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VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

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No. 46.

HOPE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

What is it I have lost with years.
With the shedding of salt tears
Over all the pall-draped biers
Where my young dreams wither?
Still Life hath its subtle charm;
Still I know both joy and calm:
Still love may have power to harm,
Should he wander hither.

Yet I look within my breast.
And am 'wildered and distressed;
Thus thou wert not at thy best,
Ileart of mine, thou knowest;
And when in the glass I book.
There I read as in a book.
Something hath my life forsook,
By the face though showest

Ah, alas! full well I know
What it is hath changed me so
Long ago Hope turned to go
From my side forever.
I can work, and I can play,
But all joy is in "to-day:"
Hope who mecked me in life's May.
Hope returneth never.

# MONKSHOLM.

A Love Story.

BY S. BECKETT.

CHAPTER V.

Late one evening, while Miss Winter was dressing for a dinner party, with the assistance of Mrs. Erroll's maid, a gorgeous bouquet of hot-house flowers, and a note, were brought upstairs to her. She glanced at the address. It was from the Squire; and Eve looked a little pale as she dismissed her maid, and sat down before the fellets table to receit.

pate as she dismissed her mand, and sat down before the tollette-table to read it.

It was more than a month after the day of her little quarrel with Mr. Moore, and she had not seen the master since. He seemed to have faded completely out of her life, leaving always that restless, dissatisfied pain at her heart, which no amount of pain or excitements cemed to have proper to assume. He avoided the sewhich no amount of pain or excitement seemed to have power to assuage. He avoided the so-ciety of a woman whom he despised, she told herself bitterly; or, very likely, he had already forgotten her? What did it matter?

forgotten her? What did it matter?

Poor Hal's letter was very short, and very earnest. It was no use, he said, asking her, in so many words, to be his wife; he had already done so, and Eve had only laughed at him; but he was so unhappy, that he begged her to decide one way or the other that night.

"Only give me a kind look when we meet "Only give me a kind look when we meet, and I shall know it is all right, and not bother you with my joy the whole evening—scarcely come near you, if I can help it; or else, if you must Eve—but I implore you not to do so—send me away with one cold glance. I will go out of the house, out of the town; for all places will then be alike to your true

"HAL CHORLAKE."

The letter fell from Eve's hand: she raised or eyes, and fixed them on the beautiful reflection in the long cheval-glass, near which she sat.
"Yes, poor fellow," she thought, with a sad

little smile; "he has tired me very often with

his enger, boyish love-making. He likes my enrly hair, and my white arms, and thinks of nothing beyond them. Well, he is no blinder nothing beyond them. Well, he is no blinder than" (hot tears rushed into Eve's dilated eyes) the delight of being the mistress of The Beeches. In spite of his grave air of thoughtfulness, his quiet tone of authority, and gentleness, and strength, Graham Moore is no more capable of reading my heart than my foolish Hal, who would let me make a footstool of him. And should not I be glad of so much devotion? At least I sell myself to a kind master; and I suppose Mr. Moore is right—my nature is too frivolous, my will too weak, to allow me to give up this inxurious life, which I like so well, in order to share the common every-day eares of any young Laurence, even though his very voice should make me thrill and tremble, as Graham

Moore's never will again!" Then Miss Winter went down stairs swiftly, smothering a heavy sigh, and wrote a hasty note, by the light of the library fire, ringing the

Let Stephens take this directly to The Beeches," she said to the servant who answered Receites," set said to the servant who answered the summons, "and tell him not to delay, Poor Hal shall be put out of his suspense sooner than he expects," she added, inwardly. "I will not leave myself a chance for further hesitation. I fancy I see his eager blue eyes smiling upon me when we meet, in a rapture of surprise at my movinged a minhility. Poor boy "

unexpected a minbility. Poor boy !"
So it was that Eve Winter decided her fate; and then having some minutes to wait before Mrs. Erroll would be ready, she went into the drawing-room and sat down to the piano. And her fingers strayed unconsciously into a little dreamy air she had often played for Graham Moore-long ago, it seemed now-when the roses were reddening on the lawn. Her thoughts were wandering into dangerous ground, when were suddenly recalled by the entrance o

"My mistress is quite ready, miss," that staid personage remarked; "and the carriage is at the door. And will you please to see Mr. oore?". Eve exciaimed in a low.



RVE'S LAST HOPF DESTROYED.

vague shivering had come upon her, and yet the luxurious little drawing-room was warm as a nest, scented with the breath of rare flowers, glowing with light and colour; none of which was lost on Graham Moore, as he entered, and crossed over to the fire-place to take Miss Winter's hand.

How often has Graham seen her since in his

dreams as he saw her then?

She looked a dazzling personification of the frosty night he had left outside.

Her trailing white silk dress was trimmed with soft, white fur—the diamond sparks glan-cing from her little white ears were like fury icicles—a white-lipped crysanthemum smiled coldly above the snow of her breast; but, for all her haughty quictude, she could not keep back the rosy bloom that stole up to her check, and the hasty swell of her bosom belied the polite calm of her greeting.

she asked, after a painful pause, during which the artist's eyes were steeping themselves in her beauty.

for already you have worn them with an aching heart! Oh, Eve! it is not yet too late! Recall this step—this great wrong you would do

She had never seemed so far from Graham as now, in her long, shining, white dress, such as his wife could never wear. The little hand he coveted to lock in his own for ever twinkled chance with the pretty rings Mrs. Erroll had bestowed Linin "(not tears rushed into recommend on her spoiled girl. Her bare, beautiful should am well punished for being false to my worldly training—for being absurd enough to take my had seemed when he thought of her, far off, in his lonely hour.

And yet, his dark face all aglow with a fervent light, his voice broken by a passionate tremor, Graham answered Eve's question by clasping her jewelled fingers in both his hands, and quietly claiming, demanding her for his

And I think Eve's first feeling was one of terror, lest she should not be able to say him nay; lest she should be as powerless to draw her hand from his as to deny that all her best life was gone into that strong clasp, even before he asked for it; that clasp, so tender, so close, that it did not need the light kiss that presently touched her hand to tell how firmly it might b trusted in, how true it was, and would be

She thought of all this in a moment, as well ns her thrilling veins would let her think; then she remembered, with a shudder, and drew he trembling hand away. She sank on a chair,

with pallid lips.
"Mr. Moore," she panted out, brokenly, wish I could have spared you this pain. I can-not answer you as you wish."
"Your reason?" Graham demanded, sternly,

He was rude, cruel, she felt, forgetting that he ras suffering.

"Have you any right to question me so?" she asked, faintly, and without daring to raise her eyes to his.

"Right! Yes, Eve, poor as I am, a struggling disappointed man—yes! The right of loving you so much that you must love me a little in return! Dare you tell me that you do not? Look in my face and tell me so, and I will go away for ever!"

"You must not speak of love to me now that it is too late," Eve answered, with a feeling of despair at her heart. "Yes, it is too late! Since you ask for a reason, I will give you one. I am engaged to Mr. Chorlake!"

"Eve, is this true ?"
"It is true, Mr. Moore."

"And you will marry this poor fellow, whom

startled voice, and clasping her hands nervous- | you cannot love? God help you; you do not | virants, as she did in everything else; so Mrs.

startled voice, and clasping her hands nervously. "At this hour! Did you tell Mr. Moore that we are just going out?"

"Yes, Miss Eve; but he says you will see him, if only for five minutes."

The young lady paused for one moment, with a disturbed face; then she said, quietly, "Ask Mr. Moore to come in; and, Carroll, say to my aunt that I shall be glad if she will wait a few minutes."

As Eve spoke, she crossed over to the fire. A vague shivering had come upon her, and yet voice, and hold out your stalows shands to my voice, and hold out your stainless hands to my

love. Eve!"

love, Eve!"

His imploring voice thrilled Eve with an exquisite pain. She felt helpless, unmerved, in the presence of the strong man's passion.

"Mr. Moore," she whispered, faintly, and hiding her face with her hands, "I have given my word. Have pity on me!"

"Ah! have I not the truest pity on you, my child, when I would save you from the curse that goes with the loveless, unhallowed marriage? Oh, think what it means—try and think, my darling! You will be mine, even in your husband's arms! Your heart will beat against its glittering bars, and fly back, brulsed your nusmand's arms! Your heart will beat nagainst its glittering bars, and fly back, brulsed and wounded, to my poor home! But would it be poor, Eve, if you came and blessed it? How I would work, with your dear face to cheer me! At first, I could not give you these shining dresses and jewels; but you know how little jower such things have to make you happy, courself and that brave, kindly gentleman,

At the same moment, the rustle of a dress was audible near the door. Mrs. Erroll was coming.

He held out his arms. With a low cry, Eve gave herself to them for one delirious instant, and their lips met in the first, last kiss of love they knew while they lived.

As Mrs. Erroll entered the room, Graham Moore quitted it by the window that opened on the lawn. He had spoken his last words to Eve

CHAPTER VI.

gave Eve Winter's provoking success, for the sike of the charming parties she gave as Mrs. Chorlake. The Recebes was such a pleasant house to go

to now that Eve had instituted croquet, and house and gro contrived to get together more eligible men for her palis. than had ever been seen at one time, within the memory of the most experienced of the gratified

Nothing was spoken of in the town but pretty Mrs. Chorlake and her delightful schemes for killing time.

Mr. Graham Moore, working soberly at his round of duties, heard all this with outward composure. He was never seen at The Beeches. He could not find time to go into society now, he said, and I duresay he was not much missed, for he had grown even more cold and reserved

The Squire having made several good-natured attempts to induce thim to change his mind, gave it up as a hopeless case, telling Eve, confidentially, that Moore was not half the jolly fel-

low he used to be.

Hal had as strong a taste for burlesque m ever, and was convinced that his beautiful wife would shine in private theatriculs, or tubleaux

Charlake, who seemed restlessly enger after anything that premised a little excitement, entered with her usual pretty animation into her husband's plants; and for a time, even croquet was abandoned, while "parts" and books of costume reigned supreme.

Eve did not care to allow herself much time.

Eve did not care to allow herself much time for remembrance or painful thoughts just then; she had a feverish consciousness that the meet-ing which one other besides her dreaded, must

scotter or later take place; but she tried to be carcless—to forget.

Her husband's boyish happiness, and undimi-

nished adoration, touched her with a vague remorse, though she was careful to hide it from him. And it was easy. Hal was very much in love, and not very observant; he did not look below his wife's pretty smile.

And, after all, Eve had the full price' for which she had sold herself—she had no 'cause for cornidant.

The same little comedy was being played day

by day, only now the sceneries and properties were a ore gorgeous and expensive. Yet, after a time, Eve began to tire a little of her long, indolent days of ease and amusement, in which there were no duties to be performed In which there were no duties to be performed

—no little sacrifices to be made. The time
hung heavy on her lille, listless hands. For
hours she would sit at the windows of her pretty
morning-room, looking across the widegarders,

"Trapper, you know. Adam Bede," he went on,
strapper, you know. Adam Bede," he went on,

lot, after all.
She drew pictures, as Graham Moore had

done long before, of a simple home, where luxuries were unknown—a home sanctified by affec-tion. But having had no practical experience of poverty since her childhood. I am afraid Eve only saw the bright side of the picture, cares and anxieties of that visionary household were put out of sight-unpaid bills found no place in the dream; and musing idly in a becoming morning-dress of white combrie Winter, for early in the following spring the and delicate lace, Mrs. Chorlake saw herself, in byoung Squire took his bride abroad on their wedding-tour, and it was more than a year before they returned to settle at The Beeches.

So Mrs. Chorlake promised that Nahny should be fortheoming the next drawing, which represented Marguérite in the quaint old garden, listening to Faust's whispers under the moontheir bread and butter. Sometimes Eve would try to run away from these thoughts, escaping from Mr. Chorlake by little stratagems, and The young ladies of Monksholm almost for-ave Eve Winter's provoking success, for the ake of the charming parties she gave as Mrs. lessly through the fern and tangled underwood, and getting home late for luncheon, to find Hal disconsolately searching for her through house and grounds, and to get a tender scolding

And then more beautiful dresses were to be put on, and stately dinners to be sat out, and smiles to be assumed, and pretty talk made for prosy neighbours, and gay songs sung for care-less cars; and, when it was all over, then Eve had time to think her dangerous thoughts over again, as she lay, wakeful and restless,

In the doud unhappy night, when the rain was

About two months after her return to Monks holm, Mrs. Chorlake met Graham Moore again. It was on the terrace, at The Beeches, one evening, where, in the tender April dusk, she was waiting for her husband's return, and musing sadly in the light of the rising moon, was a still, breathless evening. The vashivering of the aspens on the lawn, the sleepy twittering of insects in the distant mendow were the only sounds that broke the silence. Long shadows from the stone vases on the ter-

race lay black and motionless on the moonlit sward; the world seemed at rest, fulled into happy dreams.
What had a restless, aching human heart to

What had a restless, aching human heart to do, throbbing with its unreasoning pain and angulsh in the midst of so much perfect peace? Could not the night bripg forgetfulness?

She saw bim coming with her husband along the old-fashloned garden galk, atlame with crouses, and had time to compose her face and collect her thoughts before the gentlemen reached the spot where she was standing.

Graham Moore showed no agilation as he took her hand in his for the first time since she had given it into another man's keeping; not

had given it into another man's keeping; not even when he saw, after the dimplod smile had died rather wearlly from her face, that it was paler and less round than of old.

paler and less round than of old.

Perhaps it was the moonlight on her dendwhite face that made her look so transparent and frail, but something in her look went to his heart with a thrill of undefined pain.

Othere, Evic?" the Squire exclaimed, in great glee, when the few necessary words had been spoken by Mr. Moore: o'Eve brought thin at last! Met him in town, and, as we are quite alone to-night, wouldn't struct any nonsense about 'soclety,' you know. But come in-come in out of the cold; others April nights are confoundedly chilly,"

OMy dear Hat?" bit wife laughed: otherair is quite balony, and the like of the well-walk are blown. How heavy the wind is with the scent. don't you perceive it, Mr. Moore?"

Graham said o Yes,"

He was looking at this pale, beautiful woman, pausing in the French window, and turning back towards him as she spoke; pausing with the moonbeams in her golden hir, and in her vapourous white dress, like the ghost of a dead love. And then they went in.

Hal was in his element after dinner, ambita a chaos of play-books and portfolios of prints, and onder some with heilbant title-pages; and

a chaos of plny-books and portfolios of prints, and popular songs with brilliant title-pages, and did not notice that his wife seemed a little distrate, replying to his remarks almost at ran-dom. Graham felt himself insensibly yielding to the indescribable charm of Eye's manner, which had won the added grace of a deeper womanitiess. He forgot his scruples, his cold-ness, almost his unhappiness, in the mere de-light of hearing her liquid voice again,...of

light of hearing her liquid voice again—of breathing once more the same air with this woman whom it was now a sin to love.

Of course, he had much to hear of her im-pressions of Italy and of Paris, where Mr. and Mrs. Chorlake had spent the winter; so Eve sat by idin white he drew sketchy suggestions for the tableaus, reseats and obstacled in her old for the tableaux vicinits, and chatted in her old pretty way. But why did her reminiscences of the past year seem to imply that, amongst all its novel pleasures and excitement, something had been wanting—was wanting still? In the meantime, the Squire had brought an

crinful of novels and poems from the library, to aid in their search after available subjects, and Mr. Moore was carrying out his suggestions

And, after all, Eve had the full price for which she had sold herself—she had no cause for complaint.

Her life was a rejetition of the old careless, luxurious life at Lea, wanting only the lighter heart that made it so sweet in her maidenthood.

The same little general was being played day same warmen, in detursance his suggestions and Mr. Moore was carrying out his suggestions with paper and pencil.

"Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peeping over the artist's shoulder. "Ah, how pretty!" Eve exclaimed softly, peep

sant wemen, in picturesque high caps, and very short petticeats; one girl looking out of the fire-lit kitchen at a distant boat and a stormy sea, and hushing a child on her breast the while,

gamee. White as her splendid dress, she stood and listened to his hurning words with quivering lips, that mutely pleaded for pardon from the man she loved and was forsaking.

"It is too late," at last she said again, through his struggle with life, was the harmonical formal day, and listened to his hurning words with quivers, that to be the wife of a poor man, who needed love and sympathy to help him through his struggle with life, was the harmonical formal day, grant little and seemed that the same of the books rapidly, and for we had on turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on the dairy, or Arthur and Hetty, now.—Arthur and Hetty picking red currents. You remember? Whom do we know that is prefly and dark, Eyle?"

"At the same of the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly, a life what on, turning over the books rapidly.

that is prefly and dark, Evic?"

And young and little, and round—for Hetty
must be all three. I'm afraid, Hal, you will
have to give that Idea up; unless, Indeed——"

Allales whet down?" "Unless what, dear ?"
"You have not seen my little protégie, Nanny

Croft, I think? She is the daughter of that that, I the apotherary who sings so loud in church. You have noticed here a dark little beauty?"

o bon't remember her; but if she's pretty, 5 t's have her up, and see what we can make of

her.' So Mrs. Chorlake promised that Nanny should presented Marguérite in the quaint old garden, listening to Faust's whispers under the moon-beams, unconscious of the baleful smile of his friend Mephistophiles in the sombre back-

And afterwards Eve sang to them, as in the dd happy days; but Graham notleed that the songs she sang were all new. He had not heard them before. "Was the choice accidental?" he wondered.

Before he took his leave that night, he had promised to come again. Yes; he had promised, with a thrill of guilty pleasure, at the thought

that she had asked him. "I shall go and hunt up the Massingberds and the Beresfords for a rehearsal, to-morrow," Hal said, when their guest had left them. "And you, Evie, will see Miss Nanny, I suppose."

Eve answered "Yes." She had drawn aside the curtain, and was looking out at the twinkling lights of the town way that Graham Moore had gone through the April night.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCITEMENT reigned in the house of the fussy apothecary the following day, and a smell of ironing, consequent on the getting up of Miss Nanny's white muslin dress, pervaded all things. Nanny's little heart was beating at the pros-pect of spending a whole evening with beautiful Mrs. Chorlake, who was always so kind, and





spoke so sweetly to the little maid, praising her for her diligence with her class at the Sunday school, and sometimes even taking Namy to The Beeches, giving her books to read, and playing and singing for her on one or two memor-able occasions. No one in the world was so lovely and so gracious as the Squire's lady,

There were a great many gentlemen round Mrs. Chorlake's chair that evening, when little Miss Croft entered the great drawing-room at The Beeches, feeling very shy in her best dress and blue sash, amongst the smart ladies who took so little notice of her; and very much re-lleved when the lady of the house rose, and, taking her by the hand, told Mr. Chorinke, and a tall, dark gentleman who was close at her side, and whom she addressed as "Mr. Moore," that this was "Hetty"—though that was not her name, Nanny thought, somewhat puzzled.

The dark gentleman was very kind to the shy little maiden, all that wonderful evening, togeh-

little maiden, all that wonderful evening, teaching her how to stand, in the picture she was to assist in forming; and then, bringing her back to Mrs. Chorlake's side, who never looked so beautiful before. Namy thought: there was such a vivid flush on her delicate check, as bright as the scarlet flowers that lay on the herest of her sweaping people-gray silk dress, and breast of her sweeping pearl-gray silk dress, and

amid the curly tangle of her golden hair.

Nanny had a very confused notion of all that passed. There was a great deal of chattering and discussion over the tableaux; and every one appealed to the dark gentleman, who never seemed to care to give his opinion till it was

Mr. Chorlake made all the ladies laugh with the old things he said; and the eldest Miss Massingberd, whom they called "Charley," talked a great deal in a very bass voice; and Mrs. Erroll, Mrs. Chorlake's aunt, lay back ham easy chair, and sighed when the discussion became

But all the time lovely Mrs. Chorlake was very quiet; though when she spoke, her voice ran like a silver thread through all the others; and still she kept Nanny at her side, with a kind hand, speaking a few gentle words to her now

There was some music, too. One or two of the ladles played, and the hand, she hal put away his love from her—Squire sang an intensely pathetic song, at which every one laughed, whereupon he declared himbar have no pity on me, and I am dying of this elf very indignant; but he did not look angry at | misery !

Mr. Moore's side, a great deal too shy to speak to him, but stealing a glance from time to time gether for the last time. I know, we both know, from a transient sun-gleam, and looking down

at his dark, absorbed face. He appeared to be watching the Squire's lady at the plane, as she trilled for a few moments with some music on the desk, then put it all away, sitting down to sing from memory; and as she did so her eyes seemed to flash towards Mr. Moore, and to be gone again in an instant.

It was a sad little song, Nanny thought, that go, too!"

Mrs. Chorlake had chosen; and perhaps that "'Hush! hush!" Graham whispered, hoarsewas the reason Mr. Moore's face looked so trought, "'Don't tempt me further than I can bear.

bled while she sang.

After it was over, he went away; and Nanny thought Mrs. Chorlake must be tired; for she looked very pule, and would not sing all the

evening.
Long after Nanny's brown eyes were closed that night in her little white bed, Graham Moore was taking solliary counsel with himself, Moore was taking solitary consecution at massa, as he smoked his friendly black pipe at the garden door. The cool night air blew freshly among the dark shrubs and trees. Everything was very peaceful. Far away, a solitary light shone from one of the windows of The Beeches; and Mr. Moore's eyes were fixed on it as he

and Mr. Moore's eyes were fixed on it as he smoked and pendered.

"So! this is what all my resolutions have ended in!" he said, with a bitter sigh.

"With my eyes open—deliberately—I have seen her more than once, knowing it to be wrong, and hoping, I suppose, that I could, somehow, prove it to be right! I did well to upbraid her with weakness! I am myself more cowardly than the weakest woman that ever lived, if only in loving her still, when she has proved herself so little worthy of an honest man's affection-for I Ittle worthy of an honest man's affection—for I do love her, my beautiful, unhappy darling! That little song, poor child! poor child! It was like a great sob, that she could not keep down! It told me what she must never confess in words, what I must never listen to again! My prospects here are not so brilliant but that I can affect them! I will see her no more

afford to sacrifice them! I will see her no more—not once more! I will go away!"

And so, his pipe being smoked out, Mr. Moore went into the house.

For many days he did not see Mrs. Chorlake:

and when they met, it was by accident.
Graham was walking towards home one evening by a road which he often took when it was tine wenther; a quiet country lane, with great straggling, luxuriant hedges bursting into leaf in the mild April air.

The intense calm of the late afternoon, the country town.

light wind that went sighing pressive and melancholy to the master. His thoughts were busy with the past; his heart was heavy with wasted, vain regrets.

Presently, a turning in the road brought him to an old grey church, near which he stopped, as he often did, to look across the sunny, low lying meadows, leaning on the rail of a little bridge, beneath which the mill-stream ran rushing and chattering through its reeds and tal dag-flowers, and by the mossy stepping-stones.

A pony-carriage, driven by a lady, made so little noise as it came slowly up to where he was

standing, that it did not attract his attention until it stopped, and he heard his name softly spoken; then he turned round with a quiel

start.
They had met again. In the silent, lustrous, April evening, she smiled upon him once more, and held out her delicate hand.

And, for the second time, something in that fair and sorrowful face smote Graham's heart with a thrill of nameloss trouble and pain.

The ashes of the old fire, that were still alive, though he would fain have believed them cold and grey, leaped and flamed within him with a and grey, tenged the said to himself, despairingly shat there was no safety, no peace for him any more, until time and parting had made a gulf between him and his lost love for ever.

"We have been expecting to see you every day, Mr. Moore," the lady said, with something

of repreach in her voice. of reproach in ner voice.

"I have had so much work to get through," tirnham answered steadily—mastering, with an effort, the strange yearning that almost compelled him to yield to the temptation those beautiful lips were offering him.

"I wish I had!" Eve signed, wearly; "then, would be appeared long. The

perhaps, the days would not appearso long. The days at The Beeches are like years. At Lea, they always seemed too short; but, then, I did

She spoke half under her breath, as if to herself, sitting with her halr affame in the sunset light, and her great and eyes raised to his. The wretched half-confession in her last words warned the master to be firm.

dull after Paris," he said. At one time the common-place remark, the old tone, would have provoked Evo into a retort; but now, she only look-

but pleasure and excitement," she said, faintly, and with a sound of tears in her voice, "Why should I keep you here talking to me?" "Good evening, then, Mrs. Chorake!" Graham returned, lifting his hand from the phac-

Eve did not seem to notice his reply; she was

"Look at the old sexton, shuffling across the churchyard," she said presently. "I wonder if he ever finds the day too long, and wishes to-morrow would never come? I wonder if he is thinking who will dig his grave in that sunny "God's acre," and under what tree he will

There was a pause: the sun would soon set.
"Mr. Moore," Eve said at last, hurrielly—and her cheek was no longer pate—"may I come back to my place in your morning class, at the

Graham started; and he said to himself, as he had said many days before, "I will go away

" You don't answer me," Eve went on, nervonly chapting and unclasping her hands. "I promise not to be so troublesome as I used to be. I won't be idle any more. May I come?"

There was mother pause, and then Graham answered gravely, "Mrs. Chorlake, you may

Something in his tone drove all the transient colour from Eve's startled face, " And why?"

she asked, breathlessly.

Because, Eve"—Eve—he had called her Eve "because I am going away from Monk-

sholm. She did not say a word, only her lips turned pale.

"I have so much faith in your goodness, Eve,
"I do not blame

that I will tell you my reason. I do not blame you, my child, but I know-by my own feel-ings, if you will—that what I foretold has come true: that your heart is struggling through its rulous tongue. golden bars, and trying to fly with its hurt and broken wing to me, who may not try to heal it, termon long ago, when the April sun was set, and give it shelter." All the pent up passion iting, and a great darkness falling on her life; of the last year was surging in Graham's voice, when she had wondered at the old sexton in the Evelistened with a wild mixture of palu and delight to his broken words; she could only say, as he had said that night, when, with her own

And presently they came and took Mrs. Chor-imisery, which is too much for me — which you that our love has only strengthened during this past wrotehed your; and, if I had only myself to consider, I should not now be wishing you good-bye, and leaving all earthly happiness be-hind me,"

out, helplessly. "Only stay with me, or let me

Don't tempt me further than I can bear. I must not stay-we must part. I do not fear to sin-may heaven forgive me i-so much as I fear to bring worse suffering upon you; and that is what I should do if I listened to what both our

guilty hearts are saying."

"No, no! Oh, Graham, will you leave me!"

"I will, Eve, because I love you! I had mount to have gone without a word-without a good-

"But I am even weaker than I thought myself—far weaker. And, now, go, my child. Our long talk in this lonely road must not be observed. Go, my little lost Eve, and, for my sake,

served. Go, my little lost eve, and, for my sake, try always—pray to forget!"

With a hard, tearless sob, Eve gave him her hand. He had not reproached her—he had not reminded her that all this misery was of her own making; but the words had been spoken that tore her from her sinful love—that recalled her wandering thoughts to the dreary present, to the hank sold future that stretched hefore to the blank, cold future that stretched before her. All the madness and pain of a lifetime were in that last, long, despairing clasp; but the old sexton, who was just closing the gate of the sunny churchyard behind him, only saw a pale, pretty woman shaking hands with the tall gentleman who had been talking to her so long on the little bridge, and then driving off swiftly to-

And so Graham and Eve parted for the second time. Late that night, a note was brought to Mr. Moore from Mrs. Chorlake :

" lie not give up your engagements in Monksholm," It said, "unless it is to your interest to do so. Next week, we shall leave The Beeches for Italy, and it may be long before we return, I prayed, to-night, as you bade me. Will that prayer ever be answered?"

So there need be no change in his life, then?

sence would bring courage to that failing, pas-sionate heart—never, never to beat near his! He must accept his lot patiently; but would that larking, subtle regret never die ?-must he, too, pray for oblivion?

Duller, more prosale than ever, now that The Beeches was again deserted, the master's life went by. The gulf was widening day by day, and week by week, between him and the woman he had so vainly loved. But it was long before forgetfulness came to blot out the perious as-sociations which so many simple things recalled

Eve, in her girlish prettiness and gice; in her pale, sorrowful, womanly grace, her guilty trouble of mind, her sinful fidelity to her love for him, haunted his lonely rooms, and would not let him rest. Her golden, curly head came and rested its phantom beauty on his shoulder; her little, enger hand crept nestling into his; her sweet, low voice trembled at his fascinated ear; all Eve's old undefinable charms held him power less in its light fetters. The past alone seemed real; the life he was living from hour to hour, dim and intangible.

Until, after many days, time's merciful hand blotted out much of the irreverable by-gone suf-fering that had left his life so desolate.

His prayers for forgotfulness grew less agonized. Contentment was dawning on his heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the second year of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Chorlake from The Becches, that the sorrowful news came home of the young Squire's death, from fever, in Rome. The house remained shut up for yet another

year, and nothing was heard of his young wi-dow; so after people had wondered how Mrs. Chorlake hore her affliction, and it she was likely

to marry again, they forgot all about her.
Little Miss Croft, it is true, had written a neat
little letter, once a month, to her beautiful patroness, who had, before leaving, expressed herself anxious to hear all the news about her Monksholm friends, when she should be so far away. So the apothecary's brown eyed daughter warned the master to be firm.

"I have no doubt you find Monksholm very all after Parts," he said. At one time the component one-place remark, the old tone, would have prooked Evo into a retort; but now, she only looked Evo into a retort; but now, she only looked away from him, with a grieved and tremling mouth.

"Yes; I know you think I care for nothing"

at The Beeches, and who often called, now, at her father's house, to read the few lines, with the foreign post-mark, which came to Natury, from time to time, in Eve's delicate and pecu-liar handwriting. But, after a time, they came no more; and, being uncertain of Mrs. Chor-lake's address, which was always changing, Nanny, too, ceased to write those neat little let-ters once a mouth; and soon the name of the ters once a month; and soon the name of the

Squire's lady was heard no more.

When, after four years' absence, the mistress of The Beeches returned to Monksholm with her aunt. Mrs. Erroll, the event caused but litthe excitement in the town, which was Just then busy with the details of Miss Bereford's trousseur. that young lady being about to bestow her somewhat pussé charms on a rich maltster, to the infinite disgust of her single lady friends who wondered disdainfully how she could stoop

So Eve returned to her luxurious home with out a welcome, except from her servants, who still were their mourning for the kind young master who had left them so full of hope and life, never to return.

It was agray, showery June afternoon, and near the little bridge where Graham Moore and Eve Cherlake had parted, as they thought, for the last time, a low pony-carriage was standing at the door of the little catage, where the keys of the little church, close by, were kept. The lady, who was driving, had stopped to

ask some trivial question of an old dame, who was enjoying the cool air of the late afternoon, on her neat white door-step, and who seized this opportunity to indulge the lady with a detailed A pale, cold, listless woman, dressed in heavy

mourning silks and crape. Eve Chorlake sature gazed absently at the well-remembered spot without caring to check the old creature's gar-

sunny graveyard, and when Graham Moore had made her heart pulsate and thrill with so much joy and pain.

How he had loved her once! - how he had

And so it was, with her thoughts wandering to the past, the sorrowful hely did not hear the step she was there to listen for, coming through the lenfy shadows of the quiet road—so it was who was shading her dim eyes with her hand from a transient sun-gleam, and looking down the lane, she heard, doubly widowed now, of the

death of her last hope.

"There be Mr. Moore," the old woman said-"He you know him, my lady, and his wife, a bonny thing." The pony started suddenly, in obedience to a convulsive movement of the reins, and the crone made good her escape over the clean door-step. At the same moment, Eve recognized in the approaching figures, Graham Moore, and the girl she had known as Nanny Croft.

Graham Moore's wife! They had met on the spot where the master had once told the Squire's wife, in broken, pas should, accents, of his undying love; and the mill-stream was rushing and chattering through the reeds and tall flag-flowers, as of old; the branches of the willows dipped in its dimpling waters; faint odours of meadow-sweet and ripening orchards filled the air;—but, up in the old charge, tower the clock was clausing out at old church-tower, the clock was clanging out six

nid chiren-tower, the check was danging out six ringing strokes, and they told of time that passes, and the changes born of time.

And, presently, Mrs. Chorlake had shaken hands with Mr. Moore, and his pretty little wife and was speaking to the man she had so long-loved, calmly and without emotion, though they spoke neross a grave-the grave of a dead pas sion — and their voices sounded cold and

When the lady had complimented Mr. Moore on the success of his plettire, which she had admired at the Academy the year before, and which had sold, she knew for a very good price, and had told him that her visit to Monkshoin was to be a very short one—though she did not say that decision had been arrived at within the last few minutes - they both felt that nothing more remained to be said. So Mrs. Chorlake offered to drive Nanny home, as another shower was beginning to fall.

The tiny-carriage would only hold two, so Mr. Moore must forgive them if they left him to make his way home alone, Eve said, giving him her slender black-gloved hand, and smiling her sorrowful smile; and then she drove away with his shy little wife, leaving Graham Moore to look wistfully after them in the sad rains

homewards. Eve had asked Nanny how long she had been married, and if she was not very happy; and, when these questions had been answered, with a smile and a blush, there was to put Name down at her own door, she suddenly took courage, and said, colouring up still more rosily, "Oh, Mrs. Chorlake, I must you my buby, if you can wait for one inlinte."
The little mother's brown eyes brightened, when Eve assented, with a quick sigh, and her

rare sweet smile, "Bring him to me here, Nanny," she said. · I will not go in; and the shower has blown

So Nanny tripped away, and Mrs. Chorlake looked wistfully after her, at the old-tashioned garden, and the porch, and the neat white-cur-tained windows of the house that held Graham Moore's wife and child. And then Nanny came

back with her sturdy brown-eyed boy. Eve took him in her arms, and tried to say something that would please the proud little mother; but she broke down, and hid her cheek igninst the little one's curly head.

The child looked up and laughed in the beautiful face bent over him, and touched it with his pink, dimpled paims; then, with the ficklehis fat arms to his mother, with an impatient row and plunge.

So Eve gave him back into Nanny's out-stretched lands, and said good-bye, and drove homewards, with her heavy vell drawn closely or her face. When the baby's curly head was asleep in its

little cot, that evening, Nanny told Graham, wonderingly, how Mrs. Choriake had not said a word about him; but how, when she gave him back, his face was wet with her tears. "He grows such a great, strong boy, Graham," the young mother went on, joyfully. "Just look at his red shoes, how worn they are, because he

will creep about on the floor! Do come and look, Graham!" And Graham came in, with a low sigh, from the porch, whence he could see the mullioned windows of The Beeches glimmering faintly

through the rainy dusk

### A PRACTICAL LOVER.

- I did not purchase for my bride Rich jawelted rings and costly fans : But what I thought would be her pride— A set complete of pots and pans.
- I would not win sweet Jennie's love By golden rifts of magic power; If she a proper wife would prove. She would profer some bags of flour.
- I did not play with Jonnio's heart, Nor try to fix it were it lickle : But sent, mistrusting common art, A side of pork for her to pickle.
- I did not give her rubies red, To lend her ruven hair relief; \(^1\) But what would charin when we were wed, A good supply of potted boot.
- l did not wanton with her love, That pined to nostle on my breast, Just like a drooping, tired dove; But sent a couch, where it could rest. l did not, when the moon was bright, Take Jennie out for tranquil walks: But took her, what would more delight, A dozen oach of knives and forks.
- I did not send her flowers bright, Whose brightness, ah I so quickly wanes But sent her, in the darkest night. A set of sheets and counterpanes.
- And so, at last, our little store Would farmsh well an iviod cot.? But then, I should have said before, She jilted me and kept the lot.

### CLEVER FISHES.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS. Whether we owe many of the matters we are about to glance as to fishes or no, it is certain that the fishes possessed them long before we did, and though man may be said to have invented them, yet in his savage state he must have taken more or less of hints from nature, and have adopted the methods which nature pointed out to him as the most effective in hunting or war (which were his principal occupa-tions) whenever they could be adapted to his needs and appliances. However this may be, it is certainly singular that we should find so many existing similarities of a peculiar kind between the habits and attributes of men and fishes. For example, there is scarcely a sport we practise or a weapon of offence, that we use which has not a parallel among fishes. As to weapons—daggers, spears, swords, are all pos-sessed by fish in a very high state of natural perfection, and even guns have a representa-tive institution among fishes. A Shooting Fish would no doubt be looked upon almost as a lusus nature by the average Englishman, who rarely includes ichthyology amongst his stu-dies—a fact which is very much to be lamented, for we have large national interests bound up in that science ; in fact, we owe a great deal more to lishes than any other nation, not even excluding the Dutch, some of whose cities were formerly figuratively described as built on fish-bones, and a professorial chair of 1chthyology at the universities would be by no means an unwise institution. It was not many years since that a review which was published in an influential paper, dealing amongst other things, with this special point, contemptuously dismissed the fact of there being such a thing as a shooting fish as a traveller's tale. The ignorance amongst the general public on everything relating to fish is at times perfectly surprising. I have seen small worth! ss bass passed off as grey mullet; I have seen even nasty gravid pond roach hawked about as grey muliet; I have seen large bass actually sold for salmon at one of our fashionable watering places After this, if the Londoner constantly buys, coarse, dry, tasteless bull-trout as fine Tay salmon, it is not to be wondered at. The Eton boy bastening home for the holidays provides himself with a tin tube and a pocketful of peas. We beg the present Etonian's pardon; we should have said he used to do so formerly, when there tube: he ouffs small arrows and hardened balls game. Now the Cheetodon (Chetodon rostratus), which is more or less a native of the eastern seas from Cevion to Japan sembles the Macoushee Indian than the Eton boy, though his gun, shooting tube, or blowpipe, or whatever it may be termed, is a natural one. His nose is really a kind of "beak." through which he has the power of propelling a small drop of water with some force and coniderable accuracy of aim. Near the edge of the water is perhaps a spray of weed, a twig, or n tuft of grass; on it sits a fly, making its toilet

Poor insect, what a little day of sunnyabliss is thine!

in the watery mirror below Rostratus ad-

stealthily projects his tube from the water, takes a deadly aim, as though he were contesting for

some piscatory. Elcho shield, and pop goes the

vances cautiously under the fly; then

waterry bullet.

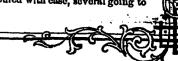
Knocked over by the treacherous missile, drenched, stunned, half-drowned, she drops from her perch into the waters below, to be sucked in by the Chatodon. But if we have lishes who can shoot their game, we have also fishes who can fish for it; ay, and fish for it with rod and line, and buit as deftly as ever angler coaxed gudgeons from the ooze of the w River or salmon from the flashing torrent Witness this clumsy-looking of the Spey. Witness this clumsy-looking monster the Fishing Frog (Lophius piscatorius). Frightful and hideous is he according to our vulgar notions of loveliness, which the Lophius possibly might disagree with. The beast is sometimes five or six feet in length, with an enormous head in proportion to the rest of its ooly, and with huge sacks like bag-nets attached to its gill-covers, in which it stows its victims; and what a cavernous mouth! Surely a lish so repulsive and with a capacity so vast and apparently omnivorous, would frighten from its neighbourhood all other fish, and would, if its powers of locomotion were in ac-cordance with its size, be the terror of the seas to fish smaller than itself; but Providence knoweth how to temper its gifts, and the Lo phius is but an indifferent swimmer, and is too lounsy to support a predatory existence by the flectness of its motions. How, then, is this high capacity satisfied? Mark those two clongated tentacles which spring from the creature's nose, and how they taper away like veritable every other innantiant or visitant of the river. Their jaws are so strong that they are able to bite off a man's finger or toe. They attack fish the flectness of its motions. How, then, is this of ten times their own weight, and devour all but the head. They begin with the tail, and the fish, being left without the chief organ of motion, is devoured with ease, several going to

fishing rods. To the end of them is attached by a line or a slender filament a small glitter-ing morsel of membrane. This is the bait. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below. But how is the snimal to induce the fish to venture within reach of those formidable hooks? Now mark this perfect feat of angling. How does the Thames fishermen attract the gudgeons? They are shy; he must not let them see him, yet he must draw them to him, and he does it by stirring up the mud upon the bottom. "In that cloud of mud is food," say the gudgeons. Then the angler plies his rod and bait. Just so the Lophius proceeds and he too stirs up the mud with his fins and teil. This serves not only to hide him, but to attract the fish. Then he plies his rod, and the glittering bait waves to and fro like a living insect glancing through the turbid water. The gudgeons, or rather gobies, rush towards it.
Beware! beware! But when did gudgeon attend to warning yet? Suddenly up rises the cavernous Nemesis from the cloud below, and " snap :" the gobies are entombed in the bag-net, thence to be transferred to the Lophins's stomach, when there are enough of them col-lected to form a satisfactory monthful. But we have still other sportsmen fish; we

have fish who hunt their prey singly, or in pairs, or even in packs, like hounds. The render, possibly, has never witnessed a skall in Scandinavia. It is a species of hunt in which a number of sportsmen take in a wide space of ground, where game exists, drawing a cordon around it, and narrowing their circle little by little, and driving the game together into a flock, when they shoot them down. There was some years ago a capital description of porpoises making a skall upon sami-cels, written by the late Mr. James Lowe, sometime editor of the Critic and "Chronicler" of the Fiell, who saw the sight while fishing near the Channel Islands with Peter le Nowry, the pilot. Having searched for this passage several times, without being able to find it, I am reluctantly compelled to quote from memory. They were fishing off Guernsey, when Mr. Lowe called Peter's attention to several porpoises, which seemed to be engaged in a water frolic, swimseemen to be engaged in a water frotte, swim-ming after one another in a circle. "That is no frolic, but very sober earnest for the sand-cels," said Peter. "Now," he continued. "I will show you a sight which I have only chanced to see two or three times in my life, and you therefore are very lucky to have the opportunity of seeing it at all. There is a great shoal of sand-eels youder, and the porpoises are driving them into a mass; for, you see, the sand-cel is only a very small morsel for a por-poise, and to pick them up one by one would not suit Mr. Porpoise, who would get hungry again by the time he had done feeding on them singly; so they drive them into a thick crowd, in order that when they make a dash at them they may get a dozen or two at a mouthful, But, as we want some for bait, we will join in the hunt." And they edged down to the spot till they were within the circle. The porpoises, following one another pretty closely, were swimming round, now rising to the surface, now diving below, and gradually contracting the circle. The terrified sand-cels were driven closer and closer, and in their fear came to the surface all about the boat; and just as two or three porpoises made a dash into the crowd, samping right and left, the fishermen plunged their nets into the water, and brought them up quite full of these little fish. Of course the shoal soon broke up and dispersed, but the skill with which the skall was conducted and the beauty of the sight where much diluted on by Mr. Lowe, and it must have been a very interesting one. There are many fish which hunt their prey

singly, as the pike and trout, and the way in which a large pike or trout will course and run down a smaller fish resembles nothing so much as a greyhound coursing a hare. Now the un-happy little fish turns from side to side in its efforts to escape, while its pursuer bends and turns to every motion, following close upon track, and cutting him off exactly as a his were boys at Eton, and, backed by some skill as greyhound does a hare. Now she rushes a marksman, therewith constituted himself an amongst a shoal of his fellows, hoping to be lost intolerable nuisance to every village and vehi-ele he passed on his road home. The Macon-shee Indian makes a better use of his blowfry, which fly in all directions, rufling the surof clay through it with unerring aim, doing face of the water like a sudden squall of wind great execution amongst birds and other small in their fright, follows up his victim with unerring instinct. In an agony of terror the poor little quarry springs again and again frantically into the gaping jaws of his ravenous foe, who, gripping his body crosswise in his mouth, sails steadily away to his lair, there to devour his prey at leisure. Other fish hunt their food like dogs or wolves in packs, as dose the bonito chase the flying fish; and one perhaps of the fiercest, most savage, and resolute of these is the Piral, of South America. So flerce and savage are these little pirates, when their size and apparent capability is taken into consideration, that their feats of destructiveness are little short of the marvellous. Stand forth, then, "pirai" of the Carib, "black saw-bellied salmon" (Serra selmo niger) of Schomburgk, called, doubtless, from the possession of the peculiar adipose fin, common only to the salmon tribe, though in no other respect does it resemble a salmon, there being positive structural differences between the species. Let us take the portrait of this fish. Doubtless the reader figure to himself a fish of "a lean and hungry look," a very Cassius of a fish with the lanthorn jaws of a pike. But, in fact, the pirai is somewhat aldermanic and like a bream n figure, with a fighting-looking kind of nose, and a wondrously expressive eye—cold, cruel, and insatiable, and like to that of an old Jew bill discounter when scrutinizing doubtful pa-per. There is 70 or 80 per cent, in that eye at the very least, and ruin to widows and orphans unnumbered if they come in its way. If it were a human eye, the owner would be bound sooner or later to figure at execution dock. The jaw is square, powerful, and locked into a very large head for the size of the fish; and that is a fat, plump head too, but radiated over with strong bone and gristle. The teeth -ali! they would condemn him anywhere, for here is a fish sixteen inches long, with the teeth almost of a shark. Schomburgk speaks thus

of its destructive power: "This voracious fish is found plentifully in all the rivers in Guiana, and is dreaded by every other inhabitant or visitant of the river.



participate of the meal. Indeed there is scarcely any animal which it will not attack. man not excepted. Large alligators which have been wounded on the tail aff rd a fair chance of satisfying their hunger, and even the loss of this formidable animal are not free fron their atticks The feet of ducks and geese, where they are kept, are alm ast invariably ent off, and young ones devoured altogether. In these places it is not safe to bathe, or even to wash clothes, many cases having occurred of

wash crotnes, many cases naving occurred or fingers and toes being cut off by them." Schomburgh then relates astonishing in-stances of their voracity, in which the toes of the river Cavia are caten off; a large sun-lish devoured alive; ducks and goese deprived of their feet and walking on the stumps. Of course to be armed with metal to prevent their being cut through. Their voracity is marvellous, and any bait will attract them the instant it is thrown into the water Precaution is neces-sary, however, when the fish is lifted out of the water, or it will inflict serious wounds in its struggles. The fisherman therefore has a small bludgeon ready, with which he breaks their skulls as soon as they are caught.

Thus there are fish which shoot their prey, which fish for it, which course it and hunt it, in various ways. There are others which employ other fishes to hunt it up for them, as we use pointers and setters; such as the little Pilot-tish, which leads the huge shark to his prey; though this has been disputed, because the pilot-tish has been known to follow and play about a vessel just as it does usually about the body of a shark. The probability is that the pilot-fish is a species of parasite or dinerout, who will make particular friends with any big person who will feed him, and no doubt would find food in the refuse cast from the vessel, even as he would from the fragments torn off by the shark when feeding on any large body Doubtless, too, there is a certain amount of protection obtained from consorting with monster against other preduceous fish. The fact of the pilot-fish conducting the shark to his prey has been disputed, but veritable instances related by eye-witnesses leave no doubt that a times it does fulfil this office for the shark. Nor is there anything singular in the fact. The pilot-fish is on the look-out for his own dinner probably, but will not venture on it until his protector has helped himself. We have nu-merous instances of this both in human and

In weapons of offence, besides the shooting apparatus already mentioned, fish have, fi st, the sword. This is represented by the blade of the Sword-fish (*Xiphias yladius*). This fish possesses a tremendously powerful weapon, backed as it is by the great weight and impetus which it can bring to bear upon its thrusts. Many instances have been known in which the bottoms of ships have been pierced through by the sword of the Xiphias. Ships sailing quietly along have received a shock as if they had touched a rock, and when they have been examined after the voyage, the broken blade of the fish has been found sticking in the ship's side. In the United States Service Museum there is, or was formerly, a specimen of the sword-fish's handy work in this respect. A portion of the weapon is shown sticking into the timbers of a ship, having piere d the sheating and planking and buried itself deeply in the stontoak knee-timber of the vessel. Xiphias would, however, he terribly bothered with the change in naval architecture; and we are inclined to wonder what he would make of an Perhaps a little rough exp rience in this direction may make him more chary of indulging naughty tempers, and he may be taught qua Doctor Watts that, like little children, he "should not let his angry passions ise." If so, the cause of humanity will be trongly pleaded by the iron-class, and the poor, clumsy, harmless whate will be the gainer. The Xiphias frequently weighs five or six hundred pounds in weight. The rapidity with which it can cut through the water is very great. It is a great enemy to the whale, and it is generally surmised that it mistakes a ship sailing through the water for a without inconvenience. It was thought to be whale, and often dashes at it with indiscriminate of very unusual strength and dexterity ige, often breaving and losing its sword by its blind fury. Persons bathing have not always been entirely safe from this fish, but have been stabbed to death by the Xiphias One instance of this occurred in the Bristol which a small fish of seventy or eighty pounds weight was the malefactor. They abound in the Mediterranean, and a huntr after, with the harmoning and charles of the state of the shark only available that the shark only available the shark only available that the shark seizes its previous that the shark seizes its p Channel, near the mouth of the Severn, in harpooning and slaying of the Xiphins is usually a work of time and much excitement. Akin to the sword-fish in their offensive capabilities are the Saw-fishes, though their weapons resemble rather such as are used by cer-tain savage tribes than civilized saws. Nor does the word "saw" correctly describe them. They are terrible weapons, however, and the Indians who edge their spears with sharks' teeth almost reproduce artificially the weapon of the saw-fish. The largest of them, Pristis of the saw-fish. The largest of them, Pristis antiquorum, is commonly found to grow to the length of tifteen or sixteen feet. The elongated snout is set upon either side with sharp spikes, thickly dispersed, and somewhat resembling the teeth of the shark. It forms a most fear-ful weapon, as the poor whale has good reason to know, to whom it is also a deadly enemy There are several members of the saw-fish tribe; one of the most peculiar is the Pristis ciratus, or Cirrated Saw-fish, of New South In the saw of this fish the teeth are

placed alternately.

The weapon of the Narwhal—which by the bye is not strictly a fish, but a member of the Cetacea found chiefly in the Arctic seas—is the most perfect specimen of a very complete and efficient spear, being composed of the hardest ivory and tapering gradually to a point. But what the special purpose of this spear is, is not known; whether it is used as a means of attack upon its enemies, or to secure its prey, or whether it is a mere implement for digging a passage through opposing ice-floes, as is often supposed, we can but conjecture. It is a very singular fact that the spear of the narwhal is always situated on one side of the nose, chiefly the left; it does not project from the middle of the head; it is no long snout or horn, but an clongated tooth or tusk. The narwhal, when young, has the germs of but three teetle. Sometimes two of these become developed and grow out spiked tusks, pointing in divergent directions; oftener, however, but one is the

irregular, one long and three short ones being

It' These spears were brought home formerly and imposed upon the credulous as the horn of the uni-

mature result. Whatever the use of this formidable spear, we know that it is very excellent and valuable ivory; but for any minute information as to the natural history of the animal itself, we would have to rely chiefly upon the knowledge of the Kamschatkans, which amounts to little more than that it is good eating, produces much oil, and is possessed of a valuable tooth.

Of daggers various we have many specimens, more particularly amongst the family of the Railda ; and fearful weapons they are, some of them being serrated or barbed, and capable of innicing terrible lacerated wounds. In most of these lish the dagger, or spine, is situated on and some way down the clongated tail; and as their feet and walking on the stumps. Of course the animal has great muscular power in the the lines which are used to captured them have tail, and is able to whirl it about in any directions to be accounted to the course of the animal has great muscular power in the tail, and is able to whirl it about in any direction. tion it may desire, it not unfrequently deals forth most savage r tribution to its captors. It knows full well, too, how to direct its aim, and it is told of some of the members of this family that if a hand, or even a finger, be laid upon the fish, it can, by a single turn of the fail, transfix with its spine, the offending member. So dangerous are the consequences of these wounds, that it is customary (and in France spines of the fish thus armed before they are brought to market; and in this way almost the only specimen of the Eagle Ray (Myliobatis aquila) ever captured alive in this country. was mutilated; so that the specimen was uscless. The Picked Dog-fish is also provided with two short, sharp spine—one on each dorsal fin. Many other fish are furnished with spines, either upon the fins or as horns, or in sharp projections from the gill-covers. The spines of the Greater and Lesser Weaver inflict most p inful wounds, and cause such agony that it is commonly reported they are in some way venomous. This has been denied, and demonstrate the state of strated to be impossible; yet it seems difficult to account for the following facts upon any other hypothesis. Sir W. Jardine, in speaking of the greater weaver, says :

"It is much dreaded by the fishermen on account of its sharp spines, which are usually considered as venomous, but without any sufficient reason, as they are quite devoid of all poisonous secretion. Mr. Couch states that he has known three men wounded successively in the hand by the same fish; and the consequences have in a few minutes been elt us high as the shoulder."

Again, in treating of the lesser weaver, " If trodden on by bathers, as frequently happens, it inflicts," says Dr. Parnell, "a severe and painful wound, causing the part to swell and almost immediately to assume a dark brown appearance, which remains for five or six hours."

In the teeth of the confident assertion of great authorities it would be rash to say that any poisonous secretion exists. But if the above facts be quoted as proofs or instances of the absence of venom, they would appear to be singularly infelicitous ones.

Per ups one of the most formidable weapons possessed by any fish is the natural and terrible pair of shears formed by the jaws of the Shark. The only parallel weapon of offence that can be cited as used by man would, per-haps, be the spiked portcullis, but the future may present us with steam shears with blades ten feet long, and intended to receive cavalry -who knows? There is no telling where the ingenuity of modern inventors in the destructive line may lead us. But there are not many instruments so efficient for their purpose as the tooth of a shark. It is difficult to handle one freely without cutting one's tingers; and when we consider the tremen lous leverage of a shark's jaws employed against each other like scissors, armed with rows of lancets, it is evident that nothing in the shape of flesh, gristle, or bone could withstand them. Their capacity, too, is equal to their powers, for a pair of jaws taken from a shark of not more than nine feet long has been known to be passed down over the shoulders and body of a man six feet high without inconvenience. It was thought to be on the part of the Emperor Commodus to cut a man in two at one blow, but the jaws of the white shark find no difficulty whatever in exe-cuting that feat. The vast number of teeth contained within the shark's jaw has been accounted for by some writers on the hypothesis teeth, and that the inner ones are a provision of nature against an accident which is, and must be, a very common one, when the implements are considered, and the force with which they are employed—viz., the breaking of a tooth. In this case the corresponding tooth on the inside becomes erect, and is by degrees pushed forward into the place of the broken one-a wondrous and very necessary provision to keep so delicate and powerful in apparatus as the shark's jaw always in order. The voracity of the spark forms an endless resource for the writers on the marvellous whose bent lies towards natural history. Whole ships crews have been devoured by sharks ere now, while their omniverousness is extraordinary. This is well exemplified by the observation once

made to me by an old far, who was dilating on the variety of objects he had found at one time or another inside the bellies of sundry sharks. "Lord love ye, sir," quo' Ben, "there bain't nothin' as you mightn't expec' to find in the insides o' a shirk, from a street planny to a milestone." Continuing the description of the variety of

weapons exemplified in tishes, we have a rival of that terrible scourge, the knout, in the tail

† There are three species of rays in this country which have these weapons—the Sting Ray, the Engle Ray, and the Horned Ray.

This fish was captured at Ramsgate some years ago and sent to me; it was 18 inches long, exclusive of the tail, which was missing, and about 2½ feet broad. Previous to this the tail of one was examined by Pennant, and a small one was found dead off Berwick by Dr. Johnson, but no living specimen had been captured. Since this was penned, however, but a few months ago, another one was caught and attracted a good deal of notice. This fish was taken off the Devenshire coast, and was about the same size, or a triffe larger than mine. It was preserved in the Exeter Museum, where it now is. Mr. Buckland of the fish. The colours appear to have been most brilliant. . This fish was captured at Ramsgate some year,

• Witness the story of the Magnic schooner, very well told in the "Shipwrook Series" of the Parcy Anecdotes. This vessel was capsized in a squall, and most of the brow took refuge in a boat, which was apset by overcrowding. They were surrounded by sharks at the time, and every man, save two, who tanaged to right the boat and escape, was devoured by the sharks.

of the Thresher, or Fox-shark (. Itopias sulpes). The upper lob is tremendously clongated being nearly as long as the body of the fish, blade of a scythe in shape, and the blows which it can and does inflict with this living that can be heard at a great distance; a herd of dolphins are scattered as though they were mere and sword-isis on the other are too common to at the Adenside Gallery, estimated the form of obstite usually consists in the sword-ish highest force of a Leyden lattery of lifteen stabbing the whale from beneath, and so driving him up to the surface, when the fox-sharks There are tive different fish childed with ing him up to the surface, when the fox-sharks spring upon him, and with resonant blows from their fearful knouts drive him below again upon the weapons of their allies.

The lasso is a weavon of some efficacy amongst various people; a form of lasso was even used by the Hungarians, and with great effect in the Way of Independence. It consisted of a kind of a long-lashed whip, with a builet slung at the end of the lash. And we have a sort of living lasso in the foot of the Cephalopod. The cophalopods are the polypes and England it is made compulsory by law on of Aristotle, and belong to the molluses. They the fishermen) to cut off the tails above the lare of the first order of invertebrate, or spineless animals. Mollusca cephalopoda is the style and titles of the family Cephalopoda, in English meaning " foot-headed "-that is, its organs of locomotion, or the greater part of them, are attached to its head, whence they radiate for the most part in long, tough, and pliant tentacles or arms, of great muscular powers. On these tentacles are placed rows of suckers of very singular construction, which singly or simultaneously adhere with great tenacity to any object they come in contact with. The arms are extended in all directions, when tentacles, the others winding around it also to secure it in their folds. It is compressed tightly and drawn down to the beak, which rends and devours it at leisure, escape from these terrible folds being almost impossible.

The arms are also the means of propulsion, and are used as oars, by the aid of which the octopus manages to progress through the water with considerable rapidity. Mr. Wood, in his popular natural history, treats on this point as follows: "All the squids are very active, and some species, called 'flying squids' by sailors, and omnastrephes by naturalists, are able to dash out of the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances?" and he notes the sea and to dart to considerable distances the notes that the sea and to dart to considerable distances the notes that the electricity is true electricity has been made to the point as the points and limbs for gout, rheumatism, &c. tances;" and he quotes Mr. Beale to show that they sometimes manage to propel themselves through the air for a distance of 80 or 100 yards, the action being likened to a something which might be achieved by a live corkserew with eight prongs. In the account given in Bennett's Whaling Voyage they are often spoken of as leaping on board the ship, and even clear over it into the water on the other side. Nature has also furnished the Cephalopod with another curious weapon of offence, or defence rather, in the shape of a lag of black fluid. or sepia, commonly termed by fishermen the ink-bag; and what a terrible weapon of offence or defence ink may be, in many cases, there are few of us unaware. The cuttle when closely pursued sends out a cloud of it to hide him from view, and escapes under cover of it

Some of the Cephalopods possess extraordinary powers of muscular contraction, as the common squid, for example, which is spread out at one momenting body and volume larger round than a large man's fist, and the next moment will contract itself so that it can easily pass through the cork-hole in a boat or the neck of a wine-bottle. Great sensational at-traction has been directed to the octopus by the tremendous description of the combat in Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea. No doubt a large octopus, such as are found in the Pacific. and elsewhere, and which sometimes have arms of eight or nine feet in length, could drown a man with the greatest case, if he had no weapon and was caught by one under water. From remote ages the deeds of the polypus: have been chronicled by poets and writers of ish Museum; the Docks and the Zoological probably, the partially fabulous story of the Lermann hydra, which, if it ever existed at all, had its origin no doubt in the impossible deeds: all, and I leave it for you to judge how far my of some improbable octopus. Then there is expectations were realized, the story of the king's daughter and the noble. I was to go with a friend; a musical friend; diver, who dived for a gold cup and the love of ; his princess, but profited by neither, since he never came up again, being supposed to have been lassoed by some monster octopus at the bottom of the whirlpool, and many other wellknown stories. The beast forms a very great attraction at the Crystal Palace aquarium where the Indies, of course, insist on calling him "the Devil Fish" (but that distinguished title belongs to another fish); and where he is poked up daily for their inspection, it being one of his diabolical tendencies to dwell "under coon shades and low-browed rocks." What a life for a poor devil who wants nothing but solitude and retirement, to ar a show-devil and

Amongst other offensive powers commanded by fish and men alike is the very remarkable one of electricity; it is slightly used in warlike as well as useful purposes. But the possible uses to which we may put electricity ourselves hereafter as an offensive weapon we cannot at present even guess at. It is a powerful agent to several kinds of fish, and yet ichthyologists are greatly at fault to settle the exact for which it is given to them-whether it be for the purpose of killing the animals they prey on, or of facilitating their capture, or whether it be intended to render them more

casy of digestion. Mr. Couch, in speaking of the properties electricity and the digestive capability of the Torpedo, has the following: "One well-known effect of the electric shock is to deprive animals killed by it of their organic irritability, and consequently to render them more easily disposed to pass into a state of decomposition, in which condition the digestive powers more speedily and effectively act upon them. If any creature more than others might seem to require such preparation of its food, it is the eramp my, the whole canal of whose intestine is not more than half as long as the stomach, This is certainly very curious, and if it should be found that the same deficiency in point of digestive accommodation exists in the gymno tus and the other fishes of electric powers, the hypothesis would be converted almost into a certainty. In hunting up authorities to verify

this curious fact, we find in the article on the gymnotus in Chamber's Encyclopædia, that "all the gymnotida are remarkable for the position

Of the tremendous powers which can be sprats by one stroke of the Thresher's tail, and given off in one shock it may be stated that stories of the combats between the whale on Faraday having made experiments with the the one side and a combination of threshers specimen which was shown several years ago and sword-fish on the other are too common to at the Adelaide Gallery, estimated that an

electrical powers. Of the torpedo there are two species—the old and new British torpedo one of the Gymnotus electricus, or electric cel, os it is called; and two of the Malepterurus—viz., M. electricus of the Nile, called Raush or thunder tish by the Arabs, and the Malapterurus Beninensis-the smallest of the electrical fishes found in the Old Calabar River, which falls into the Bight of Benin on the coast of Africa The latter fish is a comparatively recent discovery, having been known to us only some fifteen or sixteen years. We have no very good account of either of these latter fish. A specimen of the last was sent to m: three or four years ago. It is a curious little fish about five or six inches in length, and very much resembles the Siturdir in general appearance, about the head especially. It has long barbules, three on each side of the mouth, and has a very bloated, puffy appearance, caused, it is to be presumed, by the electric apparatus, which is deposited between the skin and the frame of the fish. In the torpedo the electric battery is placed in two holes, one on either side of the ey's. Here a number of seeking prey. In the centre of them, in the middle of the stonach as it were, is the mouth of the creature, which is fully as curious as the rest of its anatomy, and consists of a large and strong hooked beak, similar to a hawk's or parrot's. A fish or other creature comes within parrot's. A fish or other creature comes within reach, and it is instantly lassoed by one of the | may trust also that the torpedoes with which our coasts and harbours are likely to be througed, will be capable of giving off even a severer shock; and though gunpowder and gun-cotton will be the shocking agents in these cases, yet electricity will play no unimportant part in their process. Formerly quacks galvanized their patients by the application of the natural torpedo, applying it to the joints and limbs for gont, rheumatism, &c.

There are many other points of similarity which might be enlarged upon; but if one were to attempt to set down all the strange and various considerations which come unde cognizance in this subject, they would soon swell the matter much beyond the limits of a magazine article.

HUMAN LIFE.

After a while—a busy brain Will rest from all its care and pain.

After a while "Earth's rush will cease. And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while -a vanished face-An empty seat -a vacant place.

After a while -a name forgot---A crumbled head-stone--unknown spot!

## DE GOOSE AT THE OPERA.

BY FIELD RICHARDS.

Pd been in London some time. Pd been sight-seeing in every possible manner; I was tipsy with sight-seeing

I had been up to the Golden Ball on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; Fd been to Madame Toussand's and the Brit-

Gardens; in fact, I'd been everywhere but to This I expected to be the most awful trial of

this friend said be had been steeped in music He certainly looked as if he had been steeped

in something sour, for he was always sighing.
I met him at a concert. He was sighing then; he sighs now; he will always sigh. (Perhaps it's because his own sire is dead, and he's got a step-sire?)

got a step-sire?) Anyhow, we were going to the Opera.

- Be particular about your dress!" said my

friend, the lugubrious Ramselli. (Such was the sire's and the sigher's name.)
I was particular;

I almost choked myself with my necktle and squeezed my whole soul into my gloves, and I verily believe my corns date from that "particular" night.

We arrived at Covent Garden,

I don't know how. I was still desperately struggling with my lavender kids.

We got out of something, and paid somebody,

who answered when he was asked how much Leave it to you, sir!" But when my friend paid bim, he threatened to knock all the sighs out of his body; which was certainly not leaving much to him, seeing

that he hadn't got much else but sighs. However, at last we were seated high up it the amphitheatre stalls, wiping our perspiring brows, and wondering already why the man with the lee-creams did not come round.

Then the orchestra played and the curtain The first scene consisted of a fantastically

chal crowd, symmetrically drawn up in a line.
To all appearances, after having shouted something—just to show that they were alive—they all suddenly became sign-posts, for they whooled about to the left and, with one movement, lifted their arms and pointed.

A very stout, olderly they desired in short

A very stout, elderly lady, dressed in short pettleouts, came on the stage and looked at The way she had of viewing them was pecu

liar, at least. She retired some distance and then taking a

run, bolted at them. She always appeared disappointed in her search, for when she got near enough to discover their features, she generally fell back. I don't wonder at that, though, for they wore

At last, having given a run, a trill and a final seream—very much like a hop, skip and a jump—sho retreated in despair, and the others, who had only been assembled for her to book at, tumbled off too; while the curtain (after having paused half-way to consider whether it should come right down or go back again), came down too.

Ramsdii, I should mention, gave up sighting ora short time, too.

And so we had a general pause, and 1 wiped my perspiring brow, and waited like a marryr for the next torture.

The curtain rose; the lights were out sall but a few—to save gas, and gazing at the stage I behild the interior of a monastery; dark alleys stretched far behind, columns threw shades long and ghastly on the pavement lit up with a palo bloeish light, as if the moon were creeping in through some distant hole. Indistinctly, a figure might be seen wrapped

in a red cloak, lying like a bundle of old clothes, all of a henp, on the floor. This was the new tenor, in his celebrated at-

litude of affliction.

The people applauded violently, and Ratusdil heaved sighs, and the bundle of old clothes (although supposed to be dying), got up and lowed gracefully and lay down again and

As soon as he began to grunt, a light appear-of at the farther end of the corridor, and the stout hop-skip-and-a-jump figure appeared. arrayed in a night-gown and night-cap, with hair dishevelled and her eyes in fine frenzy

She howled softly to herself, as she approached, yet builder as she came opposite the old-clothes figure; at fast she dropped her candle (her shricking having become quite terrible) and put her hands to her head (either to stor

ther cars or to hold her wig on).

Then the old-clothes grunted and she shricked and then she shricked and he grunted and then they both grunted and shricked, till she fell, from mere exhaustion, on top of the old-clothes (which looked quite comfortable).

In this position they shricked and grunted together, in a miscollaneous manner, till several old ladies were seen to wipe their eyes, and the hoys in the gallery should a eneme?

Upon which, they both got up and bowed and cartsied and Sartor Resartus got a bouquet, and Meline. Squeader got a bouquet, and then they very gracefully acknowledged the eneare by having a folly good scream and grain together tit the curtain again felt; much to the relief of my teclings and also of Ramsdil's, for he stopped

signing.

And now Ramsdil had a happy thought, and
that was to cat some lees, which we did, and
after that, well-acquainted as he was with all
the musical and literary characters there, began to polut them out.

"You see that stont hidy over there, with a red face? She's yawning, now, there! Don't you see her?"

I confessed that I didn't.

"Well, never mind," said Ramsdil, "it's Dick as' wife." I faintly tried to took astonished and said

He then showed me Randegger, Sir Julius Benedict, Sullivan and many other composers till I wished they were all in Pepperland and I

At last, I made up my mind.

I said, faintly, "Ramsall!"
He didn't hear. The music had begun again, and he was sighing.
"Ramsdi!" a little louder.

He turned round in the middle of a sigh, and

said:

"Don't bother! What's the matter?"

"Ramsdil," I said, turning pule, "let's go!"

"Gir?" shricked Ramsdil, so that all the
people turned round, and a fat old gentleman,
with hald head and spectueles, who had been
imagining bimself in church all the time, and

"book t bad long since recognized as "Pick-

imagning minsell in course all the time, and whom I had long since recognized as "Pickwick," said, solemnly, "Hush!"
"Go?" said Ramsell, a little lower. "Are you mad?" he continued in a despuiring whisper, "we have seen only two seems!"

"A hundred!" I cried; "Pil swear to a hundred!"

dred. Pil wait for you at the hotel round the corner!" and once more fastening every look upon us, I rushed wildly from the house.

Looking back, as I reached the door, I saw Ramsdil perched up high, with his gaze intently fixed on the stage, sighing; and I sighed for blm and went.

## THE "ROMAN BIT."

Some of our contemporaries, says the Broad Arrow, have called the attention of the public to the "Roman Bit," an invention patented by Count Vincenzo di Tergolina, and which, so far is we can judge of its merits from our own limited experience, is likely to prove an acqui-sition of considerable value to our cavalry regiments. The desirability of being able in case of necessity to restrain the horse by pressure applied to the nose bas long been recognized, but hitherto the efforts made to apply the principle practically have mot with little success. Count Vincenzo di Tergolina, who was formerly in the Noble Gund of the Emperor of Austria, seems to have been completely successful in this respect, and has produced a bit which is no less humane in its application to the horse's mouth than it is powerful and effective in the hands of the rider. One of its merits is that a runaway horse cannot selze the bit between his teeth, and another that it can be exactly adapted to suit the temper of the horse, and is at the aime time so easy to handle, owing to its powerful leverage, that it reduces the strain on the horseman's hands to a minimum.

· WEIGHTING " PAPER AND CLOTH WITH BLATE.

Protection has been obtained for an invention which consists in the employment of ordinary slate, or the inineral from which the slate is state, or the influence from which the state is quarried, in a state of fine dry powder, or of fine wet pulp, and using it in both conditions as articles of commerce, either with or without the addition of any colouring matter. State of different colours is selected as desired, and ground to any degree of fineness in the dry or create state, and the resider of the colours is selected. moist state, and this powder, or pulp, in its natural colour is to be used for "stiffening and weighting" cotton or other cloth or paper, either used alone or in combination with china clay or other similar substance. The dry powder or moist pulp is also to be coloured to any tint required, and used in the manufacture of pigments or colours.

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Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

#### OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We must ask the competitors for the prizes offered by us for stories to have a little patience. We had a very large response to our offers, receiving upwards of sixty stories of various lengths, making the task of reading a much longer and heavier one than we had anticipated. As we are unable to devote our whole time to reading, it will take us some time yet to get through, but we think a couple of weeks more will suffice. As soon as the reading is completed we will publish the titles of the stories which have gained prizes, and will communicate with the authors, as well as the authors of stories which do not gain a prize but ( by forwarding stamps. In writing to have manuscript returned correspondents will please writing to the Editor to know the fate of their MILLION BOLLARS. stories will oblige us by accepting this as a general answer for the present, and may rest ports of the disaster : assured that we will make the awards with as little loss of time as possible

## ABOUT FASHION.

It is "the fashion" to abuse the fashions; no matter what extremes they run into, or what happy medium they hit, there will albuilding, and in less than twenty minutes the ways be found some to abuse the present whole broad facade, extending fully 100 feet along Kingston street, was one sheet of flame, girls did not wear a bushel of false hair on their heads, or half a hundred weight of cotton stuck about various parts of their persons. It is generally a waste of time and labor to abuse the fashions, for if one fashion is ridiculed out of existence, another, generally quite as absurd, takes its place. The fact is, the love of being in fachion and flocking stellar, it is interest. in fashion and "looking stylish" is inherent, bursting out of the roofs, and all up and down and is carefully transmitted from generation to generation; the fashion may change, but the love of following it remains. This is more noticeably the case with women than with men, although the men are bad enough. Now one very plain and simple reason for this is that one of the first impressions made on a child's mind is that he or she should be in fashion and look well. See the baby how it is dressed up, and gaily decked with ribbons and laces; then the little girls, how they are smartened up and taught to notice how other wholesale shoe and leather establishment left little girls are dressed. A spirit of rivalry in the loston. The wool trade has suffered in an dress is soon inculcated in their little heads; left are few and far between. one wants a new pink frock because Anna Jones has one, and another feels herself thrown quite in the shade unless she can have a blue ribbon around her hair like Mary Smith. Now we like to see little girls nicely and tastefully dressed-and big girls too for that matterbut it is to the consequence of a too thorough instillation into the youthful mind of a love of finery that we take exception. In the first place it is apt to give a tinge of flippancy to the mind and interfere with the mental culture. Look at most of our modern young ladies,-they are pretty enough to look at, but how few of them have sound, well-developed minds. There is more or less a disposition to pay great attention to little things and neglect the higher and nobler aims of life. A mind given to the love and pursuit of fashion becomes too fickle to be made truly happy by affluence or affection. The young man who marries such a girl will soon find that he has got the wrong article for making a home happy. We do not intend to abuse the fashions, but we do intend to abuse the yearly from metal fashions, but we do intend to abuse the yearly from metal rollers. The "parsley" on the growing tendency to follow any new faucy be-

muse somebody says it is the fashion. We like to see people neatly and stylishly dressed; but we hate to see women devoting the best part of their time to an insane mania for fol lowing every new fashion.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The election for President and Vice-President of the United States passed off very quietly on 5th inst., and resulted in the re-election of General Grant by an overwhelming majority. The returns are as yet rather incomplete, but it is certain that Grant will receive about two-thirds of the votes of the Electoral College, and the popular vote will probably be still more in his favor. The triumph is most complete. Whatever may be the opinion of outsiders, there is no doubt that the mass of the American people heartily endorse the actions of General Grant during his first term of office, and desire to try him for another four years. Mr. Greeley has returned to the editorial charge of the Tribune, and announces that he has no intention of ever being a candidate for any office again, but will devote himself entirely to the duties of his paper. We really cannot congratulate the American people very much on the election; they have done better, perhaps, to elect Grant than Greeley, if we argue from the old adage, "out she could not use her right hand, and conse of two evils choose the least," We are not quently had to write it with her left hand; amongst those who admire Grant's administration, and think it a model of government, nor do we expect it to improve in the next four years; but we think Greeley's administration would, if possible, have been worse; and, therefore, it is quite as well perhaps that he was "elected to stay at home." The great fault in all the elections in the United States is that the best men are not nominated for the highest offices; a couple of political backs are pitted against each other, and the people are called on to vote for one of two evils. It really does appear as if some other means were needed to get honest men in power than packed Conventions and high-handed party management.

#### BURNT BOSTON.

Just thirteen months ago the world was which we may still wish to use. All rejected startled at the sudden and terrible destruction manuscript will be kept three months, during by the Fire King of Chicago, and now we are which time the author may have it returned | informed that the whole business portion of Boston has been blotted out. The fire commenced about half-past seven on Saturday, 9th give the name of the story, together with nam inst., and burned fifteen hours, destroying prode plume used, if any. Parties who have been | perty to the estimated value of two numbers

The following is from the telegraphic re-

"The fire first broke out in the rear of a large five-storey granite building, Nos. 87, 89, and 91 Summer street, on the corner of Kingston street. This building is surmounted with a high man-sard roof, overtopping all the other buildings in that immediate vicinity. Directly as the flames began to spread through the storey beneath the roof, and before an engine or hose-carriage was on the ground, great volumes of flames suddenly burst out from the rear lower stories of the the broad sides were completely levelled to the ground. Its destruction had not progressed for before the flames and sparks which arose from It had lodged upon all the buildings around about. Thus the fire spread almost instantly in three directions-first to the adjoining block on Summer street, then across Summer street to the opposite block, and then across Kingston

"The configuration was got under control at about one o'clock, having in the space of fifteen hours destroyed hundreds of the costlest and most substantial warehouses in the country and temporarily paralyzed three of the leading mercantile interests—the shoe and leather, wool and dry goods trade. It is said there is not one

A meeting of prominent citizens was held in the City Hall on Sunday afternoon, presided over by Mayor Guston, at which encouraging speeches were made, and energetic action urged in order to alleviate the suffering of the needy, as well as for robuilding the burnt districts. numerous relief committee was appointed, of which Mr. William Gray is the chairman. The committee will hold daily sessions. A bureau of relief was also organized, of which ex-Mayor

"The new Post-office and the sub-treasury were exposed to the flerce flame fo a long time, but escaped without injury."

## I HAVE NO CHANCE.

A pewter plate founded the Peel family. Ro bert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, fel that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of the little farm. He quietly conducted experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day, thoughtfully handling a pewter plate from which one of the children had dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring matter, he was delighted to find that the impression could be accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing

Lancashire, and Robert Pool to this day is called in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsjey

Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters—an under-ground barber, with a vixen for a wife, who smashed up his models and threw them out gave his successful spinning models to the world, and put a sceptre in England's right hand such as no sovereign ever wielded.

The jumping tea kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head who gave us the the steam into that boy's head who give us the great glant of modern industry. A kite and a key in Franklin's hands, were the grandparents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of mo-dern inventions applying to electricity. A swinging, greasy lamp just filled with oil by a vergo in the Cathedral of Pisa, caught the eye of Ga lileo, at eighteen years of age, taught him the secret of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy and navigation possible, and gave us the whole modern system of the accurate

Don't say you have no chance! You have the same chance, and better than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. Men uni-formly overrate riches and underrate their own strength: the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more. "The longer I live," says one of earth's noble sons, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the pow-erful, the great and the insignificant, is energy — invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!" That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will be worth much without it.

The following is an article from the pen of Fanny Fern, written when she was so ill that

#### THE SINS OF CHRISTIANS

Most people suppose that as soon as a person joins the church, perfection in thought, word and deed is to be demanded of him. They forget that, like other soldiers who have enlisted, the most loyal and true-hearted have moments when the weary body succumbs to torpor; or the strained vision, through the dust and smoke of battle, loses sight of the height to be attained; or the benumbed ear listens feebly for the ral-lying cry. Who shall call such a one—" traitor?" Not He who "knoweth our frame," and "remembereli that we are dust." Others besides Peter have gone out "and wept bitterly;" and though a censorious world may have condemned the offence and sneered at the tears, yet over and above the transgression and the pentience the Saviour has written, "Noither do I condemn thee; go, and siu no more."

### LITERARY ITEMS.

THE November number of Old and New contains much live writing referring to subjects of present interest. Mr. Hale in the Introduction boldly defends as a magazinist his right and duty to discuss politics, very much as the minis-ters used to do in the Kansas times. His story of "Ups and Downs" continues; Mrs. Greenough begins one of her weird narratives, which is to run through several numbers, and has a beautiful snake-woman in it. Mrs. Martineau's article is a powerful and beautiful assertion of conscience. There is a sensible article by a working-man on the working-men's troubles; an entertaining selection of apologies from the "Gesta Romanorum;" a sprightly little sketch about dress, entitled "Lou's Balloon;" a letter from Virginia about the Negro Vote; a curious account of Gen. Howard's Indian treaties; and an unusual number of notices of New Books Altogether, it is a strong and rewhale number

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL .- This journal is a marked exception to all lowpriced periodicals, from the fact that it is a prices periodicals, from the act that it is a model of typographical elegance, and is printed on beautiful, toned paper. The contents are not only popular and interesting, but highly instruc-tive and thoroughly accurate, and the whole ap-pearance of the journal is calculated to promote the desire for knowledge as well as to aid in furnishing information. It is published at the exceedingly low price of fifty cents a year, and should be in the hands of every one. Send for a free specimen number to The Furn and Firs-side Journal, 102 E. 16th St., New York.

THE BOOK BUYER is the title of a very well got up twenty-four page monthly distributed by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, to any one who will forward the amount necessary to to a large extent, used merely as an advertising medium, but it nevertheless contains a fair share of interesting reading matter, and will well repay the small cost. Address, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the comedian, being greatly pestored with applications for assistance from virtue in distress, is out in the English papers with a characteristic card. He " sents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily eccives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologise for supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object. He has had quite enough to tight through his own difficulties, and has been and is still labouring at a time of life when many men would be glad to be sitting quietly by their fireside, in the hope of acquiring a small inde-pendence for his old age, which endeavour would be completely frustrated were he to devote all his hard-earned savings to the necessities of others. He hereby declares, upon his oath, that though he has travelled thousands of miles, and met with all the success he could wish, and is at the present moment basking in the sunshine of public favour, he is not a millionaire; and though warmly attached to his

in the year 1788 composed a To Down to be performed in St Petersburg in celebration of the capture of Fort Oczakow by Potemkin; besides enormous vocal and instrumental masses Sarti had a number of cannon placed in the courtyard to deepen the bass at given times, His experiment was successful and Catherine II, ennobled him for it. Poor Gilmore did not get ennobled, or anything else, for his "one hundred cannon and all the bells of Boston" in "The Star Spangled Banner," This is a shame, We think that any man who is crazy enough fancy he can get any music out of bells of Boston "deserves, at least, a statue in his honor erected on Boston Common. Music might be got out of the "bolles" of Boston, but out of the "bells," no.

ELECTRICITY AND LOVE .-- A lover in Arkansas, failing to make a favorable impression on the heart of the girl whom he loved, went to a fortune-teller for advice. The fortune-teller ad-vised him to try electricity on the obdurate fair one. Thereupon the lover procured an electrical battery, and after a doal of maneuvring suc-ceeded in connecting it with a seat which the young lady was occupying. At a favorable moment he turned on the electricity, and the young lady sprang toward the ceiting. But she came down again, and, with the lightning final-law from her averagement, but her the ceiling. ing from her eyes, caught him by the collar, opened the door, and directed his attention to the sidewalk. This we consider one of woman's

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, Editor of Land and MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, FARM in 25000 under Mater, and a very agreeable writer upon natural history, makes a very sensible suggestion which may have some bearing on the question of the high price of meat in England, if carried the those should be a more

stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high. He says that only elephants can walk through it. The Doctor neglects to state whether he went through or went round it when he made the

STANLEY is coming. Look out for a new discovery. Unless he discovers the City of Baltimore, or the Sea Serpent, or that Horace Greeley has been elected President, or some-thing else during his trip across the Atlantic, he is expected to lecture in New York, next month, about the way he discovered Livingstone

In Arkansas a man was sentenced to be hang ed, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refused to build the scaffold. As the condemned man was himself a carpenter by trade, the sheriff tried to induce him to put up the gallows, but he stendfastly declared he'd be hanged if he

THE Roman Catholic clergy of Dublin have paid Mile. Tietjens a very just tribute to her services by singling in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by presenting her with an uddress written on vellum and illuminated in the highest style of

READY colored meerschaum pipes should be purchased with caution. It appears that noxious pigments are frequently employed to give the clay the desired hue. From these alise various stomachic and other complaints.

THE crowd who went out from San Francisco with baskets and shovels to scoop up diamonds and rubles in Arizona are rapidly returning, and their profane adjectives can be distinctly heard a considerable distance.

Poor Miss Ah-Sin-ii' there ever was or should be such a lady in China—could never be-come Mrs. Ab-Sin, for persons bearing the same surname are not permitted to marry each other in that country.

A CALIFORNIA paper says that during a recent earthquake in that State, a man made an involuntary exchange of his farm for a fish-SAPPHINE is the stone most used for be-

throthal rings in Eastern countries, its color being emblematic of faithfulness. A WOMAN in Jersey County, Ill., challenges

any man in the country to a ploughing match with her for \$100 a side. ROSA BONNEUR thinks of visiting the United States within a year.

## EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—The Presidential election on 5th inst. resulted in an overwhelming unjointy for Grant, who is, therefore, reclected for another term of four years.—The Mercury says that Mayor Hall has charges prepared to commonee suit against the proprietor and editor of the Times and Harper Bros.—In an interview with Grant at Washington.—In an interview with Grant at Washington and delivered 123 speeches.—The unvoiling of the Walter Scott Monument in Central Park, New York, took place on 2nd inst.—Intelligence is received from the Polar expedition that new and valuable explorations and discoveries have been made. It has been found that what were formerly regarded as separate islands in the Polar Sea, comprise one large area of land, abounding with birds, seal, and reindeer. A full report of all the discoveries will soon be given to the public.—Rafferty and Perlect, two Chicago murderers, have been awarded new trials. Grogoire Peri, another Chicago murderer, was refused a new trial, and will be executed December 26.—On 4th inst. four men were suffocated by gas in the new mineral well opened at Aven. Truck, and a man whose name is unknown.—She S. C. "Granada." just chartered to run from Boston to Charleston, undergoing repairs at Brooken, was burned almost to the water's edge on night HEITER STATES. -The Presidential election on 5th lionaire; and though warmly attached to his species in the plural, he has at last learnt to value it in the singular—his specie having become equally dear to him. It is not that he loves Cæsar less, but that he loves Rome more.' He admits the force of the old quotation, 'Haud Ignara mail miseris succurrere disco,' but he offers this new translation: 'Having so long suffered distross of his own, he has dearnt—though rather late—to feel for the necessities of the one who is most in want of assistance—namely, himself!"

Gillnore, of Jubilee memory, may be regarded as a "big gun" in musical circles; but it must not be supposed on that account that he is the first person who endeavoured to convert a cannon into a musical instrument. That honor belongs to Gulsoppe Sarti, an Italian, who

noted tretting borse, died from the horse disease in Boston.—On Friday night two freight trains collided on the Huntington and Broad Top Railrond. Conductor Bonser and three others were instantly killed, and another mortally injured.

Conductor Bonser and three others were instantly killed, and another mortally injured.

Canada.—A powerful steam whistle has just been put in operation on St. Paul'r Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The section of the Quobec Colonial Italiway bottween River du Loup and the bridge of Trois Pistoles will be opened for traffic on the Rth inst.—On dit that the ilon. Wm. McDougall will shortly re-enter the administration.—Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, of the Bureau of Agriculture, has issued the prospectus of a work which will prove a most important contribution to the historical literature of the country, viz.: The Description, History and Statistics of the Charitable, Benevolent and Educational Institutions of Canada; to be illustrated with numerous engravings, including portraits of historical and distinguished persons, views and plans of buildings, maps and descriptive tables.—The demand for coal causes much active speculation and development in the mines. In Cape Broton during the past week, operations have commenced on the Emery area of Sydney, and a shaft is being sunk 10 feet in the Ross seam, from which 20,000 tons will be raised before Christmas.—It is said that Mr. Archibald hap pressed the acceptance of his resignation as Governor of Manitoba on Sir John A. Macdonald being numiling to return to that Province, and it is rumoured to-night that his resignation has been accepted, and that the vacant office has been given to Orionel Wm Foster Coffin, of late years chief of the Ordnance Lands branch of the State Department at Ottawa. It is reported that the Government have decided on the removal of St. John's, Palace and Hope Gates, Quebec, and that the Government have decided on the removal of St. John's, Palace and Hope Gates, Quebec, and that the Government have decided on the removal of St. John's, Cates are to be levelled for a public park and placed under municipal control.—The Quebec Beard of Trade have represented to government the necessity for establishing weather signals at that port for the benefit of shirpp

Which may have some bearing on the question of the high price of meat in England, if carried out. He suggests that there should be a more of general breeding, catching, and cating of fish, and especially of cels. The last he declares to be exceedingly mutritions, and they can certainly be made very palatable food. He also suggests that the large tracts of pond water, especially in Norfolk, should be turned into nurseries for jack, perch, roach, carp, tench, bream, &c.

"The largest rose-tree in the world is said to distinct bearing anywards of 2,000 roses." We sound this item in a contemporary and give it for what it is worth. It may be "Wise," or it may be "otherwise." Every one is cutilled to his, or her, opinion on the subject; we think it looks "otherwise."

Particularly in the collection of the contesse de Bury" is M. Recorte, elifef clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Police on those of the "Viccomtesse de Bury" is M. Recorte, elifef clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Police. What will these wonderful Parisian policementry their hands at next?

The last Livingstone tells of grass in Africa which is over laif an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ton to twelve feet high. He says that only deplants can wank through it."

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Figure 1. The Livingstone tells of gr

the survivors have reached London in a fearfully emaciated condition.

France.—The preliminary examination of the case of Marshal Bazaine, who is to be tried by the Court Martial, for surrendering the fortifications and city of Metz during the late war, has been resumed.—The German Government will re-establish noxt year the connects general in Alsace and Lorraine, in the same form in which they existed under the French dominion.—Heart Rochfort has been permitted to come to Versaillos to marry the dying mother of hischildren, inother to legitimize his offspring. When the ceremony is concluded, he will return to prison.

The evacuation of the Department of the Upper Marne by the German troops, has been completed; that of the Department of Marne is slowly proceeding.—The Procureur Generalhas declared that Prince Napoleon cannot legally bring a suit in the Courts against the Minister of the Interior, as the Prince's expalsion from France was ordered by the Government over which the Assembly alone has jurisdiction. Prince Napoleon writes that he intends to persist in the prosecution of the case, notwithstanding the opinion of the 'Procureur General.—Thore was great enthusiasm in Rheims over the ovacuation of that city by the German troops. The buildings were decorated with French colors and flowers, and at night there was a general illumination.—The theatre was opened for the first time since the occupation of the oity, and the Marseillaise was performed by the orchestra in response to the calls from the audience.—France will pay to Germany this week 20,000,000 francs, and will continue to make similar instalments until the end of the year, so that on the lest. January only two milliaris of the war indemnity will remain unpaid.

childreds of the war indomnity will remain unpaid.

Spain.—Senor Balagner, Minister of Finance in Sagasta's Cabinet, demands a prompt meeting of the special committee of the Cortos on impeachment and the speedy trial of the charges against him and his colleagues.—The Republicans and advanced Radicals in the Cortes have resolved to push forward the impeachment proceedings, notwithstanding Senor Zorilla's advice to the contrary.—The Queen of Spain is enceinted.

The dinacial committee of the Lower House has approved of the mertgage and bank bills.—The divers and stokers on the railway between the Basque Provinces and Nazane, have struck work for higher wages.—In the Cortes a motion made by Senor Orenze for the suppression of lotterier, and another motion to reduce the number of Cabinet Ministers to five, were defeated. The proposition to abolish the tobacco monopoly was rejected.—The proposed new loan will be issued about the middle of December.—Armed Carlists have appeared on the frontier, near the town of Figueras. They stopped three diligences, turned the passengers out, and robbed and stripped them. Two persons were wounded, an English passenger and a postillion.

GEMANY.—A pamplete entitled "Away with the

wounded, an English passenger and a postillion.

GERMAN,—A pamphlet entitled "Away with the House of Peers" has appeared. Karl Blind is the author. Its publication and sale have in no way been interfered with by the authorities.—The Provincial Corresponders intimates that Government, while maintaining the basis of the Country Reform Bill, will ask the Lower House to agree to partial medifications. In the meantime measures will be taken to insure the adoption of the bill.—The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony was celebrated at Drosden on 4th inst. with imposing ceremonies. The occasion was made remarkable by the presence of the Emperer, Empress and Crown Prince of Germany, who thus gave proof of the complete restoration of good feeling between the German and Saxon Courts.

and Saxon Courts.

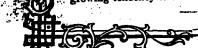
Demerara.—Accounts from Demorara says that the recent riotous conduct on the part of the coolies, resulted in the death of five of their number, and the wounding of six. The disturbance originated in Devonshire estate on the difficulty about wages. One coolie was arrosted, and when about to be tried his associates arrived with outlasses and cudgels, took possession of the estate, drove of blacks and throatened to kill the overseers. When the police arrived the coolies became very deliant, and finally attacked the officers, who fired upon them with the result stated. A detachment of troops was sent to the seene, but the coolies had returned to work and all was quiet.

ITALY.—The inundations along the banks of the Po continue. Mantua, which was threatened, has so far escaped.—The town of Palazzale, situated near the city of Bresia, in the Province of the latter name, was visited by a terrible hurricane on 6th inst. One-half of the buildings in the town were destroyed, and 32 persons killed by falling walls and timbers. One thousand families were made home-less.

Belgius.—On the 6th inst. ina mine at Maurburg, near Charteur, the lowering machinery gave way as againg of miners were descending to work. Twenty-one onen und hoys were precipitated soveral hundred feet to the bottom of the shaft, and all killed.

AUSTRIA. — Mr. Post, American Consul, has received under his protection 35 Jewish families, who fled from persecution in Wallachia. A subscription has been opened at the Consulate to enable them to emigrate to the United States.

China.—A despatch from Pekin announces that the Emperor of China was married on the 16th of October. There was no outside coronomy cher than a procession, which escorted the bride from her residence to the Imperial Palace. BOLIVIA.—The railroad which is to open up Bolivia, South America, in communication with the outer world by way of the Madesa river, is being rapidly pushed forward.



A NORTHLAND FAIRY TALK.

BY JOHN G. SAXM.

"Ho I ho I hal ha!—what is it I view?"
John Widde, the ploughman, cried,
As he hit his foot on a little glass shoe
That lay on the mountain-side:
"Some lay has last it, there's never a doubt,
And as I how lucky for me!
The owner will soon be roaming about
To find where his shoe may be.
And so," said John, "I'll carry it home.
That's just what I will do,
And he will pay me a pretty sum
Who buys this little glass shoe!"
And he spread the story far and near,
For many a mile around,
That the fairy folk might surely hear
Who the little glass shoe had found.
And soon to John a merchant came,
Who said he had heard the news;
And would the ploughman solt the same
To a dealer in little glass shoes?
And he offered John a pretty price
For the shoe that he had found;
But John roplied it was much too nice
To go for a hundred pound;
But John roplied it was much too nice
To go for a hundred pound;
Then the merchant offered a hundred more,
But the ploughman still said, "Nay;
The man who buys my shoe," he swore,
"Will dearly have to pay.
There's not so pretty a shoe on earth
To cover a lady's toes;
And then I happen to know its worth
Far better than you suppose.
The shoe is one of wondrous price,
(That nobody san deny.)
And yet, perchance, there's some device
May serve the shoe to buy.
If you are able to show me, now,
When I am ploughing my sleid.
That every farrow behind my plough
A shining duent may yield.
That every farrow behind my plough
A shining duent may yield.
That every farrow behind my plough
A shining duent heap?"
Why, then to you the shoe I'll give,
Else I will keep it myself,—
For an ornament, as long as I live.
To grace my mantel-shelf!"
And so it was the fairy bought
('Iwas he in a merchant's guise!)
Illis own glass shoe, and, quick as thought,
Away to his home he hies.
And off went John, with much delight.
As fast as he could go.
By trial to prove that very night
If the charm would work or mo.
And he found the fairy's word was true
As he promised in the trade:
For a shining death increased!
And sail he ploughed

Though good is gold, to have and hold. My story makes it clear Who solls himself for sordid polf, Has bought it much too dear!

## THE DISCARDED WIFE

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

Throughout the day Edward Jorrold remained at home, the inclemency of the weather forbid-ding any excursion to the village inn. He had made a promise of calling upon he Colonel dur-ing the course of the evening, but when the ap-pointed home drew near he felt not a little vexed to think that it should have cleared up sufficient-ter wellow of his grips.

ly to allow of his going.
He had been so comfortable at home, and Electron had been so much like her old self, though at times somewhat thoughtful and absent, but this he attributed to her ill health.

They had settled upon starting next day, and had already made almost all such arrangements as were necessary. Some few things, yet remained to be done, and Jerrold promised not to emain away very long,

"How long-will you be?" said Eleanor, care-

" Not more than an hour."

"That is too hurried a visit. Come, I shall give you two hours. Will that suffice?" "I shall be back long before its expiration."
"Oh, no, you must not do that. There is no occasion to hurry in the least."

She seemed very anxious apon this point, he fancied, when he came to think the matter over

At the time, however, he paid no particular attention to the circumstance Good-bye!" he said, laughingly, and kissed

" Good-bye!" she answored, with a smile And thus they parted, little drouming what horrible events would arise to separate them in

ne short hour. Edward Jerrold'strode rapidly along at a pace which would soon have brought him to the end of his journey, had not an event occurred which rought him to a sudden stand-still, and eventu ally altered the whole course of his future life.

It was a trival enough circumstance - no more than the going out of his eight.

The Captain was bent upon a smoke, and feit in his pocket for a fuzee with which to re-ignite his choice Havannah. Unluckily, no fuzeo could

he find, and afteralong search could discover no-thing more likely to answer his purpose than a solitary lucifor match, which lay neglected at the bottom of one of his pockets.

There was a good deal of wind, and to light his cigar would be a matter of no little difficul-

ty. He saw a spot, however, at a few yards' distance, where a clump of trees would afford him the necessary shelter. From this snot he could command a view his house, and the moon was shining so brightly that he could see the garden gate and the read before it almost as plainly as though it had been

As he looked towards it the gate opened, and

the figure of his wife came forth, and began rapidly to ascend the hill.

For a moment he stared in blank astonish ment, scarcely crediting his senses.

But there could be no mistake. Whither was she bound?

What new mystery was this? At any risk he was determined to unravel it.

A prey to many conflicting emotions, he fol-lowed rapidly in pursuit.

He hurried on, for she had already disappeared from his sight.

He supposed, however, that she must be going cut across the fields to meet her at a certain

way, and scrambled through the hedges until he came to one that was very high and thick.

Upon the other side of this lay the common footpath, and here he heard two voices, one his

He could not hear what she said, but he could hear a man's voice, pleading passionately, and he had no difficulty in recognizing Percy Hard-

With an exclamation of rage he sprang forward, thinking to force his way through the

In this attempt, however, he falled, and missing his foot, felliheavily to the ground, stunning himself by the fall.

When he came to himself he was alone, the spot was deserted, and he staggered to his feet and made his way towards his home.

But should draw waste from the plant where

But about a dozen yards from the place where he had fellen something lay stretched across the

He trembled violently as he approached, scarcely during to think.

It was the body of a man. The moon shone full upon his face. It was Percy Hardwicke.

He was quite dead. It did not require the dag-ger wound upon his breast to tell that, for the eyes were fixed and glazed. The wretched husband raised no cry, but sing-

It was late at night when she entered the streets of the great metropolis; the cold wind whistled round the street corners, catching the umbrellas of the unweary, and playing such antics with them as somewhat astonished their owners. The rain fell quick and straight—not in the flood of a passing storm, but in the persis-tent pour which announces for itself that it will

continue long.

The streets were well-nigh described by periestrians; the prevenient shore wet and slopperfections; the precedent shore wet and stop-py in the flickering gaslight; the shops were closed, with the exceptions of some late suppor-rooms, and a few gaudy, flaring gin-palaces, from which came forth, ever and anon, the sounds of drunken, revolting revelry. Eleanor gathered her showl tightly round her, and quickened her step as she pussed such

places. Whither she should go she knew not. Where could she hope to find a shelter?

She had indignantly refused the offer of money from her husband, and had with her but the scanty stock of gold which had chanced to be in her purse at the time she left home—that home which from hepeforth, she dured not home which, from benceforth, she dared not call by that name.

She dared not enter the portals of the huge hotels she passed, for she knew that, friendless, nameless, and almost penniless, they would re-fuse her shelter. From those of an interior order

" Haven't you any friends ?"
" None."
"Ain't you a home ?

"I had, but it is mine no longer," she answered, and the sobs which had been so long restrained broke forth.

Now, the policeman was not a native of Lon-Now, the joinceman was not a native of London, indeed, he had only lately been transplanted to the metropolis, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he showed no inclination to bully the poor homeless one who stood weeping before him. He had a vague idea that somebody ought to be taken up, but he felt he was on de-licate ground, and stared hard at the chimney pots, as if seeking inspiration from them as to the course he should pursue,

• Where am I to go ?" asked Eleanor appeal-

ingly.
"Ah!" replied the policeman, "that's the

and, consequently, when the beautiful eyes of Eleanor Jereold rested upon him, and he not the perfect regular features of the househoss wanderer, he saw he had been mistaken.

"You mustn't be standing about here, you know," said he, hough in a much more respectful tone than that he had previously used.

"What am I to do? Where am I to go?" saked Eleanor despatringly.

"Haven't you any fetantian.

Then the kind-hearred little woman bustled about to get breakfast ready; and then, having prepared a substantial meal, she sat down by the fire, and as she took her hair out of papers, statled with satisfaction at the rapid improve-ment in her visitor's appearance, the while she speculated vaguely as to who and what she

CHAPTER XVII.

MIG. SERBOR MAKES, HAMSBUR PROCEEDING DISAGREEABLE,

It took Eleanor the whole of the day and the succeeding hight to recover from the effects of the hight she had spent in the streets, and even when her bodily health was re established, the dull aching pain in her heart told that the men-tal anguish was still great. As som as Eleanor could bring her senses to

bear upon the present, she began to cast about in her mind for means by which to live. Her whole wealth consisted of but a few

pounds. What was she to do? Where was she to live?

In her disquietude, she opened her thoughts to the policeman's wife, who, in reply, blushed, stanumered, and imally, with many apologies, stated there was a small turnished room in that very house to be let. Having stated this much, she drew back frightened, to see what effect the announcement would have upon the lady.

amounteement would have upon the kely.

Liestner graspe test at caserly.

Discarded by her bushand, turned away from
her home, and accused of two beinons crimes,
where could she obtain shelter.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of
the joy which filled her heart on hearing that,
she might obtain a lodging in the same house
with the good-hearted policeman's wife.

The arrangements were soon mode, and Liea
nor took up her abode in a small room on the
third floor in Little Fitting Street.

On making on examination of her stock of
money Eleanor derrole homet is lead council.

money, Eleanor derrole found she had enough to live upon for ten days or a formight, and eatculated that the sale of the few trinkers she had with her would, after her gold was gone, apport her for about the same length of time. But after that what was she to do.

She had never calculated upon having to work for her llying, and though she was by no means unacquainted with lady-like accomplishments, she doubted her own ability to justruet others.

Besides, what employment could she hope to obtain without character or references? She was cast upon the wide world pennites and friendless, to seek her livelihood in what way

After much hesitation, she determined to invest a portion of her slender stock of money in the purchase of some water colours, hoping that she might turn the artistic falent she possessed

to some advantage.
For several days she remained in her shabby, meagrely furnished room, painting as long as daylight served her. At the end of that time, having completed several little sketches, with

heating learn, she domed her out-loor apparel, and started in quest of purchasers.

Timidity she entered one of the great London print-shops, and, with trembling hands, offered her paintings for sale.

A somewhat surly negative sent, her sorrowful from the shop

A somewhat surry negative semi-net some ful from the shop.
It was the stime wherever she tried. Some would not look at the pletures, others declined to treat with her, the majority criticised them

severely, and laughed at her sorry attempts.

One dealer alone purchased of her. He selected the hest of the sketches, and paid her a price which barely covered the expense of the paper on which it was painted. Tired, sad, and dejected Eleanor returned to

Little Fittup Street, conscious that the time and money she had spout upon these sketches had been thrown away, and that she must look in some other direction for means, whereby to

earn a fiving.
1. A 97, and his good-hearted wife condoled with
ther most sincerely, and declared that the pigtures in question were perfect masterpleees, and urged her to try again, but Eleanor was cons-cious of her own deficiencies in art, and knew that the severe criticism she had heard The policeman supported her, feeling himself the while in a very awkward position, but what could he do? He could not suffer her to lie senseless in the cold, wet streets.

While he still endeavoured to make up his mind as to the course it would be best for him to surge to the course of the course it would be best for him to surge to

Eleanor was a good hand at plain meellework and by the advice of the policeman, she determined to try on the morrow whether she could obtain employment in that line of busines

A 97, wrote down for her a list of the better lass of milliners and mantan makers, and Elembor retired to rest with some little hope still left within her breast, Early the next morning she was afoot.

From shop to shop she went, but always with the like ill-success, till her limbs trembled beneath her, and her heart ached with despair. The last name upon the list was that of Madame Mantilla.

Now everybody knows that Madame Mantilla's shop is about haif-way down Babylon Street, and is one of the most fishionable of its kind. Every afternoon during the season a long line of carriages is drawn up in Babylon Street, waiting for their mir occupants, who are busy choosing silks, and selecting laces in Ma-

dame Mantilla's show rooms.

As Elemor had left this till the last, it was late in the afternoon before she arrived at the

The crowd of plump-legged footmen, waiting at the door for their mistresses, honoured Elec nor with prolonged, impudent stares, as, with downcast eyes, and fattering mien, she entered the handsome carpeted shop of Madama Man.

Here, at last fortune invoured her. The Duchess of Seven Dials had given a large order, on the distinct understanding that sin-things she required were to be ready on a par-ticular day; but Madame Mautilla had been pressed and hurried, and there appeared to be every chance of her disappointing one of her order, on the distinct understanding that the

Eleanor arrived just in the nick of time; and, after a few inquiries, was entrusted with a large piece of silk and some patterns, with which she was despatched home, with strict injunctions to make what speed she could, the reward of more work being held out to her if the required

articles were completed in time. Hor heart gave a great loap of joy when she found there was a change of obtaining permanent employ, and she felt for a moment a near approach to happiness.

Had she only looked through one of the mag-nificent plate-glass windows of Madame Man-tilla's shop to the opposite side of the road, all



DESPAIRING THOUGHTS.

diately in London.

I have a chaise at the door," said the man "How long will you be?"
"Not a moment," replied the Captain.
Then he rang the bell for the servant.
"Where is your mistress?" he said.

"She was sent for, sir, by a person called Martha." When she returns gave her this letter."

Then taking a piece of paper, he wrote upon

"I know all, God forgive you."

The night mail bore him away upon his journey-never to return. Next day he was at sea, having taken the place of another captain at the last moment.

In the meanwhile, the body of the murdered man was found in the fields, and a luc and cry was raised, but no light thrown upon the perpotrator of the deed.

Upon the night the corpse was discovered the fire at the smithy burnt very brightly.
Inside Jabez Rourko crouched over the flame,
busily burning the evidences of his crime.

A month afterwards, and Eleanor had fled from the village, leaving no trace of her flight,
Whon she was wandering, ponniless and
homeless, in London streets, Edward Jerrold, one night, at sea, chanced to find in his coatworn and crumpled letter, for the pe session of which, at first, he could not possibly

Presently, however, he recollected that it was the one which he had picked up from the floor the first night of his return home.

He opened it, and read :-

"DEAR ELEANOR .know I have been a drag upon you as it is, and a disgrace upon all that are connected with me. But what am I to do? I have no means of earning an honest livelihood. Whom am I to look to, if it is not you, who are my own sister? You say you have helped me all you can, but I hope you will make an effort to give me something to set me up. What makes you persist in keeping my existence a secret from our bushand I cannot think. I am sure he would forgive you for having deceived him, though I am a returned convict. Besides, when you married him, there was plenty of excuse for you not telling him such an ugly piece of family history as your having a brother who had been transported for forgery. Luckily he is at sen now, and not expected back, so if you get me the money I can clear out before he comes."

This letter bore no signature, but Jerrold easily understood that it had been written by the mar calling himself Slider.

For a few moments he sat with his face buried in his hands, sobbing convulsively.
"Poor Eleanor!" he cried at last; " why did you not tell meall? And was this all the mys

But then a horrid thought occurred to him. Had Percy Hardwicke become possessed of this secret, and threatened betrayal, and had sbe slain him ?"

Oh, if he were only on shore to clear up what was now so dark and dreadful to reflect But a dreary waste of water lay betwixt him

CHAPTER XVI.

The misery and wretchedness of spirit which weighed down the heart of Elemor Jerrold was He jumped over the fences which stood in his not lessened on her arrival in London.

A NIGHT IN THE STREETS.

The servant met him at the door, to say that a messenger was waiting for him — a special messenger from the owners of his ship.

Concealing his agitation, he prepared himself for the interview. The man had come to say that the Capualn's presence was required lumies distributed and the company of the control of the capualn's presence was required lumies.

More than once, weary, footstore, and broken spirited, she paused before a door wherea light proclaimed that the immates of the house had not retired to rest.

Paused, reflecting as to what plausible story she could tell to account for her presence there; but the rude jest of a passer-by, the inquisitive glance of a policeman, or the dread of a repulse, drove her again to wander on in the cold wind and rain, till at last her aching limbs refused to support her, and she sank down upon a door-step, where a friendly porch partially sheltered her from the wet, and leaning forward, ground

aloud in the agony of her spirit. What had she done to deserve this? She knew her husband's suspicions were

groundless, yet she could not prove it.

He had discarded her! What was she now?--who was she now? Even the name by which she had been known

vas no longer hers The present was bad enough, but what would the future be? She strove to pleree the gloom and horror of the life which lay before her, but it was beyond her power to do so. The fulnt glimmering of it, the foretaste which she now experienced was to her so dreadful that she dared

not anticipate a life of dreariness and want. Unconsciously, she sank into an uneasy, fiful slumber as, seated on the wet doorstep, she indulged in gloomy thought. Luckly for her, the rain kept away the police, and the poor houseless wanderer slumbered on till the first strenk of gray light above the housetops announced the

dvent of another day, Cold, iniserable, wet, and shivering, she staggered to her feet. She had strayed into one of the numerous offshoots of the Strand, which run at right-angles to that thoroughfare and the

Neither knowing nor earing whither she went. Eleanor, who but a few hours since had been the mistress of a comfortable home, strolled in the carly morning down to the end of the street ind leaning over the railings, watched the murky Thames flowingbeneath.

a spectral air to the huge queerly-shaped barges moored at a little distance from the shore. The turbid waters lapped lazily against the wharves, with a dull monotonous sound. All was dull and lonely. As she stood there witching, the demonstood by her elbow. Was it not in her power to release herself for ever from the

wretchedness of life. One plunge, a slight strug-gle, a last scream of despuir, and it would be over! She was without hope, and death alone offered her a release from her sufferings. What she might have done had she been left to herself is uncertain, for while yet she mediated, a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder,

Eleanor turned and confronted an individual wearing a shiny oilskin hat and cape, and having a striped band encircling his wrist.

What was you a-doing there, young wo-

6 What was you adding there?" he repeated. Eleanor, taken by surprise, stammered forth an almost unlatelligible answer. "It wou't do, you know," continued the police

man. "Unless you can give some account of yourself, I shall have to lock you up." Eleanor heard the words but failed to com prehend their meaning; she pressed her hand to her aching brow, and pushed back the lux-uriant masses of hair which, unintended, had escaped from beneath her bonnet, and stared

vacantly at her questioner.

It was now the turn of the policemen to be surprised. He had no doubted but that the face

question," so saying he rubbed his chin reflectively. "There's Mother Drake's, just across the Strand, but you an't one of her sort, nor she yours. You see, there ain't a many places open at this time in the morning. There's the Bell and Cabbage,' where the market gardeners go; but I don't suppose you'd like that?"

"No, no," said Eleanor, shuddering at the thought of mixing with rough carters and for-6 Well, then, I don't know exactly what you'd

. Is there no place where I can obtain food and rest?" asked Eleanor, pitcously,
"Not as I'm aware of, lestways, no such
place as is ilt for the likes of you."

Eleanor opened her lips as if to speak, but the

words remained unattered. An ashy pallor overspread her face, she staggered, and would have fallen, but that the policeman enoight her in his arms. The want of rest and proper nonrishment, added to the intense excitement to which she had been subjected, had at last overcome her

The policeman supported her, feeling himself

pursue, Eleanor opened her eyes, and showed signs of returning consciousne Then, it was, that policeman A 97 formed a

desporate resolve. "Are you better now ?" he asked. "Come. then, fill take you somewhere where you'll get food and rest. Poor thing, you want it bud enough - follow me - I'd offer you my arm. but it ain't considered correct when one's or

Eleanor followed her guide mechanically, she never cared to ask whither he was leading She trusted him implicity, and followed close crossed it, and, entered into the network of small treets in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Wretched and squalld was the neighbourhood

through which they passed; but after a while, they entered a street, which, though poor and A thick mist rose from the river and imparted shabby in its appearance, looked more clean and respectable than the majority of those through which they had made their way.

"Here we are," said the policeman, speaking in a joylal tone, as he paused before the smallest house in the street, and knocked gently at the

It was opened after a short delay by a merry. rosy-faced little woman, whose hair in papers, and whose dress hanging limp and loose, sug-

"Tom! Why, what's brought you home at this time? and, lawk a mercy, what horse you got with you?" Throughout the walk, Eleanor had not said a

gested a hurrled toilet.

own sex assured her.

"Have pity on me," she cried. "I am wet and weary. Let me rest by the fire, and give me something to eat. I have but little money, but I can pay you. Oh, have pity on me," and

she burst into a fit of hysterical tears. In the meautine, the worthy policeman known to his wife as Ton, and to the world at large as A 97, whispered into the ear of his better half a short account of his meeting with Eleanor Jorrold, at the same time stating opinion that she was a real lady, and that unless she obtained some shelter, she would die in

His wife's good-natured face did not belie her nature, and long ere her husband had finished his narration, she had led Eleanor into a clean, frugally furnished kitchen, where a blazing fire lent a cheery glow to the apartment.





lamp.post, chewing a piece of straw reflectively, was a dirty, disreputable-looking vagabond, whose long matted hair was surmounted by an old, greasy, battered white hat, cocked at a old, greasy, battered white hat, cocked at a she was a piain little middle-aged woman, constituted and a constant and a correct white hat cocked at a cocked at

come."

Every now and then the disreputable lounger raised his eyes inquiringly to Madame Mantilla's shop; but it was not till Elemor left the portal that he shifted his position.

No sooner, however, had she started with the builde of silk in her hand than he left his post and followed her step by step down Babylon "Bless my heart, you don't know?" You can stream

As lawr as she continued in the great theroughare he kept well behind her; but no senere did fully, and whispereda question in the ear of one she turn into a narrow, unfrequented street than he quickened his pace, overtook her, and laid i his hand on her shoulder.

She turned quickly round, and in her surprise

let full the bundle which she carried.

"You here?" she cried. "How did you find

"By chance, my pretty one. You may fairly how cut up I was on finding the goose that laid me such beautiful golden eggs had flown away; and if you can fancy that, you may imagine the pleasure it was to me to discover my bird in habylon Street this afternoon."

"What is it you want?" asked Eleanor with

a shudder.

- " Money."
  " I have none."
- " Nonsense!" "It is the fact."

"Leave it alone. It is not mine."
"Come, come. Eleanor! You wouldn't be going into a crack shop like Mrs. Mantilla's and coming out with a large parcel unless you had plenty of money. Don't try to gammon me!"
And Mr. Slider spoke as if he were being hadly most

used.

Eleanor told him her story; how she was struggling to earn a llying; told him that she had but a few shillings left, and that, but for the employment she had obtained from Madame Mantilla, she might have starved.

summons; indeed, not till it had been twice repeated, did she start from her reverie.

"Mrs Vane," said the old lady, "I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"With pleasure," said Eleanor, gracefully includes the might have starved.

Slider, however, was not particularly interest-

6 But you say you have a little money left ?" said Stider, his countenance brightening up as Very little."

He mechanically stretched out his palm towards Eleanor.

"You would not take my last sixpence, sure

ly ?" she asked. For that matter, Mr. Slider would have had no companetion in taking the last sixpence from anybody, but he thought it more prudent to hide this sentiment.

"You have work, and can earn more," he said, in a whining tone.
Without another word, Eleanor emptied the

contents of her slender purse into his hand.
For some moments he walked by her side in

"Where do you live?" he asked, abruptly. Eleanor hesitated, debating in her own mind whether she should acquaint him with her presen: address; but he settled the point by saying sen; address; but he settled the point of saying,
"Oh, you don't remember the name of the
street, perhaps. Well, as I'm an idle man about
town, I'll walk with you, and then there can't
be any mistake. Will you take my arm?"
Eleanor shrunk away from him, but he con-

tinued to walk by her side till she entered Little Fittup Street. Then she turned, and spoke to

"It is well," said she, bitterly, "that you should see to what I am reduced. This is where I live. You may judge whether it is likely that I am in a position now to supply you with mo-ney. I have done much for you—have suffered much for you—and have never received a word of thanks. Remember, you have now received the last farthing from me that you will ever re-ceive. bo not expect help from me; do not speak to me. If you had a particle of noble, manly feeling left in you, you could not have acted as you have done. But all the past is for-given; but, for the future, we must be as strangers to each other."

Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, Before the astounded Slider had time to reply, needle, and I date say, if the truth were known, you could play some musical instrument?"

door. For about half an hour he remained outside,

uncertain hov

At the end of that time the door again opened, and Silder stepped forward to accost Elemor; but it was not she who emerged from the house.

Now Mr. Slider had a wholesome drend of nollcomen; and no sooner did he see who it was than he (to borrow a word from our American neighbours) "skedaddled; and the recollection of that gentleman in blue did more to keep him away from the neighbourhood of Little Fittup Street than the words of Eleanor Jerrold.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH BEFELL ELEANOR

JERROLD. Eleanor, after getting rid of her persecutor, made her way to her own room, only stopping for a moment on her way to tell the police-man's wife of her good fortune in having ob-

tained some work. In the quiet of her own apartment she set to work resolutely upon the silk; but after all found to her hand it was but slow work. She found to her man A was but sow work. The had never before had to race with her needle against time for a living; and it soon became apparent to her that it would be almost impos-

which depended her future employment. Gradually daylight wanted, but Eleanor only paused for a moment to light a candle, and then resumed her needle.

resumed her beene.
Evening passed, and night came; but still the busy hands moved hither and thither over the smooth silk, and still the lustrous eyes followed the pattern with ease.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the policeman's wife knocked at Eleanor's door, but received no

After a pause, she entered the room.

After a paner, she entered at room.

There, sented in a chair, but worn out with fulgue, was Eleanor Jerrold. In her hand she held the work which she had finished triumplantly, but her strength had been exhausted, and even before she was able to put it away,

sleep had overtaken her.

The little woman withdrew noiselessly, but it was not long before Elennor awoke, and ten o'cheek saw her on her way to Babylon Street. carrying the work completed, neatly wrapped

under her arm. Babylon Street being an aristocratic thoroughfare, does not commence business till inte in the

her joy and hopes for the future would have day, and as Eleanor walked along the pavement, een blighted.

And why? Only because leaning against a there at ten in the morning and three in the afshe could not but notice the contrast presented there at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon.

His wife put up with it all, went about with

wonderful angle over his left eur.

Eleanor did not look from the window: but yet there the figure stood in that persistent sort attitude which seems to say, "I'm waiting prejudiced one against her, but for the merry,

o Bless my heart, you don't know? You can find out. I suppose "The attendant shook her yellow curls disdain-

of her renows.
"She is a Mrs. Vane."
Eleanor, not wishing to be traced, had given this, her mother's maiden name, on being asked.

" Mrs. Vane—ch?"
" Yes, my lady."
" What brings her here?"

o she has brought back some work with which she was cutrusted." " Let me see it."

" It is not for sale, my lady, it has been done · Did I say it was for sale? Let me see it!"

Elemor's work was handed to the old lady, who examined it very closely.
"It's good—very good!" she said. "But she's

no more a regular needlewoman than I am. "What makes you think that, my lady?"
"What regular needlewoman would have taken all this trouble. How long has she been

eare which. What have you got in that par-

hady."

"Then it's a crying shame; she must have been working at it all through the night—

Eleanor was, as yet, so little accustomed to her new name, that she falled to reply to this summons; indeed, not till it had been twice

clining her head.
"Not here—not here! Come to my house

Sider, however, was not particularly interested in the narration.

His countenance fell when he discovered that he must no longer look upon Eleanor as an unfalling source for money. As to his own share in the matter, he thought nothing of it.

6 But you say you have a little money left "

Eleanor took the card, and her ladyship left is shown that we have a little money left "

Eleanor took the card, and her ladyship left show above more of the ladyship left is shown that th

the shop, entered a plain, but well-appointed brougham, and was driven off at a rapid pace. With a vague feeling of hope that good might

come out of the chance acquaintance ship, Eleanor roturned to Little Fittup Street. The next day she went to Park Lane at the appointed time, and was shown into a hundsomely-furnished room, there to await the coming of Lady Joyce. She had not long to wait.

"Mrs. Vane," said her ladyship, on entering,
"I'm glad to see you're punctual—sit down."
She did as she was told in silence.
"Mrs. Vane, have you any objection to tell you they down they are the are they are the they are the they are the they are they are

me the story of your life?"

Eleanor had a very great objection, and stammored and stuttered painfully in trying to find

some courteous reason for refusing the request.
"You would rather not. I thought so, My only object in asking was, that my suspicious might be confirmed."

"Your suspicions, my lady?"
"Yes—do not be alarmed! I do not seek to

pry into family matters." Can I be of any service to your ladyship?

"In what way ?" " I want a companion .- will you take the si tuation? I think it is a tolerably good one, for I have been pestered with applicants, but their vapours and fine airs disgusted me. You took my fancy the moment I saw you."
"But your ladyship knows nothing of me—of

my character-of my antecedents. "I will run every chance of that. You have a pretty face, and an honest one."

"But I know nothing of the duties I should be expected to perform?"

"Bless the child! you can talk, can't you?"

'Yes, my lady!'

" Read aloud !

to buts. Pra not mad, though my kind friends and relations say I am. I only speak what I think, and that is quite enough to stamp me as a lunatic."

"Then my lady, I am to understand-"You're to understand exactly what I tell you, that I want a companion, and you're to take the situation. Where have you been liv-

" Little Fittup Street, my lady."

"What number?"
"Sixty-four."

"Well then, you go home, now, pack up your things, and be ready when I call for you, at five o'clock."

Eleanor bowed her head, and left the room, completely bewildered.

Lady Joyce had made such a sudden attack upon her, that she had had no time to reflect. Now that she came to think the matter over quietly, she was not altogether so well pleased as she might have been.

She had never been accustomed to fill a subordinate position, and she doubted whether she would be able to get on with Lady Joyce; but after all, it would be better than working night and day for Madam Mantilla. Eleanor returned to Little Fittup Street, and

related her good fortune to her first London friend-the policeman's wife-und she nacked up the very few articles she possessed, and waited patiently till the well-appointed brougham of Lady Joyce dashed up to the door, bringing all the inhabitants of the street to their

windows to stare at it.

A heavy, ponderous footman descended, and knocked so long and so loud, that the door was opened while he still held the knocker, by which means he very nearly measured his sublime length in the little passage.

Eleanor came out and got into the brougham, the footman mounted to his perch, f.ady. Joyce gave the direction, "home," the horses' heads were turned westwards, and Eleanor and he patron were driven rapidly through the crowded treet in the direction of Park Lane.

Having seen our herolue on her way to her new home, it would be us will to give a short account of the eccentric lady, who had taken so great a fancy to her.

Lady Joyce was the widow of an officer, who

India, from which place be returned with half a

him most dutifully to Bath and Cheltenham, and finally, when he died—leaving goodness only knows how many lacs of rupees—gave him as handsome a funeral as money could procure, and wore the deepest mourning for a whole treals and the second second

twelvemonth.

At the end of that time, however, she came out again into the world, and without mixing in its more uproarious gaieties, managed to lead a very comfortable and pleasant life.

very comfortable and pleasant life.

Of course, she had many opportunities of again changing her name, (what lady with untold wealth, would not?) but she declined to avail herself of any of the offers she received.

Such was Lady Joyce's history.

Fleanor entered the magnificent house in Park Lane by her side, and was at once shown to a comfortable room, handsomely furnished, which, she was told was henceforth to be hers; and there, while waiting for the dinner bell to ring, she seated herself in a luxurious easy chair and allowed her thoughts free course

Though her husband had treated her badly, she was forced to confess that her conduct was suspicious.

How could she ever hope to clear herself in

At dinner Eleanor was perfectly astounded by the quantity of plate displayed on the side-"Do you keep all that valuable property in

the house, Lady Joyce?" sheasked.
"Yes, child. Why not?"
"I should be so afraid of its being stolen."

"Oh, no. The butler locks it up every night." Then the conversation dropped, and the sublect was forgotten, but the words were to be subsequently recalled as proofs of crime against the unfortunate Eleanor Jerrold.

(To be continued.)

AT EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leadless tree. The rod sun sets in the west: I think that like two brown birds are we. Left last in the empty nest.

All the young ones are afar and away, Each sings with his chosen mate: Twilight is closing our lightstome day. Though the crimson dust lasts late.

Tis a trembling step comes down the path You could east so lightly tread: Changed is our thought of the grave old earth That is keeping in trust our dead.

Oh, comely face, that I knew so fair ! Soft cheeks, that I knew so har resoft cheeks, that are sunken now. I love the gray in your faded hair.

The lines on your thoughtful brow.

The past grows a book to understand. The future has gifts to bring,
As I sit by the fire and hold your hand,
And finger the worn gold ring.

My own true wife, who is dearer now For all that the years resign— For the timid love, for the spoken vow. For the home that was yours and mine;

For hopes we shared, and for tears we shed. For comfort in days o'oreast; For the trust that we hold to meet our dead When the shades of life are past. Griefs that are over left us a gift, They lit as a lamp of light; Soon shall God's sunshine clear through the lift. And there shall be no more night.

Close to my side, doar wife that I love, With your thin band fast in mine; So will we wait for the light above, Till the morning star shall shine.

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# IN AFTER-YEARS:

## FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

# BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Yes, my lady!"
"Well, I know you can work with your est De Vere's love? no, not for an hour. Did Lord Cranstoun cease to think of Ern-

seen her had to him become sacred ground, "There, I said so!" replied Lady Joyce, tri- where somehow he funcied he would one day mphantly,—" you'll do well enough!" see her again.

Stair, and nonsonse, my dear, I never listen he had marked it well, a silk mercer's shop on buts. I'm not mad, though my kind friends one side, on the other a bookseller s. He bethought him of a book he wanted-

It was given him by a clerk and while he took money from his purse to pay for it, the master of the shop shewed him some drawings he was sending away.
"Are they not beautifully done?" Lord Cranstoun's heart beat high, he knew

the design, a Calie lily and scarlet geranium, with its green and brown leaf, the free sketch, the touch, he could not be mistaken. "Where did you get that drawing?" As he asked the question he put his card on the

counter.
The bookseller lifted the card and read,

Lord Cranstonn. "It was painted for me by young lady who gives me all her work." " Does she live in London?"

"No, not now."

vater ?"

"Do you know her name?" "Yes, my Lord, Miss Furgularson,"

The name fell like death upon his heart; he looked on the drawing again; impossible, he could not be mistaken. "Have you any others done by the same artist ?"

A bunch of purple lilacs with golden laburnums, the back ground an old wall, was put into his hands, it was his own design! " Are these for sale?"

"No, my Lord, when the artist is known I can get any price I please to ask for these, I sold several by the same artist, I am sorry now

that I have done so." "I wish to have all you have got, I will give any price you please to ask."
"Where shall I send them my Lord, to Bays-

"Yes, will you give me the address of the artist ?" The man demurred saying he did not know if the young lady would like him to do so, she evidently belonged to the upper class of society; he would offer any drawings he might re-

shewing them to another.

"You mistake, it is not the drawings, it is the artist and her family I wish to find out; if on knighted on account of his services in I fam right and these drawings have been paint- a shadow on lip or brow-

ceive from her in future to his Lordship before

ed by the one I believe them to be, she lives with a sister whose husband was for many years supposed to be dead; he returned home last spring, found his family had removed from their old home, and he has been unable to trace them since."

"The young lady lives in Eaton Sutton, my

Lord."

Thank you, good morning." Next morning a stranger arrived in Eaton Sutton by the mail coach.

61)0 you know a lady of the name of Far-quharson who lives here?" said he to the landlord of the Star and Garter, where the mail stopped.

"Yes, a widow lady with a son and daughter?" "No, those I seek are two sisters."

"There are no such people in Eaton Sutton, I know every one in the village. Miss Farquharson the daughter is often here, about every month she sends a parcel to London, and she often receives parcels; look there, the lady with the little boy is Mrs. Farquharson, and the boy is her son."

Lord Cranstoun felt sick at heart,

"Wont you have breakfast, sir?

He drank a cup of tea, but the disappointment was too great, it made him feel as if he would never desire to cut ugain." "I will go and see the young lady at all events," soliloquized he, "it will do no harm to tell her I admire her drawings, perhaps it may do good, I shall tell her what I paid for

those I bought yesterday."

He walked to the door, "Will you direct me

to Mrs. Farquh rson's house?" "Yes, sir, straight down the street, a large white cottage with a garden in front and holly hedge; it is the only one in the street

with a holly hedge." The cottage was soon found with its white painted walls, its green holly hedge gay with scarlet berries, the calm morning sunshine ly-

ing over all. The cottage door was open, Margaret had left it so when she came in after seeing her sister and Willie go down the street half an hour ago, the air was so sweet she thought it a

pity to shut it out. Lord Cranstoun tapped, no answer; he tapped again a second time no answer; he stepped into the little hall and tapped at the room door, this time gently, no answer again,—he pushed less until they met and formed a con the door very slightly, it opened;—within ten circle, the whole blazing in the cottage feet of where he stood sat his lost love bending reflecting shining green leaf and scarlet and they have no the wall over a table easel, her back towards him, her face reflected in a mirror placed between windows; a hand was placed on her shoulder.

Margaret, dear Margaret!" The touch on her shoulder, the voice that called her by her name, recalled Margaret from a day dream of youth and home, and Ernest De Vere,—she could scarce believe her sense of feeling or hearing—could it be—yes, he was there, beside her—touching her cheek, her hands clusped in both of his—he was talking so clearly, yet so fast telling her that this was the moment he had thought of every day for the last ten years, it was for this, to be near her, to be able once again to ask her to be his wife that he had borne cheerfully all the long ten years of exile; it was this that nerved his arm in the battle-field, that gave him patience in the forced marches over the parched sand under a burning sun; this that instilled new vigor and courage to press through the Indian Jungle, where on every side he was beset by fear of the lurking rebol Sepoy or savage animal; the life of search and wandering he had spent since his return home, since the day when the vision of beauty seen for a passing moment met his glid eyes in her upturn d face; and now he had come to claim her as his

Margaret, poor Margaret; it was very sweet for her starved heart to hear all this, and to know that she had never been forgotten for a single hour; how gladly would she have died enfolded thus listening to all those precious words, ere the heart pains came which must come; the bitter wind and sleet which she herself must bring down to kill all her red roses; how handsome he looked in his manhood, and how strong and good and true each word he how strong and good and true each word he spoke; she must tell him all, nought else would avail, but only this, confirmed by the reassur-ance that no Angel's promise of the longest, most blessed, most loving life earth ever saw,

The part of Regent Street where he had last could turn her from her purpose.

She knew by the love she herselffelt,—which fingers told her she could sacrifice all for him—that her love they're all well and doing well, and I'm going There was the very door step she stood on, in comparison to his, with his strong manhood back again to bide a month when I can; but have laid down this sternduty, dashed it in the the coach, him and Lady Hamilton, and they're sea and let the waves cover it; buried it deep, waiting at the Star and Garter for me to come sea and let the waves cover it; buried it deep, deep in frozen Greenland with the snows of a and tell you for fear it will startle the Mistress thousand years above it; she had never been so | too much; there's a heap o' mair news 'at ye'll tempted before She well remembered what she felt when they parted in Lord Thrarnhill's conservatory; how hard it had been then, when she had never experienced the hopeless longing, the hungry heart which the more she wished to still it, craved with restless beating for what must not be; and now that she had passed through all this—she must rise out of in atmosphere filled with sweetness and perfume, her feet pressing the fresh primrose and the rose-tipped daisies, overhead the balm trees of Gilend, and of her own will wrap around her a gray misty shroud, and lie down in a

cold, dark rocky grave. She released her hands from the foud clasp which held them, and taking from her pocket book the newspaper paragraph, which for the past five years she had kept there, said with a

clear firm voice. "What you wish is impossible, I bear a name which would bring contempt and disgrace upon yours; I love you as I always done, but it is impossible I should ever be your bride; were I weak or wicked enough to consent to bring disgrace on your young life, there is no punishment which our Great Father permits the evil One to inflict, which would be too bad for me."

she stopped, and placing the newspaper paragraph in his hand, waited with clasped hands and hopoless heart to watch the effect its perusal would produce.

Nothing could alter her resolution, it was fixed as the laws of the Meds and Persians she could never be Ernest De Vere's wife but she fancied that while he read that fatal paper she could see in his face the feelings with which he would think of her when the course of their lives were parted; his, to ascend the sunny flower-clad uplands, the pine crown ed mountains towards the setting sun. Hers

in silence and shadow to run down to the sea He glanced at the first words ; no change, not

"I have seen this before," said he, "I read it ten years ago; then I considered it the d of some one who wished to mortify Sir Richard Cuninghame, I knew he was most unpopular, in short that he was a bad and consequently a hated man, but the story was so evidently and atrociously false, that it was not likely to have even that effect; I do not know that I ever thought of it again, until several years after I was in India, when one of my senior officers, a man considerably older than myself, who had been an old school and college chum of your father's told me of the death in life which Sir Richard Cuninghame made your father suffer: your father whom he would have fain made

the world believe to be his own son." While he was speaking, he had walked to the fire-place and deliberately put the piece of newspaper in the centre of a clear fire burning in the grate: he now returned to his seat and placed himself so as to look in Margaret's pale face as he continued

"I then remembered the story of Sir Richard's captivity, and came to the conclusion that as far as keeping him from leading the besotted wicked life he formerly did, the story was true; nothing would have been mornatural than that a boy of eighteen (the age your father counted when Sir Richard disappeared from his servants, no one else thought of him) yielding to an accident which placed a brutal father in his power, should shut a door on him; which once shut no matter what desire he had to again set the old villain free, he had voluntarily deprived himself of the power to open. Sir Richard Cuninghame is dead, the day previous his death he confessed to having stolen your father in his infancy. Your father was Sir William Hamilton's son; you are Lady

Hamilton's grandchild," "Now for the third time, Margaret Hamilton, will you be my bride? I leave my fate in the hands of your grandmother without whose gives her consent you will wear this in life and death, if not, you will throw it in yonder fire: it was made for you and another shall never

wear it." As he spoke he placed on Margaret's tinger a circlet of diamonds bought in India for her years before, worth thousands of pounds, the largest center gem being of the size and shape of a French bean, the others becoming gradually less until they met and formed a completreflecting shining green leaf and scarlet berry as they hung on the wall.

The revulsion from a tainted name to one of the highest and proudest in Scotland, in whose veins flowed the blood of Kings; from a lonely uncared-for toiling life, to one hedged in by a mother's care; possessing and having a right to receive the deep fond love of the one whosimage had filled her heart in all those long years of absence, one whose name was part of the great history of the land; all this was too much for Margaret, her heart beat in great wild throbs beneath each shock of which her frame-trembled, her cyclids closed on her marble check and blessed tears came through the dark eyelashes and fell down like rain.

How long Lord Cranstonn and Margaret Hamilton sat there or what they said the chronicle telleth not, but full two hours after a light tap came to the room door, immediately the door opened as of itself and Adam entered holding in his hand a bunch of juniper with its purple and green berries surrounded by red and pink heather which the unusual mildness of the season had spared in blossom as fresh as if the month had been October instead of Janu-

ary.

"My service to you, Miss Margaret, my service to you Master De Vere," said Adam as he will be a service of and presented approached to where they sat, and presented his offering gathered on the Haddon brace before he started on his harried message, which he was now aware was a useless one "I gathered these flowers on the brace about

in wet moss; I kent ye would like these, Miss Margaret, they're frac the place ye used to swing on in between the rowan trees,"

"Yes, I do like them because they were pulled there, and a thousand times better because you pulled them, Adam; why did you come home so soon? you look so well I see you have enjoyed yourself; are your sister and her children all well?" said Margaret, as she placed her white hand in Adam's brown hard

the Castle an keepit them fresh weel rolled up

get when they come and they're no to come till I go for them and Miss Margaret, Sir Robert was na Sir Robert after all, but Lady Hamilt n's son 'at she lost, and his name is Sir William Hamilton, and her Ladyship put him into a gran new collin an his ain name on a silver plate, I dinna ken what made me 'at I did na find it all out long ago; he was na one bit like the crafty Cuninghames no more than the Mistress and you are, an ye'er no Cuninghames more than him; do ye mind when I used to say that the Mistress was liker Lady Hamilton than anyone else I ever saw? and she was like her father and her grandfather too when she was frightened, and that was often enough

after Sir Richard came home." While the old man spoke Lady Hamilton entered, and in a moment was clasped in Mar-

Close behind her Ladyship came Agnes leaning on her husband's arm, while Willie bounded in exclaiming:

" Atty dear, Mamma and I have found Papa !" When the sweet Summer time came round

again, the re were great doings at old Inchdrewer preparing for the marriage of Lady Hamilton's grand-daughter with Lord Cranstoun; such a fine trousseau had never been seen by the county ladies who came to see and admire; silk and lace from France, fine linen from Ireland, gold and jewels from London. The bride the brightest jewel, the fairest

flower of all; and to please his old friend Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Wellington came to Scotland to give away the bride. The circle of diamonds Lord Cranstoup brought from India and put on Margaret

Hamilton's finger, Lady Cranstoun never took THE END.



GLARE.

One of the chief objects which the supporters of International Exhibitions, local picture galleries, and kindred institutions have endeavoured to promote, has been the creation of an ar-tistic taste among the masses of the people, the repression of that love of coarse and obtrasive decoration which disfigures our buildings and our houses just as much as the "loud" dressing of a certain section of society marks the absence of refinement on the part of those who adopt it. And, to some extent, good results have followed their labours. The aspect of the ordinary English home of the present day presents a decided improvement on the past. Even among the poorest of our popula-tion the neatly framed photograph or chromo-Ilthograph meets us where once the staring and irroverent print, with its superabundance of colour, was wont to be hung; while among the wealthler members of society the change effected has given rise to the production of suites of furniture made on avowedly artistic principles, such as those designed by Mr. Pugin, the eminent architect. To the mercutilitarian like Mr. Ayrton, there is, of course, something prepos-terous in allowing such humble domestic questions as the choice of carpets, curtains, and wall papers to be governed by the rules of the artist, and yet there can be little question that as our houses are places of constant abode, not mere nouses are places of constant abone, not mere resting-places for the moment, such an attention to details must conduce to the development of a correct taste in higher matters. The child, for instance, who is brought up in a house where all such points are disregarded, where the functions of the eye and the ear are never considered in the home rule of the parent, where the prediction of feed and calment and where the provision of food and raiment and the early forcing of a new candidate for the labour market are the only things thought of, can scarcely be expected either to secure such enjoyment in after-life, or to contribute so materially to the pleasures of others, as the who seed are around him even in the little things of daily life. In a word, then, the recog-nition of Art in the homes of the people is a thing to be laboured for and striven after, and we know of no one, except the purely religious teacher, who conveys more direct benefit to his fellows than the man who brings to bear on the masses the emobling and humanizing influ-ences of the love of the beautiful. But while the home may thus be brought

mut with the domain of art, it is in the Church more especially that we naturally look for its highest development. As the Archbishop of Camterbury remarked at the Royal Academy banquet some two years ago, the Church has ever been the friend and patron of the painter, has developed in the with his mobilest subjects has furnished him with his noblest subjects. and has consecrated to holy uses his highest efforts. And yet in not a few cases, at the pre-sent time, where the esthetic is estensibly cultivated, and where large sums of money are annually spent, we fall altogether to obtain that which we desidente, and have in its place that most objectionable of all forms of decoration-glare. Colour of the most gaudy style throughout the building leads the eye at last to a chancel in which there is an atter absence of taste, and where we find what the ecclesiastical penny-a-liner terms a "perfect blaze of light," as if a blaze was not manifestly a token of gross imperfection. An altar vested in a cover-ing of many colours, without the delicate grada-tions of the rainbow tints to soften them to the eye, is in such places laden either actually, or by means of ledges and other contrivances, with a mass of candles of all shapes and sizes, which must be offensive to the taste of any educated person, and can only satisfy the purveyor thereof, who doubtless is of the same mind as an ecclesiastical furnisher who once expressed to us a wish that the Privy Council would issue a judgment against candles, and not simply against the two symbolical altar lights, on the ground that it would largely increase his trade. Nor does the "glare" can here. Unhapply there is consistency in the surroundings, only it is of the wrong sort. The "blaze of light" which becomes so trying to the eye that it is which becomes so trying to the eye that it is which decomes so trying to the eye that it is not a little likely to produce defective vision the next morning, is accompanied by a still more offensive "blaze of sound" from the choir more offensive "blaze of sound" from the choir and the organist, whose performances degenerate into noise, while even the music they execute is in perfect keeping with the way in which it is sung and played. That we are not speaking without due cause, a visit to some prominent London churches, where such a system—totally different, be it observed, from the true artistic Ritualism to be found elsewhere—prevails, will convince any of our readers. We have, in fact, often witnessed this painful exhibition of that very vulgarity which is so loudly condemned when it is met with in the streets in the person of a vulgarity dressed the streets in the person of a vulgarity dresses man or woman, and which at Oxford is directly personified at Commemoration by the man in the red tie. The cure for such cylis is obvious. As a rule, the laity hold the purse-strings, and our honest advice to them is to stop all supplied in cases where such base practices prevail. Decoration let us have by all means, and of the best; but "giare" let us avoid, whether in our churches or our homes. To man it is offensive. To God it is—an insult.—Choir.

# THE COST OF CIVILIZATION.

What to the bulk of the population of these islands is their whole life but a constant struggle for existence? And when we say a struggle for existence, we do not merely mean a struggle to obtain a livelihood, the bare means of keeping body and soul together-though that, to be sure, is common enough and hard enough—but a struggle to maintain a position in the society where the accident of birth, the choice of a pro where the accuent of orrat, because of a pro-fession, or the mode in which they have been educated has placed them. In a country such as England, where wealth gradually accumu-lates in a few hands, and the supply of luxuries of all kinds is perpetually being stimulated by the demands of those to whom money is no obct, a fushion of expensive living is set, which ject, a fushion of expensive fiving is set, which makes itself felt with effect through every degree of the social scale. The great prizes in trade and the professions commonly fail to the tot of men who have sprung from the middle classes, and it is in aping them that their former classes, and it is in aping them times.

It is prome, are led into expenses incommensurate with their incomes, even when the latter, as is often the case, are large enough to furnish them with all the comforts, if not all the luxuries, of life. It is, we repeat, this striving to emulate the mon who have risen from their own ranks them one who have risen from their own ranks that in a great measure causes so much of the that in a great measure causes so much of the characters of the former's them in life, Mary of Sectland. The "herdsman of wild beasts," William the Red, thanks to Tyrrel's ill-directed shaft, sleeps in Winchester Cathedral. John rests in the the mon who have risen from their own ranks that in a great measure causes so much of the nuncessary expenditure we daily witness in the families of the middle class. The existence of a distinct moneyed and titled class has no such injurious effect. No person of moderate means fuels ashamed of not being able to give such grand entertainments as the Duke of This or the Earl of That; but when John Smith by or the Earl of That; but when John Smith by some lucky stroke becomes a millionatre, his quondam friend John Brown, whose income may be quite sufficient for his own wants and those of his family, but no more, feels that he cannot accept the hospitality of his rich acquaintance, or continue to associate with him.

without at any rate making the attempt to re-turn the same in some similar form. If such sentiments did not enter his breast, they would undoubtedly agitate the more impressionable bosom of his wife; and thus the style of living which the income of the successful speculator or man of business can well and naturally supor man of manness can well and naturally sup-port, is aimed at by men who in attempting to keep it up either ruin themselves, or, spending their money as fast as they gain it, fail to make a suitable provision for their families. Thus the latter are too often thrown upon the world un-tried, with all the habits and tastes of the gratible, but without the money of gratifying wealthy, but without the means of gratifying them. And it is not merely over the acquaint-ances of his own standing that the influence of ho nouveau riche extends. For example, the the noweau riche extends. For example, the Earl of Bareacres is at length compelled to sell the family estate in Stoneyshire, which are bought by the great contractor Compo, who forthwith sets up as a county magnate, and, to get a footing among the county people, if not for himself, at any rate for his son after him, companying a sorbe of subaphila patential montants. living is raised throughout the entire district.

We have only instanced one out of many ways in which what are called habits of luxury may be formed; but we do not think it will be disputed that in every rank of society, except in the very lowest, expenses are incurred about matters of mere show which, within the memory of people still young, were never thought of, except in the higher classes. But the worst of it is that, as a consequence of this change in the taste of the age, many men, especially professional men, are compelled against their own wish to keep up an appearance of being more prosperous than they really are, in order to obtain the custom of clients who judge of their ability by the extent of their business, and measure their business by the amount of their expenditure. Thus, the more highly civilized we become (and a high state of civilization, using the phrase in its popular sense, is only to be attained by a nation containing a sensible proportion of rich men with leisure and means to enjoy the refinements of life), the more difficult

termed the learned professions—all tend, some directly, others indirectly, to intensify that struggle for life to which we adverted at the beginning of the article. The rise in house-rent and in the cost of necessaries are obvious to everyone; and here it must be remembered that the alteration in the standard of comfort, or more correctly the standard of luxury, amongst all classes, has caused many things to be looked upon as luxuries which were never so regarded some years since. And we have only to glance as the state of the learned and scienthic professions to see how real is the effect of bringing up a large number of young men possessed of little or no private means, with the idea that the best mode of applying the educa-tion they have received to the practical and laudable purpose of rising in life is to turn doctor, or lawyer, or purson, or man of science. Never was a time, perhaps, when there was such a block in every profession asthere is now. No matter how young a man may enter upon the particular profession be adopts, no matter how able he may be, it must still be years benow able he may be, it must still be years be-fore he can ever hope to make a living by it. The consequence of all this is that men postpone marriage to a date far beyond what we may venture to term the natural age. To take to oneself a wife upon any less than five hundred a year is reckoned simple folly, and extremely hazardous even on that sum. Yet how few men at thirty years of age are making five hundred a year by their profession! And after that time of life, bachelor habits once formed are not so

## OUR SEPULCHRAL MEMORIALS.

of the monarchs whose memorials remain to keep their memory alive, five belong to the Angle-Saxon era—Sebert, king of the East Antos and his oneen. Ethelgonda, lying beneath a Purhock marble sarcophagus in Westminster Abbey; where, shorn of its gems, stands the marble shrine of the bist of the Saxon kings, St. George's predecessor in the patron saintship of England. Edward the Confessor. A stone slab, sculptured with vines and fruit, marks the grave of Alfword, king of Northumbrin, in Hex-ham Abbey; a brass plate in "Malmesbury Ab-bey Church tells where king Athelstran lies; and a brass incised figure in Wimborne Minster, norms incised again in a manager, but the possession of the property of the confessor, nine swayers of England's sides the Confessor, nine swayers of England's copire lie in Westminster Abbey; the warriorsceptie to in Westminster Adom, the Warriot-kings, Edward II., and Henry V. cushrined in marble altar tombs, that of the ast-named wanting the silver plates and silver head of the hero's effigy, removed by some sa-crilegious thieves so long ago as 1516. Weak Honry III, and that degenerate scion of a noble stock, Richard II, have no meaner tombs than better deserving monarchs. A marble arn creeted by Charles II, suffices to record the interment of the supposed bones of Edward V. and his brother, Richard of York. The shrewd founder of the Tudor line rests in one tomb in Winchester Cuthedral. John rests in the enthedral of Worcester, pitch-and-toss loving Edward II, in that of Gloucester, and the wiser fourth Henry in Cauterbury Cathedral. A screen of wrought and stamped iron in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is supposed to denote the grave of the landsomest man of his time, haly-killing Edward IV. Of the other kings and chilling Edward IV. Of the other kings and queens who ruled this hand within the prescribed limits—eighteen in number—if any sepul-chral memorials once existed, they are non-existent now. Out of eight queens-consort,

Westminster Abbey shelters the remains of Eleanor of Castile, the queen of many crosses; Philippa of Hainault, of Novill's Cross renown; Anne of Bohemia, Elizabeth of York, and Anne of Cleves. Henry VIII.'s first wife, the noble Kutherine of Aragon, lies in Peterborough Ca-thedral; and his last, Katherine Parr, in Sudeley Castle Chapel, the owner of which has late-tely honoured her grave with a monument. Joan of Navarre rests by her fusband's side in Canter-bury Cathedral, Queen Anne's husband, George of benmark, the only prince-consort coming within the terms of the inquiry, was interred in Westminster Abbey, but was not apparently held worthy of a monument. The tale of regal memorials is made up by six to parents of kings and queens, thirty-one to children and grandchildren, five to brothers and sisters, and eight to individuals otherwise connected with royalty.
The most notable among the dead thus comme-morated are the following: The Black Prince, forthwith sets up as a county magnate, and, to get a footing among the county people, if not for himself, at any rate for his son after him, commences a series of splendid entertainments to the local gentry. This sort of thing, ostentations and vulgar as his well-bred neighbours may and probably do term it, nevertheless stimulates each of them to increased expenditure in some form or another; and thus gradually and imperceptibly, but still surely e ough, the style of interest in the transmitted are the following: The Black Prince, buried in Canterbury Cathedral; Robert Curthose, intered in Gloucester Cathedral; Mary, Charles Brandon, who lies in the church of St. Mary, Bury St. Finnens; and Elizabeth, daughter of Charles L of whom Fuller quaintly says: "The hawks of Norway, where a winter's day is scarcely an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl under the tirmament, nature teaching them to bestir them. ment, nature leaching them to bestir them-selves to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness. Such was the active piety of this lady, improving the little life allottest to her in running the way of Got's command-ments." It was a little life indeed, the princess being only litteen, when, a prisoner in Caris-brooke Castle, she died with her hands clasped bronce Cassie, she died with ner mains chaspied in prayer, and her face resting upon a Rible, the last gift of her RI-starred sire. The gentle girl, young in years, but old in grief, was buried in St. Thomas's Church, Newport, her initials on the wall, her only epitaph; until, upon the re-building of the church, Queen Victoria creeted a monument to the daughter of the old royal race. in token gof respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes,"—Chamber's

So many cathedrals, churches, and private mansions of historical interest have been de-stroyed or scriously injured by the same accident mansions of historical interest have been declared to enjoy the refinements of life), the more difficult does it become for men of moderate incomes to reap the benefits attaching to residence in a highly civilized country without finding their expenses unavoidably increased to a degree they can ill bear.

But beyond this change from a comparatively simple to a comparatively luxurious mode of life, some of the causes of which we have endeavoured to trace, many clreumstances have of late years combined to render still more embarrassing the condition of the bulk of the middle classes. The increased cost of articles of consumption, occasioned in part, no doubt, by the recurrence of strikes among labouring mentitings, but also interfering with the cost of business all over the country—the spread of education, and the additional facilities which now exist for bringing up promising children, even in the lowest grades, to follow what are termed the learned professions—all tend, some directly, others indirectly, to intensify that

a year by their profession! And after that time of life, bachelor habits once formed are not so easily got rid of, and men begin to think that, having done without a help-meet so long, they can well continue to pass the rest of their life as unshackled as they began it. Whether this is a healthy or moral state of things we will leave our readers to judge.—Field.

EVIDENCE of the natural rise of the coast of Sweden is found on the shore near Morap, where there is a large stone which served as a beacon in the clowenth century. In 1816 this stone was ascertained by measurement to be four feet above high-water mark, and inscribed to that effect. Last summer it was one healthy or moral state of things we will leave our readers to judge.—Field.

the beginning of this century.

The dolmens of Algoria are table-like stones supposed to have been oracted by the Druids for use as altars. General Faidherbe, of the French army, has just written a paper to show that this supposition is incorrect, and that they are in reality nothing but tombs. He has examined a great number of them, and thinks that those in Europe and Africa were built by the same race—a people which emigrated from the North. In opposition to this view is the fact that no dolmons or like monuments are found between Scandinavia and the Caspian Sea, where lies the route along which emigration proceeded southward.

Several, laboratories of chemical and physical cience, under the direction of foreign instructors, science, under the direction of foreign instructors, are now in existence in Japan; among them, notably, that at Fukuwi, under Professor W. E. Griffis, an American. This is a school of chemistry opened a year ago. Sixty students are in duly attendance on lectures, and twelve are actually engaged in laboratory practice. There are three German schools in three provinces respectively, and another is soon to be opened at Yedda, the capital. A German professor at Osaka has nearly one hundred pupils. The Japanese are fond of Natural Science, and display considerable aptitude as students.

considerable aptitude as students.

The difficulty of distinguishing one light-house from another, under the present system of light-houses, is well-known and leads to many disasters, as was pointed out by Sir William Thomson in one of the debates at the 'recent session of the British Association. He said that even the revelving lights occurrenced to use and fundaquate to prevent error, and proposed the use of flashing lights, the flash being of longer or shorter duration, the short and long flashes representing the dot and dash of the Morse could constantly signal its own letter, and thus would readily be distinguished by mariners. Such a system is now regularly in use for night signalling in the British navy.

British navy.

A VERY good recommendation was made by Mr. F. Galton, in his address before the Geographical section of the British Association, at a late meeting. The maps of the Ordanance Survey of Great Britain, which are among the best in the world, are very difficult to obtain, owing to the inconveniently large size of the paper on which they are printed, and the fact that it creases when bent, by reason of which booksellers will not keep them for sale. Mr. Galton suggests that these maps he issued in quarter sheets on thin paper, folded pocket-size, and sold, for a reasonable sum, at all the principal post-offices. As the work of making the maps is executed by the government, there seems to be no good reason why it should not diffuse among the people the valuable knowledge acquired atto much labor and expense. It is a matter of congratulation that the Ordanance Survey has had charge of the topographical exploration of the Holy Land.

#### FARM ITEMS.

Diffusive Poverous, "Vise every dry day in finishing this work. There is nothing to be gained by deay, and much to lose,"

Cows. --Daring storms cows are far better in a dry stable or shed than in the field. A lattle extra feed in the strong of corn folder, hay, bran, or corn smeal will prove profitable. It is a good plan to field up a cown at this season. You will get it back again in milk next spring and sammer.

FALL PLOWING --As long as the ground is dry enough to work we would keep the plows and entitivators going. Except on the ughrest sands, which are liable to leach, there can be no doubt of the advintages of stirring and exposing the soil; and our springs are so short that we should aim todo as much work as possible in the autumn. Plow or cultivate corn stubble and potato.

Ger penay you weeken.

corn stabble and potato.

GET READY FOR WINTER,—If stones are placed in large heaps, they can be drawn where they are wanted for fences or other purposes in winter while the snow is on the ground. Large stones should be lifted with a crowbar, and a small stone or piece of wood put under them, to keep then off the ground; otherwise they will treeze to the earth, and cannot be removed without great labor.

be removed without great labor.

Harvestiku Root Crows. "Manzel and other beets should be gathered at ones, as they are bable to be injured by frosts. Swe less and another turnips are less liable to injury, but it is better to secure early all that are to be, put in pits or in the cellar. It is hardly worth while trying to preserve the rows. Feed, them out now giving plenty of dry food, such as large and brain, in connection with them. If in cusels are kept in pits, be very cureful to provide plenty of "chimneys" for ventilation.

It is a road along to write down a list of operation.

"chimney" for ventilation.

It is a good plan to write down a list of everything that has do be done before writer sets in on the farm, in the garden, in the orehard, in the wood to, in the buttus, sheds, horse and cow stables, corn, nonse, puggery, henchouse, cellars, etc., etc. Consult with the members of the family and the hired help on the subset Engerical them to give an opinion as to the best way of doing the work and low long it will take. On as much as possible into details, especially in regard to the amplements, tools, etc., that will be needed.

However, "Acad was force possible means,"

details aspecially in regar-Ito the applements, tools, etc., that will be needed.

Houses, "Avoid as for as possible exposing horses to storias. When on a journey aim to feed at the regular hour. If nothing more can be done, take along some corn aneal and put a quart ma parl of water and stir it up white the horse is druking. It will greatly refresh and streathen him. Many horses suffer from dyspecia, and one great can act if it is regularity in beding and giving too much grain when the horse is fatigued. When a horse has been exposed to a storia, and comes home in an exhausted condition, give him a warm bran-mash. But two or three quarts of beating and a pair, and poor on two or three quarts of beating a pair and poor on two or three quarts of beating a pair and stir it up. Then added dolf water sufficient to cool if to the temperature of mw milk, and give it to the horse. Blanket the horse and rub his head, cars, and legs dry, and afterwards rub him dry all over. Many an attack of the colle would be avoided by these means. We think many farmers err in nor feeding their horses more grain. If would be better to work harder, or at least more constantly, and feed higher. Of one thine we are very sure; not one farmer in ten grooms his horses at night, after a hard day's work, before he has been rubbed clean, dry hedded, and all his wans after definite.

#### HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

Givera Syves.—Take two tenenghils of molasses, one tenenghil of butter, and one tenenghil of sugar Boil the butterand sugar together, add a tablespoonful of black papier, two tablespoonfuls of cinger, a tenspoonful of saler thus, and floer to rell out. Boil them thin; cut, in shapes and bake quick. The longer they are kept (uncovered) the better they will be.

Phopressor Bottger mentions a curious fact that patents have recently been taken out for nickel-planting by a process discovered and published by him thirty years ago.

This red color sometimes observed in white lead, and usually attributed to the presence of silver, is shown to arise fron defective manufacture, in a memoir on the subject published by a Berlin shemical journal.

The most remarkable and some first keeping and particle of the first and published by a Berlin shemical journal.

The most remarkable and some first keeping and particle of the first and published by a Berlin shemical journal.

The most remarkable and some first keeping and spice and particle of the first and twenty-four almonds and simple first and twenty-four some nature gas into a basin and whisk them to a froth a grate the peel of a lemon, some nature, and climate into a stown first keep stirring till it thickens; then take it from the first and particle and particle and particle particle and particle particl

and smally attributed to the presance of silver, is shown to arise fron defective manufacture, in a memorion the subject published by a Berlin chemical journal.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese so far back as sixteen hundred years ago is to be found in their suspen-lood bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty.

The destruction of a lightning conductor at Westerer, in West Flanders, is described in the sixth number of the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Belgium for the arrent year. The account authorizes the inference that lightning conductors may be come sources of much danger, unless they are made with great care, and tested prior to use with weak electric carrents and a galvanometer.

A cranous statement concerning ancient, astronomy was made by Mr. Opport at the recent meeting of the Belgian Prehistoric Archaeological Society Hesceks to show, by an elaborate series of chronological observations, that on the 20th of January, according to the Gregorian calondar, in the year 11,542 before Christ, an important astronomical observations, that on the 20th of January, according to the Gregorian calondar, in the year 11,542 before Christ, an important astronomical observations, that on the 20th of January, according to the Gregorian calondar, in the year 11,542 before Christ, an important astronomical observations, that on the 20th of January, according to the Gregorian calondar, in the year 11,542 before Christ, an important astronomical observation at a period anterior to historical records.

Evidence of the materal rise of the coast of Sweeden is found on the shore near Morup, where there is a large stone which served as a bencon in the elevant century. In 1816 this stone was ascertained by measurement to be four type a loove high-water mark with the color of the coast of Sweeden is found on the shore near Morup, where there is a large stone which served as a beacon in the elevant century. In 1816 this stone was ascertained by measurement to

and this dependent of the work is easily done.

Picklan Oysters, -160 large oysters, I pint winto wine vinegar, I don, blades of mace, 2 doz, whole closes, 2doz, whole bleek peppers, I large red peppers, broken into bits. Put cysters, liquor and all into a porculating or bull-metal kettle. Salt to tasse, then some all into a proceduling or bull-metal kettle. Salt to tasse, then the salt is a perforated skimmer, and set aside to cool. To the liquor which remains in the kettle old the vinegar and spees. Boil up fairly, and when the oysters are almost cold, pour over them scalding bot. Cover the jur in which they are, and put away in a cool place. Next day but the pickled oysters into glass cans which they are, and the dark, and where they are not liable to become heated. That we kept oysters thus prepared for three weeks in the winter. If you open a can, use the contents up as soon as practicable. The air, like the light, will turn them dark.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little. IMITATIONS please, not because they are mis-taken for realities, but because they bring realities

PAINTING and sculpture, next to poetry, constitute the grand medium by which the sublimest ideas and the most exquisite sensations are conveyed to the hu-man mind.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all dis-putes, that men should give soft words and hard ar-guments: that they should got so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

Moratry without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea, by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies. While ten men watch for chances, one makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up, one turns something up. So while ten men fail, one aucecods, and is called the man of luck, the favorite of fortune.

Tr is not pleasure which corrupts men, it is men who corrupt pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself. It is the seasoning which God, the all-wise and the allgood, gives to useful things and needful nets, in order that we may seek them.

A Symmetric them.

A Symmetric is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapon, it is always cunningly ready to our hands, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab, and festered with its subtile malignity.

its subtile malignity.

The words which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Jennie Deans, in her memorable address to the Queen, are as true as they are beautiful: "When the hour of trouble comes and seldom may it visit your ladyship — and when the hour of death comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours, O, my leddy l—it is na what we have done for ourselves,—but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly."

lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you but on a good girl's nature—there is not one shock you give to her instincts of affection or effort—which will not be in leibbly written on her first trees with a hardness which is all the more painful, because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's connitationine can only consist in the majorist neared which is founded in the me nory of leapsy and a seful year—full of sweet records, and from the loining of this with the yot majestic childshines which is still full of change and promise, opening always modest at once and bright with long of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old acc where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

The balance of trade may be a spring one, but it is certainly no use in the autumn.

Whits are gardeners quite dissipated characters? When they both one (how tand cake,

They utilize agree stricken people out West by ending them up apple trees to shake down the mel

The Danbury News lamont because the illusions of its youth have departed, and it has bearned by salt expenses that our aiths of the American people spell copy with two ps.

As instance of throwing one's self about was wit nessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sum, first tessed her head and then pilehed her voice.

A negative between

A twive Trishman, asked by his confassire if he was ready to renounce the dayle and all his pomps, replied, "D on't ask, me that: I'm going to a stringer country and I don't intend outlier wisher weelf encoure." "I do-tare. Mr. Bover, it seems you have read every thing." "Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk in deer, it would be to my shame it I didn't know something of the literature of my conn-

Tris gratifying to witness the signs of enterprise in our youth, and it fills the heart with pride to state that at Carlton, Ia., a boy only seven years old climbed a greeset pole and won a 500 waigh. The clothus he dol it in cost 800

clothus he dod it in cost \$25.

A sensembar wrote to the relieved in Newerk property ask the meaning of the phrace near analysis communis. The editor and that it was a French supteme, intended to explain something about Morsel's mainline being of service to the community.

omaibus being of service to the community.

B) rwinas Easten and Leavenworth the stare from Oskalorsa crosses the track of the Kun a Central railway. The driver considers to Tragerous for the narrow games cars, and, to necent their tenerous down, is going to put up a warning for the engineers like this: "Crossny Leok out for the Oskalorsa linek."

hack."

A interaction and romantic story, published in a Western paper, contains the following passage: "All of a sudden the girl continued to (if on the cand, gazing on the bring deep on whose howing boson the tall stips went merrily by, fredenied ah! who can tell with how much of yet and sorrow, and pine and lumber and emigrants and hopes and call fish!"

THE VERY LAST OF THE SERVANCE STRIKE,

A house-maid I wanted to hire, A modest young wearan, and ready: And twae always my special desire. That she should be pious and steady,

Omerame ; and "My lady," says she, "I hope you won't make no objection To let me go our and take ten. As my spirits is prome to depection?

Your butler I aret on the stairs;
 Your footman I saw as I came
 I thought I perceived held gray buirs;
 And the baker's decidedly lame!

Arter all, perhaps, I sha'n't come again, Or think of your plage any more, For I find that you put up a chain, And at eight you lock your hall door.

"Then how could I go out alone?" On my Sunday out how have a suree? You'd best get some dowdy old crone, For your place, ma'am, won't suit sich as me!"

LADY. "Young woman! you've talk'd till I'm fired; One mistake you have mide, do you soos-You came here to me to be hiving me!" 'And monthink non-acc hiving me!"

## HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

20 CHARADES

V port in England's (sle curtail, Viord appears that haunts the vale.

11.

A liquid and a well-known game, Pray, guess and you'll a battle name. 26. A QUARTUTTE OF DECAPITATIONS. Complete, I am hard; beheaded, I am soft; beheaded again and transposed, I am a well-known metal.

Complete, I am a frown; believoled, I am part of a dress worm by a certain sect; curtail me, and I am a very useful animal.

25. Complete, I am very useful to those persons who have become me when beheaded.

c. S. R. we sin, old cat.d. P. lent no king a hoe.d. Vain cat.

358, HALF A DOZEN TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Neat, if poor, 2. I am all where I speak, 3. Mr. Hand shall gain, 4. Some expers, 9. Plan? A cone, 1. Dring a freat.

359, REBUS.

W. C. DAVEY.

A wor for respect with a vowel combin'd, Will a title of royalty bring to the mind. 200. CHARADE.

Ofttimes in you bright sky I've seen My west superlatively grand :

It is a portion too, I ween, of every ship that leaves the strand.

My second in full many a tower, Of various sizes may be found. And may be used to tell the hour When darkness wells the earth around.

My what's a name that is well known.
And in romance have been for ages,
Now guess aright, and you will own
"Tis plainly stamped on all these pages.
Lago.

291. A QUARTETTE OF ANAGRAMS.

1. O. Um all charges lent for the Queen; with low card excel.

2. Mother! all on road, drest in gay forms to lit.

3. I command the home force; CIII, search prisoner, if sly

4. Miss North, Please mind trim our voters (P. T. F.) at election. W. C. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, &c., IN No. 11.

216,-Ridden: Where! Here, Hec.

247.--ESIGMA: A Speeck.

248 .- CHARADE: O-liver Gold-smith.

urselves,—but what we have done for others, that | 219.—Shakspersan Redus: Thurit: Touchston E: chink on most pleasantly." | (initial and final reversed): Math: PagE: EarL: Southwell: Teanil.—Tempest, Otherson.

I wish to lead a pleasant life.
Avoiding dans and debt.
To keep also from one and strife.
And heither game nor bet.
Yet somele with would be a cram
To say I'm blest in lot:
Because you see sometimes I am.
But then, sometimes I'm not!

It's very mee, when in a shop.
To buy whate'er you view,
Provided want of eash won't pop
'Twist purchases and you.
I wish I were a wealthy man
to buy things that cochant:
Because you see sometimes I can
But then, sometimes I can't.

It's quite delightful—truly fun— To act as thoughts may strike. And pleasant, too, to leave undone The things one doesn't like. I often wish to have my way. Thus free from all restraint: Because you see sometimes I may. But then sometimes I mayn't.

An even temper to possess— A mind that's balanced well-Must be a bliss I can't express. That tongue may never tell. My temper's prefty fair, but still Act tranquilly I don't ;— Because, you see, sometimes I will,— But then, sometimes I won't!

Well, well! The best a man can do
Is not to growl at fate.
Not too depressed when ills accrue.
At bliss not too elate:
That I may so behave old pat.
I would the heavens would grant:
Because although semetimes I shall.
I know, sometimes I shan't.

### JACK CADE, JOURNEYMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Jack Cade took off his jacket and hung it upon a hook, put on his coat, smoothed his hair with a pocket comb, snatched at his tin kettle. a pocket comb, shatched at his tin kettle, seowled at a sout, well-to-do looking man who was locking up a safe at the end of the shop, and started homeward. He was a bigfellow, American to the backbone, and bandsome enough to make the glets io de at him even in his everyday clothes. He was twenty-eight years old, healthy, carned eard waves, bad a pactic wife, may caddies. He was twenty-eight years old, healthy, carned good wages, and a pretty wife, whom be leved, and who loved him devotedly. He was going home to a good tea, and had had a good dinner. His home was the picture of neatness, and was prettily furnished besides; but he was a discontented man nevertheless, one of a class to be found a wayer. of a class to be found among journeymen meof a class to be found among journeymen mechanics of all kinds, who are perpetually chating over some wrong, real or imaginary. The Individual spoten of as "The Boss" seems to be the natural born enemy of these men, no matter how promptly he pays their wages, or how liberal those wages are. He represents Capital, they represent Labor; and they shake their heads, and say:

heads, and say:

"It is always so: Capital against Labor, the world over. Labor's always at a disadvantage : Capital takes advantage of it!"

It is natural to desire to possess capital, I my-

rest could not possibly imagine anything more delightful than unlimited means; but these men never think how much labor may have gone to the accumulation of the capital which pays them their wages; what energy and thought, what hand work and brain work have been called into action, before the "boss" was master instead of "man." There he stands—a capit greature who rever them their wages. meater instead of a man." There he stands— a cruel creature who pays them their wages, and is making a fortune out of their toll, and they hate him. They hate all "bosses;" a smoul-dering animosity is in their blood. They work grudgingly, even if they work well. They are regarded as very sensible men by their com-sules and though contental Tannay Smith is rades, and though contented Tommy Smith is very well suited with the present state of things himself, he understands how wrong it all is,

when Jack Cade represents the case to him.
These men are not often the worst in the
shop. They are not the hard drinkers, or the
billers; but they are not the best men. They may have ability, but they are too much atraid of helping "capital" to triumph, to do their best while they are journeymen. They do not get on as some do. They never become a master's right-band may. right-hand man,

Ambition helps a man upward; discontent

Ambition says, " Pil be master myself some Discontent matters, "What's the use? Capital

holds the roins, labor must be a slave."

Jack strode home from the shop, with his hands in his pockets and his kettle over his right wrist, his but tipped over his eyes, and thoughts of his wrongs in his soul. Phebe, his wife, looking out of the window to watch for his com-

ing, said to herself;

"Ah, he's thinking over all those dreadful things. I know he is."

Poor Phehe, had she not loved Juck so would roor ruche, had she not loved Jack so, would have been bored to death, in this hier first married year, by the recitation of those mysterious wrongs of his class; but what loving woman does not yield a ready sympathy even to woes she cannot comprehend, when they befull the man she loves. When Jack Cade told his wife how Capital crushed Labor, she said it was "a shame," and " real mean." And then there was one thing with which she could sympathize—a tangible trouble: Jack, had he had money enough to purchase what he styled "them machines," could have been a "boss" himself yes, could have been o capital," instead of e la-bor," and made a fortune over-hand. Then things would have been as they should be, and it indeed was "real mean," and "a shame," "Them machines," however, were worth two

thousand dollars,
Jack Cade had no savings to speak of; and Jack Cade had no savings to speak of; and housekeeping swallows ready money in an as-tonishing way. Jack lived up to his means; dressed as well as he could; liked to see Phebe as fine as possible, and in fact ate his cake and enjoyed it as he went—or would have enjoyed it but for this corroding care, this injury that Ca-pital was ever doing to Labor. Such a pretty tea table; such a smiling wife!

Jack would have been worse than he was, not to warm into good-humor when once in his own little dining-room; but with the after-ten smoke came the old complaints—that general

difficulty and that particular one.
"Why, I'm more able to carry on a business of that kind than old Trimmer is," said Jack.

of that kind that had Trimber 18, "said Jack."

"Why, you know I am yourself, Kitty."

"Of course," said Kitty, with emphasis.

"And here he rolling in gold," said Jack;

"and here am I, his journeyman — ha, ha! —
just because he has them machines and I can't

" It's awfully mean," said Kitty. "And when

you are dressed up for Sunday you look ever so much richer than he does. Oh, how mean

She cuddled up to her husband as he sat on the sofa, as she said this, and he put his arm about her waist; but she was thinking only of him he of those things that were so very wrong, even while he thought what a dear little soul she

After a while he went to bed and went to sleep, and the lights were out and the room still for a while; but after some time Phebe, who had not closed her eyes, crept out upon the car-pet, wrapped herself in her dressing-grown, and appoint into her parlor, shut the door. She wanted to think, and she drew her chair before the dying grate the and lookd into the embers. There were pictures there to her—pictures of the past; of a little girl in a white dress sliting on an old man's knee; of a mill, the great wheel whirling and the water dripping below;

which whirling and the water dripping below; of the mill-pond, clear as a mirror, redecting the trees and the sky, and her own little face.

"Grandpa always loved me," she said to herself; "always loved me very minch. I'm sure I loved him; I love him still. I reckon he's just as fond of me. Why can't we be little girls and stoy with our grandpas, and yet he big girls and marry too? Dear old grandpa, I never was a bit afraid of you then; why should I be now?"

Then she sat and looked at the pictures in the free a little longer. They burnt red and black gorges, mountains and valleys, trees and rivers, the whole old country place—the mill and the miller, and his little grantidaughter. She could see his white hair, his deep-set blue eyes; she saw him as he looked after her on her wedding-day, as she drawn away with her husband.

day, as she drove away with her husband.

"I'll do it," she whispered to herself, as she crept back to bed again, and went to sleep with a tear or two on her cheeks.

"I'll do it, Grandpa always loved me."

pa atways loved me, Jack Cade went to his work next morning comfortably fed and well kissed, but all his trou-ble returned when his eyes fell upon the man

of capital.

When Mr. Trimmer said cheerfully, " How took muttered are you this morning, Cade ?" Jack muttered an ungracious "um," that might have meant well or III, and made no return of the politeness, Mr. Trimmer whistled a tune as he unlocked his desk. Cade said to himself that "Capital was insolently triumphant."

Just then Phebe was posting a letter that she

Just then Phebe was posting a letter that she had written to her grandfather, the miller—a letter that was thought over as she watched the pictures in the fire the night before.

It was a hard letter to write, but a wife will always sacrifice her feelings for her husband, if she really loves him. And Phebe set to work to get her dinner with a feeling or railor. Despet her dinner with a feeling or railor. get her dinner with a feeling of relief. Per-haps some good would be brought about by this that she had done, and Jack would call her

Jealous Jack came home to dinner as jealous of capital as ever. "The "boss" had a great contract. He would make thousands by it. What

would Jack make? His wages; no more,
would Jack make? His wages; no more,
"And why?" asked Jack, "Why, because
he's got capital and them machines, and I
an't. I'm a better workman, and he knows it
too; and I shall do the work, and he won't; but
look at the difference."

"H's very mean" said Phobe, a but may be

look at the difference."

"11's very mean," said Phebe, "but may be some day there'll be an improvement."

Jack shook his head.

"I belong to the laboring class," he said.

Capital will always crush me." And so went back to work. back to work.
Of course Jack now and then forgot to des-

cant upon his wrongs. He could laugh and joke. He took Phebe to see a play, and went with her to spend an evening somewhere very often. He liked to see her dressed in her new often. He fixed to see her dressed in her new attire, as she stood all ready to go to church. He went to church also, and thought himself a tolerable (bristian; but Mr. Trimmer came in his carriage, which was hard to bear, and interfered with his devotions. On the whole, Tommy Smith was happler, though he could not see into thines as Cade did.

Smith was happier, though he could not see into things as Cade did.

Juck had good points too. He loved Phobe, and did his bost for her. He had been a kind and dutiful son to his parents. He was charitable to the poor, and the first to head a subscription for a disabled fellow-workman. Anything beneath him, or dependent on him, Jack was fender of: but anything above him he

thing beneath him, or dependent on him, Jack was tender of; but anything above him he hated. There was his fulling.

Days glided on without much change, and nothing happened worth recording in the little household for sometime; but at last Jack sat one night before his fire watching the pictures, as Phebe had two months before, and was conscious of a new trouble. Its first dawning had been so vague, that it had hardly troubled him. Phebe had had letters that she had hidden from him—women's talk from her sister, no

from him-women's talk from her sister, no doubt—but she had always been so open before, thing on her mind, and a secretly, and had something on her mind, and a secret look in her eyes, "By Heaven, if I thought I had any cause I'd —I'd—I'd—I'd—I's stammered Jack aloud. Then he started to be found to the form of the sanity. started to his feet and understood himself. Ho

rat-catching. All he knew was that he felt hor-ribly, and doubted his wife. "It's the third time she's been out at noon,"

he said. "And she'll come in in a flutter, and all dressed, as she did last time, and she'll evade my questions. I'll watch her; I'll follow her— I'll—" He struck his hand against the mentel-I'il—" He struck his hand against the mentel-piece instead of finishing the sentence. A pretty china was toppled over and smashed into glittering pieces on the fender, and just then a voice eried from the back room:
"Dear me, Jack; home before me! I've

been to get some oranges,"

There was Mrs. Cade, smiling and bright, dressed in her new silk, with six oranges in a little fancy basket.

Jack scowled at her. She never marketed at noon in her best slik, he knew that, and though she slipped it off and put on a calico wrapper, and dished his dinner all hot from the oven, he spoke no word. Phebe thought the old wrongs were heavy on him, and had her own thoughts. But for the first time in their married life he left her without kissing her, when the meal was done. That set her to crying. Jack went back to his work in a strange state

shock went nack to his work in a strange state of mind, At the next bench worked Tommy Smith. Tommy was all in a grin.

"Boss has had a caller," whispered Tommy.

"A young gal. She stayed in his office quite a spell. He's gettin' gay in his old-age, is Boss. Wonder whether he's goin' to marry a second ?"

Link did not somether to work.

Jack did not condescend to reply. "She's come here before," said Tom, "always at noon when the men is mostly home; I cat here, you know. She's awful pooty—black hair and eyes, and one o' them silks the color o' stewed prunes, with flounces on it kinder scalloped.'

"Eh?" cried Jack,
"Oh, I take notice of the gals," said Tomray. "I'm a bachelor; not an old married man, like

"Stag one," yelled Jack, in a mysterious fury mysterious to Tommy at least. Then he lowered his voice again.
"How did she wear her hair?" he asked.
Come, you know all about girls. How did she

fix her hair?" "Two braids, and carls between 'em." said Tommy, grinning; "and a ribbon like her dress, and a hat with a black feather, and earrings that was like little tombstones—the things a top, I mean—urns, you know, black jet. And a bag she had, a ridicule, you know, with these

here Johnny Jump-ups painted outside on the leather. Yes, and a parasol with a handle like a horse's foot with a shoe onto it. I'm as good as a in-shion book,"

"You're a great deal better," said Jack, black to the cycbrows, "You tell things fashion books don't tell. So she came to see Trimmer, did she?"

site?"
"Yes," said Tommy; "and he kissed her,"
Jack gave a roar. He had dashed a knife
that he was using into his hand instead of the
wood; but it was not the pain that made him
yell; that he did not feel. However, Tommy did not know it. The blood was gushing from

the wound.

Give us a hold. Let's tie it up. You hadn't ought to let it bleed so," cried the ignorunus who had just described Jack's wife to him; but Jack paced the shop floor muttering oaths between his teeth until, faint with loss of blood, he

began to comprehend the necessity of "going to the doctor," which had been urged upon him by all present for some time.

It was a bad cut, and Jack had an excuse for going home for a day or so. And to Phebe the wound was excuse enough for his alternate rage

and gloom.

She was frightened at first, and pitiful afterwards; but Jack watched her as a tiger watches its prey; and when, at half past five, he saw her put on her pretty best dress, and make herself ready to go out, he said nothing. He nodded good-bye to her, when she called to him from the door that she was going out for a while, and seemed to be half asleep; but five minutes after he was on her track. He saw her turn the corner, and followed her with a foreknowledge corner, and followed her with a foreknowledge of her destination which he valuly strove to strangle. Block by block, as she neared the place, he kept at the same distance from her. she had the step and movements of a good wo-man, of a pure woman. All men know the difference; and some women. Her face was as pure as a child's; but Jack Cade was fast com-ing to a bellef that his wife was neither pure nor

"Trifles light as air are, to the jealous. Confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

He had a host of little trifles added into one awful sum, which this watch was set to prove,
At last he was right. She came to the shop his shop. She opened the door, and entered. He burried on and pressed his face against the glass of a little corner window. The men had gone home, but Trimmer himself was there. He came forward and shook her hands—yes, and patted her on the back, and led her into his office. In a monoral more as Ingle was proportion.

came forward and shook her hands—yes, and patted her on the back, and led her into his office. In a moment more, as Jack was preparing to rush in and murder him, they came out together, and he, Trimmer, squeezed her hand this time, and smiled upon her as she tripped out, shutting her reticule clasps close, as though it held some precious contents.

Trimmer, though a great deal older than Jack, was not an old man, and he was very flue looking—gallam in his way to women too. Such a fury of Jealousy as burnt in Jack's veins now I have no words for. He crept into the shop and took the strong, sharp knife that had given him that wound the day before, from the table where it lay, and put it in his bosou, and stole out again while Trimmer was locking up his office desk. He had heard of these things before, Jack Cade said to himself, as he feit the handle of the knife under his vest. Capital found beauty in the home of Labor, and won away her virtue. That she had hidden the fact that she knew Trimmer was enough to prove her guity. Could it be that such woe and shame had come to him? He knew it was in the world, but never guessed it had knocked at his door. So, with glaring eyes he followed his wife, keeping carefully out of her sight, until she stopped at the— \$\text{cr} \text{k}, ascended the steps, and entered. The moment after she had passed out, two bloodshot eyes glared in upon the paving teller.

"What did that woman want here?" asked a fierce voice.

"Cashed a check for two thousand," replied

a flerce voice.
"Cashed a check for two thousand," replied

the gentleman. "Anything wrong."
"Who was the endorser?" asked the man.

or T. T. Trimmer. Anything wrong?" repeated the teller; but the wrathful face was gone.

Jack Cade lad heard enough. He did not follow his wife home. He brooded about the streets until ten o'clock. Then, with all his borrible rage in his heart, and his awful determination nerived at he west home. The hisminution arrived at, he went home. The bitterness of Jealousy perhaps cannot be understood by those who have never feit it, but we all know its power. It has driven men to commit mur-

sanity.

Jack felt for the handle of the knife as he Jack fell for the handle of the knife as he was jealous one, and that he had only waited for a chance to develop this feeling, as a kitten waits for the first mouse to show her proclivity for "Jack," said she, "where have you been?"

"" Jack," said she, "where have you been? ome here, dear; I've been so anxious,"

He came and knelt down beside her, making up his mind that he would tell her why she died at his hands before he stabbed her. That after she was dead, he would kill first Triumer and then himself. And she put her little hands bout his neck, and pressed her lips to his fore-

"False as a serpent!" be said to himself: "rang as a serpont, in said to discover and I've trusted her so!"
"Jack," said she, in a moment, "I've got something to tell you—something good."

"Something to tell you—something good."
"Some lle," he said to himself.
"It's so good, Jack," said Phebe, "I don't know where to begin. You knew grandpa."
"Yes," said Jack hoarsely, thinking of the day when he took the old man's treasure from

his hands.
"Well," said Phebe, "you know he always told me I should have a little legacy when he died. When I came away, he said there would be two thousand dollars each when he died: two for me, and two for Anna, and two for Dick—all his grandchildren."

"Sho's telling me a lie, to account for the money," said Jack to himself, his blood white of with rage.

"I didn't tell you so," said Phebe, in a lurry;

"but grandpa named the sum, and often when you would talk of the things you needed to start for yourself, I've thought of that; so the other night. I made up my mind. I wrote tograndon. who was so fond of me always, and I said, if he meant to leave me that, please give it to me meant to leave me that, please give it to me while he was alive. I'd rather have it now. That it would seem like having some good of his death, if it was left in a will, and I didn't like that, and I hoped he'd live years, and I needed it now. I told him why. So—oh, it's so fanny, Jack—grandpa sent me word 'Yes, and very glad to do it.' And then he told me how he'd sold that lot next the church—to who, of all folks? Your boss, Mr. Trimmer. That two thousand was to be paid eash, and he'd manage to save travelling and bother, and have manage to save travering and solter, and nave the money paid to me. So I went to see Mr. Trimmer at noon times, when you were away coming home. And oh, I forget: Mr. Trimmer used to visit grandpa when I was a mile of a child, and remembered me very well. He went and kissed me, Jack, when he saw me; said l was ma's image. He wanted ma before she married pa, I've heard, only I never knew it was your Mr. Trimmer, Jack. And to-day I got the check, and I drew it, and oh, Jack," cried Phebe, "O, Jack, you'll have them machines

Jack Cade had stopped burning, and was

Jack Cade had stopped burning, and was shivering now. He put his head down upon his wife's lap, and said to himself:
"Lord forgive me, a miserable sinner,"
There was a longer prayer in that than is written in any prayer-book. It covered a great deal of ground, and it came from his soul.
What a miserable sinner he was, to be sure! and how much forgiveness he needed! Then he bethought him that his first impulse, which was to tell Phebe the truth, was a wrong one. Why make the child unhappy? He kissed her, let took her in his arms. He cried over her; but it was not in joy for the prospect of having that machinery, as i'hebe believed. He had more than that to be thankful for. As he crept to bed that night, it struck him that the Lord must be ashumed of him. I do not know whether it was an orthodox thought, but he could not so much think that the powers above were not so much think that the powers above were angry; he was too contemptible in his own estimation for that.

mation for that.

Jack Cade is muster now, instead of man—
capital instead of labor. He is enterprising, and
just to his workmen, and makes out very well;
and when he does grumble, it is on the other
side. But there are moments still when, remembering that sharp kuife once hidden in his
bosom, and the horrible thoughts that lurked beneath it—remembering how near he came to the shedding of innocent blood—Jack Cade will draw closer to his wife and look at her with a penitent glance that she cannot understand, for she has not the slighest idea that she once came so near to figuring in a direful tragedy, the vic-tim of the foolish jealousy of the man she loved

### MARKET REPORT.

HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Nov. S. 1872.

The weather during the past week has been quite variable, alternating between bright and pleasant, and cold and showery days; while there are striking indications of the speedy approach of winter. Fall business continues to be generally active, and the harbor is well filled with steamers and sailing vessels, all being rapidly prepared for despatch. Subjoined are the latest market reports from Liverpool:

Nov. 1, 5 p.m.	Nov. 6. 5 p.m.	Nor. 5, 5 p.m.	Nor. 4. 5 p.m.	Nor. 2. 2 p.m.	Nor. 1. 5 p.m.
8. D.	S. D.	s. p.	S. D.	S. D.	S. D.
Corn     28     6       Barley     3     6       Oats     3     2       Peas     40     6       Pork     57     6	12 0 8 8 9 6 2 0 0 11 28 3 3 0 0 56 56	521128 3 8 9 6 9 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	30 0 12 2 11 10 12 9 29 3 6 3 2 40 0 56 0 39 0	30 0 9 8 6 6 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	30 0 11 9 12 8 29 0 3 6 40 0 56 0 39 0
Erano —Cumpia	8 12 8 12 8 12 9 12 8 12 9 6 29 6 6 28 9 28 9 29 3 29 6 29 6 29 0 6 3 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 3 6 6 9 6 9				

FLOUR.—Superior Extra, nominal, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Extra, \$6.55 to \$7.00; Fancy, \$6.35 to \$6.50; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) \$6.16 to \$0.00; Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat.) \$6.10 to \$0.00; Strong Bakers', \$6.20 to \$6.40; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canal (fresh ground) \$6.10 to \$0.00; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.10 to \$6.05; Supers City brands (Western Wheat), \$6.10 to \$6.615; Canada Supers, No.2, \$6.90 to \$6.00; Western States, No.2, \$0.00 to \$0.00; Fine, \$5.15 to 5.25; Middlings, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Flour. \$7.00 lbs., \$2.70 to \$3.00; Upper Canada Bag Flour. \$7.00 to \$3.15.

WHEAT.-Market quiet. Three cars of H. C. Spring bought at \$1.33.

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BUTTER, per 1b.—Dall and nominal. Quotations are: Fair dairy Western, 14 to 15 to ; good to choice do, 17c to 19c.

Cherse, P 1b.—Market quiet but firm; Factory fine IIc to IIIc; Finest new 12c to 123c. Pork, per brl. of 200 tbs.—Market stendy; New Moss, \$16.75 to \$17.25. Thin Mess, \$15.50 to \$16.00. LARD.-Quiot at 11c to 11je per pound. ASHES.—Pots quiet. Firsts, at \$6.50 to \$6.55. Pearls quiet and easier. Firsts, \$8.50.

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