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#### CRITICISM.

BY J. A. AITCHESON.

A little bird, whose heart was full of song.
Perched on a bough and poured his notes along
The summer air, so sweet that Zephyr staid
Awhile to listen, pensive as a maid:
And lo, a moping owl, whose cell was near,
Yorgot his reverie, and deigned to hear;
But, wishing to be thought more wise than pleased,
lis load of learning thus he lightly eased:
"Think not, vain singer, that your song is new:
Three thousand years ago, in tirecce, there flew;
And sang a bird, the counterpart of you!
And we who spend our hours in classic toil,
And hurrow deep in learning's musty soil,
Know all about that ancient, burrowed strain.
So, sing new somes or never sing again!"
The stimple singer, innecent of art.
Who only knew his song came from the heart,
Made no reply, but hushed his modest more.
And flew, to sing from wisdom more remote;
While Zephyr, swelling to a tempest how!
At loss of song, smote the pedantic owl.

(For the Hearthstone.)

### MY NIGHT JOURNEYS.

BY W. II. FULLER.

Lying restless in a sleeping car of the Grand Trunk Railway, I recall some of the night jour-neys I have made in the course of a somewhat

eventful life.

The earliest of which I have any recollection The earliest of which I have any recollection occurred more years ago than I like to confess, and is still fresh in my memory. I was between eight or nine years old and was about leaving home for the first time to go to a school in a remote part of Yorkshire. My misgivings about this, my first plunge into life, were greatly increased by the unfeeling behaviour of my elder brother Tom, who brought his naturally great powers of aggravation into a focus for my particular benefit. Poor Tom! he is now amid particular benefit. Poor Tom! he is now annie the reeds of the Indian jungles, but his merry voice seems ringing in my ears now, and in the semi darkness of the cur I famey I can see his bright blue eyes brimming over with glee as I used to see them nearly forty years ago, when he was planning some more than usually at-tractive piece of mischlef.

As soon as the domestic ukaze, announcing As soon as the domestic ukase, announcing my approaching bankshment, was promulgated, Tom devoted himself to my service—he commenced by condemning the parental severity that could banksh a tender young selon like myself to the rude wilds of Yorkshire, and then, having acquired my confidence and become the recipient of my private sentiments on the subject, he began to draw upon his imagination for the must be required to the acquired to the processing the constitution for the sentiments. ject, he began to draw upon his imagination for the most harrowing stories of the severities practiced at public schools generally, and those of Yorkshire in particular. He stated that "wallopfug" was one of the established institutions, but of that he did not think much, as all schools were allke in that respect, although he had heard that the Yorkshire "wallopings" were particularly exeruciating; but what he thought most about was, that owing to the peculiarly isolated position of some of these Yorkshire schools, and the natural stingless of the proprietors, the unfortunate immates were frequently reduced to the greatest straits for want of sufficient nourishment, and that it was within his cient nourishment, and that it was within his own knowledge that a new boy who was chubby—I was chubby—and of fair complexion, which I was—who had not been there long enough to get thin, had, during a season of great scarcity, been converted into Yorkshire pics for the support of his fellow pupils; a plausible tale being concected to account to his parents for his dis-

I knew then, as well as I know now, that this was only an invention of Master Tom's yet those horrible plos lay heavy on my mind and I could not shake off my misglving, although in public I valiantly scouted the idea as a weak device of the enemy to frighten me. Tom was not slow to perceive my illconcealed uneasiness, and neglected no menns to increase it. He would handle me gently and scientifically about the region of the ribs &c., in the manner of Graziers when negotiating the purchase of fat exen; he would then shake his head solemnly and suggest the propriety of a course of severe train-ing in order to reduce all superfluous fiesh, which otherwise might prove too strong a temptation to the Yorkshire cannibals, and lead to my bo-ing devoured before, as he foreibly expressed it, "I could say Jack Robinson."

It was the custom in our family on each suc ceeding Saturday, to place upon the domestic banquetting table, a gigantic meat pic; which was popularly supposed to contain all the unenten scrapes of the previous week. No words of mine can adequately describe the expression of Tom's countenance whenever this ilibegotten pic made its appearance. The campitulistic leep with which he would regard me always suffice with which he would regard me always sufficed effectually to take away my appetite, and bring about affectionate maternal questions as to the cause of my indisposition, with terrific hints as to the necessity of a pill at night, or opsomealts in the merculus.

At length the intal day arrived, and I mount ed the coach on my dreaded journey, with Tom's parting injunction "whatever I did not to allow myself to get fat," ringing in my cars. My mother and sixtors were waving affectionate farewells from the drawing room balcony, while the irrepressible Tom was obtusively weeping into a remarkably small handkerchief on the

s quite dark when the couch drew up at a bye road, leading across a desolate looking to cheer me up, and attributing my discompo-moor, where I was to alight. A chalse cart, in charge of a weird looking old man, was waiting to receive me. I scrambled down from the sh, the guard deposited my trunk by the



"I FOUND TO MY HORROR THAT THE CUMBERT WAS DRIFTING ME DIRECTLY ON TO THE GHAT."

which to me sounded as dismal as a funeral

dirge.

I was saddy low spirited, all through my journey had that horrible pic story been present to my mind and I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that there might possibly be some foundation for it, and I therefore looked with much anxiety at my escort, hoping to clean some small grain of comfort from their personal appearance.

Had horse and mun been of even moderate fatness, I might have comforted myself with the idea that times were prosperous and provisions plentiful in the Yorkshire wilds; but alas! even in the fast fiding light I could see that the ribs of the wretched quadruped in the cartwere developed with alarming prominence while the personal of the driver was ill calculated to reas sure my peturbed mind. He was an old withered looking man whose shoulders were bent and rounded till they almost gave him the appear ance of being humpbacked; his nose was hooked and his chin prominent and he had a peculiar way of mumbling or champing his teeth which was decidedly ogretsh, and made me fancy that he was already in imagination reveiling on the lithits of my tender young carease. His first remark did not tend to allay my apprehensions well yoongster" he sald in his broad Yorkshire lialect, "the bee'st a ploomp un; dang m; boottons if thee beant as round as a doopplin and the old man nodded and champed in so suggestive a manner, that from sheer fright I shivered till the brass buttons, with which my new jacket was plentifully decorated, tinkled like a peal of fairy sleigh bells.

My perturbation was so evident that the old man with the remark "whoy lad thee bee'st cold," lifted me into the cart and bidding me wrap myself up in an old rag that lay on the seat, mounted stiffly to my side and drove away

I had now worked myself up to such a pitch of excited terror that I cept by chatterings of the teeth, to the remarks of my driver who kindly enough endeavoured sure to the cold persisted in liltimed allusions to my unfortunate superabundance of flesh, which in his opinion ought to have kept me warmer For three weary hours did I alt by that old roadside, and before I had time to take brenth man's side in an agony of four which, unfounded the coach was whirling away in the distance and ridiculous as it now appears, was as vivid with the Guard's hora playing a morry time, and real an emotion as any I have ever expe-

rienced. Unfounded it was in truth, for old "Peter" under his rugged and unprepossessing exterior, concealed as tendera heart as ever bent in human breast, while the school itself was as easy going an establishment as school boy could desire; and the commissariat, though coarse, was plentiful to a fault. Ere many days he passed I could laugh to myself at my absurmiselvines, but I do not think the recollection of that ride will ever be entirely crased from my memory, and every time I see a pork pict recall vividly the terrors of my first night journey.

Five years afterwards when leaving the same school, I had rather a curious night ride. A railroad depot had been opened at a village about six miles distance from our school and the old couch had been driven off the road. From this bye station I took my departure by the night mail on my way home. I arrive inte at the station owing to a delay on the road caused by the old horse—the same o'l horse now a Methusilem among quadropeds—castling a shoe-the train had already arrived and the porter hurriedly pushed me into a first class carriage, replying to the angry remonstrance of the only inmate by saying "there's no time Sir the young gentleman wontmind your smoking I dessay," and almost before I had time to sent myself the train was moving off. I took my place in the farthest corner of the carriage and glanced at my fellow traveller who had so vehemently objected to my intrusion. He was a short built man with a profuse black bear and mustache; he were a cloth travelling cap palled low down over his forehead and was muttled in a loose overcoat—his eyes expressed so intense a degree of anger as he glared at me that despite my schoolboy inspudence, I felt considerably abashed, and heartly wished I had been placed in some other compartment.

In reply to my polite intimation, that I hope he would go on smoking; he turned away a muttered curse, so I curied myself up in corner and feeling very drowsy composed my-self for a map. I had been dozing for some time, when I became conscious that my com-panion had risen from his sent and was leaning over me; I felt his hot breath on my cheek, but Impelled by some instinct for which I could not account, I remained passive, with my eyes closed, breathing regularly as though still sleep-

After listening nearly a minute to my long drawn respiration, he retired stealthily to his own end of the carriage; greatly to my relief, as I could not have kept up the decep-tion many moments longer. I hay quite for a while and then looked cautiously out of the corner of my eye—the metamorphosis in my companion was so strange and unexpected that I could not suppress a slight start which caused remain not suppress a signt source where caused him to look quickly round. With a simulated yawn and a restless motion of my arms, I turned over on my seat and again fedgmed to be sleeping soundly. I was now really frightened and the half hour during which I lay passive seemed to be an age. Unable any longer to keep up the deception I sat up with as good an assumption as I could summing of being fixed assumption as I could summon of being tired and only half awake.

In place of the black whiskered and feroclous looking individual I had first seen, I now found a smooth faced venerable looking old gentleman with long white hair, and broad brimmed hat and a pair of large gold spectacles?

Had I not seen him in the act of changing his disguise I should probably not have had the least suspicion of his identity, but as it was, at once recognized the anxious suspicious look in his eyes as he made benevolent enquiries whether I was fatigued, and how long I had been asleep. Replying to his enquiries drowsily and asking with a tolerable assumption of in-noceace; when the other gentleman got out." I feigned to resume my slumber and was much rollayed when we reached the function at which was to a-light where I found my father waiting for me. As we drove from the station I told my father

of my adventure—he seemed considerably im-pressed by it, and, diverging from our direct road, he called in at the police station where he had an interview with the Inspector. If is story caused some commotion, for the Inspecto came running out hastly to the cab in which I had remained seated and questioned me closely as to the appearance of my quondum acquaintance. As we left I saw him driving off rapidly to the railway station, and I afterwards learnt that my unintentional espionage had led to the capture of a defaulting cashler who would otherwise have got clear off with his ill-gotten plunder.

That was a memorable night journey when | mutineers encamped only a few hundred yards

on my first overland trip to India I missed the usual caravan from Cairo, and started, with only a single Bedouin Arab, across the Desert o catch the steamer at Suez! I have often oven impressed with the desolation of the ruined cities of the East, and once I thought that nothing could equal the dreary binkiness of a Western prairie after the fire had devoured its verdure, and left nothing but a vast expusse of blackened earth behind it; but never did I ex-perience such an utter and overwhelming sense of loneliness as when we stopped to water our horses at the one single brackish well on the route, and I saw in the moonlight on every side as far as the eye could reach

#### " Houndless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away."

In these days the traveller runs across the Desert by rullroad, with as little romance as in journeying from London to Blemingham.

Journeying from London to Blimingham.

But of all my night journeys there was one which has left an indelible impression helified and even now it often recurs to me in my dreams, and I wake up with the cold sweat of terror pouring down my face.

It was during the time of the Indian mutiny—a time which no Anglo-Indian recalls without a thill of horror! The outbreak had just commenced and I was the junior officer of a detachment left to guard the station of Ferozenagur. The station was a small one on the banks of the Ganges and, besides the regiment usually ennioned there, was only occupied by the District Collector and a few European and Eurasian families connected with the civil service. The main body of the regiment had marched

trict Collector and a few European and Eurasian families connected with the civil service. The main body of the regiment had marched to join the column of General Outram then advancing towards belid, and we were left with some thirty or forty European and Sikh soldlers to protect the women and children of the station. Although it was known that several of the disaffected regiments would in all probability pass at no great distance from us, it was not thought that they would be likely to turn aside to piunder a station of so little importance, but would prass on with all speed towards belid with a view to reaching the city before access was closed by the English troops. Notwithstanding tills opinion in which my Major and myself shared, we neglected no precaution for the safety of our precious charge. All the residents of the station were brought into the Collector's house, which we strengthened and fortified in the best way we could, making loopholes for muskerry at every sallent point and protecting every exposed window by pling matrasses therein. The house was an old building of considerable size which had been formerly occupied by some weathy native, and subsequently altered to suit European fastes and requirements. It was therefore stronger and more substantial than the more modern and subsequently interest to sure paragram research requirements. It was therefore stronger and more substantial than the more modern dwellings, but quite inadequate to resist, for more than a few hours, the attack even of the lightest field pieces. Water we had in abundance as the back of the house atmost overhung the river to which a flight of steps led from the lower form the a matting along for lands. lower floor, forming a landing place for boats, several of which lay moored at the steps: but provisions were sadly defletent although we had provisions were saidy dencied, atthough we had secured all the supplies on which we could pos-sibly by our bands. The station bazar or market had been deserted by the natives and only those who are acquainted with Indian life and know the utter dependence of the European on the Native for the commonest necessaries of life, will be able to appreciate the difficulty with which we collected even our scanty supply. which we collected even our scanty supply.

When, therefore, just before subset, about a week after we had fluished our preparations, the alarm was given that a considerable body of mutineers was approaching the station, although surprised at their appearance, we had no reason to reproach ourselves for having neglect-ed any precaution. The enemy, about six hundred in number, came on yelling and shouting like flends. The bulk of them wore the uniform of the British army, and were armed with the regulation musket; but they had lost every seminnee of discipline. Nothing was more remarkable during the whole episode of the Indian mutiny than the rapidity with which these highly trained native troops relapsed into a mero disorganized mass of marauders when released from the control of their European officers.

As they approached, we looked anxiously to see if they had any artifiery with them, but to our great relief we could not detect any. They made a pretty vigorous attempt to carry our little fortress by assault, but were easily driven back by our spirited fire, and speedily leaving some dozen of their number on the ground.

Fortunately, our house stood in an isolated position, and there was little, it any, cover within musket shot. This rendered our sentry duties much easier, and relieved us from any fear of a surprise. Our chief dread was lost the enemy should obtain artillery, or falling that, that they would turn the attack into a regular slege and starve us out. It was, therefore, with much misgiving that I saw in the early dawn of the next morning that they had posted a strong line of pickets round our fortress, just out of shot. while the main body had encamped at the near-est ghat, some half mile down the river.

I will not attempt to describe the bardships endured by our little garrison during the week of suffering that followed, nor the patient, uncomplaining fortitude with which even the frailest and weakest bere their unaccustomed privations. Our provisions were now doled out in barely sufficient quantities to keep body and soul together, and we had to face the startling fact that three days more would see the supply entirely exhausted. My senior officer had ere this sent out a Sikh in the forforn hope of obtaining assistance, but the unfortunate man had been captured by the robels and tortured to death with the most horrible atrocities in front of our fortress. Escape by of the land exit was barred by the line of pickets, and by the river a boat would have to run the gau-tlet of the main body of the





below, while detached parties watched our place of refuge from the opposite bank of the river.

The chance of breaking through the line of

our besiegers scenned, therefore, hopeless, and it was with a sinking heart that I looked out on our besiegers seemed, therefore, nopeness, and it was with a sinking heart that I looked out on the river flowing so calmly and peacefully at my feet. After the capture and death of our first emissary we had allowed the dark nights to pass by, during which it might have been possible for a messenger to have passed the enemy by swimming down the river, and now the bright mountight rendered such an attempt certain of detection by our watchful besiegers. Had that not been for the helpless women and children, it not been for the helpless women and children we might at least have salled out and died like we were we had not even this resource, and could only suffer doggedly to the inst, and then, as others had done before, reserve our last car-tridges for the women and die as manfully as we might

As I stood sorrowfully watching the tranqui river and felly noting the progress of an old gharrer floating down the stream, a sudden thought flashed across my mind! Would it not be possible for a swimmer to escape undetected by concealing his head with one of those ghurrees as I remembered to have read was the custom of some of the ducoits, or thieves, on the river and so float unsuspected past the rebelencamp-ment below? I should explain that the pharrees are large earthen puts used by the natives as cooking utensis, and when damaged or worn out are usually thrown out into the river, where they may be daily seen drifting along with the current. Full of the idea I burried off to the Major and propounded to him my scheme, volun-teering to carry it into effect. He seemed to have little hope of its success, but consented to it on condition that one of the Sikhs should go instend of myself. I pointed out that in this case it would be necessary to send a written state-ment of our condition, which, if it should fall into the hands of the enemy, would infallibly destroy any faint chance of the slege being about doned before we were completely exhausted by famine. After some discussion the Major consented that I should make the attempt, and I set about my preparations.

It was agreed that nothing should be said to

the rest of the garrison; and about an hour after the sun had set I started on my perilous

night journey.

I had taken the largest ghurree I could find in the house, which fitted loosely on my head and neck like some cumbrous helmet. In the sides I had drilled two or three small holes, and ha-bited only in a dark flannel shirt and trousers, with my revolver and a few spare cartridges bound securely on my head, I slipped quietly into the water behind the shade of the boats

which lay at the steps.
I had constructed a small life-preserver of two pleces of cork, which, tied round my neck, en-abled me to float without exertion, and lessened the chances of detection from any commotion of the water. Paddling gently, with my hands well below the surface, I gradually worked out into the centre of the stream, where I felt the full force of the current, and was carried quietly and easily along. In about half an hour from the time I had quitted the house, the voices of the mutineers at the ghat began to sound plainly to my curs. While drifting down my earthen heimet was turned slowly round and round by the current; so that half the time I had to dethe current; so that half the time I had to depend only on my sense of hearing to warn mor the approach of danger. I dared not lift my covering lest the motion should attract some watchful eye, and now, when I became aware that I was nearing the great point of peril, I waited with hexpressible anxiety for the moment when the revolutions of the ghurree would give me a glimpse of my position. When the longed for moment came I found to my horror that the surrent was delivered to be that the current was drifting me directly on to the ghat, from which I was then distant less the grat, from which I was then distant less than thirty yards. I used my hands as vigorously as I could, in the hope of getting to the edge of the current, but the stream was too powerful for any exertion I could venture to make, while, to add to my distress, at this moment the holes in the gharrer passed again beyond my line of sight, and I was once more drifting blindly into those I have give myself un for lost and to danger! I now gave myself up for lost, and it was only by a great exertion of will that I could resist the impulse to throw off my covering, and sedzing my revolver, to sell my life as dearly as But the thought of the helpless beings I had left behind, whose last hope of escape from a fate worse than death might be dependent on my discretion, nerved me to endarance

and I remained passive in an agony of intense expectancy that no words can describe! The voices of my enemies now seemed to be within a few feet of me, and every moment I expected to find my frail covering dashed to atoms, and myself face to face with my relontless foes. Minutes, that seemed long, long hours thus passed ere I once again got a fleeting glimpse of my situation. Then, with what a fervent emotion of gratitude to the Providence which had preserved me, did I see that I had drifted undiscovered past the abit, and that the current was now slowly setting me out again into the middle of the stream! For more than an hour I drifted along ere I deemed it prudent to take a more extended survey of my position by lifting cautiously the edge of my helmet. then found that the ghat and station were hidden from view by a bend of the river, and neither huts or nat... were visible on either bank.

Divesting myself of my friendly covering 1 swam to shore, and clambering with some difficulty up the muddy bank, concealed myself in a small patch of jungle close by. Faint with the privations I had undergone, and chilled by my long immersion in the water, it seemed impossible that I could ever get across the fifteen miles of rough country that separated me from the Great Trunk Roul, which was the point 1 troops were moving. A supfrom my spirit flask, which I hadfaaken the precaution to place on my head, somewhat revived me, and unimated by the thought of my committee, whose resone cemed now more hopeful, I again started or

my tollsome journey. Recling with weakness and fatigue: now wad ing knee deep through the swampy rico fields, anon forcing my way with maked and bloeding feet through thorny jungles, I pressed on through that long weary night. At length, just as the sun rose redly above the horizon, I found myself on the well-known road, and there in the dis-tance, oh joyful sight! rose a cloud of dust, through which giftered, in the rays of the morn

ing sun, the bayonets of a British regiment.

Despite my utter exhaustion, I ran along the road like a madman to meet them, but had carcely told the tale to the commanding officer

ere I fainted away.

I remembered nothing more until I was roused from my stupor by the roar of our field-pieces and the rattle of musketry; and looking from the curtains of the hospital dealy in which I found myself. I saw our brave follows driving scoundrels like frightened sheep

across the country.

I was invalided and sent home, where I soon recovered my health, but I do not think my nerves have ever been the same since that memorable Night Journey.

NO FAMILY should be without Johnson's Anodyn. Liniment. It is inestimable in emergencias

ARBUTI CARMEN.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

I know the wild-wood haunts where thou abidest, And, there, the mossy nooks where most thou hidost. Arbutus, sweet and shy.

And this fair day, while April's sun was climbing, And bird and brook in sweet accord were chiming Spring's opening melody:

By the old saw-mill with its wheel swift going, Half mad, half merry at the flushed streams flow

ing. We took a winding road:

Rough yet and rutty from the winter travel Of clumsy wheels, that scooped the sodden g And crenked with timbered load :

A mountain-road none but the woodman uses, Or, haply, some light-hearted group that chooses Brief inlet to the hills—

Like me and mine—to find thee, sweet Arbutus. Or chesnuts in the full, where none dispute us, With hindering bars or bills.

Like me and mine ! I think that king or kaiser Had borrowed pride to be the happy praiser Of girls and boys like mine.

think. O pale Arbutus! thy pink flushes Less lovely than my maidens' sudden blushes— Half human, half divine :

That Light, and Love, and Joy - each heavenly Lays on their cheeks, in hues than thine scarce fainter, Yet fading not with May.

And thy coy blossoms, by the mosses stifled, Of sweets, by lither arms were never rided, Than of my boys to-day.

With shouts of glee that set thy petals quaking. From every moss-plumed bank light ecnoes waking. They urged the frolic raid.

O shy Arbutus I vain the curtains mossy, And vain thy shield-like leaves so green and glossy To give thy beauties aid I

They say, sweet flower, that pride is not thy failing, But is there not. I prithee, in thy "trailing" A touch of floral pride?

Didst thou not inly laugh while hiding under-Mosses and leaves—to fancy my glad wonder— As I thy charms espied ?

And while thou hast—and mayst deserve—the credit Of being shy—just as the bards have said it— 1 cannot help the doubt:

That if thou didst not understand thy beauty— Thou wouldst not hide from just a sense of duty, Glad not to be found out !

I must confess thou dost not love the garden, And shunnest puths the common footsteps hurden, But may not this be tact—

To make us woo thee in thy native wildwood— To fuscinate alike, age, youth and childhood— More coquetry in fact?

But, no! I see thee blush from wase and basket— Thy vory white turns rosy as I ask it— And sets my doubt at rest.

I think thou art of all sweet flowers the shyest, And so shall seek thee more, as more thou fliest— Towcar upon my breast.

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## THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.)

He had almost decided the point to his own satisfaction, and was going into the shop, when he stopped suddenly, turned on his heel, and walked a few paces farther, still meditating.

"How about aunt Hannah "he asked him-self. "There's the rub. If I were to send Grace my likeness, she must surely see it. What is there which those piercing eyes of hers do not see? And yet I must be the clumsiest of Lotharios if I can't cheat unt Hannah. What were such sharp-eyed all-seeing people created for, except to be duped egregiously, sooner or later ? Yes; I think I am a match for aunt Hannah."

He turned back again, and this time went straight to the jeweller's counter. He selected a locket—the handsomest, or the one that pleased him best, in the shop: a massive dead-gold locket, oval, with an anchor in large richlooking pearls on the back; such a jewel as a man would scarcely choose for a farmer's and so rare. He turned the locket over in his fingers thoughtfully after he had chosen and paid for it.

"I suppose, now," he said to the shopman vou could make me a false back to this thing, and put a portrait into it in such a manner that its existence need only be known to the owner

The shopman replied diffusely, to the effect that the thing was practicable, but would be troublesome, requiring great nicety of adjust-ment, and so on, and so on, and would be, of course, expensive.

"I don't care about a pound or two more of less," said Mr. Walgrave. "I should like the thing done, if it can be slone neatly. There must be a secret spring, you understand, in the style one reads about in novels. I never say it in real life; but I have a fancy for trying the experiment. You can send to me for the photograph in a day or two; and the some you can let me have the locket the better "

He tossed his card on to the counter and de parted, more interested in this trifling purchase than he had been in anything for a long time " It is a relief to do something that will lease her," he thought.

It was a relief; but he was not the less rest less and uneasy. The Cardimum case had no charm for him. New briefs, which had accu-mulated during the last fortnight of his absence, The Cardimum case had no failed to interest him. He had been less than week away from Brierwood, yet it seemed as if that ancient garden in Kent were divided from him by the space of a lifetime. His common life, which until this time had seemed to him all-sufficient for a man's happiness, was out of

He hardly knew what to do with himself After the excuses he had made about East. bourne he could not go abroad; yet he would live to have rushed headlong to some wild out-of-tho-way village in the Tyrol, and to spend his autumn climbing unfamiliar mountains He fancied he could get rid of his infatuation in some remote region such as that; but chained to London, in the dull dead season of the year, there was no hope of cure. Grace Redmayne's

image liminted him by day and by night, mixed itself with every dream, came between him and his books, pushed Cardimum v. Car-mum from their stools.

Would be not have been safer at Eastbourne in the society of his allianced, living the life of gentility by the senside? He could hardly fail to ask himself this question. Yes; he would be safer, most assuredly, walking that narrow pathway, his footsteps guarded from all possibility of wandering. He would be safer; but he felt that such a life just now would be simply unendurable. The commonplace talk, the narrow mind-narrow though it was stored with stray lines from Tennyson and Owen Meredith, and had been enriched by a careful perusal of every book which a young lady of position ought to read; narrow, although its culture during the educational period had cost from two to three hundred a year—from these he shrank as from a pestilence; in plain words, he felt than an unbroken week of his future wife's company would be the death of him.

And when they were married, what then ? Well, then, of course, it would be different. No -above all a successful barrister—need see enough of his wife to be bored by her companionship. Nor can a man's wife, unless she is inherently obnoxious to him, ever be utterly uninteresting. They have so many ideas in common, so many plans and arrangements petty, perhaps, but still absorbing for the mo-ment—to discuss and settle,—the list of guests for a dinner-party; the way-bill of their au-tumn pilgrimage; the name of their last baby; the pattern of new carpets; the purchase or non-purchase of a picture at Christic's. The wife is only a necessary note—the subdominant—in the domestic scale.

But the long days of courtship, when there is no fervent love in the soul of the lover; the long summer evenings, when he is bound to stroll with his chosen one by the calm gray sea; when to talk too much of his own prospects and plan of life would be to appear worldly; when he is bound, in fact, to complete his tale of love-making, to produce the given number of bricks with ever so little straw—those days are the days of trial; and happy is he who can pass through them unscathed to that so-lemu morning which elenches the bargain with joyous ringing of bells, and gay procession of bridesmaids, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and transforms the exacting betrothed into the submissive wife.

" I have not the slightest doubt we shall get on very well together when we are married," Mr. Walgrave said to himself; " but the preli-minary stage is up-hill work. I know that Augusta is fond of me, in her way; but O, what a cold way it seems after the touch of Grace Redmayne's little hand, the look in Grace Redmayne's eyes! Thank God, I did my duty in that affair, and was open and above-board from the first."

There was nothing in the world to delay Mr. Walgrave's visit to Eastbourne during the following week, except his own caprice; but he had a fancy for waiting until that locket he had bought in Cockspur-street was ready for him. He selected the photograph which represented him at his best, had it carefully painted by an expert hand, and sent it to the jeweller. At the end of the week the locket was brought to him. The spring worked admirably. On opening the golden case, there appeared a bunch of forget-me-nots in blue enamel; but on pressing a little knob between the locket and the ring attached to it, the dainty little enamelled picture opened like the back of a watch, and re-vealed Hubert Walgrave's miniature. The contrivance was perfect in its way, the forget-menots a happy thought. The man to whom the work had been intrusted had taken the liberty to suppose that the trinket must needs be a

love-gift. Hubert Walgrave was charmed with the toy, and had it packed, registered at once to "Miss Redmayne, Brierwood Farm, near Kingsbury, He wrote the address, and posted the little packet with his own hands, and then wrote Grace a formal letter, a letter which could bear the scrutiny of Mrs. Redmayne.

" My dear Miss Redmayne,-I experienced so much kindness from your family and yourself during my very pleasant visit to Brierwood. that I have been anxious to send you some litle souvenir of that event. I know that young ladies are fond of trinkets, and I fancy that your kind aunt would prefer my sending my little offering to you, rather than to herself. I have offering to you, rather than to herself. man would scarcely choose for a farmer's therefore chosen a locket, which I trust Mr. and daughter, unless he had sunk very far down that pit from which extrication is so difficult token of my gratitude for all the kindness I received under their hospitable roof.

a With all regards, I remain, my dear Miss

Redunayne, very faithfully yours,
HUBERT WALGRAVE."

He read the letter over, and blushed, ever so faintly, at his own hypocrisy. Yet what could be do? he wanted to give the dear girl just one little spark of pleasure. Upon a slip of paper he wrote: " Il y n un ressort entre l'anneau et le médaillon; touche-le, et tu trouverus mon portrait;" and enclosed the slip in his letter. Grace would open her own letter, no doubt, and the Redmaynes would hard-ly see that little slip of paper in an unknown

And so ends the one romantic episode in my unromantic life," he said to himself, when he had posted the letter.

A day or two afterwards he made up his mind to pay that duty visit to Eastbourne; it was a thing that must be done sooner or later. It was already much later than Miss Vallory could possibly approve. He expected to be lectured, and went down to the quiet watering-place with a chastened spirit, foreseeing what await-

This little sea-coast town, with its umbrageous boulevards and dainty villas, was looking very gay and bright as he drove through it on his way to the habitation of the Vallorys, of course one of the largest and most expensive houses fronting the summer sea. One of the newest also: the bricks had still a raw look; the stucco appeared to have hardly dried after the last touch of the mason's trowel. Other houses of the same type straggled a little way beyond it, in a cheerless and unfinished condi tion. It looked almost as if the Acropolissquare mansion had been brought down by rail, and set up here with its face to the sea. The untinished houses, of the same pattern, seemed to have strayed on into a field, where the strange scentless flora of the sea-coast, chiefly of the birch-broom order, still flourished. was what Sydney Smith has called the "knuc-kle-end" of Eastbourne, but designed to become the Belgravia of that town. Was not Belgravia itself once a 4 knuckle-end"?

There was a drawing-room, spacious enough for a church, sparsely furnished with "our cabriolo suite at seven-and-thirty guineas, in carved Italian walnut and green rep!" a bal-cony that would have accommodated a small troop of infantry; and everywhere the same aspect of newness and rawness. The walls still smelt of their coat of paint, and plaster-of-paris crumbs fell from the ceilings now and

then in a gentle shower. The Aeropolis-square footman ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room, where he found his betrothed trying a new piece on a new Erard grand, in a new dress—an elaborate costume of primose cambric, all frillings and puttings and flutings, which became her tall slim figure. She wore a broad blue ribbon round her throat, with a locket hanging from it —a locket of gold and gems, her own mono-gram in sapphires and diamonds; and the sight of it reminded him of that other locket. Grace Redmayne had received his gift by this time; but there had been no acknowledgment of itas yet when he left London. Indeed, no letter from Brierwood could reach him directly, since he had never given the Redmaynes his London address. They could only write to him through John Wort.

Mr. Walgrave had not been mistaken about the impending lecture, but he took his punishment meekly, only murmuring some faint re-ference to Cardimum versus Cardimum—so

neckly, in fact, that Augusta Vallery could scarcely be hard upon him.

"You may imagine," she remonstrated in conclusion, "that I find a place of this kind very dull without you."

"I am afraid you will find it much duller with me," Mr. Walgrave replied drearily; it whatever cancely for grinty I may possess. " whatever capacity for gaiety I may possess which, at the best, I fear, is not much—is ways paralysed by the sea-side. I have enjoyed a day or two at Margate, certainly, once or twice in my life; there is something fresh or twee in my life; there is something fresh and enjoyable about Margate; an odour of shrimps and high spirits; but then, Margate is considered vulgar, I believe."

Considered vulgar!" cried Miss Vallory with a shudder. "Why it is Houndsditch by

the sea !"

"If Margate were in the Pyrenees, people would rave about it;" her lover replied coolly. 'I have been happy at Ryde, as you know, went on his most leisurely manner, but with a little drop in his voice, which he had practised on juries sometimes in breach-of-promise cases and which did duty for tenderness; "but with those two exceptions, I have found the scu-side—above all, the genteel seaside—a failure. The more genteel, the more dreary. If one does not admit Houndsditch and the odour of shrimps, the pestilence of dulness is apt to descend upon our coasts. Cowes, of course, is tolerable; and I rather like Southsea—the convicts are so incresting; and where there are ships in the offing, there is always amusement for the Cockney who prides himself upon knowing a brig from a brigantine."

Discoursing in this lauguid manner, lovers beguiled the time until dinner. Mr. Walgrave was not eager to rush down to the beach and gather shells, or to seek some dis-tant point whence to take a header into the crisp blue waves, after the manner of the enenthusiastic excursionist, who feels that while he is at the sea he cannot have too much of a good thing. He lounged in the balcony, which was pleasantly sheltered by a crimson-striped awning, and talked in his semi-cynical way to his betrothed, not by any means over-exerting himself in the endeavour to entertain her.

"The Arion is here, I suppose," he remarked

by and by.
"Yes. I have been out in her a good

deal." " With your father ?" "Not very often. Papa gives himself up to laziness at the sea-side. I have had Weston

with me." 'Happy Weston !" "As the happiness he may have enjoyed was quite open to you, I don't think you need af-

fect to envy him." My dear Augusta, I envy him not only the happiness, but the capacity for enjoying it. You see, I am not the kind of man for a "tame cat." Weston Vallory is; indeed, to my mind, he seems to have been created to fill the position of a fine Persian with a bushy tail, or an

Augora with pink eyes." "You are remarkably complimentary to my relations at all times," said Miss Vallory with

" My dear girl, I consider the mission of a tame cat as quite a lofty one in its way; but you see it doesn't happen to be my way. A man who trains his whiskers as carefully as your cousin Weston, lays himself out for that sort of

thing. Have you been far out ?"
"We have been as far as the Wight. We went to the regutta at Ryde the other day, and had luncheon with the Filmers, who are intensely grateful for the villa."

Then my Lady Clara Vere de Vere has not found the time heavy on her hands,"
"Not particularly. I have ridden a good

" With Weston ?"

"With Weston, You envy him that privilege, I suppose ?" This with a little contemptuous ose of the splendid head, and an angry tlash of the fine black eyes. If Hubert Walgrave had been in love with his future wife, that little angry look would have seemed more bewitching to him than the sweetest smile of a plainer woman; but there was another face in his mind, eyes more beautiful than these, which

had never looked at him angrily. He con-

templated Augusta Vallory as coolly as if she had been a fine example of the Spanish school

of portraiture—a lady by Velasquez.

"Upon my honour, I think you grow handsomer every time I see you," he said; "but if you ask me whether I envy Weston the delight of riding through dusty lanes in August, I am bound to reply in the negative. Man is essentially a hunting animal, and to ride with-out anything to ride after seems to me unutterably flat. If we were in the shires now, in November, I should be happy to hazard my

"But you see it is not November; if it were I have no doubt I should be told the duties of Arion to-morrow," Augusta said to her lover, a barrister must prevent your wasting any time as he held the drawing-room door open for a barrister must prevent your wasting any time upon me during that mouth."

neck three or four days a week in your so-

With such gentle bickerings the lovers beguiled the time until the ringing of the dressing bell, when Miss Vullory handed her affi-anced over to the custody of the chief butler, and went upstairs to array herself for the small his burden, family gathering. Mr. Walgrave found him. "It is a

self presently in a roomy bedchamber-walls and ceiling painfully new, grate slightly at variance with its setting, bells a failure, win-dows admirably constructed for excluding large bodies of air and admitting draughts, furniture of the popular senside type—brand-new Kid-derminister carpet of a flaring pattern, rickety Arabian bedstead, mahogany wardrobe with doors that no human power could keep shut, everything marble-topped that could be marbletopped; no pineushion, no easy-chair, no writ-ing-table, and a glaring southern sun pouring in upon a barren desert of Kidderminster.

"So Weston has been very attentive—has been doing my duty, in short," Mr. Walgravo said to himself as he dressed. "I wonder whether there's any chance of his cutting me out; and if he did, should I be sorry? It would be one thing for me to jilt Augusta, and another for her to throw me over. Old Vallory would hardly quarrel with me in the latter event; on the contrary, it would be a case for solutium. He could hardly do enough for me to make amends for my wrongs. But I don't think there's much danger from my friend Weston; and after all, I have quite done with that other folly-put it out of my mind, as a dream that I have dreamed."

He went downstairs presently, and found Mr. Vallory in the drawing-room, large and stolid, with a vast expanse of shirt-front, and a double gold eye-glass on the knob of his aquiline nose,

reading an evening paper.
This of course offered a delightful opening for conversation, and they began to talk in the usual hundrum manner of the topics of the hour. Parliament was over-it was the indignant letter season, and the papers were teeming with fervid protests against nothing particular. Extortionate inkeepers in the Scottish highlands, vaccination versus non-vaccination, paterfamilias bewaiting the inordinate length of his boys' holidays, complaints of the administration of the army, outeries for reform in the navy, jostled one another in the popular journals; and Mr. Vallory, being the kind of man who reads his newspaper religiously from the beginning to the end, had plenty to say about these things.

He was a heavy pompous kind of man, and Mr. Walgrave found his society a dead weight at all times; but never had he seemed so en-tirely wearisome as on this particular August evening, when less aristocratic Eastbourne was pacing the parade gaily, breathing the welcome breeze that set landwards with the sinking of the sun. Hubert Walgrave felt as if he could have walked down some of his perplexities, had he been permitted to go out and tramp the lonely hills, Beachy Head way, in the sunset; but in that lodging-house drawing-room, sitting on the creaky central ottoman contemplating his boots, while Mr. Vallory's voice droned drearily upon the subject of army reform, and "what we ought to do with our Armstrong guns, sir," and so on, and so on, his troubles sat

Weston came in presently, the very pink and pattern of neatness, with the narrowest possible white tie, and the air of having come to a dinner-party. He had slipt down by the afternoon express, he told his uncle after his day's work in the City.

"There's an attentive nephew!" exclaimed Mr. Vallory senior; "does a thorough day's work in Great Winchester-street, and then comes down to Eastbourne to turn over the leaves of his cousin's music, while I take my after-dinner nap, and is off to the City at a quarter to cight in the morning, unless he's wanted here for yatching or riding. Take care he doesn't cut you out, Walgrave."

"If I am foredoomed to be cut out," Mr. Wal-

grave answered with his most gracious smile, "Mr. Weston Vallory is welcome to his chance of the advantages to be derived from the transaction. But the lady who has honoured me by her choice is in my mind as much above sus-picion as Casar's wife ought to have been."

The young lady who was superior to Casar's wife came into the room at this moment, in the freshest and crispest of white muslin dresses, dotted about with peach-coloured satin bows, just as if a slight of butterslies had alighted on it. She gave Weston the coolest little nod of welcome. If he had really been a favourito Persian cat, she would have taken more notice of him. He had brought her some music, and a batch of new books, and absorbed her attention for ten minutes, telling herabout them; at the end of which time dinner was announced, to Mr. Walgrave's infinite relief. He gave Au-gusta his arm, and the useful Weston was left to follow his uncle, caressing his whiskers meditatively as he went, and inwardly anathematising Hubert Walgrave's insolence.

The dinner at Eastbourne was as the dinners in Acropolis-square. Mr. Vallory's butler was like Mr. Merdle's, and would not bate an ounce of plate for any consideration whatever; would have laid his table with the sune precision, one might suppose, if he had been laying it in l'ompeii the night of the cruption, with an exact foreknowledge that he and his bunquettable were presently to be drowned in a flood of lava. So the table sparkled with the same battalions of wine-glasses; the same property tankards, which no one ever drank from, blazed upon the sideboard, supported by a background of presentation sulvers; the same ponderous dishes went round in a ceremonial procession, with the entrees which Mr. Walgrave knew by heart. Mr. Vallory's cook was an accomplished matron, with seventy guineas a year for her wages; but she had not the inexhaustible resources of an Oude or a Goulfé, and Hubert Walgrave was familiar with every dish in her catalogue, from her consomme aux œufs to her apple-fritters. He ate his dinners, however, watched over with tender solicitude by the chief butler and his subordinates—ate his dinner mechanically, with his thoughts very far away from that seaside dining-room.

After dinner came music and a little desulto-

ry talk, a little loitering on the balcony, to watch the harvest moon rise wide and go over a rippling sea; then a quiet rubber for the gratification of Mr. Vallory; then a tray with brandy and seltzer, sherry and soda, a glass of either refreshing mixture compounded languidly by the two young men; and then a general good-night.

"I suppose you would like to go out in the

her departure.

"I should like it above all things," replied Mr. Walgrave; and he did indeed feel as if, tossing hither and thither on that buoyant sea, he might contrive to get rid of some part of

"It is a species of monomania," he said



himself, " and I daresay is as much the fault replied submissively; " only I don't like too of an overworked brain as an actual affair of see Cracey banging her head—it don't seem the heart. Who can tell what form a man's natural."

He did not fly in the face of fortune. He so t and offend Augusta Vallory?"

He did not fly in the face of fortune. He went out in the Airon on the next day and the next, and even rode Weston's chestnut mare in the dusty lanes, to oblige Miss Vallory, while the owner of the beast sat in an office, where the thermometer was at seventy-five, writing rough drafts of letters to be copied by infector hands, and interviewing important clients. They went to Psychology Castle together and the could never extort more from her than that the could never extort more from her than the could never extort more from the guardians of the point. They got rid of the days in a manner that ought to have been delightfur to both of them, since they were almost always together, and Mr. Walgrave made himself more agreeable than usual.

This lasted for about ten days; but at the end of the tenth he discovered suddenly that he must go back to Cardimum *versus* Cardimum, and stuff his brain with more precedents; would be listen to any arguments which Miss Vallory could urge to detain him. She submitted ultimately, and made no avow of her regret; but she really was grieved and disappointed, for she was fonder of him than she cared to let him see.

#### CHAPTER XV.

" DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT HATH BEEN?

After Hubert Walgrave's departure, the en-tire story of Grace Redmayne's life could be told in three words: "He was gone." She abandoued herself utterly to the bitterness of regret She went to and fro by day, and lay down to rest at night, with one great sorrow in her heart—a childish grief perhaps at the worst, but none the less bitter to this childish soul. Nor had she any friendly car into which to pour her woes. On the contrary, she had to keep perpetual watch and ward over herself, lest she should betray her foolish secret. It was the old story of the worm in the bud, and the damask check soon began to grow wan and pale. So changed and haggard, indeed—so pare. So Changed and maggard, meetings faded from her nymph-like beauty did the girl become, that even Mrs. James Redmayne's unsentimental eyes perceived the difference; and that worthy matron told her husband, with some anxiety of tone, that their nicce must be

"She's going the way of her poor mother, I'm aid, Jim," she said. "She's fainted dead off afraid, Jim," she said. "She's fainted dead off more than once since that evening in Clevedon Chase. I let her don hand's turn in the dairy the day before yesterday; for she gets restless and fretful sometimes, for want of work—lol-loping about all day, reading novels or playing the piano. It was light work enough—making up a bit of butter into swans—for it isn't likely Pd give her anything heavy to do; but when she'd been standing in the dairy halt an hour or so, she went off all of a sudden as white as a sheet of paper, and would have gone flat down on the bricks, if I hadn't caught her in my arms; and a regular bother I had to bring her round too. Depend upon it, Mr. Hum-phreys was right, and there's something wrong with her heart."

"Poor little lass!" murmured the farmer tenderly. He remembered his niece when she had been indeed a little lass, and had sat upon derly. his knee peering into the mysteries of a turnipshaped silver watch-a fragile flower-like child, whom be used to touch tenderly with his big clumsy hands, as it she had been an exotic. " Poor little lass ! seems hard though, Hannah if there's anything amiss. She's so young, and so bright, and so pretty—as personable a young woman as you can see between this and Tau-bridge. And there's her father working for her over yonder. I think it would clean break Rick's heart if he were to come back and find Gracy missing. We'd best do something, hadn't we, Hannah take her up to some London doc-

tor, ch?"

"We might do that," Mrs. Redmayne answered thoughtfully, " when the hops are gathered. I could not spare a day between this she was always in a position of stable equilibrium, therein, if it was a matter of life and death, as you may say; and thank God it isn't that! The girt ain't strong, and she's subject to fainting-lift; but there mayn't be anything serious in it, after all."

In was always in a position of stable equilibrium, he was always in a position of stable equilibrium, and then he added: "I had better go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you, young man," And Ton head deter go with you young man," And Ton head deter go with you young man," And Ton head deter go with you young man," And Ton head on objection, for such a was better go with you young man," And Ton head deter go with you young man," And Ton head on objection, for such a was always man position of stable equilibrium, and was always man position of stable equilibrium, and was alw in it, after all."

" You must take her up to London, Hannah, to see some topsawyer of a doctor, as soon as ever the hopping's over."

"I don't mind doing that. It's no use fid-getting ourselves with Mr. Humphreys' fancies. It you've got a sick headache, he looks nt you as solemn as it he was thinking of giving a

" 1 say, mother," Mr. James Redmayne remarked to his sponse, after a pause, "you don't think the girl's got anything on her mind, do you? She ain't fretting about anything, is

" Fretting about unything! Mercy's sakes, what's she got to fret about? All her victuals found for her, and no need to soil the tips of her fingers, unless she likes. She's never known a trouble in her life, except her father leaving her; and she's got the better of that ever so What can put such rubbish into your head father?

"Well, I don't know; girls are apt to have fancies, you see. There was that chap Mr. Walgry, for instance, hanging about her, and talking to her a good deal, on and on. may have put some foolish notions into her head-may have flattered her a bit perhaps, and made her think he was in love with her.

Mr. Redmayne made these observations in a dubious tone, and with a somewhat guilty feeling about in his own conduct during that one week of his wife's absence. He had left those two so entirely free to follow their own devices, while he made the most of his brief span of li-The partner of his fortunes took him up sharply.

" Hanging about her, indeed !" she exclaimed. "I never allowed any hanging about to go on under my nose; and I must say I always found Mr. Walgry quite the gentleman. Of course he did take some notice of Grace; she is a pretty girl, and it isn't likely she'd be passed over like a plain one. But I don't believe he ever said a foolish word to her, or behaved

any way unbecoming a gentleman."
"If you say so, Hannah, I make no doubt you're quite correct in your views," the farmer

punishment may take if he drives the intellec- "It's weakness, that's what it is, James. If tunl steam-engine just a little too hard? The she'd only drink the hop-tea I make her, she'd truth is, I want more rest and complete change is the Heaven I could get away to the Tyrol; but that's impossible, I am bound and hand foot, unless I like to fly in the face of fortune, and offend Augusta Vallory."

There's nothing finer than a tumbler of hop-tea every morning; but girls are so obstinute, and think hand offend Augusta Vallory."

They went to Pevensy Castle together, and dawdled about among the ruined walls. They went to Beachy Head, and heard wondrous stories of distressed barks and rescued cargoes, that touched her keenly, if there were any trouble on her mind; but she answered him very much as her aunt had done on her behalf: What could there be to trouble her ?'

"You are all so kind to me, dear uncle James," she said; "and if my father were only at home, I ought to be as happy as any girl in

It was rather a vague answer, but to James Redmayne it seemed a sufficient one. He went in to his wife with an air of mingled wisdom and triumph.

" I've got to the bottom of it all, mother," he said. Gracey's still fretting for her father; she owned as much to me just now."

" More fool she, then !" exclaimed Mrs.

James, who did not approve of confidence be-ing reposed in her husband which had not been offered to her. "Fretting won't bring Richard home a day the sooner, or earn him an ounce of gold-dust to bring back with him. She'd better drink my hop-tea, and keep up her health and good looks, so as to\_do him credit when he does come."

To be continued.

#### THE WATER-BABIES:

FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

CHAPTER VIII AND LAST.

And so Tom journeyed along toward the Otherand-of-Nowhere, and the strange adventures by met with, and the wonderful sights he beheld would fill a bigger volume than you ever saw. And at last, he saw before him a huge build-

ing, much bigger, and—what is most surprising -a little uglier than a certain new lunation asylum, but not built quite of the same mater lais. None of it, at least—or, indeed, for aught that I ever saw, any part of any other building whatsoever—is ensed with nine-inch brick in-side and out, and filled up with rubble between the walls, in older that any gentleman who has been confined during her Majesty's pleasure may be unconfined during his own pleasure, and take a walk in the neighbouring park to improve his spirits, after an hour's light and wholesome labour with his dinner-fork or one of the legs of his iron bedistead. No. The walls of this build-ing were built on an entirely different principle, which need not be described, as it has not yet

ocen discovered.

Tom walked toward this great building, won-Tom walked toward this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy
that he might find Mr. Grimes Inside it, till he
saw running toward him, and shouting "Stop!"
three or four people, who, when they came
nearer, were nothing else than policemen's
truncheous, running along without legs or arms.
Tom was not astonished. He was long passed
that. Besides, he had seen the navicular in the
water maye inhody knows how, a hundred

water move nobody knows how, a hundred times, without arms, or legs, or anything to stand in their stead. Neither was he frightened; for he had been doing no harm,

So he stopped; and, when the foremost trun-cheon came up and asked his business, he showed Mother Cary's pass; and the truncheon looked at it in the oddest fashion; for he had one eye in the middle of his upper end, so that when he looked at anything, being quite stiff, he had to slope himself, and poke himself, till it was a wonder why he did not tumble over; but, being quite full of the spirit of justice (as all policemen, and their truncheons, ought to be), he was always in a position of stable equilibrium

handle, to prevent tripping likelf up-for the

thong had got loose in running—and marched on by Tom's side.

"Why have you no policeman to carry you?" asked Tom, after a while

"Because we are not like those clumsy-made truncheous in the land-world, which cannot go without having a whole man to carry them We do our own work for and do it very well, though 1 say it who should not.

"Then why have your thong to your handle?"

" To hang ourselves up by, of course, when we are off duty."

Tom had got his answer, and had no more to say, till they came up to the great fron door of the prison. And there the truncheon knocked the prison. A weeket in the door opened, and out looked a tremendous old brass blunderbuss charged up

to the muzzle with slugs, who was the por-ter; and Tom started back a little at the sight "What case is this?" he asked in a deep voice,

out of his broad bell mouth.

"If you please, sir, it is no case; only a young gentleman from her ladyship, who wants to see Grimes, the master-sweep. said the blunderbuss. And he

pulled in his muzzie, perhaps to look over his prison-lists. " Grimes is up chimney No. 345," he said from

"So the young gentleman had better go on to the roof." Tom looked up at the enormous wall, which seemed at least ninety miles high, and wondered how he should everget up: but, when he binted that to the truncheon, it settled the matter in a For it whisked round, and gave

ilm such a shove behind as sent him up to the roof in no time, with his little dog under his And there he walked along the leads, till he met another truncheon, and told him his

er.and. "Very good," it said. "Come along: but it will be of no use. He is the most nuremorse-ful, hardhearted, foul-mouthed fellow I have in charge; and thinks about nothing but beer and pipes, which are not allowed here, of

Out of the top of it, his head and shoulders just the truth."

showing, stuck poor Mr. Grimes: so sooty, and bleared, and ugly, that Tom could hardly hear to member, disobey me again, and into a worse book at him. And in his mouth was a opper but it was not a dight, though he was pulling at it with all his might.

"Attention, Mr. Grimes," said the truncheon; there is a gentleman come to see you."

"Attention were the discovery of the parameter of the longer of setting eyes upon you till I came to these ugly quarters."

6 here is a gentleman come to see you."
But Mr. Grimes only said bad words; and kept

" Reep a civil fongue, and attend?" said the truncheon; and popped up just like Panch, hit-ling Grintes such a crack over the head with li-self, that his brains rattled inside like a dried walnut in its shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place; but he enald not, for they were stuck fast in the chimney. Now he was forced to attend

Now he was forced to attend, 9 Hey? he said, 9 why it's Tom? I suppose you have come here to laugh at me, you spite-ful little atomy?" Tom assured him he had not, but only wanted

to help him.
"I don't want anything except heer, and that I can't get; and a light to this bothering pipe

and that I can't get either."

"I'll get you one," said Tom; and he took up
a live coal (there were plenty lying about) and
put it to Grime's pipe; but it went out in-

stantly.

"It's no use," said the truncheon, leaning itself up against the chimney, and looking on.

"I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near him. You will see that presently, plain enough,"

enough,"

"Oh, of course, it's my fault, Everything's always my fault," said Grimes, "Now don't go to bit me again" (for the truncheon started upright, and looked very wicked); "you know. my arms were only free, you daren't hit me

The truncheon leant back against the chimney and took no notice of the personal insult, like a well-trained policeman as it was, though he was ready enough to a vengeury transgression against morality or order.

"But ean't I help you in any other way? Can't I help you to get out of this chimney ? said Tom.

No,"interposed the truncheon; who has come

to the place where everybody must help them-selves; and he will find it out. I hope, before he has done with me.'

"Oh, yes," said Grimes, "of course it's me, Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chimneys? Did I ask to have lighted straw under me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all, because it was so shamefully clogged up with soot? Did I ask to shy here—I don't know how long—a hundred years, I do believe, and never get my pipe, nor my beer, nor nothing fit for a heast, let alone a man."

"No," answered a solemn voice behind, "No more did Tom, when you behaved to him in

It was Mrs Bedonebyasyoudid. And, when the truncheon saw her, it started but upright —Attention!—and made such a low how, that if it had not been full of the spirit of justice. it must have tumbled on its end, and pro-bably burt its one eye. And Tom made his

"Oh, ma'am," he said, "don't think about "Oh, ma'ano," he said, enough timus about me; that's all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass over. But may not I help poor Mr. Grimes? Mayn't I try and get some of these bricks away, that he

try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?"

• You may try, of course," she said.

So Tom pulled and tagged at the bricks: but he could not move one. And then he tried to whee Mr. Grimes's face: but the soot would not

"Oh, dear!" he said, "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and row I am of no use at all."

" You had best leave me alone," said Grimes; "you are a gool-natured forgiving little chap, and that's truth; but you'd best be off. The hall's couling on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your little head."

out of your little head."

"What hall?"

"What hall?"

"Why, hall that falls every evening here; and, till it comes close to me, it's like so much warm rain; but then it turns to hall over my head, and knocks me about like small shot."

"That hall will never come any more," said the strange lady. "I have told you before which the strange lady. "I have told you before which had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had seen so much in his travels that he had be had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much in his travels that he had been so much she is gone to heaven now, and will weep no more for her graceless son."

Then Grimes was silent awhile: and then be looked very sad.

6 So my old mother's gone, and I never there to speak to her! Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little. school there in Vendale, if it hadn't been for

me and my bad ways."

O Did she keep school in Vendule?" asked
Tom. And then he told Grimes all the story of his going to her house, and how she could not abide the sight of a chimney-sweep, and then how kind she was, and how he turned into a water-baby.

• Ah!? said Grimes, egood reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her and took up with the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent her a penny to help her, and now it's too late--too late!" sald Mr. Grimes.

And he began crying and blubbering like a great baby, till his pipe dropped out of his mouth, and broke all to bits.

"Oh dear, if I was but a little chap in Ven-

dale again, to see the clear beck, and the apple-orehard, and the yew-hedge, how different I would go on! But it's too late now. So you go along, you kind little chap, and don't stand to look at a man crying, that's old enough to be your father, and never feared the face of man, nor of worse neither. But I'm beat now, and beat I must be. I've made my bed and I must lie on it. Foul I would be, and foul I am, as an Irishwoman said to me once; and little I heeded it. It's all my own fault: but it's too And he cried so bitterly that Tom began

erying too.
"Never too late," said the fairy, in such a strange soft new voice that Tom looked up at her; and she was so beautiful for the moment that Tom half fancled she was her sister.

No more was it too late. For, as poor Grimes orled and blubbered on, his own tears did what his mother's could not do, and Tom's could not do, and nobody's on earth could do for him; for they washed the soot off his face and off his clothes; and then they washed the mortar | not like. away from between the bricks; and the cum-

water-baby, his radical humours were of moist and cold inclure, as you may read at large in Lomming, Cardan, Van Helmont, and other gent-tlemen, who knew as much as they could, and no more an no more. And a last they came to chimney No. 315, Out of the top of it, his head and shoulders just showing, stuck poor Mr. Grimes: so sooty, and observed, and quely, that Tom could hardly hear the first head and subject the ruth."

"As you please, ma'am. You're stronger than me, I know too well also. And, as for being my own master, Pee fared ill enough with that as yet. So whatever your ladyship pleases to order me; for I'm beat, and that's the pleases, and parky, that Tom could hardly hear themeter, disadely we make and meet the pleases.

The base of the could not be seen you."

But Mr. Grimes only said bad words; and kept grambling, "My pipe won't draw, My pipe won't draw, My pipe won't draw,"

Neep a civil tongue, and attend?" said the truncheon; and popped up just like Punch, hitting Grimes such a crack over the head with hitting Grimes such a crack over the head with a thermore, "I gave you your warning then; sell, that his brains rattled inside like a dried wainut in its shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place; but he could not, for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day that they went out together to Harthover, "I gave you your warning then; but you gave it yourself a thousand times before and slines. Every had word that you said—every ernet and mean thing that you didd—every time that you got tiny—every day that every time that you got tipsy—every day that you went dirty, you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not," • If I'd only known ma'am ="

o If I'd only known ma'am =" "You knew well enough that you were dis-obeying something, though you did not know it was me. But come out and take your chance, Perhaps it may be your last,"

So Grimes stepped out of the chimney, and really, if it had not been for the sears on his face, he looked as clean and respectable as a master-sweep need look.

Take him away," said she to the truncheon,
 and give him his ticket-of-leave,"

" And what is he to do, ma'am ?" Odet him to sweep out the crater of Etna; he will find some very steady men working out their time there, who will teach him his bust-ness; but mind, if the crater gets choked again, and there is an earthquake in consequence, bring them all to me, and I shall investigate the case

So the truncheon marched off Mr. Grimes

looking as meek as a drowned worm.

And for aught I know, or do not know, he is sweeping the crater of Elma to this very day,
"And now," said the fairy to Tom, "your

work here is done. You may as well go back again." " I should be glad enough to go," said Tom

" but how am I to get up that great hole again, now the steam has stopped blowing?" "I will take you u; the blackstairs; but I must bandage your eyes first; for I never allow anybody to see those backstairs of mine." So

she tied the bandage on his eyes with one hand, as d with the other she took it off. "Now," she said, "you are safe up the stairs. Tom opened his eyes very wide, and his moath

too; for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step. But, when he looked round him, there could be no doubt that he was safe up the backstairs, whatsoever they may be, which no man is going to tell you, for the plain reason that no man knows.

The first thing which Tom saw was the black cedars, high and sharp against the rosy dawn; and St. Brandau's Isle reflected double in the still broad silver sea. The wind sang softly in the cedars, and the water sing among the ca-ves; the sea-birds sang as they streamed out into the ocean, and the land-birds as they built among the boughs; and the air was so full of song that it stirred St. Brandan and his hermits as they slumbered in the shade; and they moved their good old lips, and sang their morn ing hymn amid their dreams. But among all the songs one came across the water more sweet and clear than all; for it was the song of a young girl's voice.

And what was the song which she sang? Ah,

my little man, I am too old to sing that song, and you too young to understand it. But have patience, and keep your eye single, and your hands clean, and you will learn some day to sing it yourself, without needing any man to

And as Tom neared the Island, there sat upon a rock the most grac dul creature that ever was seen, looking down, with her chin upon her hand, and probling with her feet in the water. And when they came to her she looked up, and hehold it was Ellie. • On, Miss Ellie." sald he, whow you are grown?

" Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown,

he had seen so much in his travels that he had quite given up being astonished; and, indeed, he could think of nothing but Ellie. stood and looked at Ellie, and Ellie looked at him; and they liked the employment so much that they stood and booked for seven years more,

and neither spoke or stirred. At last they heard the falry say : " Attention children! Are you never going to look at me

again ? "We have been looking at you all this while," they said. And so they thought they

had been.
"Then look at me once more," said she They looked—and both of them eried out at once, "Oh, who are you, after all?" "You are our dear Mrs. Doasyouwouldbe-

doneby." "No, you are good Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid

but you are grown quite beautiful now!"

"To you," said the fairy. "But look again,"
"You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very ow, solemn voice; for he had found out some thing which made him very happy, and yet frightened him more than all that he had ever

"But you grown quite young again."
"To you," said the fairy. "But look again." " You are the Irishwoman who met me the lay I went to Harthover!"

And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once. " My name is written in my eyes, if you have

eyes to see it there."

And they looked into her her great, deep, soft eyes, and they changed again and agair into every hue, as the light changes in a dla-

" Now read my name," sald she, at last. And her eyes flashed, for one moment, clear white, blazing light: but the children could not read her name; for they were dazzled, and hid their faces in their in ads.

"Not yet, young things, not yet," said he, smiling; and then she turned to Ellic.
"You may take him home with you now on Sundays, Ellic. H: has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to go with you and be a man; because he has done the thing he did

So they walked along over the leads, and mey crambled down; and Grimes began to get an isometimes or weekshays, too; and he is So they walked along over the leads, and very soothy thay were, and Tom thought the continuers must want sweeping very much.

But he was surprised to see that the soot did hit him on the crown a tremendous thomp, not stick to his feet, or dirty them in the least. Neither did the live coals, which were bottle. But the strange lady jett it aside, lying about in plenty, burn him; for, being a water-broby, his radical humours were of moist and cold nature, as you may read at large in the strange lady read it and was going to hit him on the crown a tremendous thomp, and steam-engines, and electric telegracia, and drive him down again like a cork into a knows everything about everything, except why a heave egg dou't turn into a crossdiff, and two or three other little things which no one will know till the conting of the Cocquisition. I know too well also. And, as for being he was a water-bardy, underneaft the sea.

he was a water-baby, underneath the sea, " And of course Tom married Ellie?" My dear child, what a silly notion! Don't you know that no one ever marries in a fairy tale, under the rank of a prince or a

" And Tom's dog ?"

Oh, you may see him any clear night in July; for the old dog star was so worn out by the last three hot summers that there have been no dog-days since; so that they had to takehim down and put Tour's dog up in the place, Therefore, as new brooms sweep clean, we may hope for some warm weather this year. And that is the end of my story.

#### MORAL

And now, my dear little man, what should we learn from this parable? We should learn thirty-seven or thirty-nine

We should learn thirty-seven or analysmosthings, I am not exactly sure which; but one thing, at least, we may bearn, and that is this when we see cits in the ponds, never to throw stones at them, or eatch them with crocked the analysis of the observance with stackleplus, or put them into vivariums with stacklebacks, that the sticklebacks may prick them in their poor little stomachs, and make them jump out of the glass into somebody's workbox, and so come to a bad end. For these effs are nothing else but the water-bables who are stupid and dirty, and will not learn their lessons and keep themselves clean; and, therefore (as comparative analomists will tell you fifty years hence, though they are not bearing enough to tell you now), their skulls grow that, their laws grow on, and their beaus grow and, and their frow out, and their brains grow small, and their tails grow long, and they lose all their ribs (which I am sure you would not like to do), and their skins grow dirty and spotted, and they never get into the clear rivers, much less into the great wide sea, but hang about in dirty

ponds, and live in the mud, and eat worms, as they deserve to do. But that is no reason why you should Ill-use them: but only why you should pity them, and be kind to them, and hope that some day they will wake up, and be ashamed of their resty, dirty, lazy, stupid life, and try to amend, and only, azy, stupid life, and try to amend, and become something better once more. For, perhaps, if they do so, then after 379,123 years, the months, thirteen days, two hours, and twenty-one minutes (for aught that appears to the contrary), if they work very hard and wash very hard all that time, their branes may grow bigger, and their jaws grow smaller, and their ribs come back and their till, realized and ribs come back, and their trils wather off, and will turn into water-babies again, and, perhaps, after that, into land-babies; and after that, ibto grown men.

Into grown men.

You know they won't? Very well, I dare say you know best. But you see, some folks have a great liking for those peer little ens. They never did anybody any harm, or could if they tried; and their only fault is, that they do no good—any more than some thousands of their betters. But what with ducks, and what with pike, and what with sticklobacks, and what with water-beetles, and what with margary boys, they are a sac sair hedden dona," as the Scotsmen say, that it is a wonder how they live; and some folks can't help hoping, with good Bishop Butter, that they may have another chance, to make things fair and even, some-where, somewhen, somehow.

where, somewhen, somehow.

Meanwhile, do you learn your leasons, and thank that that you have plenty of cold water to wash in; and wash in it too, like a true Englishman. And then, if my story is not true, something better is; and if I am not quite right, still you will be, as long as you stick to hard work and cold water.

But romember always, as I told you at first, that this is all a force tale and each force and

that this is all a fary tale, and only fan and pretence; and, therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.

## TOM'S "GOLD DUST."

"Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as well as they ought." They were in the garden, and "the things" the boy had his eyes on were the current basics.

"I don't expect they do," replied his unclo.

e l'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve 2" • I can try on the currants," said Tom. • They want to be frimmed out, and the wood

His uncle had never done these things; did not know that they ought to be done, thought, he sael, "currants took care of the

cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't

Selves. "But they can be cared for," said Tom, " and

do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle.

His duck did not believe much would come of it, but he had reason to change his mind. Much did come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, line large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked into the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have !"

That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes about. Tom went to college, and every account they

neard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future. "Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly, That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his

Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to Cali-fornia. He never was a miner. When did he get gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls, and grown-up people are upt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them, as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good

#### bargains: " for value received" was stamped on all he passed away. Take care of your gold dust.—Little American.

Is the man a ponderable or an imporderable ubstance; an essence, vapour, or an indescribable omething which cannot be grasped, folt, or with-

white, blazing light: but the children could not read her name; for they were dazzled, and hid their faces in their hands.

"Not yet, young things, not yet," said he, amiling; and then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you now on Sandays, Ellie. H: has won his spars in the great battle, and become it to go with you and be a man; because he hasdone the thing he did not like."

So Tom went home with Ellie on Sundays,

## THE HEARTHSTONE.

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OUR NEW STORY.

On the fourth of May we will commence a new and very interesting local story by Mr. J. A. Phillips, entitled

## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The scene is laid in Montreal and the incidents relate to every day social intercourse; the story will be splendidly illustrated with pictures of Montreal and can scarcely fail to be highly interesting to our readers.

## EDITORIAL COLLEGES.

Some time ago Washington College, Virginia propounded the novel idea that Editors like lawvers, doctors, or clergymen-needed to be trained for their peculiar position; and accordingly instituted a " Department of Journalism." The College got pretty well laughed at at first, for most people-especially emptyheaded, conceited editors; of whom there are not a few-think that editors are, like someone has said about poets, "born not made." After awhile, however, Cornell University followed the lead of Washington College, then staid and venerable Yale wheeled into line, next the University of the City of New York; and we think it will not be long before every College in the United States will add a " School for Journalism," to their other departments. It will, no doubt be a long time before every person connected with the editorial department of a newspaper will be obliged to have passed through an Editorial College. just as lawyers, doctors, and divines have to pass through a course of study; but, we believe it will come to that, and no one will be able to jump from the plough into the editorial chair, any more than he could jump from the plough on to the woolsack.

In the ancient days "might made right" and the soldier administered justice, or others.

injustice as the case may be, solely by the strength of his right arm; gradually, as civilization advanced, the soldier was pushed from his position and the law began to take his place. It was recognised that, might did not always make right, and that there was a higher and nobler power, by which the affairs of man could be regulated, than mere brute force. With the still advancing power of civilization, the invention of the printing press, the establishment of newspapers, another and greater power than all was developed, the power of the press. Falteringly, hesitatingly, half apologetically, the first newspapers began to speak; slowly and with caution they dared to utter their opinions on public events, and public men; very faintly they dared to condemn, and very loud and flattering were they in their praise of the "high and mighty ones." As years rolled by the power of the press began to be more and more developed; public opinion, which scarce had an existence even in name before the advent of newspapers, began to recognise them as its fit and proper exponent, and in less than one century the power of the press has become so great and general that it is felt from the highest crowned head to the lowest Jack-in-office. It is greater than the lawyer, the doctor, or the devine, for where they represent but a small portion of the community the power of the press represents-or should represent—the voice of the nation at

large, the voice of public opinion. Admitting-and no one would be foolish enough to deny-the immense influence that the press exercises at the present time, it becomes vastly important that care should be taken that competent persons, and only such, should yield this great power. We have men of great learning connected with newspapers, men of research, and intelligence in Metaphysies, Theology, Political Economy &c., the reason of which is obvious, as may be seen by the ease with which distinguished men of other professions slip into the editorial chairs of newspapers and magazines; but we need more men trained to regard editorial work as a profession to be followed and loved for itself, not to be used simply as a stepping stone to political or personal advancement. We want men also, who are not only brilliant writers, but profound thinkers on the events of the day and the signs of the times; in fact we want trained men; and, therefore, it is that we hail with pleasure the establishment of schools of journalism in some of the American Colleges and trust it will not be, long 'ere our own Colleges

follow the good example set them. But, it will very naturally be asked "What have you to learn, to be fit to fill an editorial position on a leading paper?" and; "Are you sure that following a special course of training will make an editor?" To the first we say "almost all branches of knewledge;" to the second, " no; no more than a special course of study will make a lawyer, a doctor, or a divine." A man must have a certain amount of adaptability for his work, or he can never become eminent in it; but by careful training he may become moderately useful in his profession, and without being "a shining light" do great good in his generation.

" But what are editors to learn?" We should say that one of the most important points is to train would be aspirants to editorial honors, to think, deeply, thoroughly, but rapidly. When one comes to consider the vast amount of matter which the editor of a daily paper has to write in the course of a year, the surprise is not that there is so little depth of thought displayed in his writings, but that there is so much. An editor seldom has time to reflect for any length of time over the tonic he has to discuss: he must write " on the spur of the moment," in most instances and, therefore, any training, or system which can assist him in arranging his thoughts rapidly and well, must be of immense advantage to him. The actual studies which should be placed before journalistic aspirants should consist probably of History, Political Economy, Logic, Modern Languages, the principles of Criticism, Contemporaneous History, the history of Political parties, Common and International Law; an editor is popularly supposed to know "everything," and, therefore, nothing which might come under the heading of General knowledge" can be hurtful to him.

It would, perhaps, be better if separate Colleges specially for preparing a man for a journalistic career, could be established; where he may also fit himself in the more mechanical parts of his profession, such as type-setting proof-reading, stenography, &c.,-all of which altho' not absolutely necessary, are highly useful to an editor; and we believe that ere many years such Colleges will be established not only in America, but in Canada also; meanwhile we are heartily glad to see schools for journalism attached to some of the leading colleges and hope the example will be universally followed.

Newspapers are the current history of the world, written up to date, and are supposed to lead and instruct the public at large; it is, therefore, well to see that the men who conduct these papers, and in whose hands so vast a responsibility is placed, are themselves instructed, and competent to lead and to teach For the Hearthstone.

BUMPTOWN PAPERS. BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER VI .- THE NINE HOUR MOVEMENT.

I gave you a half promise last week that I would be furny, this week; excuse me, I ready cannot be; behold in me astill more melancholy and disconsolate man than I was last week; I have triumphed, and yet I am de-feated. You may, perhaps, remember the position in which I was left last week; this is how the matter hasterminated :Scraphina Angelina, ob-jecting strongly to the position 1 had assumed, has called me "a monster," "a brute"—she's call-edme that before—" a bloated capitalist"—that is not true—; and a great many more hard names which I do not please to tell you; and has fi-nally left the friendly shelter of my roof—paid for, without mortgage—and has gone off lectur-ing on "Woman's rights," and "The nine hour movement." Nathandel, my son and heir, so rained his pockets, his breeches, and his morals in the game of marbles, 1 told you last week he was playing, that I was forced to exert my paternal authority and—after paying for a nev suit of clothes—place him in the Jesuit College, where I feel comblent be will receive a good education and not be permitted to play marbles, or any other exciting game, on the nine hours prin-

siple. My little pet Serephlna Angelina jr. hada very unequal contest with the cat; passy expresses her objection to being washed by clawing Scra-phina Angelina's face and arms to such an extent that I had to send form doctor, and, when he had restored Saraphiaa Angelina jr. to som thung like her normal condition, I made up my mind that the only safe place for her was the Hoche-laga Convent where the nine hour movement is not recognised, and where cats, I believe, are not admitted. As for the servant-girl, the grocer's boy—who is a married man with three chilten improved her mind to such an extent that she has 'eloped' to the States with him, and is there, no doubt, experiencing the advantages to be gained from "all play and no work." Perhaps the play will not be so funny; and the comedy may be changed into tragedy, wher Mrs. Grocer's Boy, No I arrives in Barlington and brings a charge of bigamy against the hold gre cer's boy; it's none of my business, and I don't care a centabout it.

You may very easily understand that my feelings, with regard to the nine hour move ment, have not been improved by these unto-ward events. I shut up my house; I took up my residence at the Sanlaunce Hall, and drank many brandy cocktalls for three days. At the end of the third day I met an old friend who propounded to me the original, and

very suggestive question;
" Will you take a drink."

1 took it. After the drink—and one or two more—my friend After the dimession of the more approximate informed me that he was a delegate to the "Nine Hour Union Labor League," that a meeting was to be held that evening and he kindly invited me to attend. I asked if it was to be a "mutual admiration meeting;" and he said it would be "there, or thereabouts." I asked if any one would be allowed to say anything against the would be allowed to say anything against the movement; he said, he inight; but, then again, he mightened; and the probability was that, unless he went in for the "movement," he would take a broken head home under his bat. would take a broken neatt come under his hat, suggested that I wore a cap, and didn't care; and if he would introluce me I would speak a small piece. I was leaded up to the muzzle with indignation, and wanted to fire off. My friend did not seem any too much pleased at my proposition, but finally consented to stand godfather for me before the meeting, and so we father for me before the meeting, and so we went to the grand meeting of the "Nine hour Union League." My friend, in introducing me, took care to state to the meeting that he did not agree with anything I was going to say; that he hoped if any one had any hard boiled eggs in his pocket, he would eat them; that any one having rotten apples, or cabbages near him might use them to better advantage by taking them home to make apple ple, or to assist at corn-beef and cabbage, than my pelting the speaker with them; he also made several playfind allusions to "busting his mose" "punching his snoot," "putting a Mansard roof on him," and other cheerful and collivening phrases which tended very much to keep my spirits up. Then I was allowed to speak. My reception was not flattering; a well directed egg, in the last stage of decomposition, assaulted me, immediately un-der the olfactory organ, as soon as I had at-tained an upright position. I made a speech at least as much of a speech as any man could make, while he was constantly engaged in dodging rotten apples, eggs, carrots, cabbages, paper balls, and every other missile that could be thrown as far as the platform. I don't believe any one heard that speech and as I am rather proud of having delivered it, I take the liberty of sending to you what I meant, to say, had I been permitted.

## MR. BUMPUS' SPERCIA

"Gentlemen."—I said, "You call this the 'Workingman's Nine Hour League'; no would ask you 'what is a workingman?"" you, you old buffer" exclaimed a voice in the crowd, and it was only by a well executed "dodge" that I avoided a well aimed cubbage.
"You arrogate to yourselves," I continued, "the little of workingmen, which according to Webster"—" who cares a cass about Webster, does he support the movement "" inquired a voice in the crowd—means "a man who works"; now by your own showing you are men who do not want to work. If you are workingmen, what are the car-drivers conductors, hod-carriers street laborers, farm hands, dry goods clerks, grocers clerks, drug clerks, barkeepers, and dozens of other workingmen who have to work often lifteen or sixteen hours a day; and in the case of barkeepers and drug clerks sometimes twenty five hours out of the twenty four if that could possibly be; and yet these "men who work"—and work hard—are not recognised by you and I do not see any of them amongst you. I'll tell you what you are, you are a set of conspirators, plotting to rob the consumer out of ten per cent on the cost of every mechanical article he has to buy! You are"—here I had to stop; not on account of a want of breath, but on account of an egg. Now, I like eggs in the abstract, but like them fresh, and object se-riously to receiving one in the middle of my forehead with such violence that for a few so conds I thought my brains were as addled as the egg. It was not a nice egg, the stench was in tolerable and the nasty mess streamed over my face; a shower of other missiles followed the egg, and I was glad to beat a hasty retreat: these and I was glad to beat a hasty retreat; these fellows say they work on the nine hour principle, but they pelt eggs, apples &c., at a much

greater rate than that.

This is how I had intended to finish, and as it is not long I will take the liberty of writing it for you. I meant to conclude: "You are trying to increase the cost of living in Canada and, chief attractions to emigrants, the certainty of being able to support a large family at small cost. I will conclude by telling you a little par-

Sixteen thousand years ago there was a race of pre-listoric men—the wise men are quarrel-ling to this day as to whether there were any pre-historic men or not, but my parable will tell you that there were. And these pre-his-toric men were called Settheworldright's and they declared that men worked too hard, and that they ought to have more time to improve thomseives; and they told the sun—for in those days men could talk to the sun—that he was a great fool to shine twelve hours and wanted him to strike. But the sun was too smort for that, he said " God put me in the heavens to do my duty, and I mean to do it; and when He needs me to stilne sixteen hours in any one place I shall do it, and if He only requires me to shine eight

I shall obey Him?
Then the Settheworldrights' voted that the sun was an old fool, and not a workingman; and so they struck for eleven hours, and the hour so gained from work they spent in improving their minds, and the way they improved their minds was by drinking monkeypunch which every-body knows is a very improving drink. And then having got only cleven hours work they wanted ten; and when they had got ten, they wanted nine; and the less time they had to work the more time they had to improve their minds by trinking monkeypunch. And when they had got nine hours they wanted eight, and so on through successive generations until they work-ed only one hour a day. And by this time the Settheworldrights' had dwindled down to very small numbers, and their talls had grown long, and they walked on their hands and feet, and were nothing but monkeys. And then they did no work at all and so they all die texceptione old male monkey and one young female monkey and Mr, D crwin found this pair, and the set the old in de monkey to work digging for roots to support himself and the founder monkey, and made him climb trees and work hard sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. And after many generations the monkeys' talls dropped off from sheer hard work, and they stood on their hind legs and gradually changed back to men again. And this old made monkey and young female monkey were the founders of the present human race: and if you don't believe me ask Mr. Dar-win, and he'lt tell you it's true."

That is how I intended to end my speech, but

(For the Hearthstone.) WOMAN'S ELEVATION.

The elevation of our sex I firmly advocate But "Woman's Rights," as commonly under-stood, can never tend to that much-desired obter. Education is the "Right" which alone can raise us from the disadvantages under which we are oppressed. Make woman a self-reliant " and avenues now entirely engrossed by the male sex would soon afford legitimate scope for female

Throw open the public schools and colleges to girls as freely as to the opposite sex, give the former the same advantages as the latter, and then wait and in the future see what noble women you have presented to the world. The girls of the presentage—not those known by the cog-nomen of the "period"—are shamefully dealt with. No wise provision for their future, no him of their ever becoming self-sustaining, no idea of a fixed calling in life, naught but marriage to fill Is it any wonder that the Divorce Courts are so busy, or the Police Courts so full of sad cases relating to poor abused women asking for protec-tion from one with whom necessity obliges them

Nations are at last awakening to the real urgency of training the young, feeling that their fature greatness depends upon the high moral tone instilled into the minds of those who will tone instilled into the minds of those who will soon be ready to assume the places of their el-ders. England, to wit, but she has much more to do ere the old social projudices are removed against educating girls for business pursuits. Some of the male sex believe—indeed, I have heard the remark frequently—that woman has no energy to raise herself from her born condition. I resent that as a base libel upon oursex. Even supposing for a moment it were truth where lies the fault. To what can we attribute this state of normal feeling, simply to public education and home culture. Give the girls in general that higher training, of which a few are even now soaring after, and then see " ye gents, if their intellect is not at least on a par with your own. Under Republican government women are

certainly more independent than under the monarchical administration of the old world, So much social distinction is there observed,

the false standard of "caste" is fully developed and we of this glorious new world are in dange ideas, are not more clamorous after that right which the Creator intended from the beginning, little independence we now enjoy will be in jeopardy. A woman's proper sphere is home, some one tells us. Very true, and happy the being who reigns over such, with loving husbane and affectionate children, and of this world's goods sufficient. To her I say, your mission is plain. Bring all your glorious intellect to bear upon their happiness here and hereafter, and bless God eternally for such good gifts.

But how many thousands in this universe are simply working body and soul — yea even to the destruction of the latter — just to support The unskilled labor market is always overgrowded, and thence such sad results.

Ye mothers, look at your sleeping girls,daughters of Eve, and inheriting her frailties—what shall be their future? A loving and loved wife, such you pray. But glance at the number who are truly happy in the marriage state and names; then remember those who just tolerate each other, who live together for convenience, or fearful of the " Mother Grundy" of society Then look at the awful list of broken-hearted wives tied to drunkards, some ill-used and ne-glected, and think, may not my child's lot be like unto this.

As a precaution, I ask for every mother's help in raising the cry for "Woman's Elevation. LIZZIE BRANSON.

## EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The fifteenth was very generally observed throughout Canada as the day of thankeriving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, In Montreal the day was observed as a general holiday and services were held in most of the churches which were firstely attended.——Intelligence has been received of the rapid progress of bir, Lloyd's surveying marks on the Mayers and the Adversarian bir. treat the day was observed as a general modify an services were held in most of the churches which were largely attended.—Intelligence has been received of the rapid progress of bir. Lloyd's surveying party on the Montreal section of the Pacific Railway. Mr. Lloyd's party has been divided into two camps, one under Mr. Arthur Hamilton. They have each thirty miles of line to run, and are racing to see who will finish first. The men are in good spirits.—The revenue for eleven months, from Mny to March, is \$18,28,022, and the expenses \$16,536,230, leaving a surplus of \$1,700,762.—The expenses of the last Fenian raid on the Manitoba frontiers cost the Federal Government about \$90,000.—The Simon leaves England shortly to carry the 87th Royal Irish Fusileers from Malta to Hallifax, and take the Gist Regt, to England.—Sidney, Cape Broton, has decided to ask the Dominion for a Post Office Savings Bank and Marine Hospital, and is to be lighted with gas.——General Saymour, the engineer of the North Shore Railway, advocates the construction of

a tunnel or surmerged tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebes, so as to connect the North Shore Railway with the lines on the south side. General Soymour is preparing a report for Mr. Cauchon, the President of the North Shore Railway, in which, among other matters, the question referred to will be discussed.—An old resident of Heauport, named, Deroussel, who died a short time ago, left \$120,000 to his cook, who had been in his service for 3D years. To each of his five children he bequeathed \$400, and \$75,000 to religious institutions.—A grand procession in support of the nine hours' movement, under the auspices of the Toronte Trades' Society, took place on 15th inst. The procession, numbering 4,000 people, headed by bands of music, left the Trades' Assembly Hall at 1,30, marched through the principal streets to the Queon's Park, where the Association was addressed by James Beatty, Esa., M. P. Aldermen Canavan, Hallam, &c., all strongly advocating that nine hours should be considered a day's labor, —Reports from Newfoundland to 10th inst. state that one hundred and forty five vessels had left for the seal fisheries up to 10th inst., six had returned bringing 43,150 seats, the fishing is said to be very poor.

bringing 43,150, seals, the fishing is said to be very poor.

United States.—It is stated that some fifty-two millions worth of Eric shares have been issued by Jay Goald, but in such a losse manner that they cannot be traced.—Oliver Washbarne, of Sing Sing, aged about 75 years, committed suicide at that place on 13th inst, by hanging. The rope was fastened to something in his room, and with one end of it attached to his neak he jumped out of the window.—Radford House and the elevator contained 50,000 bushels of grain. Loss estimated at \$100,000.—A fire occurred at Ayer, Mass., on 14th inst, which destroyed all the business part of the place. Not a grocery nor a dry goods store romains; loss, \$200,000.—Dr. Wu. Hewer, an English miser, age. I 84 years, a long noted character in San Francisco, was found on a pile of rags in his room in Dupont street, on 15th inst, this room had not been swept in for 13 years. Twelve thousand pourles in English money were found in the room,—Minercin the Star. Lineous and other districts in the Southern eart of Utah territory, are forming scared organisations to oppose the secret influence of Mormonism, and among other objects to brue to justice the instigators and perpetutors of mountain and meadow masseres. Over two hundred members have afready fained, Merkean Ruchanan, the secon, died at Deniver City Col. on 15th inst.—The Grand Jury of Pensylvania has found a true field on Wm. H. Kemble, ex State Treasurer, in an article published in the Num. relative t. the Evans franch.—Denive City Col. on 15th inst.—

Englished in the Num. relative t. the Evans franch.—Denyelynania has found a from bill against Chea, A. Dena, of the N. Y. Noa, for the lost of the state of t

in strance. Thirteen families were rendered houseless by the fire.

ENGLAND,—Charles Read, the well-known author and dramatist, has announced his intention to presente five journals for a libel, which he alleges was embodied in several unfavorable criticisms upon his play charled. Stally Stally.—The counter case presented at tiencur on behalf of the British theyrament, has been and barlore the House of Lords and printed. It conclines with a declaration on the position of neutrals under the views presented in the case of the American Government. These views, it says, would render their position one of perpetual and uncentiting naxiety, surcounded by dangers and harrassed by a crowd of new obligations which nothing but steepless virilance could satisfy, whilst the laxity of even a subordinary officer would be visited with heavy national penalties; private commerce would be subjected to minute inquisition and incessant supervision; individuals would be tracked by spics and informers; the trade of belligerents would be fettered, and the hospitalities of a country guarded with impossible precautions.—The Court of Queen's Bench has granted, upon motion of Sergeaut Ballantyne, a rule requiring the Athornoy-tieneral, Sir John Duke Colerade, to show why the claimant of the Techborne estate has no been admitted to bail—The proceedings of Aroutration in Geneva with a view to the settlement of the Alabama Utains, are at a complete stand-sulf, and will remain so until the American reply ty the English protest has been recived from Washington. The nature and wording of the protest forwarded by Her Majesty's Ministers to the Court of Arbitrators inspire little hope of inture negonations on the subject.

France.—The authorities of the City of Bayonne have seized a quantity of munitions of war.

Inture negotiations on the subject.

France.—The authorities of the City of Bayonne have seized a quantity of munitions of war, destined for the use of Carlists in Spain. The Government of Versailles has issued orders to commanders of troops on the frontier to exercise extraordinary vigilance to prevent any movement which may be made on French territory in sympathy with Carlists.—The trials of persons charged with participating in the Communist revolt continues to be held at Versailles.—A Carlist, formerly a Colonel in the Spanish army, has been captured by the French officers near the Spanish frontier.—A family have been cardered by glysics at Lebarp, in the Department of Gironde.—The committee which was appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the captulation of French cites or forts during the late war, have finished their investigations of the surrender of Metz, and submitted their report. The conclusions arrived at by the committee have not been made public, and it is stated that they will be kept seered for some time. The committee have yet to examine into the facts connected with nine capitulations, including that of the city of Paris.

Spans.—A band of marauders entered the village

Spain.—A band of marauders entered the village of Marcha, and seized three thousands reals below-SAIN.—A band of manadors entered the village of Mancha, and seized three themsands rouls belonging to the Municipal Fund. The commander of the band gave the town authorities a receipt for the money to which he signed his name as Pro-General, Commanding-in-Chief of the Federal armies of Don Carlos.—Advices from Madrid announce a general armed rising of malcontens throughout Spain. Other deepatches state that the Government is fully prepared and computent to suppress the troubles.—Depatches from the Capt. General of Salonia say that disturbances are feared in Barcelona. A Carlists band of six hundred strongle in the vicinity. A plan is on foot for twenty of the band to enter the city and set fire to some buildings, so that in the confusion all their companions can pass in and gain pogfusion all their companions can pass in and gain pos-session of the city. Proofs of the plot are in the hands of the authorities, and detachments of troops have been sent out to find the Carlist band. The origin of the present disorders is attributed for the Interna-tionalists who are supported by Carlists and Ropu-blicans. The Minister of War has ordered the sus-pension of all military farloughs and the ammediate return of officers to their posts.

Mexico.—The situation is unchanged.—The Government troops hold the country above the City of Matamorias for 30 miles and below to the sea.—General McCook has taken precautions to provent breaches of the neutrality laws by Revolutionists crossing from the American side. All the able bodied men have been put into the National Guard, increasing the defensive force of Matamorias to about 1390 men.——Steamors are plying in the Rio 1.200 men.————Steamors are plying in the Rio Grande without intorruption.—————A. Herada special from Matamoras says Trevino has received what is considered reliable information of the death of Porfirio Diuz.

ITALY.—The Pope on Friday gave audience to many citizens of Rome and a few hundred persons from foreign parts. His Holiness gave his benediction successively to all countries represented by visitors, particularly to Iroland, Poland, Holiand and the United States of America. He praised France and counselled forbearance and gentleness towards some too intolerant Frenchmen. He prayed for Germany subjugated as she was by an anti-Catholic spirit and for Austria. He said he greatly needed the prayers of the faithful.

of the laintuit.

Germany.—The Reichstag passed to the third reading the bill ratifying Consular Convention between the Republic of the United States and the German Empire. Deputy Georges complained of the insecurity of literary property and asked if nothing could be done to protect the right of authors. Minister Delbsook replied regretting it was not in the power of Government to prevent the book piracy, because of lack of necessary legislation.

SWITZERLAND.—The Board of arbitrations under the Trenty of Washington re-assembled on 15th inst. and held a brief session. The counter case of the British and American Governments were presented and the board adjourned. The proceedings were marked by no special feature.

It was a brilliant Fond du Lac boy who, seeing a dog with a muzzle on for the first tune, oxclaimed: "Mamma, I bet five cents the dogs are going to wear hoop skirts; there goes a dog with one on his nose!" An Irish counselor having lost his cause, which had been tried by three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer though the others were indifferent, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasion. "Well, now," said he, "who could help it, when there are a hundred Judges on the bench ?" "A hundred?" said a bystander; "there were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were one and two ciphers."





queen .
For Spring, her welcome herald, has proclaimed it far and wide,
Since the throne of Winter toppled, and the stern
old despot died.

Spring has spread o'er moor and mountain a carpot bpring that spread of the foot, for her foot, Silver dulsy, goldon king-cup, purple orchis, cow-slip sweet;
Bade the trees unfold a canopy of undulating shade.
Where anemone and violet their woodland home

Pale narcissus and faint daffodil whisper of her by the well,
Where ferns bend o'er the primress lest she the secret tell;
But hyacinth and harebell ring the tidings holdly For the breeze to eatch the echoes, and answer with

The busy brooklets, listening, have turned the theme And sing it to the sedges as they gently glide along; The mountain streams, no longer dumb, join in the The mountain streams, no longer joyous lny. And leaping o'er their rocky bounds laugh out in sparkling spray.

Glad butterflies are fluttering like banners in the Rich flowers hold up their nectaries and offer incense rare. The toiling bee hums cheerily, the gnats dance in the The very frogs croak gleefully o'er Springtide life

No need the tardy cuckoo's note to gossip of the other warbler's tuneful throats have a prophetic ring : And ordards white with cherry-snow, through which blooms apple-blash. Bring dreams of Summer fraitage to the birdlings in the bush.

Spring is here t and Summer's coming, with a cor-onal of light! For the skylark, like a courtier, has winged his up-ward flight, The first to meet Queen Summer in her golden car

of state.

And salute her with his anthem close to her palace gate. All the Year Round.

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## IN AFTER-YEARS:

### FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

HY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X. (continued.)

Adam's reasons for taking Mr. Cox's apartments for a week were twofold, first he had to find out Lady Hamilton's residence; secondly the young ladies were scarcely presentable in the dresses they had worn, without a change since their departure from Haddon, and to supply this latter deliciency, he suggested to them the expedience of requesting Mrs. Cox to take them to her milliner, so that they might as Adam expressed it leave their measure, and have now dresses and bonnets sent to their

The request was made and complied with Mrs. Cox going with the two girls, on the day of their arrival to a neighbouring millinery establishment, where their orders were taken; and to their astonishment an amount of work which their maid, and an assistant, would have taken several weeks to execute in Haddon Castle, was offered to them next day. On their return to Thaives Inn, they were overtaken by a dapper young gentleman, whom Mr. Cox introduced to the young ladies on the spot,

"My Son, Mr. George Cox who I was telling

She had indeed been entertaining her "new lodgers" since the moment of their sitting out from Thaives Inn until they reached the milliner's shop; and now again on their return, with various anecdotes of "My Son George" his learning, eleverness, etectra informing them that he was quite a celebrated poet, and giving them the names of some ten or twelve of his effusions, until the simple girls, who had never come in contract with a living poet before, fancied they were fortunate enough to inhabit the same house, and be able to make the acquaintance of a second Byron, or Moore.

"Hallo Mother, where are you going? walk-ing at seven forty, I could hardly catch up to

"Oh George, is that you? it's six o'clock is it, that's what was hurrying me. Young ladies, this is my Son Mr. George Cox, I was telling you about him, and George this is the Misses Caninghames, the new lodgers, friends of Miss Stitchen from Scotland.

During the introduction, Mr. George had placed himself in front of his mother, and the young ladies, his hand just touching the brim of his hat; but no sooner were the words of introduction spoken, than he took a long step to one side with his right foot, and placing the toc of the left to the heel of the right, he lifted his hat and made a profound bow, entirely to his own satisfaction, and the manifest delight of his mother, exactly as he had been taught by Monsieur Fiddlestring at his dancing class, on Farringdon street, three months previous.
Mr. George's heart being highly indamable.

he fell in love with both young ladies on the spot, and resolved that in the first leisure time, (it was pretty nearly all leisure time with Mr. George) he would write a sonnet in praise of

After tea he had a long conversation with Adam, and discovered that the objects of his love were twins; that they were the descendants of nobles; a fact the old man did not fail to impress on all and sundry; that in their home they lived in an old Castle surrounded by hills, and close to the sea. And at ten o'clock when Mr. Cox's street door was closed for the night-and he betook himself to his attic, by the light of a ten dip, he proceeded at once to write a peem which he intended should be partly parrative, and far outshine any he had ever before written, the name of which was to be "The twin sisters, of the sea washed moun-tains" he began by apostrophizing both at

In dreams I see their pale brown hair, In dreams I see their white robes flowing, The tallest with her Queen like hair, Her radiont smiles on all bestowing, I see the Castle by the sea.

He stopped there,-That will never do" exclaimed Mr. George, "the forest boughs dont sweep over a Castle, it's too high, if they had only been born in a cottage, instead of a Castle, how convenient; frills of which were at least two inches in

there is such a difficulty in composing real good poetry about a rumbling old mass of stones like a Castle; and then the sea, scarcely anything will rhyme to sea, but be, and short trushy words like that."

He looked up at a square foot of looking glass, which hung on the wall above the table at which he wrote, the contemplation of the handsome face reflected there with its slightly hooked nose (which he called Roman) the large good humoured mouth, and collar laid back from the fut neck (a la Byron) had often helped him in similar immergencies; and it failed him not in the present case; in a few minutes he drew the fugers of his left hand through his long sandy hair, and waving said hand and arm in the widest sweep it was capable of taking, above and beyond where he sat, he said, addressing the now dishevelled hair and pleased

face in the mirror;
"Yes, I have it; the poets licence, I shall make it a cottage and a lake, instead of a Castle and a sea much more romantic, and beautiful; here goes.

I see the cettage by the lake O'er which the forest boughs are sweeping The meanbeans too, how soft they bre sk, Along the waveless waters weeping.

depth, and full enough for half a dozen modern

caps.
"Mother," said the poet, shaking Mrs. Cox

with poetical license as he spoke.

"What is it, what's the matter, Susan is the house on fire?" exclaimed the poor woman, all in one breath, as still half asleep, she sat bolt upright in bed

"No, no," said Mr. George in a low tone, as with the candle, which he had suggested the idea of fire to the half aroused sleeper, in his hand, he bent over the bed, "it's only me, dont speak so lond, you'll waken the lodgers.'

"It's you, George? you've gone to bed with cold feet, and you've got the stomach ache, Oh George, George, you're no more to be Oh George, George, you're no more to be trusted than when you was ten years old, but it's my own fault, I should have tried if your feet were cold before I sent you to bed.

"I have'nt cold feet, and I have'nt any stomach ache, and I have'nt been in bed yet I have been busy in my lonely room, with only the moon for a companion, while the lodgers and yourself slept soundly below

Through long lone listless hears apart. Stool listening to my wildly heating heart.

poet sought his attic, and his tired although delighted listener resigned herself once more to sleep.

Next morning, Mrs. Cox entrusted Susan with the secret of the great event which had taken place, saying: "If the poem takes with the public we are all to live out of town and keep a one horse shay, a cow, fowls and other country things, and we'll have to have a man to take care of all that and do the work, and perhaps that's your seven years' change."

erhaps," replied the wondering and pleased maid of all work.

" Heigh ho!" rajoined the little wizened tired out mistress; " it would be a nice change for

During the time the twins were shopping under the anspices of Mrs Cox, Adam was doing his best to find the address of Lady Hamilton, although in rather a singular way. He found out all the best-looking shops, and these he entered, inquiring if Lady Hamilton, of Includrewer, bought her groceries, or her linen goods, as the case might be, there. He was invariably answered in the negative, until late in the evening, when some kindly man took the trouble to question the old man as to who Lady

on his last visit, he now proceeded to undo his former work, carefully putting the wadding he had stuffed the crevices with, into his pocket that it might be burned, and so thus far all record of the deed perish.

This part of his work was accomplished, but

he still left the door locked that the foul air might escape by the balcony. He now entered the corridor, and stared with horrified eyes as he beheld the iron shutters wide open, and thu plaster lying in humps under the window, he saw that his secret was abroad; he must have been watched, no person on earth could have opened the shutters from the inside, he advanced to the window—the girls were gone! was overwhelmed with amazement and

They must be got back at any sacrifice, but how? that was a question be could not answer, neither had be any clue by which to discover the one who aided them in their flight, his thoughts wandered to Arthur Lindsay,yes, it must be he.

The evil spirit who had given him counsel and help for forty years stood by, peering into the eyes and heart of the bewildered man; closer to body and soul than mortal touch could reach, and he laughed with hellish tri-umph, and shock his cloven feet with fieldish merriment as he sprung over the barbican of

Sir Richard ordered his carriage, and in hot haste drove to the Haddon Arms, and entering for the first time since he had be akfa ted in the bar on bread and cheese, and trightened the finike open (with with his matted on locks and grey heard, he desired the host to show him to a room where he could talk to him alone, then he proceeded to interrogate the man as to his knowledge of the multives.

 You have seen my grands inflicing the young ladies who live at the Castle?" · Yes Sir.'

"Have they been here within the last two 6 No. Sir "

"Now Machae listen to me, these young bidies are next to my son, herrs of Hadden Cas-tle, and they have cun away during the last two days, not alone, that they could not do, but probably in company with some young fellow, who will marry one of them in hopes to seeme the wealth of both; I have good reason to suppose that a son of General Lindsay's is the man, and that the girls are now in Includewer Casthe; you are a sharp fellow, go on some created which you can easily invent to Includewer, and find out it they are there, and what stories they have told to insure themselves a welcome, if by your means I recover these girls you shall have a twenty years lease of your place for your work."

The man stood as if he had much to tell and et could not persuade himself that the various incidents running in his mind and stircing his memory almost to confusion, were in any way connected with the flight of Sir Richard's grandchildren, or would help himself to the consummation so devoutly to be wished of a twenty years free lease of his hostelry.

He would take time to arrange his thoughts,

perhaps it was the young ladies he saw in the peat cart, if so his fortune was made.

"Captain Lindsny is not at Inchdrewer, the family are all in London these three months back, but on Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning I went up to Brown's the crofters, toget him to lend me his peat cart" (the truth is MacRae land gone to Brown's to bring home a barrel of smuggled whiskey made by Brown from an illicit still in his barn) " and I was just in time to see your old servant Adam drive off with the Shetland pony and the peat eart; Brown told me Adam paid him five shillings for the use of the pony and peat cart, only till ten o'clock, and Longman the Strathlock carrier was to send it back again."

"I had to go home without doing my errand. and I went through the firwood; just as I was nearly at Dak's road on the uplands, I saw the peat eart come down the main road from Rettie's farm, and take up two women that was sitting on a hillock below the trees, a stone's east from the road."

"Once the women was in the cart, Adam drove as fast as the pony's feet could pelt, down the road that turns to Longman's the carrier's; may be it was them, and that they're

(To be continued.)



HE PROCEEDED AT ONCE TO WRITE A PORM.

No sooner had he written the word weeping ! than he exclaimed—

"Beautiful! beautiful! Byron never wrote anything more 'sweetly beautiful,' as mother says, than that. It was just the thing, changing the sea into a lake, the Castle into a cottage; but what a time it does take to compose poetry. I do declare if that is not the dread hour of midnight, sounding ting ting on our little cracked clock, well, late as it is, I must go and read it to mother, there is no chance of getting her to listen to me in the morning or at meal times, she is so busy with them plagued lodgers; well there will be an end to all that, when I publish my long poem; but before I take it down stairs to her, I must read it over again, to see that there is not the shadow of a mistake, after all there is no one like woman, dear woman, if you want to hear the truth about what you compose; I never in all my life read a verse of my own composition to a dunderhead of a man, that he was not mad with jealousy, and tried to laugh me out of the talent given me at my birth."

later and later and I have not read over my poem yet, here goes.

He read the eight lines twice over, each time becoming more and more enamoured with his long poem;

"Two verses," said he, "it is not so bad two verses in one night, and that the beginning the most difficult part in the whole poem; as the copy in small band used to say at school 'a thing well begun is half ended,' I know very well that's not true about my poem, but if I write two as good verses as that, every night, I'll be very contented, it'll be done in time, and when it is published, it'll cause a sensation in the literary world, i the Standard and Athenaum will say to it?"

He smiled, a calm smile of triumph, as in imagination his eye glanced over a long lamb itory article in each paper, on "the new poem of George Cox, Esquire, Thaives Inn, Holborn." I wonder who I'll give it to, not Smith and Elder, that's certain, they refused my " Literary Gems of Poetical thought" and they shan't ge the chance of even seeing it before publication "The twin sisters of the lake washed mountains," yes that's what it must be now, sea washed is stronger, but I must sacrifice that, Lake washed is the true way to put it; but as Miss Louisa Honkins beautifully observed about my poetry, it is one mass of beautiful truths, strung on a string like pearls and rubies; what a girl that is such descrimination, but what will she say to my falling in love with the twins?"

The mere contemplation of such a thing made the poet start up, and with such eyes and hands bent in the form of a claw raised to the level, and within half a foot of his head. he performed on two square of the bare floor ing of the garret, a dance of admiration and and love.

His dance over he took his candle, and armed with his new poem, proceeded to his mother's room; he found the good lady huddled up in sheets, and blankets, fast asleep, her face and head almost buried in a cotton night cap, the

"You recollect that beautiful little poem, mother, I wrote on myself in the unpublished volume of "Literary Genas of Poetical thought."

"Good gracious," said the distressed looking woman, pressing one hand on the top of her head, which ached partly with the fatigue she had undergone, previous to going to bed, and partly with being so suddenly aroused from a sound sleep. "I do believe you've been and sat up half the night writing poetry again; you'll kill yourself that's sure enough; didn't Mr. Catchem tell you that studying the law, was as much one head could do at a time."

"You're a clever woman, mother, you've just guessed it, hit the nail on the right head; as to old Catchem he would be precious glad to write poetry himself if he could; what do you say to that?" as he spoke he fluttered a sheet of foolscap, on which the two verses of the new poem were written and rewritten, with their various corrections and recorrections, this in Mr. George's large dashing hand, occupying the whole four pages of the sheet; dent given me at my birth."

"The leginning of a new poem of more than a Well," continued he, "the time is getting a handred lines."

"Lnd a mercy, George Cox, you'll put me into my cold grave, with your sittings up o' nights, and your wearing of yourself to a whipping post. I wish to goodness you had been as stupid as other people, and you yourself tell-ing me only yesterday that that other poetry I wish to goodness you had been man, Lord Byron, died before he was thirty years old, and quarrelled with his mother, and run of to the Greece or some other place, and died a stranger in a strange land. No wonder the poor woman quarrelled with him, if he was awearing himself to a thread paper, sitting up o' nights as you're doing, but you needn't run off to the Greece or the fat either. I'll take my affidavit on it, you'll die before you're twenty it you don't call a halt."

" For any sake, mother, stop. It's awful late, and I must read my poem to you before I bed. Look, eight verses." "Eight verses!" repeated the horrified oman, expecting to see her son and heir drop down from sheer exhaustion at her feet.

" Eight verses, no, of course not, two verses I meant to say eight lines. "And quite enough, in all conscience, writ-ten in the dead of night, when you should have

een in your comfortable warm bed. Say away, I'm hearing." He put the candlestick into his mother's hand as she sat up in the bed, and striking a position, he held the sheet of paper in his left hand almost at arm's length, while with the

forefinger and thumb meeting, the other fingers

right arm in gentle small waves and circles.

lightly curved and distended, he moved

eeping time to the rhyme of his poetry. His mother was delighted, as he knew she would be. She saw before her in the person of her own son one who, if he could only be persuaded to sleep instead of write during the laughter, prompted by his success in poetry, | night, would, she felt certain, in after years reach at least one of the pinnacles of human

greatness. She made him read the verses twice over and of his own good will he read them twice more, being careful to begin each reading with the title in full.

The little cracked clock sounded one ere the

Hamilton was, and as to the whereabouts o Inchdrewer.

Adam gave him all the information he him self was in possession of, which certainly did not amount to much that would enable him to find Lady Hamilton in London. However, it enabled his listener to comprehend that a West End directory was the most likely means by which the old man's end would be attained; and writing the name and address on a slip of paper, together with the number of the bookseller shop, he explained to Adam how he was to proceed on the following morning.

Next day Adam again went forth on the same errand, but pursuing the same course pointed out to him the evening before. His success was no better than at first. Several directories were produced for his inspection; the owners of the books, looked for the name themselves, but none such was to be found.

The girls proposed that they, accompanied by Adam, should go down to the wharf, where the ship they came in still lay, and consult the captain of the "Skeelly Skipper;" it was very probable he could give them some information

the ship they came in still lary, and consult the captain of the "Skeedly Skipper;" it was very probable he could give them some information that might make finding their friend a very simple process.

To the wharf, therefore, they set off, Adam as before, riding with the calaman on the dickey, As they approached the wharf, the cala in which they were sasted got into a line of others, and finding that it was likely to continue of others and finding that it was likely to continue of others and finding that it was likely to continue of others and finding that it was likely to continue of the some time they left it and pursued their way on foot.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FUGITITES.

When Sir Richard Continghame reached lits home with the doctor, they found the child stretched on the lap of its weeping mother apparently stiffening fast in death; he was put into a warm bath with the usual success in such cases but the danger was still so imment, that Sir Richard prevailed on the doctor to make the Castle his head-quarters for that day and the following night.

On the second day the doctor doclared his patient out of danger, and it was not until then that Sir Richard himself drove the doctor home, and on his return he was put into unisnat good humour by finding his son and help progressing rapidly towards convolescence.

Tired as he was with watching his sick loy if the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was a trouble he cared not for that of having the was





"IT IS DEAD, THE MARSEILLAISE."

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

It can never die --the Marseillaise!

Tis the song of man oprisen
In the strife
For the life

Which the people tredden down yearn to gain;
It denes the gablee's pain.
And the horrors of the prison;
Scotts at thombscrews, mocks at halters;
At the axe it never alters;
At the camon torus not back;
Indis in see in the terrible rack;
Illis no drean of leint or steel.
Or the line-distending wheel;
Freedom 'tis in boats or rhythme—
Beats that carry contage with them,
I'll the meanest, as its strains
Thrill thro git arternes and veins.
In his heart doe masic hears.
Casts uside his lingering feats.
Eager brand and toch to raise,
Sout-arousing Marseilinies!
It will rise ngain - the Mars illnise!

Sout-arousing Marseilanse I
It will rise upain - the Mars illuise I
In its olden rage and terror;
Twill be penced
to the heid
Where the masses with the kings join in fight,
In their battle for the right.
Straking tyranny and error.
With the broad sky overatching.
And the grum battalions marching,
Where the smoke-clouds dense and dun
line the white light of the san.
Where the sweep of sacres bright
Flash like meteors in the sight.
Where the cannons land are rouring,
Death in ranks of hirelings pouring,
And the rine-bullets' rain
lyes in biood the slippery plain,
U s shall sour the stirring air Tyes in thome the starting air I'p shall some the starting air From the peoples' army there, To the startied kings' amaze. Freedom-waking Marseillause!

Freedom-waking Marseillause!

It will come again - the Morseillaise!
And be heard by the nations;
From its deep,
Heavy sleep,
Heavy sleep,
It will rise upon the air, and its sound
Shake the startled earth around
With its terrode vibrations.
Then the Gail will sing it loudly.
And the Ground hear it proudly;
The Italian and the Greek
In its rhythm glory seek;
And the Magyar and the Pole
Catch the notes as on they roll.
It will fire the cold Norwe mans,
Rome the Russians' sluggish regions,
From his stormy cape the Dame
Wake to dating deeds again;
Stir the Spaniard from his sleep,
And o'er Europe mally sweep—
Song of France's glorious days,
Nation-shaking Marseillaise!

## CLIPT WINGS.

The most trying thing about Uncle Ted was his resemblance to his brother. It was sufficiently disagreeable to have an old man with tastes so low and habits so unpleasant fastened upon the family at all; but to see, and to know all saw, in this person the Lettler figure, and the Lettler features, and all the Lettler peculiarities to the very finger-nails, was a misfortune which demanded the whole of that fortitude of which

the lamily motto boasted.
All attempts at reforming Uncle Ted had long since been abandoned. His brother, the doctor, had now grown accustomed to silence the com-plaints of his wife and children by half-reproach-ful reminders of that complete and final release which the whitening bair and battered frame seemed to prophesy was near at hand. No other comfort concerning the old man presented itself; and even this, suggested by his appearance and sometimes rambling mind, was made faint and doubtful by his good appetite, long walks, and conference.

Uncle Ted had for years submitted himself to abject dependence on his brother. He could not work, he could not cope with strangers. Innu-merable were the situations his brother had obtained for him, and the wardrobes Mrs. Leffler with whiling tingers had prepared, and the de-partures that Uncle Ted had made; but swift had been the return on each occasion, pathetic the tole, irresistible the prayer to be allowed to

stay.

The doctor continued his efforts from time to time; but, finding them always followed by the same results, and finding also that as the talloid form and noble-looking, half-vacant face grew more and more like his father's it became more and more difficult for him to force him from under his roof. The doctor, therefore, had settled in his own mind, and made the family aware, he should not again seek a situation for Uncle Ted until he was compelled to place blur in that from which return is impossible. He was certainly a formidable incumbrance

—one whom it was as impossible to conceal from society as it was to expect society to re-ceive. Though his peculiar habits rendered it necessary for him to be banished from the room on the arrival of visitors, no one could be sure he would not come back for his niece's workisket, or one of his enormous slippers dropper in his precipitate retreat, and in search of which all the ladies would have to rise, and turn about, and look under their chairs, while the doctor and Mrs. Leftler stood in sick, suilling pattence; and uncle bowed, and apologized, and attered most absurd compliments, and made—as his nieces afterward would declare—a "fearful exhibition" of himself.

Uncle Ted was full of admiration for these but they were scarcely able to appreclate his high opinion of them, their hearty elegance, and accomplishments, since he wi in the habit of confiding his opinion to the footman and the cook, who were kept well informed by him as to the conquests and matrimonia chances of the young ladies; and, indeed, as to most of the family affairs, private or otherwise, with which he might happen to become ac-

It was no longer of any use trying to keep him from talking to the servants. Who else could or would talk to him? His brother had done the bubit, had insisted on each member of the family devoting an hour a day to him, that he might not be driven to this extremity. But all Uncle Ted was thresome, and was of no use. Uncle Ted was thresome, and fulled to keep his appointments. The young people were full of their own cares and pleatheir cares. The strong young wings wearied of trying to fly so low as this mainted and degraded old eagle; so they left it, and pursued their own bright flight.

Under own bright fight.
Under Ted now, therefore, almost unchilden, carried his paper down in the kitchen every morning, and read leading articles to the cook, who without ceremony ordered him from place to place, to suit her convenience; while the housemaid would peep over his shoulder at the advernacments, and the footman sit on the table, discussing politics with him, undisguised-

ly paironizing.
The doctor could do nothing but sigh helplessly as he, passing the kitchen stairs for a stroll in the garden, heard that the old voice losing every something of its nobility of tone, and that pure accent becoming so uncertain and vulgar-Yet it would have been well for the fumily had Uncle Ted confined his friendship to brother's servants soiely. This, however, was not the case; for the doctor had more than seemed to suggest that cook had not spurned the once surprised him, before breaknest, standing trayer, though it might have happened she had

on the step, leaning against the area railings— his skull-cap on the back of his head, his hands in the pockets of his old dressing-gown—asking the milkman's advice on some delicate family matter, litherto supposed to have been a se-cret from Uncle Ted himself.

cret from Uncle Tea numer; Led gently away by his brother's trembling arm, and sternly, yet entrentingly remonstrated with in the seclusion of the doctor's study, Uncle Ted defended his conduct on the score of the milkinan's being a very remarkable man, a gentleman under a cloud, a person of consider-able mental cudowments; and the interview would be brought to an abrupt close by an earncst recommendation from Uncle Ted that his friend should be asked to dinner. Among the nurse-maids in the park, no less

than among his brother's domestic and tradesthan among his brother's domestic and trades-people, Mr. Edward Leffler was incessantly dis-covering some "highly gifted mind," or some "the nature," that demanded not only the de-votion of his morning hours, during which he would sit in speechless or eloquent admiration of the "mind" or "nature" in question, usually to the embarrassement of its owner, and of some policeman or lifeguardsman near at hand, but, unfortunately, too often demanded also homage, in the shape of a silver thimble, brooch, or ribbon, pilfered from the tollette-table of one

of Uncle Ted's nicees.

When the family went out of town, Uncle Ted was left behind. To carry such a disgrace among fresh scenes and servants was, of course, out of the question; yet the alternative was a serious one. In fact, it generally happened that, from the moment of the family's return to the moment of its departing again, fresh revelations were constantly being made concerning Uncle Ted's peculiar modes of passing this interval of

separation from his relatives. At first when the doctor, on opening one after another of his favorite books, found himself possessed by a strong inclination to succee, and traced this strange effect of its cause—namely, a few grains of brown powder sullying nearly every page—he concluded that Uncle Ted had been devoting his time exclusively to study during the family's absence. Sundry old volumes being missing from their places, and undiscoverable any where else, Uncle Ted's bedroom and favorite little retreats would be searched. As to the volumes themselves, the search would be in valu, but would result in the finding of mysterious that the takets begains mentioned the wisterious little tickets bearing mention of the missing books and their whereabout; and not of these alone, but bearing mention also of other little trifling articles and their whereabout, Perthe trilling articles and their whereabout, Perhaps the whole amount which the exchange of the things mentioned on the tickets themselves had brought Uncle Ted would not be more than fen or twelve shillings. But the most alarming thought to the family was not, after all, the way by which the money had been obtained, but the way in which it had been spent.

Who could tell for what represent their same

Who could tell for what purpose it had gone? Perhaps in wooing to be Mrs. Edward Leffler, Mrs. Woods, the tobaccoulst, a widow with six children, and a person for whom Uncle Ted had confessed a feeling of no common friendship, through her likeness to a certain Lady Emily, his first love; or perhaps it had purchased a bettettail gift for Mrs. Webfoe, the char-woman, whom the master of the house was ever in fear of having introduced to him as his sister-in-

It can not be supposed that the discovery of It can not be supposed that the discovery of these tickets could be passed over as easily as Uncle Ted's other little eccentricities. A sonse of unavoidable but useless duty compelled the doctor to summon his brother to his study, and endeavor to awaken in him some feelings of shame and penitonee; but when, in obedience to his stern command, the tall form appeared, there was still so much of the old nobility about it that the doctor felt himself almost overcome with shame at the accusation he had to bring ugalust him, and his voice would tremble as, pointing to the tickets on the table, he would say, " Well, Edward, so it has come to this, has it,

ngain 7' Uncle Ted, though seated in an attitude as dignified as his brother's, would gaze on the tickets with the expression of a child being children for a broken toy, and wondering timidly whether the fact of its being rendered useless ought not to be considered sufficient punishment,

without further interference.
Sometimes, when the doctor's words were more than usually stern and rousing, when his eloquence over the family honor came strongly, like the wind from mountain heights, to this poor fallen human eagle, he was stirred, would ruffle his feathers, and struggle to soar to where he had fallen from. His brother, pausing for want of breath, would gaze upon him with some hope, as he saw the thin figure draw itself suddenly up as if stang the long hand terribiling dealy up, as if stung, the long hand trembling and hardedly stroking the long chin, the fine blue eyes kindling to something like horror as they rested on the tickets; but the very next instant, entching sight of his brother's relenting eye, Uncle Ted would forget every thing but the fact that he was about to be forgiven and set and the doctor saw that he had selzed agon that thought with the joyous avidity of a child, though he still tried to keep the corners of his mouth drawn down, and an affectation of emorse in his eyes during the rest of the lec

When it was over, and the doctor looked after his retreating form, trying to cover its relief by greater show of infirmity than usual, he sight think how useless it seemed even to point out o bim a better state, since it was so impossible for him to reach it. Not only had fate so cas blin down, but had taken away all by which he might ever hope to rise—had clipped the wings which in this world could surely never

ugain. The poor engle might ruffle its feathers and struggle, but never soar. It did continue to struggle at times even while its decadence went on so rapidly—when, while reading his paper, the house-maid, in her anxie-ty to hear of a more eligible situation, so far forgot berselfus to lay her black-leaded fingers of his shoulder; or when, in the heat of a political discussion, the footman addressed him by an opprobriously familiar name; or when the cook after the failure of repeated hints as to the kit-chen fire being needed for other purposes than tonsting the sole of his slipper by, dropped the poker accidentally on his foot; on such occ sions Uncle Ted was seen to change from his normal state. The half-startled, mediative look would come suddenly into his eyes, the lone hand begin stroking the chin with quick, agit ated flugers, the figure draw itself up, and make its refreat from the kitchen with a dignity that accorded but ludicrously with the set of the ragged and patched Indian dressing-gown, which had something of the character of the garments

worn by monkeys on barrel-organs.

These attempts at flight were very rare, and of brief duration. Before his friends in the kitchen had enjoyed his absence a quarter of an hour, Uncle Ted would probably be again among them, assisting the offending house-maid to shell pease, helping John to spell out a love-letter from the country, or lowing at contra above. from the country, or bowing at cook's clbow with his newly filled snuff-box, and the request, "Madam, obleege me. I have desired Mrs.
Woods to put in a little more rappee than Scotch
on purpose to suit your taste. You will obleege

The gravy or sauce of such a day usually

not sufficiently recovered her temper to utter her accustomed magnanimous reply of—"Certingly, Mr. Edward, Sir," while her huge thumb and finger filled his tiny box which he held toward her, perfectly concealing his dismay, not only at so much of its contents being covered by the finger and thumb, but at so much more being scattered around in their efforts to squeeze themselves out of the box again without losing a grain of what they had secured.
One day it was exceedingly desirable that Uncle Ted should be so disposed of as to leave no danger of his instrusion at a little dance to take place in honor of his eldest niceo's engagement.
The task had been undertaken by Dr. Leftler

The task had been undertaken by Dr. Leftler

at the tearful entreaties of his daughter, who, in consideration of the high birth and poetic tem-perument of her bethroted, implored that he might be spared the sight of Uncle Ted until a closer intimacy would allow of some explana-tion as to his condition.

tion as to his condition.

The queen of the evening was Uncle Ted's special favorite and the object of his most intense admiration. Ever since he had heard of the engagement he had been in a state of wild anxiety to see the person for whom all those afanxiety to see the person for whom an above her fairs of Sophy's, in which he had shown her such lively though inconvenient sympathy, had been because it is so sudden a termination. But been brought to so sudden a termination. But though Uncle Ted rushed out into the area, and stared up every time he heard a carriage stop at the house, he had always as yet managed to miss his carriage; though he had paced the half or half an hour when he knew him to be in the house and on the point of taking his departure, he had been always beguiled away before the moment came, and listened at a distance to the buoyant step and voice in indignant disappointment. He did at has obtain a sight of him through the key-hole, and spent some time there through the key-hole, and spent some time there -rushing down every minute to confide to the servants his impressions of the bridgeroom elect from his narrow point of view, then rushing back to it again. These impressions, unfortu-nately, were such as to make him more eager than ever for an introduction. Countless pieces of paper were found about the house, the be-ginning of letters presenting "Mr. Edward Lettler's compliments to Captain Aldyce," and begging for an interview at Mrs. Wood's, or at some other of Uncle Ted's choice resorts, at the captuin's earliest convenience. These notes sadly alarmed Sophy, who felt sure the writer was walting his opportunity to throw one into the captain's carriage, or have it delivered to him in the house, as perhaps it would be, in her

All his efforts failing. Uncle Ted had of late begun to give way a little to despondency. This had been brought on by a severe cold he had caught through waiting half an hour in the area on a foggy evening just to see the captain's car-ringe into ps pass by. He had not been out for the last day or two, to the wonder of several small pensioners of his to whom he made a daily allowance of hard-bake out of the little money with which the doctor ventured to trust him for whith which the doctor ventures to trust with the sinis small. He had passed most of his time in the kitchen, had been rather more silent—"mopish," as cook expressed it—and altogether less sociable than usual, muttering, when asked what he would take to eat, some gloomy allusion to a dry crust, and snappishly offering, when asked where he would sil, to go to the cook hale, it his dolors so would affer any body. cont-hole, if his doing so would afford any body

Sutisfaction.

Dr. Leftler found him scated by the fire, and his first glance at him led him to expect even more opposition to Sophy's wishes than he had

"I'm sorry to hear your cold's worse, Ed-ward," he said, in a professional tone. "You must go to bed very early.

To his surprise Uncle Ted answered immedintely.
"Yes, Theodore, I think I will go to bed early

to-night."
"I would, indeed, Edward," urged the doctor.
"I would, indeed, Edward," declared Un-"I think I'll go now, Theodore," declared Un-

"I think I'll go how, Theodore," declared Un-ele Ted, rising from his chair.
"Well, I really would," agreed the doctor, trying hard not to appear too much relieved.
He began to think, as he gave Uncle Ted his arm up the stairs, that he must have forgotten about the party altogether, but as he gave him overto John's care in the half he was undeceived. in this matter by Uncle Ted's observing quietly

is he looked round at the camelies and lights,
"I should like to have seen Sophy when she's dressed." "You shall do so," said the doctor. "Sonhy shall run up and see you, only you must not trouble her about anything. She is overexcited

rounds are about anything. She is overexcited as it is; you must not add to her excitement by troubling her in any way,"

"No, Theodore," answered Uncle Ted, meekly, and after one dazed, lingering look at the lights and flowers, passed up the stairs with John.

John. He kept his word, for when Sophy went up to his little room at the top of the house, John carrying two candles before her, and her maid keephis little room at the top of the house, John carrying two candles before her, and her maid keeping her dress from touching the floor, Uncle Ted only suited bluncation his closer soul, grand in the old-fashioned audience of our father's days. There managers are still dependent only raised himself on his cibow and gazed a her till the tears came into his eyes, then he lay

down again, saying gently,

"Thank you, Sophy; I'm much obleeged to
you, Sophy. I haven't excited you, have I, So-Tell your father I have not excited you, my darling.

Sophy assured him with a conscionce-smitten tenderness, and, throwing him a flower out of her bouquel, and courtesying with mock solemnity at the door of his little room, left him by

Cook had promised to send him some gruel. but forgot all about it, and he lay in the dark listening to the music, and thinking of his dar ling, all loyeliness and love, floating among the queror, whom he was not allowed to see.

After lying so a long time, he heard John bounding up the stairs to take a peop at himself before attending at supper. Uncle Ted called to him, but he tripped down

again, calling back carelessly,
"Can't stop now, Mr. Hedward. Justa-going
into supper. Lie down and keep warm now, or we shall be a-baving brunkeetls set in. Be up

directly. Haw rewore." It was about half an hour past midnight when John whispered something to Dr. Ledler that caused him to go out of the room and go straight up to Uncle Ted's attic.

The doctor sat down on the edge of his brother than the same of the company of the same of

ther's bed, scarcely knowing for a moment or two what it was which had so shaken him—his sudden ascent of the stairs, the sight of Uncle Ted's face, or the weak cry with which he had greeted him.

"Theodore, I will see him—I've a right to see " Be quiet, Edward: you shall see whom you

like; but don't excite yourself. What is the matter? Have you been alone long?" The quiet, authoritative, professional tone and manner had some effect. Uncle Tod became a

The doctor gave John some directions, him down stairs, made an alteration in the ar-rangement of the pillows, then sat down again and felt his brother's pulse.

" Theodore. "Don't talk, Edward; don't talk just now," said the doctor; " presently will do."
" No, it won't, Theodore. I want to tell you something."

" Well, if it will relieve you. But you must

be very quiet."
"Theodore, the night father died—you know I was alone, taking care of the house—me and Mrs. Webfee. I was out when they brought him home in a fit; I was taking a cup of tea at a friend's—excellent woman, Theodore—perfect lady, though reduced to a mangle."

"Don't excite yourself, Edward, pray," said the doctor, beginning to have appulling forebod-ings as so the actual existence, after all, of the long-dreaded sister-in-law. "Woll?"

"We had conversed on the subject of your quarrel with poor father, and she joked me about being likely to have all if he should die before you made it up, and said that people did say he had made a will in my favor. Then they fetched me, Theodore—Mrs. Webfoe came in a cab for me,"

"Now you are exciting yoursell, Edward." "Theodore, he did have a will, leaving all to me; he put into my hands—this—this—"

"Be quiet; pray be quiet." said the doctor, halfdreamily, keeping one of his brother's hands as he took the thing they thrust into his.

He was almost startled out of his usual inseru table pulse-feeling expression. How great and sudden a change must have come to the poor, weak, isolated mind—all unnoticed—for such an iden to have found place and conviction in it! At that moment a recollection of his brother's manner when he had returned home after his father's sudden death caused the doctor to think over the words he had just heard in an entirely different spirit.

After sitting looking into his face a minute, he

got up slowly and went to the candle with the paper Uncle Ted had given him. There was no mistaking it for the very same will whose reported existence, twelve years ago, had filled his heart with misgiving and bitterness. "What made you do this, Edward? How could you recove me as owner of all, and re-

main yourself almost God forgive me!-al-most penniless? How could you, Edward?"

"Was I fit to be anything but almost penniless, Theodore?"

" But why not have told me-have shared it with me equally ?" asked the doctor, with almost passionate reproach. Uncle Ted sighed, and shook his head

"Ask your own spirit"—he said "sperit." in imitation of cook—"Ask your own spirit, Theo-You know as well as I do you would almost have cursed your poor father, Theodore— you know you would—and let your children starve, rather than let them touch a penny of stave, rather than let them touch a penny of his money so left. Ah, I knew you, Theodore—I knew you. I knew it must be all or nothing. I says to myself, What am I?—I only want to see the children happy, and find a home among 'em, And I have found a home, and heen a turrable trinl to you, Theodore; but it won't be for long.—I feel it won't be for long, Theodore."

The dector sat with his feed busied in his

The doctor sat with his face buried in his hands. The story had not startled him. He knew that such an act was simply natural to Uncle Ted. There had not been the slightest hereism about it; it had been his casiest course, heroism about it; it had been his casiest course, and therefore the one most pleasant to him. "But, Theodore, you wouldn't always let me

"But, Ineccore, you wouldn't always let me see you happy. Sophy wou't let me see her happy; she won't let me see young Aldyce. It's too bud, that is, Theodore."

"I will fetch them," said the doctor, huskily;
"they shall both come up."

"Stop, Theodore," cried Uncle Ted, with a vehemence that left him breathless.
When the dector repelped, the hedstle he hed

When the doctor reached the bedside, he had turned his cheek to the pillow, and closed his

" Don't call 'em," he said, faintly. "I like to hear the music, and to think they're happy. Don't make'em leave off for me. I'd rather not see him now. I won't have her made to leave

see him now. I won't have ner made to leave off dancing, and set a-crying with her happy cyes. Not to-night, Theodore. Let her dance; let her be happy. Bless her!"

After watching by him some little time, Dr. Leffler ventured to disobey the master of the house so far as to summon his relatives and Captain Aldyce to his bedside.

Harde Ted was so favorably impressed by So-

Captain Adyce to his bedside.

Uncle Ted was so favorably impressed by Sophy's choice, that he left him a verbal introduction to carry to his special friend the policeman, lodging at Mrs. Woods's, whose acquaintance he

lodging at Mrs. Woods's, whose acquaintance he strongly advised the captain to cultivate. He passed away at seven o'clock in the morning, in the presence of all he loved, and looked on by a landingful of honestly regretful eyes. The Indian dressing-gown was bequeathed to Captain Aldyce, and now serves as a nursery divan, the bright colours of which baby hands pat adoringly. The slippers were left to cook, their owner having observed, he said, that she had a Cleopatra foot. The snuff-box had so many claimants that the doctor, to settle the matter, decided to retain it in his own possession. decided to retain it in his own possession.

remnants of the old-fashioned audience of our latter's days. There managers are still dependent inport the patronage of the surrounding gentry. Upon the bespeak nights there are great gatherings presenting curious studies of character to those used to the dull monotony of town audiences. First and formose there is the playsger who has coasol to frequent the theatre save on such particular occasions, who shakes his head at all modern acting, and, after the play, adjourns to the bar parlour of the hotel to selemnly saoke a long pipe, and tell long stories about the actors of his youth. Then there are the serious people who object to such places, and have only come because Mr. So-and-So prevented them with tickets: old ladies and gentlemen of extremely sour aspects, who never relax the preparatory moral took with which they await the shocking things they are convinced all plays are filled with. Then there are the serious young men of Christian associations, and the serious young men of Christian associations, and the serious young ladies who, with much difficulty and after many unxious inquiries as to whether there would be anything improper, have been proare the serious young men of Christian associations and the serious young indies who, with much difficulty and after many anxious inquiries as to whether there would be anything improper, have been provided upon to take tickuts in honor of the patron, but who, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, look at first extremely unconfortable, in anticipation of something dreadfully wicked coming overy moment; thewing, however, gradually into a state of high delight. Nor must we forget the pleasant buxon people who do not visit the theatre very often but, when they do, thoroughly only themselves; these are always accompanied by happy-faced children, who make the house ring with their boisterous morriment. Besides these, there are all the Misters and Misses, and Mirs. Somebodys, who go only because all the other Misters, and Misses, and Mirs. Somebodys, who go only because all the other Misters, and Misses, and Mirs. Somebodys go, and the farmers in the pit, who laugh until they are purple in the face, at the concedy, but grow uneasy at the serious portions of the play—the misters, who stare at the stage in opened-mounthed wonder. And lastly, the magnate of the night, the sir or the lord, who sits in the box, surrounded by his friends really enjoying the performance, upon whom all eyes are frequently turned. Of course overybody laughs when he auphands. The town-brod may laugh at these unsomhisticated people; but there will be found amongst them many of taste and education, who would not endure the slamp trash of a burlesque, or the exciting rubbish of sonsation dramas, but who can still religh the polished wit of our elder playwrights. A notable contrast to this picture is to be found in the brail and incore, respectability seldem enters. To gratify the taste of a threepenny gallery, the mest bloodhirsty of dramas and the most stilled of actors must be provided. I remember hearing a north country unnum up his praise of an actor in these words:—"Eh, he's a foine actor; look what big logs a's got!" When Charles Math SISTERHOOD.

My brain is dizzy and wild. In the whirl of the hurrying street; And, oh! for the fields where the violets smiled, And the green grass under my feet.

I long for a voice that is kind, And a smile that is smiled for my sake, And I think of the friends I have left behind, Till my heart is ready to break I

Lonely, and poor, and proud, And a woman, and none to care ! I could cry aloud to the pitiless crowd, And shrick in my great despair!

Yet. I have not suffered for bread, Nor the fire gone out on my hearth, And I have a bed, and a roof for my head, And a good name still on the earth!

But, sinful and desolate one, Branded and set apart, I stand so near, I can almost hear The throb of your passionate heart!

I know how sad you have been—
How the voice of temptation is sweet—
How to enter into the path of sin
Is easy for tired feet !

Do I wonder at your fall, O woman't poor and fair? If I wonder at all, I wonder that aff Poor women are not as you are!

I know that you are not good, And The wicked to do as you do, But if I had stood where you have stood, Would I have been better than you?

Whatever of ill you have done, It is yours, not mine; and I own I am not the sinless one That should dure to east the first stone.

## TWICE AN APRIL FOOL.

BY S. ANNIE FROST,

"What are you doing, Bert?"

" What are you doing, flert "
Herbert Ireton looked up from his occupation. He had been carefully penning a few
lines upon a sheet of snowy paper, and evidently
trying to disguise his hand-writing.
"Copy that for me, that's a good fellow, and
I will tell you all about h."

16 Give me your you and a fresh sheet of

"Give me your pen and a fresh sheet of paper," replied Mark Leslie, his friend, and in a few moments he tossed over the result of his

" Now direct this envelope to Herbert Ireton,

Esq."
"Yourself?"

" No. 29, Elm Row."

"O! your uncle.

" Now, I will fold and sent this, and then tell " Read It, and see if it is all right."

DEAR SIE:-Will you oblige me by accepting a humper of live game, which I will send to your residence this afternoon?

Yours truly, A. P. RILFOOL.

" All right. Do you know my uncle, Mark?" "I have heard you speak of him as an old bachelor of rather crusty temper, who resides with a maiden sister as cross as himself," "Correct, as far as it goes. Undo Herbert,

for whom I was named, is not so very old, about forty years of age, and Aunt Mattle is five years older; but they have lived alone so many years that all the milk of human kindness is being curdled in their veins. Sister Amelia and my-self have come to the conclusion that it is time they were conxed out of their seclusion, and, they were coaxed out of their section, inde-with mother's permission, we are going to try-our luck as doctors for the mind diseased. Last month our washerwoman died, leaving a baby-six months old, a pretty little girl, bright and active, but, ains! the eleventh blessing in the family. Her father has gladly consented to let-us have her. Mother and Amelia have made her abundance of clothing and we are colorher abundance of clothing, and we are going to pack her in a hamper, and send her to uncle Herbert. Walt, my little brother, nine years old, is crazy to be the messenger, and, after dark this evening, he and I will carry the hamper, sending the note by mail this morn-ing."

ing. "Sure enough it is April Fool's Day! But suppose your uncle won't accept his live

"Mother and Amelia will take her.-They "Mother and Amelia will lake her.—They will probably have the most care of her at any rate. Anni Matthe was always very kind to us, and mother thinks she will be perfectly happy to have a baby to pet, now Walt is outgrowing jumpling-jacks and nine pins. She is always lamenting that he is not a girl, and over since father died has been laylish of pennies and sweet-

ments for the young scamp."

"If you want to get that precious document in this morning's mail, it is time you started it," said Mark, and the two young men strolled out

No. 29 Elm Row was a lovely home, situated about five miles from the heart of the city, but easily accessible by stage or carriage. It was not a very large house, a cottage in style, but substantially built, and finished with every convenience and comfort taste could suggest or money procure. The fancy stable accommodmoney procure. The maney stated accommod-ated a cow us well as the two sleek horses and family carriage, and about the whole establishment there hung the air of staid respectability that will hover around single people he longer young. The only break upon the quiet monotony of the house was when the three young Iretons—Herbert, Amelia, and Walter—came to visit their uncleand aunt, which was not very often, as they were averse to the rather strict rules regarding flowers, fruit, and the use of the

Mr. and Miss Ircton, if truth must be told, although fond of their brother's widow and the children, only half enjoyed any break in the calm monotony of their existence; and even Walter, his aunt's favorite, was watched with terrified eyes when near his uncle's library, or his nunt's pets.—Books were the companions sufficient for the happiness of the gentleman; and birds, rabbits, eats, and gold sh for that of the lady. They lived in perfect harmony, each giving full scope to his or her peculiarities, and each having an ample theome for their own comforts and many acts of charity; for they were kindhearted, oven if in their manner to their gay nophows and nieces found them formal and precise. On the momentous first of April, when such important machinations against their peace were in progress they were seated at luncheon, calmly unconscious of linpending ills.

The gentleman short, stout, and florid, had been superintending his gardenor in some ticultural mystories; and the lady, also short, stout, and florid, had been finishing an elaborate piece of embroidery destined to cover a pair of ottomans for the drawing room. The converottomans for the drawing room. The conver-sation naturally turned upon their occupations,

and Miss Mattie said, half sighing:—
"Sister Grace and the children are coming to-morrow to pass the day, Herbert"—Little did they guess the reasons for the proposed

Dear me! I hope that young scamp Walter will lot my young pear-frees nione. He almost rained the apricots last year with



## THE HEARTHSTONE.

his penkulfe-the penkulfe you gave him, "He's only a boy," said Miss Muttic, indul-

gently.
"You spot! him," said the gentleman. "Who gave him a shovel last week, with which he dug up all my carnations?" retorted

Where the discussion would have ended it is impossible to say, but at that moment the door opened, and the staid old waiter man, who re-membered the childhool of the brother and sister, handed in a letter. Mr. Iroton read it with a puzzled face.

"Do youremember anybody named Bilfool?"

he asked his sister.
"Riffied! Riffied! What a queer name?" "Rimon! Rimon! What it queer intine!"
"He is going to send me some game. I think
it must be a mistake. No, here is my name
and address, as plain as print.—What kind of
game can it be at this season?"

When is it coming?"

"This afternoon! There! read the note." It would be useless to deny that Miss Mattle was in quite a flutter over the note. Live game was in quite a fluiter over the note. Live game! Perhaps some rare birds, that would be a fresh ornament to her aviary. She was quite determined Herbert should never kill them, if they were golden pheasants, lopeared rabbits, or any rarities of that kind. She took her work to the front window to watch for the express wagon, but to her disgust it was driven right past the window. It was long past dinner-time, and was quite dark, before the long-expected ring was

"If it is a hamper of game, bring it in here, Joseph," said Mr. Ireton, as the man servant crossed the hall to open the door, ... A hamper, sure enough, it is," said Joseph,

and obeyed orders.

There was no flutter of wings, or moving of tired feet as the cover of the hamper was thrown back. Mr. Ireton started back with a cry of horror, but Miss Mattle knell down for a nearer view of the unexpected present. Never had she seen a prettier sight than the sleeping baby upon the soft pillows that were in the hamper the sate priors that were it the samper. Its rosy cheeks were shaded by a hood of soft white zephyr, and a white cloak covered carefully the little round limbs. One dimpled hand had escaped from the folds of the cloak, and was thrown across the breast. The parted crimson lips showed two tiny pearls of teeth, and the long dark covalishes suggested durk and the long, dark cyclashes suggested dark eyes. A little eard was pluned to the cloak, and on this was written: "My name is Sadio

Williams." In't she pretty?" whispered Miss Mattic. "In't she protty?" whispered Miss Mattle.
Take her awny! Put her in alms's house?"
cried the gentleman. "Live game! By Jove,
Mattle! It's the first of April. Rilfool! A. P.
Rilfoul! April Pool! We were a pair of old
fools not to see through that signature be-Take the hamper to the almshouse,

to, no! It is too late to-night. Let her stay to-night. Take her to my room, Joseph." Joseph, obeyed, muttering as he did so.
"I'll ent my head if this is not one of
Master Herbert's or Miss Amelia's pranks,"

Much to Mr. Ireton's disgust, he was obliged to retire without his backgammon.
"Miss Mattle says she won't be down again
this evening; the baby's crying," was the mes-

sage sent in answer to his summons.

Miss Mattie found she had work till bedtime undressing the foundling, sorting out the clothing under the pillows in the hamper, filling the ing under the philows in the namper, ning the bottle also there with warm milk, feeding the little one, and hushing it again to sleep. By the time the sun rose, and the little hands had nestled all night in her bosom, Miss Mattle would have killed every pet in heraviary before she would have sent Sadie to the alms house.

It took longer to overcome her brother's premiers. He hated hables! He despised ciris!

judices. He hated bables! He despised girls There would never be an hour's peace in the house! Mattle was crazy! He would send for a policeman to take the child away! and a thousand other objections and threats, to all of which Miss Muttle listened caimly; and washed, dressed, and fed her new pet with renowed de-votion, repudd by its crowing laugh of pleasure at her caresses, and the clinging clasp of buby

Eighteen years passed before I again intro-duce Miss Sadie Williams to my readers. Herhert and Amelia Ireton are married, and Walter is a flourishing young lawyer, with a fair share of practice.

But there is no greater change in all the family than can be discovered by peeping into 29 Elm Row. The prim, staid, old-fashloned furniture is all gone; and the sauciest of chairs, Oles-à-lèle, and lounges till its place. Dainty mats are under the prettiest of knick-knacks, silvery clock-chlunes sound the hours from the prettiest of clocks, windows are only covered by bace curtains, shutters are open to the full flood of small ht, regardless of the possible damage to bright carpets. In place of staid, sober dinner parties twice a year, the parlors are now often tease Miss Mattle's pets, and toss about Mr. Iretan's chalcest volumes.

The change in brother and sister is as marked as that in their house. They have grown young again in the loving care they have given their adopted child; for Mr. Ireton, early in the full following Miss Sadio's arrival in his home, took her also into his heart, and legally adopted her, to the great delight of Herbert and Amelia.

righter, prettier girl never gladdened a than Saddie Williams Iroton. Pretty as picture, with a graceful figure and bright, runette beauty, she had her warm Trish heart and vivacity only kept in check by her love for the uncle and aunt who had adopted her. ted, humored and loved, she had never been spoiled. Education had been always conducted at home, for neither Mr. Iroton nor Miss Mattie would listen to the suggestion of sending her to shool, and she was a credit to her teacher Mr. Iroton guided her reading and studies, after Miss Mattie had piloted her through the mysterles of the alphabet, spelling book and reader. For music she had a master, but languages she learned also from Uncle Herbert, as she was taught to call Mr. Iroton.

Eighteen years of unclouded happiness had passed overhead, and the little lady had awakened to the fact that she was no longer a child, and that she had a lover. Whether Walter froton left his heart in the hamper on the night he assisted in carrying Sadio to Eim Row, he never know, but it is certain that from that hour he was her most devoted cavaller. He pulled her buby carriage around the garden, h her patient horse; he spent his pennies to buy camiles; and, as he grow older, he bough her flowers, books and music, till one day he fact that Sadie was a young indy and he loved her.

A very pleasant state of affairs for the young But there was an odd combination o em .ions awakened about that time in another hourt that would have made Sadie open her wide with astonishment, and probably sent eyes wide with astonishine Miss Mattle into hysteries.

Mr. Herbert Ireton, in the sixtleth year of his age, had fallen in love with his adopted niece, Miss Sadie Williams Ireton. He had petted her babyhood, indulged her childhood, looking upon ber as a pretty plaything and bright pupil, when, without any warning, he found his heart

was in her hands, and she, all unconsciously,

was playing with the precious gift.

If could not credit his own sensations at first, but it was not long before he took what he deemed a "sensible view of the case." deemed a "sensible view of the case." She had never known any other home, and certainly had no other lover; therefore he would speak to her at once, and install her mistress of his home as soon as Mattle could arrange the wedding finery. He could hear her now singing in the drawing-room, so he would go at once and have it over.

He had forgotten the fact, but it was now eighteen years to the day since Sadie came into his house. He found her in the drawing-room, singing gaily as she arranged and watered a stand of favorite flowers. In her pretty spring stand of favorite flowers. In her pretty spring dress of soft gray, trimmed with the marrowest lines of cerise in her black, glossy hair, she was herself the prettlest flower there. There was nothing subdued about her; she was all flash and spurkle, vivacity and brightness. How such a gay heart had expanded in the quiet old house had been a mystery to more than one of the other of the all property but there she was friends of the old people; but there she was smilling and happy, without one shadow to cloud her fair young face or heart. Mr. Iroton hest-tated a moment in the doorway, then came in and sat upon the sofu.

"Sadie, my dear," he said. "I want to have a few moments' serious conversation with you."

a few moments' serious conversation with you."

"Yes, dear uncle. Let me the up this geranium, and I will come. There! Is it not a
beauty. Now I am all ready."

"Ahen!" said the old gentleman. "You
know, my dear, you are no longer a child."

"No?" she questioned.

"Certainly not. You are now eighteen years
of age, nearly mineteen, in fact, as you were
some months old when you came here. A
young lady with proporlety begins to think of her young lady with propriety begins to think of her

A little crimson flush came on Sadie's check and her cyclids drooped.

"Have you ever thought, my dear, of being married?"

No answer. "Your Aunt Mattie has instructed you well in all household matters, so that you can preside over a house of your own. Don't you think Mrs. Sadio Ireton would be a pretty name,

was to prepare her for his proposal! Sadie lifted her eyes and said, softly:

"Then, my dear, we will have a wedding?"

No answer, only a deeper blush.
"I will see Mattle now, and come and talk to

you again. You have made me the happies man in the world." Sadie accepted the kiss with quiet grace, find-

ing no novelty in the habitual caress, and the old gentleman trotted off to electrify Mattle. What bird whispered to Walter Ireton that somebody else was covering his idol I can only guess; but certain it is that, whatever instinct prompted him. Sadle was not alone dve minutes Walter put his handsome head in at

the door.
One love scene is surely enough to describe, so I spare my readers a second. No reference was made to Uncle Herbert, but Sadie gave a more cordial reception to the suit of her lover, feeling so certain of her uncle's approval, Walter, proud and happy, was putting a ring upon Sadie's finger, his arm around her waist, and his lips on her check, when Uncle Herbert led the fluttered Aunt Mattle in the room.

Walter drew off a step or two before the old gentleman's astonished eyes, but Sadie said,

"Uncle Herbert told me this morning you

were coming, Walter."
"Told you I was coming?"
"Why, brother Herbert," said Aunt Mattle,

of April."

I thought you said—"
" Ifush! hush!" whispered the old gentleman. "Her been an old fool." Then aloud he said:
"Accept my best wishes, Walter. You have
won a charming bride and Mattle will see to the wedding. Come, Mattle, leave the young folks together!" Once outside the door: "That's twice I've been fooled by Miss Sadle on the first

> For the Hourthstone. BUD AND BLOSSOM.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH

Softly fall the little rain-drops, In the gentle spring-time showers, And the earthland of its treasures, Giveth us the buds and flowers,

Amid the tears and smiles of an April sky, comes the fresh young spring, with bud and blossom, with life and beauty, with song and gladness. The dark, dreary shadows of winter have crept stiently away, giving place to the work, you and the white-winged clouds float lazily over the valleys, and loiter around the hill-tops, sittin' wid a baythen an' he a atin' wid dromthe valleys, and loiter around the hill-tops, dropping down from time to time the genial showers like so many tear drops of joy. Nature haste to spread out over the earth a makes muste to spread out over the earth a beautiful carpet of green, and decorate the fields in toveliness. The woodlands are echoing with merry bird songs, and the soft, warm breezes that come up to us from the sunny south, waft along the muste of murnuring rills, from every side, from valley and bill, from forest and plain. from hill-top and mountain, arises a glad song of welcome to the verdant spring.

Now we may break down our prison walls

and go out into the broad fields where we can admire nature as she puts on her vermi rober and prepares to decorate herself with the glories of summer; and as we wander away over the mendows, through the wild wood or down by much from which we may learn truthful les sons and desire real pleasure. When the last Autumn winds swept over the landscape, and the flowers one by one taded away, our hearts grow sad for we loved them; loved them for their benuty, their purity and fragrance, and w layed them too, for that silent influence which ever surrounds them, for they are to us as ministering angels by the wayside of life, constant ly reminding us of the home that gave them, and of the flowers that bloom in cudiess beauty in celestial bowers, but the ley fetters of the frost-king are broken; the fall of snow has melted nway, the seads begin to take root, the leaves to unfold, the flowers to blossom, and thus is the earth again unde beautifut. Ah! yes, nature has indeed scattered over the earth beautifut flowers in rich profusion todelight our eyes with tuoir delicate tluts, and charm our seases with sweet fragrance, with what splendor do they array the same meadows, the shady delis and and leafy woodlands, how they spring up in each mossy bank and creep out of every rocky crevice of the mountain height. They bloom with equal beauty in the gardens of the rich and by the humble cottages of the poor, for they are God's free gift to be enjoyed alike by all. Where the little laughing brooklets sparkle along in the rosy sunlight, there they bloom upon the grassy bank, and bend low their heads to kiss

amid the arid sands of the desert, wherever falls the crystal dews and genial showers, there also may be found the bads and blossoms, the gems of beauty fresh from the Creator's hands

Flowers have in all ages been made the emblems of innocence, of purity and love, with tender thoughts we twine the bridal wreath with orange blossoms, and strew with sorrowing tears, immortels over the graves of dear ones gone to the spirit hand, they have each a silent language, and from the queenly rose, to the modest little violet or dalsy, every one breaties forth in its fragrance maight but what is fair and lovely blending with its exquisite perfune, the beauty of its own perfection. Nature seems to have endowed each thy blossom with charms unsurpassed by any of her other children, they are in fact her adornments worn only during the season of gayty and pleasure when gentle tephyr's chant low sweet includes beneath the

For all this beauty which we so much admire, ought not we to join in the universal song of thanksgiving to Him who causes the changing seasons to come and go, and giveth us the verdant spring, with its genial showers, glorious sunshine, buds and flowers? Well, bloom on little flowers, and when the dew-gents sparkle on each thry leaf, we will go out into the green fields to admire thy loveliness and inhale the fragrance which floats upon the morning air, falthfully will we watch over thee, and love thee, and when the chilling winds of Autumn sweep over the plain and thy drooping heads and faded leaves tell us that thou are passing away, we will treasure up thy memory in our hearts and trust that each in due time will be again renewed, and thus passing on through life's deci-ing hours, may we constantly learn of thee les-sons of love and beauty, and so live that our last hours may pass away as calmly and serene ly as fades away the fily of the valley.

#### MISS MALONY ON THE HEATHEN CHUNEE.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is is howld on, ye ay? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clean broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me tollin' like a mager for the six years I've been in Ameriky—had luck to the day I ever left the owld country—to be bate by the likes o' them! (falk and l'li sit down when I'm rendy, so 1 will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' isit myse'f, with five good characters from respect able places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer.

Sure an't was the granteborn not to be lavin' at onst when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her perlayer about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, It's meself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid bim, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' It's little l'it hinder him nor any other, main," says I, a kind o' still, for I minded me how those French watters, their many callars and brass thus on their the their paper collars and brass rings on their fin-ger, isn't company for no gurril brought up dactnt and honest.

Och I sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till

the misus walked into me klichen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll hav too much sense to mind his bein'

a little strange."
Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrus tid if I was tidled up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly Fa-thers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a raio haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll blave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sieken yun to see him; and sorra stich was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shavel claner nor a copper biler, and a black tall a-hanging down from it, behind, wid his two feet stack into the hea-

thenestest shoes you ever set eyes on.

Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stops wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars an playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taich 'em all in our the saints save us !

Well, the ways and trial I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissid thing cud I do but he'd be leokin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-bandles. an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' wilsker on him, an' his finger nalis full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he a grinnin' an' waggin' his ple-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate i) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, initatin' that charp, you'd be shurprised, an' ketchen' an' cop-pyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' tothe knowledge

sticks-yes, an' atla' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me fine clothes for the iron-in' an' fillin' his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit through his teeth stret over the best linen-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of it all was the copnyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me ever lines I've bin in this cyunthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind that haythen would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him clave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I have for that? Falx an' I didn't, Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythen? You're aware yoursel' how the boondies comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take out a cap o sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in the hit of a buy tucked under the freein' blankit and there it enddont be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respectful wid me in me kitchen wid his boundles, and she motions like to Fing Wing, (which I never would call by that many ty out the sugar, an' what not where they be-longs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ityan, what did the blatherin' Chineser do but take out a cup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanki and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to

says she. "I'll arrist him," says 1. "H's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says 1. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me so much sass as I caldent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, no' she a-pointin' to the doore,— Seribner's Monthly.

#### THE STORY OF LUCY.

fast week, in a neighboring city, a sudden etal came to a little domestic drama, for which we purpose to make room here. We believe We purpose to make room here. its meaning bears more nearly on the lives of a large class of our readers than even the na-tional debt or the choice of our next President.

About twenty years ago, a girl-baby was born

to a carpenter and his wife who had five boys already swarming and squabhling about the three-roomed house. The baby shared the fate of solitary girls among brothers. She was the bit of porcelain among rough crackery; her fa-ther and the bigger boys dubbed her e-little body;" carried her out proudly on Sunday afternoons, when their own clothes were coarse and patched chongh; but she never lacked a bit of embroblery or a feather in her cap. She, un-like myrlads of other children, was born to no Inexorable Inheritance of poverty or dirt or crime. The carpenter was a hard-working, honest, domestic old man, whose highest ambition was to give each of his boys a steady trade, other they might never need to take to shifty ways to earn a meat." For Lucy, of course, he hoped for something better. His wife was a thrifty Scotch-Irishwoman, who had lived in one house at service for fifteen years before her marriage, and could command a high salary at any time now as honsekrener. Others in the any time now as housekeeper. "Girls in the old country," she said, "were set to work from the time they could walk. They did not need to drudge so here. There were chances for them in a free country." She never passed a rich man's daughter, delicately dressed, that she did not think of these "chances;" chances that numbered not only easy flying and refinement, but equipages, velvets, diamonds. Education placed all men on a levet. Her mother's heart was sore and tender. Why should not her little girl enter into that high nuknown world of luxgerienter into that high mixinown word of interpretain which she had been shut out? God had made no life so full of blessings that it ought not to be possible to Lucy with her loying blue eyes and wonderful bright hair. It was quite true that God had made no life of happy wo-manhood which was not possible to the child. She had a practical, nimble intellect, was frank, agreed, offsetlemate; blushes and tears can. carnest, affectionate; blushes and tears came quickly, signs of a delicate nature and tender conscience, betiting to a servant as a queen, both of them being God's children. One would have said the girl was born to be in time a pure

maiden, a loving wife, a faithful mother.

She went to school years after her brothers were nt work, but learned little more than to read and write; whatever ability she had as-suredly did not lie in the path of book-knowledge; the boys bought ber a cheap plane at auction, on which she strummed a few street airs. People who noticed the girl's readiness and winning manner, told her mother it was time she was making some provision for her and offered to take her into their houses as servant. But menial work was a certainty which to Lucy's vague chances was an insult. Even drudgery at home was spared her that sh might rin with her school companions, or read the cheap papers of the day. Gradually the fine delicatey faded out of her face; her voice grow loud; the quick step dragged lazily; it became a matter of course for her to watch her old father work for her while she sat idle. At hist the turn came; the older brothers married; the old man and his wife died; a deformed brother kept the house with facey, but it was ne-cessary that she should earn her own living. There were half-a-dozen homes open to her, where she would have had light work, which would have fitted her for her dutles when she married, high wages, and the protection and se-clusion of a refined Christian family. But this irl, whose Master was born in a stable, was ingirl, whose Master was born in a stable, was in-dignant at being asked to take the place of a servant. She went into a mill. The wages were good. She had her ambition. Velvets and dlamonds made the hely. She could at least flaunt in Terry and Milton gold. She had the imagination of other young girls—the zest for love, adventure. No knights or gentlemen came about the mill, or lovers to the house, but there was the chance compliment from young men on the streets; the encounter on the streetmen on the streets; the encounter on the street-

cars going bome at night.

The story is told. There came a day when
the deformed brother, who had watched over her since she was a baby with a sorer tenderness because no other woman could ever be near or dear to him, cursed her and drove her from the door. She went gladly. The street life sulted her now; for the change in the girl alld not begin in dress or face or voice; it worked out from within. Year by year her training had corrupted soul and brain. It mattered little when the symptoms of decay showed them-selves to the world. For years she has tested the street life. Last week it ended. In the bright samight a blouted, fifthy woman crept out of the prison van into the stone archway of the city prison, and the iron gates with their heavy clang shut on her, not to open for two years. "Lucy—, sentenced for grand larceny." Whether, when they open, her ruined body will be there to drug itself out into the santight again, matters little. It may live until old age. But Lucy, honest, unselfish, pure in thought, died long ago. It it had been only to sleep with her mother on yonder hill-side, we might have made the grass green above her, knowing that the child would come again. But she, still living, child would come again. But she, still living, went down into a grave from which there is no place of resurrection, though we seek it carefully and with tears.—Perlmps It is astory without a moral;—at least It has none, if mothers do not find it for themselves.—N. T. Tribune.

## ON THE ICE.

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been lelivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my «cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body inven more quick, prompt, emplatte manner, and I reached the door Just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sit ting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem to clined to carry on the conversation, and I surted

Right in front of me, on the slippery sldewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the fu-ture, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say; "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to my own way through the world"—his feet grassy bank, and bend low their heads to kiss put the min. Och, the Lord forgive me, but is slipped out under him, and he came down in the the crystal waters as they dance gally by, they gladden the sight of the traveller in the most northern climes, and are found too on the oasis haythen nager," says i. "I've found you out,"

he did he would come through among the

he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinese," and he was really grateful for the Interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where lee never forms on the sidewalk. Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madam Anna Bishop. Their hands were frezen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think mething of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your...," he stomed. your stay and support; your—," he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate, and as I passed, she was trying to lift him up.

as I passed, she was trying to fit min up.

Two lawyers conting from the Court house
next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one,
"Judge Foster would rule that out. We must
concede the two first points. We can afford to concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if eyhlence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our stand, and----," his thue was up. I left him moving for a new

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us, How easy is humanity controlled by circumstances and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermior might be preached. I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accident.

Love's Banautyer Hoor. Not long since I met a gentleman who is asset sed for more than a million. Silver was in his bair, care upon his brow, and ho stooped heneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enloyment, or, rather, when we had found the happiness mearest to be unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and-twenty, I had saved up \$800. I was carming \$500 a year, and my fitther did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottaga, jost outsidn of the city. I was able to pay two thirds of the value down, and also to formish it respectably. I was married on Sunday an Sunday in June at my inther's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth other womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath might we pessed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the balors of the day where done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in tho days past, but to my own house—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I had my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on into the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of hor who had come to be my help-meet in doed na well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing, overestant look upon her lovely and loving too her the estatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long yeurs—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honered and onvioul; but, as true as heaven. I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long yeurs—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honered and onvioul; but, as true as sheaven.

Tilliand Stories.—A few years up a society was formed in New York for the suppression of story-tellers. Ariemus Ward, Dan Bryand, Billy Florence and men of that ilk constituted the active members. Their plan was, when a man commenced a story, to get up and saunter away, one at a time, leaving the unhappy man to complete his intration to the chairs and other fermiture.

One day Dan Bryant so far forget himself as to hegin a story, foreithly brought to his remembrance by some incident of the occasion. Ward got up and sauntered out, whistling a melancholy time.

One by one the romaindor followed suit, with troubled looks and a sad shake of the head, sometimes sighing decidely. By the time Dan had reading the middle of his story he was alone. As the last man youed out. Dan turned to a picture of George Wishington hanging on the wall, and remarking:

"Here, old follow, you've got to hear the reet of

George Washington manging on the marking:

"Hare, old follow, you've got to hear the rest of the story: Pd like to sou you get down and walk off on your ear," completed his narrative, the Father of his Country listening with that calm boungity so characteristic of him. It is needless to say, the story extinguishers, who were listening outside, enjoyed this part of the yarn at least.

Where the Sun Never Sets.—The following paragraph is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and a party in the north of Norway, from a diff 1,000 feet above the sen; "The ocean strutched away in silout vastness at our feet; the sound of the waves scarcely reached our airy lookout, away in the north the huge old sun swamg low along the horizon, like the slow heat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, booking at our watches. When the hands canne together at twelve, midnight, the fall orb hung triumphantly above the waves—a bridge of gold, ranning due north, spanned the water between us and him. There he shome in silent majesty that knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats, and no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant surries and suncer that you ever saw, and its hearties, will pale before the sor geons coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swing by perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one sangster after another piped up in the trees behind us—we had slid into another day."

Haurs or Flowers.—It is said that almost all kinds of flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun and rises weaping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves closs during the passage of a cloud. The dandedion opens at five or six in the morning and closes at nine in the evening. The daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early heams of the morning. The croans, tully and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards the evening. The ivy leafed lettuce opens at four in the afternoon.

The night bowering cerous turns night into day it begins to expand its magnificent sweet-sended blossoms in the twilight; it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again at the days

blussoms in the iwilight; it is in full bluom at muchight, and choos never to open ugain at the dawn of the day. In a clover field not a leaf opens till after surrise. So says a celebrated author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them in their slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all hight he styles the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.

A Lesson in Political. Economy.—A certair Judge living in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, having had a load of wood brought into his yard, a Chinese wood-sawyer applied for the job of sawing it:

"How maches?" asked the Judge.

"Hap dollar." replied John.
A bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish American citizen demanded the joh.

"How much?" and a sked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," replied the American citizen.

zen.
The Judge denurred, saying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for half a dollar.
However, he said " as I prefer to encourage white American labor. I will pay you a dollar and a half. The Judge returned some hours afterwards, and to his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white

his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white man at work upon his wood pile.

"How's this, how's this?" said his honor; "who told you to saw my wood?"

"Melican man," said John.
"How muchee he pny?" enquired the Judge.
"Hap dollar," said John.
The Judge accepted this lesson in cheap Asiatic labor.

Quite connect.—The indian modicine known as the Grant Shoshonees Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter reopens the perce of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safest, and easiest means of staining this desirable end, without weakening the most deliaste or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the scorotions vitated, this modicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleaning the former and correcting the latter, it may fairly be said of this celebrated indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—3-14-d





#### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Xylonite is the name of a newly discovered pre-paration chemically allied to gui-catton, and design-ed as a substitute for india-rubber in many respects. It is formed by the action of nitric acid on woody fibre. It will make waterproof fabries, of any color and can be washed and ironed like ordinary linea or cotton cloth.

Photographs of the great constellations of the Southern hemisphere are to be taken at the Cordova observatory in the Argentine Republic, under the direction of Br. B. A. Gould, the superintendent. A gentleman experienced in stellar photography, who has studied with Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, the well-known amteur astronomer of New York, has gone out to Buenos Ayres to enter upon the work. In regard to this enterprise Prof. Peirce, of the Const Survey, says: "The photographs afford just as good an operative position of the mear stars, as would be relative position of the mear stars, as would be relative position of the mear stars, as would be revived from the stars themselves, as seen through the most powerfd telescopes. They are indisputable facts, unbiassed by personal defects of observation, and which convey to all future times the actual places of the stars when the photographs were taken."

DEPTIN OF THE SUN'S BAYS IN THE OCEAN.—The

DEPTHS OF THE SUN'S RAYS IN THE OCEAN.—The Blassler expedition of the United States Coast Survey will endeavour to ascertain to what depth the ocean is penetrable by the sun's rays. As solar heat is the prime mover of the ocean as well as of the atmospheric currents, the proper solution of this question will undoubtedly contribute to the settlement of the conflicting views of Dr. Carpenter and his opponents. Among the valuable results of the explorations recommended by Dr. Petermann is an important advance in the ice-son faheries, from which the Norweglan fishermen have guined a dividend of fifty-seven per cent. Licoutenant Payer attributes the romarkable success of the expedition to the fact that autumn is the most favorable time for navigation. Most of the previous expeditions have set out too early and returned too early.

The question why, if men existed in pre-historic times, no human bones are found among or near the skeletons of animals which we know must have lived in ages long before any of which we have other knowledge, is one which Mr. W. L. Pengelly, in the Quarteely Journal of Neissee, endeavors to answer by saying that their bones may be more subject to decay than the bones of other animals. And to support this yiew, he calls aftention to the experiments made by Dindley upon plants placed in a tank of water. This distinguished botanist collected one hundred and seventy-seven specimens of plants, comprising representatives of all those which are invariably present in the ead mensures, and those which are always obsent. For two years these were constantly exposed to the action of the air and the water in the tank. At the end of that time certain kinds had entirely disappeared. These consisted of such as are not found in the coal fassils; while the ferns and coniferous trees which are so prominent in coal, were well preserved. Mr. Pengelly insists however, that bones of pre-historic men horr been found.

served. Mr. Pengelly insists, however, that bones of pre-historic men have been found.

ULTMANABLES,—The ultramarine manufacture, up to the present time, has laboured under two difficulties—first, the uncertainty of producing particular kinds; and, second, the quantity of inferior unterial which is produced, owing to the slightest negligence of the workmen, particularly in the heating. Carl Fursteam states that he has got rid of both these drawbacks, by fixing the chemical compounds of the two known sorts of ultramarine, the so-called Nuremburg—that is clear blue—and the alum-holding sort. He then states that, by discovering the right silicatos which both contain, and also the limit to which reducing material can be used, he has not only so fer increased the variation in temperature in heating that it can be easily held in check by an ordinary workman, but also prevented the formation of other than blue compounds. He has also obtained an increase of 25 per cent, in the produce by employing the right proportion and kind of sulphide of soda in the manufacture of the different kinds. Finally, he has obtained by this means all dark, clear, strong-colored and alum-holding sorts that have come under his notice. The ultramarine is placed in ovens, which contain about 1800 pots, or about 28 ext, of mixture; these are linished in 12 hours. The duration of the manufacture, from the first grinding of the raw material until the packing of the finished ware, is 21 days.

## FARM ITEMS.

EARLY Cremmens,—There are serval modes of growing early carambers. Our one is to plant the geed early in hot-beds. Soon after the plants begin to show their second pair of leaves, push a trowel or knife under them so as to sever the fap roots; in a day or two, transplant them in the hot-bed; do this without divesting the plants of earth. A week later push a knife down around them so as to cut lateral root; then lift the bull and transplant it.

Once every eight days or so, shorten the roots, each time going a little further out, and after each pranting transplant. Some two or three weeks before setting in the field, transplant indeed of transes or admit cold air freely to harden. Nothing can be gained by transplanting into cold frames or into the garden until the soil in either place first becomes warm.

warm.
Small frames covered with glass may be advantageously used in the open field on cold nights, as a protection against frost or cold winds; but at other times the glass ought to be left off. In this way, if plants are properly hardened and bulls of earth containing them are carried to the field and set without disturbing the roats, encounters can be had six weeks earlier than by planting seeds early in the

Open graduat.

Highs amount Hor-Reps.—A Pennsylvanian, writing to The Journal of the Form, says he has made a hothest as late as the 10th of April, and the plants were big and strong enough to set out in the middle of May, and experience has shown that that is quite early enough, to be safe from frost; indeed, it is more prudent, where he lives, to defer setting out tender plants until the 20th of May. A corner, projected on the north and west sides by a tight board tender plants until the 20th of May. A corner, protected on the north and west sides by a tight board fence, ie, he thinks, warm snough without manure, and, even then, it will be necessary to give the plants air while the san shines fairly on the bed. Such a corner he has, in which the same box will be set the 19th time this Spring; he always put the box away in a dry place after the plants are out, which accounts for its insting so long. In this connection we quote from The Tribune of South Bond, Ind., the following directions for a hot-bed in which to sprout sweet polatices or other plants: Dig a hole in the ground of the size desired, and six or eight inches deep. Fill this hole with good manure. Then put a board frame around the bed some two foot high. Fill it with more manure se as to have it fifteen or eighteen inches in depth above and below the surface. Then lay on the manure four inches of good soil. Place on the potatoes and cover them with rich soil to the depth of three or four inches. Cover with glass or straw as you prefer. Care should be taken not to let the bed get rained upon, and if it gots too dry it should be sprinkled with water from which the chill has been responsed.

Sulphus To Kill, Vennin in Nests.—Now that

gots too dry it should be sprinkled with water from which the chill has been removed.

SULPHUE TO KILL VERMER IN NESTS.—Now that the season has arrived for raising chickens, it is well to know that the powdered sulphur of the draggists is the cheapost handiest, and best thing yet discovered for killing parasites that infest setting house as soon as the latter are hatched. Many times people complain that when their shickens are a week or two old, they droop and die from the attacks of large complain that when their shickens are a week or two old, they droop and die from the attacks of large lice, which literally cover the beads of the birds. If examination is made earlier, it will be found that the insects have taken up their abode upon the chickens' heads while still in the nest, for they forsake the hen, preferring the chickens. It is bad business to have to catch the chickens and hen for treatment after they have left the nest, when the remedy can be applied with so little trouble before hatching begins. A week or so after the hen has been given her clutch of eggs, sprinkle them and the whole of the nest and the straw for a little distance around it, with the sulphur when the hen is off. The night following attend to the hen herself, by lantern-light. Disturb her just enough to make her bristle her feathers, and then dust sulphur well down to their roots. Go over the whole body thoroughly, excepting the parts in contact with the nest, and lift each on what has a lift will not injure the hen in the least, nor the chickens when they are hatched. We repeat the operation at an interval of a week (though perhaps one application is sufficient) and have never found the slightest trace of vermin upon hen or chickens afterwards. Use two small handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. Tobacca, smuff, grunse, carbonic powder, etc., are not to be compared with sulphur for this particular purpose, and the best dust-buth privileges for the hen are not to be relied upon alone.

#### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

INVALID'S JELLY.—Take of port wine one pint, isingless two onnees, sugar-candy two onnees, gum arabic half an onnee; pince these materials all together to sonk for twelve hours, then simmer then till they are dissolved; finally, pour out into a mould or deep dish—when cold the liquid will set. (live the recovering invalid a dessert-spoonful four times a day.

"FAT RASCALS."—The correspondent of a contemporary gives the following real Yorkshire recupe for good "fit rasculs": One pound of flour, half pound of butter, quarter of a pound of currants, one ounce of moist sugar, a pinch of salt. Mix these ingredients well together, roll out the paste about half an inch thick, dust white sugar over, cut round, and bake in a quick oven.

To Restore Crape.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar, it leaves a conspicutous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table, laying on it a large book or paper-weight to keep it steady, and place undermenth the stoin a place of old black silk; then with a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink paint over the stain, and afterwards wipe off the ink with a bit of old silk. The spot will dry immediately, and the white mark will be seen no more.

will be seen no more.

POTTEN HEAD.—Wash and thoroughly cleanse the half of an ox head, and lay it to soak in warm water for an hour or two: then holl it till tonder: when about half done, put in a cow heel, and let them stew together very gently. When they are enough cooked, take them out and strain the liquor; stim off the fat close, and return it to the saucenan, adding the meat cut into small pieces: season with pepper and salt rather highly, and let the whole boil for about half an hour. Next pour into basins or moulds, and stand in a cool place: when cold there will be a stiff jelly, which may be turned out on a dish to serve. Potted head of this description forms a good relishing condiment for breakfast or luncheon, and is cheap as well as good.

well as good.

Sheep's Hearts.—A very palatable and economical dish hors be made by following the subjoined instructions:—Prepare a sessoning as for a duck, viz., onions, sage, bread-grounds, pepper and salt. Take one heart, or more as required, fill with sensoning, fastening the aparture with a small iron skewer or needle and thread; place two or three lumps of white or a little brown sugar in the bottom of a stewpan with a few drops of water; when this is dissolved into a brown or harnt-looking colouring, add a little more water, with a good-sized lump of butter or drippins; put in the hearts, lurning them until they are a rich brown; add enough stock to nearly cover them, with the flavouring of a little sance, pepper, salt, and vinegar, which gives a piquiney. Slowly stow fir two hours, and you have a dish fit for an epicure.

Burnle and Sourak.—Boil some Savoy or other

two hours, and you have a dish fit for an epicure.

Bunnle and Squeak.—Boil some Savvy or other cabbages and carrots. When ecoked, strain thou well and chop them up, and put them in a stewpan with a piece of butter, seasoning with pepper and salt; add to them a small quantity of good strong stock or gravy. Cut some slices of cold boiled beefmutton, or reast beef—both better if underdone—not too thin, and fry them. Stir the cabbage and carrots over the fire until they are quite hot; then place them in the centre of your dish, and put the slices of hect upon the top. A little good strong gravy may be poured round, but only a little. The neculiar name of this favourite dish is derived from the old plan of making hot the ment and vogetables together in a frying-pon at the same time. The ment squanks and the vegetables hubble as they each in turning come in contact with the hot pan.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who is never satisfied with others may learn, if he chooses, that nobody is ever satisfied with him.

A PROMISE should be given with caution, and kept with care. It should be made with the heart, and renembered with the head.

Loan llacon wisely says:—"A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

NEVER seek to be entrusted with your friend's se-cret, for no matter how faithfully you may keep it you will be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

When a man or woman begins to say, "I will try," a new life opens to them. Try, then, to live a nobler life, to do good, to be careful, honest, sober, and laithful; these are the virtues that make us truly noble men and women.

GENICS, like a lark, is very upt to despise its post upon earth, and wastes its time in fluttering and quavering among the clouds; but common sense is the hamble fowl which picks up the burley corns and fattens at leis ure.

fattens at leis are.

A MARIERO man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend on him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are southed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is durkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home.

home.

Some men move through life as a band of music mover down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the ordnards in October days fill the air with ripe fruit. Some womeneding to their own houses like the honeypackle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it so to field the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all!

Figure warm of some and refugement solutions.

EVERY man of sense and refinement admires a woman as woman; and when she steps o .t of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become offensive. The appropriate character of a woman domand delicate of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment.

accepture would be authreed, occome onensive. The appropriate character of a woman domands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sontinent, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a sbrinkingfrom neteriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is course and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

When the day dawns, and we rise to find the sky clear and the bright hours all before us, how both we are to lie down upon our pillow again! There are so many things to do—such pleasant things some of them; our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; there is a walk or a drive or a little fenst in prospect—it seems so pleasant to be awake! But when the day has gone, and night has come again, we are generally ready for it. We are, at best, tired with our frolic or our pleasare. Ten to one we are disappointed in something. Some little unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour. It is so delightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced us to put onjour to not the light and lie down, couring slumber. So though, in the heyday of life, we dread that lagt long quiet sleep, no doubt those who live to be old hall it as their best friend. The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment. Their dear ones have left them alone. The life that seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweet has changed to bitterness, and all the sweet we will death. Just as we wearily climb the bed-room stairs with our tired feet; so when we shall collinb life's last steps. We have denced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our joy as of our sorrow, and shall hail repose eternal, as we hailed the repose of the night when life was all before us.

If examination is made earlier, it will be found that the insects have taken up their abode upon the obickens' heads while still in the nest, for they forsake the hen. proferring the chickens. It is bad business to have to catch the chickens and hen for treatment after they have left the nest, when the remedy can be applied with so little trouble before hatching begins. A week or so after the hen has been given her clutch of eggs, sprinkle them and the whole of the nest and the straw for a little distance around it, with the sulphur when the hen is tamed around it, with the sulphur when the hen is by lantern-light. Disturb her just enough to make her bristle her feathers, and then dust sulphar well down to their roots. Go over the whole body thoroughly, excepting the parts in contact with the nest, and lift each wing and scatter a pinch, and attend to bend, neck, and tail. It will not injure the hear in the least, nor the chickens when they are had have never found the slightest trace of vermin upon hen or chickens afterwards. Use two small heardfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I heardfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I costs little either in money or trouble. I costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble. I handfuls. It costs little either in money or trouble in flowery language a wakeful Cochin-China cock?

Limburge of the mest, which he was a country language. I have a contac

#### WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Loop Line-Coleraft's. THE 'ART UNION-Marriage. Dying Game-A hare in extremia. RATHER Contradictory-Guy's grave. A LITTER-ART Character-A lady pig.

A Userut thing in the long run-Breath. A WIFE'S Settlement—A knock on the head. THE "Quality" of Merroy—Liverpool swells. HEAVY Charge of the Light Brigade-Gas bills. A Harvary student defines firtuien to be "atten-tion without intention."

Wily are harbour dues like Cortes de visite?—Be-zuso they are port-rates. ARE ladies generally inclined to be bald?-No they don't like it, as a rule.

SOME vegetarians would not touch horseflesh, yet they will out cobe and chestnuts.

The last novelty in sewing machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument. An inquiring old lady is anxious to know if the 'orack of doom' has ever been mended.

The Class of People that Squint Most.—Stage managers; for haven't they usually a cast in their eye? It is said that a tricky politician in New York has laughed so much in his sleeve that it is quite worn

IT is a curious fact that, though England has produced a number of poets, Ireland has produced

Moore.
GRAMMAR.—In what mood is a lady when the curtain falls "after the Opera is over?—In the put-on-shawl (potential) moud.
FROM THE JULICH'S PLATZ.—Pat assures us that the O'Decologue can clourly boast do-secut from the Kings of Ireland.

Decorate of a mondiagn ways to sak along of a

Doubreu.—If a mendicant were to ask aims of a sonity, and the sentry were to present arms to him, would the former be satisfied?

wound the former to satisfied;

For the draining of lands, drink whiskey and spond all your money in the saloons. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

What is the difference between a painter and a candidate for parliamentary honours? One takes his stand before his conves(s), and the other his soat after it.—(N. B.—Not always.)

after it.—(N. B.—Not always.)

The time-honoured practice of a young lady winning a pair of gloves by kissing a sonnolent old gentluman, may be described on his part as kid-napping, and on here as kid-nabbing.

Josh Billings cannot see what women want any more "rights" for; she beat the first man born into the world out of a dead sure thing, and she can beat the last man with the same cards.

Theological Messuration.—Seere Church-noman:

'I didn't like the Sermon at al. It was much too "Broad."—Lirely Nice: "Well, Auntic, I'me sure you can't say it was as Broad as it was Long!"

A Massachusetts minister, preaching in r neigh-

you can't say it was as Broad as it was Leng!'

A MASSACHUSETTS minister, preaching in r neighboring pulpit by exchange, found in a Bible a noto requesting the prayers of the congregation in behalf of brother A., "deeply afflicted in the loss of his wife." See. He rend the note and prayed accordingly. Judge of his emotions when he learned after service that the note was a year old, and on this very Sabbath brother A. was present for the list, time with his new wife. Moral to pastors: Don't leave notes for prayer in the pulpit Bible.

A Cra prayers Bregister in Albany, New York

with his new wife. Moral to pastors: Don't leave notes for prayer in the pulpit Bible.

A. Charmarked Physician in Albany. New York, relates the following as an item of his experience:—

"One stormy night he was awakened from a first map by the ringing of his office bell. He put his head out of the window, and made the usual inquiry. What's wanted?—"Oth, doctlor dear, be quick! Me ould woman Biddy is bad." answered a voice below.—"Who are you?" said the doctor. "Sure I'm Dinney Sullivan, your honour, and I live in the Bowery; an'y emust be quick." The place indicated being at a considerable distance, the doctor-demurred and asked him to summon a nearer practitioner. Dinney, finally, as an inducement, said: "Docthor dear, if you'll only come. I'll gie ye ten dollars, kill or cure." Tempted by the fee, the doctor assented, and after a disagreeable walk, found Biddy beyond human aid. He prescribed for her as well as he could, and then left, and the next morning heard of death. After is time the doctor sont his bill to Dimey, who indignantly repudiated it, and was sued in consequence. Whenthe trial came on Dinney quietly asked the plaintiff if he had cared "the out woman." He answered in the negative, of course.—"Then docthor," he continued, in a boisterous tone, "upon the vartue of your oath, did you kill her."—"The observer answered once more in the negative,.—"Thin, yer honour," said Dinney, "the docthor didn't kape his contract—he mather killed nor cured Biddy, and he can't have the dollars."—

LOST AND FOUND.—Lost.—A. Golden Opportunity, I restored to the aware uninumyised, no further re-

LOST AND FOUND.—Lost.—A Golden Opportunity. If restored to the owner unimpaired, no further reward will be offered.

Address Butterfinzers. Ware \*

Address Butterfingers, Ware?
Lost—By a Noudle, his Read. When last seen was empty. Of no use to any one but the owner, and of very little use to him. The finder may keep the Address

Address A. S. S., Bray.

If the Middle-aged Party who spoke to a young lady at Union Square in a blue bonnet will call upon her brother, he will find something to his advantage most his eye.

Address Pusillisten.

Address

If the Lady who rode in an omnibus with blue enamel car-rings will communicate with the pentloman who got down at the City Hall in a brown great-cont trimmed with seal-skin, and who immediately builed a cab with agray horse and two brown paper parcels, she had better prevail on him to advertise for a contract for the construction of English sentences, and not bind himself to accept the lowest, or any, tender.

Y. Z., Post-Office.

ANY, tonuer.

WANTED immediately—By a young Gouldeman of expectation, a Mansion standing in its own grounds of about a hundred acres, replete with every convenience. No rent. Or an income of seven thousand per annum will do. Professional philantropists need not apply. Terms, eash down.

## THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

## 133. RIDDLES ON RIDDLES.

1. Half a pronoun a snare transposed, and your mother. 2. Three-sevenths of an ecclesiastical body, two-sixths of a good-for-nothing follow, and two-sixths of one who is ever on the watch to catch such. 3. Two-eights of a military body, and the latter end of a sort of vehicle. 4. An article, and two useful animals. 5. Three-ninths of an officer of justice, three-fiths of beneath, and a liquid. 6. Three-fourths of an equestrian exercise, and half of a musical instrument. 7. An article, three-fourths of a bird, and four-fifths of a prop.

Missess

## 134. ENIGMA.

It moves backwards and forwards, and upwards and downwards, Earthwards and beavenwards, towards and onwards; Tis of silver or gold, or a metal much baser: It regulates time, and keeps thieves in their place, sir; It has wards, though no guardian, save of your pelf, And it takes care of all things excepting itself.

135. CHARADE

My first names an article bought every day,
My second a painful expression, we say;
My third, if we search, will in people be found,
And my fourth in possessions doth greatly abound;
My fith names a stream which in Eugland doth And my whole you have seen if you've read Uncle

136. REBUS.

The name of a particular tooth; a lake in North America; a tributary of the Po; an article belonging to a boat; and a Queen of England. The initials give the name of a well-known poet; the centres and finals that of his best poem.

Answers to Charades, &c., ix No. 15. 126. PUZZLR: Pl-noue, or Le-ague. 127. ENIGHA: A cloud. 128. CHARADE: Sandringham. 129. RUBUS: Tar-tar.

## MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

18th April, 1972. Flour market moderately active. Wheat was quoted at I to I c. higher in the West this morning. Liverpred has advanced til on flour. 2d on red winter, and I d on white wheat, and 3d on corn, as per latest cable anoxed.

M DEC WHITE OVERS			
	April 18.	April 17.	
	1.25 p. m.	11 a. m.	
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s, d	
lour	26 0 47 27 6	26 0 69 26 1	
led Whent	10 8 @ 11 0	10 8 40 11 (	
Red Winter	11 6 6 00 0	11 4 60 00 0	
Vhito	11 7 22 11 9	11 6 00 11 8	
orn	27 6 64 00 0	27 3 @ 00 l	
Burley	00 0 44 3 8	38031	
luta	2948400	2 4 6 7 00 (	
'eas	00 0 60 30 0	00 0 0 39 0	
ork	49 0 @ 00 0	49 0 @ 00 0	
ard	00 0 60 41 0	40 0 @ 41	
Plane # hel of	1961by -Superior	Exten. nomina	

Flour. P brl. of 1961bs.—Superior Extra. nominal \$0.00: Extra. \$5.30 to \$6.40: Fa.09, \$0.00 to \$6.15: Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) nominal. Ordinary Supers (Canada Wheat), \$0.00 to \$6.00: Strong Bakers' Flour \$6.10 to \$6.20: Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal) \$8.00 to 0.00. Super City brands (from Western Wheat) fresh-ground nominal: Canada Supers No 2: \$5.50 to \$5.60. Western Supers, No 2: \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$4.00 to \$5.00; Hiddlings, \$4.00 to \$4.25: Pollards, \$2.25 to \$3.50; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.25: Pollards, \$2.35 to \$3.50; Upper Canada Bug Flour. P 100 bbs. \$2.75 to \$2.80; City bags, (dolivered) \$0.00 to \$3.00.

There was more activity noticeable on Change this foreneon, and a fair amount of business transacted. The advance in the Liverpool and Western markets has imparted a better tone here, some grades being quoted higher: transactions reported were at full rates. Extrus are source and firm, with subes at \$0. to \$6.0. Fancy stendy; small transactions at \$6.15. Supers, were in limited request at quotations, No. 2 is in light supply, and wanted at full rates. Fine sold at \$5.00. Bag Flour quiet. Receipts reported by (1. T. R., \$600 barrols.

ported by (1. T. R., 800 barrols.

Whert & bushel of 60 lbs.—A parcel of Canada Red Winter on the spot brought \$1.40, and a lot of U. C. White \$1.45. A cargo of Canada Spring to arrive was taken at \$1.40.

Corn. & bushe of 46 lbs.—Steady, at 640 to 65c. Pease. & bush of 66 lbs.—Quiet, at 63c to 84c. Oats. & bush of 68 lbs.—Quiet, at 63c to 86c. Barry & bush of 48 lbs.—Dall at 50c. Creek. & bush of 50c. Creek. & bush of 50c. Creek. & 57.20.

Pour's nominal. Recent sales were at for Firsts. \$8.-80; Seconds \$5.00. Oatheat. per bbl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.80 to \$5.00 according to quality.

Butter, per b.—Market dull and nominal. Store packed Western like to 16c.; Choice Dairy. 20c to 21c.

Pour. per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet. New Mess., \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess., \$14.00 to \$14.50.

THE HEARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL'

... 141 Main Street

Adams	iii Main Street.
Adams	163 _ **_ **
Boll	601 Ste. Marie.
Boucher	278 Main
Bennett	192 St. Antoine.
Brennun.	19 **
Chaplean	171 Notre Dame.
Bremun	22 St. James.
( lurber	17 St. Antoine.
Chigholmn	Bonaventuro Donot.
Cockburg	119 Wellington.
Cooke	10 Radegonda.
Collins	863 St. Cathering.
Carvallo	1396 44 44
Carvallo	114 "
Carsinke	102 Ronneentura
Dawson & Brothers	All Jumps
Dawes	Dinon It's man So
Dorion	And Sta Maria
Dawes	POL ST. AUREICA
Destre	Old Value Passe
Dantre	486 Sto Cushanis at
Elliott	405 Mt Labords
Elliett	Get et beschit.
Balt.	107 St. Dalam IIII
Holland	510 Sto Marin
Hills Library	GEL Translation
Humphreys	Out Can Authorise
Kelly	ent Chain
Kelly	200 Nutro Dania
Lavell	Chaladia Sanas
Lavell	150 St. Antoine
Maro	Che On St. Autome.
MeIntosh	man distriction of the section
Murray	356 Sto Camerino
Opporheimer	48) PL Josepa.
O'Mealea Public Mar	Ret 112 Sto. Catherine.
O'Menlea	
Perry	Cor. Main and Craig.
Payetto	
Pickup	I raticols Anvior.
Pauzo	E4 Bonayentere.
Proux	Si Sto. Calherine.
Runy	(6) Dorghester.
Rug	3 T St. Joseph.
Stafford	612 **
Slack	
Smith	
Thibenudeau	25. 394 Sto. Marie.
	•

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A LL THE ORGANS AND TISSUES of the blody are constructed and nourished by the Blood which holds in solution the material of which are made bone, muscle and norve, and distributes to each its proper proportion. To insure perfect formation of this vitulizing agent, there must he complete Digestion and Assimilation. When these functions are deranged there will be Dyspepsia, the food will be ome watery and deficient in fibrin the vital principle, and the whole system undergo degeneration from perverted nutrition; diseases of the Laver Kidneys, Heart and Lauges, with Norvous Prostration and General Debility result, and the constitution is broken down with Wasting Chronic Diseases. To enable the Stonneth to digest food, and to supply the waste going on from mental and physical exertion. Dr. Whealer's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya is reliable, and permanent in its effects.

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