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"ou go and stay at a wrotohed novel like the
"Dog and Fox?" Let us see what the Court larder can produce," ringing the bell.
ovents, Mrs. Quekett shall not baulk us of our © jper."
She orders the table to be spread, and in a very short time a substantial repast is placed berore them, to which they sit down togelher, consent, untll the Colonel shail return again, and chatting on such toples as are more consis. tent with their youth and relative positions. At elezen o'clock the carriage wheels are
heard grating on the eravelled drive, and Irene heard grating on the grav
Larts to her feet joy fully.
"Here he is," she cries.
hts matter set right for us.
Oliver also rises, but does not appear so confl
dent : on the contrary, he remains in the bact dent: on the contrary, he remains in the back Mordaunt and the returning party are Mr Mordaunt and cae returning party
Then lits uncle catches aight of him.
"Holloa ! who have we here? Why, Oliver" -With the alightest shade of annoyance passing
over his face-"I had no idea you intended over his face-" I had no idea you intended
coming down so soon. Why didn't you say so coming down so soon. Why didn't yo
But hits wife gives
nesitont answered.
"Now, are yoru not pleased?" she exclaims.
"Now, are you not pleased?" she exclaims.
"Have I not done right ? I met this gentleman in the shrubbery, Philip, smoking-all by himsel; and, when I found he was your little "Dog and Fox"-fanoy sleeping in that hole-I gave him an invitation to Fen Court on the spot, and made him come back with mae.
Now, wasn't I right ? -say so !"-with her face Now, wasn't I right ?-say so !"-with
In dangerous proximity to the Colonel's.
In dangerous proximity to the Colonel's.
"Of oourse you were right, my darling-you aways are," he replles, kisslng her; "and I am you seen old Quekett $\varphi$ " ho continues, in rathe a dubious tone, turning to his nephew.
Bat Irene again Interferes.
"Soen her, Philip-I should think wo had has been so horribly rude to us."
Colonel Mordannt's face fitshes.

Colonel Mordannt's face fiashes.
Rude ! I hope not ! Pertaps
" Rude ! I hope not ! Pertaps you misinterpreted what she aald, Ireue. You are rather
apt to take offence in that quarter, you know, young lady.
"I could not possibly mistere her mesing she spoke too plainly for that. Besides, Mr Ralston was with me, and heard what she said. She as good as told him he was not a gentle

Colonel Mordaunt grows scarlet.
Oh ! come ! come ! don't let us think or talk any more about an old woman's crotchetty "peeches."
"But, Philip, We must talk, because the Room prepared for Mr. Ralston, and she Green

Well, glve her my orders, then !
Indeed, I shall do no such thing
slight pout. "If mine are not to be wilh a you must deliver your own. Meanwhile no room is ready for your nephew, and-our guest, onsember!
"Well, m

Well, my darling, ring the bell, then, an
them to get it reqdy." he answers, tesilly Them to get it reydy," he answers, tes
"Order Quekett "-Irene lissues the com mand with a Hharpness very foreign to herMr. Ralston. Remember the Grieen Room !" As soon as the servant has disappeared, Co
lonel Mordaunt seems most anxious to drop th lonel Mordaunt seems most anxious to drop th subject.
"Well,
In the country, and so you think of practising In the country, en? That's not the road to fame "I min ar
will not lead me there elther treading now, sir, too expensive and too full of temptation is suoh a weak fool as $i$ am. I cannot resist $1 t$, therefore I must put it out of my way."
"That is true stronglh," says Irene, with
kludling eyes. She is standing now against her husband, and has drawn one of his arms round her waist.
"But why
possible place you could come to 9 " ${ }^{\prime}$--the worst "Only because I heard of it here. A Dr. Ro. bertson, of Fenton, advertised for an assistant, him this mornlug."

And have you decided anything?
Certainly not. Robertson and
looks of each other, and I think and I like the together. But I should not dream of setting " Right ! To-morrow consulted you." you: to-night I am too mleapy. Come, Irene,
are you ready "Quite ready; " and the party separates. On Room, haif expecting to nind it dark and Green ed. But no; candles are burning on the tolietin their proper places, and a couple of rosy making the bed. Alling up the plliows and enters her own room, almost ready to boline that Mrs. Quekett must have repented of her hasty behavior.
Here she inds her husband waiting for her.
"Irene," he commences, gravely, " don't tr and persuade foung Ralston to remain here "Or course I will not, if it is againat your
ish. Phillp. But I thought, in asking him, tha I was only doing just what you would bave done
"Oh, fos! it doesn't matter-I am glad timed his visit more conveniently. We shall be full next week, you know."
She does not know any such thing, nor does
o heed it. Another mystery is troubling her now.

Philip 1 why have you never told me about this nephew of yours ?'
member my mentioning him one Don't you re mouth 9 "

I I do ; but it was only

## Well, a tind of ward.

With a sigh.
A. great deat you so much trouble?
leads muoh too fast s life and his health he given way under it, and his morals. He drinks gambled and smokes too much-he has even do noted. It is for this reason, chiefiy, that I value my precious girl too much to expose her purity to contamination."
She slipe har hand into his.
"Too hard a word, Philip. How could Mr Ralston's company injure me? He is not likely
to infect me with the vices you to infect me with the vices you mention. But,
if you allenate him from all respectable soclet. what incentive will he ever have to relinquish low !" And he is an orphan, too! poor fel
"You like him, Irene?"
"Ike his manners face; it is open and candid. from self-concelt. Loo, which is so entirely free be a friend to him. Why should I not try $q$ " "You shall try, my darling-at least, when Quekelt is gone to town. But, to tell you the truth Xrene, Oliver and ahe are sworn enemiea,
and there is no peace in the house whilet they are together.
"Why
toutly. "Why don't you tall that says Irene, toutly. "Why don't you tell that woman she must elther respeot your guests or go 9 "
"She doesn't loox on Oliver as a guest," he replles, evalively. "She hat known him trom
" baby." has not known me from a baby," asys his wife, bitterly; "and yet she speaks to me as no menial has over presumed to speak belore. Oh, Phillp
couldn't stand it
"Hush ! hush ! my darling, it shall not occur aqain, I promise you. I shall speak to Quekett manner. You saw that I upheld your authority this evening
will Yes, I did. Thank you for it, and I hope 1 wirl" a lesson to the old wretoh, for I detest
"Strong words for a laity!" laughs Colonel Mordaunt, simply because he does not evho the sentiment.
He takes
Ittile way towards the door. Then hen moves a ittie way towards the door. Then he returns sudilenly, bends over his wife, and kisses her.
"Thank you," he says, softly, "fon wishing to befriend poor Ollver, my dear!
At these words, what Mr. Raiston told her concerning his uncle's affection belng more de. into her mind, and she says, abruptly:
"Did you love his mother very muoh "Did you love his mother ve
Philip?"
"His
"His mother!" Colonel Mordaunt appears
quite upset by the remerk quite upset by the remark
had you?
"No I I never had a brother," he answers,
 pose. Which aister ? Was she older than Isa. "No ! she was two years younger." Colonel Mordaunt has recovered himself by this time, and speaks quite calmly. "I had three sisters,
Anne, Isabella, and Mary. Poor Mary made runaway match and her father never spoke to her arterwards."
"Well!"
"When she was dying she wrote to me (she had always been my favorite sister, poor girl !), went she had been a widow for more than year then, and was living at Cannes), and stayed -and-brought Oliver wilh me."

Her only child, of course."
"The only child-yes. My father would have nothing to say to the boy; he was a little obap of about two years old at the time, and so I kept "And have brought him up and educated good of you-how very kind and good I How I
do love and admire you for it !" and she esite do love and admire you for it !" and she seizes her hisas it a good uqueeze. On belng released
civol rused.
"ODon't my darling, pray don't: I am not worthy of your pure affeotion ; I wish I were. I of me."
"And you will let me help you to finish the
task," says Irene. "I dare say all these thing Lask," says Irene. "I dare say all these things grandfathor wouldn't acknowledge him-have
welghed on his mind, poor boy, and driven hlm to the oxceases of which you complatn.
Lot us bo his friende, Philip ; good, arm honent Iriends ; ready to praise him whon he is wrong
-and you will see hlip a steady character yet Iand you will see him a steady character yet.
axpremare of it there is momething in the very

Her husband oatches hor enthusiasm; thanks her again for the interest she displays on beha f o confront Mrs. and leaves her just in the mood her own weapons. And on the landing, outside the bedroom door, Where she had probably been airing her ear at the keyhole, he intercepts her.
"Quekett !" he asys, loftily, as she starts at you in my dressing-room. Be so good as to follow me.

He stalks to the hall of judgment majestically with his candlestiok in his hand, and she folaws in his train, but she will not stoop so low entrance; and so the Colonel hes to upon thel do it himself, which rather detracts from tis ssumption of dignity.

Well, sir !" she commenoen from the chair a which she has, as usual, ensconced herself " and what may your two words be 9 I hav rather more than two to say to you myself;
and as it's usual for ladies to come nrst, perhapa and as it's usual for ladies to come irst, perhaps
I'd better be the one to begin." " Yetter bo the ane to begin.
"You can do as you like," replies Colonel ingers' 'nds at being shut up alone wing out of his eldame.
My words won't take long to say, though they inay be more than yours. It just comes to this, Colonel : you promised me Ollver shouldn't stay in this house agala, and you've broke your "I promises all.

I I promised you that his staying here should never inconvenlence you, and you have got to
prove that it will do so. Besid prove that it will do so. Besides, it is almost ontirely your own fault that it has occurred. If ovening, as any prudent person would have done you would not have excited Mrs. Mordaunt to try her infuence against yours. You are carrying the game too far, Quekett. You have spoken
rudely to my wife, and that is a thing that rudely to my wife, and that is a thing that I cannot countenance in you or any one."
"Oh, yes ; of course, my wife. Every
my wife now ; and let bygones be bygones, and all the past forgotten"
$k$
up aga
Not for our own ill-convenience, Colonel ortalnly. But to such as me, who have held by ored with for a space of thirty years, and suf ee a place turn the Lord alone knows how, to Il helter-skelter to please the freaks of a young girl, no one an say butit's trying. Why there's not a ohair or a table in that drawing-room
that stands in the same place as it used to do and as for the dinners, slince she's been at what you call the head of your establishment, there's not been a dinner placed upon the table that I's ask a workhouse pauper to ait down and eat Well,
lently, "t these ars ot yours. If you have grievances surely, and bring against Mrs. Mordaunt than this, I am atisitied. But what has it to do with your re
"Hg to take her orders ?
tha sniff
To follow the wishes, then, if you like the having better, with respect to so simple a thing a guests."
"The Green Roum for Oliver," she inter
she inte

## ,

ould be the events," he answers, sternly, But I do raise it, Colonel an objection to it. it's absurd to treat that lad as though he was nobleman (Why. You haven't a better room to you, ; and then to thiles in, if he came to vis "Be careful what you say, Quekett. Don" make me to angry. I shall stand up for Ollver

## Oliver Fiddlesticks !

"Whatever the rest of the family may do ; and you who talk so much of cllinging to us and instead a fighting against me in this matter. In confess that I cannot understand it. You loved his mother, or I conclude you did.
shrilly, as she rises from her chair. "than, cause I loved his mother, Colonel, "that It be the sight of him; it is because I remember her innocent girihood, and her blighted woman hood, and her broken-hearted death, that to hear him speak and see him smile, in his bold Way, makes me wish she had died before she I can't think what she was arter nory of herself. she hadn't much to live for at the last, as you

## Poor Mary!" sighs the Colonel

always poor Mary; that's the way the world escaped from it. I don't call her poor Mary ave farn up the whiltes of my eyes after you with her son, and so live in the same house
Either Oliver told you before

You you are talking at random, Queket Oliver, just as you have a crotehet in your about is as absurd as the other. Just orders, and one these things in a reanonable light, and all would
go monothly." Bmoot
Bat Mr
eally.

You can do as you please, Colonel, but my words stand. You have chosen to keep Maste "I could

I could not have done otherwise without exciting suspicion; would you have me blab th ory to all the world ?" he says, angrily
"Oh! if you go on in this way, Col
shall blab it myself, and save you the trouble As if it wasn't enough to have the Court pulled to pieces before my eyes, and to be spoken to as if I was the sou $n$ of the earth, without being crossed in this fashion. You told me just now, Colonel, not to make you too angry-don't you do the same by me, or I may prove a toughe
customer than $\mathrm{I} v \mathrm{ve}$ done yet. Now, do you customer than Ive done yet. Now, do
mean to let Ollver stay on here, or no ",
"I shall let him remain as long as it seem proper to myself," replies her master, whose The housekeeper can hard
"You-will- iner can hardly belleve her ears And why don't you add, 'according to Mrs. Mordaunt's wishes?
"I do add 1t, Quekett-_'according to Mrs
Mordaunt's wishes.' Mrs. Mordaunt is mistress here, and the length of hers. Mordannt is misiress determined by her desire. And whilst she is mistress here, remember that I will have he treated by you as a mistress, and not as an
Quekett stares at him for a moment in silent surprise; and then the angry blood pumps up into her face, flling her triple chins until they look like the wattles of an infuriated turkey, and making her volce shake with the exclie ment that ensues.
"Very well, Col
"Very well, Colonel. I understand you. You have sald quite enough," she replies, quiver
ingly. "It is as well you should understand me, Quekett, and I ought to have said all this long beid time to thing over it, you when you have
had am right."

Very well, Colonel-that is quite sufficient I can assure you;" and with that Mrs, Queleett sweeps out of the dressing-room
Colonel Mordaunt doesn't feel quite comportable after her departure ; it has been tooabrup to leave a comportable impression hehind it: he has done what is rif the reflection tho tion to bring happinese with it by the ares and often accompanied by muec by the way, cold comfort presented by gruel, or any other nastiness that we swallow in order to do us good); and seeking Irene's presence again, sleeps the bleep of the just, trustting to the morning's light o dispel much of bis forebolding.
The morning's light dispels it after this wise. Between six and seven Irene is wakened by strange sound at her bedside, something mew; and jumps up to find wind and a mew; and jumps up to find her sister-in as a
standing there, looking as melancholy as mute at a funeral, and snifing Into a pockethandkerchlef.
"Good gracious, Isabella! what is the mater? Is Phillip-
But no; Philip is occupying his own place of
honor, and has not this wicked world.

What is the matter ? Are you ill ? " "Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt; but Mrs.
Quekett-I shouldn't have ventured in her, Quekett-I shouldn't have ventured in here,
you may be quite sure-' and here Isabella's you may be quite sure- and here isabellat Mrs. Quekett is-oh ! what will Phillp say
"Is she dead 0 " interest not quite in accordance with the solemn Inquiry.

Dead! My dear Mrs. Mordaunt, no !"
What is the row?" says her brother, now awake for the first time
"Oh, Philip, Mrs. Quekett is gone."
"Gone! where to ?"
"I don't know; bbt I think to London-mto Lady Baidwin's-I tried to stop ner, but
couidn't ; she would go." couldn't ; she would go."
"Jubilate !" cries Irene, clapping her hands. "I am so gla
to be true."
"Oh ! but, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt, she whe so angry, and so unkind, she wouldn't ever me," say
of sniffs.
"Faugh!" replies Irene, "Whata misfortune! But, Philip, had gou any idea of this?

Is it because of what occurred last night
"I am afraid so."
"ithout her. How did shall do much better without her. How did she go, lsabella ?" it till I heard the carriage drive up to the door. There is a nine o'clock train to London-I supposo means to catch that!
did you ever hear of such impertinence? " mind "Well, never mind, my darling; never mine it now," he replies, soothingly. "You see is io
always has been used to have the carriage it

So Miss Mordaunt leaves her brother and retires, quite overcome by Irene's boldness, and almost shaken in her faith respecting the power held by Mrs. Quekett over the inhabitants of As, some minutes after, the Colonel is quietly
enjoying enjoying his matitutinal bath, he is almost starlled out of his seven senses by a violent
rapping against the partition which divides his
dressig "My drean from his wife's bedroom, "My dear girl, what is the matter?" he
exclaims, as he feels his inability to rush to the "Pesue. "Phillp! Philip!" with a dozen more raps Philip-may oliver stay with us now?" "Look here, "Yes! yes!" he shouts, in answer, "as long Torser you as he sinks back into his bath. "I
Teally thought the old witch had repented of hor purpose, and was down on us again!"
As a whole, the village of Priestley is not
picturesque in appearance, but it has wonder-
fully romantic-looking bits scit pleturesque in appearance, but it has wonderhere and there, as what country village has not
Tumbledown cottages, belonging to land lords more " near"than thrifty, or rented by lenants whose weekly wages go to twell the Income of the "Dog and Fox;" with untidy
sardens attached to them, where the narrow paths have been almost washed away by the
apring show, Piring showers, until they form mere gutters
for the summer rain, into which the heavy and poms of the neglected rose-trees lie, sodden
franhited from the touch of earth. Or oldfaghioned cottages, built half a century before, now, bricks and mold together in are not so scarce union, and Wh darker rooms, perhaps, than the more latiticed one possess, because the casements are Which the glass is green and dingy, but which corner boast of wide fire-places and a chimneypoor, who feel the winter's draughts as keenly as saffer from rheumatics), and cupboards to stow Wecessary to build in newer tenements. Such cottages as these have usually a garden as oldtone wall-not a stiff, straight wall, but a dell-clously-irregular erection, with a large block ping-stone for such as prefer that mode of ingress act stone-crop and creeping-jenny have seized base advantage, and taking root, increased in tive them notice of eviction, Over the wail a
Over the agiment of various tinted hoilyhocks rear their bright sunflower; whilst at their feet we And camomile flowers, and all the old-world darlings bich look so sweet, and, in many cases, smell
nasty, but without which an old-world garden Wousty, but without wh
All this is very nice, but it is not so wild and may generas the other; indeed, as a rule, we ofque places to look at are the least comfortD Priestley that an artist would select as a Cray, for his pencil would be that of Mrs.
uncomporandress, and it is certainly as
It it is not situated in the principal thoroughfare the "street," as Priestly proudiey calls it, on
"Count, perhaps, of its owning the celebrated
Dog and Fox"-but, at the "Dog and Fox",-but, at the extremity of a long ross. It is, indeed, the very last house before doubass into the open country, and chosen, Thich form the washerwoman's drying-grounds.
It is a long, low, shambling building, more like a barn than a cottage, with willding, more like
Placod, some in placed, some in the thatched roof and others on ront, which once was garden, but is now only a playground, as indeed it is. In the a children's Lay ground, as indeed it is. In the centre stands
by a di-fashioned well, large and deep, encircled a high brink of stone-work, over which ivy
to wrs with such luxuriance, that it endeavors To climb, and would climb and suftronate, the
Pery windlass, were Mrs. Cray's boys and girls
not that constantly employed in tearing it ruthlessly o plgs share the playground with the children, Pout amay amongst the ivy, snuff aboat the
Open door, try to drink out of Mrs. Cray's
Wauhing-tubs, and mater Waying-tubs, and make themselves generally the on a line stretching from the cottage carmeny flutter a variety of white and coloured
bigate; like the fiags on a holiday-dressed Prigate; whilist the flags on a holiday-dressed
Fory bower of greenery-contains several evi-
dencen

## of late l home ! How little she has thought

 as she I tands phe can see it in hering mind words. It was particularly happy home to her-the of the poor seldom are. She had known sor and thirst and cold, and, occasionally, memory of the dull life she led there seemspeaceful now, compared to the y scennes through which she has passed
leaving it."

Yes! it was of this old home that Myra had
had been thinking three years had been thinking three years ago, when Joel
Cray stood beside her in the fields of Fretteriey, and urged her to return with him. It was to
this old home she flew for refuge from the biter this old home she fiew for refuge from the bitter
knowledge of her lover's want of love for her and it is in this old home that we now mee with her again.
It is at the close of a long, hot September day,
and she is sitting by the open window attired as we sing by the open window-nol material, with her hair dressed in the prevail Ing fashion, and gold ornaments gleaming in
her ears on her breast. Myra is arrayed in her ears on her breast. Myra is arrayed in
cotton now: the sbawl, which is still pinned cotton now: the sbawt, whick is sout her shoulders, is of black merino, and the
about
hat whlch she has just hat, which she has just cast upon the table, is Yet there is a greater singe in trimming than could be produced by any quality of dress -a change so vivid and startling, to such as
have not seen ber during this interval of three have not seen her during this interval of three
years, as to draw off the consideration from everything except herself.
Her face has fallen away to half its forme. size, so that the must prominent features in it are her cheek-bones, above which her large dark
eyes gleam feverishly and hollow. Her hair, eyes gieam foverishly and hollow. Her bair,
Which used to be so luxurlant, now pror and thin, is pushed plainly away behind her bloodless appearance of her complexion is only
relieved by two patches of crimson beneath her relieved by two patches of crimson beneath her
eyes, which make her loox as though she had been rouged. Her shape, too, once so round and buxom, has lost all its comeliness: her print gown hangs in.folds about ber walst and bosom, and she has acquired a stoop which she never
had bofore. Elght-and-twenty-only eight had before. Elght-and-twenty-only eight-and-
twenty on her birth-day passed, anil brought twenty on her birth-day passed, and brought to
this! But, as she gazes vacantly at the patch of ground in front or her aunt's coltage, she is not thinking of her health-people who are danger-
ously ill seldom do: yet her thoughts are bitter. The children are playing there-five children between the ages of eight and fourteen, belong-
ing to Mrs. Cray, and a little nurse-child of which ing to Mrs. Cray, and a little nurse child of which
she has the charge. The latter-an infant who has not long learned to walk alone-escapes Crays, and attempts to climb the ivy-covered brink of the well: more, he manages to holst towards the uacovered pit. top, and to craw attempts to gain hold of one of his mottled legan he kicks resistance; she screams, and the scream arouses Myra from her dream. She has just been thinking how little hife is worth to any
one: she sees ufe in danger or one: she sees life in danger of belng lost, and
fles to preserve it. As she reaches the well, and seizes hold of the rebellious infant, her face orimson with exoitement.,
"Tommy would do it ",
beginning to whimper with the friants Jenny, The infant doesn't whimper, but
Igorously against the sides of bis preserver Myra throws down the wooden lid, which ought at all times to keep the well covered; presses Tommy passionately against her breast;
then putting bim down, with a god cuff on the then putting him down, with a good cuff on the
side of bis head, to teach him better for the future, walks back into the cottabe, panting.
"Why did I do it? " she thinks, as she lea her exhausted frame upon the table. "What's her exanated frame upon the table. "What's
the good of ilfe to him, or me, or any one ? We thed much better be all dead together:
"Hollo, Myra!" exclatins the voice of her Well ! I'm right glad to bee you, lass, though can't say as you look any the better for your going."
He the back kite from his dally labour, through with his rough, kind hands placed upon her shoulders.
"Let me look in your faoe, my dear, and read What it says! No news. I thought as much. "And if an angel had told me so" she
passionately, "do you think $I$ so," she sayld have passionately, "do you think I should have
listened to what he sald What's health, or
wealith, or peace, or angthing wealth, or peace, or anything to me, compared to the chance of finding him again, and seeing I can't make up my yind lart with it-the -the only thing the world has left we."
"I blame you, my dear ? God forbid! Only you can't expect me to see you wasting all your
life runing after a shadder, without warning
you yout, Myra."

There's a deal left to wear out," she answers. aud you you're not so strong as you ought to be should hearken to what your friends tell you This makes the sixth time you've been on the ramp after that 'Amilton."
"Don't speak his name!" she says, quickly
I can't bear it." "I can't bear it.
almost why don't you forget $i t$, then 9 " he answers, almost savagely, as
corner of the room.
"Oh,
"Oh, Joel!" she wails, rocking herself back
wards and forwards, "I can't forget it I could. It seems written in leiters of fre wherever I turn. There have I be-n of filing
away for the last three months accounts at a large West-end shop this time) and walking myself off my legs between whiles, and yet I can't hear anything. I beifeve I've but it only ended in disappointment. i've spent all my money, and had to sell my clothes of my back to get home again into the bargain-
and here I am, Just as I went!" And Myra and here I am, Just as I went!" And Myra

## The sobs melt Joel's honest heart.

"My poor lamb!" he says, tenderly, "you'd better give it up once and for all-it bean't of no manner of use. And suppose you found him
now !-just suppose, is he the man to righ you?"
"Oh! I don't know-I don't know," she says, "Yidst her tears. Curage to speak out. He was slck of you three years ago; he told you as much; is he likely But to this question there comes no answe ut her sobs.

I was sweet on you long before that, Myra, continues her cousin, presently, in a low voice but I aln't changed towards you. Why won you let mee mend this business. There aln'
much difference between one man and another but there's a deal to a woman in an honest name; and that's what I'll give you to-morrow my dear, if you'll only make up your mind

Don't, Joel! pray don't!
"Are you never golng to have another answer
r me save that ? One would think I wanted to for me save that? One would think I wanted to one as would do it, Myra; but I knows all, and
yet I says again, I'll make an honest woman of isays ggain, I'll make an honest woma
of you to-morrow, if you ehoose to be m

I can't-indeed I can't!"
"That aln't true ! You could do it well enough if you chose," replies Joel, moving a little away from her
Cor, Myra! are you back again? "Interrupts he kitchen door, with her sleeves tucked up to her steaming arms and hands upon her canvas apron; "when did you reash? "

About an hour ago," says the girl, wearlly
"No wiser than I went!"
In course not: you're a fool for golng. Tra-wild-goose the couniry in that rashion afer home and look after the children!"

I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. I've been worked to death, between the brats and the
linen, since you went. And there's been fine linen, since you went. And there's been fine
changes up at the Court, too. The Colone,' brought home his lady! and a nice-looking reetur she is, so I hear (Joel's seen her-he can a huff. So much the better; I don't wish her good luck, for one; and if I see a chance of getting baok the Court washing, why, I shall do it, particular if the Colonel's lady is what Joel seems to think her. Why, Joel, lad, what's up
with you ?-you look as is you'd had a craek on with you
the head
"You'd better ask Myra," replies Joel, sul-
"Why, you're never at logger-heads again, and she not home an hour ! Here, Polly, lass, bing Tommy over to me, and go and see about aln't filled yet. And you sit quilet there," she continues, to the unfortunate Tommy, as she bumps him handsomely down on the stone fioor to enforce her command, and leaves him there Whimpering. At the sound of the chili's volce, Myra raises her eyes quickly, and glances at
him, then turns away, with a heavy sigh, and esumes her former position
"What's up between you?" demands Mrs. ray of her nlece, when she has time to rever like your ways of goling on, aud so you're huffed at It." isn't that," replied Myra. "Joel wants .ue to do what's impossible, and he's angry because I tell hitm so.
"I wants her to be my Wife, mother-that's running back'ards and forrards after a will-o'-the-wisp (for if she found that fine gentleman as her mind is bent upon to-morrer, he'd uo
more marry her than he would you), and blde here at Priestley, and bring up an honest man's ohlldren. She knows as I've hankered after her and yever, and throw nothing of what's gone in hard, teeth. But she puts me off with saying it's impossible. What do you think of that?"
"I think she must be out of her mind not to as ever worked for his bread, and offers to bemean bimself by looking over all your trickg and making an honest woman of you, and you
won't have him. You must be mad !" "Perhaps I am, aunt; but I can't have
Perhaps I am, aunt; but I can't help it."
Don't talk such rubblsh-(sit down when I tell you, will yer?-or I'ligive yer something to ittle scapegoat Toinmy, who has dared to the Mrs. Cray does not only promise-she performs; and tae child does not whimper this time-he Myra springs up hastily and snatches him
from her aunt's hands. "How can you be so cruel? You treat him "How can you be so cruel ? You treat him
" a dog!"
"Well, he aln't of much more value, nor half o much use. He cumbers up the place terrible, and is a deal of trouble with his violent ways. bother than he's worth."

## "Do you think I'd keep him without?"

money, then. You'll split the ohld's head open some days.
"And a good Job, too, If I did. He aln't utoly
"o be mlased."

The younger woman's breast heaves, but she does not answer.
oel tries to make peace between them.
"Come! don't you think no more about it,
Myra. His 'ed ain't split this time, and mother
says more than the means."
"I don't know that, Joel," says Mrs. Cray "If she scorns you, nothing can't be too hard
" for her."

Nothing has ever been too bard for me-in gone, and out of it all-that I do! Oh, my God!"
goling But with that commences weeping afresh. But her weakness is soon interrupted by her "Come, now ! shake yourself up girl! There's
quality coming up the path. Here, Joel! who quality can
"Blest if it aln't the Colonel's lady
realise the fact, Irene's tap has soumore than realise the fact, Irene's tap has sounded on the
half-opened door, and her volce is asking for admision. Joor, very red in the face, stand
admision. bolt upright against the chimney-place. Myra turns passes her hand across her eyes, and adrances to recivo the way ; whilt Mrs. Cray given nurse-c:illd hiding his head in her skirts. "Are you Mrs. Cray ? " demands Irene.
"ast Interview." with Mrs. Quekett, aud lgnoran as to what dealings the Court people may how served at first, and stands upon her digaty have come to ask if you oan do mo with me who want some muslin dresse staying in a hurry for a flower-s iow at Fenton, and th Court laundress cannot undertake to let us have them by Wednesday. Could you?"
"Well, that depends a deal npon what they are llke, mum," replies Mrs. Cray; whereupon
follows a vivid description of puffs and flounces and laces, quite unnecessary to the well-doin of my story.
"I don't see why I shouldn't give you satis faction, mum," is the laundress's concluding I've worked for the Court gentle-folk by a many.'
"fterndeed! I never heard your name till this "That's likely enough, mum. I don't suppose you would go to bit mentioned; but worlud And it was a hard day for ine, with all my pour
children (six of them, if there's ones), when got turned away for asking iny due."

Who turned you away, Mrs. Cray ""
Why, bless you, mum, Mrs. Quekett, as was mistress of the Court then-who else should have done it? -and only because I wanted my
three weeks' money, as I belleve was ining her own pockets all the time. It's been a heav loss to me, mum. But where's the use of talk ing, when a woman like that, as no one in the
village has a good word for, is queen, and nothing lqse? You'll hardly believe it, mum but she ordered me straight out of the hou then and there, and forblid even the servants to couple or more pounds a quarter out of pocket, let alone the other.
Irene grows rather red during this harangue, and stands with her eyes on the floor, trying to break the tip of her parasol by digging il into a dusty crevice between the flags. She doe- not relish hearing this common woman speak the
truth, and as soon as there is a break in the Well, Quekett is
Well, Quekett is not mistress of the Court now, Mrs. Cray, as I suppose I need not tell you and her likes and disilikes are nothing what ing with us, and the washing is likely to be more than our laundress can do. At all evente I can promise you shall have back the servants linen; and, if I am satisfied with the way in
which you get up the dresses I speak of, you shall have some of nine also."
"Oh ! thank you, mum, kindly. I saw you was a real lady the minute I set eyes on you times, "Mother," he says to me-", short so parrassing an eulogium;""and to cut be sure to have the dresses by Wednesday, shall I not?'
day, can let the lady have Lhem by Wednesing to her nlece. "This is Monday, and you feels well enough to help, don't you?"
"Yes, I'll help," is the listless answer.
"Is that your daughter? Is she ill?" demands Irene.
just my nlece, mum, and but a poor creetur just now-there's no denying of it."
"Indeed she does look very ill," sald Irene, syinpathizingly, as she approaches Myra's hollow cheeks and staring eyes in whioh girl traces of tears are still visible. "Do you suffer
At Irst Myra is disposed to answer rudely, or
not at all. The is sensitively alive to the fact of tare altered appearanee, and always ready to take umbrage at any allusion made to it; but bent over hers, and feels torced to be courteous even against her own will.

None now-sometimes I do!"
Where is it? You do not mind my asking, do you? Perhaps I might send you somethlug "at would do you good."
below her oollar-bones, "st night, when the
cough'm bad, and I oan't sleep for it. I some,
times feel as though I should go mad with the
paln here." paln here."
"And what kind of a pain is it $?$ "

And what kind of a pain is it?" more; and
It's just a gnawing-nothing morn I'm a little вore sometimes."
"And she can't eat nothing, poor dear," in-
arposes Mrs. Cray. "She turns against meal and pudding as though they was poison ; but and pudang as thongh they was poison; but
she dinks water by the gallon. I'm sure the She drinks water by the gallon, I'm sure th
buckets of water as the girl have drunk "And does not washing make you worse? ${ }^{\text {aga'n inquires Irene. }}$
"S Sometimes; but I don't stand at it long-I can't."'
"And how do you employ your time, then,
Myra?"
"I'm just home from a job in London, ma'am.
I'm good at keeping accounts, and such lam It'm good at keeping accounts, and such likeme rather this hot weather, and I'm glad to be back in Priestley again."
"She ain't fit for nothing of that sort now,"
interpolates Mrs Cray interpolates Mrs Cray.
"I dare say not. She
"I dare say not. She must take care of her-
selt till she gets stronger," says Irene, cheerfully. "I will send you some soup from the Court, Myra-perbaps that will tempt you to
eat. And are you fond of reading? Would you eat. And are you fond of $r$
like to have some books? ",
"
"Oh, she's a fine scholar, mum," again puts
in Mrs. Cray. "Many and many's the thought we'dgiven her too much larning i've thought we'given ber too much larning; but skits a good shake. interupts herself to give her skirts a good shake. "Get out of that, do, you
varmint! What do you mean by hanging on to me after that fashion?" - which adjuration is succeeded by the appearanoe of Tommy's
curly head and dirty face in the full light of curly head and dirty face th the full light of
day.
"Whose chlld is that?" cries Irene suddenly. The question is so unexpected, that no one awkwardly upon the hearth, which ho has fee quitted, and Myra turns round in her chair and looks full into Irene's face, whose eyes are rivet-
ed upon the chlld, still ollinging for protection to ed upon the chlld, stll chlnging for protection to
the skirts of his nurse. the skirts of his nurse.
Mrs. Cray is the firs
Mrs. Cray is the first to find her tongue.
"What ! Lhis boy "What ! this boy, mum, as is hanging on my
gownd in this ill convenient fashion ? but
lor tchildrent lor : children will be children," she continues,
as she puts her hand ou Tommy's head and pushes uim forward for Irene's better head and ". Well, he's not mine, though I Iook on him moost as my own. To tell truth, be's a nuss-
child." "A nurse-child! You are pald for keeping him ; but who, then, are his parents ?"
"They're very respectable people

They're very respectable people mum quite gentilefolks, as you may say. I think his
pas's in the grocery line ; but 1 couldu't speak for certain. My money is paid regular, and
that's all I have to look after," "Ob, of course to look after, name?
 " But nis surnam
"Well, we haven't much call here to use hit other name, mum ; and I'm sure tit's almos slipped my memory. What's the name as the
gentleman writes as owns of Tommy, Joel?" gentleman writes as owns of Tommy, Joel $q$ "
she continues, appealing, in rather a consclous manner, to her son

## replies, gruffly.

name is Brown. You might go to "the child" much as bat,
"Ohl, it doesn't signify," Interrupts Irene, who perceives she has stumbled on an unwelcome subject, "it is of no consequence;" and then,
in her fresh summer dress, she kneels down on
 the uncovered stone noor, that bas been tram-
pled by dusty feet all day long. "Come here, Look at the wh't you come and speak to me dangles her watch-chain, with its bunch of glit tering charms, before his eyes.
Tommy cannot resist the bait
Tommy cannot resist the bait; curiosity casts
out fear; and in another moment his deep blue eyes are bent greedlly upon the flashing baubles dull impress upon pencll-case and locket and dunl. impress upon pencll-case and locket and
seal. Oh dear t mum he an't at an touch him ; and his he ain't fit as you should of your gound. Here, Jenny, make haste and put Tom
at him.
him.
No ! ! pray don't ; he is doing no harm." So the dirty little brat ts lert in peace, whilit
the lady takes stock or his eyes and mouth and the lady takes stock of his eyes and mouth and
hatr. Once, In hls eostasy at fnding a gold nsh
amongit Eer treasares, her raises his eyes sudamongst Ler treasares, he raises his eyes sud
denly to herra, nd she darts forward as sudden-
ly and klises him. Then, becoming aware that she has doose something rather out of the tome
non, and that Mrs. Cray and Juel and Mra are looking at her with surprise, Irene rises to of the disappointed Tommy's reach, and, wrth a an a a polgg.
"Illike litle children," she says, hurriedly
"and-and-he has very blue eyes. Are you fond of lollpops, Tommy "," eyes, Are you "I Wrant the nes," say
Mr."Cray's gown again.
"O

Oh fie ! then you can't have it. Now he'ave yourself, or Int give you a good hiding." ia the
gentle rejolnder. Irene feeis very much inclined to give him
the "fi s," but has suffielent sense to the "il s, but has sumfieient sense to know it takes a shlling ontef her purse instead.
"See, Tommy : a beautiful bright new shil ling! Won't you go and buy some lollipops with Tommy advances his hand far enough to grab the coin, and then retreats in silence.
"Say 'thankye' to the lady," suggests Mrs. Brat Tommy is dumb.
"Say 'hankye' at once ; d'ye hear?" and a good sbake is followed by an equally good cuff
on the small delinquent's head. "Oh ! don't strike him," crie
y-" pray don't strike him ; he is but a baby Poor little Tommy! I am sure be will say thank you, when he knows me better."
"You're too good to him, mum ; you can't do
nothing with children without hitting 'em now and then: which you will find when you have a young family of your own.
" I must go now
"I must go now. My friends are waiting for me," says Irene, whose color has risen at the fris Send up for the dresses to-night; and the Cray shall give you some soup at the same time, for your niece."
But she has not long stepped over the threshold, before Myra is after her ; and they meet by the ivy-covered well.
won't you? ", says the girl, panting even with that slight effort
"If you wish it, certainly. Would you like me "ome and see you, Myra?
"Very much! There are
at me as yours does." "My poor girl! the
will come, with the "Soon?
"Very soon." And so they part: and Irene
Joins Mary Cavendish and Ollver Ralston who have been walking up and down the green lane outside the cottage, waiting for her.
"Have I? Thero's a peor ?
"Have I? There's a poor young woman there in a consumption, or something of the sort, who
interested me. And such a dear little child: a nurse-child of Mrs. Cray's. I stayed to talk to
them."
"how long is it since you have developed a laughing. "I did not think they were at all in your line."
"I "ever
"I "ever disliked them; and this baby has
such beautiful earnest eyes." "It is remarkable whes.
the children of the poor havely eyes some of when I was in Berwict -"
"Let us get over the stile here; it leads to Irene, interrupting her cousin in the rudest man ner in the world. But so is Miss Cavendish anways interrupted if she ventures to make the
slightest reference to her visit of the summ slightest reference to her visit of the summer. She has been dying, heaps of times, to relate all the glories or that period to Irene, but she has
never been able to advance farther then the never been able to advance farther than the
fact that they took place. The mere name of fret that they took place. The mere name of
Berwick is sufficient to send Mrs. Mordaunt out of the room or-as in the present instance - out the stile.
Mrene cannot get the remembrance of poor of her head. It forms the staple subject of her conversation at the dinner-tuble, and she talks of it all the evening, while her guests are rambing about the gardens and shrubbery; and she is sitting on a bench with her husband in the
dusk, and firting with him in her little quie dusk, and firting with him in her little quiet "It is very sad," says Colonel Mordaunt for that you should have fallen in I'm very glad dear. It is in such cases that the with her, my much to help the poor. Sickness is bad do so to bear when we are surrounded by every luxury; It must be twice as hard when one is deprived of the necessaries of life." And he conhis arm tightens round the we evening air, while his arm tightens round the waist of his wife.
"Yes," says Irene, leaning up "and you should see how thin and against him, Philip. Her bones look as though pale she is, coming through her skin. And she has no appetite, her aunt says. I have ordered cook to send ber down some soup and Jelly."
"Quite right. I am afraid you would find
several more in the same condition if you were to look for them. Country poor are too proud to
beg."
"I
I will make a point of looking. But I never saw any one so terribly thin
eyes are hollow, poor thing!"
"You seem
yes are hollow, poor thing!"
"You seem to have taken
"She bas awakened a great interest in me,
though I cannot tell why. She seems more than 111-she looks unhappy
"And have you told Colonel Mordaunt about Mary Cavendish, such a fancy to ?" laughs hear the last words. "It's a new thiug for Irene to be running after bables-isn't it, Colonel Mordaunt?"
Irene flushes; it is not sodark but he can see him. "What baby, dariling?" he says, as he presses
her closer to him. Irene is vexed at the turn in the conversation; she is not a bit sentimental, and she cannot affect to be so
If: "it was a a big child of two or three years
old."
"And you took a fancy to It-why $q$ "
Colonel Mordaunt's "why" has a totally dif-
ferent bearing to the "why" that falls upon

Irene's ears. She grows scarlet, and almos starts away from him.
" Why !-why-! For no particular reason-only-because-I don't care for children in general, I know-but_but_"
Whilst she is stammering on
Whilst she is stammering out a reasonable an
"But you thought," he it.
"But you thought," he whispers close into her ear, "that some day you might possess such "Id of your own, Irene !
thought anything of the kind," she exclaims alought and anything of the kind," she exclaim laughs. The laughs grates on Colonel Mor daunt's ear; he draws nimself away, not of rended, but hurt.
"If such a prospect holds no charms for you, Irene, you might keep the unpleasant truth t
yourself. It is not necessary to laugh at me."
"Laugh !--did I laugh? " she replies, still tit ering. "I'm sure 1 didn't know it. I don' think the quite know what I did do." And wit ing, not heavily, but in a smart little shower of tears that savor strongly of the hysterical. 0 lonel Mordaunt does not know what to make of it; he has been littlo used to women, and this one seems to him, at times, a mystery; buthe adopts the safe course : he throws his arms about her neck and begs her not to think any
more about it. And, apparently, Irene adopts more about it. And, apparently, Irene adopts his advice, for she dries her eyes, and flits away
from his side, and the next minute he hears her light laugh ringing out through the shrubbery a some jest of Oliver Ralston's.
They are a very happy party at Fen Court crept out of her shell, and to dare to enjoy her self after a demurely quiet fashion ; and as for Colonel Mordaunt, he has been a different man since rld of the presence of the awful Mrs. Que kett. Not that he was quite himself for some days after the housekeeper's summary depart ure. A gloomy dread seemed hanging over him at that time, for which frene was unable to ac kett's temer her or a air, she thought fit to send ber master a written as though nothing unpleasant a letter pened between them, which intimated her whereabouts, and wound up wilh her ments to his "good lady."
Colonel Mordaunt's mind was instantly relieved; and the next post took back a lengtiny
epistle in reply. Irene saw neither of these epistle in reply. Irene sow neither of these let observing how much more at ease her hustalp appeared to be after receiving and despatahing them.
and with the fears of Mrs. Quekett's ever lasting displeasure lifted off his mind, Colone than she had seen him since their marriage lively petted Irene all day long, chaffed Isabella, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy the companionship of Oliver, as though, in the affection o
these three, he had all he desired in this life to these three, he had
make him happy.

His wife had begun to wish that it could go on thus for ever, and that they had no friend ty. But the guests have arrived, and the ficl ruffied intercourse is continued, and the un belng carried quietly along the stream oflife as though she had left all its storms behind her and there were no black clouds gathering in the future.

Colonel Mordaunt is of an exceedingly benevolent nature; he takes great interest in the
poor of the parish, and never neglects an op poor of the parish, and never neglects an op-
portunity of sympathising with or relieving of the butafter a while he does grow very sick of the name of Myra Cray. It appears as
though his wife were always harping on it; every topic, from whatever point started, veers round, in some mysterious manner, to the stck girl at the laundress's cottage; and whenever he misses Irene, he is sure to hear that she has "just run down" to the end of the village with a book, or a pudding. At last he grows fidgely
on the subject. on the subject.
"You are
brolling sun!" hey, never golng out in this in October, as he meets his wife arrayed for walking, a basket of fruit on one arm, and a it, Irene. You wlll get fever or cannot allow the sort : sou must wait till the day is cooler.'
" Oh, I can't wait, Philip," she says, coaxingly, "for poor Myra is so much worse."She broke
a bloodvessel last night, and they have just sent a bloodversel last night, and they have just sent
up to tell me so." " What good ca
"I What good can you do by going down?" presence to be a comfort: she has taken a great
fancy to me, you know. Besides, I want to carry her a few grapes."
"Send them by a serv risk your health by encont. I cannot have you "It will not fatigue ; and I want to see Myra "Take the pony-chaise, then"
have put the harness torether lazy grooms will bed-slde." And running past ishall be by her her way down to the village.
to be interested in is vexed. He likes his wifc visits of latested in the parishioners, but her who are generally considered to to the CraysWho are generally considered to be the least de-
serving of them all. Besides, he argues, the house is full of guests, to whom she owes more self from their company at all hours of the day.
When they meet at luncheon,
is what is termed a little "put out; but she is too full of her protégee to notice it. takes her seat at the lable. "I am afraid there is 11 ttle hope for ber; she is so weak, she cannot speak above a whisper."
"She oughtn't to be allowed to speak at all,
having broken a bloodvessel," says her husband, having broken a bloodvessel," says her hus
shortly. "Will you take a cutlet, Irene?" shortly. "Will you take a cutlet, Irene?"
"No-nothing, thank you. I couldn't eat ; my whole mind is absorbed by the thought of that poor girl."

But you are not going to allow it to spoil morning, and are you ? Ruaning about all it. The end of it will be, you will be ill.
"Not while there is work for me to do - as there ever is."
"Nonsense! you talk of it as though it waro
a duty. It is a much greater duty for you to ast when your husband asks you duty for
"Don't ask me then, dear Philip; for I really
He does not press her, but direct his attention to the rest of the company; whilst ghe
leans back in her ohair, pale, pensive, and almost entirely silent.
"You won't go out again ?" he says to her,
as the meal is concluded and they rise from as the
"Oh no ! I don't think so." $\quad$ Go, then, and liedown my dear. You hate been then, and liedown, my dear. You haro
buch excited. I never saw you mors ercome."
think I will lie down, just for an hour of wo. My head aches terribly."
Then this trifing annoyanc
Then this trifing annoyance vanishes, and her upstairs with his arm around her waist, and coaxing and petting her like a slck child, she has exchanged her dress for a cool wr and laid down on her bed: when hesteps
the room, on tiptoe, like a woman, down the on tiptoe, like a woman, pulling her reach bliads and puting everything her reach that he thinks she may require., "I shall be back by six, my own darling," ne Whispers, in farewell; "and I bope
"I dare say I shall," she murmurs, dreamily and then he leaves her. At the appointed hour he is back again, and entering the room of the blinds drawn up, and Phobe sitting by the window, stitching a rent in one of her mist

## dresses.

"Mrs. Mordaunt gone down?" he says, interrogatively.
"Yes, sir
"Yes, sir. I believe she's gone out, sir."
"Out ! Not eut of doors again?"
"I think so, sir. A message came up trom Cray's for my missus, about four o'clock, I believe the young woman's sent for her, sif "Too bad! too bad!" exolaims Colonel
" daunt, angrily-though referrigg more
be back to dinner."
"I suppose so, sir. My missus said she would just atitching thusin this evening, and
ust stitching this one together for her." are all
But dinner-time arrives, and they ar mis. assembled in the diniug-room, and still the milgtress of the house is absent.
"It is close upon seven : she must be her directly," remarks Colonel Morlaunt, thous directiy,"
"A note from Cray's if you please, sir," an ${ }^{8}$ the tootman,
He opens it and reads
Dear Philip, -
Pray don't wait dinner for me. It is ina. possible that I can come home just yet.

## Yours, "IRENE."

"Serve the dinner at once!" exclaims colonef
ordaunt, in a voice of real displeasure, as ne tears up the note into a dozen fragments a asts them into the empty grate behind him.

## chapter vil.

Meanwhile Irene, unconscious how her work charity will influence her future, is side of the laundress's nlece. She is unused to stckness or to death, but she knows now that the one of the only vanish hence before the presence of rance to the cottage, and answered her que tions about Myra with the utmost frankness. "She may linger," he sald doubtfully, ben
it is more likely that she will not. She has be not breaking up for some ime past, and has no sufficient strength to rally from this last al tack. I shall be here again in tiae morning, my staying now." And the doctor mounted $n$ stout cob and trotted off in another direction. Irene stood watching him till he was outh
ight, and then turned into the cottage with sigh. When the doctor leaves the house
which a patlent lies in extremis, it seems as death had already entered there. in Mrs. There is no cessation of business in Mrs.
Cray's dwelling, though her niece does lay dy
ing. People who work hard for thelr daily bread cannot afford time for sentiment; and
the back kitchen is full of stean and soapsuds,
and the washerwomen are clanking backwards
and forwards over the wet stones in their pat-
tens, to wring and hang out the linen; and the
clatter of tongues and rattling of tubs and nois
of the children are so continuous that Irene has the child at first in making herself heard. But has been on the liok message up to the Court brings Mrs. Cray into the front kitchen, full of " I 'm sure hit's vastly good of you having come dowre it's vastly good of you, mum, to
You down acond time to-day; aud I hope the gon't think I make too free in sending up restless and uneasy since you left beer that Morning, that I haven't been able to do nothing underer, and the first words she say, as I could "Prstand, was, "Send for the lady!" "I am
"Poor thing!" is Irene's answer. "I an
Cradd the doctor thinks very badly of her, Mrs. Crald the doctor thinks very badly of her, Mrs.
"Badly of her: Lor', my dear lady, she's Barkedy of her : Lor', my dear lady, she's
an pou stand death before the week's over, as sure
Why she's bin a fighting to roustand there. Why she's bin a fighting
ther bereath all day, and got the rattle in her oat as plath as ever I heard it."
Monstrates Irene; for the laundress is speakin "Inything, rather louder than usual.
suma, can't make much difference if it do, knowing it beforehand. It's my Joel I cousin most, for his heart's just wrap up in hell do when she's took, can't think. And I haven't had the courage anung to go up to Myra. She's ready for you, to let Irene mount the ricketty narrew Hease that leads to the second story, and up last rew weeks. She traverses it now, silently and solemply, as though a sllent unseen
Premence trod every step with her. it is so range to the young to think the young lie dy-
g!
Myra is laid on a small bed close by the open Her face has ine full light of the setting sun. Wore in the marning: it is flushed now, and her
OJe Pe日 are bright and staring; to Irene's inexper.
 "IB if true?
"What, Myra?" Irene answers, to gain time; She knows what the girl must mean, for the care stood wedroom at the top of the little stairtor What aunt sald just
death wiunt sald Just now, that I am marked IS short time l"And she begins to cry, weakly,
Wlith short gasps for breath that are every stressing to behold. Ins Irene forgets the differco of station between them : she forgets e veryrit trembling before the Great Inevitable! d she does just what she would bave done had $t$ and mantle on a chatr, and kneels down and ess the poor on a chatr, and kneels down and
dying creature in her arms and Dear her lips upon her forebead.
Remear Myra, don't cry-don't be frightened. Theme you!" ave all the kiss, reuse Myra from the con-
aplation of herself. "Dlition of herself.
"Yes. Did, d fance-kiss you?" My lips forehead.
y lips were there-why not? I kissed you, Your present trouble." Ah! you don't ou musn't do it again. Ah ! you don't
I Yoy would not do it if you knew My
mod and I am going!" and here ra my God! and I am going!
rar relapses into her former grief.
P Or a moment Irene is silent. She is as pure
Io noman as this world has ever seen; but she
nil hot ignorant that impurty exists, and, like al honorabant and high-minded exists, and, like
posed to to deal leniently with the thes is disoved to deal leniently with the fallen, She. She
saspected more than once during her interWrse with Myra, that the girl carries some unne secret about with her, and can well im. become too heayy to be borne alone. So
considers for a little before she answers. then she takes the white, wasted hand in Myra! I am sure you are not happy ; I am
you liave had some great trouble in your you have had some great trouble in your Which you have shared with no one; and
that you are so ill, the we!ght of it oppresses I don't want to force your confidencee, but
Int moner that $I$ am one. I y will hear your secret You have a secret), and I will keep it (If you
h me to keep ti) until my own lifes end. ly me to kep it) until my own life's end.
ore do now wat will make you happler and
h! I can't-I can't-I daren't.'
"I daresay it will be hard to tell; but Myra,
poor grit you are soon golng where no secrets girl ! you are soon golng where no secrets
be hid, and I may be able to comfort you a before you go."
you knew all,
"Ir you knew all, you wouldn't speak to me,
"cook at me again."
"Iry me." at has come to me in this place, and yet-and " she says, panting, as she ralses herself on
elbo and and stares hungril intoIrene's comAt erything !"
Adithis juncture, the sound of " thwacking" is
Hole from below, and immediately followed
by the raising of
discordant cries.
"She's at it again!" exclaims Myra suddenly and fiercely, as the din breaks on their conver-
sation; and then, as though conscious of her sation; and then, as though conscious of her
impotency to interfere, she falls back on her impotency to interfere, she falls back on her
pillows with a little feeble wail of despair. Irene flies downstairs to the rescue - more for the sake of the sick girl than the child-and finds Tommy howling loudly in a corner of the kit chen, whilst Mrs. Cray is just replacing a thick
stick, which she keeps for the education, of her family, on the chimney-piece.
"Has Tommy been naughty?" demands Irene, deferentially-for it is not always safe to interfere with Mrs. Cray's discipline.
"Lor ! yes, mum, he always be. The most troublesome child as ever was-up every wheres
and over everythink, directly my back's turned And over everythink, directly my back's turned. over the place, and taking my clean apron to wipe up his muck. I'm sure hundreds would never pay me for the mischlef that boy does in
as many days. And he not three till Janni verry!" " you, upstairs," says Irene; and carries off the
whimpering Tommy before the laundress has " H to remonstrate.
"He's not much the worse, Myra," she says cheerfally, as she resumes her seat by the bed side with the chlld upon her knee. "I daresay
he does try your aunt's temper; but give him he does your your grapes, and he'll forget all about
But, instead of doing as Irene proposes, Myra starts up suddenly, and, selzing the boy in her arms, strains him closely to her heart, and
rowks backwards and forwards, crying over him. "Oh, my dariing ! my darling-my poor dar
ng ! how I wish I could take you with me Tommy, frightened at Myra's distress, Join his tears with hers; while Irene sits by silently astonished, But a light has
in upon her-she understands it all now.
"Myra! " she sayds, after a while, "soo, this is
the secret that you would not tell
poor girl, there is no need for you to speak." ${ }^{\text {my }}$ "I couldn't belp it!" bursts forth from Myra. "No-not if you never looked at me again. I've borne it in silence for years, but it's been like a
knife working in my heart the while. And he's got no one but me in the wlde world-and now must leave him. Oh ! my heart will break! The child has struggled out of his mother's
embrace again by this time (children, as a rule, do not take kindly to the exhlbition of any viodo not take kindiy to tae exhibition of any vio-
lent emotion), and stands, with his curly head lowered, as though he were the offending party while his dirty ilttle knuokles are crammed into his wet eyes.
Irene takes
offering of the morning, and holds them toward bim.
"Tommy, go and eat these in the corner," she ays, with a smile
The tear-stalned
The tear-staned face is raised to hers - the blue eyes sparkle, the chubby fingers are out
stretched. Tommy is himself again attention is once more directed to his mrene

Dear Myra !" she says, consolingly. "Dop't touch me!" "ries the other, shrinking from her. "Don't speak to me-I I an't at you
should do elther ! But I couldn't have decelved should do elther : But I coulda't have decelved yon if it hadn't been for annt. You're so good,
I didn't like that you should show me kin'lness I didn't like that you should show me kininess
under false pretences; but when I spoke of telling under false pretences; but when I spoke of telling
you, and letting you go your own way, aunt you, and letting you go your own way, aunt
was so violent--she sald, the child should suffer for every word I said. And so, for his sake, I've let it go on till now. But 'twill be soon over." Ircne is silent, and Myra takes her silence for displeasure.
"Don't think harshly of me !" she continues In a low tone of deprecation. "I know I'm un-
worthy; but if I could tell what your wortuy; but if I could tell what your kind.
ness has been to me-like the cold water to a ness has been to me-like the cold water to a
thirsty soul-you would perhaps, for the dread of losing it. And aunt wightened me. She's beat that poor child "with a gasping sob-" till be's been black and blue; and knew, when I was gone he'd have
no one but her to look to, and she'll beat him no one but her to look to, and she'll beat him
then-I know she will-wher his poor mother's cold, and can't befriend him. But if she does !" cries Myra, with fierce energy, as she clutches
Irene by the arm and looks straight -"if she does, I'll come back, as there's a God heaven, and bring it home to her
"She never can illtreat him when you are "She will-
aunt has, and a hard hade has a hard heart, aunt has, and a hard band, and she hates the her for bed and board, and, if she can, she'll kill him!" The thought is too terrible Myra is roased from the partal stantemplation. ceeds her violence by the feel of Irene's soft 11 ips again upon her forehead,
"You did it agaln!" she exclaims, with simple wonder. "You know all-and yet, you
did it again. Oh! God bless you !"" did it again. Oh! God bless you !" and falls
herself to kissing and weeping over Irene's herself
hand.
"If you mean that 1 know this child belongs ago; but furthe the right : I suspected it long ago; but further than this I know nothing. My
poor girl, if you can bring yourself to confd in me, perhaps I may be able to befriend this ittle one when you are gone."
"Would you-really ${ }^{\text {? }}$

To the utmost of my power.
Then I will tell you eve
Ing! But let me drink firs
she drains feverishly. A clumping foot comes
up the staircase, and Jenny's dishevelled head up the staircase, and Jenny's dishevelied head
is thrust sleepisuly into the doorway.
"M Mother says it'" hard upon seven, and

Mother says it's hara upon "Nearly seven!" cries Irene, consulting her
watch. "st it is ; and we dine at seven. I had no idea it was so late
urning imploring leave me!" whispers Myra, Lurning imploring eyes upon her face.
Irene stands irresolute
Irene stands irresolute ; she fears that Co lonel Mordant will be vexed at her absence rom the dinner-table, but she cannot permit anything to come between her and a dying-fel-
low-creature's peace of mind. So in another moment she has scribbled a few lines on a lear torn from her pocket-book, and despatched them to the Court. Tommy is removed by and she are comparatively alone
"No one can hear us now," says Irene, a she closes the door and supports the dying wo "It"s threast.

It's three years ago last Christmas," coumences Myra feebly, "s that I took a situation
at Oxford. Uncle was allve then and thought a deal or me, and took ever so much trouble to get me the situation. I was at an books and an account of all the wine that was
given out; but I was often in and out of the given out ; but I was often in and out of the
bar ; and I saw a good many tiat way-mostly from the colleges, or their friends.

Here she pauses, and faintly fushes.
olce above her: "I have not comes the gentle voice above her; "I have not been tempted in
the same way, Myra; if 1 had, perhaps I the same way, Myra;
should have fallen too!"
"It wasn't quite so bad as that," interposes It's no use my telling youst I didn't think so nor how we came to know each otber ; but after a while he began to spe ik to me and hang about me, and then I knew that he was all the
world to me-that I didn't care for anything in world to me-that I didn't care for anything in
it nor out of it, except he was there it nor out of it, except he
don't you, what I mean ?"
"He was handsome and clever and had plenty of money; but it would have been all the same to me if he had been poor, and mean,
and ugly. I loved him : On, God, how I loved him ! If it hadn't been for that worlds I loved have made me do as I did do. For I thought more of him
" But he could not have made you that, even In name, without marrying you, Myra."
from beginning to end; why did $I$ ever try to repeat it?" "It is very bitter, but it is very common Myra. I am feeling for you with every word you utter."
"He persuaded me to leave the hotel with him. I thought at the time that he meant to act fairly by me, but I've come to believe that love me; oh, I am sure he loved mo almost as much as I loved him, until'he wearied of me and told meso"
"You found
be so cruel as to tell you." "Oh, yes, he did. Do you think I would have left him else? He told me that he should go abroad and leave me; that he was bitterly we were both dead, and that if he coulder it Would wlpe out the remembrance of me with his blood. All that, and a great deal more ; and I have never forgotten it, and I never shall for-
get it. I believe his words will haunt me wherever I may go-even into whll haunt me wher She has become so excited, and her excite ment is followed by so much exhaustion, tha the remainder of her story until she shall be more composed.
quiet until I must finish itinow ; I shall not be that, my blode told you all. When he said sin Joel had been hanging I left him. My coume, and I left straight off and came baok home

Without saying a word to-to-the person
"He wanted to get red of me; why should I say a word to him? But I grieved afterwards born, I would have given the world to find him again."
" Did you ever try ? "
"Try! I've travelled milles and miles, and walked myself off my feet to find him. I've
been to Oxford and Fretterley (that was the village we lived at), and all over Loudon, and I can hear nothing. Ive taken situations in both and got no news of him bear the same name, I don't doubt, but that never come upon any trace of him, but r've and I've good reason to believe that it was not his right one."
Myra ?"
"Hamilton." " "Hamilton!

But fi's not his. I've found that out since, for I know he belonged to the college, and there through the term. His love was false, und his narse was false, and everything that took place first to last, and I'm dylug before I can bring
"You shouldn't think of that now, Myra. You should try to forgive him, as yo. hope "I could have forgiven him if it hadn't been or Tommy. But to think of that poor child his mother dead and his father not owning him -is enough to turn me bitter, if I hadn't been so before. Aunt will ill-use him; she's barely
decent to him now, when I pay for his keep, decent to him now, when I pay for his keep,
and what she'll do when he's thrown upon her and what she'll do when he's thrown upon ber
for everything, I daren't think-and I shall never lie quitet in my grave!"
"M Mra, don't let that thought distress you. "I know you're very good you are gone." here every now and then with a plaything or a copper for him-but that won't prevent or a beating him between whiles. He's a highsplitited child, but she's nearly taken his spi-it out of him already, and he's dreadfully frigh. tened of her, poor lamb! He'll cry himself to
sleep every nizht when I'm in the ohurchyard !" sleep every night when I'm in the ohurchyard !" and the tears steal meekly from beneath Myra's
half-closed eyelids, and roll slowly down her hollow cheeks.
"He shall not, Myra," says Irene, energetically him away from the cottage and see that he is properly provided for."
him like your own child! the Court and keep gentleman!" says poor Myra, wilh a faint spark of pride. Irene hesitates. Has she been promising more than she will be able to perform?
Yet she knows Colonel Mordaunt's easy nature, Yet she knows Colonel Mordaunt's easy nature,
and can almost answer for his compliance with and can almost ans
"Oh, if you could!" exclaims the dying mother, with clasped hands. "If I thought that my poor daring would live with you, I "He shall live with me, or under my
ries Irene. "I promise you."
"Will you swear it. Oh! forgive me! I am dying."
"Oh! thank God, who put it in your heart to say so! Thank Gixd! Thank God! She lies back on her plllow, exhausted by er own emotion, whilst her hands are feebly pale lips keep murmuring at intervals, "Thank pale li
"If you please, mum, the Colonel's sent the pou'll chaise to fetch you home, and he hopes as "The carriage!" says Irene, starting, " then I must go." had something more to tell you," exclaims Myra; " I was only waiting for the "I cannot walt to hear it now, dear Myra. I am afraid my husband will be angry ; but I "To-morrow morning I may not be."

No-morrow morning I may not be here,' again. Meanwhile, be comforted. Romember ure to the sick girl's hand, Irene farewell preswalking things, and drives back to the Court as quickly as her ponies will carry her. Her as qui
husbai
step.
.

Colonel Mordaunt is not in the best of tem. pers, at least for him. The little episode which to her predilection for Mrs. Cray's nurse-child, has made him raiber sensitive on the subject of everything connected with the laundress's cot-
age, and he is vexed to-night that she should have neglected herguests and her dinner-table to attend the deathbed of what, in his vexation, and so, when he caltive pauper."
And so, whem her pont his hand to helphis wife down from her pony chalse, he is most decidedly in that condition domestically known "Take then
ys sharply, looking the stable at once," he ing the groom; "why, they've scarcely a hair unturned; they must have been driven home at a most unusual rate
thought it was for something particular" nterposes Irene, standing beside him in the porch.
" Do
"Do you hear what I say to you?" he repeats to the eervant, and not noticing ber. The groom touches his hat, and drives "What is the matter, Phillp?"

There's nothing the matter, that I know
"Why did you send the pony chalse for me, yourself? I would much rather have walked home through the fields with you."
If you desert them, it becomes guests, Irene. If you desert them, it becomes my duty to try "Why supply your place.
aunt Cave
she? She must know that it's only anfonted, is way. Did you get my note, Phillp? " "I received a dirty piece of paper with a "I thought it would be suffictent,"says Irene, sighing softly; "and 1 really couldn't leave
poor Myra, Philip. She is dyiag as fast as it is posstble, and she had something very particular to tell me. You are not angry with nae ?',
"Angry! oh, dear no; why should I be an-
? Only, I thiuk it would be advisabl.
got over in the morning. And I certainly do not approve of your belng at the beck and call of every sick person in the village, whether yon
are fit to attend to them or no: You had a bad headache yourself when I left you this after noon."
"Oh, my poor h -ad! I had forgotten all about it. Yes; it was very painful at one time,
but $I$ suppose my meitement has driven the but I suppose my excitement has driven the
pain away. Philip, I have been listening to pain away. Philip, I have been listening to
suob a sad story. You know the child-the such a sad story. You know the child-the
little boy that they said was at nurse with Mrs. little
Cray."
"I
"I have heard you mention It. I really did not know if 'twas a by or a girl, or
$k$ ew yourseif," he replies indifferently.
"No, no; of course not !" she says, coloring,
"but you know what "but you know what I mean. Well," what do you think-lt's a secret though, mind"-lower-
ing her voice-" he belongs to poor Myra, after ing her voice-" he be
all; inn't it shocking ?
"And what ts the use of their telling you such tales as that?" replies Colonel Mordaunt,
angrily; "I won't have them defling your ears with things that are not At for you to hear. Iftit is the case. Why oan't they keep the dis-
grace to themselves? You can do no good by grace to themselve.
knowlag the truth."
"Ohl, Phillp ! but you don't understand; it was the poor girl told me, and it was such a
comfort to her-she has no one else to confide com fort to her-she has no one else to conflde
in. And besides, she is so unhappy, because in. And besides, she is so unhappy, because
Mrs. Cray, beats her poor little boy, and she is Mrs. Cray, beats her poor little boy, and she is
airaid he will be ill-treated when she is gone." " And wants to extract a promise from you to go down there every morning and see thot her
precions offspring has slept and eaten well since procions offspring has slept and eaten well since
the day before. No, thank you, Irene! I think we've bad quite enough or thiss sort of
thing for the presente and when the laundress's thing for the present, and when the laundress's
niece is dead, I hope that you will conifne your niece is dead, I hope that you will conifne your
charity more to home, and not carry it on ad charity more to home, and not carry it on a, He makes one step downwards as though to leave her then, but she pluct
the sleeve and detains him.

## "But, Phillp-I promised her!" <br> "Promised what

"That I would befriend her child when she is gone; that I would take him nway from
Mis Cray (she was so miserable about him, poor girl, she sald she couldn't die in peace), andand (I do so hope you won't be vexed)-and
briuy blm up under my own care." briug him up under my own care."
"W Wat !" cries Colonel Mordau
startled out of all politeness. "I promised her I would adopt him ; surely
is nothing so very much out of the way." it Adopt a beggar's brat out of the vaillage-a ohlld not born iu wedlock-a boy, of all things
in the world ! Irene, you must be out of your in the wo
senses!
"Bit it is done every day."
"It may be done occasionally by people who have an Interest in Ragged Schools, or the
Einigration Soclety, or the Shoe Black Brigade, Einigration Soclety, or the Shoe Black Brigade,
or who bave arrived at the meridian of 11 , without any nearer ties of their own; but for
a young lady, just married, and with her hands a young lady, just married, and writh her hands
full or occupation, both for the present and the fulure, it will be absurd-unheard of-impossi-
ble!" "But what occupation have I that need pre-
vent my luoking after a little child, Phillp yent my luoking
if $\begin{aligned} & \text { if } \\ & \text { "If what?" }\end{aligned}$
"I don't know why I should be so silly as not to like to meation it," she go so on hurriedly,
hiough with an effrot; "but supposing I-Ithoush with an effrot; " but supposing I-I-
had a child of my own ; that would not interhad a chld of my own; that would not inter-
fere, with my duties as mistress here, would
it?" "And would you like to have a chlld of your
own, darling ?" he answers sweetly, but irrelevantly, an i relapsling into all his usual tender ness. Were Irene polttic, she might win him
over at this moment to grant her anything. A mimile, an answertigg look, a pressure of the hand, would do it, and bring bim to her feet a
slave! But, in one sense of the word, sie is not politic; her nature is too open. she cannot plausible, for her own advanta pe nowerer answers her husband's question frankly. "No! not at all, Phllip. I've told you that a
dozen times aiready! but I want to take this poor little boy away trom Mrs. Cray, and briug him up respectably in mind and boody."
Colouel Mordaunt's momentary Canishese, and his "grumpiness" returne in ertness force.
"Then $I$ object altogether. I'm not so fond of brats at any time as to care to have those of
other people isprawling over my house - and a other peopiesprawing over my house -and a
pauper's brai of all thing. You naust dismisa the idea at once."
" But I have promised, Phillp."

You promised more than you can perform."
But I swore tt . Oh, Phyin! "But I swore it. Oh, Philip tyou will not make me go baok from an oath made to the
dying! I shall hate myself for ever if you dying
do"
".
" You had no right to take such an oath with-
 done, and I cannot recede from my given
word."
"I refuse to endorse it. I will have no bastard brought up at my expense."
The coarseness of the retort provokes her ; she The coarseness of the retort provokes
colors crimson, and reooils from him.
How cruel! how ptililess of you to use that
m! You have no charity! Some day you term ! You have no chari"
At that he turus upon ber, crimaon too, and
panting.
"What makes you say so? What have you
heard?" "More than I ever thought to hear from your lips. Oh, Phillp, I did not thlink you could be
so unkind to me!" and she turns room him weeping, and goes up to her own room, leaving him consclence-stricken in the porch. It is their first quarrel ; the first time angry words
have ever passed between have ever passed between them, and he is afrald
to follow her, lest he should meet with a rebuff, so he remains there, moxdy meet with a a rebuff, before half an hour has elapsed, could blte out bis tongue for every word it uttered.
The idea of the adopted child is as unpalatable to him as ever; it appears a most hare-brained
and absurd Idea to him ; but he cannot bear to and absurd idea to him; but he cannot bear to
think that he should have been eross with Irene, or that she should have been betrayed Ob, that first quarrel 1 how in
makes it makes humanity, and what a a hook it is to
hear hot and angry words pouring from the lips hear hot and angry words pouring from the hips
that have never open yet for us except in Dless${ }^{\text {tig. }} \mathrm{Be}$

Better thus, though-better, hot and angry
ords, than cold and calm. The direst death for love to die is when it is reasoned into silence by the volce of indifference
and good sense. Othello's passion was rough and deadly, but While it lasted it must have besn very sweet
pain. Was it not kinder to smother Desde. mona whilst $1 t$ was at white heat than to let But Colonel Mordaunt is in
ing; he is simply miserable mood for reason ends-as all sueh moods do end for true lovers -by his oreeping up to Irene's side in the twilight, and humbly begging her forgiveness,
which she grants bim readily - crying a little over her owu short-comings the while - and wife should make it ap, and kiss, as husband and and are aud are very cheerful for the remainder of the
evening, and never once mention the obnoxious subject that disturbed their peace.
flLL THINK of thee, Love.
I'll think of thee, love, when the landscape is And the soft malst is floating from valley and When the mild, rosy beam of the morning I'll think' of thee, dearest, and only of thee.
rill think of thee, love, when the frst sound of day
soares the bright-platoned bird from its covert For the world's busg volce has no musio for In think of
I'll lhink of thee, love, when the dark shadows On the blllows that roll o'er the emerald deep, Like the swift speeding gale, every thought then
will beIll think of thee, dearest, and only of thee. rll think of thee, dearest, while th. $\mu$ art afar, And In liken thy smille to the night's falrest As the ocean shell breathes of its home in the Bea,
in absenc e my spirit will murmur of thee.

PATIENT GRISSEL.

Griselidis was married to one of the most 1 lustrious and most celebrated descendants of
the house of Saluce, who was na Without wife or ohlld, and nhowing nualtiero. position to have elther spouse or helr, he exercised timself in hunting, but this mode of living and thlnking was objected to by his subjects,
who supplicated him so ofter who suppticated him so often and so de-
terminedly to give them an helr, that he resolved to cede to their prayers. Whereupon they
promised him tochoose a woman who, by birth promised him tochoose a woman who, by birth and virtue, was worthy of him.
[Here we have the irst intimation of the
Eastern origin of the story-the cholee of a Eastern origin of the sto
wife by intermediators.
But Gualuero answerd
you desire to force mered them, "My friends resolved never to do, bo do a thing that I had cult it is to find a whe possesslng all the
qualities $I$ require, and which alo deoent behavior between husband and wife. This deoent bebavior is so rare, that it never, or only very rarily, can be found. How
wretched muat be the llfe of a man obliged to IIve with a person whose oharacter has nothing in common with whis I You belleve you are
able to judge of daughters through thelr fathers and mothers and fillowing this procinclple, you
and
wh to ohoone $a$ wife for me. Error-for what Wish to ohoose a wife for me. Eirror-for what
on you now of the seoret habbta of the father, or, above all, of the mother? Agaln, even if
you were acqualnted with thoe matiera, do
we not enerall
 have it that I am to chain myself with the laws
or marriage, I have consented ; yeh , mothat I
may nid

you shall honor her as your lady and mistress, -or I will make you repent having prayed me
mory when my tastes strayed from matrimony."
The good people replled that he might count upon them-provided that he would marry.
Now for some time the Marquis had been attracted by the betheror and beauty of a young girl who Hived in the village below the
castle. He fanded that she would be fust castle. He fancled that she would be just
suitable, and without thinking more, he declded suitable, and
to marry her.
to marry her.
He called the father before him, and told him
his plan his plan; and then summoned his councll a
his subject neighbors llving near the castle. his subject neighbors living near the castle.
" My friends," said he, "it has pleased and it pleases you still, that I determine to take a wife. I have declded to give you this content-
ment; but forget not the ment; but forget not the promise you have
made me to honor, as your llege lady, the made me to honor, as your llege lady, the
woman upon whom I fix, no matter whom. I have found a damsel near at hand who pleases
me, and she is the wife I have chowen. In a me, and she is the wife I have chowen. In a
few days I shall bring her home, so prepare to receive her honorably, that i may be as satis-
fed with you as you will be with me." Here the assembly showed great joy, and all there said, with one voice, that they would honor the new Marchi nness as their llege lady and mistress.
From that moment the lord and his subjects hought only of the preparations fur the wedding, the Marquis inviting many of his friends and relations and some gentlemen of the neigh. borhood. He had made a number of rich robes, those of the bride, and looked after the rings, sirdle, and crown-in fact, after every require ment necessary to a young bride
The day decided upon, the Marquis, at about nine in the morning, attended by his court,
mounted his horse, saying, "Gentles, it is time mounted his horse, saying, "Gentles, it is time Off they the bride.
Off they set, and soon arrived in the village Where she reslded. As they came near the hease where she lived with her father, they saw her returning from the well, and ruaning fur-
ward that she might catch a glim pse of the lord's bride.
When the Marquis saw her, he called her by name, Griselldts, and asked her where was her in." My lord," replied she, blushing, " he. is with-
Thereupon the Marquis dismounted, entered the poor cottage, and finding the father, who
was called Gianetto, "I am come," said he, "to marry thy daughter Griselidis; but I will, certain questions 1 shall ask her."
Then he asked the damsel if, when she should be his wife, she Would force herself to please
him; if she would know how to keep cool, whatever was done or sald ; if she would al ways be obedient and docile.
A "Yes" was the answer to all these re-
quests. The Marquis then took her by the hand, led her out, and, before everybody, clothed he in the superb garments he had brought with
him, and finally placed a crown upon her spread. him, and
ing hair.
hair.
Gentles," said he to the surpris $u d$ spectators, Wells that I shall be her husband." Then if she ing to her he added, "Griselidis, wilt thou have "Yes, my lord, since great ponap to his castle, her, and led her in feast was as magnificent as thougia he had
eapoused a daughter The young wife seemed to cha of France. With her fortune. She was, as it has been saids beautifuland weil.grown, but after her marriage appeared rather the daughter of some lord than or humble Glanetto. She amazed everyone who had znown her as a peassant-girl. Moreover,
she was so obedient to her husband, and took such care to anticipate his least wishes that he Was the most contented and the happiest of mortals. She had so oleverly managed to con-
cllitate the affectlons of her jects, that there was not one but loved her as much as he did, and but prayed heaven for her appearans and prosperity. All agreed that if facts were in his faver ; wise and prudent man; and thyt he must have been wonderfully sagacious to discover so much merlt under the rags of a peasant girl.
The rumors of Griselidis' good
In a very abort tlme not good qualities spread but far beyond, and so pily over that land pire, that she effaced the disagreeable 1 mpres amongst his subjects.
In proper time she gave birth to a daughter m the great joy of the Marquis, but owing to a it into his head, by the harsheet and cruelest means to try the patience of his wife. To this end, he began with harsh language, saying that her
low birth had set all his subjecte against him and that the daughter she had brought into th, world would not a little help to make him bad friends with his people-more especlally as they wanted an heir to his lands.
Upon hearing these repron
Ing face or feature, Griselldis said to him, "Do with me all that you think your honor and
your peace of mind com mand, and I shall not
onmplain, knowig that I am worth much lesa
than the maanest of your sabjects; and the in
no way have I merited the noble and that in
which you have raised me !

This reply pleased the lord, who saw that the made her proud. Having thus
bus spoken to her of the hatred he time after he sent a servaut whom he had prepared to his wife, to whom he said, with a prepared to ais, "My life, to whom he sald, with I would save my life,
d muste obey my lord's orders. I am compelled I must obey my lord's orders. I am compelled to take away your child."
So saying, he held his So saying, he held his peace. Now upon
hearing these words, and marking the man's wretched countenance, and a above all remem bering her lord's words, she folt that he had conthough in her heart she death. Nevertheless, cruel agony, she showed no sign, but took the child out of its cradle, kissed, blessed, and placed it in the servant's arms.
" Do," she sald, "as the master has oom. not cast my innocent to the wild beasts of the land, or to the wild birds of prey.'
The servant, carrying the child,
The servant, carrylng the child, returned and
told all to the Marquis, who was much told all to the Marquis, who was much pleased
with the courage and constancy of his wif who the coureupon sent his daughter his wife ; and relations at Bologna, directing that the chlld should be reared like a gentlewoman, but without knowing who she was.
IIt is very clear, In this Eastern and Impossible fiction, that the daughter is reared in igiorance of her name and station, that when grown up she may not prevent the last trial of patience
to which the mother is submitted. Asain, the to which the mother is submitted. Avain, the
nomadic, Eastern character of the tale is shown in the sending of the servent. In Syria, the schelk, wandering from place to place, would naturally send a trusted messenger to the wifeBut in the tale under consideration it is to be presumed trat husband and wife are living under the same roof-not in different tents-and
therefore the use of the messenger has no basis.]
Again Griselidis gave birth to a chlld-thls time a boy. The joy of the Marquis was now at its hight, but the trials to which he had subjected h, wite did not sufficienty assure him that she was obedient, and therefore again he
used harsh language, harsher even than the first, and in an angry voice he said to ther at last, "Since thy son was born, it is beyond me o live at peace with my subjects. They are a peasant will one day be my successor and go farther, and that they drive me from the
herir heritage of my fathers, it must be with thy son as it was with thy daughter; and, in fine, that
I divorce myself trom thee, and take a wife divorce myself trom thee, and take a wised
worthy of the rank to which I have ralsed
The Princess heard him out with admirable patience, and made only this reply :-
"My lord, be at peace ; do as you shall think fit; think not of mea. Nothing in this world is so dear to me as that which pleases thee." Soon arter, the Marquis sent away his son to
Bologna, to be reared with his sister, and let it Bologna, to be reared with his sister, and let ile
be supposed that he killed the boy. Meanwhile Griselldis, though very tender-hearted, showed as much patience in this trial as in the formerThe Prince was utterly amazed, for he had per could bear patlently so great a trial, and be wou.d have believed that her behavior was the resali of indifference had he not known how much she loved children.
[It may be remarked here how thoroughly the repetition of the cruelty, which increased inof Eastern literature; as also child is idea of making the greater trial the loss of a boy, the loss of the girl being a minor misery-exactly
as, to this day, in Hebrew families, only the birth of a boy has rejoicing as a result.]
Meanwhile, the Marquis's subjects, who had no posed the children dead, and came to abbo the Marquis as thoroughly as they pitied wife. As for this unfortunate, she consume her grief without complaint, and

## gaingt rd thoman about her spa

 proach.Yet was not this strange Priuce content. He final proof. He declared openty to many of his elations that he could no longer endure Grise Idis; that he felt he had made a young man mistake when he married her; and that $h$ intended to put her away, and marry with an gainst In vain a few honest men prot All the eply he made, when he thought fit to make ny, went to the effeet that he had made up bl The Princess, inf
Thich Princess, informed.ot the misfortune be obliged to return to her father's house and the work of her early days, and that her place would be taken by another near him who hat all her love, was in her heart weary to death but she was prepared to accopt this new she had lane with the same outway A little while sfter the Prince
ad papal dispensation to Prince caused a for though from the Pope, and he gave his subjects to understand that by this bull he was enabled to put away Griselidis and marry another.
Sonding for the unhappy woman he thus tormented, and in the presence of many persona Fasaid, "Woman, by permission of the Holy
Father, the I may take another wife, and let thee go by. And because my anceetors hare
been gentlemen and lords on the land where
bine have been hinds, thou canst no longer be my better-halif-there is too much difference fatheen's us. I will that you go back to thy ather's house, and only with such matters as who will well replace thee, and who will suit me better in every way
Terrible as was this sentence, Griselidis forced oman, tears, a very extraordinary thing in aman, and replied thus: "My lord, I have between your noble state and my lowliness What I have received by your goodness I have ooked upon as by Heaven's special favor, and ot as that of which I was worthy. Since me, it is my duty to give it up with submission, and even with gratitude for having been thought orthy to be, if onis for a time, what I have been. Here to the ring with which you married ne. Take it. As to my dowry, I have no wan parse, or beast of burden to carry it away. was born; and if it seems hon took me as he who has brought you two cild you that o to her fas he passes by, so be it But if you cherish as orth any price the party that you mine whon ou bade me to follow you, grant me
The Marquis was softened by these words, bu determining to carry out bis design, he said,
wlth an singry look, "So be it-go forth barely oovered."
All those present prayed him to give her a obe, if only that the people should not cas jes upon so miserably clothed a woman, afte he had born the title of Princess through thir

This unfortunate woman, after kaying goode je, went out from the castle, clothed in on an head-dreas or lool-ooveria her pass in this humble and bumiliating gear id honor to her in tears and compaseion; whie he luckless father, who had never been able to onvince himself that the Marqnis quite recos ised Griselldis as his whe, and who had alway opected thas able at once to clothe her with the packing, was able ahe had left behind her and hich he had rept in anticipstion of her raturn. So Griselidis put on her old shepherdeas home pun, and fell back into her anctent wase bee ng the reverses of fortune with unshaken forti.
The Marquis then gave his subjects to undertand that he was about to marry a daughter directions to make preparation for a magnincoa vedding. It said, "Mg now wire will come home in a few said, and I wish that me may be agreesbly impressed with all about her upon her arrival. Thou knowest that there is no one bout me who can looz so well after a house as hach; therefo uch gentle women-folk as thou pleasest, as The wedding, complete, thou canat go back to thy father's hat."
Now, though every word was like a knifethrust into the heart of this poor Griselidis, who could not contentedly set aside her love as she had her fortune, she
what you will, I do."
Thereupon, still wearing her old clothes, she entered the palace, and set to work brushing rubbing, sweeping, cooking after the manner of the lowest servant. Then she invited the court ladles to the wedding, and when the day was
come, she received them while still wearing her come, she rec
The Marquis, who, with all the care of a father, had superintended the education of his children, who had remained under the care o a branch of the house of Pagano, to whom the Marquis was rela
The girl was about thirteen, and never had beauty more perfect than hers been seen, while man who brought the chlldren had been in structed to say that he accompanied the new bride to her husband, at the same time being warned to remain absolutely silent as to the All belng done as the Marquis had oraered, the gentleman, the maid, and the youth arrived retinue, and passed through the crowds of people all eager to see the new bride
The ladies of the court received the supposed bride, while Griselidis stood behind, still in he country clothes, and waited for her turn to nalute the damsel, which she did, saying "Wel come."
The ladies of the court, who had earnestly prayed the Marquis, but vainly, either that the unhappy woman should be allowed to retire, or else appear in suitable clothing, now
to table, and the dinner was served.

Need it be sald that all eyos watched the supposed bride, while all admitted that the Marquis had certainly not lost by exchange. Above all, Griselidis admired the new-oomer and had enough to do in dividiug her atte

The Marquis, belleving at last that he ba cufficiently tried bis wife, and seelng that the her even to heange countenance, and at the ame time knowing that her behavior was not the result of indifference, thought it wes time to relleve the poor woman from the agony the

## was doubt

Therefore, making her face all the company he sald, "W bat think you of the new bride ?" My lord," she said, "I can but think well o her, and no doubt she is as wise as she is beauti-
ful; Indeed, I am sure you will live together the happlest in the world. But I ask one favor on your part; it is this-not to heap upon her such sharp words as you have been prodigal of
with me, for methinks she could not bear them With me, for methinks she could not bear then
so well, seelng that she has been reared delicate 30 well, seelng that she has been reared delicate15, while your flrst wife had suffered pains and enall
The Marquis, seelng Griselidis irmly per-
suaded of the fact of his seco d marriage now sat her dowu by his side
"Griselldis," said he to her, "'tls time thou didst gather the fruit of thy 10 ig patience, and that those who have looked upon me as a heart less, brutal, and cruel man may know that al I have done was but a premeditated pretence, to teach them how to choose a good wife, and
thee how to be one, in order that I might have thee how to be one, in order that I might have
a quiet life whilist I must live with thee. 'Twas a quiet life whilist I must live with thee. Twas
abote all, a eooluling of fe I feared in marrying I frat trited thee with harwh words, and thou didst reply but with patience. Nover word in Tain; so am I certain to obtain in thee the beek in one hour all that I have taken from thee through many years, and to pay thee with tender love for my ill-treatment. Look, then,
with joy upon this damsel that thou didst take to be my second wife, as thy daughter and are thes mer brother as truly our son. They are those whom thou and many others have am thy husband, and I love to tell thee this many times; for no husband can be so bleased in a wife as I am in thee."
Thereupon he embraoed her tenderly, and kissed away the tosrm of Joy rallen from he and embraced their children, While all those present were ayreeably surprised at this chang in amairs.
The ladies, riaing hurriedly from table, led Griselidis into a private room, Where they pulled off her raga, and dressed her like a grand lady; she had lost nothing of her dignity and splendor under her rags.

## Now to celeb

were conhtaued many days.
It was therefore seen that the Marquis had acted wisely, but it was admitted that he had used harsh and violent measures to obtain his
ends; while, on the other hand, everybody shown by Griselldis.

The Marquis, at the summit of happiness, re from his low condition and tavo bim onese, upon which to end his day; honorably; and after having well married his daughter ; an long time happy with Griselidis, he well know ing how to mase her forget the miseries of the pant by the charm of the present.
And so ende one of the least natural and mos Intolerable tales that ever became popular. The husband and wife are equally impossible and contemptible. The woman who can be patient under the inlice or oruel injustice is almost an accomplice of the actual offonder protest against the murder of her two children and whoee Idea of life is the theory of slavish obedience. The injuries of thirteen years never once call for protest on her part, and finally she pleads for mercy apon her successor, because he is better born than herself
A. student of Eastern literature is much allant Boccaclo tries to tone dow mark how atrocities of the tale as tone down the abject does nol say the taie as he gets it-whence he satire, sung probably, in the first piace in eorn satire, sung probably, in the Arst place, in com improvisatores. The commingled fun and cruelty evidently point out an Easifiorn, or rather East Mediterranean origin. How thoroughly nomadic is the Marquis's golag to fotch the bride, his meeting her at the well, her ex. pression of slavish obedience, the leaving of the bride's father still in his lowly position. Throughout, the Fifo th an abyoluto slave rather than a spouse; the Manquis. © thoroingh deapot; his fanticts abject it need only be said. is thoroughly Asiatic; and while the ousting of Griselidis by means of a papal dispensation is quite childish. soeing that all men should know there was no basis upon which to obtain divorce; on the other hand, how suggestive of the tale of Hagar is the thrusting out one wife for another, and com pelling the first to wait upon the second. There are mary other minor points indicating the perhaps, told seriously in Europe), and, notably, Griselidis' acts when giving up her Arst makes but this one request that the mant, and shall nolther throw the child to the beasts of the geld, or wild birds of the alr. Any one how such punishments are threatened in case of disobedience; while it is patent to any cap. acity, that while there are no wild birds or beasts in Italy, wild animals and vultures pre vail in the deserts and other places associated with nomadic, half-civilised tribes. There are tion with this of Griselidis have some associa of jocularity and treatment of nersons closely sllied to the
sufferer. The tale of Lady Godiva at once rises o the memory. Here, again, the humiliation B nudity (a bocial orime in the East, as al Biblical students must Enow) is put in operathe Gout to practical, Ohristian sentiment of secritice. the other hand as Ingtanolng the Fastern orita of this tale, the punishment that falls upon Peeping Tom is equally Asiatic in character. The "Arablan Nights' Entertainments, eem with parallels to this tale of Griselidis, but noone more especially than that ol Bedredain Hassan, When, being discovered by his mother hrough the pepper in the cream tarts he sells as a pastry-cook, he is sezied, and instead or at prisoner in a eage until he is brought home The idea appears to be that joy is heightene by past suffering aufficiently to compensate that suffering. So in the tale of Joseph the brother are thrown into prison, that they may in reater joy in the preseuts they receive; while ittle Benjamin in made to suffer dread of death an a supposed thief of a silver cup, in order that his Joy may be the greater When Joseph discovera himself. several tales posvesued of a
nimilar philowophy are to be found in the Eimilar
Koran.
The moral of ha pernual of the tale of Patient riselidis appeare to be that our days are so fer rom those when, even in a prandering song the lesson of women being atter sleves could be ound palatable, that itisonly good as a contras No woman could have been, or should have een, as patient as Griselldis, and the time has ong since passed away whon a man could even aduige tn the belief, much less putitin exercise, hat the han that of a house dog.

## the churoh organ.

They've got a bran-new orgen, Sue,
For all their fuas and mearch hey've done just as they mald they'd do, They're bound the oritter shall be meen They're bound the orittor shal And on the preacher's right machine In every body's sight.
They've sot a chorister and cholr,
Ag'in my volce and vote
To praise the Lord by note.
Fo been a alster, good an' true
-ve done what meenty year; mart to do And prayed my duty clear.
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read Just as the preacher read,
and twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick, And now their bold led
and now their bold, new-fangled waye
and $I$ right in my lat
Am falrly crowded out days,
O-day, the preacher-rood old dear-
With tearis all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my tille cle
To mansiong in the akies,"
a'ways Ilke that blessed bymn,
I a'pose I a'ways will
I s'pose I a'ways will,
It sometimen gratifies my whim
But when that ehoir got
I couid not catsh a gord up to aing,
They sung the most dog-godest thing A body ever heard.

Some worldiy chaps was atanding near ; And when I tee them grip I bld farewell to every fea
And boldly waded in. And boldly waded in.
thought I'd chase their tune along
And tried with all iny mishti But though mith voll iny might is good and atrong, But though my volce is
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low
An' also contriwlse ;
To "manelons in the tixies."
nd after every vorse jot know,
They play a little tune
didn't understand, and so
I started on too soon.
Itched it protty middlin' high. But, oh, alam ! I found that I
Wat, oh, alam ! I found that
Thoy laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my bent ;
Across my peaceful breast.
And Sister Brown-I could but lookShe sits right front of me; She never was no singing book, An never went to be
Bat then she a'wayn tried to do
She understood the time right through,
But when she tried this mor
I had to laugh or congh
It kept her head a hobbin
And Deacon Tabbembe all broke down
An one might Well muppose ;

And moekly scratobed his nose
Ho calmiy looked his hymn book though
And then a pensive sigh he drew
And looked completely beat
He didn't siag, he didn't
He didn't try to rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out,
And wiped his weeplag eyes.

## WHICH WAS THE LOVER

"I do wish, Gllbert, you woildn't be so full of hims and caprices. What have I done now." who. Glibert Armitage was marry. But there were a dozen times a day when he was ready to hang himself, for al that.
"It
that I care for night at the ball," sald he ; no "Oh, Gllbert, how Jorningham.
Susy, I have scarcely ame you are !"
Busy, I have scarcely seen you in a week," remonstrated the young lo
well not be engaged to you.
"And I'm tired of our engagement. Mamnes thinka-and so does Aunt Margaretta-that "do you really wish to be released from ou engagement, Susy

I really do," she answered.
"Then you are free."
He turned abruptly on his heel and left her. ningham is not so handsome and " Morse Jor ningham is not so handsome and intelifgent as Gllbert, but Morse Jorningham is rich, and I
always thought I should ilko to be a rich man't Wife."
And Susy wont into the house chanting a merry little al
Margaretiai ${ }^{\text {"So I am," eald Busy. " I've Just dismissed }}$ lover

Gilbert Armitage?
" Yas."
glad to hear it," sald Aunt Marga-
"Young Armilage was very well, but retta, "Young Armiliage was very well, bat and you are pretty enough, Susy, to do as you That evening, Susy Mllner came out in a superb riding-hablt.
Gwo horsen were led to the door by a groom.
Gllbert Armitage, who was pacing up and down with a cigar in his mouth, stopped.
Susy
"Yea, I am. Mr. Jerningham says she's as
safe as a kitten." " Let me persuade you to alter your resolu.
tion." " Y
me, Mr.
"I speak to you slmply as I would speak to I beheld rushing headiong any other lady whom At that moment Morse Jerningham came out.

Gllbert drew back, but a pained look oame over his face, and he
Brown Dlana's back.

Margaretta was standing at her window
self. "I wonder what. Oh, my God ! they are gell. "I wonder what Oh, my God they are
bringing a limp, lifeless dgure up from the beach, and it is our susy."
Brown Diana had taken fright, and thrown her rider.
Susy
Susy Milner had been plcked up senseless
and bruised, and now lay between llfe and and brulsed, and now lay between Hfe and
death, a broad gash across her forehead, nearly all her teeth knooked out, and an arm broken. If only whe had followed Gllbert Armitage'a advice that last 'ime.
"Do let me have the looking-glass, aunt."
And the old dowager, not without mang givinge, gave the little hand-mirror to her niece as she sat up among the plllows.
False hair, false teeth, a zig-zag scar across
her forehead, and the pallor of a long, burning fever replacing the bloom of former days !
Susy Mllner shudiere1.
"On !" she sobbed, as the mirror dropped



## THE FAVORITE"

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## THECKYORITE

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No notice will be taken of contribntions unaccompanied by the name and addrees of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keoping.
the nose.
It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, have recelved commendation from the poeta, the have received commendatiinout mach passing
nose has been left alone, without
andictical iterature, remark. Throughout all poetical literature,
there seems to have been a strict silence kept on this impurtant subject. No poet has ever yet found courage to write an "ode" to the nose.
One would think it would be a very good subOne would think if would nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has
been very little, if anything, ever written about been
it.
Even in conversation, in every-day life, very
light mention is made of the nose. How often light mention is made of the nose. How often we hear the expressions:-" "What beautirul
eyes;" "what rosy lips ;" "What plump
cheeks ;"-but how seldom is the remark made, cheeks ;"-but how seldom is the remark made,
"what a fine nowe I" Whenever the nose is salks seriously about it ; fow ever think of expetiating on iss beauty. It is more than probable if our greatest poet should send a poem "on the
nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would respectfully decline it, with the remark -" That's all very good, my dear sir ; but then, you kno
at all."
The very terms we use in describing a man's
nose tend to bring it into contemptind mate nose tend to bring it into contempt and make
us laugh. For instance, we say that o man bae us laugh. For instance, we say that a man ha
a pug-nose, a hook-nos, hatohet-nose, a olub-
nose, a snub-nose, a potato-nose, a peaked-noe
 thougtless people designate it as a snot, a pro-
bosis ; while others, in speating of a large noee, bosols ; while others, in speaking of a large nose,
call it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a clever man, that he has a nne noes ; of a pra
dent one, that he has a good noee; of a proud man, that he carries his noses in the sir; an
inquisitive person is said to poke his nowe everywhere; a gourmand is described as always hav ing his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is
said to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French eay the mustard is rising to his nose
The English say of a man who does not form very decisive opinions - who is led by what others say rather than by his own jadgmeat selves harm when trying to injure an onemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the
face. And, in love affratr, when a rival has been supplanted, it it
nose put out of joint.
a put out of joint.
whole issue of our Journal might be gilled

With the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earilest
uneme, down to the present, it would seem as if there were a tache agreement among mankind there were a the nose a nubject of jeat. The follow. ing is a versification of a remark made on a man, who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth, also :

Let Dick one summer day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose, And streteh his glant mouth, to cause its shade to fall upon his jaws;
His nose so long, and mouth so wid
And those twelvegrinders, side by side Then Dick, with very little trial, Would make an excellent sundial."

The literal transiation of the remark is placing your nose opposite to the sun, and, opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all observers. A Greek phet describes the nose of
a man as being so large that its distance from his ears prevented him from hearing himself sneeze.
Altho
Although the nose has been ridiculed through
all time, and held in contempt all time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have
been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb :-"It is not common to every one to proverb :-" It is not common to every one to
have a nose:" meaning that it was not every one who could boast of a prominent nasal ap. pendage, or, to speak more plainly, have an expressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particu. lar, at least, their great warrior, pinch their
noses to resemble bis. Cicero was called the noses to resemble his. Cicero was called the
orator with the equivocal nose. Jullus Cossar orator with the equivocal nose. Julius bossar
had an aquiline nose ; so had Achilies ; but the had an aquiline nose; so had AchiMes; but the
nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is sad to relate, was a, declded pug.
It is almost needless to sas that the nose enters very largely into the matter of piersonal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regulator of all the features. One olalmis it should be one third of the hair ; and, if there is any deviation from this rule, It must be anforcens, for it would be better to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the aquiline the royal none ; and, from the fact that the subjecta of most of the
early sculptors and painters were represented early sculptors and painters were represented
as having large noses, we may judge that they as having large noses, we may judge that they
preferred them to small ones. But tantes differ ; preferred them to small ones. But tantes differ ;
for, among the Kalmacks, a dumpy nose is con. sidered the perfection of beanty. The Hottentots, among other heathenish cuatoms, fatten the noses of their offispring ; and the Chinese and thick. The Crim Tartars do worse than
this-ithey break the neses of their children because they consider them in the way of thei eyes.

## Hobbies.

If hobbyhorses were at once and for ever abolished, half the commerce of every civilised pursue other a vacations with various degrees of perseverance and pertinacity; but they ride safely into the saddie, from once get fairly and another, unlll the grim tyrant bars she to and there is an end to the race. The reason ts, that the race they ran is that of inclination, not of necessity. Olroumstances often forre men to
the adoptior of a profemsion ; bnt it is chotee that mounts them apon thelr hobbles is iholee it follows that the hobby is often so diferent
from the calling, and that the calling of one man is the hobby of another, and vice verad The hobby of the analytic and philomophical
Paley was angling ; he could cruelly impale an antagonist on the horns of a dilemma, but he preferred to feel the writhings of a gadgeon ime paled upon his hook. He could fathom the me taphysigal profound with the "plummet of
thought, but he proferred to gange the depti of
the brook, where the roach lag at the bottom, the brook, where the roach lay at the bottom,
with a plummet of lead. One plummet of lead.
One man's hobby lies in books. Which he
never reads. He apends his life, and all hie never reads. He apends his life, and all his su Which he never perasell more than the titie Which he never perasell more than the titie
pacean His shol vee are groaning beneath the
erudition of all ages and all countrien Fe tionte over the posesalon of the ranest worka, and will
travel from one end of the kingdom to the other travel from one end of the kingdom
for more obance of purchaing
speoimen to add to his collection.
 of his riches, and nothing else : overy addition to that is an addition to his satiefaction, because it is an additional grace to his hobby. Another man's hobby is pletarea. Ris mind is profoundrious gresed with the glories of art-the mysteSalvator, the "corregioalty of Correglo." He dreams of old maxters, and hannts the dnety the cost of afty poundes, and node his heand at
His to learned

foot of his bed; he breaktenta With Fiobbima,
dines with Rabons, Enp with Vendyize, end
goes to sleep with Olade Lorraine. Fie theorer
taken in ; n
that. Is he The hobby of a third steady rider is antographs. He sees a charm In the handwriting of remarkable persons superior to anything else that belonged to them. His treasures are scraps of paper, old letters, blank leaves torn from
books, or franked envelopes. The genuine " $A$, books, or franked envelopes. The genuine " $x$,
his mark," of some baron bold of the unlearned middle age, if be could get it, would be dearer to bim than a cheque on Courts and Co. for a good round sum. He enshrines his blotted hoards in close cabinets, under lock and key, and dares not trust them otherwise out of sight,
lest Betty should mistake them for waste paper lest Betty should mistake them for waste paper,
and consign them to the kitchen fire. A fourth rides a musical hobby, and goes merrily through French horn and double bass. and fiute, and scrapes, and clowa and thumps away the days of his ears upon all manner of instruments and his mouth is full of German and Italian celebrities -of Mozart and Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach and Padre Martini, and Al Clanchettinger and Rhigini, and Cherabini, and and Spohr, and Graun, and Dre that end in ini; and Spohr, and Graun, and Droebs, and Eybler, and Schneider, and a hundred and afty more Jaws, but whom to hear were to be rapt in Eig siam. His whole life is one song : and when he sinks into silence at last, it is with the bleased hope of a Joyful Da Capo in the land of celestial harmony. A firth gets astride upon a volume of Philidor, and, in mute and almost motionleas enjoyment, rides double with a cher. hed companion, whom he venerates and he in at to beat him. His most powerful apl inexorable antagonist he is dearest powerful and chess-board, their field of strife, is their The mon estate and the pledge of their union; and quares upon which they marshal their mimio war.
It is not alwaya, however, that men manifest a correct tante in the selection of their hobbles. To the instances we have adduced above, there on that score, at least. Some econ to be made, tions, which have come within our own obserration, may be thooght worth a pasefn obser A French nobleman residing in Paris nome years ago, being, perhaps, imbued with the conviction that "there is nothing like leathier," choee boot for $\%$ hobby. His own boots were the one thing in the universe to the cuitivation of his ufe he put on a new pair, which, when his valet drew them off, were carefully polished and promoted to the shelves where stood the glitter ing ranks of their predecemsors. He had buil leathern wares; and here they were arranged in rown, under the guardianship of Well-salaried oustodians, oharged to maintain them always in a state of brilliant polish. Here the noble amatenr in boots and blacking enjoyed his
morning walk for an hour every day; and it was sald that he took no small pleasure in exides naturally arises that his lordship was. The dea naturally arises that his lordship was in any other act of his life countenance the auppo aition.
We
ortane had set in commerce, and who, by a hobby, plenty of money at his command, he spent olerable income annually in the purchase of literally nilled his own house to overfiowing with every attainable variety of prop, cane, staff, and cudgel, from "the stick with two
butt-ends," as Padis calle his shilielagh to myple oane or elastic switch with which the modern bean provides himself for his lounge in Regent Street. A walking-atick, no matter of
what material, whether a sixpenny blaction or a material, whether a sixpenny blackthorn Whicb her-headod Malacca, was a temptation Which he could not resist; he was never known grasped it in his palm ; it was so much easter to pay the price of it. The shopkeepers of the Lown knew his hobby well, and for many year made a good market of his penchant for sma uimber

EATING WHEN BICE.-It is the custom among ocrlan ciaks of people, when a member of th what can you eat \& $n$ Every one has heard "Now the can you eat in Every one has heard of

the of the man who always ate | eigh |
| :--- |
| 0 O |


 man has morfeited in is slek." When a young antil exhanated nature given way, and a fover She anxiously inquires. "Now, John, what can't live without food I'" Then com People and tea, ota. The sood I" Then come toast no more needs stimulating or food than a jaded Nine-tenthe of the scute disemses might is rest. vented by a fow days' starvation might be pro-
indications appear the Arst abications appear. I don't mean complete or coarae breed, with cold, but perhaps a piece
wueh a poliey fore drink. If
wenerally adopted, what rutin


OUR ILLUSTRATION

## "Mending tere old cradle."

This pleasing incident-of domestic life in a comifortable working-class family, which is the subject of a picture by Mr. A. Stocks, shown at tells its own tale of happy marriage and parental affection. We heartily congratulate the good Joung husband and father upon his opportunity of doing such a timely job of carpentry for are sweet-honing woman and her baby, who
arting his easy work. The artist may have intended to suggest, by the introduction of pussy and her kitten, a blessed truth of kindly Nature's ways touching the universality of the maternal inslinct; or he may only have sought to relieve the slmplicity of bis main subject
with a little by-play in that corner. Some doubt with a little by-play in that corner. Some doubt will perhaps arise concerning the relation of the ittle girl holding the kitten to the youthrul matron, whom we are glad to see doing so well army of humanity. It can scarcely be supposed, $n$ the absence of posilive testimony, that she $s$ the mother of such a child, apparently nine years old; and, if it were so, why then it would be natural to look round for several intermediate brothers and sisters, who should have taken their turns in the same cradle before the advent of the present baby. We prefer to belleve mitted to invite her little sister, perbeps an mitted to invice her littue sister, perhaps an love of an honest and industrious man has placed her, not more than two or three summers ago; but, whatever be the date of their happy union, they shall have our best wishes for the future tenor of their peaceful life.

## NEWS NOTES.

Senator Bontwell's health is precarious.
Lowenstein was hung at Albany on the 10th. The Bishop of Perrambuco has been paroned.
The funeral of Dr. Livingstone took place on the 18th inst.
The escape of Rochefort and companions is micially contrmed.
The Portland Board of Trade adopted Anteflation resolutions.
$\$ 7,000$ are offered for the arrest of the Austin age robbers in Texas
Fifty convicts in the cabinet factory of singsing Prison struck lately.
The murder of a man name Haywood and his wife is reported from Ottawa, Ohio.
A majority of soventy-eight in the German
Reichatag voted for the Army Bill Compro. mise.

The Carlists have defnitively rejected prorano.

A horrible murder and subsequent lynch. ing of the prisoner is reported from Orange, Texas.
An Austin despatch says the Brown County Texans
The French Government has issued a oircu-
lar prohibiting newspaper attacks on the Sep-
An Extradition Treaty between Balvador and the United States has been officlally promulgated.
A Calcutta despatch says the famine is instill suffering from starvation
The Emperor Francis Joseph has sent a conolliatory reply to the Pope's remonstrance against the Eoclesiastical Bills.
A special from Calcutta says the famine is every where under control, and far
The President consijers it desirable that the
to United States Government, should return to apecie payment as scon as practicable.
A Memphis despatch says the crevasse on A Memphis despatch says the crevas wide, and fea
talned.
Among petitions for a Prohibitory LiquorLaw presented in the House of Commons last night, was one from London slxty-six feet in length. Congressional Select Committee on
The Transportallon, report favorably on the improveme
A compromise has been effected with regard to the German Miltiary Bill, limiting the strength of the army to 400,000 Claptain Brown and Jean Laie, witnessea for Che T!ehborne claimant, have been found gailty of perjury, and respecilvely sentenced to ave and seven years penal servitude.
A London despatch says sir
A London despatch says Bir. John Carslake has realgned the Attorney-Generalahip, in con Bequence of illhealth, and that Sir Euchard Bacseliay, th.
succeod him.
The Havani Omictal Gavite mays that al
slaven furnished by the Government during Joveilaris admintatration are to be organised as
eoldters ander white omcers, and after hive yeury eoldtere under white omcers, and
nervice are to be declared free.

## on the river.

hy rob. richardson, b.a.

Our boat and we drift down the atream y love is seated facing
With blue eyes that melting beam, Lustrously as in a dream
Full and shadowy.

Sultry glows the tropic sun,
Feel no whit the
Feel no whit the Summer heat
Down the river's rippling flow,
Where the red-brown rushes grow
Nodding in their cool retreat-
Floating in our cushloued skiff Where we list,
All in the hot Australian noon, What time we see a dim white moon And languld Nature sinks to rest,

In a death-like swoon-
Down the river's curving reaches Drifting slow,
Uyderneath a fragrant shade By low-drooping branches made;
And to the purple tlde below And in the purple tide below
Checkered shadows come and go

Flash and fitt aud fade.
Ob, the warm Australian dayGolden fair
Unsullied skies : And over all
A drowsy stillness seems to fall,
A perfect hush is everywhere,
And the still and languid air
Is held in dreamy thrall.
May, with filting summer smiles
Rows one had, all llly white,
Tirough the waters blue and bright;
And from her rosy flug r-tips In liquid gems of light.
Deftly, my love, you work the helm, Sweetest May
nd
White all unhelped of sail we slide
Adown the river's peacoful tic
Like that mald of olden day,
Pictured in the poet's lay,
Whom the stream bore far away
By Camelot's rocky side.
Your broad-brimmed hat too jealously Hides in good sooth Where the melting lustre lies, Where the melting lustre lies, And the laughter lives and dies Flushes the red blood of on your mouth And the warmih of Austral sli

As on we glide come liquid strains Our ears to greet ;
Sweet chords from many a hidden throat On the drowsy stillness floatThe warbling oriole, low a

## But, mute for very happiness,

Watch the braided ripples run
On and on, on and on,
Or follow, with a lazy, eye
The circles or the dragon-fiy
The circles of the dragon-fy,
Now darting with a gliter by,
Now poising bright against the sk
plazing golden in the sun.
O that we might thus for ever
While a changeless Hife away
In an endless Summer day,
Where the world's rude shocks could never
Come between our loves to seever,
Floating down the peaceful river,
On for aye and aye :

## TRUE GOLD.

## BY A. $\mathbf{x}$.

There had been a railway accident near the little village. Some carriages had left the rails, and lay crushed and shattered by the bank, the cries of the passengers thrilling painfully
through the quiet evening air. Men who were through the quiet evening air. Men who were
harvesting close by flung down theirsickies and harvesting close by flung down their sickies and
hastened to help; kind-hearted women came hastened to help; kind-hearted women came
running from the cottages to give eager assist-
ance.
Mr. Reginald Garth was sitting at tea with his sister in the little rose-shadowed porch, after a long day's ride to his patients, when the sad tidings were brought by half-a-dozen impeened into the surgery for some surgical appil nces, told Miss Lottie to prepare some of the sufferers, and hastened across the
meadow s, that were glowing with sunset light,
till he reached the spot, where most of the pas sengers had been rescued from their terrible position. Some of them nad struggled out, and
sat on the bank, faint and trembling, but unhurt; others lay still and senseless; some wer Mr.
Mr. Garth took the lead at once in that hor soft coverings to convey the wounded to shelter Those who, unhurt themselves, had friend among the stricken, crowded round the young surgeon in painful eagerness.
"Look at my child!" exclaimed a tall, hand woman in frenzied accents. "Oh! doctor d Mr. Garth for him
Mr. Garth bent over the little form lying so calmly on the grass, with a look of peace on th
white face. Hot tears rose in the tender-bearte white face. H
surgeon's eyes
"He will never wake again on earth, madam," he said, gently.
"You're wanted more over here, doctor," called a big farmer from the village, touching Mr . Garth as he tried to ease to pain of a man Who had received a terrible blow on the should
er. Mr. Garth followed the speaker quickiy. er. Mr. Garth followed the speaker quickly. bank were two young women. The farmer's wife was kneeling beside them, chaing the
small white hands of the younger. Mr. Garth stopped at the first for a few moments.
"Dead!" he said, sadly, and he passed on to the other, whose head was resting on the shoulder of the farmer's wife. Her hat had fallen off,
and her short curly brown hair was matted with blood that stiia trickled in a tiny stream over her light travelling dress.
Mr. Garth bound up
Mr. Garth bound up the wound carefully, looking with grave pity at the fair young face. the worst."" "We will take both of them to Budleigh, cart-" they seem as it they were together."
geon.
They were laid in the thick straw, the living and dead together, and taken gently across the surgeon had two of the most severely wounded moved to his own house, and the rest found eagerly offered care and shelter elsewhere found eagerly offered care and shelter elsewhere.
Soon the spot was still again where the rible trage Iy had taken place, and the star shone down from the quiet autumn sky.
All night the surgeon and a physician who
had been summoned from London were busy In the gray light of the morning they were
called to Budlelgh. The young lady had roused called to Budlelgu. The young lady had roused
from her swoon in feverish delirium. The two from her swoon in feverish delirium.
mon held a consultation over the case
"Her friends sorn physician. "Is she known?" No ; none of the station she had got in. The farmer's wife pro duced a pocket-book and a letter, and a hand duced a pocket-book and a letter, and a hand
some silver card-case, which had been found in the pocket of the wounded girl.
the cards; and the letter had the same name on scription, and was signed with the name of well-known London lawyer. It contained an Inquiry as to when a promised in
some business was to take place.
Mr. Garth wrote out a brief message to the
lawser on the back of his letter, and sent it of to the nearest telegraph office by the farmer's $\operatorname{man}_{\mathrm{It}}$
while the surgeon was of the coroner's inquest the lawyer arrived.

His first act was to young woman who had been found with the garet Wardour. It was that of Miss Wardour's maid, as the surgeon had surmised-Sarah Wesion, aged twenty-eight. When the inquest
was over, the lawyer shook his head at the sug gestion that the young lady's friends should b sent for.
"To the best of my bellef she has no friends," he told the surgeon-" in England, at any rate in a German school as English governess. Before that she was in India.
Mr. Garth.
it would be hard for her to tawyer. "Poor gir It would be hard for her to die ! She has jusi large fortune. She must have every care, Mr Garth."

Of course," answered the surgeon.
The lawyer went back by the next train, and the friendless heiress lay hovering between life and death. Youth and care, however, won the
battle at last, light slowly came back to the battle at last, light slowly came back to the
dark eyes, and the surgeon could hope for the best.
Th
The farmer had no children, but there was a little girl who had come in the sumnier to stay at the larmhouse, a little town-bred, shy crea
ture, who had few childilie ways about her. A great friendship was struck up between Miss Wardour and this child-a friendship that was very strange in its quiet depth and intensity When the dark winter days came, and the in. valid could walk a little up and down the garden, little Ida was always her companion walking soberly beside her, talking in the low hushed tone that in a child is painfully eloquent of a crushed heart. She made Miss War garet soon understood as well sorrows, and Mar old life that had been so strange and child the The beautiful young mother had mournful Ida was four years old, leaving her little giri
loved to hear Ida speak of her, feeling a keen sympathy with the young child's loneliness. "ay sometimes ; and Miss Wardour would tell her of her happy life in India with her father and sister
"And did they both die, like mamma $\%$ " the "Yes papa day
"Yes, papa is dead, and Nina is lost ; " and Margaret's face shadowed with pain.
" Lost ?" inquired the child curiou

Lost "inquired the child curiously.
older than I was; and I remember her so much She had eyes like yours, Ida."
Thus they would converse, walking up and down in the brief morning sunlight, or sitting by the pleasant fireside. Miss Wardour seemed In no hurry to leave the farm, and the A dainty ilttle pony-carrlage was added to the A dainty little pony-carriage was added to the country lanes with Ids by her dide they often met the young surgeon on his horse, and he would raise his hat, or stop and shake hands, and murmur some commonplaces about the weather, and inquire after Miss Wardour's itive his frank genial heartiness with people in general.
Through the depth of that winter he never came to the farm for weeks together, though top at the carden gate and llten Ma wauld sweet voice singing old German balleds that thrilled the surgeon's heart. The heiress loved w sing, and these sad refrains haunted the young man through his daily work.
"You are working too hard, Rex," sald his sister, one evening, after she had been sllently watching his pale thoughtful face for some
time. "Why don't you drink your tes ?" ime. "Why don't you drink your tea ?"
"I was thinking," he replied, and he started "and raised his cup, to his lipe.
"Thinking ! Yo to his lips.
can't you be cont with thinking! Why
eave those old books with your practice, and of all your study and thinking, I should luke to now, Rex?
"It gives me something to do," he said, and he smiled at her as he stirred his tea.
I You don't need that, I'm sure. Your patients keep you pretty well occupied. There." as the bell sound n peace !"
The inte
Mr. Garth read it came in the shape of a note. Mr. Garth read it and put it down by his plate.
"It is from Miss Wardour" sister. "She wants me to go over to Budletgh" "Ill agaln 9 " questioned Miss Lottie, rather sharply. "It's little Ida thon. The child seems to be alling, and they are nervous about her.
There's no great hurry."
He finished his tea, hardiy hearing his sister Lottie's grumbling remarks about people in general. She brought his overcoat and um-brella-ior the rain was coming down 1
made him wrap up his throat warmly.
"You are an ungrateful boy!" she r
as he resisted the infliction of a she remarked "Your wife won't have half such forethought for you!" R-ginald sighed, as he went out through the little passage.
"I should like to see Miss Wardour's writing," thought Miss Garth as she went back to the teatable and lonked about for the little note. But t was gone.

The pleasant sitting-room at the farm was aglow with light. Tea was over, and Mrs. Evans,
the farmer's wife, had gone out thoughts intent. Ida lay sleeping on a low sofe by the fire, and Miss Wardour sat by her side, looking gravely at the leaping red flames. Her face was still $p$ ale and delicate from her recent Illness, though a soft exquisite color tinged her ful in $s$ blue silt ful in a blues drass trimmed with costig white lace
Tokens of wealth were scattered over the oom, giving a st quaint furniture -beautiful books, a harp and piano, some handsome statuettes and plctures, and numberless little trifles that told of the presence of one
Hark ! There was a step on the garden path. Miss Wardour rose, went out softiy, and opened the hall door. The light streamed after her, of that slight graceful ggure in the blue dress "Good evening, Mr. Garth. Ida is asles. You are wet, I fear."
"It is raining," he said, briefly, taking off his overcoat.
"Have you had tea ? "asked Miss Wardour "I hope my note did not bring you out in this "retched weather."
"Weather is never studied by a doctor, Miss Wardour," he said. "My patient is asleep, hen?" He stopped by the sofa as he spoke. mind walting for a while"" "Oh, no." He sat down
Margaret went quietly out of the table, and came back in a few minutes with a little She bearing a cup of tea and a few delicate slices of bread-and-butter, and put it down before the surgeon.
"Your sister will scold me for bringing you out," she said, gaily.
"Oh, Miss Wardour, why did you trouble your"Come finished tea.
ugar ? I hope the tea will be it. Do you take
With a flush on his grave face he took the cup
from her hands. Somelhing of his thought Margaret guessed, for she too blushed very Mr. Garth rose too and stood opposite heart-rug the cup of tea in his hand.
"You don't favor us often with your visits, Mr. Garth," observed Margaret, with a little reproach in her manner.

## "I have struck you off the sick-list, you

 "Yes, I am quite well now. If I had not allen into such goods hands, I should have died, feel sure.""It takes
rved the surgeon. deal to conquer youth," ob. " It was all dour, not noticing the lone," said Miss Warwould all have been as kind if I had not been ich, I know."
"Of course," responded the surgeon, rather Tears
Tears were gathering in Miss Wardour's dark lolet eyes, and her volce trembled as she spoke put the cup on the young surgeon's face. He steadily at the fire. One glance at the shy gazed eyes, and he felt his resolve would fail him Miss Wardour sat down in her low chair by th. sofa, and played restlessly with her ring. Id was still asleep. The firelight leaped and flick. ered over the two tronbled faces.
Miss Wardour, suddenly. "It is a q" said Miss Wardour, suddenly. "It is a terrible responsibility ; I almost wish it were buried in the sea."
Mr. Ga
Mr. Garth looked down at her; her eyes regretful glance. "Ah, you don't know what money can gite
miss Wardour-flattery, luxurg Miss Wardour-flattery, luxury, ease, admira tion, frlends."
"Ah, no! You must stop there. Friends it can never give. My only friends in England
are in this little village-this child, and Mr. and are in this little village-this child, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and you," she added, hesitatingly She looked mp riend, are you not?
whe looked up wistfully at him, but his eyes were bent steadtly on the fire. For a momen
he hesitated. Wild words his lips, but he kept them back, and said,
"I hope I am. May I take the privilege of friend and speak frankly to you ?"
"Yes, indeed," was her ready reply

Don't be angry-don't think me tuous-but, Miss Wardour, you ought not to stay here. Your wealth gives you the right to occupy a position in soctety very different from thisis your duty to take it. It is for a wise purpose
that riches have oome to you ; and you should that riches have come to you; and you should forgive me if I have said too much"" Miss Wardour did not answer. Sh
ing straight before her, every vestige of colo gone from her face.

- Do you really think that I ought to go back again into the wide world?" she said at last, in low hnarse whisper
fiting home than you can have here. We shall ntting home then you."
"Thank you," she sald, after a pause, and she put her hand up over her eyes. "I will think They did not break the silence again till Id awoke and Mrs. Evaus came in. Mr. Garth said that Ida's illness would soon pass off, bolng
merely a slight cold, and he ordered the child merely a slight cold, and he ordered the child to bed.
from seelng Ida warm and aslet came back cot. Miss $W$ Ids warm and asleep in her little She sat down by the fire and talked to Mrs. Evans, and her harp was left untouched.

Some evenings afterward there was party at the Rectory. Margaret was there, the centre of attraction to the half-dozen gentle-
man-farmers and curates that composed the man-farmers and curates that composed the
male portion of the company. She was talking gaily, late in the evening, to one of her clerical gaily, late in the evening, to one of her clerical
admirers when the surgeon entered. He sat down near the door surgoon entered. Ho sa Margaret watched him furtively in the intervala of her milld filitation.
"Ah, there's Garth !" said her companion, following her glance, "What a plain fellow he
Miss Wardour ralsed ber eyebrows in some astonishment. The surgeon's face was a very
fine one, though with lit!le regalir beauty.
a low tone; "you think you would be happy
here always, but such would not be the case What you have missed would always baun you, and make a dark slde to the brightest plic ture.

And my feelings have nothing to do with your advice?" sald Miss Wardour, ha
ingly. Mr. Garth made no answer.
ingly. Mr. Garth made no answer.
"golng to-morrow."
"I Iope you will be happy-I am sure you
will," he sald warmly. "Thank you," she returned, briefly. Somebody claimed her attention at that moment and conversation was broken off. Mr. Garth
saw little of her after that-and on the morrow saw little of her
she was going!
Next morning there was a good deal of bustle
Budelgh-Miss Wardour was going away. she stood dressed in the sitting room, sobbing bitterly, with Ida in her arms, when Mrs. Evans oame in with a telegram in her hand.
"Slee here, Miss Wardour. What am I to
Mo?" "
Margaret read tbe message.
"From Lady Dryburne to Mr. Evans, Bud"From Lady Dryburne to Mr. Evans, Bua L. Lord Dryburne is very ill."
"Idas guardian," remarked the heiress.
"What "Taa's guardan,
"Shat can they want with the child ?",
"She mife the farmers wife. "she must go," said the farmer's wife. What am It to do?"
"I will take her there," answered Margaret : "she can go with me now, and I can go on to Mrs. Evans caught eagerly at the proposal.
Ida was soon dressed, and she and Miss WarIda was soon dressed, and she and
dour drove at once to the station.
dour drove at once to the station. Margaret left ber luggage in charge of a porter,
and went with Ida down the short stretch of and went with Ida down the short stretch
road that led to Lord Dryburne's residence. "Do you know your guardian?" she asked of
Id. Ida. The child's description was of one who was very kind, but who had never touched the affectous or that litule lonely Leart. ts had seen him only when fresh arrangements hal had to be
made about her home, owing to change and death.
Margaret started when the entared the gates
Mell the blinds of tio houtso were Margaret started when the ent red hese gates
of the garden. All the blinds of the houso were
down. Death was there. She wowt ne to the door, and rang the mumfed beil. The servant took her card, and showed her into a little anteroom. In a few minutes a stately woman, with a face whose quiet anguish was sad to ste made
her appearance. She took Ida's hand aud kissed her forehead before she spoke to Margaret. burne died an hour ago. You are Ida's aunt, I suppose e",
"Her au

Her aunt?" cried Margaret. "Ob, no !",
Your name led me to think so," observed the lady. "Her mother's name was Wardo.ir."

"Forgive me, madam. Do you know the
Christian name?",
"My busbands arst wife was called Niua Christian name?" frst wife was called Nina
"My husband's
Wardour ;" and, seeing Margaret's startled face, she added, "Our family name is Gay,
"She was my sister." said Margaret, in a
choked voice. "Madan, was she Lord Dry-
choked voice. "Madatn, was she Lord Dry-
burne's wife ?" Man it
" Yes. I never knew it till yesterday. It is a "Yes. I never knew it till yesterday. It is a
sad, sad story. She died yearn ago, Miss Wardour." "She left her home without a word," observed Margaret, sorrowfully. "My father dled not
knowing whether she was dead or living. We knowing whether she was dead or living. We
never knew that she was married. Forgive me, dear madam-you are in great trouble."
"My husband repented bitterly of the wrong he had done your sister by not allowing her to write to her family. Fear of his cwn kept him
from avowing the marriage, and, when she died rom avowing the marriage, and, when she died
so young, the temptation was great to let the so young, the temptation was great to let the
past still restin obilvion. He told me all yes. past still restin obivion. He tola me all yeshave none of my own. Wim you leave her with
me, Miss Wardour? It will help me to bear my me, Miss Wardour? It will help me to bear my
trubule. We have only been married a year," trouble. W Whe
she added.
The shock of the discovery was very great. Margaret sat still, with her niece's hand tightly clasped in her own, thinking sadly. Time passed swiftly on, and she must catch her train. Ida
was somewhat unwlling to be left, and mar-
garet's heart was almost broken to leave her garet's heart was at most broken to leave her
now that a new tie of love was between them.
But there was no help for it. Lady Dryburne was her rightrul guardian, and seemed anxious to take a mother's place to the Httile orphaned
Faif. Margaret went buck to the station alone thinking it all over, and callung up the memor-
leep of her dead sister, and the handsome young leobleman who had persuaded her to leave her
Tather's house.
The train was nearing London, when another
Ler thought came upon her ilke a terrible surprise.
Ida was her sister's child, Her sister was the elder, and consequently, had she lived, woald
have been rightfui heiress to the wealth that have been rightful heiress hace it belonged to Ida-Ida was the heiress.
Margarat was thorougky unselfish, but she
would have been more than human not to Toel a keen sense of regret at the loss of what
tiad been so pleasant to contemplate. Presently yet another idea, born of that painful chaln
of thought, occurred to her, and nestled deep down in her troubled, aching heart $1 \mathrm{k} e$ a sweet message of peace.

General Macarthy was waiting at Euston Station for his visitor, a and very soon she was seated in a gay London drawing-room, receiv-
ing the polished welcome of Lady Jane, the ing the polished welcome of Lady Jane, the
General's pretty, blaste wife. Margaret was petted and caressed as much
wished, had it all been real
The dinner party consist
The dinner party consisted of the family and a few select visitors; and for the first time Mara brillant scene, one that she remembered ever afterwards. The bright room, the dazzling lights, the company so exquisitely dressed, so
perfect in manner-all made up a whole that perfect in manner-all made up a whole that
dazzled and bewildered Miss Wardour. For that dazzled and bewildered Miss Wardour. For that ovening she recelved the honors of the helress With a graceful dignity that charmed her host ately when she bade her good night.
"We must love each other very much," she said ; "and when you are a little more accus-
tomed to us, you will feel at home. Charles will tomed to us, you will feel at home. Charles will
be home next week from Windsor. He is In the Guards, you know.
Margaret smiled to herself when her hostess was gone.
"To-mo tinguish gold from tinsel soon,"
The morrow dawned soon."
The morrow dawned, and Margaret sent a her. Thil then ste listened to Lady Jane's fiorid compliments, and thought of the little country village far away.
The lawyer came, and Margaret went down to the library and told ber story. She was quite prepared for his answer. She knew what
it would be ; and yet the news caused a keener pang when told by him. marked, kindly. "I am very sorrs,"
marked, kindly. "I must leave you to make all arrangements, and tell me what I have to do," sald Margaret. "I will give you Lady Dryburne's address-she is Ida's guardian, it seems."
The lawyer took his departure, and Margaret went back to the drawing-room to take her true position.

Is the terriblo business over ?" asked Lady Jane. "What a thing it is to be troubled with
money !" "I shall not
"Ah, you want somebody to help you to take care of it," commented Lady Jane; "very wise of you, my dear."
"I lon't mean that. I have been sailing un. der false colors, Lady Jane. This money isn't mine really-it belongs to my sister's daughter. up." "Your sister!" cried Lady Jane. "You are
"No!" I was the younger, you kuow, and this "No; I was the younger, you kuow, and this
fortune didut beloug to me at all it's a ml-
serable mistake;" and she recited the principal events of the story.
Lady Jane's face grew colder and colder as tho certainty of Margaret's loss bewn :nument.
She uttered the usual coudeleaces that rise to She uttered the usual coud
"I would offer you a houne here," she said,
hesitatingly, "but Charlie is so expensive, and hesitatingly, " but Charlie is so expensive, and "Ob, don't trouble yourself, please; I shall go back to my teaching in Germany. I amaccustomed to be poor. Thank you very muca for your hospitality, Lady Jane ; I will go back to-
day to Budleigh." claimed Wor lieved.
"No, thank you; the sooner I get to work "Nain the better."
"And I daresay you have plenty of friends?" sald Lady Jane.
"Oh, yes; you know I have been au heiress for six months," returned Margaret, smiling. She could smile, now, even though she had dis. covered of what tlinsel
day was com posed. day was coraposed.
General Macarth
than his wife, but they were both much relieved to see Margaret depart in the express. She went by the express though no longer an heir-ess-her heart was throbbing with impatience
to get back to Budleigh.

It was still bright daylight when sie arrived at the station, and, leaving her luggage to be sent on, she walked along the footpaths that led
from the station to the village.
ghe passed the meadow over which she had She passed the meadow over which she had
been carried more dead than allve on that aubeen carried more dead than alive on that au-
tumn evening. The sun was setting now as she
walked up the garden path of the farmhouse and walked up the garden path of the farmhouse and
into the old-fashioned sitting-room. Mrs. Evans Into the old-fashioned sith
was there, mending socks.
c. My dear Mis W
"My dear Miss Wardour-my ohild !" Mar-
garet put her arms round her, and laid her head on the motherly breast, crying, in sheer excite ment and nervousness : seo you all again. I have lost all wy money, It was long before the rarmer's wife could un
derstand that little derstand that little Ida was the heiress and Mar-
garel's niece, and thaî she was never coming garel's niece, and thaî she was never coming was late for their primitive life when the house hold retired to rest.
Margaret's eyes had not closed the night before. She slept soundly now in her old room,
and it was late in the morning before she and it was late in the morning before she
awoke. and Ida, and to the princlpal of the school
and
where she had been English teacher for some
years. The day was bright and fair, indeed
quite spring-like, and, putting on her hat and shawl, she went out to post her letters.
The post-office was on the other side of the village, but there was a path that led to it by
the fields, and very pleasant it was that mornthe fields, and very pleasant it was that morn-
ing. Margaret reached the last stile and sat down to rest on the broad step. The road took a sudden curve into the village just beyond, but no sound or sight of human life reached her here. The morning sunshine gleamed over the flat green landscape. The birds sang in the trees overhead. A breath of waking life was in the
air. Margaret sat and looked round on the beauty of the scene, and thought, if all else were lost, this would remain, and heaven be bright above.
The

The sound of a man's voice humming a tune came through the clear air. It drew nearer in some surprise, the air of one of her German songs. A sudden wild tremor seized her as voice and step came nearer. She started up, and
walked quickly back along the field, her face walked quickly back along the field, her face flushing deeply. The man Jumped over the stile, and she heard the volce stop, and the step grow quicker as he recognised her. At the nex hand. She turned and held out her band.
"I have surprised you, Mr. Garth."
"You have ; but it is a pleasant surprise," he sald, though he looked even more pale and
troubled than she did. "Are you going to Budleigh ?"

Yes-to the post," replied Margaret.
"This way then," he said, with a smile, which brought the color back to her cheeks. She "I thought you were going to London, Miss Wardour ?"
"I have been, and I had some strange ex-
periences since I saw you last. I have lost my money for one thing, and I have found a niece for another.'
Mr. Garth
Mr. Garth looked incredulous.
" I will tell pou
"I will tell you the whole story," she said. By this time they had reached the stile again, her recent experiences. Reginald listen, his face changing almosl every minute.
"I've done with the helress-ship and its troubles," said Margaret, in conclusion. "Don't you wish me joy of being an independent person
once more? I am golng back to Germany next week."
Mr. Garth took my advice once, you know," said Mr. Garth, rather unsteadily.
"Yes. But I a.a no heir
please myself," a.n no heiress now, and oan
"But you will let me give you one more bit of -I will promise never to arth, "only this once -I will promise never to obtrude ia like man-
"Weit, what is it? Don't make it as long as
Mentor's remarks to poor Telemachus.
Din't so to Germany," said Mr. Garth, in a
volce. "Sta. h rro. Whea I said you ought
 and my very love gave mestrength to beg you
to take your right posilion in the world. But The intense earnestuess of his manner check. ed the light words that rose to her lip. i. h happy silence she sat listening to the mainly avowal of his love. He had no need of words from her
to learn her decision. It was written on the blusting face and in the drooping eyes.
"I love you better tuan you do me," asserted Miss Wardour, saucily, as they walked up and
downthe footpath.
"Little Miss Ignorance!" he retorted, smil-
"I do. I would have married you if you had had fifty thousand a year, or twice as much. You would have made us both miserable because I was the lucky owner (apparently) of a good shar of this world's goods."
"If I hed had the
"If I had had the money, it would have been "Yight," he answered.
"You were proud
"You were proud, sir-confess it!" she de-
manded, imperiously.
"O Margaret!" wa
Five years have elapsed since Margaret's marriage day. She stands in her garden with a baby in her arms, and two more children tumb-
ling on the grass close beside her. She is wait ing on the grass close beside her. She is wait
ing for her husband - for they are lovers yet still in the happy fairy land of courtship. They have had their share of vexations and cares. The to work hard to make things meet. But the bllla somehow get paid, and the children grow
and prosper, and not a shadow has yet fallen on and prosper, and not a shadow
the wedded love of the Garths.
As Margaret stands and waits, singing softly
to her baby, a carriage comes up the hill and to her baby, a ca
stops at the gate.
Margarel gives the child to the nurse, and tall slight girl with thin white chely lady and a a spot of hectic color on them. The girl throws herself into Mrs. Garth's arms with a half-hys-
terical exclamation. terical exclamation.
"Oh, aunt Marga

## -I have come back to die !"

heard they great surprise, for when Margaret last
Ida's health. She leads her visitors in, while
Lady Dryburne explains how Ida has grown
see her aunt and home once more.
Mr. Garth,
Mr. Garth, looking little older, comes in, and
welcomes has guests warmaly. He sighs as he looks at rda's faoe. It is too true-she has come
back to dle. A few short months, fall of tender
care, pass, and the
dies. All that love and wealth can do is done,
but all is of no avail to keep back the sickle of but all is of
the Reaper.

Ida was gone, and the wealth that Margaret had lost came back to her. She was agaln a rich little Ida's blessing with it to the surgeon's home.
Wealth to him and Margaret meant so much added help and comfort to the sick and suffering around them-so much more opportunity of doing good.
Such lives
Such lives as they lead must be happy, whatver troubles come.

IN A DREAM.

There came to my couch in the dead of the With a smilie of love and an eye of light, A beantiful angel on quivering wing, And bade me to list while be breathed a straln That should bring back my blossoming years again.
I listened with rapture, and quickly to me
Came brothers, and sisters in innocent glee ;
The old happy home and the old happy bowThe old happy home and the old happy bow-
ers,
The ivy-huag walls and the garden of flowers, While my spirit bowed under a spell of delight And worshipped the God of the day and the night.

The vision had passed, like a star-beam, away Ere the orient heavens grew crimson and gay, And vainly I gazed for the light, like the sua That circled the form of the beautiful one, That carried me tack to my childhood again

Yet I woke not to sorrow, nor sighing, nor care, For the green fields of living were dazzingly Nor would I go back to the young years again, Since the present are dearer, tho' fuller of pain; Yet sometimes I sigh for the bower so bright,
And the red lips I kissed in a dream or the night.

## Playing With fire.

Horace Kent was a dashing sort of fellow Who had, in the six weeks at the quiet coantryside hotel, taken captive not only Ada Burto heart, but the hearts of several other girls. He knew it well enough.
He had often and oflen watched the kindlling averted on Adance she gave him-or did not give avert
him.
It
It was very pleasant, very pleasant indeed, only he wished that Ada was not so desperately smitten; that she would not be in a burry for the proposal he knew she expeeted, and which
he certainly meaut to honor her with in his own good time.
Meanwhile, it was very delightful to be lawfally, if not morally, privileged to firt with proud, marble-faced. Carlington. ing Mrs. Carlington
He was seltish.
He thoroughly liked his own way, and hated obe "bored," even by the society of ladien,
when he was not in the humor for it. He adjusted his Panama-so becoming, and he knew it-for a stroll off somewh
A certain secluded spot, a mile beyond the boat-house, he knew of a velvet-turfed lawn, overshadowed with low spreading apple trees, and completely shut in with a thick
growth of bushes, high as a man's head.
growth of bushes, high as a man's head.
He sauntered round the turnpike, and cilmbed fence to gain admission to the rural spot.
2 fence to gain admission to the rural spot.
The sun was terribly hot, and the cool grass
delightfully refreshing, with the thick, leafy delightfully refreshing, with the thick, leafy apples on the still, drowsy air.
He threw himself at full length on the grass, his hands for a pillow uader his head.
Tho voices, precisely opposite him, on the "Delightful? It is hot enough to melt any one, unless ti's that salamander of yours, Ada; he doesn't seem to care at all for the heat."
It was May Voicl who spoke-a nervous, , was May Voicl Who spoke-a nervous,
Mrs. Lillie Carlington's sweet, gracious voice Mrs. Lillie Carlington's sweet, gracious voice
-perhaps like all widow's volces, slightly -perhaps like all widow's
"I am sure he is only fortunate in the extreme if he can endure our summers." "Well," and a strong, fresh voice Horace
Kent recognised as Bertha Lyon's," whatever Mrs. Carlington thinks of little May's opinion of the gentieman under discussion, she certalified
will be horrified when I express my unqualied opinlon, and I say I
unmitigated rascal
A sllence that was almost heard followed her tache oomplacently, and remembered he had rather slighted Miss Lyon the night before, which doublless accounted for her opinion.
on, a little hotly, "and we'll see if Mr. Kent
can flirt and firt with little Ada Burton, and
nearly break her heart, and never say the word a man ought to say, and would say, if he wasn't
what I know he is, an unmitigated scoundrel." Bertha was fanning herself vigorously, and Brs. Carlington was curling her lipin inilent sarcasm.
affairs, however disposed your brother, Mr. Hugh Lyon, may be to assist him.
"I presume he won't have the chance, then,
retorted Bertha, hotly. "W hen Hugh comes retorted Bertha, hotly. "When Hugh comes, he and Ada are agieed to get up a first-class
firtation, and goad Mr. Horace Kent into the lirtation, and goad Mr. Horace Kent into the knows what Ada sees in him to admire, I Mrs. Carlington arched her pretty neck, as she languidly arose.
"What say you to a row, if old Sandy is
aroused to take us?" And then the quartette filted away, utterly unconscious of the masculine element on the ther side of the fence
He laughed outright at the bows, is it?" had led them into a trap ; he was utterly reoiced at the prospect of more fun ahead for the fortnight he was to remain at M-
"Little Ada will have her oonquest all to herself," he collloquized; " I'll let Mr. Hugh firt
with her, and I'll firt with Mrs. Carlington, and with her, and I'll firt with Mrs. Carlington, and
if they think to make me jealous-well, let 'em try.'
He got up, dusted his clothes, plucked a twig off the apple tree and
and sauntered back.
But I'll not let her slip, even to please them ; after her play is over, and I've proved my ' unmitigated rascalism,' I'll tell little Ada I love her, and have loved her all along."
Then he went up to his room, past Ada Burton's door, and he heard her singing
had played the night before for her.
"You're sure you're entirely agreed, Miss Burton?-you are sure I may firt with you to my heart's content?"
It was a wondrously thrilling voice that spoke in a confidential tone to Ada, and she looked in to see a pair of merry searching eyes bent cheeks.
"Of course, that is a bargain," said Bertha, "only mind you, Hugh Lyon, you are not to fall in love with her-is he to, Aid ?"
" I am afraid that I shall." Mr. Hugh Lyon laughed, then gave Ada his arm into the apartment where the music was sounding.
Horace Kent was inside the door-just where ada had hoped he would be, when she came in, in her triumph-only, and she had not expected langhing and chatting in the most familiar manner.
Ads felt her heart slcken for one second, and then she bowed to them, and went on with Hugh.
Ada's spirit would not stay out of her eyes; her cheeks would fiush and pale alternately as she stole sly glances at the handsome fell
who had made such an Impression on her. who had made such an impression on her. Hagh Lyon saw her distress, and pitied her
from the depths of his kindly heart, and wondered how on earth any fellow blessed with the affection of such a sweet girl as Ada Burton could help striving mightily to hold it.
"They don't seem to care," whispered Ada, piteously.
"We don't make it strong enough," he said,
cheerlly. "Let's get in front of them, and cheerily. "Let's get in front of them, and And so Hugh cut across the room with Ada, and in front of Kent and the widow, whispered to perfection.
But " forewarned was forearmed," and Kent
smiled serenely, and the beautiful widow smiled serenely, and the beautiful widow
thought Bertha Lyon's plan suited her remarkably. guests, until only a few iriends remained.
Mr. Lyon and Ada came up in time to catch Mrs. Carlington's last words.
" We cannot fail to enjoy it
"We cannot fail to enjoy it thoroughly. Our party will be so select-Miss Burton, you will
go to the ruins to-morrow? Mr. Lyon, your sister go to the ruins to-morrow ? Mr. Lyon, your sister "With pleasure I shall go. Kent, you're booked, of course ?"
"If Ada-if Miss Burton will allow me the pleasure of her company.
He bowed, smiled, and looked so handsome and poor Ada flushei to radiance.
"I don't know about that," returned Hugb, magnificently; "I am disposed to fight, if needs You'fll not refuse me?"
He gave her such a look; it thrilled her through and through, for all it was in jest. No, she w
Horace Kent
Horace Kent happy to go with you, Mr. Lyon.
"I shall be
You will excuse me, of course, Mr. Kent." You will excuse me, of course, Mr. Kent
And Kent bowed perfectly at ease.
"Certalnly-with pleasure. Mrs. Carlington can eopsole me, I venture to say.
His eyes, his voice were so
His eyes, his voice were so sarcastic, that
Hugh wheeled Ada around, and took her out Hugh Wheeled Ada around, and took her out
into the cool alr.
"That fellow is an insufferable puppy-not worth even the anxious widow's regards. I am so glad you are golng to-morrow with me, Ada. I masy as well recite Somehow, her eyes went down before his, and her heart stirred strangely. If Horace would only be so good.

Hugh was the life of the party, and Ada felt a pleasant sort of pride in him, becaus
And Mr. Kent and the widow had it all thei own way, even to Horace's lying on the grass
at her feet, and reading Tennyson to her. Ada at her feet, and reading Te.
stumbled over them once.
Mr. Kent's first impulse had been to spring up ; his second, to remain where he was, an show her sbe was not par
his enjoyment of the day.
So he nodded quite indifferently as she passed while Mrs. Carlington, in a burst of triumphant malice, suddenly exclaimed, in Ada's hearing-
" Oh, Horace, do repeat that Oh, Horace, do repeat that exquisite verse She had the satisfaction of seeing a blush
surge over the back of Ada's neck, and the surge over the back of Ada's neck, and the
next minute she managed to flush guiltily hernext
self.

Oh, Mr. Kent, I am so ashamed of myself But I was completely carried away with that forgive me, and I will promise never to call you so again."

She certainly was very pretty.
The scene was a favorable one, the time, the place, and so, thralled by her honeyed volice, Horace $K$ hair that almost touched his own, repeated again the verse from "Eleanore"hardly meaning what he said, but feeling some delightful sensation that lent a passionate thrill And the wh
Hugh Lyon, a Hugh Lyyon, a sweet dreal
suddenly shorn of its idol.
And, Horace Kent,jhisifin frequent bursts of enthusiasm evaporated by the time the passlonate verse was repeated, thought what a pre
clous pair of fools they were. clous pair of fools they were.
"Going away ! Oh Mr. Lyon.
For the life of her, Ada could not help it, tha Then, in sham wail of hers.
Then, in shame-facedness, she began repeathappiness.

He listened with a hall savage smile.
I'm goil be delightul happiness, Ada, tha reward of my labors.'

But he will not-I mean you have been
ery kind to me, vers, Mr. Ly
He grasped her hands that lay idly on the iano keys.
" Kind ?
"Kind? Only kind? Perhaps, but horribly cruel to myself. I've been plat
nd been hopelessly scorched."
Her heart was bounding with delirious bliss.
Her heart was bounding with delirious bliss.
Bhe, too, had played with fire, and she stole a glance at his stern face ; he caught the look and his eyes grew radiant.

Ada, Ada, tell me, is my love helpless?"
Hugh, as if such a one as you could come but to conquer."
Wasn't that satisfactory enough for any
And Hugn took his just deserts in the form of sundry kisses, and low murmurous vows, just
as Mr. Horace Kent lounged in, as Mr. Horace Kent lounged in, easy, hand some, lazy.
"Oh a a thousan
tions, Miss Burton
Then he lounged out with smothered on his lips, and a fiercer feeling than he had ever felt before that he was outmanouvred Did her all.
Did he marry his widow friend?
Not at all, although after that selection from
Eleanore, she chose to regard herself Eleanore, she chose to regard herself Mr. Ho-
race Ken't special delight-until the morning race Ken't special delight-until the morning discovered Mr. Kent had left for regions un-known-a vanquished hero, who recelved, as did Hugh Lyon, " his just deserts for playing
with fire." with fire."

THE DUEL AND ITS RESULTS.

The whole company suddenly ceased its mirth and looked at the two men glaring angrily at each other across the table-the practised
duellist and the flery lad whom he had pro duellist and the fiery lad whom he had pro-
voked into insulting him. And Colonel Daquesne grimly wiped the wine from his eyes and his grizzled whiskers.
Then he said, as coolly as a judge pronouncing
the death sentencethe death sentence-
"This night's work shall cost you your
heart's blood, Mr. Delancey. You will fight of heart's bl
And Harry Delancey, though his look was no whit less flerce as he answered, piondly-
"That is what I meant, sir," yet in his hear "That is what I meant, sir," yet
The quarrel would probably cost him his life. Before he came to the supper that night,
Harry Delancey had sworn again and again to Harry Delancey had sworn again and again to
himself that he would avold a quarrel with himself that he would avoid.a quarrel with
Colonel Duquesne.
Folonel Doth weres suitors for the hand of beautiful Kate Granger, and Harry well knew that it was his rival's ardent desire to call him out and pertunity to prosecute his suit with the wealthy helress. ing, Harry heweut to Mr. Fletcher's that even zeephis tomper
And this was the end of it all.
fung sarcasm across the table until the young
man, heated with wine and stung beyond endacance, had dashed his glass in his enemy's
That was a company of men whose army experience had by no means lessened their devotion to the code of honor, and arrangements for a meeting were made at once.
Two hours after this little scene, Harry sat in his room, thinking over the events of the even ing.
he was to go out at sunrise, and be shot down like a dog by a man who never yet missed his mark-
Life had never seemed so fair to him as toBitterly did he curse himself for his folly.
Yet why should he thus play into the hands
f his rival?
He would
He would not fight him-it was unfair-it was monstrous for him, who hardly knew how to handle a pistol, to stand up against a skilled marksman who thi
It should not be.

But what else was left him?
Flight?
Ah, no! better death a thousand times.
Apology ?
Never!
No, nothing to do but to submit
A letter to the girl he loved, another to his mother, who was even now fondly dreaming of her absent boy-then a few hours of feverish longer lest he persuade himself to play the dastard.

## Now for the letters.

First he wrote to his mother a tender, loving epistle; and his manly tears bedewed the paper as he begged her to forgive him the sorrow he must bring upon her.
His other letter was scarcely less difficult to write.
He had gone to Kate Granger that every evening, gone to her with the intention of avowing his passion.
But some coldness in her manner, real or fancled, had discouraged him, and when they
parted, their adieux were as studled as those of parted, their adieux
She evidently cared nothing for him; and yet he was to be shot at daylight to-morrow because he had loved her.
Well, well, there was a grim kind of consola-
tion in writing and telling tion in writing and telling ${ }^{\text {an }}$ her the whole story,
how madly he worshipped her, and how death how madly he worshipped her, and how death to her.
She would get the letter in the morning: and maybe her heart would smite her a little when then be rigid in death.
This was the substance of his letter to Kate; left them on the table, knowing that his servan
would post them in the morning.
Then he threw himself, without undressing, upon the bed and sank into a feverish slumber.
Never was a more beauiful sunrise, never a Never was a more beautiful sunrise, never a bluer sky, never a fairer scene than the little
open space of field and flower which was that open space of fleld and flower which was that
morning to witness the encounter between two men, each eager for the other's blood.
Alfred Johnson, Harry's friend and second, had called him promptly at five, and the two had quickly mounted their horses and started for the spot.
Harry had managed to get a good hour of refreshing slumber towards morning, and now, though his brow was pale, there was no quive of the lip nor trembling of the hand.
going out to his execution, and this very feeling of certainty made him more careless and less of certainty made him more careless and less He had made up his mind to die, and to die like a man.
Kate should at least know that of him.
But with this determination came a flerce hope that his adversary might not come off entirely unharmed.
He said to himself that he would be perfectly cool, and Duquesne, practised duellist as he was, should find that another ear was as swift as his quick as his to pull the trigger.
Such were Harry Delancey's thoughts as he stood leaning upon the shoulder of his horse,
while the distances were marked of and the preliminaries arranged.
And Colonel Duquesne 9 This was not the first or even the twentieth time he had found himself in a slmilar position
There were many
There were many graves of his making.
He was known to have killed his man three
times.
Himes.
He stood there a short distance from his adversary, carelessly cutting at the dalsies with his riding whip.
No one co
that sort of could doubt his courage, yet it wa fidence in one's own success which really brave men little admire in their fellows.
The two partles now drew nearer together to
Fate the conditions.
Fate had given Delancey the most favorable position; he was to stand with his back to the Bun.
But the colonel's grey eyes flashed contemptThe glare of the sun would hardly spoll his aim with the man he hated, with the hatred of jealousy, under hifs pistol.
"Very well," he sald; "i but, gentlemen, be as expeditious as possible. I breakfast at seven,"
and he nonchalantly took out his watch to note
"Cannot the affair be settled peaceably?
Must the fight go on?" Must the fight go on?'
It was Gower Dial
sne's second, who spoke. He was an old soldier, who enjoyed nothing ence of Delancey, and would fain have stoperithe affair even now.
Harry still maintained a sullen indifference, From him heed to the question.
From him the two seconds looked eagerly at Duquesne for an answer to Gower's question.
But there was no show of relenting in the But there
colonel's face.
He simply sald-
"Mr. Delancey grossly insulted me last even. ing. I will wipe out his heart's blood as readily The cold-blooded oruelty of the man stung young Johnson to madness.
"By Heated, "By Heaven, sir!" he shouted, "but you
cannot so easily wipe out the stain of murder cannot so easily wipe out the stain of murder
from your soul; and hark ye, sir, if Harry Delancey goes down before you to-day, you shall aswer to me for his life."
The sneer deepened upon Duquesne's lips, as "As you will,
ace to me. But we waste time," So the pistols were drawn, and
took their stand face to face.
It would have ber
It would have boen difficult to sas
For least affected by the situation which was For while Duquesne moved and acted with perfect coolness, Harry now appeared not only perfectly unconcerned for his own safety, but He seemed all at once to $h$

## dence in himself and his cause

"One!"
As Gower began to count, the men covered each other with their pistols; and there was a steadiness about the younger man's arm, that gave his op"
"Two!"

The men stood looking fiercely along their weapons, into each other's eyes.
Yet no one would have
Yet no one would have suspected from the demeanor of either, that life was at stake.
"Three! Fire !"
The words came in quick succession, and in a the reports of the two pistols
Beports
But Harry's ear had caught the hiss of the consonant in the last word, almost before it was its way.
As the faint smoke cleared away, the colonel was seen to take one step forward, erect and firm.
Then
Then his hand went confusedly to his head, and he fell forward on the grass, dead.
from his nerveless fingers, dropped his arm, shattered, at his side.
Otherwise he was uninjured He stood a moment, almost doubting the
reality of the result; then, without a word, he turned and walked away to his horse, followed by his friend, and one of the surgeons.
They rode rapidly back to town, and at the They rode rapidly back to town, and at the
house steps, the wounded man fainted from loss of blood.
He was carried up to his room, and the ball safely extracted.
Almost at the same moment that the surgeon finished dressing Harry Delancey's wound, Kate Granger sat idling over her breakfast. She was evidently unhappy, for her food lay
before her quite untouched, and she sighed repeatedly.
At length she pushed back her chair, and rang the bell impatiently
"Ovid," she said to the old family servant, who entered, " have the letters come?"
"Very well, go out and see if there are any for me, and if so, bring them in at once." The man vanished and presently returned with the letter Harry Delancey had written the
night before. Miss Granger recognised the handwriting at
a glance, and eagerly tore open the enveiope.
The first few lines she read with a halfThe first few lines she read with a half-
For in them
For in them Harry had told, in exolted
terms, what she scarcely dared to hope, that he loved her.
Then, as she read on, her brow grew anxious,

She turned cold as stone, but did not faint nor cry out.
flease show us his room," she said, quietly. And, still accompanied by her
A moment after she stood on the threshold of Delancey's room, looking, not as she had expected, upon that gentleman's corpse, but
upon that gentleman himself, alive and as well upon that gentleman himself, alive and as wel
as could be expected under the circumstances could be expected under the circumstances.
He looked up at her in astonished delight.
"Really, Miss Granger, this is kind," he w beginuing to say, but was interrupted by her beginuing to say, but was interruptod by her pletely away in the arms of her attendant. The reaction had been too much for her.
"That letter," thought Harry, as he looked
"er at the table and found it gone. ver at the table and found it gone.
Three months after his arm was perfectly well again, and he called upon Miss Granger and learning that sh
he sought her there.
He found her cutting flowers for a bouquet He had intended to send him, and on his entrance she turned with a flush of joy on her lovely face.
"Kate," he said, "I have come to learn my fate. Will you be my wife?"
She paused a moment then
She paused a moment, then flung herselfinto his arms.
In another month Harry stood at the alter with Kate Granger, and he ha
gretted the duel and its results.

THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.
He was the lord of Merlintower,
And I was but of low degree;
she had her beanty for her dower No other treasure needed she; He came, when hawthorns were a-flower

Oh! she was sweeter than the wind That bloweth over Indian isles; Fawn-wild, and full of winsome wiles Fawn-wild, and fuarnt to find My only life beneath her smiles.
He sent my love a ruby rare, That might have graced imperial brows, No gem had I. To deck her hair:
I sent her-but a simple rose ; And prayed her, on a night, to wear The gift of him whose leve she chose.

Come, queen of all my beart's desire
Crown me or slay ! My soul is stirred Crown me or slay ! My soul is s
To challenge fate. My pulses tire Of fear's chill tremor. Sings the bird of hope for him who dares aspire ?"
A lover's scroll, and wild of world !

We watched her coming, he and I, With utter dread my heart stood still. The moon's wan cresoent waned on high The nightingale had sung his fill, n the dim distance seemed to die The echo of his latest trill

The flower-tralled gate, our tryst of old, Gleamed whitely'neath the olustering bloom Of the dusk-starring jasmine. Oold His shadow fell, a ghostiy gloom
Lurked where it lay. Oh heart o'er bold Lurked where it lay. Oh heart o'er bold
Hast thon but hastened utter doom?

A still cold smille slept on his face, That all my hope to anguish froze Then, in the silence of the place,
We heard her flower-pied porch unclose And-in her hair's silk-soft embrace,

## IN THE PRIORY GARDEN.

A quaint old-rashioned garden it is, with straight grassy avenues, long mossy alleys be tas opening to the sun and breeze, with here and there a sombre yew trained into some curious
device. Banks of fragrant, world-forgotten device. Banks of fragrant, world-forgotten
fowers, stone ledges, and low, broken, ivy flowers, stone ledges, and low, broken, ivy
walls, remains of bygone days when the old walls, remains of bygone days when the old
garden was covered by a stately monastery, are garden was covered b
distinctive features.
The purpie twilight was stesling sorty down orange, crimson, and violet that still neoked the mid-summer sky, one slagle brilliant star shin ing in the clear amber of the sunset, a bird's full
clear note soundlag far in the evening stillness. A tall gracerul girl, in a long trailing white mossy alleys ; in one hand she held a banch of scarlet geraniums, the other was swinging a large garden hat carelessly up and down by its
blue ribbons. A fair, fresh wilfal face it was, blue ribbons. A fair, fresh wilful face it was,
with sweet violet eyes. A knot of the geraniums nestled in the thick folds of wavy brown hair ; a scarf of soft while wool was tied loosely taghound, stately and sedate, his nose pushed againat his mistress's hand, his splendld wist. ful eyos following every movement. A man's
mellow tenor volce sounded falntly through the rees, coming nearer and nearer.
A shailow crossed the gir
month ponted involuntarily.
"Ah, Hero," said she, looking down at her dog, "there he is again, and singing that same queen,' Listen, Hero, listen."
The voloe, nearer now, came on singing in song :
I will not dream of her tall and stately-
She that I love may be fairy light;
Whatever she does, it will sure be right.
And she may be humble or prond, my lady,
Ah, Hero, old fellow," interrupted the girl, mpatiently," it is always the same old thing How I hate! ' Whatever she does, it will sure be Hght' - and I never do anything right in bis fellow But, at any rate, you belleve in men, old beautiful and gentle and courteons in every thing, if I am not in Errol's."
The dog looked up with his beautiful wistful yes ; the man's voice came nearer and clearer "There, we won't listen any more, will we old dog 9 At least I have one friend who is not alwaysisinging at me,
approbailon at me."
approbalion at me."
She stooped and took hold of one of the dog's soft sllky ears. The voice came softly through the high box heage
" But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit that maiden I love."
"، Courteous,' 'holy'-and I am such a ter-
rible reprobate! Come away, Hero." And the rible reprobate! Come away, Hero." And the
girl started up, and began walking swiftly away girl started up, and began walking swiftly away
down the avenue. Bn the avenue.
But she was too late-a few steps brought her face to face with the singer, who emerged,
quietly unconsclous of her proximity; from a side walk. A tall brown-faced young fellow he side waik. A tall brown-faced young filh bright dark eyes and olearly-cut feawares, and an expression indicative of power and
determination, relieved only by the frank kinddetermination, relieved only by the frank kindliness of the eyes and smile.
"Ah, cousin mine, I have been looking for you all over the garden," gald he, stoppling before the girl. "Where have you been to all alone?"
"Hero and I have been to the Lady's
"Hero and I have been to the Lady's Well
-we are tired of the garden," replied she, pettishly.
"No wonder you were not to befound, then.
Why did you not tell me, Nellie? It was too laie for you to go into the wood alone.
"I had Hero-he is quite sufficlent eacort. I
do not care for any other when be is with me, do not care for any other when he is with me,
thank you, Errol. We like to be alone best," thank you, Erro. We like to be alone best,"
rejoined Nellie, accompanying her words with a rejoined Nellie, accompanying her words with a
swift glance, to see how they would be received. The hint was too broad to be misunderstood,
but the only reply was a keen look of inquiry at but the only reply was a keen look of inquiry at Nelle's vezed face, and a slight smille as he
caught her eyes. He turned to walk on with oaught her eyes. He turned to waik on with
her, and the two paced slowly on past the high
prim hedges, past banks of fowera, prim hedges, past banks of fowera, drooping as
day drooped too, on into a garden-nay, a wildday drooped too, on into a garden-nay, a wild-
erness-of roses. The dew was brushed off by erness-of roses. The dew was brushed off by
Nellie's long dress, a subtle, dellicious perfume alled the alr. Gradually the host of stars appeared in the deep blue sky, a blackbird's clear
note rose high and sweet. Unconsclously Errol began to sing softly the refrain of his song :
"She is standing somewhere, she I would honor
Ghe that I
Nollie turned round.
"I do wish, Errol, you would not sing that song ; I hate it! '
"Hate it ! Why, Nelle, it is charming !"
"I don't care; I hate it ! It is always 'my
queen' !" "Well, is there any special reason why it should not be 'my queen'?"" said he, why itoking
down at her and smiling quietiy. "Don't you see down at her and smiling quietly. "Don't you see, cousin mine, she is a sort of ideal-"
"Yes, I do see," Iaterrupted Nellie, pettishly; "and I always did dislike poetic ideals and
absolute perfection; and I hate the song, and absolute perfection ; and I hate the song, and
I wish you would not sing it !" I wish you would not sing it!"
"Of course I will not, if it much," sald he, with another keen glance at the fair, wilful face; "but I want to argue the point
with you first. Here is our old nook nuder the Nolsette; sit down, Nellie, and let me convince you as I used to do in the old days."
Inwardly resolving not to be convinced, Nel
ie sat down on the low stone wall, the lie sat down on the low stone wall, the climbing roses around and above her appearing like a framework. Errol strolled away to a large $1080-$ bush a fer paces distant, and carefully out off its creamy pinkness contained a world of deli oate, subtle scent; then, returning, he threw
himself on the grass at Nellie's feet, and loozed up into the sweet, whliul face.
"Now, tell me, Nelle, why you don't like My Queen.'
A sbower of scarlet geranium petals fell over
the white dress, scattered ruthlessly by the white dress, scattered ruthlessly by Nellie
tingers ; bui she had no argument ready to sup port ber dislize-at least, none that she would use.
ash
"She is a charming ideal," continued Errol.
What have you to What have you to ary against her, Nellie ? " Just that she is an ideal," answered Nellie, shortiy.
"And
anked he qua cannot atiain suoh a helght ?" ever at the face above him
No anmber came from the pouting lips. The coarlet blonsoms almost covered the White dreas;
the evening breaze came up and stired the roees; a shower of pure-tinted leeves fall on the
gearlet. Errol obnnged his ponition alifhtiy.

Raising himself with one hand, he held the rose Cowards her with the other.
" Nelle," said he, gently
"Nellie," said he, gently-" Nellie."
"Y Will you give me your geranlums for this rose ?" he inquired.
"No," she replied.
"Why not $\%$ " interrogated Errol.
"I like the geraniums better," said Nelle, promptly, her eyes turned away from his. "I don't think you do-they are no very batered. Won't you make the exchange, Nellie?"
She stole a glance at him. There was no mit taking his meaning. The geraniums were only a small part of what was wanted. A soft light flashed into the violet eyes; for a moment she hesitated, and then, in a sudden fit of wilful perversity, she sald, sarcastically

You do me too much honor, cousin Errol ; but I do not choose to be second even to an ideal. Your 'queen' is waiting somewhere; let me suggest that you give the rose to her.
"'My ' queen' is here-I found her long ago. thorny white rose, her sceptre a bunch of famelng battered geraniums. Will you take my rose, Nellie i It is not courteous to keep me waiting so long."
His last
His last words stung Nellie. It seemed to her that to accept the rose so offered would be a token of submission, a confession of her own shortcomings. She would none of it. The wilful
eyes flashed defiantly at him, as she said, pereyes flash
versely :
"No, thanks, I prefer my flaming geraniums,
" battered as they are."
"As you will, cousin Nellie," was the quiet re-
ply, and the rose was withdrawn.
The bird's clear notes ceased suddenly ; the night wind came up and shivered among the roses ; it seemed to have grown suddenly dark. Nellie draw her scarf closer round her should " ${ }^{\text {ers. }}$ Let us go in," she said ; " it is cold."

A week later Errol and Nellie stood in the vine-covered porch of the old Priory. A pile of rugs, walking-sticks, and portmanteaus lay on
one slde ; a dog-cart atood before the door, and the man-servant was busily stowling away the luggage, which was labeled "New York."

## shyly "

"Partly for busineas, partly for pleasure "What is the business ?"
"A special sult, which I do not wish to lowe ir can help it.
"And the pleasure?"
He gave her a keen, quick glance before he " swered .
"The pleasure? Well, at present the pleasure is to gain'that particular suit. My adversary is will give time for reflection and I think the matter will be amicably arranged. What shal I bring you back, Nellie-an Indian wampum or the last Yankee notion in bonnet ""
"Neither, thank you, Errol," she said, raising her sweet eyes, half mischievously, half repentantly; "I should prefer a bear-skin and"Your wishes shall geraniums.
"Your wishes shall be obeyod. Good-bye, Nellie," said he, gravely, as, springing up int
the dog-cart, he took the reins. "Good-bye." the dog-cart, he took the reins. "Good-bye."
Nellie watched the dog-cart out of sight, and then turned into the house, feeling gullty, defiant, repentant, and mischievous half a dozen times before she reached her mother's room. "Ah, my queen, you are very wilful," thought Errol, as he turned his horse into the lane; " but my rose shall win the day yet. I can af
ford to wait till the tree blooms aggin next ford to
summer."

In the old garden Nellie watched the roses bloom and pass away, the beautiful golden sose Cumn tints come and fade and the green icy winter draw near and settle on the land. Her
ufe with her invalld mother was a lonely this winter had seemed specially dreary and long; she watched with intense ly dreary and irst gleam of spring. It lingered longing for the to encounter the chilly winds and weath ir lot snowdrops came in March ; at the end of A pril there was scarcely a hedgerow tinted with reen.

Nellie," said Mrs. Carroll one morning, look Ing up from her newspaper, "find me Errol's last etter and see what is the name of the vease
"It yas the outy of
It was the Outy of Boston, mamma."
Get the letter, dear-I want to
Nellie opened the writing-deat fond the etter, and gave it to Mrs. Carroll, pointing over her ghoulder to a certaln passage in it.
"Yes, I see you are right it is the
"Yes, I see you are right; it is the outy of Boston. I had forgotten all about it ; and now over from and that thaper that she is very muc her safety."
Nellie had not forgotten. Since the date of the veasel's salling had she not counted the days, chance footstep sent the blood to had not every overy unexpected knock or ring to her oheeks, to beat wlidly ? Latterly, did not every heart noise jar upon the stratned nerves almost paln.
fully? No need had she to find the names and dateg, When her heert was aohing
with vague suspiclon and dread, her oheelcs thin and pale with anxione waiting and Watohing.
Alas I sho Was not the only one. With that
day, when the frut warning apper
pers, began a time when her own fears were
echoed by hundreds of sad hearts all over Eng land.

Once more it was a fair summer evening in the old Priory garden; the purple twillight shadows were falling softly, and a bird's high note sounded far in the stillness as in bygone days.
Terribly cruel it all seemed to Nelle that the Terribly cruel it all seemed to Nelle that the should be so desolate. She was pactng restiess ly up and down the moss-grown avenue, her black dress clinging to her in sombre folds-for the months had come and gone, and hope at last had died out. Hero walked beside her, his head drooping. Presently she left the alley and sought the old stone seat under the Noisette rose. She threw herself down on the grass beside it, was pressed her cheek against the cold stone. It grown-piteous to see the small hands presed to her breast to still the convulsive sobs tha shook be slight fragile igure.
"Oh, Errol, where are you?" she said, des-
pairingly. "Can't you hear me, Errol? In al the world above is there no mpe, Errol? In all hear me?" The rose-leaves futtered down over her in a white shower as they had done a year bird's clear note rang out. rose-leaf fell on her hand. "And shivered as a rose-leaf fell on her hand. "And I grieved you
so, Errol, that night. I remember it all; and now you can hear me no more, and I can never tell you that I loved you. Oh, my love, my love! How cruel it is-how pitiless!'
The poor little white face worked and quiv. ered with convulsed sobs, and she burst into a wild passion of weeping. All those weary months of walting she had no teane from the wide-open milserable eyes; pow thay came so
irresistibly, so passionatelys that the slight irresistibly, so passionately, that the slight
figure shook like the leaves above her. agure shook like the leaves above her.
"Nellie," sald a low voice-" Nellie."
She atarted and moaned as if the sound were heard in a dream, and the drooping bright head was not raised.
"Nellie," said the voice again, and she was presently raised from her orouching position by a man's strong arms. The dark eyes that eagerly
sought hers were glistening with emotion, the
face, was almoat al agitsted as her own. ace, was almont an agitated as her own
"Errol," she cried-" Errol !"
Her face was so ghastly in
Her face was so ghastly in Its incredulous reing, that he spoke as quickly as possible.
"I was not in the ship, Nellie. My name was In the list of passengers by mistake." "Is it you, Errol ?" she asked, and she gave
one long searching glance, and put out her hand
to touch him. o touch him.
alling in the, it is I. I was prevented from salling in the
e, reyerently
He took the
of his, pith poor little trembling hands in one Her sweet violet eyes filled afresh with tears but with such tears of grateful thankfuliness as those who have come out of the valley of the shadow of death only can know, and for a few minutes the solemn prayerful silence was unbroken. At last Nelle spoke, with the reverent
tone of one who has just held some sacred com. tone of on
munion.
munion.
"How was it, Errol ? " she asked.
"How was it, Errol ?" she asked.
"I had taken my passage on board the Oity of Boston," he explained, "but at the last mo ment a party of friends persuaded me to join Mountains. We were away four months; an all that time I received no letters or newspa pers, as we moved about so rapldly from place to place that they were not forwarded to us. When I reached New York on my way home I heard about the loss of the vessel. I was hor ror-struck to think of what you might have suf-
fered. I set sall in the first steamer. Thank hearered. I set sail in the irst steamer. Th
ven I am at home in safety at last !

Why did not you write, Erai!" with the vessel. I would have given anything to save you this. Nellie.
"I know it," sadd Nellie, sortly. With serious, awe-struok eyes she looked up through the rose boughs ; one bright atar gleamed down upon hor
with kindly light, like a radiant messenger of sympathy.
"I want my welcome home, Nellie," said Er-
She glanced at him with sweet, shy eyea.
"Have I found ' my queen' at last
"Yes," whispered Nelle, softly.
He folded her in his arms, and tissed her passlonately on lips, brow, and cheeks, and then, drawing her head on his shoulder, let her pale pure face rest there. Her little fingers went
wandering over his cost-ithe very touoh of the rough tweed cloth gave such intengenolier, eomfort, and delight. After a while she raised her head and spoke:
"Consin Errol ?"

## "Yous, cousin Nellie."

"Did you win the law-suit?" versary
Reantly.
"Was there not really one ?"
"Do not inquire too closely, Nellie mine. The
head. "Now which will you have, Nelle?"
asked he, offering ber the geraniums in one
hand and the rose in the other.
Nellie hesitated, glanced up shyly, hesitated again, and then stretched out her hand to the rose.

And I'll give my heart to my ladye's zeeping, And ever her strength on mine shall loan
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be

Ere $I$ weeping,
queen!"
sang Errol as they sauntered home through the Old garden, with the shadows falling softly around them, the stary lookdng down, the calm With the deep tuntterable gratitude which illed their hearta with reverence and awe unspeak able.

## SOIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Creaking Boots.-Stand them in the salt and water over the soles for 24 hours.
A NEW method of preserving net manurial matters consists of mixing burnt gypsum with them and moulding into bricks.
Floor OIL-Cloths.-Have the dust wiped from them orton; but use soap and sorubbingbrush seldom,
no hot water.

A Horser left uncovered when not in exerolse will soon grow a heavy cont of coarse hair. This becomen ahtmarance to rapid motion, and should be provented by judicious blanketing.
To detept nitric acid in wines it is necomsary to
aturate the wine with beryta and then distill atarate the wine with beryta and then distill phopphoric actd ts added to the restdue and re dintilled, when the acetic will be fouud in the
dintilata.
To Orinan Marbis.-To cleanse marble stained with iron rust, apply lemon-jutice to it with a clean rag and wach with warm water. If white.
Furniturm Ont.-Mix half a pint of olive oll With a pound of soft soap. Boll them well, and apply the mixture to your olled furniture soft, dry fannel.
For Bleaching Muslin.-One pound of ohloride of hime to forty yards of muslin; soak the In a pot of water; then pat the mullin tn for half an nour; then rtace throe simuesin in for

To Pouisi Tins.- Firot rub your tins with dry cloth; them take dry flour and rab it on with your hands; afterwarde, take an old newnpaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spolls the hands.
An old umbrella sapported on a stick driven into the ground affords an excellent shelter from the frost for small trees and shrubs. A galvanised iron cage of similar shape has re-
cently been introduced for this purpose ; it hes cently been introduced for this purpose; it has only to be covered with cloth or paper to complete the arrangement.
MUSTARD Plaistrir.-In making a mustard plaister no water whatever should be used, but
the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the stin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.
ALUM water applied hot is sald to destroy red and black cockroaohes, apiders, and all the water should be applied with a brush to all wood-work where inneets are suspected. Puwdered alum or borax, is useful for travellers to carry with them, to scatter about when they
suspect there may be troublesome visitors.
AN old farmer sald : "When I die, I am going to leave behind me, as a heritage for my ohildren, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and educated taste Would allow ; pleasant momorles of the home true regart sor the sunay mammer day, and a oalling which thef father followed." it is a oapital legacy.
a Good Table Saucr.-Take one gallon of tomatoes, wash and simmer in three quarts of Water until nearly done; strain through a spices, ginger, mace, black pepper, allspice and salt, and one of cayenne pepper; boll down to one quart; pour in one-halr pint beat vinegar, and then pase through a hair gieve. Bottle in half-pint hoitios; cork and seal socurely, and keep in a cool place.
M. GAUDUIN has been makiug experiments in supersede borax, whioh is generally omployed in woldering, and the result is that he finds tha copper and sluminnm bronze, is obtained by moppor and aluminum bronzo, lis oblained by of barium. Oryolite is a product and export of Greenland, and conalate of a double fluoride of alaminum and sodium.
M. Milaris-Edd ardes, the well-known Parialan naturalist, has been etuding mellanisme, or the in the plamerge of birds. He obeerven that the quantity of black in their foathers is reculated
by the regions in whioh thoy live, the tendoney to melantsme beling chier noticeable in the Zealand. Madagascar, and New Guinea.
Varinish by Evaporation.-Gutte-percha solved in ether is satd, by Dr. Hofiman, to make an admirable transparent varnish for pictures and other sensitive objecti of taste. Upon being ing an exceedingly delicate and aporcely, leavalm, whioh can be washed with a molst cloth without harm. Applied to ine draming through a vaporizer, this composition renders them inefmoeable.
Cleansing Lace.-Point, or any kind of ine lace, may be cleansed easily by sooking it in a preparation or sapoline and warm water. If this is not procurable, ammonia may be used ince in pure equal eirect. Let it moak ill fit to ironing-board over olean linen, and iron lightly on the wrong side with a cool iron. Afterward pln the lace on the linen-eovered boafd, insertIng a pin in every open loop to keep the pattern
clear.
How to Kigr Butrer Cool.-Get a large four pot, plag up the hole with a sound cork and seal heavy body in the bottom, to or other aquare, heavy body in the bottom, to earve ae muat be plagged upin the same manner. Place a dish under the outer pot, and cover with any cover you please, provided it be not metallic. Now fill the space between the inner and outer pot with water. The butter will keep as firm as a rock, as cool as a cucumber.
In the Transactions of the Highland Agrioultural society various waste residues are deacribod an important. Blood may be used as manuroj it contains one per cent, of phosphoric aold. Fieah, fish, hair, wool, and glue refuse may be lea, a masso the "trotter-ncutch" from tannercontain mom tro to and har. Koruse hops ammonia Sugar-boilers' eonm contains both nitrogen and phosphates.
Fingravizg in Relief.-This is a substitute or wood engraving by deepening or hollowing out by meani of acid the parts usually out to drawing is otched on the plate, and the ratised parts obtained by a deposit of metal, then the parts in relief are covered with an acid remisting varnish, and the remaining parte are hollowed out to the required depth by means of acid, this process boing ropeated as often as qucossary for producing the greatest depth required
Yovirg engineers will and the following reaipe a goot one for polishing the braw-work of with rottenstone and sweot-oll, then rub off With a plece of cotton fiannel and polish with over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acld must be washed off with water, and the bracs rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are toeped in it for a raw seconds.
Glycerrine and Castor Oin. -The Philadelphia Medioal Times has an article on this subject. It is stated that if castor-oll be mized with an equal part of glycerine and one or two scarcely be recognized. The writer aftrms it can he has used this mixture a great number of times, and can confrm all that has been said of it. Children take it out of the spoon withont dificulty, and it has leen given to doctors without their discovering that they were taking castor-oll. This hint may be well worth acting upon, considering the nauseous character of castor-oil to most persons.
Improved Wood Fence.-The stakes are ased in pairs, set at such an inclinetion toward placed at the usual intersect or crons, and are placed at the usual distance apart to form a panel of rence. A rider is supported in the angles is placed by the intermection, and an upstakes pith a rider extending emoh pair of onds thereof Braces are enteonged to the top at one end, while the other end reste bencath the lower angle of the latter, on the rider. The uprichtrace connected with the stiticol by slate, the surface of the groand. Ralit rofit on these slats, and their ends lap past each other by placing them on opposite sides of the uprights. The fence is sald to be straight, and proof againet
unruly stock, as well as high winds.
Diphtheria.-A remedy for diphtheria has been brought prominently before the pablic in Victoria, Australla, by Mr. R, Greathoud. In the frnt instance, Mr. Greatheed oftered to comfor diphtheria, in considetation of a remedy 65,000 . The matter was referred to the ohtor medical oftoer, Dr. MCOree but there ohior manifest dimecultios in the way of tenting Mr. Greathead's method; and the Government, of course, declined to enter into the epecuiation Which he had invited. Thereapon, Mr. Greathead made public his remedy, which conalsta pure im of the administration of four drops of pure sulphurio acid in a tumbler of water. casposed speoitic is alleeported in which the succemaflup, but the allegod to have operated ticated by medioal men, and the ralue of the romedy in stulis mattor of doubt amonget lay.

## CAISAA'S CASKET.

Satordat, May 2nd, 1874.

- All commundoations relating to Chess mu
be addressed "OHECEMATE," London, Ont.
to CORREBPONDENTS.
J. A. Rodres.- Your solution of No. 56 is quite
correot. Should be ploased to hear from you recorreat.
Jributod Stanstand.-The doouments havo been distributod as directed. Oannot promise the Aesooiation
mnoh from Lon on. A prob. now and then for the
Caeket would be in order.

CAISSAN CONUNDRUMB.
No. 50.
Bt L. T. Brown.
BLAOE.


White to play and mate in two mover

No. 00.
By Mras Rurga Jams Haly.
mioz.


Whits.
White to play and mato in three mover

CONUNDHUMS CRIBBLRD.
No. 61.

${ }_{3}^{2}$ Stok 18t,
$\frac{18}{2 \mathrm{Mmomex}} \mathrm{EtP}$



## caisgan oontrigts.

Ho. 28.
An elegent little affirir eontheted some jearn aso

## Ruy Lopen Er.'s, Gamo.



## 

(a) Probably the worst defence to the Ruy Lopes (b) P takes P is the rroper move.
(a) A beautiful and unexpected coup, which forcea

It is to bo recrottod that Mr. Neumann, who, a fow jears ago, was looked upon as second to no playor
n Europe, should have so completoly
 be met with, oven in the Gorman and Austrian
Chess magarines.

No. 27.
A smart little game recently conteated in the
Chioago Chess Club. Biohop's Gambit

| White. | Black. |
| :---: | :---: |
| Dr. Spencer. | Mr. Hosmer. |
| ${ }_{2} \mathrm{P}$ to K 4th | 1 P to K 4th |
| 2 P to K B 4th | 2 P takes P |
| 40 to K 2nd | 3 P to $\mathrm{K} B$ th ( a ) |
| 5 C to Q 1st | ${ }_{5} \mathrm{P}$ tokrspth, oh |
| 6 9takee P, oh (b) | 6 B to K 2 nd |
| 7 Bt to K B 3rd | 7 Q to K Kt 5th |
| $\begin{aligned} & 8 \\ & 9 \mathrm{~B} \text { to } \mathrm{K} \text { lot } \end{aligned}$ | $8{ }_{9} \mathrm{pt}$ to K E 3rd |
| 10 B to $\mathrm{C}^{\text {Kt }}$ 2nd ${ }^{\text {and }}$ | 10 K to ${ }^{\text {d }}$ lst |
| 11 B takos Kt | 11 B takes B |
| 12 Otakea K R P | 12 R to K 1 st |
| 13 Oto K 4th | $13 P$ to 3 3rd |
| 14 Kt to 983 rd | 14 B to K B 4th |
| $15 \text { oto } \mathrm{K} 2 \mathrm{n} \text {, }$ | 15 Kt to $\mathrm{O} 5 \mathrm{Sth}^{\text {d }}$ ( ${ }^{\text {a }}$ |

And White resigna,
notrs.
(a) A defonee recommended by Philidor.
(b) Mr. Nouman's more of Kt to Q B 3rd appear
to be the strongest mode of prooeding with the (c) A novelty, and one which appeara worth con
aideration. (d) An exoellent cousp, to which there seems to be
no eatisfectory reply. no matianionty roply.
(e) This brilliant atroke of play ohsnges in a mo-
ment thie whole appect of the game. White must now
loee his Queen or be mated.

## CAISBAN CHIPS.

It has boon eour lichort by gathoring the " ohips.
 ns know it once.
Brother Browneon and good lady playing at ohess
forms the handsome pioture that adorns the forms the handsome picture that adorna the oover of
the erreath improved, handsomaly-printed Dubuque
(Iowa) Chese ournal, for April. (Have weel informed, for April.
-the death of Ernest Morphors of the painful even -the doath of Errneat Morphy? Apope painful ovent oried off
this able ohose writor and his denise ocourred at Qaincy, Illinois on the "the ult.
The Ches Jownal presents to the would a new
Fariation in the " alow
dopening, oalled "Jerome' Variation in the "alow" opening, oalled "Jerome's
double fambit." It will in all probability prove to
be preotionly, as it oertainly is theoretically, un-
sound. The sacrifice of a Bishop and a Knight so oound. The sacrifice of a Bishop and a Knight so
oarly in a game as the tith and 5th moves, can hardy
be oxpeoted to ariord equivalent advantage in posibe expeoted to afiord equivalent advantage in posi-
tion. After further examination we maj posibly
republish it in the FAVoziry, should we not see what wo expeot to seo.

Threz is a story told about Holbeck Lunds ohapel in Wensleydale, that come years ago, either misaing or broken, the clerk used to come down to the chapel on Sunday at the usual heur, and, thrumting his head through the
bole where the boll had hung, ery out lustily bole where the bell hiad hung, ery out lustily,
"Bol-lol, bol-lol, bol-iol !" in order to summon the parishtoners to service.
Ir a pool soroes a roed in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having anied to it a
board with this inscription :-urake notico that boand with this inscriplion:-"Truke notice that
when the water is over this bourd, the road is when the wet
impasasble.

## $\$ 9.00$ LORD BROOGEAM

 TELESCOPE.Will dietinguish thetime by a churoh olook five miles,


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AVOPS QUACKS.
A viotim of oarly indisoretivn, oausing norvou debility, prematare desay, do., having tried in rain
overy advertisod romedy, has disporered a simple

moans of solf-oure which he will serd free to hi | monns of solf-oure which he will serd froe to hi |
| :--- |
| follow-suforeru. Address, J. H. REEVES 78 Nagai |
| St., Now York. |



## HUMOROUS SORAPS.

"If a naughty girl shonid hust you, like a good strl you would forgive her, wouldn't you \&" "Tos, marm," ahe roplied, "If I couldn't eatoh her."
Ons of our countrymen who hat suffered declares that to carry letters of introduction to Englisbmen doubles the terror of eromating the Atlantic.
A Chicago man wrote to Agaesis that ho had an apple which he had preserved for ant ithree zeare, and when Apeais wrote for it the foter celd it wate the apple of his ese.
Conscrence doth make cowarde of us all, particularly of 'a Michigander, who, on beligg burglary, for larceny, promptly confomed to posy, oigamy and infenticide.
Boswitit obwerving to Johnson that there wan no instance of a beggar dying for want in thio eltreete of Scotland, wI belleve, SIr, you are
very right;" anys Johneon; "but this does not arise from the want of begsare, but the imponal bility of atarving a scotohman."
IT is maid that one of the editors of a New Orieans paper, soon after commencing to learn danghtor. Thusiness, went to see a preacherts he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister annonnca as his text, "My daughter is srievoualy tormented with a devil."
"Dors your arm pain youq" asked a witty Aberdeen lady of a gentueman, who, at a party, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, so that it touched her shoulder. "No, madam, it doesn't pain me; but why do you ask; that's alln The that it was out © place,

THE coming poot in Napoleon, O., warbles:-
$\omega$ Mits midaight and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide $W$ est
The frog is on his downy neet

The penaive ghont and apertive 00 .
Hillarions hop from bongh to boagh."
A sconcz minister recently, in discouraing of a oertain class of persons who wore obnoston " Ma freens, it is with this singular peroration: enter the lingdom o' heaven as for a 000 to climb up a tree wi' her tall foremost and harry a cravis nest, or for a soc to sit on the top 0 a thistic like a laverock."
Thiser is a hearty vigor about Omaha fournal lam which sugreste that that city is not yot an enervated centre of effete civilization. The editor of the Omaha Ecrald aays that the wall. eyed acnllion who addles and dances in the Platismoath Ficrald delivered a temperance lecture a few nights before, and that he is gian the lecturer was partially sober at the time, and dripplog druak as kasual
A councrat minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wire a widow of some property. Boling an ardent eervant of Mammon, a sormer meighbor anked him if he
did net do well by the socond marriage i " $a$, Jes, indeed," he said, with ainimation and then, face, he added, u and, what is very the clothes of my Fifo'e frat hasband just me."
Not remariable-A Massachusetts farmer mays, "My cattle will follow me uutil I loeve the lot, and on the wry up to the barn-yard in Smilhson esge stop and call for a look ormart. able in that He went into a barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, ade the old bull not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gute off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most inmilla doubt that the old follow would have called ser something if he had waitod a little while, bat be didn't want to keep the folts waiting dinner; so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of het pants on the bull's horns, and went into the bones.


A CHOICE OF EVILS.






BITTER.




THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.
 Prisoner " Pisias
Prisonct. "Please, Sie, he took me Unawarie, Sin!"


## A STUDY OF INDECIBION.

Stout Party (to himuclf). "HM! Under, of Ovax !-that ie tie question!

