playmates yearn to become as great men as they. With that reverence we looked upon the Rev., now Bishop Simpson, who was then President of the Green Castle College, Ind. The excellence of his Christian character and learning had come before him, and with what eagerness we listened to him as he gave to us wholesome lessons upon the very subject of which we are now speaking. Also the Rev. Bishop Daley, who at the time was resting from the great labor he had performed in behalf of religion, who spoke to our Sabbath school in drops of blood, and whose wholesome lessons we have never forgotten. In those days ministers were revered for their righteousness and their learning, but now they are looked upon as politicians and sensational novel writers. There are now no such men as John Hess, Luther and many others whose lives seal the Reformation. We hear of no great outpourings of the spirit, of no revivals of religion such as years ago often startled the world. We say therefore, parents, educate your children yourselves, give them the benefit of your experience, and show them how you have avoided the quicksands and snares that lay in your way.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ANXIOUS.**—The Editor would like to have your name and address.

### NEWS CONDENSED.

**THE DOMINION.**—There is little home news of any importance. Meetings to protest against the prorogation of the House on its assembling on the 13th have been held in several places. A Royal commission has finally been issued to enquire into the Pacific Railway charges. The Governor-General and Lady Dufferin have been spending a few days at Halifax. They go thence to St. John, N. B.—The Ottawa printers are on strike.**UNITED STATES.**—Cholera has reappeared at Columbus, O., and is prevalent at Jonesboro', Tenn., Poplar Bluff, Mo., and Evansville, Ind. With the exception of Lagrange, the State of Kentucky is entirely free from it.—At the Liberal Republican Convention held at Columbus, O., last week, a platform was adopted, declaring that both Republican and Democratic parties have outlived the issues in which they had their origin and have outlived their usefulness, and a new organization of parties is demanded in the interests of public welfare.—Twenty-three blocks were destroyed by a fire at Portland, Oregon, on Saturday.—The Texas cattle-plague is prevailing in North-West Missouri.—The total loss by the recent fire in Portland, Oregon, is \$1,158,875. Mrs. Young, No. 17 of Brigham's wives, has compromised with the prophet for \$5,000 down, and \$10,000 more within ninety days. Her lawyers refuse to accept the compromise, and the case goes into court again.**UNITED KINGDOM.**—The bill granting an annuity of £25,000 to the Duke of Edinburgh on his marriage, has passed its third reading with very slight opposition.—There have been heavy rains in the neighborhood of London; elsewhere the weather has been fine and favorable to the crops.—The Tichborne trial was again adjourned last week until Tuesday, in consequence of the continued illness of one of

the jurors.—The trial of Bidwell and his accomplices in the Bank of England frauds will begin on the 18th instant in the Old Bailey. It is rumoured to-day that all the accused will plead guilty.—Twelve persons were instantly killed, and thirty wounded by an accident on Saturday week near Wigau.—At a meeting held in Hyde Park on Sunday week it was resolved to petition the Queen to refuse her Royal assent to the bill granting an annuity to the Duke of Edinburgh on his marriage. Nothing, however, came of it.—The Bishop of Ely succeeds Bishop Wilberforce as Bishop of Winchester.—The English Parliament was prorogued on the 5th. The Queen, in her speech, thanks Parliament for its liberal grant to the Duke of Edinburgh, refers to the conclusion of treaties with several foreign powers, commends the Commons for its reduction of the sugar duties and income tax, and represents the revenue as having more than met her expectations.—The betrothal of Prince Arthur of England to Princess Thyra of Denmark is announced.

**FRANCE.**—Nancy and Belfort have been evacuated by the German troops, who burned all their goods that could not be carried off. The inhabitants of both cities remained in their houses while the Germans were leaving.—Disturbances are reported at Raon l'Étape, in the Department of the Vosges. The sub-Prefect was beaten by the mob, who cried, "Vive Thiers!" and "Vive Gambetta!" During the evacuation of the Vosges by the Germans there were cries of "Vive la Commune."—Ex-President Thiers, in an interview with a lady who presented him with a gift from the ladies of Mulhouse, declared that France should maintain a passive attitude towards Spain in her present difficulties.—The Conservatives have carried the elections in the departments of Savoie, Eure and Oise (?); the Republicans in those of Drôme and Lower Loire.—Notwithstanding the meeting of the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris, Ex-President Thiers assures his Republican friends that they need have no fear that a fusion of the Bourbonists and Orleanists will be effected.—The French troops have re-entered Nancy.**GERMANY.**—A proposal, emanating from the Government, has been made that the status and treatment of the insurgent Spanish vessels be decided at an International Congress.—It is probable that an interview will take place at an early date, at Frankfort, between the King of Belgium and the Emperor of Germany.—Capt. Werner, who recently seized the Spanish insurgent gunboat "Vigilante," will be removed from the command of the German squadron in the Mediterranean.—The German Government has instructed its representatives in Spain to co-operate with the English and French representatives for the protection of foreigners and their property, even if force has to be employed.**AUSTRIA.**—The Shah arrived in the capital on Saturday week, and was received by the Emperor, and conducted over the exhibition.—A fire occurred lately in the Exposition building, by which the Alsace and Lorraine peasant dwelling-house was destroyed. The Agricultural Department Annex was threatened with destruction, but was saved by the energy of the firemen.**ITALY.**—A fleet of Italian war vessels has been ordered to proceed to Cartagena to protect the interests of the subjects of Italy and to co-operate with other foreign vessels now there in whatever measures may be deemed necessary in view of the situation.**RUSSIA.**—It is probable that an expedition will be sent to chastise the Turkoman tribes.—Forty thousand slaves have been set free in Khiva.**TURKEY.**—The Sultan has ordered his council to devise a scheme for the thorough re-organization of the army, and has also contracted for the immediate manufacture of 500 Krupp guns. In reference to this report the Turkish Minister in New York says he sees therein no evidence of a warlike intention. As other European governments are keeping the peace it behooves the Porte to act with equal wisdom for the very purpose of securing peace. The Turkish Government has every reason to desire peace.

A contract has been signed for raising a loan of \$75,000,000. Issuing price is to be 54 and interest 6 per cent.

**SPAIN.**—The insurgents have been defeated near Malaga, and at Valencia. On the other hand Don Carlos has captured Estella, in Navarre, with the entire garrison, and has entered Biscay. At Cadiz the Republicans still hold out, and the insurgents have opened fire on the arsenal. At Seville the insurgents have set fire to the city in different parts by means of petroleum; and at Cartagena a Provisional Directory has been proclaimed. In Catalonia Don Alfonso and Saballes have ordered a levy en masse. In that Province and in Navarre the Carlists are steadily increasing in number, but in the south many have abandoned the cause in consequence of excesses committed by the insurgents. Granada has surrendered, and the province of Andalusia is pacified. The insurgents holding the Government men-of-war made an attack on Almeria, upon the refusal of the citizens to furnish a contribution of 500,000 pesetas, but on attempting to disembark were repulsed. They then sailed to Malaga, where upon their arrival the leader, General Contreras, was seized and held as a hostage by the commanders of the English, French, and German squadrons.—Six thousand Madrid workmen of all classes propose to constitute the municipal government of the town, and maintain order. Bills have been introduced in the Cortes au-

thorizing the prosecution of deputies who vote against the measures adopted by that body, and providing for the separation of Church and State. A scheme is also under consideration for dividing the country into forty-nine cantons, and it is probable that the new constitution will be amended to that effect. It has further been resolved to proceed immediately with the consideration of bills providing for a new loan, the national armaments, and the suppression of right of pardon by the President.—Don Carlos is in the town of Guernica, Province of Biscay, 17 miles north-east of Bilbao. He has taken the oath of fidelity to the privileges of the Province.

**CENTRAL AMERICA.**—The revolt in Chirique has been suppressed.**SOUTH AMERICA.**—A great earthquake occurred at Valparaiso on the 22nd July. The shocks were worse than those of 1837. Great damage was done, though nothing to be compared with the last earthquake at San Salvador. Some lives were lost by the falling walls, and one lady died from fear. The prisoners tried to break out of jail, but failed. In Santiago the shocks were severe, but no great damage was done.—A violent storm in Lima, on the 9th ult., unroofed houses in the city, causing a damage of half a million dollars.**CUBA.**—The Carlists are at work clandestinely in Havana. Documents have been discovered implicating many persons of position.—Advices from Santiago de Cuba report the desertion of numerous volunteers to the Cuban cause. An entire regiment has gone over, owing to the ravages of yellow fever. All the shipping in the harbor has been sent off to the Iste of Pines.

—The Havana Commission sent by the Captain-General to the Insurgents, has returned, after an interview with Céspedes, who firmly refused to enter into any negotiations. Several engagements have taken place lately near Puerto Principe with the insurgents. The town of Yareal was attacked recently by a Cuban force of 300. After a fight of several hours they were repulsed. They set fire to several houses.

### TITTLE-TATTLE.

The disposition to pry into the privacy of domestic life is, unfortunately, very common, and is always dishonorable. The appetite for such knowledge is to be regarded as morbid, and the indulgence of it disgraceful. A family have a sacred right to privacy. In guarding the delicate relations of the household secrecy becomes a virtue. Even if by chance the private affairs of a household are laid open to a stranger, honor would require him to turn from them, and if a knowledge of them were forced upon him they should be locked in and secrecy rests upon one who is a guest in a family. The turpitude of a betrayal of family history by a visitor is far greater than theft could be. It is a thing so scandalous that it should degrade a person and put him out of society. To betray the secrets of the household is not only an odious immorality, but it is a sin and a shame to be on good terms with those who are known to commit such outrages. They put themselves out of the pale of decent society. They should be treated as moral outlaws.

These hungry-eyed wretches, who sit in the unsuspecting circle of parents and children, misinterpreting their words, spying their weaknesses, mistaking the innocent liberties of the household, and then run from house to house with their shameless news, are worse than poisoners of wells or burners of houses. They poison the faith of man in man. Make no terms with such people. Tale-bearers have no rights. They are common enemies of good men. Hunt, harry and hound them out of society. They are the worst of pests save one, and that is the listener to the tale-bearer. There could be no tattling if there were no one to hear. It takes an ear and a tongue to make a scandal. Greedy listening is as dishonorable as nimble tattling. The ear is the open market, where the tongue sells its ill-gotten wares. Some there are that will not repeat again what they hear, but they are willing to listen to it. They will not trade in contraband goods, but they will buy enough of the smuggler for family use. These respectable listeners are the patrons of tattlers. It is the ready market that keeps tale-bearing brisk. It is a shame to listen to fill of your neighbor. Christian benevolence demands that you do not love ill news. A clean heart and a true honor rejoice in kindly things. It should be a pain and sorrow to know of anything that degrades your neighbor in your eyes, even if he is your enemy; and how much more if he is your friend?

The Scriptures say: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful (honorable) spirit concealeth the matter." "The words of the tale-bearer are as wounds that go down into the innermost parts of the belly." The Hebrews thought that the affections had their seat in the bowels; and by this phrase, "go down into the innermost parts of the belly," they signify how sharp and penetrating to the deepest feelings of our nature are the cruel offices of a common tattler. "Where no wood is the fire goeth out; so where there is no tale-bearing the strife ceaseth." As if he had said that so much of the strife of society arises from tattling that, if that were cured, there would hardly be any cause of quarrel left. Commend us to that religion which makes a man humane with his tongue and honorable with his ear.

IN BYGONE DAYS.

A MEMORY.

The green was on the old beech-tree,  
The gold was in the soft spring sky;  
A silver tearlet, like a star,  
Gleamed in the purple violet's eye.

Pink were the hawthorns, with the flush  
Of blossom-time and roseate morn;  
The blackbird piped on cherry spray,  
The bullfinch waltzed in the thorn.

Red orchids spanned all the meads,  
And myriad nodding yellow bells  
Of fragrant cowslips speckled and starred,  
With knots of gold, the greening dells.

Oh! for the rose-hued halcyon time  
Of tender dreams—of life's sweet spring,  
When but to live and breathe is joy,  
And youth is vassal, Love is king!

That dear old beech! I see it yet,  
And shall whilst memory holds her throne;  
Twas there I clasped my pure white dove,  
And found her heart was all my own.

There was a rustic, moss-grown seat,  
A haven for young Love's caress;  
There 'twas a question sweet I asked,  
And there my Nellie whispered, "Yes!"

Ah me! the brown is on the beach,  
The oak is red, the elm is dun;  
The hazels yellow all apace,  
The reign of autumn hath begun.

And down life's hill, hand clasped in hand,  
And heart to heart, as in our youth,  
We go together—Nell and I—  
One life, one love, one soul, one truth!

Wrinkled our cheeks, our hairs are white,  
And soon must come our closing scene;  
But, thanks to Him whose self is Love,  
Our hearts are ever, ever green.

Ay, green as when 'neath the old beech,  
On that red-letter day of life,  
Our young hearts full, our young hearts joined,  
She found a husband, I a wife.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

He seemed feeble, somewhat uncertain upon his legs, and Lucius's humanity came to the rescue.

"Take my arm as far as your house," he said; "my time is not especially valuable."

"Isn't it?" demanded the old man, looking at him suspiciously; "a young man about London whose time is of no use to him is in a bad road."

"I didn't say my time was of no use to me. Perhaps there are not many men in London who work harder than I. Only, as I take no pleasure, I have sometimes a margin left after work. I can spare half an hour just now, and if you like to lean on my arm it is at your service."

"I accept your friendly offer. You speak like a gentleman and an honest man. My house is not half a mile from here; you must know it if you know this neighborhood—Cedar House."

"I think I do. A curious old house, belonging evidently to two periods, half stone, half brick, standing back from the road behind a heavily buttressed wall. Is that it?"

"Yes. It was once a palace or a royal hunting-lodge, or whatever you like to call it. It was afterwards enlarged, in the reign of Anne, and became a wealthy citizen's country seat, and before there were all these abominations of factories and ropewalks and docks between the City and the eastern suburbs. I bought the place a bargain, and it suits me, as an empty house would suit a mouse—plenty of room to turn round in it."

"The house looks very large, but your family is large, no doubt."

"My family consists of myself and my granddaughter, with two old servants,—trustworthy, of course. That is to say, they have learned by experience exactly to what extent they may safely rob me."

They were walking in an eastward direction as they talked; the old man leaning somewhat heavily on the younger.

Lucius laughed pleasantly at his companion's cynicism.

"Then you don't believe even in the honesty of faithful servants."

"I believe in nothing that is not demonstrable by the rule of three. The fidelity of old ser-

vants is like the fidelity of your household cat—they are faithful to their places; the beds they have slept upon so many years; the fireside at which they have a snug corner where the east wind cannot touch their rheumatism."

"Yet there are instances of something better than mere feline constancy. Sir Walter Scott's servants, for instance, who put their shoulders to the wheel manfully when Fortune played their master false—the old butler turning scrub and Jack-of-all-trades, the old coachman going to the plough-tail. There is something awful in the descent of a butler, too,—like the downfall of an archbishop."

"I don't know anything about your Sir Walter Scott," growled Mr. Sivewright; "I suppose it is natural to youth to look at all things brightly, though I have known youth that didn't. You talk gaily enough for a young man who devotes no time to pleasure."

"Do you think pleasure—in the common acceptance of the word, meaning late hours and mixed company—really conduces to good spirits?"

"Only as opium engenders sleep—to leave a

"That way of talking is a fashion," said Lucius quietly; "but I daresay if you were seriously ill to-morrow, your thoughts would turn instinctively towards Saville-row; and perhaps if you were going to die, you'd feel all the happier if the friendly voice of your parish priest breathed familiar words of hope and comfort beside your pillow."

"I know nothing of my parish except that its rates are four-and-two-pence in the pound," returned the other in his incisive voice.

A quarter of an hour's walking, beguiled by such talk as this, brought them to the house of which Lucius had spoken, a dwelling altogether out of keeping with the present character of the Shadrack-road. That heavily-buttressed wall, dark with the smoke and foul weather of centuries; that rusty iron gate, with its florid scrollwork, and forgotten coat-of-arms (a triumph of the blacksmith's art three hundred years old); that dark-browed building within, formed of a red-brick centre, square, many-windowed, and prosaic, with a tall narrow doorway, overshadowed by a stone shell, sustained by cherubic heads of the Anne period, flanked by an older



"ON THAT RED-LETTER DAY OF LIFE."

man three times as wakeful afterwards," said Mr. Sivewright. "I have done without that kind of pleasure myself throughout a long life, yet I hardly count myself wise. Fairly to estimate the lightness of his own particular burden, a man should try to carry a heavier one. There is no better tonic for the hardworker than a course of pleasure. You are in some trade or profession, I presume," he added, turning his sharp glance upon his companion; "a clerk, perhaps?"

"No; but something that works harder than a clerk. A parish doctor."

Mr. Sivewright recoiled palpably. "Don't be alarmed," said Lucius; "it was not as a possible patient that I pulled you out of the cab. My practice doesn't lie among the upper classes."

"Nor do I belong to the upper classes," answered the other quickly. "I forgive you your profession, though I am among those prejudiced people who have an innate aversion from doctors, lawyers, and parsons. But the machinery of commerce won't allow us to dispense with the lawyers; and I suppose among the poor there still lingers a remnant of the old belief that there's some use in doctors. The parsons thrive upon the foolishness of women. So there is a field still left for your three learned professions."

wing of gray moss-discolored stone, with massive mullioned windows, had nothing in common with the shabby rows and shops and skimp terraces and bulkheads and low-roofed disreputable habitations of the neighborhood. It stood alone, a solitary relic of the past; splendid, gloomy, inscrutable.

Nothing in the man Sivewright interested Lucius Davoren half so much as the fact that he lived in this queer old house. After all, a man's surroundings are often half the man, and our first impression of a new acquaintance is generally taken from his chairs and tables, the manner of the servant who opens his door, or the aspect of his entrance hall.

The grim old iron gate was not a portal to be opened with a latchkey. It looked like one of the outworks of a fortification, to be taken by assault. Mr. Sivewright pulled at an iron ring, suspended beyond the reach of the gutter children of the district, and a bell rang at a distance within the fastness, a hoarse old bell, rusty no doubt like the gate. After a lengthy interval, measured by the gauge of a visitor's patience, but which Mr. Sivewright accepted with resignation as a thing of course, this summons produced an elderly female, with slipped feet, a bonnet, and bare arms, who unlocked the gate, and admitted them to an enclosure of fog, stagnant as compared with the fog in circulation

without, and which seemed to the doctor of a lower temperature, as if in crossing that narrow boundary he had travelled a degree northward.

"Come in," said Mr. Sivewright, with the tone of a man who offers reluctant hospitality, "and have a glass of sherry. You've had a cold walk on my account; you'd better take a little refreshment."

"No, thanks; but I should like to see your house."

"Should you? There's not much to see; an old barrack, that's all," said the old man, stopping short, with a doubtful air, as if he would have infinitely preferred leaving the surgeon outside. "Very few strangers ever cross my threshold, except the taxgatherer. However,—with an air of resignation,—"come in."

The old woman had opened the tall narrow door meanwhile, revealing a vista dimly lighted—lighted with a lamp which must have been feeble always, but which was now the veriest glimmer. Lucius followed his new acquaintance through this doorway into a large square hall, from which a broad oaken staircase ascended to a gallery that went all round it. There was just enough light for Lucius to see that this hall, instead of being bare and meagrely furnished, as he had expected to see it, was crowded with a vast assemblage of heterogeneous objects. Pictures piled against the gloomy panelled walls. Sculpture, porcelain and delf of every nation and every period, from monster vases of Imperial lacquer to fragile déjeuners of Dresden and Copenhagen; from inchoate groups of vermin and shell-fish from the workshop of Pallissy, to the exquisite modellings of teacups resplendent with gods and goddesses from Capo-di-Monte; from gaudy dishes and bowls of old Rouen delf, to the perfection of Louis-Seize Sevres. Armor of every age, vases of jasper and porphyry, carved oak cabinets, the particolored plumage of stuffed birds, Gobelins tapestry, South Sea shells, Venetian glass, Milan ironwork, were curiously intermingled, as if some maniac artist in the confusion of a once fine taste had heaped these things together. By that dim light, Lucius saw only the fitful glimmer of steel casques and breast-plates, the whiteness of marble busts and figures, the outline of jasper vases and huge Pallissy dishes. Later he came to know all those treasures by heart.

A Louis-Quatorze clock on a bracket began to strike six, and immediately a chorus of clocks in adjacent rooms, in tones feeble or strong, tenor or bass, took up the strain.

"I am like Charles the Fifth, particular about my clocks. I keep them all going. This way, if you please, Mr.——"

"Davoren."

"Davoren. That sounds a good name."

"My father cherished a tradition to that effect—a good middle-class family. Our ancestor represented his native county in Queen Elizabeth's first Parliament. But I inherited nothing except the name."

He was staring about him in that doubtful light as he spoke, trying to penetrate the gloom.

"You are surprised to see such a collection as that in the Shadrack-road? Dismiss your wonder. I am not an antiquarian; but a dealer. Those things represent the remnant of my stock-in-trade. I kept a shop in Bond street for five-and-thirty years."

"And when you retired from business you kept all those things?"

"I kept them as some men keep their money, at compound interest. Every year I live increases the value of those things. They belong to manufactures that are extinct. With every year examples perish. Ten years hence the value of my stock will have multiplied by the square of my original capital."

Mr. Sivewright opened a door on one side of the hall, and motioning to his guest to follow him, entered a room somewhat brighter of aspect than the hall without. It was a large room, sparsely furnished as to the luxurious appliances of modern homes, but boasting, here and there, in rich relief against the panelled walls, one of those rare and beautiful objects upon which the virtuoso is content to gaze throughout the leisure moments of a lifetime. In the recess on one side of the fireplace stood a noble old buffet, in cherrywood and ebony; in the corresponding recess on the side a cabinet in Florentine mosaic! from one corner came the solemn tick of an eight-day clock, whose carved and inlaid walnut-wood case was a miracle of art; and upon each central panel of the walls hung a cabinet picture of the Dutch school. So much for the pleasure of the eye. Mere sensual comfort had been less regarded in the arrangement of Mr. Sivewright's sitting-room. A small square of threadbare Persian carpet covered the centre of the oaken floor, serving more for ornament than for luxury. The rest was bare. A mahogany Pembroke table, value about fifteen shillings, occupied the middle of the room; one shabby-looking arm-chair, horsehair-cushioned, high-backed, and by no means suggestive of repose; two other chairs of the same family, but without arms; and a business-like deal desk in one of the windows, completed the catalogue of Mr. Sivewright's goods and chattels.

Preparations for dinner, scanty like the furniture, occupied the table, or rather preparations for that joint meal which, in some economical households, combines the feminine refreshment of tea with the masculine and substantial repast. On one side of the table a small white cloth neatly spread, with a single knife and fork, tumbler, and Venetian flask half full of claret, indicated that Mr. Sivewright was going to dine; on the other side, a small oval mahogany tray, with a black Wedgewood teapot, suggested that some one else was going to drink tea. A handful of fire burned cheerfully in the wide old,















## THE FOILED REVENGE.

A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, and rich withal, in wealth and honors.

He had won distinction at the bar and on the bench.

How deeply his proud heart had suffered, those familiar only with his cold and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion, often characteristic of men like him, and of which weaker natures are incapable.

In his early struggles with poverty, he had kept his love a secret.

He would have suffered his heart to break sooner than have had it whispered he was seeking advancement through an alliance with rich old Ronald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter, and which Alice Mason had been as many waiting to hear.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage.

Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his side and his bright-eyed boy prattling on his knee.

There he forgot his pride, save that he felt in those he loved, forgot fame and ambition and greatness, and remembered only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the lighter on the proud man's head, because he gave no sign of yielding.

Death crossed his threshold and took from him first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was peculiarly distressing.

The child had gone for a walk with his nurse by the river side, and in a moment of inattention on the part of the nurse, had strayed out of sight.

Soon after, his hat was found floating on the water.

Alarm was given; search was made; the river was dragged; but in vain.

The child was nowhere to be found.

The body, in all likelihood, had been borne out by the tide.

Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in silence.

What his grief was no one knew, for no one was permitted to look upon it, and sympathy he would have resented as an impertinence.

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man.

At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative, a young man whose avarice kept him free from all costly vices, and who, most vices being costly, enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property.

Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the division of estates; and while not inclined to disinherit his kinman, of whom he knew nothing but his reputation, which we have already said, was good, there was one other whose claims he felt it would be unjust to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and in some sort adopted, Gertrude Gray, the orphan daughter of an old friend to whom he had been beholden in his days of struggle, and who had died, leaving his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in his will, was to settle his property, in equal portions, on Gertrude and his kinsman, provided they married each other in a given period.

If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years after the occurrences of which we are now to speak, George Hayne had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary.

The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting, moreover, qualities of intellect, which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of two years he was prepared for admission to the bar.

He had learned other things besides law in the meantime.

He had learned, for instance, how pretty Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly he loved her; though he was too straightforward to tell her so without first asking permission of Mr. Peyton, with whom, at last, he sought an interview for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the young man explained the state of his feelings, and was about to express the hope that he might be allowed to speak to Gertrude herself on the subject, when Mr. Peyton cut it short.

"Is this the return you make for my confidence," he exclaimed—"you, whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in?"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust, or ill-requited your kindness," replied the youth, with a touch of the other's pride in his manner; "nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible in the honest attachment I have this day declared for Gertrude Gray."

"Would you do her a real service?"

"I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at less cost," returned the other dryly.

"Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that, should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my promise to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar-like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," answered George, whose cheek flushed, "by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospects she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake."

"Then for her sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must reduce her to beggary. If you possess a tithe of the unselfishness you profess, you will heed this warning and go your way. I have other plans for Gertrude."

A moment's reflection convinced George that, harsh as Mr. Peyton's word were, in one respect they were just.

It would be selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he pretended to love.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow," he said, and turned away.

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco.

Nearly all on board had perished; and among the names of the lost was that of George Hayne.

Gertrude Gray swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience.

That evening, as he sat moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age, and whose wrinkled face and wild eye had something sinister in them.

"Pray be seated, and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained for a time silent, gazing intently on the face before her.

Time had graven deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper still.

As she perused them, a smile of satisfaction, more like a shadow than a smile, flitted over her countenance.

"You had a son once," she said.

The lines grew deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression came over it.

"I, too, had a son," she continued, "an only one, as yours was. In a sudden affair, he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist, who was quite as blamable as himself. The jury decided it murder, but recommended him to mercy. Others joined in a petition for clemency. My boy's life was in your hands. I begged it of you on my knees. The law had intrusted you with the dispensation of mercy, but you had no mercy. You turned aside from my prayers, and my son was left to die a felon's death."

Geoffrey Peyton remembered now the face that had often haunted him since the day it had been turned pleadingly upon him, and vividly recalled the look of anguish it had worn when he spoke the relentless words that crushed hope out of a mother's heart.

"That day," she resumed, "I took an oath to make you feel, if possible, all I then felt. I stole away your child."

"My child!—is he alive?"

"Listen. I stole away your child, and left you to mourn him as dead. I took him to a distance and reared him as my own. I bore no malice towards him. I only hated you. I brought him up tenderly, educated him as my moderate means would allow, and felt thankful that in inflicting punishment on the father, I had been enabled to do it with so little injury to the child."

"Is he alive?" cried the old man, piteously.

"Speak woman!—have you no mercy?"

"You had none when I sought to appeal to it," she answered. "That your son is not alive, and that your conscience may accuse you of his death, is the reason I am here. The young man you drove away because he presumed to love one for whom your pride had prepared other plans, was your own son! Before he went, he confided to me the cause of his going; and on reading the announcement of his fate, I resolved that you should feel again the agony of a parent's bereavement, heightened now by the sting of remorse."

"Your story is false," he cried, springing up—"a devilish invention, gotten up to torture me! But I will put you to the proof. My son bore a mark upon his person, put there clandestinely by an old nurse in India, when we travelled in that country, who attached some superstition to it. If the child you say you reared was my son, you must have seen and can describe that mark."

"A serpent's head, and some strange characters, in Indian ink, on the left arm below the elbow," was the answer.

Geoffrey Peyton staggered, and fell into the chair from which he had risen.

He seemed as one stunned by a terrible blow. The woman stood over him for a moment, peering down into his anguish-stricken face with a look of triumph, and then walked quietly away.

"Good news! good news!" cried Gertrude, bursting into the room. "The evening paper corrects the report of this morning. George Hayne is among the saved."

But her words were heeded not.

The old man lay in his chair unconscious. He was placed upon his bed; and on return-

ing to himself, and being informed of George's safety—

"Send for him," he whispered, eagerly—"let there be no delay."

Then he called for his will, and when it was brought, kept it in his hand.

"Has he come yet?" was the question he repeated, as often as he had strength.

When at last the young man came, and was conducted to his late employer's bedside, the latter, with eager, trembling hands, turned back the sleeve of George's coat so as to expose the left arm.

"My Ernest!—my son!" he exclaimed.

And raising himself with sudden strength, he clasped the young man to his breast.

"Bear witness, all," he said; "this is my son. These marks," pointing to certain devices tattooed on George's arm, "prove it, as does the testimony of the woman who stole him away and reared him as her own, and whom I saw and conversed with last night. It now only remains to cancel this;" taking his will and tearing it in fragments.

Geoffrey Peyton would fain have lived for his son's sake, but it was not to be.

The recent shock proved too much for his strength, and, not many days after, he sank to rest in Ernest's arms.

Ernest Peyton and Gertrude Gray, in due time, were happily married.

What became of the distant relative we don't know, and don't suppose anybody cares.

## MARRIAGE RINGS.

The wedding ring has been in use from a very early date, and Clement of Alexandria explains it as "still intended for a 'sigil'"—a seal which stamps the bond or covenant entered into between man and wife. In addition to this it is a symbol:

And as this round is nowhere found  
To flaw or else to sever,  
So let our love as endless prove,  
And pure as gold for ever.

Or, as an old writer says: "The ring is a pretty mystic type, and suggests a great deal of lively fancy. Thus, being round, it is obviously a symbol of perfection and of eternity, having neither beginning nor end that we can see, and is of course a proper emblem of love, that usually begins without notice and ought always to be without end." Not only in itself is it symbolical; so is the place where it is worn. The right hand indicates authority and power, it is therefore put on the left, to signify that the woman is in subjection to her husband. It encircles the fourth finger, to denote that not only does she obey, but love, since it was an idea that through it was thus made to pass the strongest and warmest current of the heart's blood. Another reason, it is true, can be given why this, as every *ex-officio* ring, should be worn on the fourth finger. It is the first "vacant finger." The thumb and two first are reserved as symbols of the Trinity. This explanation receives confirmation from the ancient marriage ritual, for according to it the bridegroom placed the ring on the top of the left hand thumb with the words "In the name of the Father," removing it to the forefinger, saying, "and of the Son," then to the middle finger as he said "and of the Holy Ghost;" and at last, as he pronounced the word "Amen," leaving it on the fourth finger. Still another reason might be given why this finger was chosen. The ring fingers are thus described by an old authority: "For a soldier or doctor, the thumb; a sailor, the finger next; a fool, the middle finger; a married or diligent person, the fourth or ring finger; a lover, the last or little finger." So the position of the marriage ring may, as some think, symbolise the duty of the wife to give all diligence to the fulfilment of her household work. Among Catholics there is a form of consecrating marriage rings, and the superstitious have ascribed to them many virtues, such as that if a sty in the eye be rubbed with one of them it will disappear. There is an old proverb, "As your wedding ring wears, your cares will wear away." May all good wives find this to be their happy experience!

## HOW TO SEE ONE'S OWN BRAIN.

Dr. Fraser Halle communicates a remarkable discovery, showing how it may be possible to see one's own brain, to the *English Mechanic and World of Science*. Some 40 years since, Purkinde observed that by passing a candle to and fro several times by the side of the eye the air in front became a kind of screen on which was reflected what was then supposed to be a magnified image of part of the retina. Sir C. (then Mr.) Wheatstone believed it to be, Professor Mayo reports ("Physiology," p. 276), the shadow of the vascular network. Mayo thought it was an image of the blood-vessels of the retina. Sir Benjamin Brodie, to whom Dr. Halle wrote on the subject, could not identify it with any part of the retina, and said that it was to him utterly incomprehensible. By means of more careful drawings, especially those in Carpenter's "Manuel" and Gray's "Student's Anatomy," Dr. Fraser Halle resumed the exploration a week or two since, and has succeeded in identifying the oculispectrum with the representations of the interior lobe of the cerebrum. The spectrum consists, he has long observed, of red convolutions with dark interspaces, among which a whitish admixture is

sometimes visible. These, he now says, constitute exactly the image of convolutions of the anterior lobe of the cerebrum, with the sulci between them, as given by Gray in his and Dr. Carpenter's drawing of the base of the brain. To observe this discovery one should move the candle to and fro about four inches below the eye, and about three and a quarter inches from the face. When the movement ceases the undulations also cease, and the image disappears. A reddish mist appears first, and the image is soon developed and defined. Night is the best time for it; but it can be seen in a dark place faintly in the daytime. Dr. Fraser Halle noticed this oculispectrum and its mystery some years since in a lecture on "The Emotions," which he delivered at the South-Western Literary Institute, Nine-elms; and suspected then that it might represent part of the living human brain.

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