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THE FAVORITE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL
OF AMUSING AND USEFUL READING

No. 26

1874

Vol. III.

1 JUNE 27.

16 PAGES

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CENTS

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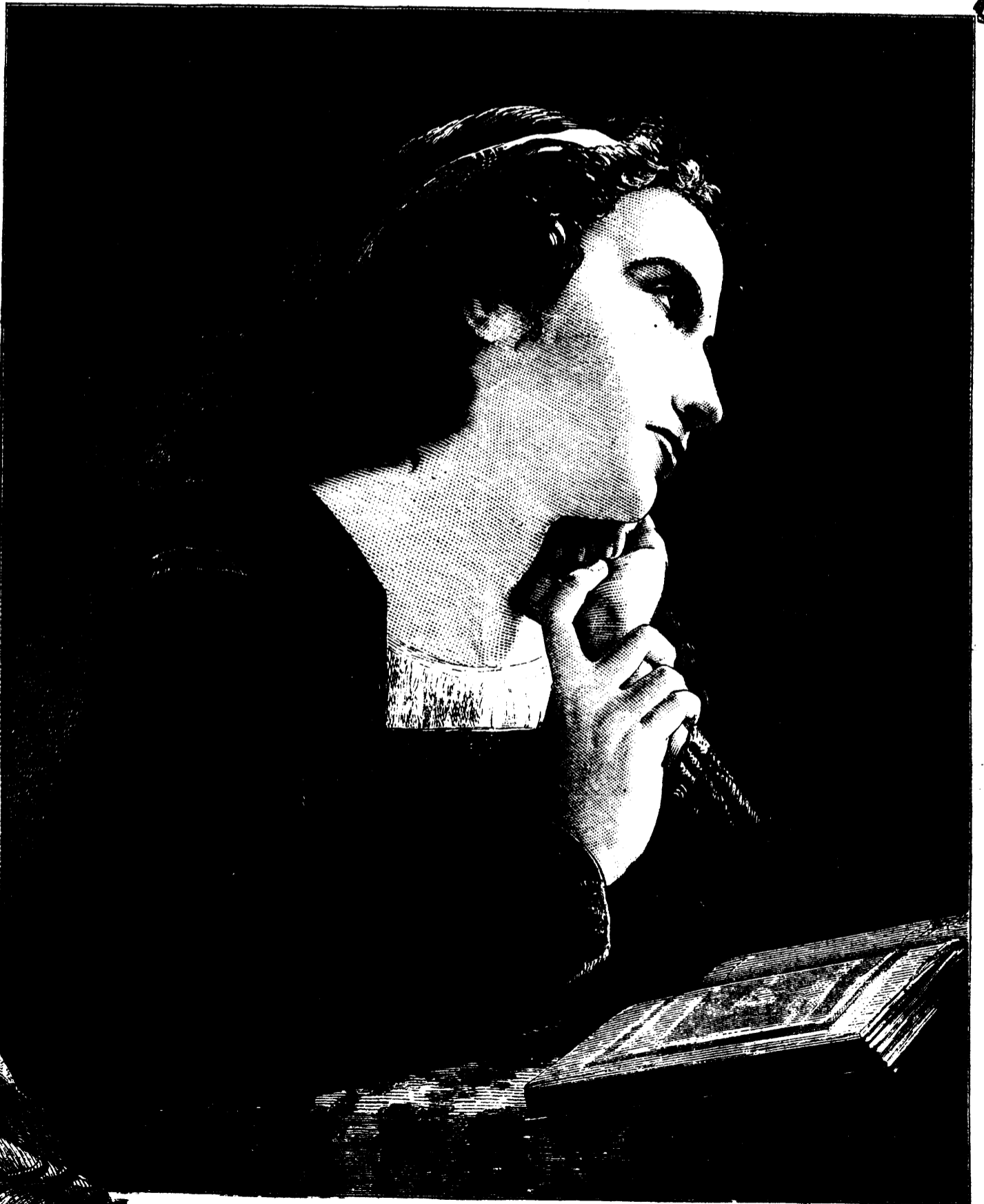
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this number.



"MEDITATION," BY P. A. COE.

MY TEMPLE.

A heavenly workman fashioned in my heart
A church of God,
Upon a shining eminence, apart
From the earth-road.

Oh! what a wondrous architect He is,
Whose touch divine
Reared high these sun-girt walls, my destiny's
Immortal shrine!

He carved so noiselessly, I never knew
The work begun,
Nor what it was God sent him here to do
Until 'twas done.

He carved it white, as God meant life to be;
Strong and sublime,
To bear the wild winds of eternity
That sweep through time.

O shrine of God! what human soul would dare
Stretch out a hand
Defiled to touch thee or seek without prayer
To understand?

Deep as the sea thy shining altars are;
Yet are they high
Enough for God to know their light afar
In the soul's sky.

Here silences, uplifting to the sun
Their foreheads broad,
With mysteries move grandly one by one,
Prophets of God,

And here and there upon thy sun-stained floor
A white thought kneels,
With hopes grouped round it beautiful, whose
power
That great God feels.

And here and there dreams gorgeous to the
sight
Shine to and fro
With burning eyes, whose meanings of delight
The angels know.

This heavenly workman once for every soul
Builds church and shrine;
Ah! when he builds for thee, pray God they
be
Godlike as mine.

SUSIE.

CHAPTER I.

The first time I saw Susie was on a June evening, when she wore a wreath of blue convolvull on her curly brown hair, and blue kid shoes on her dainty feet.

I don't think I should ever have married Susie if it had not been for Stenie; for it was Stenie who first proposed that I should marry an heiress, in order to save myself from the fate that awaited me. I thought Stenie's scheme sheer nonsense at the time, but we all know that great events are often the result of mere trifles. I am very sure that if Stenie had known of the pain and bitterness that the scheme would bring into his life he would never have proposed it.

The story does not begin on that June evening when I first saw Susie in the convolvull wreath, but about a week before, when I returned to the apartments I shared with Stenie near Hyde Park, from a visit I had just paid to my uncle Bubb, senior partner in the great shipping firm of Bubb and Barnett, whose wealth was supposed to be fabulous.

The object of the visit was an unpleasant one—a very unpleasant one. My father had lately lost all but a fragment of his large income, through the failure of some mines of which he was owner. For him the blow was not so terrible as for me, his only son. He had still the house in Glamorganshire, which our family had held for generations, his precious books, and a trifle to supply his wants. To me the blow was intensely severe. My prospects in life appeared ruined; from a position of easy affluence I was reduced to the necessity of earning my bread. My last resource was my uncle Bubb. My father fondly hoped that he could assist me so far as to obtain a lucrative situation for me; and, armed with a letter containing a request to that effect from my father, I had paid a visit to my uncle.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I entered our pleasant room overlooking the park, and, throwing myself face downwards on the sofa, gave vent to my misery in a groan of despair. Stenie had been reading with a cigar in his mouth and his feet elevated considerably above the level of his head. He dropped the book and started to his feet.

"What news, Ju? What did your uncle say?" I groaned again.

"Speak out man! What has the old rascal said to you?"

"Offered me a choice of two professions," I answered bitterly—"clerk in his office at twenty shillings a week and a half-holiday on Saturday, or a berth on board one of his ships, if I'm not particular about spoiling my hands."

"The old porpoise!" muttered Stenie, with emphasis. "You don't mean to say that he had the cheek to propose sending you to sea in one of his old tubs?"

"He has not a relation in the world but me, and he has money enough to bury himself in," I said, in indistinct murmurs, my face still bu-

ried in the pillows, where I lay listening with evil satisfaction to Stenie's abuse of my uncle Bubb, whom he called by turns a demon, a porpoise, and a rascal. For my heart was very sore as I thought of all the good times I and Stenie had spent together, but that now were lost to me forever through this unlooked-for calamity.

At length Stenie ceased abusing my uncle Bubb, and, seating himself on the sofa by my side, unfolded a brilliant idea he had conceived—namely, that I should accompany him down to Brighton, and woo, win, and marry a certain Miss Crallan, an heiress, whom an old chum of Stenie's, at present staying at Brighton, had often lately mentioned in his letters to Stenie.

"Phinny will introduce us," concluded Stenie triumphantly.

"What bosh!" I returned, savagely. "Of course the girl has got dozens of suitors already."

"Go in and cut 'em all out, dear boy; you know women all confess you're irresistible," said Stenie, promptly.

"But it's only a chance after all," I returned, miserably.

"Only a chance, truly; but a drowning man is glad to catch at a straw," observed Stenie, coolly.

"But how base—how sordid!" I began, obstinately, bent on opposition.

"Not at all; hundreds of fellows do it. Besides, hang it, old boy, a handsome fellow like you is a desirable acquisition for any woman, be she ever so rich. Beauty against money any day. Heiresses are generally ugly," cried Stenie with energy.

"Suppose she's engaged?" I questioned.

"Then you must give up Miss Crallan; but there's sure to be lots more of these nice heiresses in Brighton. Phinny knows troops of people, and he will introduce us. I'll write and tell him to take rooms for us at the 'Old Ship,' where he is staying. I will be a capital skylark for us."

"And if I fail?" I suggested, hopelessly.

"Oh, you won't fail; you're too good-looking. But, if you do, why, there'll be the stool in old Bubb's office, and the twenty shillings a week, and the half-holiday on Saturday, as a last resource, you know."

Stenie opened his desk and wrote to his friend Phinny Kelly, while I lay silently bemoaning the fall of my air-castles. For I had dreamed so fondly of the pale, proud face and the amber hair of the woman I was to call "wife" at some bright future day, when fate should lead the identical amber-haired "she" across my path; while now I must cast aside my dream of love, and wed some wretched girl solely for her money, to save myself—the scion of a noble house—from becoming a city clerk at a pound a week Oh, miserable man!

Two days later we started for Brighton in pursuit of Stenie's chimera—for such I persisted in calling it. Yet before the journey was ended I had become infected with a part, at least, of his exuberant spirits, and when Stenie introduced me to his friend, Phinny Kelly, who had come to the station to meet us, I was fast becoming interested in Stenie's little plot.

The first mistake we made—a mistake that led to great bitterness for more than myself—was not frankly confiding to Phinny Kelly our object in coming to Brighton. Partly from a feeling of shame, partly from a dread of ridicule I had made Stenie promise to keep the affair a secret between our two selves. We therefore allowed Phinny to imagine our visit merely one of ordinary pleasure. Had we told him the truth, what did happen never would have happened.

We dined together in capital spirits. Stenie artfully alluded to Miss Crallan, but Phinny had become suddenly obtuse concerning that young heiress, and gave no sign that he heard the remark.

"Never mind—I'll make him introduce us all the same," whispered Stenie, nodding cheerfully at me when Phinny's back was turned.

After dinner we went on to the pier. Stenie kept a vigilant watch upon the people Phinny saluted. The first three were gentlemen, one of whom Phinny introduced as Mr. Macadams, a peculiarly vacant-looking person. The fourth was a stately lady, in green raiment, who returned Phinny's bow with a sweet smile and an outstretched hand.

"Perhaps it's the mater," whispered Stenie, excitedly, in my ear. Then he gave Phinny a delicate hint to introduce us.

The lady, however, to Stenie's disappointment, was not Mrs. Crallan, but a Mrs. Helston. "Shall we see you to-morrow at our little party, Mr. Kelly? It will be quite a friendly gathering—only sixty of us; the Pointers and the Crallans will be among the number," said Mrs. Helston, sweetly.

"I will most certainly be there, madam," returned Phinny, bowing.

If ever a man's eyes and general air said "Do invite me," Stenie's did at that moment; I felt quite ashamed of him. But Mrs. Helston did invite us on the spot.

"Perhaps your friends—Mr. Yonge and Mr. Erle—will favor us?" she said, graciously.

Stenie gracefully accepted the invitation for both without reference to me, and soon afterwards Mrs. Helston sailed away.

The second thing that led to that miserable mistake I have alluded to was a telegram which had arrived for Phinny Kelly during our absence summoning him to Ryde on account of his father's sudden illness.

Phinny consulted a Bradshaw, and found that he had just time to catch the last train for

Portsmouth. We drove with him to the station, both expressing our regret at the recent news.

"If my father's illness turns out not to be anything serious, I'll run over again and join you in a day or two," he said at parting; "and, Stenie, if you go to the Helstons' party to-morrow, make my apologies to Mrs. Helston, and tell her why I was called away from town, will you?" Stenie promised, and we two walked away, arm-in-arm.

Stenie turned his blue eyes, full of mischief, upon me.

"Now all you will do to-morrow night is to look as killing as possible. See how fate has played into our hands! Without any effort of our own, we are to meet Miss Crallan. I see the end of the story distinctly. I can even hear your wedding-bells, and taste, in imagination, the peculiarly rich and delicate flavor of your wedding-cake. Don't forget, Ju, that I was the first to offer my congratulations," concluded Stenie, relighting his cigar which had gone out during his speech.

It was long before I slept that never-to-be forgotten night. I thought long of the girl Stenie had decided I should marry, the prevailing feature of my thoughts being pity for myself that I was reduced to the necessity of marrying a rich girl to save myself from the fate magnanimously suggested by uncle Bubb.

CHAPTER II.

"Julian, do you see that little brown-haired girl by the door? What a pretty little mouse she is!"

Stenie and I were standing in a curtained recess of Mrs. Helston's ball-room, keeping a sharp look-out on the guests as they arrived. We had taken care to be early ourselves, and were on the *qui-vive* for the heiress, whom we imagined we would recognize the moment she appeared, by the brilliancy of her jewels or the splendor of her attire.

I looked across the room in the direction indicated by Stenie, and saw, seated by the door, a girl in a plain but exquisitely-fitting dress of blue gauze, beneath the flounce of which peeped a tiny foot in a blue kid shoe. A wreath of blue convolvull lay among her short brown curls. Her eyes were dark, and of the most exquisite beauty—their brightness lent an inexpressible charm to her piquant face. Round cheeks, in which lurked a bewitching dimple, and a resolute mouth, made a picture as charming as it was uncommon.

"How fresh and bright she looks!" said Stenie, in a low, eager whisper; and it seemed to me that a new tenderness shone in his blue eyes for a moment.

Some one came into the recess where we stood; it was the vacant-looking gentleman to whom Kelly had introduced us on the pier—Mr. Macadams. He saluted us and made some trifling remark about the heat of the room.

"Do you know that young lady in blue?" asked Stenie of him, by a slight movement carelessly indicating the brown-eyed girl.

"It's Miss Crallan, I fancy. I've heard she's awfully rich—got more money than she knows what to do with."

"Will you introduce us?" said Stenie, with well-suppressed eagerness.

"Sorry to say I'm not acquainted with her; I'm almost a stranger. But Mrs. Helston will introduce you, I've no doubt. Here she comes."

Stenie made a quick movement to intercept our hostess. He asked the favor of an introduction to the "young lady in blue."

"In blue? Ah, yes, certainly," and Mrs. Helston's mild eyes gleamed placidly beneath her half-closed lids.

The next moment we stood before the wearer of the convolvull wreath.

"Susie, allow me to introduce Mr. Yonge and Mr. Erle," said our hostess, smiling down at the brown eyes—"Miss Crallan."

The brown eyes gave a swift upward glance at us, and then the long lashes fell till they swept the dimpled cheeks.

At that moment the first notes of a valse sounded. Stenie gave me a quick admonishing glance. I understood him, and asked Miss Crallan to favor me with the first dance.

The next moment I had Susie in my arms. She was always Susie to me in my heart, from that moment.

"Shall we go into the next room to dance? It is cooler," said Susie, shyly; and we waltzed into a long, half-lit cool outer room with windows wide open to the night. Some half-dozen other couples were dancing in it, preferring it to the heated ball-room, whence every note of the band came distinctly to our ears.

That valse was like a dream. The sweet, dim light, the delicious rise and fall of the music; the soft, graceful form I held, were all alike most pleasant to me. I looked down at Susie's dimpled shoulders and her curly brown hair, and I decided that the girl Stenie had made up his mind I should marry was not at all objectionable; for, although I felt that I could never love her, being so very unlike my ideal, yet I might like her very well.

After the valse Susie and I walked up and down the cool room together. I asked her to introduce me to her parents. Susie's brown eyes opened wide.

"I have no mother and my father is far away, Mr. Erle—at least it seems far to me. My home is in Kent. I am here only on a visit to my aunt. I have never been in Brighton before, and I am enjoying it, oh, so much!"

There was such genuine rapture in the tone that I was astonished. Could a girl accustomed

to wealth and society find such intense pleasure in a visit to Brighton?

"I will introduce you to my aunt, and my cousin Elgitha, if you like, Mr. Erle," continued Susie, in her bright voice. "Elgitha is the dearest girl in the world. She takes so much trouble to give me pleasure. Indeed every one is kind to me, Mrs. Helston especially," continued Susie, innocently.

"No wonder," thought I, and I gazed in astonishment at the childish face by my side.

"Then I suppose you go out but seldom when in the country?" I remarked.

"Oh, never—therefore it is a treat to me. Yet I confess, Mr. Erle, I am longing to see them all at home already—poor papa especially," and Susie sighed.

I concluded from the tone and the sigh that Mr. Crallan was the victim of some chronic disease, and delicately refrained from dwelling upon the subject.

We chatted for some time, and, in spite of myself, I could not but admire the freshness and charming simplicity of this girl who was so unlike all my ideas of a purse-proud heiress.

Susie danced several times with me and several times with Stenie. Later in the evening Susie introduced us to her aunt, Mrs. Crallan who was a widow, and to her aunt's only daughter, Elgitha, a pleasant, good-natured girl with very light flaxen hair. We received a cordial invitation to call at their house in the King's road, which Stenie accepted for both with his usual promptness.

I quite expected Stenie to congratulate me on the progress I had made in the heiress's good graces, but he was unusually quiet that night, and there was a wistful expression in his blue eyes that I had never seen there before.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening. The stars were shining in the sky, which was still bright in the west after the gorgeous sunset. The moon cast a stream of light upon the bosom of the ocean.

Susie and I sat together on the balcony of her aunt's house. It faced the sea. Below us, on the parade, the lamps shone star-like through the twilight. Throngs of people, allured by the beauty of the summer night, were walking to and fro, enjoying the strains of a fine band. Every note reached us. The musicians were playing a waltz by Strauss. In every pause of the music we could hear the dash of the waves on the beach. How sweet it all was! Ah, Susie, amid the doubts that came between us in after-life, the memory of this night remained fresh in the secret chambers of my heart.

Presently Stenie joined us. He went forward and stood looking down at the parade, beside Susie's chair, beating time to the music with one hand upon the iron rail. When the music ceased, he turned to Susie—

"This is perfectly charming, is it not?" he said.

"Not so charming as a June evening in a rose-garden such as mine is at home, when every flower is heavy with dew, and the air is laden with an odor so delicious that you could linger there for hours," she answered, with a quick glance up at him.

He looked down at her with a smile such as I had seen on his lips only lately.

"I suppose not," he assented gently, and then turned away abruptly and went in.

I did not believe I loved Susie, but I meant to marry her; so, when the band began to play, "Love's Young Dream," I thought it was a good time and place to ask Susie to be my wife. I had made a firm resolve to tell Susie I was poor trusting that her love for me was strong enough to outweigh that; for she did love me—I knew that. She was far too simple to hide her secret from me, yet was she perfectly unconscious that I read it.

Susie was leaning over the rail, her olive cheek resting on her hand, a white rose among her curly hair. I laid my hand lightly upon hers, and she started and turned her face towards me. Her eyes were full of tears that gleamed in the moonlight.

"Susie!" I said breathlessly, and a moment later her head was on my breast, and my lips were pressing the wet cheek and the innocent lips that half sought, half shrunk from my caress.

I had an interview with Mrs. Crallan. From her I obtained the address of Susie's father and a warm assurance that she would use her influence with him on my behalf.

"But," she said graciously, "I do not think you have any impediment to fear in that direction. Susie's father would be the last man in the world to stand in the way of his child's happiness, unless there were grave reasons, which of course it is impossible to suppose in your case. So accept my best congratulations, Mr. Erle."

I went home to our hotel and wrote an earnest and very courteous letter, which I directed to "Henry Crallan, Esq., The Laurels, Risdale, Kent."

Two days later came an answer, in which Mr. Crallan informed that acting upon the advice of his daughter's aunt, who had communicated with him on my behalf, he had decided to look favorably upon my suit, providing always Susie's happiness was bound up in me.

I showed the letter to Susie, and watched the color deepen in her olive cheeks while she read.

"When do you return home, Susie?" I asked. "In three days," she replied,

"Very well. Then you may expect me at the Laurels within a week, for I am anxious to see your father in person, that we may settle our wedding day, Susie."

"Yes," she murmured, hesitating; "but—but, Julian—you know, of course, that—that my home is very different from this one. You will not be surprised?"

"Of course not, love," I answered as my thoughts reverted to the palatial country residence where I imagined my Susie dwelt. Inwardly I felt thankful that, although I was poor, I could hold up my head in the noblest mansion.

"Stenie," I said that evening to my friend, "I have won the heiress; congratulate me."

"Most heartily. I knew you would win, old fellow, if you made up your mind to do so," he returned.

Yet somehow I fancied that the glad ring was wanting in my friend's voice, and that his kind blue eyes were full of a new sadness.

CHAPTER IV.

Never shall I forget the glad beauty of the June morning when I alighted from the train and stood for the first time in the little station of Risdale. The station itself was a perfect wilderness of roses; they twined up the pillars and over the railings and along the beds, crimson roses, pink roses, and white roses of every size and shape.

"How far is it to the Laurels?" I inquired of the station-master.

"About five miles," was the reply.

"Can I have a trap?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not; they are all out. But Carson the miller is going that way, and he would give you a lift in his cart, I daresay, if you like. It would be better than walking."

The idea of making my appearance at the Laurels in a miller's cart was not pleasant. I regretted that I had not sent notice to Susie of the exact day of my intended visit, that she might have sent her father's carriage to convey me. I accepted the offer of a "lift," internally resolving to be put down at a respectable distance from the Laurels, and to make my appearance there on foot.

Carson the miller was a very jolly fellow. As he seemed to possess a good stock of information concerning the inhabitants of Risdale, I ventured to allure him to speak of the Crallans, whereupon Carson's countenance beamed as he launched into a glowing account of Miss Susie.

"The best young lady in the country-side, sir, let alone the prettiest. I well remember, when my old woman was down with rheumatism last winter, how Miss Susie used to come through all the snow to our house every morning with some little hot thing or other for her. God bless her!" said the miller, and although of course I did not really love Susie, she being, as I have said before, so unlike my ideal, I felt a thrill of pleasure on hearing this.

I intended to keep a sharp look-out, and, at the first glimpse of a mansion, to inquire if it were the Laurels, and, if so, to request to be set down while yet some way off.

Great therefore was my amazement when, after jogging along for an hour or more, my charioteer suddenly stopped near a picturesque stile.

"There, sir; if you just cross the stile, and follow that path through the wheat, you'll come out close by the Laurels," said Carson, pointing with his whip in the direction indicated.

I gave him half-a-crown, though I could ill afford it in my present circumstances, and, vaulting over the stile, was soon blithely following the path, whistling "Gin a body" for very lightness of heart.

After a time I came upon a farm snugly reposing in a slight hollow, a perfect *beau idéal* of an English farm, from the low red-tiled house and out-buildings to the great duck-pond and the dappled cows peacefully grazing in the meadow beyond.

As the path diverged here, I thought it expedient to inquire my way. I therefore strolled through the farm-yard in the hope of meeting some one.

Presently, hearing the sound of laughter near me, I walked round a hay-stack, and found my self in a poultry-yard, where, surrounded by a flock of ducks and chickens, stood Susie.

Her dimpled arms, bare to the elbow, were plunged in a bowl of oatmeal dough. She wore a crumpled, well-worn holland dress, and a sun-hat on her curly hair. A troop of boys of all ages, in holland blouses, were gathered about her. I was so bewildered and astonished that I forgot to note the beauty of the picture before me. Later the memory of it haunted me.

Susie looked up and saw me. How suddenly the red deepened in her face! How the dimple increased in her cheek! The next moment she had sprung towards me, the mealy arms were clasped round my neck—I had put on my black velvet coat—and Susie's shy eyes were hidden on my breast.

"Susie, what in the world are you doing here?" I stammered out, with a vague misgiving filling my heart.

"Here! Why, where else should I be, Julian? Oh, how glad I am to see you! But why did you not write? I would not have let you catch me in this costume—feeding chickens too!" said Susie, with a merry laugh. "But come in and see papa—I am sure you are tired. No, boys, I can't help you to fix the trout-lines now. Mix the rest of the meal for the little black ducks, and don't tease me, dears."

With this command, issued to the clamorous

wearers of the blouses, Susie led me from the poultry-yard, and through divers paths to the house door, where in the cool, paved porch stood an elderly man in a light gray suit. He was a gentleman every inch I confessed it later, but at that moment my thoughts were in such a chaos that I hardly knew what I did, I remember his fond look at Susie's blushing face as she presented me to her father.

He shook hands with me, and invited me indoors, leading the way to a large, low-ceiled room, bright with vases of fresh flowers, and made pleasant by a delicious outward prospect of clover fields and waving wheat, seen through a wide sunny window. A young girl was seated in the window, who Susie introduced to me as her sister Annis. Then luncheon was served by a rosy maid-servant, assisted by Susie. It consisted of fresh cheese and brown bread, yellow butter, cold bacon, home-brewed ale, and raspberry tart, with cream.

How I should have enjoyed that fresh Arcadian meal at any other time! As it was, I sat and partook of it as one in a dream. I think my manner must have been odd and restrained, for by degrees Susie's lively talk ceased, and a grave silence succeeded, while the gladness faded from her eyes and lips.

It was a relief when the meal was ended. Mr. Crallan made a slight excuse, and, taking his straw hat from a side-table, left us. Soon afterwards Susie followed him, and I was left with Annis. I cast a glance at the young lady's face—it was decidedly stormy. She kept her eyes upon a crochet, and to my general remarks she vouchsafed only monosyllables. The situation was most painful, and I was wretched. Out in the clover-field I could see those dreadful boys in holland blouses, chasing butterflies. Presently Susie came back. She had replaced the holland dress by a sober brown one with white ruffles. Susie in any dress was charming, but I missed the dainty muslins and laces I had so often seen her wear.

"Shall we stroll through the orchard, Julian?" she said, nervously.

Anything was better than this. I rose and accompanied her through a long cool passage terminating in a glass door. Through the door Susie led me, and we found ourselves in a fruit-garden. Susie had a basket in her hand, and she began to gather the raspberries that hung like rubies on the bushes. She offered me the raspberries and I hate them mechanically.

"Have you lived here long, Susie?" I asked, in a voice that I tried to make light.

Susie was stooping over a gooseberry-bush. She lifted her face, and, in a sad and nervous tone of voice, said:

"Since papa speculated and lost all his money six years ago. We were not poor till then. Papa had nothing left but this farm, so we came to live here soon after mamma died—that was when my youngest brother was born, and I have kept house for papa ever since."

The word "poor" was a nightmare upon me.

Susie then went on picking and scratching her fingers among the gooseberry bushes. Presently her dress caught in the thorns and got torn.

"Never mind," I said, for I felt I must say something; "it is not so pretty a dress as your pink-and-white cambric, Susie."

I had admired Susie in that dress one day at Brighton. Susie laughed faintly.

"That was one of Elgitha's, Julian," she said; "Elgitha lent me many of her pretty dresses while I was with them, for she knew I could not afford to buy such."

I felt a sudden shock. Slowly the conviction forced itself upon me that there was some hideous mistake. I think Susie saw something odd in my manner, for she filled her basket with nervous haste and we went indoors.

Two days passed in this way—two of the most miserable days I ever spent. My thoughts were in such a whirl that I could decide upon no definite plan of action. Not an hour went by that I did not ask myself what I ought to do, yet no answer could I find. In all honor I felt that I ought to marry Susie, though she was as poor as I, for I had wooed her and won her innocent heart, and it would be a coward's act to cast her off because I had made a mistake in supposing her rich. How could I say to Susie, "I wanted to marry you a week ago because I imagined you were an heiress; but, now I have found out that you are poor, I no longer wish you for my wife"? And on the other hand, if I fulfilled my engagement, how on earth could I maintain a wife on a pound a week? I had no hope of procuring a higher situation, for I was unaccustomed to work of any sort, and I knew the difficulty men of great experience and ability have in earning even moderate incomes. All this added to my miserable conflict of mind.

Susie's brothers were a great affliction to me: they almost goaded me to madness by pressing requests for me to join in their revels. They soiled my hitherto spotless garments with their sticky fingers; they were insanely fond of the seals on my watchguard—in fact I trembled for the fate of those seals. Then they insisted upon my devouring large quantities of sorrel and other uncooked vegetable fibre, and upon my accompanying him them through bush and bramble in search of bird's nests, though I was sorry company for the blithe, happy young lads. Added to this, Susie's cheeks had grown pale, and her dimples were never visible now, for the smile came so seldom to her lips. Mr. Crallan's cordial manner had changed to one of distant politeness, while Annis looked stormy whenever I appeared. I grew weary trying to dis-

cover a means of escape from this wretched state, when something happened that put an end to it all.

I was seated by the open window of the pretty chamber I occupied. I felt too wretched even to smoke. Presently I heard Annis's voice speaking sharply to some one; she was in the garden, just below my window, which was well hidden by creeping rose-bushes. I could hear her say distinctly, in an angry tone:

"You ought to have told him everything."
The answer was in Susie's voice, but so low that I could not catch it. Annis went on in the same cross tone:

"Why did you bring your fine-gentleman lover to despise us all? I have no doubt he thought you were a grand lady, or something more than a farmer's daughter. He does despise us, I know; but he's not half good enough for you, for all his fine ways, and he shall never take you away from us if I can prevent it. Papa and I and the boys love you too well, darling. Oh, do send him away and let us be happy as we were before he came! I hate him cordially."

I thought I heard a sob just then, but I made no movement. My brow was burning; I knew that Annis spoke the truth, and I hated myself as she hated me—cordially.

That evening Susie came into the pleasant parlor where I sat alone. Her manner was no longer childlike or shy, but grave and self-possessed, as if her seventeen years had been seven-and-twenty.

"Julian," she said, gravely, "I think perhaps our engagement was a little mistake, and—I want you to give me back my freedom."

I was silent; my heart was full of misery. Susie went on, her face getting whiter.

"I am not blaming you, dear, but I think you made a little mistake in fancying you loved me. Perhaps there is some one else"—Susie spoke lower. "I have thought things over, and I know papa could ill spare me till Annis gets a year or two older, so—so, Julian—" She finished her sentence by laying on the table near me the little ring I had given her.

"But your father?" I began.

"Oh," she said, speaking with great difficulty, "I will explain to papa after—after you are gone—I will tell him I have changed my mind. Meanwhile things can be all the same, and we are still friends, are we not, Julian?"

Still friends! Was I mad that I sat still and did not take her in my arms and tell her that I loved her as never woman was loved before—that she, only she, was queen of my heart—that, if she counted me worthy of her priceless love I was willing to fight against the world and poverty and want for her sake as long as I had life? I did not say it. I let her go—I let her go, though I knew her tender heart was breaking for love of me! Blind fool that I was, to have such a jewel laid at my worthless feet—a prize that should have been gathered and treasured in the inmost chambers of my heart—and yet risk the loss of it for ever!

I packed my portmanteau that night, and, as I did it, I thanked Heaven over and over that Susie did not suspect the real reason of my cowardly act in swerving from my allegiance to her. For I was a coward—I blushed for my own base conduct—I hated myself fiercely, bitterly.

The next morning I made some trifling excuse to Mr. Crallan about business requiring my immediate attention in town. I felt the conscious blood dye my despicable brow as I spoke. Susie offered to drive me to the station—I think she did it to deceive the rest concerning the real state of affairs—and soon we started in a shabby chaise drawn by a shaggy old white pony. Susie talked, but it was with a painful effort. I could not help observing how respectfully all the poor people we passed on the road saluted Susie—Carson the miller especially, who bared his floury head in quite a courtly manner to us both.

The train was due when we arrived at the station, so there was no time for more than a brief hand-shake. As I reached the platform I turned suddenly and looked back. Susie was still sitting in the old chaise, the pony standing still. Old as the vehicle was, she sat as a queen might have sat on a throne. There was such unconscious dignity in the slight figure, clothed in a lilac calico dress and cape; there was such a charm of purity on the fair brow, the fairness of which contrasted so forcibly with the black velvet brim of her hat; but there was such agony in the dark eyes that were watching me depart that their glance stabbed me to the heart.

Then suddenly she shook the reins and drove away.

CHAPTER V.

Stenie was sitting at the table of our apartment eating his solitary supper when I opened the door. He started up, and we two stood face to face.

"You are come back!" he said, earnestly, almost fiercely.

"Stenie," I whispered, hoarsely, "it was a mistake."

"Yes," he agreed; "I found that out yesterday. What have you done?"

There was still that eagerness in his eyes and voice.

"Nothing. She has released me," I faltered. "But does she love you?" he questioned, laying his hand on my arm.

I saw that his lips and cheeks were white.

"Yes, yes, she loves me," I whispered.

"And you?" panted Stenie. I made no answer. The grasp of the hand on my arm grew tighter as he waited for my words.

"No, no," cried Stenie, passionately, "you do not—you cannot love her, or you never could have left her thus! If you loved her as I love her, you would marry her if you had to beg bread for her!"

He ceased suddenly, crossed his arms on the table, and buried his face in them, while a deep moan escaped from his lips.

I stood lost in amazement. For the moment I forgot all else at the sight of Stenie's grief.

A few minutes passed, and Stenie rose to his feet—himself again.

"Forgive me, Julian—forgive what I have said," he pleaded, sadly.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"My poor Stenie!"

"Don't do that, old fellow. I'm not a girl that I can't bear a little pain. I shall be all right after a time."

He spoke bravely. Oh, my friend, how brave a heart was yours—how strong, how true, how loyal you ever were!

I went to uncle Bubb. I told him I would accept his kind offer of a seat in his office with a salary of a pound a week. Thus I began to earn my daily bread.

I had learned by degrees, from Stenie, that Phinny Kelly had paid him a visit the day before my return from Risdale. In the course of conversation Stenie had become aware of the fact that it was Susie's cousin Elgitha who was an heiress on her mother's side. Stenie had seen our mistake directly—a mistake that would never have occurred had Kelly not been called away during the first hour of our arrival in Brighton. But it was too late now to mend the matter, especially as news soon after reached us of Phinny's engagement to the real heiress.

Stenie and I had taken a cheap lodging in the city; for it was principally my means which had sustained the expense of the grander ones. Stenie was poor. But we made up our minds to be together still.

A month passed away, and I was getting used to the bitterness of my lot. All that month, as I bent over my desk in that dingy, hot office, or walked through the streets of the city at morning or evening, or sat with Stenie in our shabby parlor after my day's labor was over, I carried in my aching heart the memory of the last mournful glance I had seen in Susie's dark eyes, and the memory filled all my heart and all my life with such anguish that I should have gladly died.

August began. One morning uncle Bubb met as I entered the office and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Good morning, Julian," he said—"glad to see you looking so strong and well."

Well! Was uncle Bubb mad, or did he mean to insult me? Did not my looking-glass daily admonish me that my eyes were more sunken, that my complexion was more hideously sallow?

"Yes," continued uncle Bubb, blithely; "work has made a man of you, and taken all the tomfoolery out of you, my boy. You're a far better specimen of mankind than the young dandy who came to ask for a situation at my office two months ago. But, to proceed to business, I intend after next week to treble your salary. No thanks; you're industrious and persevering—two qualities I admire and respect in a young fellow. Good morning. Warm day, isn't it?"

My uncle was some distance down the street before I could say a word. I was heartily glad of the increase of salary. In the evening I told Stenie; he too was quietly glad for my sake. Stenie's joy, I noticed, was never noisy now.

As we sat together in the twilight I fell into a train of thought. Out of my thoughts I presently spoke.

"It's a bad thing to play with edged tools, isn't it, Stenie?"

"Yes," said Stenie, turning his face to me with a grave smile. "Were you wounded too, old fellow?"

I made no answer. Stenie rose and stood behind my chair, laying a hand on each of my shoulders.

"If it is so," said Stenie, slowly and gravely, "don't be afraid of hurting me by confessing it; for, Julian, of all things you could tell me, that most would make me glad."

Oh, my friend, my noble friend, how brave, how true you were!

"I did not know it then," I answered, slowly, "but, Stenie, to be frank with you, it is so."

"Then," said Stenie, still standing at the back of my chair, "go and tell her so—tell her the truth and ask her to forgive you; let there be no mistakes or misunderstandings to make your lives bitter. And from my heart, Julian, I wish you God-speed."

CHAPTER VI, AND LAST.

How shall I tell of the meeting when I stood once more with Susie among the wheat—not now green and waving, but lying in golden sheaves in the fields? How shall I write the words with which she answered me when I told her the story of my folly and my cowardice, of my bitter pain and deep regret since, of the love stronger than death, and the passionate longing that had filled my heart and my life.

and that only she could satisfy—of the prayer for forgiveness I poured into her ear while the harvest moon shone down upon the quiet fields, upon the yellow sheaves, and upon her pale tearful face? How shall I tell of the glad hour when, beneath the pensive light of that moon, Susie and I entered the paved porch at the threshold of her home—reconciled?

Susie and I were soon married. Stenle went to pay a visit to his brother for a time—it was best to do so. Susie's aunt Crallan sent Susie a cheque for one hundred pounds, and Elgitha sent her a valuable watch. Uncle Bub, when I asked him for a holiday to be married, delicately offered me a ten-pound note, which I was not too proud to accept. So Susie and I set up housekeeping.

Stenle came back in time to spend Christmas with us, bringing the news of Elgitha's marriage to Phinny Kelly.

Six months later uncle Bub died, and by his will, of recent date, he had constituted me—the only son of his only sister—his sole heir.

Stenle is our friend—Susie's and mine. Except that his blue eyes are full of a graver light, and that his voice and smile have lost their old boyish lightness, he is the same brave, noble, true-hearted Stenle as when on that summer afternoon, half in jest, half in earnest, he proposed that I should marry an heiress.

Every summer Susie and I spend a pleasant holiday at the Laurels, which to me is become the fairest spot on earth. Anns and I are the best of friends, and, in spite of their affection for sorrel and uncooked cabbage-stalk, I think Susie's brothers the nicest specimens of boyhood in the world.

I have a charming home, a true friend, riches and all the good things that my heart can desire, but the brightest jewel in my crown of blessings is—my Susie.

Which was the Bravest?

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed, stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance.

The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question just given, in a tone of surprise and regret.

Before there was time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:—

"You are a poor mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for a minute, and then quickly added:—

"You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause?

His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that instantly betrayed himself in his eyes.

The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan.

But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson.

What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry, that, in your resentment of an imaginary wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson, that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to slap the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible.

From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed.

Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault.

But Wilson was not to be driven from the cleft in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward, than lay my hand in violence on him whom I had once called friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relation of antagonism at once changed.

Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came, while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party, whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, sat motionless for several minutes.

How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe.

The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe.

He was no coward in heart.

What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering.

Clearly conscious was he of this.

Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him.

In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment.

They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told.

Wilson made one of a little pleasure party for a neighbouring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream.

There were three or four young men and half a dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former.

These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties, and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others.

Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly.

An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark.

And to deal a blow was his first impulse.

Out he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground.

A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable.

Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment for his unjustifiable insult.

When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly-uttered word, "Coward!" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man.

A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment, rather than to do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward.

This was for him a bitter trial, and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation.

He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for sometime sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended.

Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement.

Recent heavy rains had swollen the stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity.

Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, towards the breast of a milldam some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet.

Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost.

The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that nigh at hand, Logan

and two other young men had loosed it from the shore.

But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should anyone venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard.

Now screaming and wringing their hands and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out—

"Quick, Logan. Take an oar, or all his lost."

But instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear.

Not an instant more was wasted.

At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were to be saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm.

Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle, with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam.

At every stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat.

Both were now within twenty yards of the fall, and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully.

To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessels to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage, was, for Wilson, impossible.

To let his own boat go and manage theirs, he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water.

It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however.

In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep.

As he did so, he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below.

At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam.

He had gained however, but small advantage.

It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly-formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current.

If he were to let the boat go, he could easily save himself.

But not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice.

The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several hundred yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks.

Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang into it and passed over with it.

A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful plunge was made in safety.

The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?"

The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved.

Fair lips asked the question.

One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply.

But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak.

At last, he said—

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan—

"It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate.

And it will usually be found, that the morally brave man is quicker to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill-tops, fold upon fold,
Like blood-stained banners within the sky,
Braided with crimson and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber the spent clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slumb'rous trees
Droop, heavily jewelled with fallen rain;
And a spicily-scented, tremulous breeze
In ripples crosses the bending grain.

The winding river, like silver, gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade,
And the sunlight, falling in slanting beams,
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest's shade.

On distant uplands the lonely pine
Is ringed with purple and bound with fire;
The stones in the churchyard glance and shine,
And the weather-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Shoots out of the cliff, where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the herd appear
Like spots of color within the field.

And the braided banners of cloud are seen
To fiercer burn, as with sudden shame;
While the vale below and the hills between
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.

And a farmer's boy, all aglare with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and the sky seem to shout with
him;
A pearly arch is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the sweltering landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-side a cottage shines—
The window westward flashes and glows;
It nestles amid its sheltering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold,
White doves in the dove-cote bill and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

THE POISONER.

A great many people knew Pietro Farroll and had seen his pictures; everyone in the city had heard of him and his talents.

His patrons were amongst the wealthiest and refined; nearly everybody was enthusiastic over him and his wonderful likenesses; yet no one really loved dark, morose, unhappy Farroll except his wife, Celeste.

Even old Ijo Kugil, who had come from Italy with the artist years before, would have told you that there was something about him that he kept to himself, or tried to, a certain wild undercurrent in his nature that would occasionally, and only at long intervals, burst from its cloak of morbid reserve and startle you with its ungovernable, half-sane force.

Celeste was a gentle little woman with a clear-cut face and large liquid brown eyes that had an odd habit of hiding under their long lashes when one addressed her suddenly or looked at her unexpectedly.

Once she had been a happy, laughing little thing, singing in her sweet childish voice, snatches of Italian love songs from sunrise to sunset; and all of her energies seemed to be bent to serve one purpose—that of making Pietro Farroll a happy husband.

She was changed now. No one could have lived with Pietro Farroll eight years, as she had done, and yet have the heart to go about laughing and singing gay songs.

Although she was subdued, her purpose never changed, and still she was trying to be as good a wife to him as he would let her be.

She loved to sit by Pietro and watch the faces grow little by little under his magical hand; but, when she saw by the little deepening creases across his forehead that he did not want her to bother him any more then, she would retire to the little nook by the window behind the easels and read and read for hours at a time, or talk with old Ijo Kugil about their far-away sunny Italy.

It was so little that it took to make her happy—she gained a great deal herself by trying to be so good to Pietro—that she would have been as joyous as any woman in the city if, with the pride she took in his fame, she could have heard him call her oftener by the pretty pet names he was wont to use in their early life.

But with all his morbid inattention to her, she was far from being miserable, and always contrived to keep a little ray of sunshine from one source or another shining on her narrow life.

So, in company with her books and old Ijo Kugil, and better than all, with Pietro's occasional flashes of good nature—which, unfortunately, were like angels' visits—she got along very well indeed, and was never very unhappy except when Pietro allowed himself to rage about the house and hurl Italian curses at her and Ijo and himself and his pictures, and find fault with everything on earth and under it and above it, as he did sometimes.

So things went on, until at last Pietro Farroll seemed to be arousing out of his moroseness and growing to be quite lively and different from what Celeste had ever seen him, and this pleased her, and she set herself in her quiet way about the task of discovering the cause of this change.

One morning when Julia Redux came in, sweeping the studio floor with her long dress in her stately way, Celeste could not help but see that she had something to do with it; for Pietro's dark face lighted up, every wrinkle was smoothed out of it, and his black eyes looked brighter and brighter than she had seen them for a long time.

This woman was tall and pale and beautiful.

This Celeste saw at the first glance, and she saw as readily that there was something she did not like—something repellent about the very beauty that attracted her gaze.

As Julia Redux's cold grey eyes stared unwaveringly into her face, Celeste dropped her gaze to the floor.

There was something in that calm, chilling glance that told her they two could never be friends; and gentle and unsuspecting as she was, she felt that whatever was the strange influence of this woman over her husband, it could not, from the very nature of things, be a good influence.

Celeste had often heard Pietro speak of Julia Redux in term of commendation, and knew that, like many others whom she had never seen, she had frequently visited his studio.

With one hasty glance at Celeste, Julia Redux swept past her and laid her white hand for a moment in that of the artist.

Womanlike, Celeste felt instinctively that with that glance she was contrasting her diminutive, childish appearance with her own stately, haughty beauty.

"Good morning, Mr. Farroll," she said, looking him straight in the eyes with a gaze that riveted his own.

Celeste could not but note the sudden fire that shone from his dark eyes as he warmly returned her salutation.

"Come here, Celeste," he said, after a moment or two, during which the visitor had talked rapidly about the weather, his pictures and a dozen other things. "This is my wife, Miss Redux."

Celeste bowed and reached forth her hand, which Miss Redux just took in her cold fingers, saying with another repellent, depreciatory glance darting serpent-like out of her steely eyes—

"So this is Mrs. Farroll? I am very glad to see her."

These words were accompanied by an unpleasant smile, which seemed to be formed to her thin, straight-cut mouth by a vigorous exertion of the woman's strong will; and something told Celeste that she lied.

Recalling her old sweet smile with an effort, Celeste said—

"I am always glad to see any of Pietro's friends."

She felt relieved when the woman dropped her hand and turned her eyes on her husband.

And when they began to grow interested in the discussion of the picture on the easel, half-displeased even with her fulsome praises, of Pietro's work, Celeste, glad to get away, retired to her old place by the window behind the easels.

For a time she sat there, trying to read, the sound of the woman's metallic voice, as she conversed in an undertone with her husband outside, jarring on her nerves, and each letter on the printed page changing, under her steady gaze, to a cold, steely-grey eye, like that of Julia Redux.

Tiring of this, she arose, and with a nod to the two, who scarcely heeded her as she passed through the studio, she went out to talk with old Ijo Kugil about the land which she was never to see again—her native Italy.

Poor Celeste!

A month slipped by, and Julia Redux came every day to the studio of Pietro Farroll.

He said he was copying for her the portrait of a very dear friend who had long been dead.

But Celeste did not see her, not having been in the studio very lately.

She was unwell, and was daily growing worse.

Her face grew paler and more *spirituelle*; her bright brown eyes appeared larger and more lustrous; her slight form was wasting away all the time.

Each successive day found her weaker and weaker, and she sat bolstered in a large chair, reading when she was able, chatting with old Ijo sometimes; and half-shivering, once or twice, when Julia Redux's metallic laugh was borne to her from the studio.

One day the artist and Julia Redux were together in Pietro Farroll's studio; he painting, she sitting close by and talking to him in low, eager tones.

He listened attentively, and answered as occasion required.

"How is your wife?" she inquired, in a half-suppressed whisper.

"Not so well."

"Still growing weaker, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long—"

Julia Redux paused, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Perhaps a week," he answered with a quick turn of the head that averted his face; "and maybe not so long."

Ijo Kugil came in just then to dust the furni-

ture and attend to the fire. He stayed only a few moments.

"Is Pietro at work?" asked Celeste, as he returned to the little sitting-room. "Is Miss Redux with him?"

She could not keep a sharp white line from encircling her mouth, or Ijo Kugil from seeing that it gave her pain to speak of Miss Redux.

"Miss Redux is there," answered Ijo. "He is copying a portrait of her. I think it is nearly done, for I heard him say something about a week or sooner."

"I hope it is," said Celeste. Then she thought: "I'll be glad when Julia Redux will have no more business here. I don't like her. Her very voice repels me, and her queer eyes seem to bore themselves into my heart every time she looks at me. I wonder if Pietro will come in and talk to me a little while after she goes?"

Then she lay back in her chair, her head resting on the pillow, and closing her eyes, seemed to Ijo to sleep.

An hour passed, and the old servant, busying himself with a book of engravings, wished that the two in the studio would talk lower so as not to disturb her.

After awhile Pietro Farroll called him to attend his visitor to the door.

As he passed the easy-chair before the fire, something in the calm while face of its motionless occupant attracted his attention.

It was the seal of death.

If a moment he had alarmed the two in the studio with a quick, sharp cry, and Pietro Farroll and Julia Redux came hurriedly into the room.

"See there!" said Ijo.

The next instant the faces of both were whiter and more ghastly than that of the dead woman.

Farroll staggered across the room like a man drunk with wine.

But Julia Redux, aside from her paleness, was the same calm being as ever, and unmoved, she hurried down the stairs and out into the street.

The winter passed away, and when spring came, a new mistress came with it to the house of Pietro Farroll, the portrait painter.

And old Ijo Kugil felt himself shrink and shiver as he recognised Julia Redux.

She was with Farroll nearly all of the time while he worked, and Ijo noticed with a jealous pang that he never seemed to tire of her, as he had done of Celeste.

By and bye he began to paint his new wife, and Ijo thought, as he saw the outlines of her thin, well-shaped face on the canvas, that it would freeze everything in the room by the time it was finished.

He watched his master as he sketched the outlines of feature after feature, and then began to lay out the elaborate work on her drapery, and saw that the brushes were not used with his old steadiness of hand; his face was pallid, and his restless eyes, instead of being fixed on the canvas as of old, were unsteady, turning hither and thither quickly at every sudden sound.

"Pietro," said she, whom Ijo Kugil could bring himself to think of only as Julia Redux, "you are working too hard. I am going to make a request—the first since our marriage. You must promise not to paint any more for a fortnight. You need rest. You are nervous—very nervous, Pietro."

"I will do as you say," answered Farroll. "For two weeks I will not enter my studio. After that I shall work day and night until I finish your picture."

It had always been the custom of Ijo Kugil to sleep in his master's studio.

This he had done at the request of Pietro Farroll, who would not have his pictures remain unwatched a single hour knowing, as he did, that the accident of a moment might easily undo the work of months, so, on a little couch at one side of the studio, half hidden from the centre of the room by the many paintings standing here and there about the place, the old servant had slept every night for years; and he had been instructed times without number to be on the alert and discover, if possible, the source of any strange phenomena that might awaken him.

The days came and went; and still Pietro Farroll had found no rest for body or mind.

His face was paler and more haggard than ever; his brilliant, scintillant black eyes deeper sunken under his heavy, overhanging brows; his step more tottering and uncertain; and despite his two weeks' inactivity, he appeared like a man worn nearly to exhaustion by hard work.

His wife wondered at this, when she reflected that, true to his promise, she had not known him to go in his studio, and that he had passed most of his time in quiet, retiring quite early every night.

And she marvelled yet more to see the strange half-frightened look with which old Ijo Kugil followed his every motion, as he walked about the house nervously at times, or sat for hours staring out of the windows or reading.

At last the morning came when Pietro Farroll's two weeks' rest was at an end, and he was again to resume his work—the work of painting the cold, bloodless, and repellent face of his new wife.

But he was not rested.

"Come with me, Julia, and see how eagerly I take up my task," he said with enthusiasm. "I'm going to paint a face on my canvas that shall be the wonder of the world; so beautiful—so faultless—so perfect!"

With a strange, startled look on his face, old Ijo Kugil crept along stealthily behind them, and, unperceived by either, passed into the studio.

He saw the faces of Pietro Farroll and his bad wife blanch to an awful pallor—such a whiteness as he had never seen on the face of the living.

Even she was moved now.

Her almost matchless self-possession was gone, and half-shrieking, she tottered and sank down in a corner.

And Ijo Kugil knew the cause of this; knew why Pietro Farroll's rest had still more exhausted his vitality.

He had seen it growing steadily, night after night, under the sunnambulist's brush.

On the easel he had seen the sharp, hard outlines of Julia Redux's steely face, rounded and subdued; had seen the picture as, with staring eyes—eyes that he knew to be sealed in sleep—aid a hand made quick and steady by his intense nervous excitement, the artist had changed it to the face of Celeste Farroll.

And now it was there before them, its lustrous brown eyes staring into those of Pietro Farroll like the eyes of an accusing angel.

"I poisoned her!" shrieked the now insane artist, "that I might marry Julia Redux—I poisoned my wife Celeste!"

Turning, the maniac threw open a window, and, with a wild yell, hurled himself to death on the pavement below.

Julia Redux fled, and was never heard of more; fled with the brand of Cain on her brow, for she had been the accomplice of Farroll.

HER OWN LIVING.

Tall and slight, with blue, wistful eyes, lips ripe and red as a wood-berry, and a complexion all carmine and white, like a damask rose in the sunshine, Erminia Hall's was a face that an artist would have fallen down and worshipped. But it is ever as philosophers tell us; there is compensation in all things.

The pock-marked girl, who sat across the aisle from her in church, was a millionaire's daughter, and this young thing with the angel-face was on the out-look for an eligible situation as governess.

For Erminia Hall was penniless, and it was necessary for her to earn her livelihood in some way or other, and the trade of a governess was at least "genteel."

"Keep a day school," suggested old Mr. Prince, who had been wont to dine every Sunday with Mr. Hall during that eminent bankrupt's lifetime, and to consume a quantity of lobster-salad, dry champagne, and boned turkey, which was simply appalling, upon those festive occasions.

"Nobody would come to me," said poor Erminia, with tears in her eyes.

She had supposed, inexperienced child that she was, that Mr. Prince would have been ready with a twenty or fifty pound note, at least, in this her necessity.

"Needlework," suggested Mr. Clay, who had mysteriously made money out of the very speculations that beggared the dead man.

"I never learned to sew," faltered Erminia.

"I could not earn a penny in that way."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Clay. "The education of a woman in the present day is outrageously defective. It should be reformed."

"Do you suppose," meekly hazarded Erminia, "that I could obtain any copying from your office? Mademoiselle Lefevre used to say I wrote an elegant hand. Here is a specimen."

"Pshaw! your writing may do for a perfumed note or a young lady's album, but no lawyer would look twice at it. But I daresay you'll scratch along somehow."

"How?" murmured Erminia, resolutely repressing the tears that were rising to her eyes.

"How? Why, there are ways enough. Nobody need starve in this country. I daresay if you keep on the look-out, something will turn up."

And that was all the satisfaction Erminia Hall got.

She went next to her rich cousin, Mrs. Bellairs Belton.

"I am sorry you came this morning, Erminia," said that lady, coldly; "I am busy with my accounts."

"I won't detain you an instant," said Erminia, with a sinking heart; "I—I need something to do very much."

Mrs. Bellairs Belton shut her lips together, as if her mouth were a new patent portemonnaie, and pencilled down her figures without looking up.

"And I thought," went on Erminia, her heart falling her more and more, "I could perhaps teach your little children; I would work for very little, and—"

"Quite out of the question," said Mrs. Bellairs Belton; "I have just engaged a Swiss *bonne* who will give them the regular accent."

And Erminia turned away, feeling almost desperate.

"Oh, how strange and cruel the world is," thought Erminia, with a choking sensation in her throat.

prosperity; now he would be simply intolerable."

And so poor Erminia Hall crept into a cheap restaurant to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger.

She had a lodging and boarded herself, in order to screw the greatest possible amount of livelihood out of the least possible amount of ready cash, and she had eaten but little all day.

It was early yet—there were few customers at the neat little white-draped tables—and the proprietor was leaning against the counter talking to a woman who seemed to be some relative.

"They've struck, every one of 'em," he said.

"And now, if I shut up shop, I won't have one of 'em back again. I'll employ women, hanged if I don't!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said his interlocutor.

"I'll advertise to-morrow for girls to wait here."

Erminia rose and went timidly towards the red-faced, good-humored looking man.

"Sir," said she, "you spoke of employing girls as waiters, I need work. Will you employ me?"

The restaurant-keeper looked bewildered.

"You are a lady, miss!" stammered he.

"I know that," said Erminia, as if she were making some damaging admission; "but ladies must live. And I am very poor."

So the next day she came in a frilled white apron and a French print dress and began her new duties.

"At least," she told herself, "I am earning my own livelihood. And when I am busy, I don't have time to think."

Mr. Bellairs Belton came in one day for a glass of ale and a plate of oysters.

"Bless my soul!" gasped he, as Erminia Hall, quick and neat, looking as if she had been born and bred to the trade, served him, "this is never you?"

"Why not?" said Erminia, laughing, in spite of herself.

"My wife's cousin in a cheap restaurant!" he exclaimed. "Good Heaven! what is the world coming to?"

"It's not so disagreeable a business as you might think it," said Erminia; "and I must live."

"Disgraceful—perfectly disgraceful!" said Mr. Bellairs Belton, as he bolted out, leaving his oysters untasted.

Mr. Prince came in for a sardine and a cup of coffee, and he started and grew red when he saw Erminia.

But he looked straight into his cup of coffee and pretended not to know her.

And Mr. Clay stared at her as if she were some rare curiosity on exhibition when he gave his order one day for a bowl of mock-turtle soup.

"So it's you, is it?" said he.

"Yes, sir, it is I," said Erminia.

"I should think you might have gone into some more creditable business," said he.

"Any business is creditable which honestly supports a girl," retorted Erminia. "And if you can suggest any improvement, I am quite ready to listen."

Mr. Clay muttered something about "distorted ideas," and burned his tongue with his hot soup; while the young banker's clerk, who came to lunch every day, and sat opposite, laughed in his sleeve.

"That's the prettiest girl I ever saw," thought Rudolph's Penfield. "If I could afford to marry, and she were willing—two rather essential 'ifs,' by the way—I would make her my wife."

"I don't think I am positively disagreeable to her, for gentle and modest as she is, I can see the color rise to her cheek when I come in, and I believe she would be a jewel of great price to shine on the breast of the lucky man who wins her."

Three weeks after, young Penfield had waxed more positive on the subject.

"I must have her," said he. "Little as the half of my salary is, it must be more than she earns here; and if my uncle looks favorably on the matter of my marriage, he'll be pretty certain to do something handsome for me. I'll bring him here to see her; that will melt him."

And the next day Rudolph Penfield ordered cold roast lamb for two—himself and a portly old gentleman with grizzled hair and beard, and keen blue eyes like a January sky.

"Hullo!" said the old gentleman; "it's Hall's daughter."

"It's Major Miles!" thought Erminia.

"Come here, my dear," said the Major. "You're a girl of courage; I like you—so does my nephew here. A girl who isn't afraid to work is the girl for my money."

And when, a few months later, Rudolph Penfield and Erminia Hall were married, the Major took them home to his house.

"Rudolph must keep on working just the same," said the Major. "I can't afford to support him in idleness. But I want Erminia in the house with me. She is pretty, and I like to look at her; she's smart, and I like to talk to her."

The Bellairs Beltons left their cards when they heard that the young couple had been adopted by the wealthy Major Miles.

But Erminia never returned the call.

"I have worked out the problem of my destiny without any help from them," she said quietly.

And so she had.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Can there be harmless little lies,
Lies innocent and white?
The verdict of the just and wise
Is only right is right.
In speech and song,
In choir and pew,
The false is wrong,
The right is true.

The lady in her cosy home,
Sending her servant down
To say to callers, "Not at home,
But somewhere out of town,"
Has something said
Which I won't name;
It should have made
Her blush with shame.

The orator who plays with words
With which he would deceive
As tricksters do with knotted cords
Plaited about the sleeve,
Defly inweaves,
In varied dyes,
Speech that deceives,
Which truth denies.

The merchant who for silk would call
The cotton woven in,
Something that is not truth will tell,
And think it little sin,
His heart is small,
And little feels
A cotton ball
His tongue unreels.

The politician wants your vote,
He promises enough;
But he may choose to turn his coat,
And show his cloven hoof.
What of his word,
Now, this, now that,
Half mouse, half bird,
A flitting bat.

The sultor who a maiden wins
With speech of false pretence,
Commits one of the gravest sins,
And mocks at Providence.
The truth that's told,
With no lies in't,
Rings like pure gold
Fresh from the Mint.

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S YARN.

"Now, Ida, my dear girl, take my advice," said Aunt Charlotte to her giddy young niece, "and don't imperil your own future happiness, nor be guilty of injustice by slighting the man to whom you have given your troth, or by foolishly teasing him in order to test his affection. There is a story in my own memory that I have never told you; and I could not now bring myself to do so only that I see you don't like me to lecture you, and I wish you to learn wisdom by an easier method than that of bitter experience.

"When I was a young girl we lived, as you know, in Canada, in one of the small lake-shore towns between Toronto and Kingston. Your grandfather was a man of note in the town, and I was a good deal sought after. I was giddy, too, and selfish, though I did not then consider myself so. I had many admirers and suitors, among whom the only one I liked best was Harry Vane. From my very infancy Harry had been my gallant, and though I sometimes pretended to be, and sometimes really was, jealous of him or otherwise offended, and he the same with regard to me, we always made up again and were better friends than ever. There was not really any engagement between us, though Harry had asked me to form one; but my parents objected to long engagements, and we were not ready to marry. Matters stood thus when, early one spring, we had an addition to our list of beaux in the form of a dashing young fellow, an Englishman, sent out by a wealthy firm of the mother country for the purpose of establishing an agency in their line of business. His headquarters had been in Montreal, but he now announced his intention of making our town his home during the summer.

"He had a good deal of leisure, and spent no inconsiderable part of it at our house, or in promenading the streets with me. I could scarcely set my feet on the sidewalks without encountering him. His name was Bowns, and he claimed to be of aristocratic parentage. He was handsome and affable, though rather supercilious, withal very distinguished in appearance; so no wonder the girls of our set wished to attract his attention, and were envious of me. Of course I was proud of my conquest, and perhaps carried myself a little haughtily in consequence. For some time Harry pouted, then openly remonstrated, even pleaded; but as I angrily asserted my independence, he finally desisted from all apparent notice of the matter; and whenever we met he treated me with indifferent courtesy, and altogether showed a manly self-command which I did not fail to note and admire. Still I must confess that at that time I gave very little thought to Harry or to any of my old admirers; it seems wonderful to me how completely I was fascinated by the prepossessing stranger.

"To be sure he flattered my vanity not a little, and my empty head was turned by his

lavish, adulatory style of compliments. He raved about my eyes of heavenly blue, the golden glory of my mermaid locks, my swan-like neck, and an endless flow of pathos that ought to have disgusted me, but did not; and so I listened and he ranted. About the middle of August we made up among our set a picnic party to drive out to Rice Lake Plains and spend the day boating on the lake, gathering huckleberries, wild flowers, &c., and generally amusing ourselves.

"You must know that there is an irregular chain of small lakes extending traversely from the Bay of Quinte, near the eastern end of Lake Ontario, to the eastern end of Superior. Rice Lake is the first of the chain counting from Ontario, and it lies at a distance of from two to four hours' drive from several small towns on the frontier. We had an early breakfast, and set off at eight o'clock, so that we need not be on the road during the heat of the day. There were several carriages; the one in which I rode was a handsome barouche hired from a livery stable for the occasion, and by my side sat the all-conquering Mr. Bowns.

"For some unexplained reason Harry Vane did not go in any of the carriages, but was mounted on horseback, and he rode gayly by the side of first one vehicle, then another. When we had gone a little distance out of town the country air, sights and sounds were so exhilarating that we in our carriage began to sing. Harry hearing us, rode up and joined in the song, he being particularly fond of singing. Shortly we struck off into an old ditty which he and I had sung together countless times when we stood each first in the esteem of the other, and no gay stranger had come between us. For a stanza or two Harry sang bravely, but when we came to the refrain suddenly his horse bolted and he rode off, catching at his hat with one hand, and seeming to draw rein with the other. The remainder of the party thought his horse had shied and run away with him, but I saw through the whole manoeuvre, and a sudden pang shot through my selfish heart.

"On reaching the lake at the point agreed upon, we separated into little companies, and wandered about at will, but keeping within the vicinity of our camp until the horn sounded for dinner. We were all, as is usual at picnics, in hungry mood, and we did not dine merrily.

"After dinner we lolled about on the grass for a while, then formed plans for the afternoon's campaign. There were near by several canoes or row-boats that were kept for hire, and a fair proportion of our band decided in favor of an excursion on the lake, some parties going in one direction, some in another. The boats would accommodate only four persons each, the rowers and two others. Three boat-loads, twelve individuals in all, determined to pay a visit to the tower on the opposite shore of the lake, and about three miles farther up. As we divided ourselves into parties of four, I felt an irrepresible desire to have Harry Vane, who had declared for the tower, in our boat, so I called out:

"Harry, are you coming with us?" meaning by us, Bowns and myself.

"I shall never forget the look of mingled pain and pleasure with which he replied: 'No, Charlotte; George Law is quartered in your boat.'

"It was half-past three o'clock when we landed near the tower and drew the boats up on the beach. This tower was an octagon building three or four stories in height, consisting of only one room to each story, with a narrow spiral staircase leading from base to summit. At the top was an observatory not much larger than a good sized bird-cage, which had once been furnished with a small telescope mounted on a swivel, but was now reduced to a very commonplace spy-glass. The basement was a deep, dungeon-like hole, with a grated door through which one entered a subterranean passage leading out to the shore of the lake. This tower, with its lean-to kitchen or, rather, cook-house, was built on a hill at the distance of about two hundred yards from the water's edge, and it was the product of a Quixotic Englishman, an old bachelor's fancy. The whimsical man did not carry out his original intention of making a complete miniature castle of the feudal times, but suddenly abandoned the enterprise and went as he came, nobody knew whither. This odd little tower had been surrounded on all sides, save the deep bank next the water, by a diminutive moat, which was now a dry ditch filled with weeds and wild flowers; there, too, was the wreck of a toy-like drawbridge, and within the enclosure were several quaint-looking garden-chairs out into the stumps of trees. There was a family residing in the house, at least they made it an occasional residence during the summer, but that day they were absent, and the garrulous old servant in charge showed us over the premises.

We stole down by the light of a lantern through the underground passage to the opening on the lake; we climbed the steep stairs and peeped through the old spy-glass; sat in the grotesque chairs and gathered bouquets from the quondam moat. All these vagaries consumed so much time that, before we were aware, the sun was going down the westward slope in a way that when we noticed it, sent us to our boats with speed. We were soon gliding over the water in jovial spirits and at a fair rate of motion toward the camping place of the shore next home. The three boats kept near together, and as we went we sang Tom Moore's Canadian boat song. Just as our voices were ringing out

"Row, brothers row, for the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight is passed

a sudden breeze almost took the light umbrella with which I was screening myself and companion from sun and wind (we had left our bonnets at the camp) out of my hand. The breeze subsided for a moment, then came again more vigorously than before, and held on steadily. Generally or frequently a stiff breeze rises on those lakes about or soon after sunset, but now the sun was certainly half an hour high. Sudden squalls, especially when thunder clouds are hovering near, accompanied by dangerous disturbance of the water, are unpleasantly often the concomitants of boating on those shallow lakes.

"Looking around the horizon we discovered the cause of the suddenly rising wind. A heavy pile of black clouds coming up behind us in the northwest were spreading themselves along the northern horizon and extending upward almost to the zenith; and at the same time we began to hear the thunder mutter and see the lightning play, though not very near. The weather-wise ones of our party said the shower was spending itself north of us, but we might get a sprinkle on its skirts, and the wind was sure to be troublesome.

"Meanwhile we had crossed the lake and were making our way down to the landing adjoining, which was our camp, keeping close in shore to avoid the commotion of the water.

"There is a peculiarity in that lake. The wild rice, from which it takes its name, grows over almost the entire bottom of the basin, and when at its tallest the grain lies floating on the surface of the water, and the Indians, when it is ripe, paddle round and gather it into their canoes. This however, makes navigation to ordinary rowers rather difficult; and where the basin is particularly shallow or when the waters are agitated by storms the passage is perilous.

"I soon perceived that Bowns and George Law were by no means masters of the situation; and oh, how I longed for the tried and trusty arm of Harry Vane to steer our glidy little skiff. Just then Harry, who was ahead, cried out to us to make for an islet, a little way out in the lake, on one side of which there was not much rice, and which had been used by the Indians as a landing place, as it sloped gradually into the water; he said we had better land there and wait for the squall to pass over.

"The rowers turned the boat toward the islet and pushed out vigorously, I, meantime, holding the umbrella low like a tent or awning over my own and Nellie Morton's heads, for now it was raining. Again Harry called to us to shut down the umbrella, lest it should catch the wind and upset our skiff, and the next moment Bowns, who had not said one word to us girls since the wind sprung up, snapped out, 'Yes, certainly, down with that umbrella!'

"What with a sense of danger, and what with sudden consternation at being spoken to in such a tone and manner, I had no self-command, and in shutting the umbrella I somehow lost my balance, and the next instant I was sinking in the blinding waters.

"I must have risen very quickly, for the boat was there and I laid my hand on its side, but quick as a flash Bowns' hand came down on mine, and though he afterwards said that he tried to lay hold of me to assist me, I know that he dislodged my hand. True, I should have upset the boat, and just as true he flung me off to perish. As I sank again, even through the gurgling in my ears, I heard the voice of Harry Vane, 'Courage, Charlotte, I'm coming.'

"Again I rose and again sank. Then I ceased to struggle and the pain of suffocation was gone. I knew that I was dying, and like electricity all my past life flashed before me. I had no terror of death but I longed to ask Harry's pardon. Bowns I seem to have forgotten. The tall rice was all about me, and I knew no more till a deadly sickness and great pain woke me to consciousness. Was it the gurgling water or human speech that rumbled in my ears? I did not know, I did not care; I only wished not to be disturbed—not to suffer.

"Slowly my comprehension returned, and I found myself on a bed in the log-cabin of the man who kept the boats on hire, and it was night, for candles were burning. Some of my companions of the picnic were there, but I was too ill and weary to ask questions.

"When next I opened my eyes it was daylight, and my father and mother were bending over me.

"Suddenly I remembered something of the drowning, and cried out, 'Where is Harry? He said he was coming.'

"They hushed and soothed me, and I suppose administered a narcotic, for I have only a faint recollection of lying on a bed in a covered conveyance, and of being annoyed by the jolting.

"The next time I awoke my mind was clear, I recollected all, and begged to be told how I was saved. My friends evaded this question, and my suspicions being aroused I demanded to see Harry Vane. Finding they could no longer put me off, they told me that Harry rescued me and swam with me towards the islet, where one of the boats had just landed. Another gentleman waded out breast high to meet him, and drew me to the shore, supposing Harry was following. But Harry did not follow, and in the excitement about me he was missed until too late. Whether he was exhausted or whether he took a cramp no one could tell. This only I know and never shall forget: Harry Vane was drowned in saving my life. This also I know: I shall live and die Charlotte Kemp. As for Bowns, I hated then, I hate still, the sound of his name. He left our town almost immediately after the occurrence; and I never saw his face after the day of the picnic."

CURED BY REMORSE.

A dead calm was on the sea. In the west the apparent boundary line of the ocean, drawn sharply across the sinking sun's lurid disc, seemed to cut it in twain. In the red, misty light lay the ship "Frolic," not two leagues from the Navigator Islands, which she must pass on her way from Honolulu, her last port, to Japan.

Now her canvas hung motionless from the yards, the huge mainsail and foresail half-clew-ed up, the topsails and top-gallant sails flat against the masts, and the jib hauled down, lying across the boom.

Leaning over the rails, seated on the windlass, or reclining on the deck forward, the sun-browned, swarthy men of the watch seemed, by their listless attitude, to feel the drowsy influence of the hour.

Even the captain's daughter, Mabel—a lively young brunette of seventeen, who, when on deck, was usually seen laughing and chatting with her father, in a voice whose rich melody would send a thrill through the hearts of the rough sailors, now bending far over the quarter-bulwarks, apparently watched her pretty image reflected in the still water below.

Her attitude displayed her small feet encased in neat little boots with blue buttons, and afforded a slight glimpse of the pretty ankles in the closely-fitting white stockings.

It also showed the lithe grace of the well-moulded form and the marble whiteness of the neck, contrasting with the black hair, done up in braids behind.

Mabel was in fact a lovely girl, with regular yet expressive features and dark eyes, the latter shining mischievously when she was amused, and beaming with angelic softness on other occasions.

Soon to her side, to lean over the rail and converse with her, in a low voice, came Lieutenant Herbert Martin.

A fine-looking young naval officer, who had taken passage from the Sandwich Islands aboard the merchantman for Japan, where lay his frigate, from which he had been granted leave of absence before his vessel left Honolulu, some months before.

On the other side of the deck, watching the two with secret rage, stood Simon Glayton, the mate of the "Frolic."

A tall, dark man, who had long vainly striven to win the affections of Mabel, and who hated his more fortunate rival, the lieutenant, who, as he had learned from the captain, was now the accepted lover of Mabel.

"What is that?" suddenly inquired the young girl, who, for some moments, had been gazing off the quarterdeck towards the setting sun.

"I see it—a dark speck on the water," answered Herbert. "If the captain would lend me his glass—"

"Of course," interrupted Mabel, and running merrily to the companion-way, she brought him the glass.

"A canoe turned bottom upwards," said the lieutenant, after a moment's survey; "it is drifting this way, I think."

Night closed round the ship.

The two lovers still stood conversing by the rail.

At last Mabel went below, but Herbert remained on deck, walking to and fro with the light, elastic tread of health and happiness.

The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were out, and a dim light rested on the ocean, no longer calm, its surface being ruffled by a light breeze, which sent the ship slowly rippling along on her course.

Just the upper edge of the moon's disc was lifted above the sea, when Herbert, unobserved by any person, except the mate, climbed over the rail, into the main chains, where he stood, leaning far over, to see if, through the partial gloom, he might obtain a view of the overturned canoe, which he thought he had caught a glimpse of a moment before.

"It is still too dark," he muttered. "I don't see it now, although I was quite sure I did a moment since."

Unfortunately some slush had been spilled on the woodwork of the chains that day, while a sailor was repairing the shrouds.

This caused the lieutenant's feet to suddenly slip from under him, when down he went into the sea.

As the ship forged on, the mate—the only man who had witnessed the accident—caught glimpse of Herbert's upturned face, and heard him call for a rope.

Simon might easily have thrown him the end of the main brace, which was near him, had he wished to do so, but an evil spirit seemed to prevent him.

He obeyed the dark promptings of hate and jealousy, and refrained from using any effort to save his rival.

The next moment, however, he regretted his cruelty, and felt an impulse to shout—

"Man overboard!"

But it was only for an instant.

The spirit of evil resumed its sway, and the words died away in a murmur on the man's white lips.

With burning forehead and pallid face he paced the deck.

And soon remorse began to make itself felt.

"Good God! what have I done?" was his mental exclamation, as he leaned against the rail. "A murderer! a murderer!—or, at least, as bad as one!"

Jealousy no longer worried him. He felt that, could he but see the lieutenant alive and well before him, he would not care how soon he married Mabel.

For what was the torment of disappointed love he had previously felt to the anguish he now experienced?

Herbert was lost—probably lost for ever, and Simon felt that it was his fault—that he might have saved him had he so wished.

It was a terrible thought, and the mate thought he would never muster courage to breathe it to a living soul—that he must for ever keep the dark secret locked in his breast.

Walking forward to make sure that he was the only person who had seen the accident, he was soon reassured on this point.

The look-out had not yet been posted, and there was not a man on deck here, the whole watch having stolen into the fore-castle to play cards.

As to the man of the helm aft, he was an old sailor, who, besides being near-sighted, was so deaf that it was necessary to yell an order into his ears for him to hear it.

The lieutenant was not missed until next day.

The vessel was searched for and aft, but of course he could not be discovered, and it added to Simon's torture to behold the grief of the captain's daughter.

Pale as death she tottered into the cabin.

Her wild sobs smote on the heart of the mate.

That Herbert had fallen overboard unobserved during the night, was the natural verdict of the crew.

The mast-heads were manned, and keen eyes scanned the vast expanse of ocean.

But nothing was visible except a sail far away, off the weather-quarter.

"Lost!" cried the captain. "We shall never see him again."

And as the fearful words struck on Mabel's ear, down in the cabin, she shrieked, and fell senseless into her father's arms.

For weeks afterwards she lay on her couch, in a burning fever.

Though by the time the "Frolic" reached Japan, she had recovered from it, yet the crew could hardly realize that this pale, wasted girl was the once lively, blooming young Mabel.

As to the mate, a prey to but one feeling—remorse—he left the ship, and wandered recklessly into the interior of Japan, not caring what became of him.

Hunger, however, compelled him, in a week, to retrace his way towards the sea-coast.

He was already in sight of his vessel and also of the frigate, anchored not far from the other, when he was attacked by three Malay thieves, who, with drawn knives, sprang towards him, probably to rob him of the clothes he wore.

Seizing the arm of the foremost one, he knocked him down.

Then, being unable to cope with the others, he took to his heels.

He had nearly gained the coast when his foot slipped, and falling, he would have been cut to pieces by the Malays but for a young naval officer, who, emerging from behind a rock, near the sea shore, boldly advanced, pointing a revolver at the rascals.

They ran off, when, turning to thank his deliverer, Simon, to his astonishment, recognized Herbert Martin.

"Mr. Clayton, mate of the 'Frolic,'" said Herbert, "I am glad we meet, as I have some questions to ask you."

"First, however, let me explain that I saved myself on that night I fell off your ship, by means of an overturned canoe, which I had previously seen, and which, fortunately, as I had thought, had drifted near."

"I was picked up the same night by a brig, bound to Japan, and I reached port nearly a week ago."

"Now, then, I would ask you why you did not have a boat lowered for me after I fell overboard, or why you did not throw me a rope?"

"Because I was a villain," answered Simon, "and hated and felt jealous of the man who has just saved my life."

Frankly, in a few words, he explained all.

"But what I did," he went on, "cured my love—my jealousy for ever. I had no room after that for any feeling but remorse."

When he had concluded, the lieutenant held out his hand.

"You did wrong—did what I could not have done under the same circumstances—but I forgive you."

"And my seeing you alive and well," said the mate, "has made a happy man of me again."

"What will you say, and how feel, when I tell you that Mabel and I will soon be married?" added Herbert.

"I am glad of it," answered Simon, in a voice which betokened his sincerity.

The lieutenant, whose boat with its crew was near to the beach, now took the mate to his ship.

A few weeks after he was present at the wedding of happy Mabel with the lieutenant.

And not a man present was now happier than he, for, as he had said, his love and jealousy had both been cured by remorse.

UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but—"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearance; for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them beforehand."

"There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him."

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend: and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall-door was quietly opened, and was as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investigating the whole figure, from the neatly-trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said—

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were Kennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Barton; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by-and-by return, looking up as she approaches at the bed-room window, and, if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul! I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear; it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Kennedy. "But does any one visit them—have they any friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people too, in carriages; and there is he—the wretch!—often with his half-sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences."

"No—even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her—her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her! And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon;

and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent Street, all the "sacrifices" that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford Street, bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost," made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant, exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Morton Road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

"I find," she said, in the course of conversation with that lady and her guest, "you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Morton."

"Mrs. Morton!" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. "Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about—"

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in London."

"Oh, it cannot be the same!" said Mrs. Barton. "I mean our opposite neighbor, in Hawthorn Villa. I thought it couldn't be—"

"Hawthorn Villa. The very house! You surely cannot have seen her or her husband, who—"

"Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Barton. "I wouldn't know such a man."

"He," in her turn interrupted her friend, Mrs. Law—"he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only ostensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who—"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Law. "Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault! And the lady warmed as she spoke till she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune," murmured Mrs. Barton; "how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?"

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. "Why, he's the editor of a morning newspaper!"

A MOST HORRIBLE SECRET.

"Don't come near me, Adolphus!" wailed a voice from beneath a coverlet on the sofa. "Oh, oh, my head aches so at the least noise! Go away, please."

"Go away!" he echoed, in amazement. "Is it my own darling Adeline that bids me leave her? Impossible! What! leave my wife while she is ill? Am I so heartless as that? Never—the gods forbid! I will send for a doctor—for two of them! Cruel death shall not rob me of my darling!"

"Adolphus, Adolphus," whimpered the treble voice again, "do be calm! I am in no danger. It is only an attack of the nervous headache, and I wish to be quiet a few hours. Please go away and leave me."

"Impossible!" came the response. "You might die—I should be insane with anxiety. I will sit right down here quietly and protect your slumbers."

A tremendous sigh from beneath the coverlet was all the response the faithful husband received, and that alarmed him still more.

"Adolphus, would you do something for me?" the invalid questioned, a moment later.

"Anything, my dove! Ask the half of my kingdom!"

"I have heard that down at 'Cologne & Soda Waters' they keep a medicine that is a sure cure for the headache. Would you go after it yourself? If you send anyone else I shall be afraid to take it, for fear they have made some mistake."

"I will go as if on the wings of the wind," he returned. "Oh, Adeline, don't exert yourself while I am gone! Be calm—sleep if you can, and recover to bless me with your smile once more!"

The moment the anxious husband disappeared, the sick wife sprang from her couch and called the attentive chambermaid, who had attended her the night before. She whispered into her ear her secret grief, and the girl smiled and nodded, and then rushed out.

"I will not be gone five minutes," she said; "it's just round the corner."

The wife gave a sigh of relief, and took out her tiny watch—Adolphus' present—and counted the seconds as they passed by.

Only yesterday she was made a happy bride, and left the paternal mansion with blessings heaped upon her head. Adolphus, the man of

her choice, was every way worthy of her, and they had started on their bridal tour in serene happiness. But now what a change had come over the spirit of her dreams! She was the most miserable of women—the most heartbroken of her sex.

A few moments later she heard footsteps, and retreated to her lair in deadly fear that it was the bridegroom approaching. But no, it was the chambermaid and a gentleman.

The gentleman stayed but a short time, and talked very fast, and then backed out with a profusion of thanks for remembrance, and assurances of instant relief.

A moment elapsed—no, not more than thirty seconds—when Adolphus, unseen and unheard, entered the room. Adeline gave a little feminine shriek, and cowered closer into her coverlet on the couch. Adolphus' brow grew dark as midnight.

"Who was it that left this room?" he demanded.

"No one," she faltered—false woman that she was—"you must have made a mistake. It was next door."

"False creature!" he cried, dashing the medicine to the floor. "What means this falsehood? I watched him come out of the door—the door to your room, madam! What am I to understand? You send me away, you refuse to have me near you—me, your lawful husband, woman—and then you admit that vile wretch! What does it mean, abandoned creature?"

"Oh! oh!" wailed the bride; "don't—don't talk so to me, Adolphus, my jewel! You will kill me—you will!"

"And you will kill me," he retorted. "You have blasted my faith in the name of woman—you have broken my heart, trampled upon my affections, and everything most sacred!"

"Stop, stop, I implore you, and leave me! Only an hour, Adolphus, and then I will explain all. He's coming back. Oh, do go!"

"Never! never!" he shouted, striking an attitude that Keen could worthily have copied for some high-tragedy scene—"never! But, yes, vile creature, I will leave you in a few moments! I will go and plunge myself in the river and drown my grief! I'll commit suicide! I'll not allow the bright sun to shine upon and mock my woe!"

"Oh, Adolphus, if you only would be calm?" she whimpered.

"Calm? calm? My blood is on fire! No, woman; calmness is no more for me! I am mad—I am ruined! The temple of my mind has given away—I feel it crumbling from its very base! I will sail forth and buy a pistol. I will not shoot myself, and leave you false woman, to glory in your shame; but I will first doom you to death, right before the eyes of your paramour, and then a faithful bullet shall lay me low, while the four winds of heaven take up the story of your base treachery and spread it far and wide!"

He flung his hands up toward high heaven, and started for the door, nerved to despatch.

She sprang from her couch, with a large white knitted night-cap upon her head and grasped his arm.

"Oh, don't—don't go!" she shrieked. "I did wrong to keep a secret from you! I—"

"A most horrible secret, woman!" he retorted. "Free me! Your grasp contaminates!"

At that moment there was a sound of approaching footsteps, and then the chambermaid opened the door and ushered in a gentleman.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" he simpered.

"I knew not that monsieur was in."

"Vile man!" and Adolphus struggled to reach him. "How—how—"

"It was so unfortunate that madame should lose her hair," he went on, "the most beautiful hair in the world! Try this on, madame, and see if it is not most charming!"

"What—what?" questioned Adolphus.

"Your lady meets with one misfortune. While she sleeps something steals her hair away. She is ashamed, she feels mortification, and she sends for me to bring her some more."

Adolphus sunk down upon a couch, overcome by the sudden revulsion of his feelings, while Adeline and the chambermaid repaired to another apartment.

A moment more, and Adeline came sailing in, smiling and happy. Her hair suited her to a charm. She thrust the money into the hair-dresser's hand and then, as he closed the door behind him, glided toward Adolphus.

"Adolphus, forgive me!" she pleaded. "I lost my hair, and I—I—have had to wear a wig. Something stole it while I slept, last night, and this morning I was mad upon the discovery. It was a horrible secret to keep from you, but I—I thought you would not love me, if you knew my hair was false."

Then Adolphus lifted up his voice.

"I have been a brute, a miserable brute! And yet I am happy now," he cried. "Come to my arms, Adeline!" and he embraced her. "I will never doubt you again!"

His grief at her apparent falseness had so broken him down that he forgot how often he had reviled women for wearing false hair, and vowed that, if ever it was his misfortune to be tied to such a creature, he would find refuge in the Divorce Court. He forgot everything save that Adeline was his, and that she was not the perfidious wretch he had imagined.

Five minutes later they were the most loving couple in the world; and only the tame monkey outside knew where the missing blonde locks of the lady were hid, or what fearful consequences nearly occurred from his exposure of her most horrible secret.



THE MONTHS: JUNE.



AN EGYPTIAN ALMEH.

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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to,

THE MANAGER,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contributions to be addressed to,

THE EDITOR,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for return postage should be inclosed.

THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

NOTICE.

We regret to inform our subscribers that owing to the lack of support extended by the general public to THE FAVORITE, it has been decided to discontinue the publication of this journal. The management has determined upon this step after making every endeavor to win the favor of Canadian readers, but unsuccessfully. The demand for Canadian productions of the stamp of THE FAVORITE is so small that it seems to be a hopeless and a thankless task to struggle against the immense circulation throughout the Dominion of popular periodicals from the United States. As the present number closes the half yearly volume, it has been deemed inadvisable to commence another volume, and accordingly it is only left for us to take leave of our subscribers and to thank them for the support they have unwaveringly given us.

Subscribers whose term of subscription has not yet expired will receive the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in the place of THE FAVORITE; and we trust that many of these will eventually be induced to become permanent subscribers to the NEWS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

In the gradual development of a bud into a beautiful and full-grown flower, there is something that invites our deepest admiration. But there is a development surpassing this in beauty and grandness—the development of human character. What object more worthy of our contemplation than that of a human soul passing through each successive stage of its existence, the rapid cultivation of our intellect, and the bringing out of that which God has endowed us with? We are born with the germ of character within us; and as our bodies develop themselves, so do our characters. Some traits of character necessarily unfold themselves with our growth; others need to be stimulated and excited into growth by some particular influence. The man of genius has that within him which is to stamp him as such. The great general has the foundation of generalship born with him; all that is needed is some power of influence to develop it. Let us illustrate our meaning.

Dante, slowly crystallizing the singular force and tenderness of his genius in a fabric of immortal verse, is a vision upon which we gaze with emotion. That wonderful genius which we all love and reverently worship, was born within him; but we think it would have lain dormant for ever had his eyes never rested on beautiful Beatrice. Her image within his heart developed his character as a great poet. Through his *Divina Comedia*, and other poems, we see his soul undulating under the powerful influence. She was the golden key that unlocked the flood-gates of his soul, and allowed rivers of poetical thought to flow forth and gush through millions of human hearts.

John Bunyan, the tinker, unlearned, uneducated, wandering through the streets of London, imagining himself pursued by the devil, and

sinking under the remorse of his sin, never had his true character developed until the image of Jesus, as his Saviour, burst upon him. Then it was that a transformation scene of heaven, and the pilgrim's progress through life, flashed before his mental vision, and was then reflected upon paper. As the result of this, we have the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work that has touched many hearts, and done more to encourage the Christian in his pilgrimage to the grave, than any book ever written. Had the soul of John Bunyan never felt the powers of Jesus' love, he would not to-day be characterized as the greatest allegorist that ever lived.

Had Demosthenes lived under any other government than that of Greece, and in any other city than the grand old city of Athens, his eloquence would not have sounded through so many centuries. In that city, where many of his great fathers slumbered in death, he had influences operating upon his soul which fired it with eloquence. The teachings of Plato developed in a measure his character, but it was Athens in the past, with all its grandeur and great men; Athens in the future, with all its glory; Athens as he felt it, in twice being rebuked by its people, appearing before them as an orator, that consummated their teachings, and brought forth the powers of eloquence within him. The oratory of Demosthenes, in any other place than this city of culture, refinement, and education, would have been mute.

Had Milton's sight not been taken from him, we can scarcely believe that he would have caught such glorious glimpses of heaven and hell, and given us a book that has made him immortal. His natural sight obliterated, he communed with his own great soul; and, with spiritual vision, he gazed through earth's drapery into the city of God, and gave us "Paradise Lost."

The death, or deception, of the maiden he loved in his youthful hours, solitude and deafness, developed the musical character of Beethoven. Wrapped in deep solitude, shut out from the noise and fret of life, sad and lonely, deaf and poverty-stricken, his noble soul communed with Nature and its God, and his spiritual ear caught the music of heaven, and he converted it into music that will echo through ages upon ages, thrilling millions of souls by its mysterious power, elevating them above the earth, and drawing them unto heaven.

The immortal Harvey, acting upon an impression that his great mind received from the teachings of Bacon, left the corpse, and performed a vivisection upon a dog, and blood, crimson blood, gushed forth from vessels, the function of which had puzzled the medical profession for generations. Then it was that the grandest discovery of medical science dawned upon the seventeenth century—the circulation of the blood.

There is a monotony in tanning leather that would never have developed the genius of Grant. The tocsin of war is sounded, and he is in arms. As we see him on the dread field of Donaldson, his character is slowly unravelled, and as we catch glimpses of him at the head of his solid columns in the wilderness, it is further developed and before Richmond it reaches the consummation, until, at the surrender of Lee, Grant stands before us in the character of one of earth's greatest generals. Had he remained at Galena, the powers that he possessed would have remained latent within him, and he would have passed away in obscurity.

There are men floating about upon society, living at ease and in affluence, with no object in life, a dishonor to themselves and humanity. Their time is spent in feasting, drinking, and debauchery, developing their worst character, and leaving undeveloped every worthy attribute. At last, misfortune overtakes them; poverty touches them with her ragged garments, and suddenly life assumes a new aspect. Latent powers are called forth. Hunger and cold, perhaps, stare them in the face, and they are obliged to work. Now their character begins to develop itself; and with a purpose in life they rise above their parasitic condition, and prove themselves what Providence intended they should be—men. Poverty and want have electrified the nerve cells of their inactive brain, and a power and force is generated that is felt wherever exerted.

These illustrations, and thousands of others that we might enumerate, are facts tending to establish the principle which we wish to develop—that human character is ever growing, developing itself, receiving nourishment and stimulant from without; that particular traits of character, traits that distinguish one man from another, are brought out by some particular influence. The thoughtless and fickle character, receiving impressions of sorrow and misfortune, is subdued; and the more serious and meditative character is developed, and grows into the image of its Creator. At times it may be but a trifle that reverses the wheels of the soul, and develops a character that rises higher and higher above its fellow, reaching unto heaven, and, at last, resting upon the highest pinnacle of eminence that is possible for man to attain.

SWEETMEATS.

It ought to be known that pies, pastries, puddings, and sweet cakes of every description, if well made, and sugar candies, if pure, are not only not injurious to the health, but promote digestion, and thus give increased nutriment to the system.

Every child ever born luxuriates in sweet things. Perhaps no reader can point out a person who does not delight in sweets, unless there is some disease in the system. Let us reason about it. Medical men know that if babies were prevented from having sweets in their food they would die in a very short time. It is the sweet of their food that keeps them warm. The belief is almost universal that sugar and sweetmeats injure the teeth. If you put a spoonful of sugar in a cup of tea it disappears—it is entirely dissolved; if it is eaten it is dissolved with the saliva, and is passed into the stomach in a minute or two; nothing whatever is left in the mouth, or about the teeth, or between the teeth. There is not even the taste of sweetness on the tongue or teeth five minutes after being taken into the mouth; it is all in a dissolved state in the stomach, a foot or two away.

There is no vegetable or fruit which does not contain sugar. A loaf of wheat bread is healthful if sugar is added to it; it is then much more nutritious, and if the Creator has combined the element of sweetness in all that grows out of the earth suitable for human food, it must be because the element of sweetness is necessary to the wants of the system.

Adams and Liebig, the most able analyzers of human food, have investigated the subject closely and faithfully in its chemical relations, and have arrived at the fact that whatever of sweetness there is in our food makes it the more nutritious, and that food somewhat difficult of digestion is made more digestible by sweetness; and no doubt it was this observed fact, without knowing the reason of it, which has led to the almost universal practice in civilized life of having something sweet after the principal meal of the day, in the form of desserts, all of which are sweetened. It has also been found that all nuts used at the table have an oil, which also promotes digestion. The only way in which sweet desserts can injure is in connection with their not being properly prepared or being used too freely. We should look at things in the light of reason, of facts, and a sound judgment.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHOM ANY GIVEN PERSON WILL MARRY.

It don't require an astrologer, a medium, or a gipsy with a dirty pack of cards.

It is very simple—lies in a nutshell, and can be expressed in a few words.

They are these:

The last person you would naturally think of. If a girl expresses her fondness for majestic men with large whiskers, make up your mind that she will marry a very small man with none.

If she declares that "mind" is all she looks for, expect to see her stand before the altar with a pretty fellow who has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow.

If, on the contrary, she declares that she must have a handsome husband, look about you for the plainest person in the circle of her acquaintance, and declare "that is the man," for it will be.

Men are almost as bad.

The gentleman who desires a wife with a mind and a mission, marries a hisping baby who screams at the sight of a mouse, and hides her face when she hears a sudden knock at the door.

And the gentleman who dreaded anything like strong-mindedness, exults in the fact that his wife is exactly everything he had declared he detested.

If a girl says of one, "Marry him! I'd rather die," look upon the affair as settled, and expect cards to the wedding of those two people.

If a man remarks of a lady—"Not my style at all," await patiently the appearance of his name in the matrimonial column in connection with that very lady's.

And if any two people declare themselves "friends and nothing more," you may know what will come next.

There is no hypocrisy in all this, and such matches are invariably the happiest.

People do not know themselves, and make great mistakes about their own intentions.

Love is terribly perplexing when he first begins to upset one's theories, and when his arrow first pierces the heart, there is such a fluttering there that it is hard to guess the cause.

Besides, man proposes and God disposes, and it is the "I don't know what" with which people fall in love, and not those peculiarities which could be given in a passport.

PAT AND THE BEES.

In Charles Lever's delightful *O'Donoghue* there occurs a remarkably rich passage illustrating the relations subsisting between an improving English landlord and an untutored tenant. The scene is on the lawn of the O'Donoghue's castle in Kerry. The tenants have assembled to meet the worthy English baronet who has purchased the property, and who with his agent standing in the parlour window watches eagerly for some result of the many "improvements" which at great cost he has endeavored to introduce to the wild and untutored peasants of the district. The agent presents the tenants to the worthy innovator, who inquires into the condition of the grumbling and dissatis-

fied recipients of his favors. At length, on a tenant presenting himself whom the agent fails to recognize, the baronet turns to the figure before him, which, with face and head swollen out of all proportion, and showing distorted features and fiery eyes through the folds of a cotton handkerchief, awaits his address in sullen silence. "Who are you my good man? What has happened to you?" "Faix, 'an it's well ye may ax; me own mother wouldn't know me this blessed morning; 'tis all your own doin' entirely." "My doing!" replies the astonished baronet. "What can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?" "Yes, it is your doin'," answers the enraged proprietor of the swollen head; "'tis all your doin', and well ye may be proud of it. 'Twas thim blessed bees you gev me. We brought the divils into the house last night, an' where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katty, an' the childer an' myself was a while in bid, the pig goes rootin' about the house, and he wasn't aisy till he hooked his nose into the hive, and split the bees out about the fire; and thin whin I got out of bid to let out the pig that was a-roarin' through the house, the bees sitted down on me, an' began stingin' me, an' I jumped into bid again wid the whole of thim after me into Katty and the childer; an' thin, what wid the bees a-buzzin' an' a-stingin' us under the clothes, out we all jumped agin, an' the divil such a night was ever spint in Ireland as we spint last night. What wid Katty and the childer a-roarin' an' a-ballin', an' the pig tarin' up an' down like mad, an' Katty with the beam, an' myself wid the fryin'-pan flattenin the bees agin the wall till mornin', and thin the sight we wor in the mornin'—begor it's ashamed of yerself ye cught to be!"

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

"MEDITATION."

The main interest of the works by M. P. A. Cot, the painter of this picture, is usually to be found rather in the treatment than in the subject. Complaint is often made of the uninventiveness of English painters; but the charge may be as fairly brought against a large class of French genre painters. There is, however, this distinction between the practice of the two schools: an English painter is apt to treat a slender theme in a slight and careless manner; whilst in the works of foreign artists the pains expended on the execution is often in inverse proportion to the weight, significance, or originality of the thought or idea that has to be conveyed. With these foreign artists it matters little what is selected for depiction, and the sole test of success is the greater or less perfection with which the object selected is represented. M. Cot aims in his works at perfect finish and absolute completion, to the exclusion even of all freedom of touch. The consequence is that his works, though marvels of minute elaboration, have a rather mechanical and enamelled excess of polish. It must not be supposed, however, that works of this class are devoid of suggestiveness. On the contrary, they often have, in their simple directness, an intense expressiveness which arrests the attention and dwells in the memory. In the pensive face before us, so ably foreshortened, with the eyes set in wistful reverie, the reader's imagination may, perhaps, be tempted to follow the wanderings of, as Shakspeare has it, addressing his Virgin Queen, a "maiden's meditation, fancy free"—wanderings as romantic, it may be, as those of Spencer's Una.

NEWS NOTES.

Hon. Mr. Dorion has been appointed Chief Justice of Quebec.

Their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Dufferin, with their family, arrived at Quebec last Saturday. They purpose spending four or five days there, and then proceeding to their summer villa at Tadoussac.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 161 against 126 adopted the proposition of Government that public-houses in London shall be kept open on week days from 7 o'clock in the morning until 12:30 at night. The House also, by a vote of 382 against 42, approved of the Government's proposal that such houses shall be open on the same days in towns having over 2,500 population, from 7 a.m., to 11 p.m., and in towns with a less number of people from 6 a.m., to 10 p.m. Mr. Disraeli said he would take occasion to correct the misapprehension that this would be a short session. Bills of extra importance were to be presented to Parliament. They would be introduced at an early day, and if members frittered away time, the session, instead of being short, would be unusually long.

Communists in London will tender a complimentary banquet to Rochefort on his arrival in England.

A letter from Levuka, Fiji Islands, states that on the 22nd March the King abdicated his throne and ceded the Islands to Great Britain and that a British Commission were then arranging a form of Government for the new acquisition to the English throne.

FAR APART.

Beneath the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass ;
And, winding to the elm-tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass,
Where we were wont to walk, alas !

The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shade of willow-trees ;
The sunlit waters gleam like gold,
And ripple to the gentle breeze ;
But I am far from thee and these !

The sky bends over broad and blue ;
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps know
In former days, when days were bright :
Do these days bring such sweet delight ?

And still that lane with grass is green ;
With fragrant flowers the banks are fair ;
In golden gloss and silver sheen,
The bees still haunt the balmy air ;
But you will fail to find me there.

Again, perchance, I may not see
The rustling rows of willow-trees
(Which lent a leafy canopy
When we strolled underneath at ease
For I am far from thee and these !

Our joys forsake us. Soon does Spring
Pass by and for the Summer call :
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in Autumn fall ;
And Winter is the end of all.

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

BY M. G.

"But the blow might have killed him !"
"It might." And I held up my large, sinewy hand, thinking, with a pleasant sense of power how a blow from it would make most men reel.

Grace looked at it too, and, putting out her own little white hand, she stroked the back of mine with an affectionate, half-timid motion, as if deprecating such an exhibition of prowess.

"And what then?" she asked, lifting her gray eyes earnestly to my face.

"Ay, Grace—what then? But the 'What then?' is just what an angry man never stops to consider. That is the difference between a man and a woman in a passion. No matter how angry a woman is, she is always able to calculate possible consequences, and to pull up on the brink of the catastrophe; whereas a man loses all control over himself, and plunges forward headlong. Is it not so?"

"I don't know; I never was in passion."
"Good child! Few of your sex could say the same."

"It is not I who am good; you and mamma have always taken care that I should have nothing to make me angry," Grace answered; and as she said it her face looked so pure and innocent, so full of guileless simplicity and childlike trust, that I could hardly refrain from pressing my lips to hers, and teaching her by my kisses her first lesson in love.

But I resisted the temptation, as I had often resisted it before. There was time enough yet, I thought; she was but a child still, and I would wait for the dawning of womanhood before I risked startling her by the betrayal of my secret. I would go on loving her in silence for a little longer, till she had learned to love me as I did her, and then there would be no need to tell it, for she would know my feeling by her own.

Grace Armstrong was seventeen, and I was exactly twice that age. Her father had died a few weeks after she was born, and my father was appointed her guardian. By his advice the widow removed from the town where her husband had practised as an attorney to a cottage not far from our gate; so I had known Grace almost from her birth, and when she was little I knew no greater pleasure than to sit with her on my knee, teaching her baby lips to copy my rough speech. Her own mother was not more wrapped up in the child than I was—nor so much; for at first the intensity of her grief for her husband seemed to render her incapable of that absorbing love for her infant that is felt by most young mothers. It was I who taught Grace to talk—though, like the generality of her sex, she soon learned to practise that accomplishment without assistance; and it was I who taught her to walk, sitting down on her own two chubby legs, and then retiring to a little distance, and waiting with outstretched arms till she would toddle up to me; and then, when she grew older, it was I who soothed her grief when her kitten died, or her doll broke its nose; and when she began to go to the infant school in Morne, it was I who took her there every morning, and returned for her at noon, and carried her home on my shoulder, while she frequently relieved the tedium of the way by singing the "Whale" or the "Lion" in her clear, ringing voice, accompanying the rhyme with such a vigorous corresponding motion of the hands that she was often in imminent danger of toppling from her perch, and was only saved by the tight hold I kept of her little red boots.

My father was as attentive in his own way to Mrs. Armstrong as I was to Grace. He ploughed

her farm with his own horses, sowed her cereals with his own hand, and reaped her crops with his own laborers. If she tried to protest, he "pooh-poohed" so impatiently that she was afraid of offending him by saying any more—for she was a timid, gentle little woman, who acknowledged herself the weaker vessel, and submitted to the authority of man to an extent that was wonderful considering the age she lived in.

But, yielding though she was, there was one thing in which she was firm—she would not be my father's wife. He took her refusal very quietly, assured her that he bore her no ill-will, and respected her all the more; but he never entered the cottage again.

A year after this he fell ill. He kept about on his feet for a week, and then took to his bed. There was a yearning look in his eyes that I did not understand, but he never complained; and, if I asked was there anything he wanted, he would smile at me, and say, "Nothing, my boy. I'm quite comfortable—only weak;" and then the next time the door opened, and our housekeeper came in, the same longing look came into his eyes, and he would toss restlessly on his bed as if in pain.

The second day after he lay down, while he slept, I ran to the cottage to account for my absence the previous day. Grace received me in pretended wrath at my neglect, but her mother met me at the door, looking very anxious; she had heard that my father was not well. When I told her how ill he was, she said, "I will go and nurse him."

So I took Grace on my shoulder, and we went up to the house together.

He was just waking as we entered the room, and she went up and laid her hand on his forehead, saying, in her quiet way—

"I am come to take care of you, Mr. Roe."
"It's time I had my medicine. Allan will show you the bottle," he returned, composedly; but I saw that the longing look was gone from his eyes, and it did not return.

Mrs. Armstrong never left him for the next three weeks. He liked to have Grace and me with him too; but it was to her he looked for everything; and, if care could have saved him, he would not have died. He sank so gradually that, in spite of the doctor's warning, I could not realize that he was sinking, till one day, as Grace sat on the foot of his bed, playing with her doll, and Mrs. Armstrong and I were on each side of it, I saw his face change suddenly. He put out his hand, and took Mrs. Armstrong's, saying, "God bless you, Mary!" And then he turned his fading eyes on Grace, and next on me, and said, "Be kind to them."

He fell asleep after that, and never spoke again till just before he died, and then his words were not of us or of any of the things of earth. I was a young man then, and people told me that I must marry—that I could not do without a wife, it would be so lonely for me now that my father was gone. I wanted Mrs. Armstrong to give up her cottage and live in my house; but she refused—and she too said I must marry.

"There are many nice girls who would gladly be mistress of your house, and you must not allow it to remain long without one," she told me.

But I allowed it to remain without one for twelve years, for I thought of the time when my little Grace would be a woman, and waited.

The years passed so quickly that I scarcely noted their flight, and my darling was almost a woman now. During the last year I had many a time been on the point of making the one hope of my life known to her; but still I refrained, as one refrains from breaking the seal of a long-looked-for letter, and prolongs the pleasure of anticipation by lingering over the outside of the envelope. I forgot that, while I held my peace, another might step in and rob me of my one ewe lamb; or, rather, I had so long considered her as my own that the possibility of another's laying claim to her never entered my mind. I used to picture to myself the startled look that would come into my darling's face when I asked her to be my wife, succeeded by one of shy happiness; and I have wakened up at night with the excess of joy caused by dreaming that I was folding her in my arms as I listened to her timid confession of love.

This day that I am speaking of we were standing before the cottage door, Grace plucking a rose now and then to add to the bouquet she already held in her hand, while I told her of an agricultural dinner I had been at the night before, where words had ran so high between two gentlemen that they had come to blows. I tried to excuse the one I liked best by saying that he had not struck first, though, being the stronger man, he had struck hardest; and it was then that Grace, siding with the weaker, as women generally do, said—

"But the blow might have killed him!"
Ah, with what a terrible meaning those words rang in my ears in after-days!

"There's an excursion steamer just coming in from the Isle of Man, Mr. Roe," a young man called to me as he passed the gate.

"Oh, Allan, come to the quay and see the excursionists land!" Grace exclaimed, throwing down her flowers in her eagerness.

I should have been superintending the weeding of a field of flax, but, as soon as she spoke, I forgot all about it, and while I picked up her flowers Grace ran to tell her mother where we were going, and then we set off together, like two happy children. It was a clear June day, not warm, for, though the sun was shining brightly, there was a strong wind blowing off

the sea, which we felt even at the cottage, half a mile inland.

A quick walk soon brought us down to the shore road, which ran along the cliffs that stayed the further progress of the sea—not altogether, though, for we could hear it roaring through chasms and caves where it had forced a passage for itself among the rocks. A high wall hid it from our sight here, but farther away the white sea-birds were breaking the smooth blue of the water, as they dashed in after their prey, and farther off still—beyond the village of Morne—the banks of sand where the sea had once rolled rose up against the sky. At the quay the steambot was just stopping, and when Grace saw it she exclaimed—

"Oh, Allan, hurry, or we shall be too late to see them land!"

So we took hands, and ran; there was no one to laugh at us, and, if there had been, she would not have cared. When we reached the landing-place, the passengers had begun to crowd up the steps. They were nearly all workmen, with their wives and families; but a few people of higher station had taken advantage of the excursion steamer to visit Morne, which had begun to be celebrated for its beautiful scenery, although then but a small fishing village, little frequented as a seaside resort except by some nervous invalids, who preferred its quiet to the bustle of a more fashionable watering-place. The better class of passengers seemed all to belong to the same party, and passed us laughing and joking each other about being sea-sick.

After them, the last to leave the boat, came a young man with fair hair and moustache, and a handsome face with an open, amiable expression. He was below what I considered the middle height, accustomed as I was to the strapping sons of Morne, but he was above the medium size of town-bred men, and had a good figure and free, graceful carriage. I saw him look at Grace as she stood leaning against a post. I looked at her too, and, for the first time, it struck me how lovely she had grown. Her face was so familiar to me that I had never before thought whether nature had endowed her with beauty or not; now I tried to see her with this stranger's eyes, and I saw that she was beautiful. Her brown hair, which she wore in natural ringlets, was blown away from her face, the walk and sea-breeze had given to her usually pale cheeks a most exquisite bloom, and her deep gray eyes were sparkling with animation. I was no judge of features, but I saw that her mouth, though larger than a connoisseur might have approved, was beautifully shaped, and that her forehead was low and broad, and very white, and that it and her small straight nose were like those of the old Grecian statues I had read of but had never seen. No wonder the stranger looked at her; and yet I resented his doing so just as I had resented, when a child, any other boy's claiming a bird's nest that was mine by right of discovery.

He stopped in front of us and raised his hat. "Is there a decent hotel here where one could put up for a few days?" he inquired.

I directed him to the only hotel in the village, and, thanking me for the information, he passed on with another bow, and another admiring but most respectful glance at Grace. As soon as he was out of sight she exclaimed, in her impulsive way—

"Oh, Allan, isn't he nice?" And when I did not reply she added, "He is evidently not a Manxman; his face is pure Saxon, and he has a beautiful accent."

I winced, thinking of my own broad "tongue," and answered drily—

"He dropped his 'h's,' so probably he hails from London."

"No, he didn't drop his 'h's,' you stupid old boy!" she said, squeezing my arm affectionately; and then we left the quay and wandered away along the brown sands, and no foreboding of coming darkness clouded the brightness of that happy time.

A few days afterwards I went to Mrs. Armstrong's cottage, and finding the door open, went in without knocking. As I was hanging my hat upon the stand I heard sounds of talking and laughing in the parlor; and that surprised me, for, except the curate and Marianne Halliday, a staid girl about half-a-dozen years older than Grace, Mrs. Armstrong had few visitors. Marianne's voice was audible among the others now, and there was a man's also, but it was not the curate's, and wondering who could be the promoter of so much merriment, I opened the parlor door and looked in. Mrs. Armstrong was knitting in her own rocking-chair, and was evidently straightening her countenance after a hearty laugh. Grace and Marianne were sitting listening to some one who was reclining at his ease in my usual seat, talking volubly.

A second glance showed me that "some one" to be the gentleman who had spoken to us on the quay, and when I recognised him I felt, as if a cold hand had been laid upon my heart.

"Mr. Roe, Mr. Dalton," Grace's mother said, introducing us. I bowed coldly, but he, retaining his seat, held out his hand with a mixture of frankness and nonchalance, saying—

"Excuse my not rising—Mrs. Armstrong kindly forbids it."

Then I saw that one of his feet was swathed in flannel, and supported on a cushion—the same cushion that Grace gave me to rest my head upon when I came to the cottage tired after being in the fields all day. I could not refuse to take the hand he offered, but I allowed it to slip limply through my fingers, and sat down near the door, feeling more awkward and angry than I had ever felt in my life before.

"Mr. Dalton has hurt his ankle, Allan," Mrs. Armstrong said, looking deprecatingly at me, for she saw I was annoyed.

Out of consideration for her, I forced myself to ask the stranger how the accident had happened.

"In the most foolish way in the world," he answered, and as he spoke I was unpleasantly conscious how favorably his modulated voice and clear tones must contrast with my guttural mode of speech. "I was walking along the road this morning, too much engrossed with the surrounding beauty to watch where my feet went, and before I was aware of it one of them had slipped into a hole in the road, and my ankle got such a twist that it quite lamed me. Fortunately I was opposite Mrs. Armstrong's gate at the time, so I threw myself on her merciful hospitality till I could send for a car from Morne."

"It was fortunate," was all the answer I made.

"Yes," said Marianne, "for Mrs. Armstrong is very skilful in her treatment of sprains."

"I will bear testimony to that whenever I am called upon," he put in, gaily; "the pain of my ankle has abated wonderfully since it has been fomented."

Grace did not speak much, but she kept her eyes fixed on the stranger as he rattled on from one subject to another, showing, by his manner of touching on each, an acquaintance with the world to which she was quite unaccustomed. The longer I listened the more distrustful I grew of his bright, boyish face and the frank, open-hearted manner that seemed always inviting confidence, and I was angry that the others should be deceived by him. Even Marianne, who was usually so reserved, was talking as freely to him as if he were an old friend.

"So much for women's boasted intuition!" I thought bitterly, as I sat unnoticed and neglected—neglected for this butterfly acquaintance of an hour. There was no use in staying to see Grace monopolised by another, and I soon went away. Grace was always in the habit of accompanying me to the gate, and I expected her to do so now, but she sat still and allowed me to go out alone; perhaps, from my constrained way of bidding her good evening, she thought I did not wish for any demonstration of affection in the stranger's presence.

I went again to the cottage next day, still feeling very much out of temper. There was no Mr. Dalton there to annoy me this time, but Grace's head was full of him, and that was almost as bad.

"Oh, Allan,"—she had a habit of beginning her sentences with an "Oh,"—"Mr. Dalton is an author; it was he who wrote that last book you got me from the library," she said, nearly as soon as I went in.

"Yes, and that you said was such trash," I returned, provoked to see the yellow-covered novel in question lying on the window-seat beside her.

"No, I did not say it was trash—at least I did not mean it."

"You did say it; but I suppose your acquaintance with the talented author has altered your opinion of its merits," I rejoined, sarcastically.

"Of course it has; and, besides, thought a book may not be very clever, still, you know, is takes a clever man to write a book."

"Not at all—that is a popular delusion. Writing is some men's trade, and it is usually when they are not clever enough to get on at other things that they take to it."

"Could you write a book, Allan?" she asked after pondering a little the information I had imparted. She did not like to question its correctness, but it was evident that she was prepared to admire me more than she had ever done before if I answered in the affirmative.

But truth would not admit of my doing so, especially as Grace might in that case call upon me to prove that I could do as I said. So I stuck my thumbs into the pockets of my waistcoat, and, assuming an important air that I felt did not sit naturally, I answered—

"I can get on at other things, so have no need to write; but, if I could not do better than that"—indicating the yellow-covered book with a contemptuous jerk of my head—"I would never attempt it."

"Oh, but Mr. Dalton can do far better than that now; he says he wrote it when he was a boy, and feels quite ashamed of it since he has grown up."

"He is only a boy yet," I said, trying another tack.

"Oh, Allan, did you not see his beautiful moustache?"

This was an unanswerable argument, so I shifted my ground again.

"It is strange how he could have sprained his ankle on the level road. Had he been walking among the rabbit-burrows on the sandbanks, I could have understood it; but there are no holes on this road that I ever saw."

"But there is one just beside our gate; he showed it to us yesterday when we were helping him on to the car. The road men had picked out a large stone, and had not filled up the gap. You can see it from here if you look."

"I can take your word for it. But, because there is a hole in the road, that does not prove the necessity of a man's slipping into it if he is looking where he is going."

"Mr. Dalton was not looking where he was going—he was looking in at our windows," she returned, blushing.

"How do you know?" I inquired, sharply.

"Marianne and I were standing at the drawing-room window, and I was pointing him out

to her at the very moment he hurt himself."

"I knew it! His foot was no more sprained than mine is, but he made an excuse of it to get into the house. I knew from the first that he was a schemer!"

"It is not like you to judge so uncharitably, Allan; his ankle was so much swollen that he nearly fainted when Betty was trying to get his boot off."

"Probably he wears tight boots to make his feet look neat," I objected, without heeding my darling's mild reproof.

"He has no need to do that, for they are small and neat enough to satisfy any one;" and as she spoke she glanced down at mine, which would easily have made four of Mr. Dalton's, and looked even larger than they really were in my coarse farm-shoes.

"You must have taken very particular notice of them," I exclaimed, greatly irritated.

"I could not help noticing them, Allan. What makes you speak so?" she inquired.

I saw the tears gathering in her eyes, and that softened me; but the jealousy that had commenced to eat at my heart would not allow me to ask her forgiveness and plead my great love for her as an excuse for my rudeness. Instead, I lectured her gravely for exhibiting any interest in Mr. Dalton, and warned her against strangers in general, and literary strangers in particular, till Grace's flushed cheeks showed me that she had begun to be heartily ashamed of having allowed a favorable impression to be made upon her by one of a class of men whom I represented as being so utterly worthless and unfit for the society of pure-minded women.

A few days later Mr. Dalton called to report himself recovered, and to thank Mrs. Armstrong for her kindness. He was coming out by the gate as I was going up to it, and Grace was standing at the door, smiling after him. He stopped to raise his hat to her, and then he turned and saw me, and would have greeted me as an old friend; but I pushed past him with a gruff "Good evening."

Grace's bright face clouded slightly when she saw me, and that increased my displeasure; but when I said, angrily, "It is not safe to have that fellow coming here. He may be a discarded footman, or even a thief, for anything you can tell to the contrary," she began to laugh.

"No, Allan, he is neither a footman nor a thief." Then, seeing how her mirth displeased me, she hastened to assure me, seriously, of Mr. Dalton's respectability. "He's not a Bohemian at all; he says he writes only for amusement."

This information did not afford me the satisfaction she expected; I would much rather he had been a Bohemian of the Bohemians, that I might have had a reasonable excuse for putting an end to his visits to the cottage.

"Then what is he doing in Morne?" I asked, impatiently.

"He is amusing himself till his father becomes reconciled to him, and invites him home again."

"Ah, a family quarrel!"

She did not detect the sarcasm of my tone, and, thinking I was interested, went on with heightened color and sparkling eyes.

"Yes, his father is a gentleman of good property in the West of England, and he is angry with him at present, because he won't marry a rich girl that was chosen for him."

"How very romantic! He has been playing upon your innocence, child, and giving you the plot of one of his novels as his own history."

"It is his own history; he showed me letters from his mother that confirmed it. In one of them she entreats him to try to please his father by getting fond of the lady; and in another, written not long ago, she speaks of doing all in her power to appease Mr. Dalton, senior, but says he is still so angry that he won't listen to reason."

"It is strange, if he be what he represents, that he shows his private letters to a perfect stranger."

"I suppose he thought he owed us an explanation of his position since he had not a proper introduction. I thought you would be glad to hear that he was of respectable family."

"He may be of respectable family, and yet be a very indifferent character," I persisted.

"His mother calls him her 'darling boy;' that is the best testimonial he could have of character," she rejoined, in a grave, dignified way that was new to her.

After that she never of herself mentioned Mr. Dalton's name, though he was a frequent visitor at the cottage; and, if I asked any questions about him, she answered with a shy reserve that pained me more than open praise of him would have done.

Mrs. Armstrong said she was growing almost as fond of him as if he were her own son, and, if I ventured to make a disparaging remark about him in Marianne's presence, she fired up in his defence as I had never seen her do since she was a little girl, when her brother teased her kitten. Betty too, the servant-maid, was loud in her praise of the "nice young English gentleman," and told what a favorite he was with the fishermen of the village, who pronounced him to be "a rare quality, without a bit of pride about him." Only Grace was silent, but her face told too plainly how fully she coincided in the opinion of the others.

If I had been wise, I should have spoken plainly to her, and asked her to be my wife; but I was too readily jealous to be wise, and, instead of trying to keep my old place in my darling's heart, I gave way before my rival. I dropped the daily visit to the cottage that had been the one pleasure of my life for seventeen years; and, when she taxed me with neglect, I excused

myself on the plea of want of time—as if any press of business would have kept me from her had I not been supplanted by the fair-faced, plausible stranger!

When I did go—except on Sunday evening, when Mrs. Armstrong closed her door against every one but me—I was certain to find him there before me, or else he came before I went away. At first he tried to make friends with me, as he was accustomed to do with every one who came in his way; but, when he found that I met his advances almost with rudeness, he gave up trying to conciliate me, and assumed a light, bantering manner that exasperated me all the more because I was a novice in the art of "chaffing," and could never find a suitable retort till the time for making it was gone. Had he contented himself with laughing at me to my face, I might have borne it with patience; but one day I overheard him laughing at me to Grace. I came upon them unobserved; she was staking a dahlia with his assistance, and as I came behind them I heard him ask—

"What was Mr. Roe doing in your county town yesterday?"

"I don't know—selling something, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"I thought perhaps he was going to show his boots," he answered with great gravity; "they always remind me irresistibly of two small coffins."

Grace burst into a merry laugh, but she checked herself almost immediately.

"You must not make fun of Allan—he is my old friend."

And then she looked up, and saw me, and her face flushed with confusion; but Mr. Dalton saluted me with his usual nonchalance, though he must have known that I had heard his speech. But, though his words rankled afterwards, I was not thinking of them then, but of hers. "Her old friend"—that was how she thought of me, how she should always think of me now! For, as I looked at my rival, with his handsome young face and aristocratic bearing, and compared myself, so homely and middle-aged and weather-beaten, I knew that it was useless to contend with him. I went into the house with them, because Grace, fearing I was wounded by her lover's ridicule, entreated me timidly to do so. Then Marianne Halliday came, and we had music—that is, Marianne played the piano, at Mr. Dalton's request, while he conversed apart with Grace, under cover of it; and afterwards I conversed with Marianne while Grace played, and he leaned over her till his face almost touched her sunny hair. I thought, as I watched them that night, that the cup of my misery was full; afterwards, when the blackness of the then unseen Future had shut me in, I looked back upon the past, and it seemed like heaven.

Mr. Dalton lingered on in Morne till the end of August. "He won't go till he takes Miss Grace with him," the villagers said, nodding their sagacious heads; and I believed the prognostications, that were never to be fulfilled.

It was on the third Sunday in August that I was sitting beside my darling in church, feeling very bitter in spirit, because I had seen her look round towards the door several times, and knew she was watching for Mr. Dalton. But this morning's prayers were said, and he did not come; and, rejoicing in her disappointment, I prepared to listen to the sermon with an easier mind.

What could have induced our curate, who usually prophesied smooth things to us, to choose for his text this day, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer?"

I shuddered when I heard it, for I had been hating Garret Dalton all these past weeks; and now I stood convicted at the bar of conscience. I covered my face, and prayed for forgiveness; and, as I prayed, the spirit of love was given me instead of the spirit of hate. My heart softened toward the destroyer of my happiness, while it became filled with yearning tenderness for her of whom he had robbed me. What a wicked, selfish wretch I had been, to put my own happiness in comparison with hers! If she were happy, what did it matter whether I was miserable or not? But even as I thought thus an exceeding bitter cry went up from my soul—"Oh, my precious darling, why were you not content to be happy with me?"

We went out of church together, Grace and I. There was a look of sweet peace upon her face, and there was peace in my heart, in spite of all the sadness underlying it.

Mr. Dalton joined us in the porch. He had come in late and taken a seat near the door. I left them at the church gate, saying that I would go home through the fields, as they would be cooler than the dusty road. Mr. Dalton's face brightened with pleasure when he heard my intention; but Grace looked wistfully at me, and I fancied I saw tears gathering in her eyes as I turned away.

It could only have been fancy, I thought. She would not miss me when she had him. Yet her look haunted me as I walked through the fields of yellowing corn. It might be that, though she was happy in her love, she missed the care of her old friend, and I resolved that I would never again risk wounding her by my neglect, but would be to her as I had been before her heart was stolen from me.

A heavy thunder-storm came on before I reached home, and, as I put up my umbrella, I reproached myself for having left Grace without its protection, for her lover, less weather-wise than I had made no preparation for a change. It rained heavily all the afternoon; but, without waiting for it to get fair, I went down to the cottage at my usual hour.

It had always been my custom to read aloud to Mrs. Armstrong and Grace on Sunday evenings, and this was the one privilege I had not

given up to my rival; but, when I opened the parlor door, I found I was supplanted in this also. Mr. Dalton was reading from the large family Bible, while Mrs. Armstrong and Grace sat listening—Grace on a low seat beside him, with her head leaning upon her hand, and a reverent look on her beautiful face. All my evil passions rekindled at the sight. I closed the door noiselessly and went away, unheard by any of them, with a fiend in my heart.

Next day I passed the cottage; Grace was nailing up a rose-bush that the wind had blown down from the wall. She threw down her hammer when she saw me, and came forward, so I had to stop and speak to her.

"We missed you last night, Allan," she said, in a quiet, grave way.

"You had no need of me when your elegant adventurer was with you," I returned.

"Hush! You must not speak so of Mr. Dalton; he asked me yesterday to be his wife," she said, looking calmly at me without a blush.

"I beg your pardon if I spoke disrespectfully of him. It is not needful to ask what your answer was."

"I said, since no one else wanted me, I would try to love him," she answered, with a sudden rush of color to her face and tears welling into her eyes. Oh, fool that I was not to understand her!

"I would to Heaven he were in his grave!" I cried, furiously, and then I left her, and strode away toward the sea.

Once I looked back, and saw her standing gazing after me, with her hands tightly clasped and the wind blowing her dress and hair about, and then I strode on faster than before, trying to fly from my passionate love and jealous hate. I hurried along the shore road, and on through the village, never pausing to return the salutations of those I met. On I went till the village was behind me, and I found myself on a long stretch of shingle, the white sandbanks on one side and the sea on the other, and the sun shining above me gloriously—on and on till I was stopped by an arm of the sea known as the "bar," and then I turned and walked back, keeping closer to the sandbanks as I proceeded, for the tide was coming in, and the waves were already rolling over the footmarks I had made some time before. The sun was hidden behind gray drifting clouds, and the wind had risen and beat against me as I hurried homeward with bent head, still flying from thoughts that would not be left behind.

"Why, Mr. Roe, I thought it was a mountain I was meeting!"

I looked up—the voice was more mocking than usual—and saw Garret Dalton hurrying along before the wind, both hands up to his head holding on his straw hat. There was an expression on his face I had never seen there before; for the first time it reflected the dislike of my own, and his tone lacked the careless good-nature that alone made his raillery at other times endurable.

Ah, had I known the reason—had I known the confession my darling had made to him when she promised to try to love him—how differently should I have answered my successful rival! But how could I guess that the prize he had gained leave to try to win was already mine, and that he knew it? How could I guess that it was only because my coldness had deceived my darling that she had listened to the suit of her young lover, and that he knew that one word from me might yet put an end to his hopes? Why is it that the hour of direst need, when passion is raging its fiercest in the soul, is the hour when no cry for help goes up to Heaven? When I felt my mad anger bursting from all control, I breathed no prayer for deliverance from the temptation, but answered his mocking words with the first that sprang to my lips.

"And I thought I was meeting a cur!"

There was no mistaking the insult for a jest—my look forbade that. He grew white to the lips, and then for answer he raised his hand and struck me in the face.

The next afternoon I was lying in my chair trying to read the paper, but the words swam before my eyes, and my brain felt too dulled and sluggish to receive their meaning. A sudden darkening of the light caused me to look up, and there was Grace standing watching me through the window, with a white death-like face, and a man's straw hat with a blue ribbon round it in her hand.

Feeling very little surprised to see her there, by reason of the dull stupor that was upon me, and yet frightened by her look, I unfastened the casement—it was one of the old-fashioned swinging ones—and she came in without touching the hand I held out to assist her. She did not speak for a little, but stood gazing at me with distended eyes, and, though her pallid lips moved, no sound came from them. At length she held up the hat and whispered hoarsely—

"Where is Garret Dalton?"

"Am I his keeper to know where he is?"

"The words of Cain! Oh, Heaven, pity me—the very words of Cain!" she cried, despairingly, and then, she fell to kissing the hat, sobbing and the moaning. "How could you do it? Oh, Allan, how could you do it?"

"Grace, what ails you? What do you mean?" I asked, clutching her wrist as a terrible fear darted into my mind.

"You ask me that?" she cried, wildly, and then she went on in a monotonous, chanting tone. "He went out to walk on the strand yesterday, and never came back; and this morning his hat was washed ashore. You left me

yesterday wishing he were dead. You walked on the strand. I saw you coming back last night all wet and draggled, and there was blood upon the breast of your shirt. Oh, how could you do it—how could you do it?" And she plucked her wrist from me with a shudder, and began sobbing and moaning again.

I knew her meaning then, and the blood curdled to my heart. Garret Dalton was dead, and I was his murderer.

"Grace, farewell!" I cried, and I stretched out my arms towards her, but she covered away from me, still sobbing and moaning, though no tear fell from her eyes. I left her there, and went forth alone—a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth.

And yet I had not meant to kill my rival. When he struck me in the face I returned the blow, and then we sprang at each other like wild beasts, and tugged and strained with all the might of our brute strength, while the tide came rolling in. I do not know how long we struggled; at the time it seemed a month—afterwards, but a minute. He was the more skilful wrestler, but I was the stronger, and he felt like a child in my muscular arms, as I pressed his slight frame in my strong grasp, while he wriggled and panted for breath, with his teeth set, and his handsome face distorted with passion; and neither of us knew that the tide was rolling in. At last it was upon us, leaping upon the beach with a roar, and then crawling stealthily among the stones and shingle, as if to creep round us unawares. It was Garret felt the water first. I had him down then, my knee upon his breast, and my hands pressing his ribs, when a look of deadly terror came into his face. Did he read murder in mine, and think I meant to hold him under the water till he was drowned, that his courage forsook him?

My heart bears me witness that he wronged me. I hated him fiercely, and therefore was a murderer, but I had no desire to take his life. I could not have told why I fought with him, except that he had struck me, and that I desired to gain the mastery as one fierce dog desires the mastery over another, and will strive for it to the death; and, as I held him down, I did not know that the water was rolling in.

It was circling round his fair hair before I observed it, but, as soon as I did, I took my knee off his chest. He started to his feet and struck me violently in the face again.

"Fool, have you not had enough?" I exclaimed, striking him a blow that made him reel.

Then a large wave, rising higher than its fellows, came rolling toward us, and put an end to our wicked strife. We both fled before it; I reached the dry land in safety, and never doubted his having done the same till I saw his straw hat in Grace's hand.

I never thought of staying to face the inquiry into his death. Even if Grace kept my secret, there were others who had seen the blood upon my clothes; and, once it became known that Garret was missing, suspicion would soon light upon me, and, if I told the truth, who would believe my improbable story? And, even if they did, it was not the living I feared so much as the dead. Even now the sea might be casting him up on the beach, and I must look upon his still white face, and see the marks that I had made upon his flesh.

The thought drove me well-nigh mad, and so I rose and fled, expecting every minute that the avengers of blood would overtake me and drag me back to put me face to face with my murderous work. I escaped from the vengeance of man, but I could not fly from the avenger that was within me. I wandered over the world, seeking rest and finding none; wherever I went, Garret Dalton's face haunted me. The divine flame of life that God had kindled my hand had quenched. That last blow had killed him either of itself or by rendering him unable to escape from the devouring sea. Either way I was his murderer; I had stopped the breath that God had given—I had struck down the handsome, light-hearted lad in the midst of his years and in the first flush of the happiness, and now I would have given a thousand lives to restore him to life and to Grace.

How trifling all his offences against me seemed now, and how gladly I would have fallen on my knees to ask his pardon for the rudeness that had provoked his first blow, if by so doing I could have undone what followed! But repentance came too late; it could not bring back Garret from the dead, or cleanse my hands from his blood, or restore to my darling the happiness that I had blasted. And, when I thought of her young life made desolate by my mad passion, it seemed to me that my punishment was greater than I could bear.

At last, after two years' wanderings, an uncontrollable longing to see her came over me. I would not reawaken the horror of the past by making myself known, but, if she was yet alive, I would, unseen by her, look upon my darling once more, and then it might be that Heaven in its mercy would let me die. I was in New York then, and I shipped as a sailor, and worked my passage home.

It would be useless to try to describe what I felt as I passed along the old familiar road. There are depths of agony that neither tongue nor pen can paint, and I was in the deepest depths. No one recognised me as I passed through the village. Remorse had done the work of many years; and it would have been hard to identify Allan Roe with the gray-haired sailor who stooped as he walked, as if bowed down with age.

I went on till the church where I used to

worship came in sight. The door was open, and there were people gathered in little knots about it. I thought that it must be Sunday, and that I had forgotten it; and, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, I went in, and took my seat mechanically in the pew where I had sat last by Grace's side.

It was our old curate that was reading the morning prayers; and, though his voice and manner were unchanged, the words had an unfamiliar sound. After a little I began to remember that it was not the liturgy, but the marriage service he was reciting. I looked up then for the first time and saw—Garret Dalton and Grace standing together before the altar. There were others too, but of them I took no heed; the dead was alive, there was no blood upon my head, and my darling was happy. That was enough. I sank upon my knees and wept, my gratitude to Heaven.

In a few minutes the curate's voice ceased; I heard the friends of the bride and bridegroom offering their congratulations, and the party began to move down the aisle. I rose from my knees and looked at my darling's beautiful face. More beautiful than ever I thought it, but oh for a bride, so very, very sad—till she saw me, and then it became radiant as an angel's, and, with a low cry, she sprang to my side.

"Thank Heaven! Oh, Heaven be praised for this!" she cried, clasping my hands and covering them with kisses.

Then she said something to her husband, who stood watching her in astonishment, and he came forward eagerly, saying—

"Welcome home, Mr. Roe; and I hope you will let bygones be bygones."

"Let the dead past bury its dead, since you are alive: and may Heaven bless you both!" I returned, fervently.

Grace turned away her head at that, and Marianne Halliday stepped forward next, saying—

"Amen to your prayer, Allan, if you mean to include me in the 'both.' It is not Grace but I who am the bride."

Then the bells began to peal and the people outside to cheer, and my heart sang a song of thanksgiving.

That evening, as Grace sat in her bridesmaid's finery, with her hand in mine, she explained Garret Dalton's mysterious disappearance. He had lost his hat in escaping from the tide, and was returning disconsolate to his inn, thinking what a figure he would cut with his soiled clothes and swollen face, him at the suit of his Bond Street tailor. The improvident young man had exceeded his allowance, and contracted debts, expecting his father to pay them; which the father would have done had he not been angry with him for his son's debts, but had also stopped his allowance, so Garret, from being a young man of fortune, was reduced to living on the trifle he got from his publishers till such time as his father should relent; which I may say in passing, he did as soon as he heard of his son's arrest.

To save himself the humiliation of appearing in the village with a bailiff at his heels, Garret did not return to the hotel, but got the man to hire a car to take them to the nearest town. He wrote to Grace from there, telling her that he had been suddenly called away to England, but nothing more. That letter was in some way or other delayed, and did not reach her till several days after my flight.

"Oh, Allan, I thought I should have gone mad during that dreadful time! And when I found how terribly I had wronged you, and that I had driven you away from me for ever, it was worse. Oh, it was dreadful!" Grace cried, laying her head upon my knee and sobbing bitterly.

I soothed her till she grew calm again, and then I asked why it was Marianne and not she who was Mrs. Dalton.

"Garret is a dear boy," she answered, "but he needs looking after, and Marianne is so wise, she is just the one to suit him."

"But I thought you had promised to look after him?"

"I promised to marry him if I could learn to love him as well as a wife should."

"And were you not able to learn?"

"I thought at first that I could, but afterwards I found that I could not."

"Why could you not?"

"How could I? Oh, Allan, can't you guess?"

I did guess, and leave it to others to do the same.

THE ELOPEMENT.

On a cold morning in December, a few years ago, a carriage drew up at T— Street.

Nothing could well be more dismal than the morning.

The snow, which had been on the ground for several days, had begun to thaw, and an ugly cold rain and mist was turning the streets into pools of slush.

The coachman sat on his box like a statue, with his head buried in his shoulders, and at intervals drummed with his feet, not so much to keep them warm as to express the impatience he dared not put into words at being kept waiting on such a morning in the cold.

There was impatience within the carriage too, as a man's handsome dark face peeped out with fixed gaze on a certain point in the street.

Every now and then a scowl of discontent followed by a shuffling irritable movement on the part of the occupant of the vehicle, reached the ears of the coachman.

Some little scheme, he thought.

But they must be very great greenhorns to select such a time for their journey.

"'Spose there's a woman in the case?"

An hour's weary waiting was at length rewarded by the waving of a snowy-white handkerchief from a window in the neighborhood. "Drive me to No.—," said the dark young man within, "and if there be any luggage, get it out quickly and quietly."

No.— was soon reached, and the door of the house opened stealthily.

A fair young girl stepped out lightly, with a face upon which the smiles, which she tried to wear, were plainly overshadowed with fear and anxiety.

She looked about sixteen; her gait and manner showed her to be a lady, and her expression and demeanor denoted child-like innocence.

In less than a minute after she had entered the vehicle, it rolled off.

"I feared our plans had been discovered, dearest," said her friend, as, tremblingly, the young girl took her seat beside him.

"Oh, Roland, I feel I am doing wrong to deceive mamma so cruelly! When she came into my room last night, I was half tempted to confess to her what we were going to do; and when this morning, I felt I must say good-bye to home, I could scarcely tear myself away.

"My love will shield you now, Kate. Your mother had no right to control your heart, and that is already mine, is it not?"

"Yes; but mamma will grieve so much, and then you know how stern my stepfather is. They will never forgive us."

Katie's tears were now flowing fast.

She felt she had played a dangerous game.

Roland interrupted her half angrily.

"You will be my wife within an hour, Katie, and then what need you care about their forgiveness? I hate your stepfather, for I know he has done his worst to deprive me of you."

A little later on, when the words, which were to unite her to her lover, trembled on her lips, a chilling sense of coming sorrow oppressed the young girl's heart.

She would almost have wished to retract the wrong step she had taken were it not now too late.

The work of retribution had already begun.

Katie Osborne was the only daughter of a weakly, indulgent mother.

Left a widow at an early age, Mrs. Osborne had married a wealthy, but stern man, who, while he treated Katie with the greatest kindness, never countenanced anything in her which he deemed indiscreet.

The girl's home had been a very happy one till, in an evil hour, she met Roland Baxter.

With a recklessness which was the soul of his character, he fell in love with the fair beauty, and left none of the arts of which he was master untried to secure her affections.

She had listened to his honeyed words with all the delight which a girl of sixteen feels on hearing the language of love for the first time.

In vain had her mother forbidden her to speak to Roland again.

In vain had her stepfather warned her that Baxter was a gambler and a man without any solid principle.

None of these home reflections made the slightest impression upon the wayward girl.

Bitter indeed was the mother's grief when she found that her only child had deserted both her and her home.

And her indignation knew no bounds when a letter from Katie told her of her marriage.

Even then she would gladly have taken Kate to her heart again.

But the young bride had left for France with her husband, and did not send even a word of farewell.

In a wretchedly-furnished room of a very ordinary house in the city, a pale, anxious woman, in whom it would be difficult to recognize the once bright, merry Katie, sat at the window.

The rich rose-tint had faded from her cheek. Dark lines were visible round her sunken eyes— eyes which were now often red with weeping.

Her form, formerly slight, agile, and graceful, was now bent with care.

It was only four years from the day she had become Roland's wife.

All that she had gone through in these sad weary years, only the recording angel can tell.

But in manner and physique a perfect revolution had taken place.

She had become externally an entirely new being.

She sat at the window, waiting with anxious, heart-sicken solicitude for the return of her husband.

The grey dawn of morning had often found him absent from home latterly, as he then was. She hoped that every sound was caused by his returning footstep; yet she dreaded his arrival.

On this night the dying embers of a badly-fed fire were preparing themselves determinedly for an early dissolution, and the slender jet of gas gave a sickly tinge to the mean bedroom furniture.

Katie sat with her face buried in her hands, as the silent tears glided through her white fingers.

She thought bitterly of the past.

Repentance for the error of her girlhood had come too late.

The man she had enthroned as an idol in her

heart, she had seen descend from depth to depth of degradation.

She had seen him night after night reeling home drunk till her love had turned to despair.

At first she had hoped to reclaim him. She had made all the excuses for him that a fond heart could suggest.

But gradually the awful truth dawned upon her that Roland was both a gambler and a drunkard, and was utterly irreclaimable.

It had well-nigh broken the heart of the devoted young wife to find that her hopes, prayers and entreaties were all valueless.

From the bad companions who were his bane, who laughed him into iniquity, and kept him enslaved in it, it was impossible to separate him.

Yet Roland loved his wife, though after a fashion.

Indeed he never realised the agonies her sensitive nature underwent in the unlooked-for position in which she found herself.

As a matter of course, Roland day by day became poorer.

In the excitement of dice, cards, and billiard ones, he cared little for his business, and gave to it only that amount of attention which business seems to resent, and for which it never makes any return for money.

Debt generally follows the wake of the gambler, and Roland soon found himself involved head and ears in it.

Katie's mother would gladly have helped her, but her stepfather was inexorable, and deprived her of the means of doing so.

By sacrificing her own personal comforts Mrs. Sherrard, however, was enabled sometimes to lend her daughter some assistance.

"Come back to us," she said; "you are losing your health and wearing out your life fast. This man is bent alike on his own and your destruction. You can make your home with us. Darling Katie, do come with me, and bring your two little innocent babies with you."

"Much as I would like to join you again, mother," she said, "I cannot bring myself to desert Roland. I look forward still to the day when he will be all that I imagined him years ago. God will bring him back again into the ways of honesty and well-doing. So, mother, dear, leave me to my griefs, and let us hope."

The weary winter months rolled by, and the glorious summer came again.

Mr. Sherrard, Katie's stepfather, had for the first time in a dozen years, agreed to join a party who were going to spend a fortnight in the country.

The moment he had gone her mother drove to Katie's house to spend an hour with her.

She found the room dark and silent, and having struck a light, she discovered to her horror, her daughter in an unconscious state upon the floor.

She called to Katie.

But no reply came from her rigid lips.

Her efforts to restore animation were long and tedious, and the small morning hours had come before the young wife had become herself again.

For the first time she entirely unbosomed herself to her mother, and the story she had to tell was appalling.

Further, she resolved to go back to her mother, as to all appearance, all hope of any change in Roland had to be abandoned.

A few minutes' preparation only sufficed to make ready for a change.

The lights were put out, and the mother and daughter, bearing the little children, took a noiseless departure.

Roland returned to find his room silent, dark, and deserted.

"Gone!" he said, "all gone. I knew it would come to this. But she shall come back. She must, or I'll know for what!"

And he took out of a drawer a revolver, and flourished it with a drunken wave of the arm.

Revolver in hand, he repaired to the house of the Sherrards, but on his way was accosted by a policeman, who considered him a fit subject for a cell in the precincts, and to it he consigned him.

Roland's next move was to appeal to his wife.

This he did by letter, as Mrs. Sherrard positively denied him entrance to her house.

No words of reply came.

Threats and bluster followed, but they were met by the sturdy mother-in-law, with a clear intimation that anything further in that line would consign him to prison.

Reckless dissipation followed till every penny was gone.

Misfortune then took Roland firm in his iron grasp, and after doggedly struggling with all the miseries involved in being homeless, returning reason suggested that it would be as well to reform and turn over a new leaf.

The wretched man prayed and entreated to be forgiven, and promised that his life henceforth would, as far as he could make it, atone for the past.

This time Roland kept his word.

Step by step he regained the esteem and confidence of those who had trusted him in his better days.

After six months of well-doing he was again allowed to see his wife.

Meanwhile he gradually built up a little comfortable home for her, and the satisfaction of seeing her return to it with the blessings of her mother and the consent, though reluctantly given, of the stern Mr. Sherrard.

NO MORE SEA.

There shall be no more sea; no wild winds bringing
Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
With its scant grasses, and pale sea-flowers
springing
From out the barren sand.

No angry wave, from cliff and cavern hoary,
To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore;
Bearing on shattered sail and spar the story
Of one who comes no more—

The loved and lost, whose steps no more may
wander,
Where wild gorse sheds its bloom of living
gold,
Nor slake his thirst where mountain rills
meander
Along the heathy wold.

Never again through flowery dingles wending,
In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn.
By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies, bend-
ing,
Redden the ripening corn.

Neath whispering leaves his rosy children
gather
In the gray hamlet's simple place of graves.
Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-
haired father,
Far from the noise of waves.

There shall be no more sea, no surges sweeping
O'er love and youth, and childhood's sunny
hair,
Naught of decay and change, nor voice of weep-
ing
Ruffle the fragrant air.

Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
The golden light falls soft on fount and tree;
Vexed by no tempest stretch those shores im-
mortal.
Where there is no more sea.

A LESSON TO HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Greville looked beautiful that morning, as, entering the room, she moved to the breakfast-table.

Her figure was graceful and tall; her features perfectly formed, and intellectual; but the expression, naturally one of much feeling and of sensibility, now depicted disappointment and indifference.

A footman was placing the urn, as Mrs. Greville sank into her usual seat.

"Was your master at home last night, Poole?" she asked, with cold indifference in her tone.

"Yes, ma'am; he came in, I believe, about four o'clock."

The servant withdrew, and the lady proceeded, evidently with small appetite, to discuss her solitary meal.

She had hardly concluded, when a gentleman, nearer sixty than fifty, dressed with the care and sprightliness of youth, entered.

He was attired for walking, and carried his hat in his hand. Humming an air, he sauntered to the hearth-rug, and, turning carelessly remarked, "Good morning, Constance. What a confounded fog, isn't it?"

The young wife, not heeding the question, but with evident anger, said, "Do you not consider, Mr. Greville, your wife should be treated with more respect than be left to the derision of the servants' hall?"

"Derision!" repeated the gentleman, slowly, carefully drawing on his gloves. "Why, what next? The other day it was the compassion of our menials which offended you!"

"The compassion, sir, of persons in a servile station is a jest to those in mine," answered the lady, haughtily. "You enter and quit this house as though I had no existence. Were I your housekeeper, you would treat me with more respect. Being your wife, I seem to merit only insult!"

She beat her foot impatiently on the floor, leant her face upon her hand, while the husband regarded her in silence; then carelessly remarked, "I thought, my dear Constance, we had done with useless recrimination. Three years back I loved you, proposed for you, and your worthy father bartered away his haughty daughter."

The wife's brow crimsoned, though she rejoined coldly, "The buyer was as guilty as the seller. At least you will exonerate me from deceiving you? I was no willing party to the bargain. You received my hand; my heart was reserved. I became your wife, and have been true to my vow; I doubt whether you can say the same with regard to yours."

Mrs. Greville rose, cast a cold glance at her husband, and swept from the room. Reaching her boudoir, she paced the floor restlessly.

"What?" she murmured; "is my whole life to be sacrificed by this man? Am I to remain an object of pity to society, a creature of neglect and insult to him? I am resolved to sever the bargain made by fraud and maintained by tyranny."

Her voice softened as she concluded, and drawing a letter from her pocket, she opened, and began to peruse it. It ran thus:

"DEAREST MRS. GREVILLE,—
"Why will you further torture a heart devoted to you by the sight of your misery? Will you consent to endure the life of insult you now lead? For your own sake, break your chain. State but your readiness to be free, and my carriage and servants will wait your command. Bid them convey you where you please; they will obey. Your privacy shall be held sacred by me; I will not even appear in your presence, unless with permission. Constance, don't hesitate, as you value your own happiness."
"Sincerely your well-wisher,
"ROBERT MERSHAM."

Mrs. Greville contrasted the cool indifference of her ancient despot with the disinterested kindness of Robert Mersham, who would rescue her from her unenviable position; but could not forget what she owed to self-respect and duty.

Two hours later, she took her usual morning drive, and on her return the footman announced that a lady, an old friend, desired to see her. He was ordered to show her up.

"Emily!" she exclaimed, as a fair, petite, and pretty lady entered, leading a beautiful boy.
"Constance!" and the two were clasped in each other's arms.

They had been companions at school, had parted with vows of eternal friendship and endless correspondence. The latter had lasted a year; the former had become a pleasant long-past memory. Each had followed her own path, until the circle, at first large, gradually narrowed, and they again met.

Emily by chance saw Constance during her drive and followed her home.

Side by side they sat, talking of the past, when Mrs. Greville exclaimed, "How changed you are, Emily! You used to be the gayest of the gay. Now you are sad."

"Dearest Con," responded the other, mournfully, "all in this world are not as fortunate as you. You are happy in a husband's love."

"Happy!" remarked the wife, with a bitter smile. "Do husbands always bring happiness, dear?"

"I believe, so once," was the mournful response.

Mrs. Greville looked at the small hand resting in her own.

"Ah! you, too, are married, Emily?"

The other shook her head, while tears came to the relief of words.

"Did you love the man you wedded?"

"With my whole soul."

"And he?"

"Once loved me, I am sure, as dearly."

"Once! Then he has changed?" asked Mrs. Greville, eagerly.

"No," the other urged, glancing at the fair questioner, a nervous twinge in her face. "Constance, I will never believe he is changed. I live in the hope that he is not. If that were taken from me I must die. He loved me too fondly to alter. But you know, Constance, there are evil-minded women in this world, whose beauty is a snare. One such has cast a glamor over my husband, and won him from me. For three years, after our marriage never was there a more delightful home, for we were happy in the knowledge of each other's love. At the end of that time Robert unexpectedly had a large fortune left him, which necessitated his visiting London. He came back changed. Before a month he went again, stopped longer, then—then"—and the speaker's head sunk lower—"oh, Constance, how can I pronounce it?—then he was oftener in London than Derby. His home, his wife, his children were neglected."

Mrs. Greville trembled in every limb as she awoke to the consciousness of the pitiable condition and the terrible abyss on which she stood.

"Ah!" spoke Emily Mersham, abruptly casting herself on the other's bosom, "I perceive how you feel for me, hear Constance. You are still the same as ever—generous and good. To you alone would I have confided my grief."

"Pray go on," murmured Mrs. Greville; "you are not alone in your sorrow."

"I grieved in secret," she resumed, "wondering what could attract Robert, and change him; when by chance, I heard another had won his society from me, but not his heart."

"While speaking, the young wife, rising, stood before her friend.

"I did not know the name of the tempter; but I determined to come to London and find her out."

Constance Greville sat rigid as a statue; and the visitor, her fair countenance taking singular dignity from her just indignation, proceeded in animated terms to describe how she had resolved to see her destroyer, and describe to her the happy home her evil influence had destroyed, and, for her children's sake, cast herself at her feet. And suiting the action to the word she knelt down saying, "As I do to you now, dear Constance, and bid her sin no more, but be charitable to the man she would ruin—to the wife and babes whose happiness was in her hand."

Constance Greville abruptly raised her friend.
"Emily," she gasped, "what are you doing? Rise, I implore you."

"Forgive me," responded the other, attributing this singular emotion to the entrance of the footman; "in my sorrow, I forgot where I was."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Greville, as hurriedly she took the card the footman had brought. A giddiness seized her. Then, crushing the slip of pasteboard in her palm, she said, "In three minutes, Poole." And the footman being gone, she proceeded, "Excuse me, dear Emily, but this is a visitor I must see. Step into this room; I will not detain you five minutes."

"How you tremble, dear cousin!" remarked

the young wife. "I knew I should have your sympathy."

Mrs. Greville merely pressed the other's hand, as she laid her into an adjoining apartment. Returning, she securely fastened the glass doors separating the rooms, and dropped a curtain over them. Scarcely had she done so, than by the other entrance a gentleman entered. Perceiving her, he moved quickly forward.

"Dearest Constance," he passionately ejaculated, "too impatient to wait, I came for your decision, I come to save—to be saved! Surely," he added, noting her coldness, "you do not hesitate?"

"No," she replied. "Mr. Mersham, my answer is here. See!"

Approaching the glass doors, and slightly lifting the curtain, she motioned him to look within.

On a sofa, at the far end of the apartment, sat the young mother playing with her boy, the two forming an exquisite picture of innocence and love.

As Robert Mersham beheld them, he recoiled. His hat, which he held in his hand, fell to the ground, and his head sank forward.

"Mr. Mersham, you have my reply. Do you need any other?"

"Constance—Mrs. Greville!" he exclaimed, almost inaudibly. "What can I say? Your beauty—"

"Stay!" she interrupted, proudly; "a justification can only make your case worse! You are, indeed a villain, base, cruel, to deceive her, so fond, so true! Your wife is a dear friend of mine. She believes your love is yet hers. She is in town to discover that woman who has marred your happiness. Mr. Mersham, I demand at your hands this reparation for the insult, the deceit you have practised—return to her, and restore the happiness you have destroyed!"

"Mrs. Greville," he rejoined, after a pause, "hear me, though I dare not look in your face. In all the world I believe no other woman could have won me from her but yourself. Your sad, unloved existence first won my pity, and that created a selfish passion, which I had no power to withstand. Though I can never expect forgiveness. I will try to merit it at least by obedience."

She scrutinized him narrowly, and saw the shame, the deep contrition, on his features. It made her hope yet in Emily's future happiness.
"Go!" she said; "I will try to believe you are better and less guilty than I fear!"

"That belief shall be confirmed. I swear it! Farewell for ever!"

Mrs. Greville dined with her friend Emily Mersham that day, and persuaded her to return to Derby, to give her husband another trial; advice for which Emily Mersham, once more in the possession of Robert's love, for ever in her prayers blessed her.

The salutary effect of the lesson on Mr. Robert Mersham was felt equally by Mrs. Greville, who never after committed herself to the foolish indiscretion of trifling with error to destroy the sense of wrong. She suffered without complaint, and consoled herself in the belief that the injury to her domestic felicity caused by the studied neglect of her husband, would work out, in time, its own remedy, without tarnishing her fair name.

Shortly after that period Mr. Greville died, and his widow is again a wife, and also a happy mother. But why Emily Mersham cannot make out she and her old schoolfellow never afterwards met.

HAIR AN INDEX OF CHARACTER.

Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging straight hair a melancholy but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair indicates powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair with florid countenance denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution; and we may add that besides all these qualities are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, while very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the back of their heads.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A SINGLE grain of musk has been known to perfume a large room for twenty years.

THE down from an elder duck compressed in a ball about the size of a man's fist is sufficient, when loosened, to fill a quilt five feet square.

THE first diving-bell was tried at Cadiz, by two Greeks, in the presence of Charles II, and 10,000 spectators.

IN gilding buttons the gold is beaten so fine that, with alloy, it is only a 110,000th part of an inch in thickness.

A HAIR of a lady varies in thickness from 250 to a 600th part of an inch. The spider's line is only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter.

STAINS FROM MOURNING DRESSES.—Boil some fig-leaves in water until reduced to half the quantity. Rub the articles with a sponge dipped in the mixture.

TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—One ounce powdered quicklime, one drachm powdered orpiment acid; mix with white of egg.

STAINS OF WINE FROM LINEN.—Boil some milk and hold the linen in it while boiling, and the marks will soon disappear.

CARPETS.—The more frequently they are shaken the longer they will wear, because the dirt which collects between the threads helps to wear them out if much walked on.

ARSENIC IN WALL PAPER.—"Pro Bono Publico" writes as follows:—"The illness of an infant led my medical attendant to investigate the probable cause of the unaccountable change from previous good health. An analysis of the wall-papers showed that in two rooms the papers contained considerable quantities of arsenic, and in the papers of four other rooms arsenic was also found. To replace the condemned papers twelve different patterns were selected and tested. Of these only four were found free from arsenic. The impression I had that arsenic was only used in some particular shades of green was dispelled, as it was traced in blue, buff, and other colors. The qualities of the papers were no criterion; it was found in papers varying from 3s. 6d. to 20s. per piece, and the production of various makers. Some of the newest, expensive, and decorative styles proved the worst.

TO CLEAN STRAW BONNETS.—Remove all trimming and lining. Dip the bonnet into a saucepan filled with boiling soda water. Let it soak for a minute or two, then lay it upon a board, and scour well with soap and water. Hang it in the air to dry when done. When quite dry place it in a box, every hole and cranny in which must be stopped up. Stand the box in an earthen saucer containing sulphur which must be ignited, close the lid of the box down tight, and let it remain twenty-four hours to bleach; then remove it. Dissolve one pennyworth of oxalic acid in about two quarts of water, and steep the bonnet in it; scrub it again thoroughly, and dry it. Make a glue of parchment cuttings to the consistency of a jelly, rub the whole of the inside of the bonnet with it, and then dry by the fire till well stiffened. Put it in the bleaching box with the ignited sulphur for another twenty-four hours, and then hang it in the air to remove all smell. The bonnet should then be sent to be blocked, the charge for which will be trifling, and it will look when it comes home as good as new.

PRODUCTION OF STARCH, PAPER, AND SOAP FROM CORN.—All the ingredients of corn, according to Leconte, may be utilized. The grain is, in the first place, to be saturated with a solution of caustic soda, in large cisterns, and transferred to cylindrical sieves; then dipped in water, and ground in connection with a continuous stream of pure, or somewhat caustic water. The quantity of soda, depending on its quality, the oily contents of the grain, and the temperature, should be such as to saponify the oil of the grain while allowing the starch to appear solid and firm. The liquid, as it leaves the mill, passes over the sieves, on which the germs, hulks, etc., are retained while the starch and soap pass through, and flow over large inclined surfaces, upon which the starch settles, and the dilute soap solution collects in cisterns. The starch is then worked with pure water in cisterns, again passing through sieves into cisterns, allowed to settle twenty-four hours, and after drawing off the supernatant liquid, removed and dried. Excellent soap may be obtained from the dilute solution, and the germs, etc., can be utilized in paper manufacture.

THE DECIMAL POINT.—The question as to who first used the decimal point has been much disputed among mathematicians. The honor was long since claimed for John Napier, laird of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, who lived from 1550 to 1617. The claim was denied by so high an authority as the late Professor De Morgan; but strong evidence in its support has lately been discovered by Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher, the aeronaut, meteorologist, and mathematician. He has seen a copy of Napier's last work, the *Constructio*, a book so rare that the former participants in the controversy never saw it. Here he finds more than two hundred instances of the use of the decimal point exactly as it is used at the present day.

MANY persons suppose that an open fireplace, even when there is no fire in it, affords sufficient ventilation for sleeping chambers in winter. This notion is erroneous. A room, to be properly ventilated, should be provided with an

inlet and an outlet for air, so arranged as to prevent perceptible draughts. Where there is a fire in the room the chimney is a good outlet; but the inlet is too often wanting. An aperture near the top of the window, covered with wire-gauze and muslin, is a suitable contrivance for the admission of air.

A LITTLE glycerine added to gum or glue prevents either from becoming brittle. It also prevents gummy labels from curling up when written upon.

MM. F. JOLYET and T. Blanche state that experiments made on pigeons and dogs show that nitrous oxide is not a true anæsthetic, but that it produces insensibility by asphyxia.

THE *Photographic News* says that Dr. Vogel has found that bodies which absorb the yellow rays of the spectrum make bromide of silver sensitive to the yellow rays. In like manner he found that bodies which absorb the red rays of the spectrum make bromide of silver sensitive to the red rays.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SHERRY COBBLER.—Place in a tumbler three slices of orange, a spoonful of sifted sugar; fill with ice and two glasses of sherry.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Mix six ounces of white sugar, table-spoonful vanilla sugar, and six yolks of eggs well together. Whip the whites, and add with three ounces of flour. Whip two gills of cream, and mix lightly with the other ingredients. Make little paper tins, fill them with above, sugar over, and bake in a moderate oven.

BROCCOLI.—Cut the head with short stalks, and pare the tough skiff off them. Tie the small shoots into bunches, and boil them a shorter time than the heads. Some salt must be put into the water. Serve with or without toast and melted butter.

TRIPE stewed with milk and onions till tender, melted butter for sauce, may be served in a tureen; or fry it in small bits dipped in butter; or stew the thin part out into bits in gravy. Thicken with flour and butter, and add a little ketchup, or fricassée it with white sauce.

MINCED BEEF.—Shred the underdone part fine with some of the fat, put it into a small stewpan with some onion or shallot (a little will do), a little water, pepper, and salt; boil till the onion is quite soft, then put some of the gravy of the meat to it and pour the mince into it; but first mix a small spoonful of vinegar with it.

POTATO PUDDING.—Peel, boil, and mash two pounds of potatoes; when ready, take three eggs, and well beat them; now gradually add three quarters of a pint of milk, two or more ounces of moist sugar, and a pinch of powdered allspice; finally blend the whole well together, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with or without sweet butter sauce, to which a table-spoonful of rum or two of sherry is an improvement.

SCALLOPED EGGS.—Boil five eggs eight minutes; when cold remove shells, and chop the eggs up roughly. Have ready a teacupful of mashed potatoes, and another of well-bolled rice. Mix well together, add chopped capers very little vinegar, melted butter, pepper and salt, and Worcester sauce. Put into shells, with bread crumbs, and a little butter, and bake light brown.

COOKING EGGS.—French way. Boil four eggs ten minutes, one egg five minutes; take yolk of latter, mix with salt, pepper, a table-spoonful of oil, and dessert-spoonful vinegar; cut the hard eggs into slices, and serve hot, with above sauce poured over them. Some prefer melted butter, pepper and salt as a sauce.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Put the eggs for about half a minute into boiling water. This process excludes the air, which is all that is effected either by salad oil or butter. The eggs will not only be fit for cooking, but also for boiling for the table, for at least six months. Some people are not aware that eggs boil just as well the second time as the first.

SCOTCH OATMEAL CAKES.—Put 1 lb. of oatmeal in a basin. Take 1 pint of boiling water with 1/2 oz. of salt butter or lard melted in it. Pour this, boiling, over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough, and then turning it out upon a board, upon which roll it until it is as thin as it will allow to hold together. Then stamp it out into the shape of round cakes. Place these first upon a griddle to make them firm, and afterwards toast them before the fire alternately on each side till they are quite dry and crisp.

MINCED SANDWICHES.—Spread some strips of toast, with minced meat flavored with anchovies or anchovy sauce; put them together, and fry them a light brown in lard; arrange them on the dish like sandwich paste.

COOK-A-LEEKIE SOUP.—Wash well two or three bunches of leeks (if old scald them in boiling water), take off the roots and part of the heads, and cut them into lengths of about an inch. Put half the quantity into a pot with five quarts of stock, and a few trussed for boiling, and allow them to simmer gently. In half an hour add the remaining leeks, and let all simmer for three or four hours longer. It must be carefully skimmed and seasoned to taste. To serve the fowl carve neatly, placing the pieces in the tureen, and pouring over them the soup. This recipe is sufficient for ten persons.

HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

"Good morning."
 "Good morning."
 "Any success since I saw you yesterday?"
 "None."
 "Then don't hang about any longer; join the service at once. Why, man, if you only keep square, you'll be sure of a commission in a few years. Turn in here, and have a drop of something."
 So Walter Barnard turned in, and, with a glassful of ale, took the Queen's shilling, to serve in an infantry regiment for a term of twelve years.
 About three weeks previous, Walter Barnard enjoyed the benefits of a good home. Parents, indeed, he had none, being left an orphan at an early age. The loss, however, had been supplied by a kind and independent guardian, who gave him a fair education, and started him in one of the best houses in the City, where he gained the confidence of the principals, thus satisfying the mind of Mr. Maylie, his guardian, to whom, besides feeling grateful for the benefits he had bestowed upon him, he paid the respect due to a kind foster-father.
 Saturday till Monday was always spent in the family of Mr. Maylie, which consisted, besides his guardian, of Grace, a young girl first approaching womanhood, an only child, on whom her parent lavished his whole love and care, her mother having died shortly after giving her birth; and three servants, who had lived with their present master years before he had retired from business.
 As a natural consequence in such cases, Walter and Grace became inseparable companions, till one evening—they had been reading Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"—they stood revealed to each other in the light of lovers. Not that the discovery had come upon them for the first time, but the surroundings and influences of that evening somewhat prematurely disclosed the state of their hearts.
 "And now Gracey, darling," said Walter, as they prepared to separate for the evening, "I must request you to keep our secret until I obtain preferment; then I will ask your father's consent to our engagement."
 Grace at first demurred but her lover's solicitations induced her to accede to his request.
 The next day being Sunday, Grace, who never held a secret before, fancied while she was at church the whole congregation knew of her engagement to Walter, and it was only on his laughing and reasoning away her foolish thoughts, that reassurance came.
 "My dear little Gracey," he said, "should your father refuse his sanction, we must not despair, but work and strive on to win his approbation."
 It was the custom to have breakfast an hour earlier on Monday, so as to enable Walter to reach the City in time for business; and, on such occasions, he invariably had the pleasure of Grace's society alone, Mr. Maylie not rising early enough to join them.
 One morning, Grace not appearing, and Walter fancying he would be late, inquired of the servant whether Miss Grace had not made her appearance.
 "Oh, sir," she replied, "Miss Grace is in her room, crying about something master has said to her. There's the bell again—he's in a awful temper!"
 Walter mused to himself on the cause of the outburst, and concluded that Grace, unable to keep the secret, told her father, who he considered would look upon him as ungrateful for stealing his daughter's love.
 The servant here re-entered, and informed him Mr. Maylie desired his presence immediately.
 On knocking at the door, a harsh voice responded "Come in!" and Walter saw Mr. Maylie himself pacing the room.
 "So sir," he exclaimed, as Walter crossed the threshold, "this is the return for all my kindness to you!"
 "Believe me, sir, I am sorely grieved. Allow me to explain."
 "Explain! What can you explain, you ingrate, to treat me in this manner?"
 Walter felt his blood rise. He loved Grace with the ardor of a young and generous nature, purely and devotedly. Her father might object to their union, but he felt that his guardian was not justified in applying to him the epithet that he did; and replied, "Mr. Maylie, I feel deeply grateful for all your past kindness. I know I have much to be thankful for; but if I did, in an unguarded moment, commit an indiscretion, I will make atonement. Believe me, my motives were not dishonorable."
 "Dishonorable!" said the guardian. "Why, the very act shows unprincipled motives. No! sir, I will no longer shelter a viper beneath my roof! Elsewhere you may seek protection. I need not say that you have no longer a situation."
 "Very well, sir; may you never repent your unjust and cruel treatment!"
 Walter, as he left the house, felt his heart turned to gall and wormwood. With a hastily-written note to Grace, whom he did not endeavor to see, bidding her farewell, and giving her every wish for future happiness, he went forth to the world.
 Like others left alone, he discovered there are times when no amount of individual exertion will secure to the unknown a living.
 Walter traversed the great city for several days without success; so we find him, at the commencement of this story, cousinging, in

return for food and clothing, to shoulder a rifle for his country's good.
 A week afterwards he was at the depot of his regiment.
 The new life, so novel to him in its aspects, and the bustle of barrack routine, for a time exercised a beneficial influence upon his spirits; and although the majority of his comrades were low and coarse, still he found them possessed of many sterling qualities, which caused him to overlook their faults.
 On first taking up his berth in the barrack, he was the subject of quizzing and banter, the rank and file never failing to punish those who set themselves above them, on account of birth and education.
 Walter's quick observation detected this, and he reasoned, correctly to himself, that the wisest plan would be to sink his own individuality; and when they found how readily he performed the menial duties of the barrack-room, and other fatigues incidental to the private soldier, he rose considerably in their estimation, more especially when he assisted them in their letter-writing. In fact, to a great number he was the means of many an anxious parent hearing news from their "soldier" son.
 At the end of six months, he was ordered to form one of a draft to join the service companies in South Africa.
 After a long and monotonous voyage of eighty days, he reached that country. Then it was Walter experienced the hardships of a soldier's life, having eight days' march to the headquarters of his regiment, stationed at King William's Town, over steep and rugged roads, under a scorching African sun; but he arrived in good health and spirits.
 Some months subsequently, rumours came that the regiment was recalled, and Walter determined, come what would, he must endeavour to see Grace, although he felt she could be to him nothing more than a stranger.
 One evening, at dusk, he was warned to proceed early the next morning to an adjacent fort, some miles distant, to bring back a deserter. On his arrival at his destination, he was detained two days on account of the man's sickness. To kill time, he was listlessly turning over some old copies of the *Times* the officers of the detachment had given the men, when the following advertisement, in the second column, startled him:—
 "Should this meet the eye of W. B., he is earnestly requested to return to his home. All will be fully explained and atoned for by Grace and her father."
 What could it possibly mean?
 The mail for England was going out from the detachment that day; and, writing a short letter, he briefly indicated his present position. With renewed hope, his half-buried love for Grace returned stronger than ever.
 Six long weeks, and the long-looked-for letter came. A loving epistle from Grace set forth the cause of her father's harshness.
 "And now," the letter went on to say, "you must know, the morning you left, he received a communication, stating some bonds were missing, and a forged cheque had been found in your desk. Imagine, then, what must have been father's feelings! You were innocent, as the sequel proved; for the crime was eventually traced home to one of the clerks, who has since paid the penalty of his dishonesty, by penal servitude. And now, dear Walter, pray come home at once; father will atone, in every way, for his unjust conduct to you."
 Then the usual conclusion caused the heart of Walter to beat happily. The image of his soul's idol—the faithful Grace—rose before him, and made him eager to start for home; but the usage of the service rendered that for some few weeks impossible. However, he wrote home at once, thanking her for her loving letter, and trusting he should have the happiness of again beholding her ere many months had elapsed.
 "Wind blows cold across the marsh to-night, sir!"
 "It does; but—by Jove!—they are not cold over there! Look how that fire rages!"
 Walter was travelling express from Liverpool to Burnside. The words of his two fellow-travellers caused him to look round in the direction indicated. The next station would be within a few hundred yards of his home, and he was picturing to himself the happy and smiling face of Grace, ready to give him welcome, on the platform.
 About half a mile ahead was the old house where he had spent so many happy days, fast being devoured by the raging element. Never did train seem to go so slowly; but it went on its even course, and, in a few minutes more, Walter Barnard was rushing wildly across the fields.
 There was no mistake. Too truly the flames were playing greedily around the home of his childhood. The engines seemed to be of little avail; and as he approached the scene of conflagration, he could plainly discern a man descending a ladder, bearing in his arms, apparently, the inanimate form of a woman.
 Walter felt it to be Grace thus rescued from so dreadful a death, and he offered up a heartfelt prayer for her preservation.
 And now a shout arose from the crowd assembled, and Walter saw that the ladder, burning some distance from the top, had given way, but the man, with his burden, had by this time reached the ground in safety.
 Darting forward, he beheld, not the face of her he loved, but that of a total stranger.
 The words of the fireman, who had just de-

seeded, came upon his ear like a death-knell. "I couldn't find the young lady anywhere."
 "See!" shouted people in the excited crowd. "Up there—look!"
 Above, in the topmost room, appeared Grace Maylie, signalling to those below to save her from the imminent danger in which she stood.
 A revulsion of feeling now came over Walter Barnard. He was comparatively calm and collected, and felt, if he could not save Grace, at least he could perish with her.
 "Hi! you there, bring that ladder round here."
 The loud, clear tones, so distinct from the frantic shouts of the crowd, caused a moment's hush, and curious faces turned round to look at the soldier, before unnoticed.
 "Now, then, look sharp!"
 The men obeyed wondering of what avail would be the ladder, that would reach little more than half-way up.
 "Now some rope!"
 When it was brought, Walter, securing one end to his arm, coiled the remainder round his shoulder quickly, and ascended the ladder, the top of which was fixed near a water-spout, running at an acute angle for the distance of about eighteen feet.
 To climb along the spout with hands and feet was not a matter of so much difficulty as contending with the rugged brickwork, that tore his hands at every fresh grasp.
 Meanwhile the crowd below were hazarding conjectures as to the durability of the pipe to bear the strain; and now the intensity of their excitement was increased as the climber came to a pause.
 Walter, in placing the ladder, had overlooked the fact of the pipe abruptly terminating, by passing through the brickwork, and yet a distance of about eight feet more had to be overcome, and the flames, which had hitherto kept from this part of the building, were now swiftly approaching.
 Grace had recognised Walter, in spite of his uniform; but the dread of his falling should she speak paralyzed her.
 "Grace, darling!" he exclaimed, as he cast his eyes upward, and saw the long, earnest look of love that came down to him; "listen, and keep calm. When I throw up the rope, you must try and seize it."
 The crowd watched with breathless anxiety at this critical juncture.
 Slipping the coil of rope off his wrist, so as to grasp it with his hand, lowering himself to the extent of his arm, and letting go the pipe with his right hand, he dexterously threw up the rope, which Grace succeeded in catching.
 Again pulling himself up with both arms, he told Grace to wind the rope several times around a beam that protruded near the window. Another minute and Walter stood beside her.
 "Bear up darling, for a few minutes, and you will be safe."
 Walter rushed into an adjacent room, and quickly brought sheets, some of which he attached to the rope to lengthen it. Then turning to Grace, and kissing her, he said "Now, Gracey, you must shut your eyes for two minutes when I place you in this blanket—then you will be safe."
 Letting the rope slip over the beam, Walter was enabled to lower her in safety, and descended himself, immediately Grace had been received below, amid the excited cheers of the crowd.
 It was several days ere Grace had overcome the terrors of the fire; meantime, Walter learned from his guardian the details of the anxious search that had been made for him on the discovery of the real culprit.
 Three weeks afterwards, a quiet wedding was celebrated in the little village of Burnside, in which Grace and her soldier-lover bore the principal parts; and both parent and children were taught a lesson in coming to "hasty conclusions" in matters of great moment.

tical. Plunge the most clever and excellent piece of royalty into the literary and artistic element, and he is nearly always uncomfortable or intensely unappreciative. Said the late Austrian Emperor gravely to Liszt, who had been playing before him, "I have heard Hirtz, and Thalberg, and Chopin, but I have never seen anyone perspire like you." When Landseer went to Portugal, the King sent for him in order to compliment the great painter of animals. "Ah, Sir Edwin," said Royalty, "I am so glad to see you. I am so fond of beasts!"
 A VISION AND A WARNING.—I was at a wedding many years ago, and there was the usual festivities consequent upon such an occasion; but I noticed that the bridegroom's face wore a restless expression, and that he looked now and again over his shoulder like one expecting some one, and that one not a welcome guest. His name was George Cleugh—a fine, manly, strapping fellow, not long out of his teens. The bride was a winsome country wench and she strove by light-hearted gaiety to dispel the gloom from her husband-elect's brow. I discovered the cause of the bridegroom's gloom from one of the guests present. It seemed that he had for three nights successively dreamed a fearful dream. In his vision a brother who for many years had been lost to sight, having wandered to foreign parts suddenly appeared on his wedding night, and in a solemn tone had warned the lover-husband of his death at twelve o'clock that evening. We waited, some of us with superstitious dread, and others with marked unbelief, the advent of the hour of twelve. It struck, and at that moment a fearful change became apparent in the bridegroom. His face became deadly pale, and he shivered as with ague. He took a few steps forward, and cried aloud, as if to some invisible person, "I come! I come!" and then fell dead on the floor.
 Can men of science and philosophy explain this occurrence, of which I was an eye-witness? Is there a subtle chain binding the finite and infinite so closely as to amount to foreknowledge through the medium of dreams? I heard afterwards that his brother had died years before in Chill, though none were aware of it before the hapless bridegroom's decease.
 CHARLES DICKENS OVERTAKEN.—The life of Charles Dickens has many points of interest; his death gives a most salutary lesson. An eminent medical writer gives a short summary of the various shocks to the system of Dickens, which naturally weakened him and predisposed his frame to the paralysis which ended the great *Illustrator's* earthly career. On leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124. Thus, while his audiences were rejoicing over talented histrionic display, the efforts of the reader himself were driving nails into his coffin, breaking down the nervous system.
 A SCOTCH PARADISE.—Otago is sacred to Scotchmen. Here is a story which, besides being good, is true in illustration of the fact. The other day tenders were called for some public work in Otago. One Macpherson was successful. Mr. Macpherson was accordingly invited to attend and complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a full-blooded Chinaman with a noble pig-tail put in an appearance. "Where's Mr. Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody get nothing in Otago if he not a Mac," answered the unabashed Celestial.
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 MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.
 PERFORATED STAMPS.—A correspondent writes: "I have lately been informed of how the perforation of postage and receipt stamps came into force. It would appear that a person who was commonly known about London by the name of 'Fire' Fowler—simply from his doing the fires for the London papers—wanted to tear a piece of paper into some particular shape. He had no knife or scissors, so he hit upon the plan of perforating the paper in numberless holes with a pin, thus enabling him to dis sever the paper. Some one seeing the process at once seized the idea, and to this we are indebted for this clever invention."
 CLEANLINESS RUN MAD.—That a love of cleanliness is sometimes the ruling passion in the feminine heart was never more strongly exemplified than when a poor fellow in our town met with a serious accident which necessitated his being carried home by some of the by-standers. The tidings of his condition having been gently broken to his wife, she met the sad procession at the door, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes bewailed herself after this fashion—"Oh, my poor old man!—oh, my poor old man! Will he ever get over it? Can't ye bring him in the back way, instead of over my clean doorstep?"
 ROYAL APPRECIATIONS.—The Prince of Wales made a little speech at the Royal Academy dinner the other day—a speech kindly and gramma-

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RATHER A DREADFUL THING

to happen to poor DAWSON (the MONTAGUE girls were staring at him through the window, too), and he goes in for athletics. "CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR. IF IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR YOU, PLEASE SIR!"



A BRUTE.

John Thomas (to Mary, who says Cook has fainted). GLASS O' COLD WATER! NONSENSE! PUT HER UNDER THE KETTLE, AND GIVE HER A BIT O' LEMON; THAT'S MORE HER SORT.



AN INNOCENT HINT.

Auntie. "WHAT IS NELLIE'S NOSE FOR!"	Nellie (doubtfully). "TO SMELL WITH."
Auntie. "AND WHAT IS NELLIE'S MOUTH FOR!"	Nellie (cautiously). "TO EAT WITH."
Auntie. "AND WHAT ARE NELLIE'S EARS FOR!"	Nellie (confidently). "EAR-RINGS!"



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