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# THE LITERARY ROMANCE & NOVELS

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For the "Ecclesiastes."  
VAIN REGRETS.

BY M. R. MULLALL.

Why, my heart, such vain regrets  
For those bright hours fled for ever,  
Joyous hours when first we met,  
Then I dreamt not we must sever.

As in fancy sweet I roved  
In a world before unknown,  
Then I felt, indeed, I loved,  
And my love was thine alone.

But 'twas far too sweet to last,  
Gone and leaving only sorrow;  
Memory clinging to the past,  
Trying vainly joy to borrow.

Joy from each remembered word,  
Loving words too lightly spoken,  
Softly whispered, fondly heard,  
But, alas! too lightly broken.

Through the world I'll onward go,  
In my heart a restless pain,  
Thou the cause of this deep woe,  
Give me back my heart again.

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## COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

BY MISS M. R. BRADDOCK.

### CHAPTER II.

"NAME HER NOT NOW, SIR; SHE'S A DEADLY THING."

For the first fortnight of his sojourn at Trowardell, Colonel Benyon's Cornish experiences were altogether agreeable. The weather was brilliant; and in a county much given to moisture he was not inconvenienced by a single shower. There was plenty for him to see within a day's ride; here a ruined castle, there a nobleman's seat renowned amongst the show places of the west; and during those first two weeks the Colonel spent the greater part of every day in the saddle; or on foot, tramping over sunburnt hills high above a broad sweep of sea, while his horse rested at some solitary rustic inn. He was somewhat inclined to forget how short a time had gone by since he was lying in his Indian bungalow, well-nigh given over by regimental doctors. Perhaps in that first fortnight of genuine enjoyment he sowed the seeds of a mischief which was to overtake him by and by. The third week brought him into September, and he had a good time of it amongst the partridges, with Andrew Johns for his guide and counsellor. For three consecutive mornings the two men set out at daybreak when the dew was heavy upon the ground, and tramped over miles of stubble and turnip-field before breakfast. On the fourth day the Colonel suddenly knocked under, and told Mr. Johns that he had had enough, just for the present. Partridge-shooting was all very well in its way; but there were shooting-pains in the Colonel's limbs, and a dull perpetual aching in the Colonel's shoulders when a man of forty rarely cares to cultivate. There was a drizzling rain, too, upon that fourth day of September; and Colonel Benyon was very glad to find a blazing fire in the bright looking drawing-room, wherein he had a knack of painting imaginary scenes—scenes out of that tragical drama of which Flora Hammersley had been the heroine.

In his enforced idleness to-day, the thought of his friend's sorrow, and the woman's sin, haunted him more vividly than ever. That young soldier lying dead in the chill autumn sunrise on the sands near Blankenburg, slain by a hand that had never before been lifted to do a cruel thing—the hand of a generous single-minded man. As to the fact of Fred Hammersley's share in this transaction, Colonel Benyon felt no doubt. His friend had killed the seducer. It was the thing he would have done himself, unhesitatingly, under like circumstances. He walked up and down the room. He had read yesterday's *Times* and *Globe*, *Standard* and *Telegraph*, and there was no more mental pabulum for him till a post came in—a per special messenger on pony from the nearest post-town—at five o'clock p. m. At another time Mr. Hammersley's splendid library might have afforded him ample entertainment; but to-day he was in no humour for books; he had opened half a dozen or so, and after skimming a page or two absently, had put each volume back on its particular shelf. He could not fasten his mind upon any subject.

The rain came down in a monotonous hopeless way; even the standard roses on the lawn outside had a dreary look. The Colonel longed, like Horace Walpole, to bring them indoors and put them by the fire. Sometimes Colonel Benyon stood staring out at the deluged garden; sometimes he threw himself into a low-arm chair by the fire, and amused himself by a savage demolition of the coals; anon he placed the room again, pausing now and then, in an idle way, to examine some one of those womanly trifles whose presence reminded him of the lost mistress of Trowardell.

The day seemed interminable. He was glad when it grew dark; still more glad of the slight distraction afforded by his seven-o'clock dinner, though he had no appetite—an utter distaste for food, instead of a burning thirst.

"I feel very much as I used to feel at the beginning of my fever," he said to himself, a little alarmed by these symptoms, and by the heaviness and aching of his limbs. "God forbid that I should have another spell of it!"

Andrew Johns had come to the market-town on business connected with the victualling of the small household; and Mrs. Johns had put on a black-silk gown and her best cap to wait



HE KNEW THAT HE WAS AT TROWARDELL, AND THAT THIS BLACK-ROBED WOMAN WAS A STRANGER TO HIM.

upon the Colonel, not caring to trust that delicate office to the fat-faced rustic handmaid.

"The girls we got hereabouts are so rough," she said; "and this one has never been used to much out of the dairy. We had a houseful of servants when Mr. Hammersley lived here; but since he's gone abroad there's been scarcely enough work for me and a girl."

The dame gave a profound sigh. Colonel Benyon perceived that she was garrulously given, and perceived that if he had a mind to hear about his friend's history in this house, it would not require any great effort to set Mrs. Johns discoursing thereupon.

"Do try one of those red mullet, sir; I dressed them with my own hands. It's a sauce that Mr. Hammersley was fond of—poor dear gentleman!"

Here came another profound sigh; and the dame lingered, trifling absently with the arrangements of the sideboard, as if willing to be questioned.

"You seem to have been very fond of your master," said the Colonel.

"We shouldn't be much account if we weren't fond of him," replied Mrs. Johns. "He was as good a master as ever lived. We'd know him from a boy, too. He used to come down to Penrose Abbey for his holidays in the old Squire's time—Mr. Penrose; you've heard tell of him, I dare say, sir. Andrew and me were butler and cook at Penrose for twenty years. Mr. Hammersley was only a distant relation to the Squire, you see, sir, and nobody thought that he'd come in for all the property; but he did. I suppose Mr. Penrose took a fancy to him when he was a boy; but there were plenty more young nephews and cousins on the look-out for his money. I can tell you."

"Did Mr. Penrose ever live here?"

"No, sir. Trowardell was his mother's place, and it was shut up after her death. But since Mr. Hammersley came into the estate, the abbey has been kept as a show house. He didn't care to live there; it was cold and gloomy, he said; and he took a fancy to his place, and had it done up against his marriage—a power of money he spent upon it, to be sure. But, dear me, sir, you haven't eat a mouthful of that mullet. Perhaps you don't like the sauce?"

"It's excellent, my dear Mrs. Johns, but I really have no appetite this evening."

"And there's a balled fowl with stewed ar-

tichokes, and a brace of those birds you shot the day before yesterday. I hope you'll eat something, sir."

"I'm sorry to do injustice to such good cooking; but upon my word, I can't eat a morsel. If you'll make me a stiffish glass of brandy-and-water, as hot as you can make it, I think perhaps it might do me some good. I had a bad fever in India, and seem to have a touch of my old enemy to-night."

"Wouldn't you like Andrew to ride back for the doctor, as soon as he comes in? or I could send one of the men at once, sir."

"On no account. Pray don't make an invalid of me. I walked a little too far after the partridges yesterday; I dare say I've knocked myself up, that's all. Even if I should feel worse, which I don't expect, I've some medicine in my dressing-case."

Mrs. Johns mixed the brandy-and-water with an anxious face, and watched the Colonel while he drank it. Then she persuaded him to return to the drawing-room, where she ensconced him luxuriously in an easy-chair by the fire, with a tiger-skin carriage-rug over his knees.

"Don't hurry away, Mrs. Johns," he said, after duly acknowledging her attention. "I like to hear you talk of my poor friend Hammersley; sit down by the fire, do, there's a good soul. That's right; it looks quite comfortable and homelike to see you sitting there. I could almost fancy I'd discovered some treasure in the way of an aunt. I can't tell you how dreary I've felt all day. My mind has been running feebly upon poor Hammersley and his wife. It's no use speaking of them to your husband; if he do, he tightens up his lips in a most impenetrable way, and is dumb immediately."

"Yes, sir, that's just like Andrew," replied the dame, smoothing her white-muslin apron and settling herself comfortably in the chair opposite the Colonel; "I think he'd lie down on the ground for his master to walk over him; but you can never get him to talk about him, nor of her either, poor soul."

"She behaved so badly, and worked such ruin, that I almost wonder you can find it in your heart to pity her," said the Colonel.

The good woman sighed again, and shook her head dubiously.

"You see, I knew her, sir," she replied; "and it isn't likely I could bring myself to think as hardily of her as the rest of the world. She was

such a noble generous creature, no one could ever have thought she would do such a wicked thing. She hadn't been here very long before I found out that the love was all on one side in that marriage. She was very gentle and winning in all her ways towards her husband; but she didn't care for him, and never had cared for him, and never would; that was plain enough to me. And she wasn't happy; do what he would to please her, he couldn't make her happy. There was a look in her face of misgiving something—a sort of blink look; and whenever her husband was away—though goodness knows that was not often—she would run about the house in a restless way that gave one the shivers only to watch her."

"Did he see that she was unhappy, do you think?" asked the Colonel.

"No, sir, I don't think he did; and that's why it came upon him like a thunderclap when she ran away. He was so bent upon making her happy, that I think he believed she was so. He was so proud of her too. Everybody admired her. She was the loveliest woman in the county, they said, though the west is famous for pretty women; and she was so clever—such a sweet singer. It was she who painted all the pictures in this room and in the hall. It was Mr. Hammersley's fancy to have none but what she had painted."

"Did she belong to this part of the country?"

"O dear no, sir. Her family were Suffolk people, I've heard say; her father was a colonel in the Indian army, and there was a very large family of them—not too well off, I believe; so of course it was a very good match for her. I suppose she married to please her friends; such things seem common enough nowadays. She was always very sweet-spoken and affable with me. One day when I was talking to her of a son of mine—my only child, that died young—she said, 'Ah, Mrs. Johns, I have my dead son' and I fancied she was speaking of some sweetheart very like that she'd had in this part."

"Did Captain Champey come home Hammersley's friend?"

"No, sir; he never came to this house at all; she must have met him out of doors. It was summer time, midsummer, and very sultry weather. Mr. Hammersley was up in London on business connected with his estate. He was to be away a week at most, and he had wanted

her to go with him; but she wouldn't, not being over well or strong at the time. She'd had a low nervous fever in the spring, that had pulled her down a good deal. It was the morning after her husband left—I remember it all as well as if it was yesterday—she had been out in the village and round about the lanes visiting the poor—she was a rare hand at that always—and she came in at one of those windows while I was dusting the china in this room. I never shall forget her. Her face was as white as a sheet, and she walked in a strange tottering way, with her eyes fixed, until she came right up against me. Then she gave a start and dropped into the nearest chair, half fainting. I brought her a glass of water, and asked her what had happened. "O, Mrs. Johns," she said, "I've seen a ghost!" I couldn't get her to say more than this; all the rest of the day she was shut up in her room. The next day there came a messenger with a letter for her, and late in the afternoon if a same man came again with another letter. They were both from the Captain, of course; but all that day she never stirred outside the doors, not so much as to go into the garden, though it was a splendid summer day. Early the next morning she wrote another letter, and in the afternoon she went out. She wore her garden-bud and a light muslin dress, and she took nothing with her. I could say my life that when she left the house that afternoon she had no thought of going away; but she never came back."

"Were the two seen together in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes; a lad met Mrs. Hammersley and a strange gentleman in Farmer Goldsmith's field—there's a short cut across that way to the Pen-Judah-road—she had her hands clasped over her face, and was sobbing as if her heart would break, the boy said, and the gentleman was talking to her very earnestly. The boy turned and watched them. They talked about, talking for half an hour or so, Mrs. Hammersley crying almost all the time; and then the boy saw them get into a close carriage that had been waiting in the Pen-Judah-road, and heard the gentleman tell the man to drive to the station. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Plymouth train leaves Pen-Judah at a quarter to five. It came one afternoon that Captain Champey had been staying at the Rose and Crown at Pen-Judah, and had hired a close fly on that day. The driver could tell all the rest—how he had waited above an hour in the road near Trowardell, and picked up a lady there."

"How soon did Hammersley learn what had happened?"

"My husband telegraphed to him that night, and he was back early the next evening. He was very quiet. I never saw any one take a great blow so quietly. He didn't bluster or rave, as some gentlemen would have done; but he sat in the library for some whole days, writing letters and seeing every one who had anything to tell him, while Andrew was about making inquiries quietly in every direction. There was no fuss or talk, considering, and it was only a few people knew anything of what had happened. As soon as Mr. Hammersley had heard all he could hear in this place he started off—after those two, I suppose; and that's the last we ever saw of him. He wrote to Andrew soon after, telling him how the house was to be kept up, and so on; and that was all."

"You heard of Captain Champey's death, I suppose?" said the Colonel.

"Yes, Mrs. Johns replied, with a doubtful air, "we did hear that he was dead."

"And you heard the strange manner of his death, no doubt?"

"We saw something in the papers, but didn't take much heed of it," replied Mrs. Johns, with an air of not caring to pursue this subject.

The Colonel did not press it. There was no doubt in his own mind as to the hand that had slain Captain Champey, and he fancied that Mrs. Johns shared his conviction upon that subject.

"Have you ever heard what became of Mrs. Hammersley?" he asked presently.

"Not a word, sir. That's what makes me pity her sometimes, in spite of myself. It's a hard thing for her to be left like that, without a hand to care for her—him that she stinned for dead and gone. She may be starving somewhere, poor misguided creature! Without a roof to cover her perhaps, and these empty rooms looking as if they were waiting for her all the while, with all the pretty things she was so fond of just as she left them. It always gives me the heartache to think of her, or to touch any of the things that belonged to her."

"Was it Hammersley's wish that the place should be kept just as she left it?"

"Yes, sir, that was one of his orders in the letter of instruction that he wrote to my husband before he left England."

"Is there no portrait of her anywhere about the house?"

"No, sir. There was a likeness of her, painted by some great artist in London, but I never saw that after the day when Mr. Hammersley came back and found her gone. Whether he destroyed it in secret that day, or put it away somewhere under lock and key, I can't tell. I only know that when I came into this room next morning the picture was gone. There's the blank space where it hung just above your head."

The Colonel looked up. Yes, there was the empty panel. On the opposite side of the fireplace there was a portrait of his friend, little more than a head, against a dark background, bold and truthful, by the hand of John Phillip. He had made a shrewd guess why the companion picture was missing.

He had been so much interested in the house-keeper's talk as almost to forget his pain and weariness; but by this time the stimulating effect of his dose of brandy-and-water had worn off, and he felt really ill, quite as ill as when the first warning of his fever came upon him up the country.

"I'm afraid I'm in for it, Mrs. Johns," he

gaid, with a faint groan; "I'm afraid I'm going to be very ill. Rather hard upon you and your husband, isn't it, and not in the bond? My friend lent me his house to get well in; he didn't bargain for my falling ill in it."

Mrs. Johns did her best to console and cheer him with assurances that his symptoms indicated nothing more than a cold and a little over-fatigue.

"A cold's a hazardous thing for a man in my condition, my good son!" said the Colonel, "and I want a fool to wade it with those long tramps over the damp stubble. The doctor who sent me home gave me all manner of solemn warnings as to what I might and might not do, and I'm afraid I've paid very little attention to any of them. However, I'll go to bed at once, take a dose of the fellow's medicine, and wrap myself in a blanket. Perhaps I may be all right in the morning. But if I should be worse, you'd better telegraph to Plymouth for one of the best medical men there. Don't put me in the hands of a local doctor."

Mrs. Johns promised to obey these instructions, still protesting that the Colonel would be better in the morning; and then hurried off to see that there was a blazing fire in his bedroom, and to provide one of her thickest blankets in which to envelope him.

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, homeless as the leaf that blows blown to earth—in this wide world I stand alone."

The Colonel's dismal prophecy was but too faithfully realised. The next morning found him in a raging fever, with a furrowed brow, bloodshot eyes, galling pulse, and racking pains in the limbs. It was no case of infection, no village epidemic. The Colonel had simply, in his own language, overdone it.

Mrs. Johns opined that this was the beginning of a rheumatic fever; but she still kept up her cheery tone to the patient, looking anxiously all the while for the advent of the Plymouth doctor.

He did not come till sunset, by which time the Colonel was worse. After making a careful examination of his patient, and questioning Mrs. Johns closely as to the Colonel's antecedents, the physician sat down to write a prescription.

"It is not so much a question of physic as of care," he said. "You have not called in any one from the neighbourhood yet, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Colonel Benyon begged me not to call in any one of that kind, or else I should have sent at once for Mr. Borlase."

"Never mind what the Colonel says. Let your husband call for Mr. Borlase, and get this prescription made up. He can ask Mr. Borlase to come back with him and see me. Or, let me see, there'll scarcely be time for that. I can call on Borlase as I drive back to the station, and let liberty waiters. Mr. Borlase will watch the case for me."

"But you'll come to see him again, sir?"

"Most decidedly. This is Friday. I shall come again on Monday by the same train. The case is rather a critical one."

"You don't think there's any danger, sir?"

"Not immediate danger; but the man's constitution has been undermined by hard work and illness in India, and he's not a good subject for rheumatic fever. However, I shall be able to say more on Monday. In the mean time, the grand question is good nursing. I think I had better send you a professional nurse."

Mrs. Johns protested her ability to nurse the Colonel herself; but the physician shook his head.

"My good creature, you have your house to look after," he said, "and that poor fellow will want constant watching. We must expect delirium in such a case. You and your husband must contrive to look after him to-night, and I will send you a reliable person early to-morrow morning."

Having made this promise, the doctor got into his fly from the Rose and Crown, and drove back to Penjandah, where he had a brief interview with Mr. Borlase, who came out of his train-holding stone house and stood upon the pavement in front of his door, while the great man talked to him out of the fly.

"I shall send a nurse from Plymouth to-morrow morning," said the physician. "There's no one about here, I suppose, that one could depend upon for such a case?"

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Borlase. "There's a person I've had a good deal to do with lately amongst my very poor patients, and if you could only get her, you'd find her a treasure. But whether she would attend a wealthy person as a paid servant is a question I can't answer. She has only nursed the poor hereabouts, and evidently does it as a pious duty. I fancy, from her dress and manner that she belongs to some religious community—not exactly Roman Catholic perhaps, but very near it."

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Chapman—a widow; poor herself, I suppose, for she occupies very humble lodgings in Bolter's-row, at the other end of the town. She never takes payment from any one; indeed she only attends a class that are quite unable to pay. She is a young woman, fragile-looking, and very pretty; but she is the best nurse I ever met with."

"I don't think the Colonel will object to her youth and good looks," said the doctor, laughing. "That kind of thing is much pleasanter in a sick-room than some gorgon of the Gump species. Have you known this Mrs. Chapman long?"

"Not long. She has only been here three months; but I have seen a great deal of her in that time; and I can answer for her patience and devotion."

"I've half an hour to spare before my train starts. I'll go down to Bolter's-row, and have a look at this paragon of yours."

"I'm sure you'll be pleased with her; but I very much doubt your being able to get her to do what we want," said Mr. Borlase.

"We'll see about that," answered the physician, who had some confidence in his own powers of persuasion. "You say the woman is poor. She'll scarcely care to decline an advantageous offer, I should think. Good-night, Borlase. Be sure you go to Trewardell the first thing to-morrow."

With this injunction the doctor drove away down the little hilly High-street to the outskirts of Penjandah, where he alighted, and groped his way along a narrow alley of queer old-fashioned cottages, so crooked that they seemed scarcely able to support themselves in a standing position.

Upon inquiring for Mrs. Chapman, he was directed to the last house in Bolter's-row, and here he was ushered into a tiny sitting-room, dimly lit, and with an air of freshness and prettiness that struck him as something beyond the common graces of poverty. The room was dimly lighted by one candle, beside which a woman sat reading; a slim, fragile creature in a black gown and a white-muslin cap of some peculiar fashion, a cap which concealed almost every vestige of her hair, and gave a nunlike aspect to her pale thin face.

The doctor felt at once that this was no vulgar sick-nurse. This was no woman to whom he could broadly offer money as an inducement

to her to depart from her established round of duty.

He told her his errand, told her what he had heard from Mr. Borlase, and how anxious he was to secure her services for a gentleman lying dangerously ill.

"It is quite impossible," she said, in a sweet firm voice. "I nurse only the very poor."

"You belong to some sisterhood, I suppose?" said the physician.

"No; I belong to no sisterhood," she answered, "with something that was half bitterness, half sorrow in her tone; I stand quite alone in the world."

"Pray pardon me; I thought by your dress you might be a member of one of those communities so numerous nowadays."

"No, sir. It is a simple dress, and suits my circumstances; that is my only reason for wearing it. I have made my own line of duty, and try to follow it."

"I wonder you should have chosen so obscure a place as Penjandah as a field for your charitable work. Do you belong to this part of the country?"

"No. The place is quiet, and I can live cheaply here. Up to this time I have always found plenty of work."

"The duty you have chosen is a very noble one, and the sacrifice most admirable in so young a woman."

"It is no sacrifice for me," she answered decisively; "and the doctor felt he had no right to ask any more questions."

He pressed his request very warmly, however, so much so, that at last Mrs. Chapman seemed almost inclined to yield.

"You have owned that you have no pressing duties in Penjandah just now, he said, when they had been talking together for some time; "and I do assure you that you will be performing a real act of charity in looking after this poor fellow at Trewardell."

It was the first time he had mentioned the name of the place.

"At Trewardell, did you say?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"Yes. It's a gentleman's house, seven miles from here; a charming place. This Colonel Benyon is a friend of the owner, who has lived abroad for some years. Pray, now, consider the case, and extend your charity to this poor man, Mrs. Chapman. Remember his dog if he were in the bosom of his family. He's quite alone, with no one at the house but servants, and a stranger in the land, as one may say. Of course I might send a nurse from Plymouth, as I intended in the first case; but after what Mr. Borlase told me, I set my heart upon having you."

"Mr. Borlase is very good. I will come. He had expected to conquer in the end, but had not expected her to yield so suddenly.

"You will? That's capital; and allow me to say that, as far as remuneration goes, you will be quite at liberty to name your own terms."

"Pray do not mention that. I could not possibly take payment for my services. I shall come to Colonel Benyon as I should to the poorest patient in Penjandah."

"Do just what you please, only come; and the sooner the better."

"I can come immediately, to-night, if you please."

"I should be very glad if you will do so. I am just off to the station, and will send my fly to take you back to Trewardell."

"Back to Trewardell?" Mrs. Chapman repeated these three last words as if there were something strange in them.

The doctor was too hurried to notice anything peculiar in her tone. As it was, he ran some risk of losing his train. He wished her good-night, and went back to the fly.

CHAPTER IV.

"There are some things hard to understand; but I never shall forget her soft white hand. And her eyes when she looked at me."

Colonel Benyon had a hard time of it. Agnès, in his Indian bungalow, grim death did him for his own, and was only to be kept by prodigies of care and skill; again the lamp of life flickered low, and for a while the sick man lay in a land where all was darkness, knowing no one, remembering nothing, and suffering the unspeakable agonies of a mind distraught. There is no need to describe the variations of the fever, the changes from bad to worse, the faint improvement, the threatened relapse. Through all that month of September Mr. Borlase came twice a-day, and the Plymouth physician twice a-week to Trewardell. They both declared themselves proud of their victory when Herbert Benyon could be fairly pronounced out of danger. They both acknowledged that they owed that victory, under Providence, to Mrs. Chapman.

She had been indefatigable, working and watching by day and night with a quiet patience that knew no limit. No other hand than hers had ever administered the Colonel's medicine, or smoothed his pillow, since she came to Trewardell; no eyes but hers had watched him in the dead of the night. It was quite in vain that Mr. Borlase and Mrs. Johns had urged her to accept assistance, to let some one relieve her of her night-watch now and then. Upon this point she was inexorable. If she ever slept at all, she so planned her slumbers that they should not interfere with her duties. Sometimes in the dusk of the evening, when it was very nearly dark even out of doors, she would take a solitary walk in the garden for half an hour or so. That was her only relaxation. Sweet and gentle as she was in her manners she was rather an unapproachable person, and she contrived to keep Mrs. Johns at a distance; which was somewhat galling to that worthy matron, who had never been able to beguile her into a little friendly gossip since she entered the house.

"She's as proud as Lucifer, I do believe, in spite of her meek quiet ways," Mrs. Johns declared to her husband, with an agitated expression of countenance. "Why, I've scarcely heard her voice half-a-dozen times since she's been here; and I can't say that I've seen her face properly yet, that black hood she wears overshadows it so. I hate such popish ways."

This hood which Mrs. Johns objected to had certainly a somewhat conventional aspect, and served to hide the nurse's pale sweet face much more than the cap in which Dr. Matson had first seen her. The physician perceived the change of hue since she entered the house, but he considered it only a part of that harmless eccentricity which might be permitted to this lay sister of charity.

The time came at last when Herbert Benyon awoke from that long night of suffering and delirium to some faint interest in external things.

He had not been unconscious all this time; on the contrary, for long afterwards he had a keen remembrance of every detail of his illness; but mixed up with all the realities of his life had been the dreams and delusions of fever. He knew that throughout his illness by day and night a slender black-robed figure had sat by his bedside, or flitted lightly about his room; he knew that a woman's soft hand had administered to his comforts day after day, without change or weariness; he knew that a very sweet sad face had looked down upon him in the dim lamplight with ineffable pity; but he

had cherished strange fancies about this gentle watcher. Sometimes she was a sister he had loved very dearly, and lost in his early youth; sometimes she was Lady Julia Dursay. That she resembled neither of them mattered little to his wandering mind.

But this was all over now. He knew that he was at Trewardell, and that this black-robed woman was a stranger to him.

(To be continued.)

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense it all you can, my friend, And say it in the readiest way; And whether you write of rural affairs, Or particular things in town, Just take a word of friendly advice— Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page, When a couple of lines would do, Your butter is spread so thin, you see, That the bread looks plainly through; So when you have a story to tell, And would like a little renown, To make quite sure of your wish, my friend, Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let them be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose If you'd win the author's crown, Just look at it over again, and Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print And the busy reader does not care For a couple of yards of song; So gather your wits in the smallest space, If you'd win the author's crown, And every time you write, my friend, Boil it down.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1861.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. HARCROSS AT HOME.

Six o'clock on a brilliant June afternoon, and Mrs. Harcross at home. The great drawing-rooms in Mastodon-crescent are filled to the brim and running over with fluttering creatures in airy raiment: the rainbow sheen of silk and satin—the latest devices in Parisian millinery—transform the gorgeous rooms into a kind of human flower-garden; in contrast with these brilliant specimens of the human species, the very exotics in the conservatory opening out of the inner drawing-room pale their splendour.

How poor and dingy a being then does the lord of creation appear, in his invisible-blue morning-coat and quaker-like drab trousers, as he is hustled hither and thither amidst this many-coloured crowd! For the last two hours Mrs. Harcross's dearest friends have been fluttering in and out, so enthusiastic in their expressions of rapture on seeing her, that a bystander might fairly conclude that they had suffered an enforced severance of years. There are a few notabilities sprinkled about the rooms, people whom other people struggle to see, although inspection generally results in disappointment. Mrs. Harcross never permits herself to be at home without this sprinkling of notabilities. They have their function, like the satellites of distinguished planets, and she would feel herself small and mean without them. There has been some music, chiefly of the classical order; and in an off room downstairs there is a perennial supply of ices, and tea and coffee, which knights-errant, in very short coats and with flowers in their button-holes, carry upstairs with a perseverance that might almost prepare them for a course of treadmill. Amidst the classical music, the buzz of many tongues, sometimes in a polyglot jargon—for at least a third of Mrs. Harcross's visitors are foreigners—the heat, and the perfume of staphyrodia from the conservatory, there have been a few stifled yawns, but guilty as the delinquents feel, no one has seen them; and as the crowd begins to thin a little, the airy toilets melting away silently, like the sea foam receding from the shore, Mrs. Harcross feels that this particular Wednesday afternoon has been a success. Her triumphant air has been grander than usual in his position of Sebastian Bach; Mr. Borlode, the great naturalist, has given one of his liveliest descriptions of an interesting discovery of extinct mammalia on the coast of Peru; Lord Shawin the evangelical lay-preacher has held his own particular circle rapt and breathless in a corner of the back drawing-room, while he urged them to have their lamps ready. At a quarter-past six the two large drawing-rooms are empty, and Mrs. Harcross has flung herself wearily into a low arm-chair by one of the open windows. The wide stucco balcony is full of flowers, and slim iron pilasters, with Australian clematis and passion flowers climbing up them, break the view of the tall straight line of houses over the way.

One of her guests still lingered, the indefatigable Weston. He was standing by the low mantle-piece, glancing over his shoulder at the reflection of his faultless morning coat—the very smallest thing in coats—a mere segment of a coat, as it were.

"Trying, isn't it, this kind of afternoon?" he remarked at last, by way of commentary upon a profound sigh from Augusta.

"I don't know that I ever felt so completely worn out," replied the lady. "There were so many second-rate people, such bores and chatter-second-rate people are always noisy."

"Do you think so?" demanded Weston with his languid air—the stereotyped laugher, and quite different from Mr. Harcross's languor, which had at least the merit of originality—

"do you think so? I thought your heavy swells were noisier—royal dukes, and that kind of thing. I fancied the afternoon was a great success. Lord Shawin was in very good form: how the girls thronged round him in his corner! It was quite a blockade of the back drawing-room door. And Borlode was uncommonly lively. Did you see him flirting with that girl in pink, the prettiest girl in the room? I've observed that your elderly scientific party has always a correct eye for that kind of thing."

"I didn't see anybody," Augusta replied, rather peevishly; "I was tired when the thing began; and I have no one to help me. I believe Hubert makes a point of being away."

"He had a parliamentary case on at three, hadn't he?" inquired Weston, sticking his glass in his eye, and taking another backward glance at the reflection of his coat. He began to think there really was a wrinkle at the back of the left armhole.

"I'm sure I don't know; of course there's nothing easier than to say he has a parliamentary case, when I want him to be at home."

"Come, come, Augusta," said Weston, in a soothing tone, "I'm sure Harcross is quite a model husband,—in his own fashion."

Mrs. Harcross turned on him more angrily than he ever remembered her to have done in all their intercourse.

"In his own fashion!" she exclaimed; "what do you mean by that? Have you ever heard me complain of him?"

"I really imagine you were complaining of him just now."

"Not at all. If I complained of anything, it was of that herd of people. I think I never had so many that I don't care a straw about knowing."

"Ah, my dear, if we could go through life with only the people we do care about knowing, how very small a world we might live in! But I fancy I have an expansive soul: I really like everybody."

They lapsed into silence.

"A screw loose somewhere about our friend Harcross," mused Weston Vallory, "but it seems rather too soon for me to put my ear in."

He watched his cousin as she lay back in her chair, gazing absently at the flowers in the balcony. An occasional brougham rolled swiftly by, and now and then there came the slow tramp of a foot passenger. The dinner-party traffic had not yet begun, and at this time of a summer evening Mastodon-crescent was quiet as the grave.

"O, by the way," said Weston, after a long pause, "I brought you something this afternoon."

"Did you?" Mrs. Harcross inquired, without turning her head; "new music, I suppose?"

"No, a print for your portfolio; rather a rare one, I believe. A proof-engraving of a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; one of his latest."

"You're very good," Mrs. Harcross said, with a slight yawn; "I don't pretend to care much for that kind of engraving. I like the German school so much better. But your present shall have a place in my portfolio. Where is it?"

"I left it in the refreshment room; I'll send for it, if you'll allow me." He rang, and dispatched a servant in quest of a roll of paper, left somewhere in the cloak-room. Mrs. Harcross had not ceased from her contemplation of the ferns and geraniums in the balcony when the parcel was brought. Weston unrolled it carefully, and came to the window with it.

"Rather a good face, isn't it?" he asked, standing at his cousin's side, holding the engraving up to the light. "A great deal of character about it."

Augusta looked up with the air of being supremely bored by the whole business, but at sight of the picture started to her feet with a cry of surprise.

"Weston!" she exclaimed, "don't you know what it is?"

"A very charming portrait of a very charming woman, I've no doubt," he answered carelessly, without taking any notice of his cousin's astonishment.

"You've been in Hubert's chambers, haven't you?" she asked sharply.

"Yes, three or four times. Mr. Harcross has not shown so warm an appreciation of my visits as to induce me to go there oftener."

"But you have been there, and you must know that picture?"

"Upon my honour, I cannot perceive the faintest connection with the two ideas."

"Nonsense, Weston; there is only one picture in Hubert's room, the portrait over the chimney-piece, and that print is a copy of it."

"Really, now?" said Weston, with a most natural air of surprise. "Yes, I do remember rather a striking picture in Harcross's room. I concluded it was something he picked up in Wardour-street, or at Christie's, perhaps; likely to catch a man's eye as rather a nice bit of colour. But I had quite forgotten it. Yet I had a notion when I found this thing in a portfolio of old-fashioned engravings at Tombs's, that I had seen the face somewhere before. This is a portrait of Mrs. Mostyn, the actress, renowned in comedy before the days of Mrs. Nesbitt. You are too young even to have heard of her!"

"An actress!" exclaimed Augusta, very pale.

"Yes, her's her name at the back, written in pencil: 'Portrait of Mrs. Mostyn, as Viola in Twelfth Night,' painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence." Why, my dear Augusta, how pale and scared you look! One would think you had made a most appalling discovery. Mrs. Mostyn has been dead thirty years; Tombs told me all about her; you can't possibly be jealous of her!"

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"Jealous!" cried Augusta, with a look that ought to have annihilated him. "What a fool you are, Weston! and then in quite a different tone, and to herself rather than to him, she repeated, "An actress!"

She was silent for some moments after this, and then turned to her cousin suddenly, and said:

"You heard all about this Mr. Mostyn, you say. Was she a good woman?"

"Good is such a very wide word, Augusta. She was very charming, Tombs tells me, and extremely good-natural."

"You know what I mean, Weston," Mrs. Harcross exclaimed impatiently. "Was she a respectable woman?"

Weston shrugged his shoulders.

"I hardly think the dramatic profession went in for respectability very seriously thirty years ago," he said. "The women were handsomer than any we have now, but I believe their reputations leaned rather the other way. Of course there were a few brilliant exceptions. As for this Mrs. Mostyn, Tombs's account was rather vague. She was not very long before the public, but during her brief career was the rage. She was a married woman, I suppose, or else why the 'Mrs.?' but Mr. Mostyn appears to have been a somewhat mythical character. She had numerous admirers among the men about town of that day—men who wore straps to their pantaloons, and incredible hats, you know, Augusta, and sometimes even turned back their wristbands—and is reputed to have

finished her career by running away with one of them."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and one of the worst among them, but Tombs had forgotten the man's name. He was quite clear about the main facts, however. The lady was spirited away one fine morning, during the run of a new comedy at the Coliseum Theatre, to the consternation of the manager, and was seen no more. She is supposed to have died abroad a few years later. I asked what became of Mostyn, or what Mostyn said to the elopement; but he appears not to have expressed any opinion; in point of fact, no one seems to have known Mostyn. Curious, isn't it? However, the lady may have been a widow when she made her debut."

Augusta had taken the engraving from her cousin's hands, and sat looking at it in silence for some time after he had told her all he could tell about the subject of the picture. Weston strolled out upon the balcony, amused himself by some small horticultural experiments, plucking off a faded leaf or two, and coaxing the tendrils of the clematis into a more graceful twist, but he kept his eye upon his cousin nevertheless. She seemed to emerge from a profound reverie by and by, rose from her low chair, and threw the picture on to a side table with her most indifferent manner, and then joined Weston on the balcony.

"Thanks for the engraving," she said. "I have no doubt it is a very good one; I daresay Hub



The Hearthstone.

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ber, when the selections will be made and the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forwarding stamps. Send along your manuscript now as soon as you please.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have received several letters with reference to the prizes offered by us for original stories, asking various questions which we will endeavour to generalize, and answer as follows: 1st. A story will do with the scenes laid partly in Canada and partly in another country; but the choice will be given to a purely Canadian story; the more Canadian it is in plot, incident and feeling, the more likely it is to be accepted. 2nd. By "native talent" we do not mean to exclude all but born Canadians; any resident of Canada is eligible to compete, and the subject of birth or nationality will not be taken into consideration at all as long as the writer is a resident of Canada. 3rd. We do not consider the time at all too short; three months is ample time in which to write stories of the lengths we require. 4th. Stories not gaining prizes, but which are still interesting and worthy of publication, may possibly be desired by us for future use, in such cases we will communicate with the author. 5th. Some of our correspondents seem to have forgotten the rule "write only on one side of your paper," please observe it in sending us stories.

BURNING THE POCKET.

There is an old saying that money in some people's pockets seems to burn a hole in it, so anxious is it to get out; and this saying is true with a very large class, especially with young men in business, whose time is very largely occupied. They are hardworking, industrious, and useful members of the society for the greater part of the time; but, give them money and they are never comfortable until they have got rid of it. This class are not exactly spend-thrifts, they are honest and industrious and are not, as a rule given to running in debt. Debt, to an honorable man, involves a responsibility for payment; and this the burn a hole in the pocket class do not usually care to assume; they pay their way as long as they have any money, and then wait until they get some more. The great difficulty with this class is that they cannot keep money; they can, and do, keep their engagements; they keep their words; they are industrious, but, they cannot keep money. Just as soon as they get any amount of that into their possession they are uneasy until it is spent. They call it "keeping money in circulation," and claim that money is only worth working for, for the pleasure of spending it; and they never take into consideration the fact that there may come a time when they cannot work for it. This burn a hole in the pocket class is to be found very largely amongst workingmen, clerks and others who get paid weekly; they live as they get paid, from week to week, and seldom think of any necessity beyond Saturday night. On Saturday they are "flush" and their money begins to burn their pockets; they pay any debts they may have falling due on Saturday evening—for they generally pay as long as they can—and then, with the surplus, "go on a spree." Sometimes they run out on Saturday evening, but usually they save a trifle to "see them through the week;" this trifle melts rapidly and by Wednesday night they are "dead broke," and have to bridge over Thursday and Friday the best way they can until Saturday comes again, and they receive a fresh supply. This class is not, in some respect, a bad one, they are simply improvident; never learnt, and never will learn the value of money; they live only for the present, and carry out in too literal a sense the Bible injunction "take no care for the morrow." It is often a matter of wonder that young men in good situations, and mechanics with constant and paying employment, if suddenly stricken with sickness, or thrown out of work, have nothing to fall back on. "They ought to have saved something," says the prudent man; and so they ought, but they didn't, that's all about it; as long as they can work they will do well enough, but withdraw that work and then comes the time for which they have never provided, the time when they must live without working. It is astonishing how many men go through life living from hand to mouth, and making no provision whatever for the future, either temporarily, or spiritually; they work on to the end and die in harness, and all because they belong to the burn a hole in the pocket class. Of course, there are some people in the world who cannot save money, everything seems to be against them; expenses they never dreamed of are constantly cropping up, sickness is always overtaking them, want of work, or some other mischance is always occurring to them; but a very large class who can save money, and ought to do so, do not in their old days, when they should be able to rest from labor, they are either thrown on the

charity of others, or forced to eke out a miserable existence at whatever work will afford them merely the bread and butter necessary to sustain life. We do not by any means advocate avarice; we hate meanness; but we do advocate a careful forethought of the future, and a proper provision for a rainy day. Savings' Banks have done a great deal to counteract this habit of living only in the present, and we hope they will do still more good. When a man once gets his money "in the bank," he feels a hesitancy about drawing it out again which he does not if it lies idle in his pocket. Then when it has accumulated a little he experiences a certain degree of pride in having a sum at his command which he can use whenever he pleases, and a consciousness of independence if misfortune should overtake him; and better than all, he feels that if sickness or death should incapacitate or remove him, there will be something, although, perhaps, but trifling, to keep the wolf from the door of those he loves, for at least a little while. It is in early childhood that a spirit of frugality and forethought should be engrafted. The child who is allowed a little pocket money should be taught, if possible, to restrain its wants to a little less than that little. Allow a child twenty-five cents a week, and teach it to save five. At the end of the year it will have saved two dollars and sixty cents, which will appear a very large sum, and with which it can purchase something hitherto unattainable. This will be a very practical way of showing the difference between money at wholesale and money at retail, and will exemplify to the child the advantage of keeping the outgo a little below the income, and perhaps prevent its ever belonging to the burn a hole in the pocket class.

BLOODY BONES: OR, THE BUSTED BOOMERANG. A TALE OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY OUR CRAZY REPORTER.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It may be proper to state here that one of our reporters has just completed his five hundredth Dime novel, besides having read all of Mrs. Ann Stevens' J. P. Smith's, G. P. E. James' Miss E. E. N. Southworth's, Miss Harriet Lewis' works, and half a dozen authors of the same style; and he thought he could do something in the sensation line himself. After three weeks of hard labor he produced the following effusion, which we will be recognized as a thrilling Indian romance, replete with novel scenes and incidents, &c., &c., a la sensation papers of the day. The various interpolations in the way of parentheticals he is not responsible for, they being the work of his confederates in the office, who think themselves witty, and sundry others of his friends who found the manuscript in his desk and "improved" it—as they called it—for him. Poor fellow! he read the proof and he now mourns in Beauport. This is his novel, published as a warning to those who are disposed to indulge too freely in sensation literature.]

Before the stump of civilization had been placed on the site at present occupied by the city of Montreal; before the white man had introduced breeches and fire water to the untutored denizens of the forest; while the wild whoop of the Indian rang out over Mount Royal, and the typical beaver and the gentleman staked their thirst in the cooling waters of the St. Lawrence, there lived and flourished in the neighborhood of Lachine, the mighty tribe of the Chichicoucheus whose days were spent in the pleasant occupations of scalping the braves of neighboring tribes and continually thumping themselves on the breast and exclaiming: "Ugh! Big Injun; Me great chief!" [Note by our Historical Correspondent:—"From the peculiarity and originality of the expression; and also from some manuscript in my possession, written two thousand two hundred and twenty-two years ago, on plectled sheepskin in indelible ink, in the Tamarackussassafra language, I should place the date of this story somewhere between the creation of the world and 12 P.M. on the twenty-fourth of last month."] It was in the chilly month of November, and the fast approaching advent of the less-king was noticeable in the freezing, biting, chilling blast which ruffled the serene bosom of the noble St. Lawrence; and in the eddying, circling, foaming, maddening water which howled, and roared, and raved, and rushed, and belled, and blustered down the Lachine rapids, and hissed, and boiled, and bubbled and surged under the Victoria bridge. [Note by our Poetic Contributor: "The author evidently means that the water would have done so had the Victoria bridge been built, which it wasn't."] The waters foamed and boiled, and rushed with ten million force against the shores, shaking the mighty forest trees to their deepest roots, and causing their wild and frantic moans and cries of agony to rise over the howling of the waters. It was evening. The gorgeous, glorious, majestic sun had suddenly dipped below the horizon with a vehemence which gave the idea that he was hungry and wanted his tea. Ninety-three millions ninety-three thousand ninety-three hundred and ninety-three stars (estimated by our Astronomical observer, sent specially to the spot at great expense) suddenly burst forth in all their splendor and brilliantly illuminated the scene with a sickly blue light, like a second class fireworks exhibition. A solitary canoe was seen on the river. It was loaded with steam, and was steaming from side to side at the rate of fifteen miles, thirteen hundred and nine feet seven inches an hour (estimated by our Sporting Editor). It had but one occupant: a man of gigantic height and muscular frame, with vast and powerful arms (measured by our Prize Ring correspondent and found to be two feet seven and nine-sixteenths inches around the muscles) who forced his frail skin against the overwhelming current with the ease and skill of a cat in catching a wasp with a toy bow. [Contention by our Humorous Contributor: "Beautiful and poetic simile," He

was pulling a long, even, unbroken stroke, thirty-seven and nine-eighths to the minute (by our Aquatic reporter), and in his robust manhood laughed at the puny efforts of the flowing tide to stay his onward course. ["Tide running forty-seven knots and a loose piece of string." By our Naval correspondent.] He shot under the Victoria bridge (or where the Victoria bridge ought to have been) like an arrow hurled from its bow and with unerring eye steered his way toward the Lachine rapids. [Our City Editor went for the Coroner.] Nearer and nearer to the boiling cauldron of tumultuous water approached my darling hero; and more and more fiercely surged the fierce tide against his frail skin, threatening to dash it to destruction. But it was of no avail; past Nuns' Island, up through the narrow, tortuous channel the light canoe held its way, until the danger had been almost passed and the head of the rapids reached, then—ah! terrible moment—the plank on which his left leg had been resting gave way; the water rushed into the boat, and in one and eleven-sixteenth seconds (by our special time taker) my hero was struggling in the water. The dark water closed over his raven locks and auburn overcoat; the fierce aquatic fluid permeated his ears, eyes, nose and mouth and hurried in torrents down his throat. A terrible stinging was in his ears, a horrible gurgling in his windpipe; dark shadows flitted across his distempered brain, and in one second (by a stop watch) all his past career flashed through his brain like an electrical panorama; for one moment—only one moment—he seemed to be in the very jaws of death; the next, by a mighty effort, he had recovered his self-possession, and with a slight struggle he had gained his feet. ["The water was only forty feet deep, and he could stand."—Our Sensation Reporter.] His first thought was his boat. To his great joy he found it still afloat within ten feet of him. His little dog (I don't think I mentioned his dog before, but no matter) had gallantly seized the sculls in his teeth and, although unable to make headway against the tide, still held his own against the current. It was the work of a moment for my hero to seize the boat, dog and all, in his arms, and placing it on his head, bravely breast the waters and wade towards Lachine.

Quiet reigned in the wigwams of the Chichicoucheus; the Chiefs sat in solemn council and calmly smoked the calumet. In their retirements Bloody Bones, the far famed warrior of the tribe, his brow was clouded, and his heart was heavy, for Winkey Twinky—the Laughing Kitten—the pride of the camp had slighted his love and was flirting with Chow-Chow and Moshmoosetup, two young and fiery braves. Bloody Bones smoked in silence for a long time, and then suddenly assuming an attitude of intense attention shouted,

"Ugh! Me Big Injun. Me great chief, he shouted, brandishing his tomahawk aloft; but as he noticed that the approaching stranger continued to walk towards the shore without paying any attention to him, he continued, "Big Injun want to go home," and he retraced his steps towards the Council fire where he announced the startling intelligence to the assembled Chiefs. "Braves," said Bloody Bones, drawing his blanket around him, and speaking in the slow, deliberate accents natural to all wild men of the woods, "this is the dreaded white man of whom we have read so much in the New York Weekly, and other kindred papers. He comes to fatten on our lands; in his right hand he carries a rifle, in his left is the deadly fire water; on his legs are breeches, in his pockets are temperance tracts, and he wants to teach our squaws to play on the sewing machine. Shall his toes desecrate the land given us by the great Manitou? Never! he dies." "Ugh!" shouted all the braves in concert. "Bring forth the bounding boomerang; we will prepare a surprise for our white brother; we will slip him, and scalp him, and make his body into chicken pot pie." "Waugh!" cried all the Chiefs; and then they smote themselves on their naked breasts, as he their fashion and shouted "Me Big Injun. Me great chief. Waugh!" In a few moments the Indians were all safely hidden, and awaited with calmness the approach of the foe. Cock-eyed Johnson—such was my hero's name—slowly waded to the shore with his boat and dog, the latter seated in the bow keeping a sharp look out. As he neared the shore he became more cautious and said in a low tone to the dog "Boy-wow, do you see anything?" "Injun," said Boy-wow, in a low, expressive whisper "hiding behind the rocks and trees." "Ah, ha!" exclaimed Johnson, "this is good. I will capture them and take them to Barnum's Museum. Give me my rifle." The dog turned to obey; one glance into the bottom of the boat and he gave a shout of astonishment and alarm. "The rifle was gone!" "No matter," said Johnson. "All fix their flints without it." He shifted the boat to his right bank and continued his way cautiously towards the shore; his little dog jumped into the water and walked by his side. As his feet touched the shore, Bloody Bones gave a scream, and five thousand three hundred and seventeen braves in all the pomp and glory of full war paint, just as constantly portrayed by our special artist spring from their places of concealment and leaped in front of the stranger, with a shout which was echoed from Surina to Cocoma. Johnson braced himself for the attack, and his little dog got his back and his tail up, and showed his teeth in a threatening manner. "My white brother has come," said Bloody Bones, advancing one step to the front, "my young men shall welcome him."

The young men immediately did this by discharging three thousand three hundred and thirty three tomahawks and a brickbat at Johnson, all of which were hurled with such deadly intent and such true aim that death seemed inevitable; but quick as thought Johnson threw his canoe in front of him and caught every tomahawk in its tough bark. With lightning-like rapidity he waded the boat in the air, and advancing one step he made one fell swoop with it and knocked off the heads of seventeen hundred and seventy seven Indians; "four more blows like that," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and I'll fix the red devil." Meanwhile his dog had not been idle; less fortunate than his master he had been struck by the brickbat, and had had three inches of his tail cut off by a tomahawk. Minded at the loss of his caudal appendage, Boy-wow sprung fiercely upon Bloody Bones, who chanced to be nearest to him, and who stood laughing at what he supposed would be his easy victory. Quick as thought Boy-wow jumped down his throat, bit out his gizzard and was back again by his master's side before Bloody Bones had time to close his mouth. There was a pause. Bloody Bones went to

his wigwam to repair his gizzard, and the other Indians bustled themselves picking up the heads of their friends. Again the red skins advanced; again the deadly canoe descended on their heads and eleven hundred and twelve of them were laid on the sand; but fortune was unkind to our hero, and as he knooked off the head of Tougholdnut, the treacherous canoe broke into a thousand pieces and Johnson found himself defenceless. With another yell the Indians rushed upon him, he was thrown to the ground, a thousand tomahawks flashed about him, a hundred hands seized his hair, a hundred sharp knives cut off a hundred scalps, and a thousand spears pinned him to the earth. "This is getting serious," he thought. "Ah, ha!" he shouted, "Cock-eyed Johnson dies not so." With a mighty effort he shook himself free and springing to his feet; in a second he had seized Harolddammum, an aged chief, by the ankles and swinging him aloft used him as a flail until he had cleared a circle around himself. Six hundred and six more heads were knocked off by this movement. He felt secure now. His triumph was sure. "Three more blows," he said, "and it is done." Just then a sudden whirring sound was heard, the deadly boomerang from the unerring hand of Bloody Bones whizzed through the air, Johnson experienced a curious sensation about the throat, and putting his hand up to discover its cause found

ITS HEAD WAS CUT OFF!! Ere he could recover his astonishment the Indians had again rushed on him and he found himself tied hand and foot and bound securely to a tree. Bloody Bones stepped forward, and picking up Johnson's head bowed politely as he replaced it on his shoulders, giving it a good smart rap on the top to make it stick. "My white brother will need that again," he said, "I will cut it off for him several times more." The eighteen hundred and twenty two remaining Indians drew themselves up in a mass in front of their prisoner and prepared to torture him after the well known Indian fashion. Bloody Bones stood in front and waved around his head the deadly boomerang. "My white brother must lend me his head again," he said with a grim smile, and then threw the weapon from his hand.

Now everybody knows that one of the peculiarities of the boomerang is that it apparently is aimed at nothing and suddenly turns round, comes back and hits something; on this occasion Bloody Bones arranged the weapon with such force that it flew in a straight line to Montreal, caromed on the Cupola of the City Hall and rebounded to Lachine revolving rapidly in the air, as is the fashion with boomerangs. It had almost reached Johnson, who patiently awaited the blow, when suddenly

THE BOOMERANG DUSTED WITH A terrific noise, and its direction being changed it struck the Indians standing in a mass together and cut eighteen hundred and twenty one of them in half striking them all between the fourth and fifth ribs. The one who was left was Patomurphy—small Potatoes—and he was hiding in the cellar of the Lachine House. Johnson unbound himself and found that, except a little stiffness in the neck, and three or four hundred wounds about his body, he had not suffered from his captors. He felt hungry, however, and, searching the Lachine House, he found Small Potatoes, roasted him for supper, ate him, and gave Boy-wow his bones to pick. "I told you," he said apostrophizing the dead Indians, "you could not kill Cock-eyed Johnson that way." This is how the tribe of the Chichicoucheus became extinct and

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The Department of Agriculture have arrangements with the Northern States to pay to give bonds for the transfer of goods belonging to immigrants through the United States territory. This will save a considerable amount of loss and inconvenience to immigrants by the fact that few years were subjected to almost ruinous exactions. An agent has been appointed by the department at North Pembina, to see that the bonds are properly distributed.—Hon. Colonel Croft has been named as a candidate for the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.—The profits of the bazaar in aid of the erection of the New Hospital at New Glasgow amounted to \$2,400.—Sir John A. Macdonald left Ottawa on 6th inst. for the West. He will probably be absent about three weeks. He will be present at ten or twelve meetings.—Hon. Mr. Wood has resumed his duties in the Cabinet, and has been appointed Chief Justice of Manitoba.—The Hon. Mr. Blake, Premier of Ontario, has sailed for England.—The Hon. Mr. Mackenzie Bowden has returned to the Government, and reports from the outposts concerning the fisheries are discouraging.—It is understood that active operations will be commenced on the North Shore Railway about the 15th inst. UNITED STATES.—A complimentary dinner was given to the French band at Boston on 6th inst.—The Grenadier Band sailed from New York on 6th inst.—There were nearly two hundred deaths from sunstroke in New York last week.—The deaths in Philadelphia last week were 761, an increase over the previous week of 350, and of 389 over the same week last year.—The picture gallery at the looking glass and moulding works of Sanford & Bon, Syracuse, were destroyed by fire on 6th inst. Loss, \$30,000.—The World says that Greeley's nomination as Baltimore is a foregone conclusion, and there are no indications of a formidable revolt. It adds: "There will be but two candidates. For our part, we shall advise nobody to vote for Grant, and as between the remaining alternative of voting for Greeley or staying at home, we have no counsel to offer. Our duty may more clearly appear after the canvass has made some progress."—The New York strikers have abandoned all idea of gaining the right hour.—The decrease in the public debt for the last month was \$2,031,035.—Thirty-nine barefooted Friars and seven Dominican Friars, banished from Guatemala for conspiracy against the Government, arrived at San Francisco lately.—The fourth of July was observed in Richmond, Va., as a general holiday, for the first time in twelve years.—The casualties for the proper observance of the fourth of July in New York foot up: 38 fires, 9 of which were serious; 24 persons died from the effects of the heat; 55 persons struck; 24 persons wounded by fire-arms; 15 members of the National Guard struck during parade, some of whom will probably die. ENGLAND.—One Wideman has addressed a letter to the London Echo, offering to sell to that paper a pamphlet written by Catanzu, containing terrible and blasphemous remarks on the Government. President Grant. Wideman says that Catanzu engaged him to sell the pamphlet in America, and that he has already treated with the editor of a New York paper for its publication.—The President of the Prison Reform Congress, lately held in London, representatives were present from every civilized country in the world.—The ship Omaha, for Calcutta, from Liverpool, has been wrecked on the Hoogly river. Seven of the crew were drowned. GERMANY.—Emperor William has appointed three of the law officers of the Crown to prepare a report upon the San Juan Boundary question.—A Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands has received assurances from three great Catholic powers consenting to a convulse of Cardinals, in order to have a perfect understanding between the Cardinals and Governments interested in the Pope. If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly cleaned and trimmed go to 596 Craig Street and have them done at once by G. E. Siegars successors to G. W. Ketchum. 2-26d.

ASLEEP.

BY MRS. MATTIE Z. FRENCH.

I've kissed the dark-fringed eyelids down, I've soothed thee into quiet sleep— Then cannot not gently close nor frown— So a loving watch will keep.

So sleep, beloved, in that soft rest "That knits the raveled skew of care;" No wakening thought disturb thy breast Nor wake the deep peace slumbering there.

Ah, in that mystic lotus-land, Where thy proud spirit wanders free, Feels't thou no soft, detaining hand? Comes there no glimmering thought of me?

No dream of what our lives have been— Of what they are and still may be? No faint perception stealing in Of all thou art, my sweet, to me?

Would I could lock upon thy heart, And read in letters warm and clear, Whose loved images set apart To thee of all the world most dear.

I fear thou hast no love for me, Like that which burns within my heart, And in the yearning that art to be, Our lives will slowly drift apart.

Sleep on I ah no; awake, awake! When I no longer see thine eyes Such sad thoughts into being break, And all my faith in terror dies.

BROOKDALE.

BY ELINOR HUNT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COAT WITH THE FUR COLLAR.

The day wore on at Vale Cottage, and when the evening came Julia made herself happy with the thought that her brother had gone to London. She thought he might have found time, if only a moment, to have looked in as he passed, just to say good-bye. It was not such a long journey to the metropolis, and two hours would bring him home again. Still it seemed so far distant while he was away.

He had gone she was sure. He would never have stayed so late at Brookdale without sending word to her. He had found it necessary to see Laurence Drayton, and taken the two o'clock express. The telegram would come in the course of the evening, so there was no occasion for uneasiness, yet, in spite of this self-reassuring, there was a vague misgiving at her heart—something that haunted her, and made her think of Brookdale with shadowy, ominous dread.

Julia tended her window flowers, and played with her bird; sang to herself a little, picking out unconsciously the sadder songs in her music, and finally settled down to one of Laurence Drayton's stories. He was not a brilliant writer, but his books had a special charm for girlhood, and most of all for Julia Temple. She who knew the man, knew how much his works partook of his own tender, tranquil spirit. He touched womanhood with such a gentle hand, always with reverence, always in pity for the faults that he said belonged less to them than to the age they lived in.

Miss Temple surrounded herself with a very pleasant throng of fancies when she had eaten her solitary little dinner and laid the reading-lamp brought in. She drew the table close to the hearth, wheeled an easy chair to the fire-side, and putting her pretty feet on the fender, went into a luxurious reverie over the open book in her lap.

"What a paradise even such a home as this would be," she thought, "if she were Laurence Drayton's wife, and it was her blissful privilege to sit by the fire-side as now, and look up ever and anon to see his grave, protective face bent thoughtfully over his work, with the pleasant smile he always wore when at work." She recalled with a thrill of delight how often she had sat with him in the study he chose for himself at Brookdale, quiet as a mouse, and content so that in the pauses of his pen he gave her an affectionate smile, or laid his hand caressively on her golden head. She knew it was a rare privilege to sit with him like that, when he was busy with the people of an ideal world; but then, as he told her, his nature was full of repose, and there was sympathy between her spirit and his.

And when she was his wife—how sweet it was to think of that—it would always be the same. She could never picture Laurence otherwise than as she had seen him—grave, and kind, and thoughtful, with that calm, self-reliant strength which gave such dignity to his character. She loved him more because he was so unlike other men. He seemed to understand her so thoroughly; when she spoke he caught the instinct of her words, and said exactly what she wanted in reply, in just the tone she expected; and very often, when she had been only thinking, his silent, sympathetic smile had told her that her thoughts were answered.

Brookdale had no place in her memory when she conjured up the remembrance of Laurence Drayton. She pictured to herself some such quiet little home as Vale Cottage made, where she and Laurence could live for each other—dream out their dream untroubled by the world outside. State and grandeur had no share in the plans she made for the future.

Rachel interrupted her musings by bringing in the tea-tray, followed by Job, carrying the small silver urn, and walking on tip-toe with clumsy care. Those who keep servants never know how much grateful attention they win by being kind in manner. It was Eugene's natural consideration—a word of praise, a little thoughtful notice, consisting merely of a nod or a smile now and then—that made the lad follow him from the Brookdale stables, and take his chance of being employed at the cottage. He had, in fact, been hanging about the place some days before Eugene noticed him.

Job was busy in the kitchen garden at the time, preparing industriously over a ridge of potatoes, when Eugene asked him what he was doing, and received a half sulky "Helping Rachel!" in reply. He let the lad dig on, though he thought hedging up potatoes could scarcely be in Rachel's province; but after that he saw Job about the house constantly, and no matter what he was doing, the invariable reply was "Helping Rachel!" followed by a defiant intimation that he supposed he could come and help Rachel if he liked, couldn't he. He wasn't doing no harm!

Eugene was forced to let him stay, and Job made himself useful. He worked in the garden, groomed Julia's horse, washed the light phaeton in which she drove—sometimes, cleaned the plate, and was generally indispensable; and when he had made himself hideously respectable in a plain livery given to him by one of the footmen, who was twice his size, he persuaded Rachel to permit him to wait at table, saying, in all simplicity, that perhaps they wouldn't notice the difference.

It was nine o'clock when the tea came in, and still no sign of Eugene—still no telegram. She could not help being uneasy now: her brother never broke his word.

"I expected a telegraphic message from Mr. Temple before this," she said. "It may be waiting at the station. Do you think, Job, you could drive very carefully and inquire?"

"Could walk more sure. The night's a'most too dark for the horse, please, thank you miss."

Job, in trying to be polite, rather elaborated it, and said "Please, thank you!" in reply to everything.

"But that would take you so long."

"No if I run'd all the way."

Julia looked out into the night. It was very dark, and after all, there was no reason for her to be so anxious. The message might be even then on its way, and it was unkind to send the boy a twenty-mile journey merely to satisfy a groundless misgiving.

"We will wait," she said. "He may return

old correct cards, letters from stable boys, minute telegrams, worn-out betting-books, and several guides to the turf, resulted in the production of a billiard marker from a sporting publication in Fleet-street.

He came down in company with a City detective, with whom he appeared to be on very friendly terms, and he was allowed to see the body on the day before the coroner and the jury assembled.

Mr. Grantley, who was kept informed by the inspector of everything that transpired in connection with the affair, knew when the man was coming, and was present by his own request at the identification. He took either a curious or a kindly interest in the man, to whom he had given a cigar when they walked together over the cliff on the fatal night.

"This man—Sampson his name is—knew all about him," the inspector said, when he called to apprise Grantley for the billiard marker's advent. "They lived within a few doors of each other, at a place called Taddington-square, somewhere near the Surrey Canal, and they were old friends. Do you think, sir, Mr. Temple will be back in time for the inquest?"

"I am afraid not," replied Everard. "He told me when I drove him to the station that he would return next day—yesterday; but I begin to think something must have detained him. He seemed to think his evidence unimportant, however."

"Well, yes, sir, that may have been his opinion," said Mr. Jeffrey, slowly; "but if he had

vanced in the higher branches of philosophy to look at murder from its artistic point of view, and he mentally set Mr. Grantley down as a little strange."

"It seems to me," he said, "that it's the same anyhow, do it how you like."

"Parson me; it is not the same. The conviction may force itself upon you that this particular hemisphere is not large enough for yourself and another person—not necessarily an enemy—someone, in fact, for whom you may have a genuine regard, but he is detrimental, dangerous. You deplore the inevitable result, but it must be carried out. Still you have no right to shrink society, and endanger yourself by a sudden act of ugly violence. Society is injured, not benefited, by the morbid details of a trial. Society is as much injured by the conviction of a criminal as by the fate of his victim. Crime is always suggestive. There are always morbid minds into which the details drop like seeds of disease, and before the original criminal is quite forgotten you see it repeated almost in *facies*. Have you ever observed that?"

"I have noticed it," said the inspector, listening with a sort of fascination; "but it never struck me in that light."

"You would make a better detective if it did, Jeffrey. There are two faculties which are fully as rarely if ever cultivated."

"Which are they, sir?"

"The psychological and the intuitive." Had he said the metaphysical and the occult, Inspector Jeffrey would have been just as much



THE MESSAGE FROM BROOKDALE.

by the last train. If not, we are sure to hear early in the morning."

But Eugene did not return by the last train, and no message came in the morning. The misgiving deepened then. The non-arrival of a telegram may have seemed a trifling matter; but it involved the keeping of a promise—a promise which she was sure he would have kept unless something had happened to him.

She would have sent to Brookdale and inquired what time her brother left; but her pride rebelled against that course of action. At midnight she ordered Job to get the phaeton ready, and she drove to the railway station.

The clerk in charge, whose plain frock coat was invested with some broad black band, to enable him to support the new dignified title of station-master, knew most of the neighbouring landed and resident gentry by sight, and he touched the peak of his cap respectfully as Julia went to the looking-glass. She beckoned him to her.

"I expected a telegram from my brother, who I think went to London yesterday," she said.

"Have you received one?"

"I do not think so, miss, or it would have been delivered instantly; but I will see."

He disappeared for an instant into the cupboard where the operator sat transcribing from the clicking handles, and came out with a negative expression—

"No, miss, no such message has been sent."

"Strange," said Julia. "I am almost certain he went to London."

"Mr. Temple did go to London," said the station-master, with a bow. "He took a first-class return ticket. I myself put him into a carriage."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite certain, miss; he drove here in a four-wheeled dog-cart with that tall gentleman, Mr. Grantley, I think."

"Yes, Mr. Grantley. Did you notice how he was dressed?"

"He wore an overcoat trimmed with some long black fur, and I am certain it was Mr. Temple, for while I stood by Mr. Grantley mentioned his name."

"What did he say?"

"As nearly as I can remember, just when the train was starting, he said 'Good bye, Eugene; shall I call at Vale Cottage and tell Julia you have gone.' Mr. Temple said there was no occasion, as he should return to-day."

Julia thanked him, and went to her carriage, relieved, but still dissatisfied. There could no longer be any doubt that he had gone to London; the station-master knew him thoroughly by sight, and had spoken with him many times. He would return in the course of the day. He would not waste the return ticket, for money was an object now, and the ticket was not available after the second day of its issue. Yet it was thoughtless of him not to keep his promise. Just the trouble of putting down a shilling and writing a few words on a form ready to his hand would have spared her so much anxiety.

"He never broke a promise to me before," she said, half inclined to be angry with him; "and even if he meant to come back the next train he ought to have sent. He knows I have no one to speak to when he is away. The days seem so dull without him."

There were darker days to come, for Eugene did not return, or write, or send. He was wanted at the Sea View, to give evidence as a mere matter of form; but the inquest had to be held without him.

Certain inquiries, based on some stray papers, found in various pockets, amidst sundry

been in the fore as long as I have he would have known there's no such thing as unimportant evidence. There's something in everything in a case of this sort. I have taken a man from Bristol to Newgate, with nothing to go by but a smear of mud on the knee of his trousers, and a patch on the sole of his boot."

"No doubt you are a clever and experienced man, Jeffrey, but I think you will have to put this on the list of the undiscovered. It has come under my observation that police officers always fall unless they strike the right trail at once."

"I don't know about that," said the inspector, in a tone of pique. "Very few escape when we once set to work; but it is one thing to find a man, and another to make the jury believe he is the man. And they are so frightened of hanging in the days—unless he happens to be the wrong one—that it's my opinion they often let him off on purpose."

"You think that the real criminal sometimes escapes?"

"One out of every two. Just as you say, sir, we fall unless we strike the right trail at once, but we are not to blame for that. We are right more frequently than people give us credit for; but what's a jury to do when every bit of evidence we give is pulled to tatters by clever counsel, who argue us out of our own senses, and make it appear that we are bitter enemies to the prisoner on our account instead of doing our duty. And if he gets off, whether he is guilty or not, you must remember there is no such thing as trying him again. He is acquitted, and there, as far as we are concerned, is an end of the matter. We can't go looking after anybody else on our own account, and if we brought the proof right home to the man who has been tried it would be no use. He might write up on his door if he liked, 'I killed so and so.' No one could touch him—at least, the law could not."

"And so we have the comfortable reflection that there are not a few unconvicted and unsuspected murderers in our midst," said Everard; "gentlemen who move, and talk, and dress just as we ourselves do. Go through the daily routine of life, with habits like our own, and never reveal the terrible secret which haunts them."

"That's it," said the inspector, philosophically; "except that I don't believe it haunts them much. There are now plenty of them who would think less of taking a fellow-creature's life than I should of killing a rabbit, and they are not the kind of men you would suppose. It is not the men in livery, and fastidious, and corduroy who do these things. Your hear of a case of manslaughter amongst them now and then, the result of an unlucky blow given in drink, but if you want to find out how the stranger deaths occur—those that mystify us and set the public wondering—you must look a little higher."

"Yes," said Mr. Grantley. "It is a fine art, like sculpture—the indirection of an educated mind; like artistic self-deception, I should say, such as we had amongst the ancients, such as we have now occasionally in France and Germany. An Englishman is clumsy and ungraceful. Even when he wants to leave the world, or send an enemy out of it before his time, he will have recourse to violence; putting oneself or an objectionable person out of the way may be justified on an extremely elevated principle, but nothing can extenuate disgraceful. I have an artistic horror of ugliness, especially dead ugliness."

Inspector Jeffrey was not sufficiently ad-

enlightened. Like many other praiseworthy men, he had risen from the ranks of the forensic reason of dogged persistence, attended here and there by a piece of good fortune, and his intuitive process was very simple; there's somebody killed; somebody must have done it; and somebody, and get him convicted.

"They didn't teach them in my school," he said, dryly.

"They are not to be taught, my good friend. You can cultivate, but you cannot create them. They must be in the instinct. Let me explain: Psychology is soul motive; induction is the mental process by which you discover it. I will give you an instance. What is your own private theory concerning the death of that poor fellow whom we are now going to see?"

"Well, sir, between you and me, it's hard to say. I don't think it was ever meant to kill him. You see, he had been sporting about the town with a pin that he said was worth two hundred pounds, though it doesn't stand to reason it was. However, he said so, and a jeweller who happened to be in the bar at the Sea View said it was not far short of being worth that much. Still, as poor Hawkins was standing brashly and water round that may have been said just to please. Now, the things, he didn't know exactly who may have been in the bar at the time. We keep a sharp lookout on tramps and that sort, but they manage to escape notes now and then. Not that I should look to any of them for it."

"To whom then?"

"Well, between you and me—and, of course, to a gentleman like you I can speak in confidence—I don't know whether you have noticed that in all little towns such as this, there's generally a few half-and-half respectable sort of fellows, who have been fast, or taken to drink, or what not, and their friends send them down to keep them out of the way, and allow them to breathe to live on. You understand sir, what I mean?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, poor Hawkins was hand and glove with several such. He was a good-hearted fellow to them as were really hard-up, though he would do a little sniping if he had a chance, when he thought a man could afford it; and you never know but what one of them may have watched and followed him about, thinking to make a snatch at it and get clear away."

"Single-handed, do you think? Remember he was a strong, and I think a courageous man."

"There's no doubt of either, though he was wonderfully good-tempered in his way; but drink will do anything for a man. One day he was desperate enough to face a lion, the next the squeak of a rat will startle every nerve he has got; and if poor Hawkins was followed, as I say, and caught just near the edge of the cliff, he might have been taken off his guard for the moment, and knocked over before he knew where he was. It must have been done by someone he had no suspicion of; he was too wide awake to let a stranger get near enough to do it."

"In that point I agree with you; it was no stranger's work. At the same time I do not credit any of these pensioned incurables with it. If you look at the spot where he was thrown over, examine the turf and the edge of the cliff, you will see signs of such a struggle as no man moved only with the spasmodic courage of drink could have taken part in."

"I thought of that too," said the inspector,

thoughtfully. "May I ask, sir, what your theory is?"

"I was about to offer it. I disperse at the outset with your idea, plausible as it is, for the reason that you might count the persons of that class on the fingers of one hand. One was a clerk in the bank, discharged for betting; one the son of a London hotel-keeper, sent here to cure him of a bad habit he had of counting the cash incorrectly—there was, I believe, generally a surplus which he put into his pocket to save trouble; one is the brother of a colonel in the (troops), a drink-soddened idiot, who would run from a school-boy; and the fourth is a middle-aged tradesman, who retired here to live quietly on his hard-earned money, and became an irreclaimable incubator for want of occupation. Now you must admit that neither of these four is gifted with either brain or physique to think of plundering Mr. Hawkins, or putting it thought into action."

"Thought," he added, "I don't see what physique as to do with it."

"Physique, Mr. Jeffrey's—a condemnation a nerve-constitution—muscular power and will. Now for my theory. I think, with you, that no was watched and followed, and the pin was something to do with it, but not much."

Mr. Jeffrey had a different opinion, but he kept it to himself, out of deference to Everard Grantley's position. Like most of his class, he did not believe in amateur detectives, and he did not like to be taught his duty by any logical or inductive process whatever.

They found Mr. Sampson waiting for them at the Sea View. He was a man of healthy appearance, with a fringe of forest-gray whiskers round a pale face, and a tall, three-barred body, induced by a shabby gray tweed suit, a white worsted comforter, presented evidently from last winter's wear—limp, dingy, and un-washed, like the man.

There was much concern in his eyes, simple countenance. There were some men of whose lives the late of James Hawkins had a copy, although the police kept their eyes open and society despised him. Mr. Hawkins had a kindly hand at winter time when a fitnes came up to go hand with the little members of the betting fraternity, the hangers on, to whom the interval between the Liverpool Cup and the Spring Meeting is a dismal intermission, and a scramble through or half periods of a cold, comes of cheap German sausage, and handfuls of beer swallowed surreptitiously and freely, unless temperate.

They took the billiard marker upstairs, and Inspector Jeffrey unlocked the door for him. The coffin had not arrived yet, and the late Mr. Hawkins lay in a clean white sheet, which had lain undisturbed on an easel, and a dark, storm, sad smile still on his dead lips. The quiet, not unhandsome face was free from pain, but the ugly, blackened dent on his forehead and partly how the end had come.

Mr. Sampson drew an end of his white comforter over his eyes, and bowed his head to strike away some blinding tears before he spoke. He took the pale, pinched hand up very gently.

"It's James' poor old man, same enough," he said, through the thickness in his voice; "and I'd give a little to know who has done this for him."

"You are certain that he is the man?" Jeffrey asked.

"Certain? Well, I should think I was. Why, him and me—but that's not here nor there, he added, with a husky sob. "He was the best pal over I had, no matter what you may think of him. What's to become of his little girl I don't know."

"Was he married then?" inquired Mr. Grantley.

"Whether he was or not, there's the little girl left at his lodgings. He was fond of her."

"What is her name?"

"Jem always called her Tiny."

"If you let me know where to find her," said Mr. Grantley, "I will see if something can be done for her. I subscribe to an orphan institution in London."

"I am as much obliged to you as if she was my own," said the marker, gratefully. "You couldn't help liking her if you was to see her."

Everard took the man's gratitude with suppressed impatience as he put Tiny's address in his note-book. He gave Mr. Sampson a sovereign to drink his health with, and went out, shuddering slightly as he left the room.

He was pale than usual when he returned to Brookdale. His moodiness of brow threw a hush upon them all, and the gentlemanly George took the earliest opportunity of shaking gracefully out. Mr. Barrill was in the habit of studying Everard much as a monger might watch an uncertain-as-to-imperturbed master—always in doubt whether he was to be pulled or kicked.

"You seem disturbed," Margaret said, in her strong, tranquil tone; "has anything occurred to trouble you?"

"Nothing. Except that the wretched brute who chose to fall or get thrown from the cliff the other night has left a child—a little girl—behind him."

"Is she motherless?"

"Yes—or worse."

He gave her the address he had written down, and shrank from her steady, questioning gaze.

"Let Mrs. Barrill see to her," he said; "the expenses would be trifling, I suppose? Such men have no right to children. The whole consequences of his worthless life ought to have ended with him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

COUSINLY KINDNESS.

When the third day came and passed, bringing no signs of Eugene, Julia sent Job with a note to Mr. Grantley at Brookdale, telling her cousin of her brother's strange silence—she was too proud to let him see the extent of her misgiving.

"Eugene went to London two days ago," she wrote, "and I have heard nothing of him since. He promised to send me a telegram directly he arrived at the station, and I fear something must have happened to him. I have ascertained that he took a return ticket, so it is evident he did not mean to stay long. Did anything transpire between him and yourself which left it possible that he might alter his intentions?"

Job came back to say that Mr. Grantley read the letter at the door, being just about to start for the town, where his presence was demanded at the inquest. He would call upon her immediately on his return. In the meantime, he did not think there was any occasion for uneasiness.

An hour afterwards, while she sat at the window, a gentleman rode up slowly. At the distance his resemblance to her brother made her heart leap; but as he drew nearer, the likeness grew less distinct. He dismounted, and looped the reins to the garden railings.

Miss Temple went out to meet him. He was

from Brookdale, she felt certain, and perhaps had brought Eugene. He lifted his hat, and bowed to her, with a faint tinge of colour in his face. There was some timidity, restraint even, in his manner, and seeing its cause at once she was touched by a sense of pity for him. It was carefully dressed, gracefully built, and gentlemanly; but the fatal defect of his education showed itself in his nervous want of self-possession; the position was new to him. It was too late for his mind to take the tone and spirit of such society as that into which he had the entry.

"Your servant brought a note to Mr. Grantley," he said, "and he told me the substance of it. He was standing on the point of starting for the town. He has to attend that suit—"

He paused, in momentary embarrassment.

"I came to offer any help that may be in my power. I trust it will not be the less welcome because the offer comes from me."

"You are Mr. Edward Temple, from America?"

He bowed.

"I am. Almost to my regret, I might say— and should say, had not Eugene and I come to such a perfect understanding, I have felt like a stranger ever since I came. My American training led me to expect a warm-hearted greeting."

"Yet," said Julia, with unconscious bitterness, "there was plenty of festivity."

"It was purchased at so much a head. The cheering stopped when the liquor barrels were empty. The giver of the feast was forgotten before the bonfires had done smouldering. I wanted then what I have missed ever since—a welcome home."

"The frankness of expression and somewhat painful tone gave him a claim upon the rites of hospitality at once. She held out her hand. He lifted it to his lips with a touch of Eugene's courtly grace.

"You will come in?" she said. "Job shall look after your horse. Poor dear!" and she patted the animal's soft nose; "he was Eugene's favourite."

"He should be in the stable awaiting Eugene's return, if it was necessary," said Edward Temple; "but we have come to a more pleasant arrangement."

Julia looked at him inquiringly. Her visitor was more at ease now, and she began to think him rather prepossessing. She had taken him into the little drawing-room—a dimly glimpsed of fairyland, which seemed to suit the beautiful young girl better than the vast magnificence of Brookdale.

"How very happy you must be here," he said. "It is just such bright and delicate coziness as this we get in the small households over the Atlantic. You will be almost sorry to leave it."

"We have no idea of leaving it, Mr. Temple."

"Indeed, but you have. Why Eugene persisted in going to London I do not know, for we had arranged everything."

"Then you do not know why he went to London?"

"I can only conjecture. He had a very long and serious conversation with Mr. Grantley before he saw me, and from what he said to Everard at luncheon I think he was going to see a Mr. Drayton, to undeceive him on some point, on which, if I remember rightly, he said you had written to him, and that he might have written, I am sure he had no intention of staying, for he promised to dine with us next day, and bring you."

"It is very strange he has not sent to me."

"He may have done so. Letters do miscarry now and then, and the telegraph system is irregular sometimes. My own impression is that he has sent, and perhaps he is waiting to bring Mr. Drayton down with him. He seems to think a great deal of that gentleman."

"Yes, Laurence is our oldest friend."

"I am glad to be welcome to them, if only for your sake, though from what I have heard I am sure I shall like him. I am very glad Eugene consented to my proposition. You see it utterly destroyed my pleasure to think I had been the means of you leaving your home, and I should certainly have given it up and gone back if he had not promised to return."

"Return to Brookdale?"

"Yes," said Edward, with a smile of quiet pleasure; "he had to admit I was right when I put it to him. He has no moral right to the estate. My father's letter could not find it in her heart to dump his pleasure by telling him so."

"We can talk of these things when Eugene returns," she said. "I cannot understand why he stays so long."

"Shall I send a message for you to Mr. Drayton? Or shall I go to London and tell your brother how uneasy his absence has made you?"

It was a stranger to her as yet. In spite of their relationship and his willing frankness, an instinctive spirit of coyness made her shrink from putting herself under an obligation to him.

"Thank you," she said; "but I will wait for the next train."

Mr. Edward Temple rose soon, and took his departure. He had left a somewhat favorable impression behind him; but Julia did not feel proud of him as a relative. The Temples were a courtly race—perfect in every point of culture—proud and self-possessed, with an unconscious tinge of stateliness. The new master of Brookdale was somewhat nervous, a little staid, and altogether unimpaired. She would have been willing to receive him as a member of the family, but she felt he ought to have borne a subordinate position, and drove to the station in time for the next train, but Eugene did not arrive. She was almost sick with anxiety when the last passenger alighted, and the locomotive went on.

She went to the window of the telegraph office, and filled in one of the flimsy forms with an unsteady hand. She sent just a few words to Laurence Drayton, telling him that Eugene had been away three days, and asking him to let her know whether he was safe. She did not take quite a shilling's worth of words, and she could not help wondering whether the operator ever thought how much prayerful hope and painful suspense went through his hands in that dull, hearse shape. He seemed deeply interested, and so she was, but not from sympathy for her. A message to him represented so many clicks of the needle, and he was thinking what number this would make.

"I shall wait at the station for an answer," she had put, and she kept her word, in spite of the raw east wind.

There was a cheerful fire in the ladies' room, but Julia Temple could not sit there, under the stony glare of a tall lady in black, with a bundle of tracts in her hand, and a pair of jet-rimmed spectacles on a severely Roman nose. She did

not wish to be asked in intrusive type whether she knew she was a sinner, or told there was no railway to heaven. She took a purer and better view of the great Christian erect than was to be gained from a parcel of those feebly interpolated quotations.

"Those people mean well, and they may do good in their way," she thought, as the tall lady scooped down upon a mildly happy country gentleman with a tract setting forth how a young couple going for a day's thoughtless pleasure from that very station were sent into eternity at the next junction without a moment's warning; "but I do not think they ought to be allowed in waiting rooms. There is such a thing as presumption even in religion."

The hour she waited went drearily enough, and she was glad to look now and then at the homely face of Job, who sat on the box with a quiet sense of responsibility, trying to look as much like the family coachman as possible. He had within him all the elements of which the nearly extinct race of faithful servants were made—fidelity, obedience, and respect for those he served.

It did Julia good to think of him. It relieved the more serious occupations of her mind, and she smiled as she recalled quiet instances of his humbling zeal. The tall lady and odd study altogether. The keen sense of the change in their position, blended with his reasons for them, apart from it, made her reflective. In the midst of her wealth, when Brookdale was her brother's, Job had been an unimportant and scarcely recognised item—a mere servant to the servants, a helper to the grooms. She secretly remembered him till he instituted himself at Vale Cottage. Now he clearly regarded himself in the light of a fixture for life.

"Perhaps the poor boy has no home and no friends," she thought. "I never thought of asking him. Or he may be related to Rachel; I never spoke of it to her. It was cruel of them to turn him away when Eugene gave up possession."

Tired of watching the boy at the little stall of books and newspapers; tired of watching the stony lady in black, preparing for the incoming local trains with narrow freezing parables concerning the Pious Pointsman, the Last Train, the Journey of Life, and others of the same lively tendency; tired of catching bits of the same tune, whistled by the same porter over a bundle of a truck; and tired of the station-master, who walked up and down the platform with no other earthly purpose than to lift his cap to her and smile every minute, she went to speak to her faithful attendant outside.

"I suppose, Job, your parents live some distance from here?"

"No, miss, please, thank you—down over there."

"So near! How was it they turned you away from Brookdale?"

"They didn't turn I away, miss; I came along of Job," he said, stroking the horse with his whip; "and I thought, 'I'd be handy like, and I wanted to come to help Rachel, and to be along of you, please—and master,' he added, with a gulp. "That's how it were."

Miss Temple left him stroking Toby's glossy hide with the whip. She understood his simple attachment, and her smile more than repaid him for it. The lady with the tracts was still at her post by the fire, waiting for the staid porter had propped his chin on the truck-handle, and was whistling dolefully, without a change of tune; the book-stall boy shivered and nodded in his Windsor chair; but the station-master stood bowing at the telegraphic pigeon-hole, with a message in his hand.

It was from Laurence Drayton to Miss Temple, and said simply:—

"I have not seen Eugene. Write full particulars, or send telegram explaining more; or shall I get a man to do my work, and come down at once?"

"He has not seen Eugene," she said, with a cold thrill at her heart. "Then where could Eugene have gone? There has been no accident. It is very, very strange!"

She read the message again. The first terrible words stood out distinctly:—"I have not seen Eugene!" Yet Mr. Grantley had driven her brother to the station; the chief official there had seen him in the coat he wore when he left the cottage; he had taken a return ticket, and Edward Temple had told her he went with the avowed intention of seeing Mr. Drayton. What could it mean?

"I will go myself," she said, with quiet resolution. "There is something mysterious in it, and I will trust to appearances. Laurence will know best what to do, and how to find him."

By the clock over the booking-desk it was ten minutes to four. A fast train went at seven minutes past. Julia took out her purse; it contained four sovereigns and a little silver. She was warmly clad—not warmly enough for the journey, perhaps; but she would not return for shawls or wraps.

"I shall take the next train to London," she said. "Will you send my thanks, my love, please, and send my servant to my father, and require the carriage room. Perhaps the guard will be kind enough to take care of it for me at the other station."

"Most certainly. I will see that you have a carriage for yourself, and a first-warmer."

"Thank you very much," said Julia, surprised, when she spoke, at the full-toned determination in her own voice; "and should my brother return while I am gone, you are almost sure to see him."

"I attend every train that comes in, so I am quite sure."

"Then tell him, please, I have gone to inquire for him at Mr. Drayton's—the gentleman who sent this message. Is that the train?"

"Not yet, miss; the next—on this side of the platform—in just five minutes' time."

The doors swung open as she spoke, and Mr. Grantley came in. He must have let in a cold draught of air, for Julia shuddered as he entered. She could not help, in the depth of her own emotion, wondering whether anything could ever change this man—whether, under any earthly circumstances, he would be the same cool, courteous, self-collected, deliberate gentleman, with never the quiver of a muscle in his face, never a thrill of anger, feeling, or passion in his tone.

"I saw you drive past the Sea View," he said, taking the gloved, reluctant hand, "and through the whole of that tedious inquest I have been watching for your return. Which way did you drive when you left here?"

"I drove nowhere; I have been here ever since."

"My dear Julia," he said, compassionately, "and on this bitter day? Send the hat home with your policeman, and come back with me to Brookdale."

"I am going to London," she said, steadily. "Eugene has not been seen there, and I want to know what has happened. He may return before I do, and if he does, tell him he will find me with Mr. Drayton."

"Julia, my dear cousin, you surely are not going to visit a strange gentleman named Temple? Or, if you will go, I must accompany you."

"No," she said, resolutely; "I shall go alone, Mr. Grantley."

"But to this man—a stranger! You surely will admit I am the proper person to consult?"

"Take what steps you please. Help to find my brother for me, and I shall be—oh, so grateful. But my heart tells me where my best hope lies. This is my train."

"Listen!" he said, detaching her against her will, while the guard hurried the passengers in, and the engine-driver, already a few minutes late, waited the starting signal impatiently. "Remember, Laurence Drayton is a stranger to the family. See how seriously you compromise yourself."

Julia turned her hand away with a flush of indignation.

"Laurence Drayton—our truest friend, my promised husband," she said, "I trust that my word would be true."

She entered the carriage, and the train was gone in an instant. Grantley had not time to follow her, and long after the last carriage had trailed out of sight—long after the glow of the red lamps had left the line in darkness—Everard stood there, thinking of the beautiful girl over whose destiny he once had such power.

(To be continued.)

MY BROTHER.

Who was it picked up all the chips, And strewed the floor with strings and whips, And in the wash tub soiled his sons? My Brother!

Who was it ate the currant jelly, And threw my kitten in the well, And made me promise not to tell? My Brother!

Who was it taught me how to skate, And set me on the ice to wait, While he went home with Cousin Kate? My Brother!

Who was it when he older grew, To top me marbles bid adieu, And tried, but could not learn, to chew? My Brother!

Who does a tiny moustache wear, And oils and colors it with care, And in the middle parts his hair? My Brother!

Who is it tumbles up my curls, And spins me bracelets, rings and pearls, And dirts with all the private girls? My Brother!

Who talks to me about his clothes, And all my little secrets knows, And teases me about my nose? My Brother!

Who is it that I love the best, Of all the boys in East or West, Although he is a perfect pest? My Brother!

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

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Even Sir Richard callous as he was to the beauties of nature could not but notice the tremendous rocks and the fantastic shapes they took, which lined the shore of the German ocean keeping watch and ward over the little clean looking town, the houses of which in some instances built close by their huge black guardians, in others, on the green table land above seemed the abodes of peace and plenty; none of the squalid poverty which so often offends the eye while it saddens the heart, being apparent there; strong hale old men, and strapping handsome young men, clear complexioned girls with no other covering to their heads than the luxuriant tresses nature had given, met his eye at every step. The hills in the distance were covered with larch, the pale green tassels of which set off the dark fir and mountain pine that covered the tops, forming a fine back ground to the streets and villa houses which climbed the steep rocky height on which the town was built, while a broad and rapid dark river wound its way along the flat ground at the end of the town until lost in the sea.

Sir Richard had made up his mind to remain in Peterstone for some days, it would take this length of time he supposed to accomplish the work he had to get done there.

The morning was lovely, one of those life giving days when we feel that simply to live and breathe on this green earth has much of happiness, when the step feels lighter and the spirit more buoyant, and we seem in some insupportable way to have become young again, our cares to have fled, our anxieties which yesterday may have pressed so heavily upon us, today are forgotten or are so light as to seem things of the past.

Sir Richard Cunningham felt the vivifying influence of air and sky, but it awoke no feeling of thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. It never made him relent for one moment in his terrible purpose, but as he entered the office of the *Peterstone Journal* his thoughts shaped themselves thus:—

"How strong and well I am! I have thirty or forty years of life in me yet. Ten, or even twenty years hence, I will be as strong as I am now, my principal object in life subservient only to my just revenge on Lady Hamilton, will be to take care of my own health. She has never been a strong woman and those dreamers use their brains so much that they are always old even before their time. Ten, or at most twenty years from this time, if it should take so long to kill proud Arthur Lindsay and wear the life out of her grand children, as I shall do it, drop by drop, in loneliness, starvation, and cold, I will be the same hale man I am to-day; no pains shall be wanting, no care however trifling overlooked which will lead to his great end; and when she, a shrunken feeble, bent old woman shall kneel to me in her misery and plead for those whom she then knows are her offspring, which whom she herself has helped to heap misery and want and woe upon, I will look down upon her from my strong manhood and laugh at her calamity, and mock at her sorrow."

Alas! poor human nature, how it sometimes vaunts itself, ignoring until the end comes the words written by the Holy Ghost: "Verily there is a God who judgeth on the earth."

Sir Richard opened the door of the *Journal* office; a gentleman who by the description given him at the hotel he knew to be Mr. Duncan the editor and proprietor, stood at a desk a few paces from the entrance.

"Mr. Duncan I presume?"

Mr. Duncan bowed in acknowledgment of his name.

Sir Richard presented his card, Mr. Duncan read out half aloud, "Sir Richard Cunningham of Haddon."

"Very happy to see you Sir Richard," said Mr. Duncan, expecting in the course of a few minutes to add another subscriber to his paper, "pry walk in here."

Mr. Duncan opened the door of his private office and Sir Richard walked in.

"Pray be seated Sir Richard," said Mr. Duncan. Sir Richard took the arm chair offered him while Mr. Duncan seated himself in the one opposite.

"You have a beautiful view from this window Mr. Duncan."

"Yes, Sir, you are right there, although two of the best features in the landscape are hidden; when we stand at the window above this, we see the seat of Lord Peterstone, one of the most beautiful, perhaps the handsomest mansion in the county, and the river running to the sea; a moving object always gives such beauty to the landscape."

"Yes that is true, how goes business? I suppose in the midst of an agricultural country like this your paper pays you well?"

"I cannot complain of the circulation, it has the largest circulation north of Aberdeen, but wages are high and the paper has to be good, nearly number one. The rent of the building, in short all the expenses are so heavy, that it is not a very paying concern."

While Mr. Duncan spoke, Sir Richard was taking a minute survey of that gentleman's face and head, it was anything but satisfactory; there was a dogged looking honesty about his forehead, and a keen scrutinizing look in his eye, that Sir Richard did not care to see, it reminded him of Mr. John Waddell, he would have to be careful.

"Mr. Duncan I have promised to get some business done for a friend of mine, business which will pay you well if you undertake to have it done for him."

"If it is in my power to do it, it is just the sort of business I want, we so seldom come across anything that does pay well."

This was encouraging, Sir Richard went on.

"I suppose it will be a matter of little trouble to you who must have the pen of a ready writer; it is in fact to write a paragraph the particulars of which I will repeat, and have it inserted in your journal; this paragraph is not intended for the public eye, in fact it is entirely for private distribution and I wish to have one hundred copies struck off containing it, for all of which I will pay, in addition to whatever you may see proper to charge for your own personal trouble."

"This is rather a strange thing, do I understand you to mean that these hundred copies are to have the paragraph and they alone, that it must not appear in the other copies intended for distribution?"

"Expressly so."

"Well now for the subject of the paragraph; that is the gist of the thing, provided there is no libel contained in it there is no great difficulty about any thing else."

"There can be no libel, as what my friend wishes printed, is a detail of circumstances connected with his own family."

"Well then here goes," said Mr. Duncan, dipping his pen in the ink, "I am ready to commence operations."

"I cannot dictate to you," replied Sir Richard, "as I am wholly out of practise in the use of my pen; but I will tell you the circumstances and you will put them in ship shape yourself."

"I am all attention," said the editor.

Sir Richard now encouraged, related the circumstances, varying slightly from the truth by stating that when the twin sisters were only seven years of age, they were brought by their father to jail and mock the captive, and from that time forth they, along with their father were his jailors; their father, after they had attained their fourteenth year, sometimes leaving the care of the helpless victim entirely to the two girls for as long a period as a month at a time; and at such periods his prison fare was poorer, and more scant, than when his son was his jailor.

He then told of the father's death, and that when entirely left to the exercise of their hatred, they left him at one time, two days without food or drink, and when it came it consisted of raw potatoes, which were thrown to him one by one.

His accidental release was then told—his return, and the flight of the two girls accompanied by a servant who had been dismissed for bad conduct; they having possessed themselves of several hundred pounds of money, and valuable jewels previous to their departure—and last came the marriage of the eldest girl with an officer of the guards.

During the recital, Mr. Duncan rose from his chair, pacing up and down the apartment his hands stuffed in his trousers' pockets, and accordingly his head thrown back with a sudden jerk, as if impatient of the story which took so long to tell.

Sir Richard noted all these manifestations, but attributing them to the disgust felt at the unnatural conduct of the son and grandchildren, was well pleased in the anticipation of having a stronger, more impressive story to work out his diabolical plan with, than could emanate from the pen of a man, who from evil in himself viewed the evil doings of others with a leniency Sir Richard would by no means appreciate appearing in a newspaper notice.

Sir Richard finished his recital. He looked at his listener waiting for some observation, some ejaculation even; but in vain; Mr. Duncan still walked back and forth, his eyes now bent on the ground as if braced in thought.

Sir Richard lost patience and demanded:—

"What do you think of that story?"

Mr. Duncan threw himself into the chair opposite to where Sir Richard sat, and looking him full in the face, his keen grey eye seeming to penetrate the depths of the other's soul, he said:—

"What do you think of it yourself, Sir Richard Cunningham?"

"I think that the man who committed such a deed of darkness, and the two women who helped him and but for the merest chance would have finished his work, deserve all the punishment it is possible to award them; unfortunately the man himself is dead, and the young women in a court of justice would be excused on the plea, that they were only continuing the work they had been accustomed to all their lives; but apart from this their grandfather is a man yet in the prime of life."

Here Sir Richard drew himself up to his full height, pulled down his silk vest to make it lie smooth, picked a little bit of dust from off his trousers, looked down complacently at his handsome feet and well made boots.

The editor marked those motions of the hand and eye, trifling in themselves, but telling very plainly to a student of human nature such as Mr. Duncan was, that the man in the prime of life spoken of, was the one before him, Sir Richard Cunningham.

Sir Richard continued, repeating his last words.

"In the prime of life, married to a young woman who is the mother of a son, and may be the mother of a large family; he is, as I stated before a man of rank, moving in the first class of society, one who attends Court; and therefore, it would not do for him to have his family affairs made the subject of comment by the canaille."

He paused, but as his listener did not speak he continued:—

"No, the only way to punish such conduct by such persons, is to adopt the plan which he has made up his mind to, that is, to publish the whole story for private circulation."

He again waited for an answer.

"Sir Richard," said his listener, were I to publish that story I would lay myself open to an action for damages which might ruin my prospects for life."

"This will be guarded against by not sending the whole paper, only the extract, except in isolated cases; for instance if it is deemed necessary many years hence to send it abroad."

"I see," replied Mr. Duncan noting the Baronet's words in a way Sir Richard thought not of, he was gaining confidence in the editor having adopted his view of the case, "but suppose such a thing should occur?"

"Then you will be indemnified to the last shilling."

"It may amount to a thousand pounds."

"If it should, you shall not suffer," said Sir Richard.

"You will give a written guarantee to this effect?"

"I will."

"Then what is the price you will give for writing out, and inserting this paragraph; remember it will be a long one, perhaps a half column."

"What does each edition of your paper pay you in clear profit?" inquired the Baronet who although willing to pay any price, still considered it best to get the work cheaply done if possible.

"That" replied Mr. Duncan, "has nothing to do with the question at all; this is a thing entirely out of the legitimate way of my business, and must be paid for accordingly."

"You shall fix your own price."

"No, you must do so."

"Will one hundred pounds be enough?"

"No," spoken with a contemptuous air, "not half enough."

"Then I shall give you five hundred pounds; I do not suppose your income for the whole year comes to so much."

"You are right, it does not, and yet I will not write and print the article in question for that sum, large as you seem to think it."

Sir Richard was thunderstruck; the man was evidently determined to make a fortune out of this one paragraph; he knew by Mr. Duncan's manner which had become almost insolent, that the editor knew as well as he himself did who the grandfather so often spoken of and lauded, really was; he had been too unguarded in his communications, and he was now in the power of this low person, as he mentally designated Mr. Duncan; he was evidently going to make a better thing of his share of Sir Richard's business, than even Catchem with his large charges for every petty errand or half hour of his precious time, was doing.

Sir Richard relieved himself by mentally cursing the man in whose presence he felt ill at ease, as if he had been detected by him in the perpetration of a great wrong; his feet were in the mire, he could not help himself, this insolent fellow must now be bought at any price. John Waddell's searching eyes were showing themselves more and more in the grey orb now fastened with that contemptuous steady gaze on his own, and he said, speaking as slowly and clearly as his now excited nerves would allow—

"Well, once for all, for a hundred copies of your paper containing the article in question, written exactly as I would have it, I will give you one thousand pounds; will that satisfy you?"

Mr. Duncan looked at him for a second or two, the same searching look as before, but the expression now had a fierceness which betrayed itself more in the compressed mouth than in the eyes; he seemed to be quiting some emotion which he found it difficult to express—at last he spoke:—

"Sir Richard Cunningham, I do not believe this story; a part of it may be true, every day there are things brought to light which make us ashamed of our poor human nature; therefore it is possible; but only just possible, mark me, that the first part of your story may be true—you may have been such a bad father—so tyrannical and unjust; Sir Richard quailed as he heard the man say; "you may have been such a bad father," but he dared not deny the position; Duncan was a man not to be trifled with, that was evident; by his own folly in talking so unguardedly he had committed himself, and he must now stand the brunt of it."

"That your own son grew up to hate you with an undying hatred; you may have taught him by example to be cruel, selfish, avaricious, to be in short, the villain you represent him he saw a way by which he could be revenged on this tyrant father, and at the same time become a free man, the master of Haddon Castle, instead of the trodden down son whom the meanest hind in his father's house either jeered at, or pitied."

"In a case like this it was almost to be expected that a boy, (he could have been little more at the time) placed in such a position of temptation, should yield to it on the impulse of the moment, and if repentance and a sense of the crime he had committed, came one half hour after, it was too late; he dared not let the tiger loose from his den to spring upon and tear himself to pieces; but as an evidence that his heart was not wholly given over to evil he fed you all those eighteen years; till he died, and you were fed systematically too, or you could not have lived in such close confinement all those long years."

Mr. Duncan paused for a second or two, but did not for a moment relax his eye from the steadfast gaze which held Sir Richard by its





