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THE FAVORITE

Vol. I.—No. 3. MONTREAL, SATURDAY JANUARY 25, 1873. PRICE { FIVE CENTS, Or SIX CENTS, U.S. Cy.

MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"I'M A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

(For the Favorite.)

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse." "Out of the Snow." "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT I.

FRIENDS, OR RIVALS?

SCENE III.

A PERFECT FIX.

Twelve o'clock on the same night; place, Mr. Morton's bed-room.

The concert had not proved successful as far as Mr. Morton individually was concerned. Mr. Johnson, by a private arrangement with one of the ushers expressed in current coin, had managed to get his seats changed for two immediately behind Miss Howson and her aunt, and Miss Annie had kept up an animated flirtation with him all the evening, very much to Mr. Morton's annoyance, and greatly to Miss Mexton's disgust.

Mr. Morton now sat in his own room indulging in a quiet smoke, and thinking over the events of the evening. He was trying to make up his mind whether he was jealous, and if so, whether he loved Annie Howson, and could trust her enough to ask her to be his wife.

He thought not only of the present, but of the past. His memory took him back to ten years ago, when he had left his island home to seek his fortune in a new country where there was a wider scope for him, and he pictured in his mind's eye the two loved ones he had left behind him, his mother and sister. Fancy recalled to him Mamie's tearful entreaty to be taken with him, and the thought added to the bitterness of the feeling that he could never see her smiling face, or hear her loving voice again.

On his arrival in Canada Mr. Howson had been one of his earliest and best friends, and it was to his business he had succeeded when that gentleman retired. He remembered Annie when she was a little girl in short frocks with a perpetual stickiness about the face, superinduced by the too liberal allowance of candies provided by himself, and before she had gone to New York to be "finished." He remembered how he had petted and learned to love the little girl, who used to impose on his good nature and tease him into letting her have her own way in everything, when he could gratify her wishes or influence her father to indulge her; and now it seemed to him that that love for the child, as a

child, had strengthened into the love of a man for a woman, and he hoped to win her as his wife.

Yet he was not altogether sure that he did desire Annie Howson for a wife, or that she would make him the loving and affectionate "helpmeet" that he often pictured to himself: for there would rise before him the picture of his "beau ideal" amongst women, his sister, and he thought how often he had said that he would never marry any woman until he could meet one like his dead sister.

"Dead sister." Ah! there was the pain and the bitterness of it. Four years after his arrival in Canada his mother had died, and he wrote to Mamie to come to him, as he was able then to provide a home for her. Her answer was that she would leave the next week in the barque *Montezuma*, and after that all that he knew of her fate was the following paragraph from an American paper, published some five weeks after the sailing of the *Montezuma* from Barbadoes:

"The ship *Tropic Bird*, from Demerara for Philadelphia, reports that on the 24th May, while off Cape Hatteras, she picked up a boat found bottom upwards, marked, *Montezuma*, New York. It is supposed that the *Montezuma* went down in the gale of 23rd idem, and that all hands are lost. The captain of the *Tropic Bird* reports having encountered a very severe gale, which carried away his foremast, on 22nd May, and supposes the *Montezuma* was caught in the same storm and went down."

He remembered the deep, deep, unutterable grief he experienced on seeing the announcement, and the long patient waiting for news from that other boat in which he hoped Mamie might be. Then came the recollection of letters from a friend in New York giving full particulars of the loss of the vessel, as gathered from the owners, and related to them by the one surviving sailor. Vividly he recalled the nervous anxiety with which he read the shipping news for months and months afterwards, in the blind hoping against hope that his loved one might have been saved and be restored to him; and then came the recollection of the gradual dying out of hope and the unwilling acknowledgement that the envious waters had snatched his darling sister from him.

Nearly six years had passed since then, yet at times the bitterness of the loss he had sustained would return to him, and he would sit wondering and thinking whether he could ever take again the same interest in life he had done before the first grand object of his life—the happiness of his sister—had been destroyed by her death.

The midnight hour had passed, and a new day was dawning ere he decided to go to bed. He had not thoroughly made up his mind whether the memory of his dead sister was not dearer to him than the living woman he half thought he loved; but he thought he owed it to the living woman to marry her, if she willed it so, and to strive to make her a loving and faithful husband.

And so while the first streaks of morning were illumining the sky, and Miss Annie Howson was dreaming of a certain doctor she hoped to win, Mr. Morton fell into a troubled slumber, after having resolved to offer Miss Annie his hand and fortune at the first favorable opportunity.

SCENE IV.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

August twenty third, eighteen hundred and seventy; time, nine o'clock in the evening; place, Dr. Griffith's consultation room, Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

At the close of the prologue Harry Griffith was left struggling in the water. Of course, he did not perish, for the same steamer which had caused the disaster succeeded, in spite of the storm, in launching enough boats to rescue the crew of the *Gazelle*. The steamer was bound for New Orleans, and from thence Griffith made his way to New York, and finally to Toronto when he remained three years with his uncle. Canada quickly proved too slow for his fiery energy and yearning for rapid success; and so, having a small amount of money he went to New York to seek his fortune. For the next four years he had varying success, but on the breaking out of the war he was lucky enough to be engaged in the office of a broker who was well informed of the various army movements, and political events transpiring at that time, and using his information to his own advantage he made a rapid fortune.

Bold, unscrupulous, and almost unprincipled, he was one of the leading spirits in the mercantile risings and fallings of the value of gold during 1863-4, and his profits at times were enormous. The bad feeling instilled into him in boyhood remained, and he looked on all mankind as his natural enemies whom it was his duty to fight, and conquer, if possible. He was known "on the street" as, a hard man to deal with, honest, in so far as not to overstep the law, but tricky and always ready to take any advantage he could gain. The man's whole strength of mind and energy seemed to be centered on one object, to gain money, and he sacrificed everything for that.

Yet there was one tender memory left in Harry Griffith's heart, and one humanizing influence clinging to him, his love for Mamie Morton. The old feeling of his boyish love was strong in him, and he fondly pictured the time when he could claim her as his own. But that time seemed distant. Charlie still continued his objection, and as Mamie said she would never marry without her brother's consent, Harry was almost driven to despair.

Then came Charlie's emigration to Canada, and subsequently his mother's death. Then all the strongest passions of Griffith's nature called on him to make one effort for the possession of the girl he loved, and, unfortunately, circumstances helped him only too well.

He had corresponded with Mamie, and knew of her departure for New York, *en route* for Canada to join her brother. He saw the announcement of the wreck of the *Montezuma*, and grieved for Mamie's loss as deeply as her brother did. But, Mamie was not lost; three weeks after the reported loss of the *Montezuma*, the two sole survivors, Tom Bowles and Mamie Morton, arrived in New York, and Mamie knowing no one else there called at Harry Griffith's office.

When he found Mamie Morton was alive, his first thought was to make her his wife before Charlie could learn of her rescue; this he knew it would be very difficult to persuade Mamie to; but, prompted by his evil genius, he determined to tell her that Charlie was dead, and either inform her of the falsehood after their marriage, or trust to chance that the brother and sister should not meet.

His scheme was perfectly successful. Mamie never for a moment doubted his story that Charlie had died of typhoid fever, and so she married Griffith a week after her arrival in New York. After his marriage he felt some little shame at the trick he had played on an unsuspecting girl, and so put off the disclosure of the secret until, at last, he determined in his own mind that it was best not to disclose it at all, and so brother and sister lived on for six years, each mourning the other as dead.

The union did not prove a happy one. Harry Griffith had got into the habits of a fast life before his marriage, and he was not a man likely to render the domestic hearth happy. The constant excitement of a speculative life engendered a craving for other excitement, and unfitted him for the calm delights of home; and so almost before the first year of marriage had passed, Mamie found herself a neglected wife, and the evenings which her husband ought to have passed with her, were spent at the club, or amongst his gay companions.

Still she loved him fondly, devotedly, and comforted herself with the idea that he was true to her, and when her little girl was born, a year after their marriage, she was happy again in the smiles of her baby, and hoped to regain the entire love of her husband.

But it was not to be. Harry Griffith grew more and more indifferent to his wife, and although her love for him was unchanged, she could not blind herself to the fact that he had ceased to love her. So passed five years, and then came a crisis in Harry Griffith's business, and his subsequent departure from New York. The speculations which had so prospered formerly, now all went wrong; stocks would go up when they ought to have gone down, and down when they were confidently expected to go up; and so the fortune Griffith had amassed was nearly all lost, and some of his later transactions, in his desperate efforts to recover his losses, were so questionable that he found it safest to leave New York for a while.

He came to Montreal about one year before our story opened, and entered practice as a doctor, he having studied medicine in Toronto, although he had not practised in New York. Mamie did not come with him, and he represented himself as a bachelor.

His acquaintance with Charlie Morton was renewed shortly after his arrival in Montreal, and Charlie introduced him to some of his friends, among others to the Howsons. Griffith soon began to pay rather marked attention to Miss Annie, and he was the "Doctor" whom that young lady fancied herself in love with.

Matters had gone on very pleasantly for him until within the last few weeks, when Mamie had suddenly arrived in Montreal, and declared her intention to remain with him. Unable to induce her to return to New York, he had taken a house at Longueuil for her, and there she was now residing with her daughter.

Dr. Griffith sat in his study thinking over his position, and endeavoring to see a way out of the difficulties by which he was surrounded. What he had intended as a flirtation with Miss Howson, had grown to a passion with him; not only was he fascinated by her beauty, but her fortune was also a consideration to him, and he chafed at the restraint which rendered it impossible for him to marry her.

Was it impossible?

It was impossible while he was a married man; but if he should become a widower?

He sat down to think about it.

There was a ring at the bell, and soon afterwards the servant ushered in a man who said he wanted to see the doctor.

He was a seedy-looking individual, who staggered slightly as he entered, and there came in with him a strong smell of spirits. He was dressed in rusty black, and his hat was in the last stages of delapidation. He drew out a very dirty pocket-handkerchief, with which he dusted his boots, then wiped his face, and returned it to his pocket, from which he drew a crumpled card, and handed it to Griffith with a slight bow.

"Dr. Griffith, I suppose; allow me to offer you my card."

The doctor took the card, and read the name written on it,

"MR. JAMES HARWAY,
General Agent,
Montreal."

"Take a seat, Mr. Harway, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

Mr. Harway carefully deposited the delapidated hat on the floor, cleaned his throat with a preliminary "ahem!" seated himself and said:

"I don't suppose, Doctor, you remember ever seeing me before."

"I really do not remember having had the pleasure," replied Griffith, seeing that the other hesitated, and thinking he had rather a queer patient to deal with.

"No; you don't remember? I didn't think you would, because you never did see me before, that I know of. You see I like to put things plain for I always acts as a perfect gentleman."

The doctor bowed as the only answer to this speech. He was getting more and more puzzled about his patient.

"You've lived in New York, haven't you?" resumed Mr. Harway, after another slight polish of his face with the dirty handkerchief.

"Yes; I resided there for several years. May I ask what is your business with me? I am rather busy just at present, as you may perceive," and he pointed to some manuscript which lay on the table.

Mr. Harway hitched himself about half an inch forward on his chair, again had recourse to the handkerchief, and replied;

"Certainly, certainly; never hinder a gentleman's time, and being a gentleman myself I always acts as such."

He paused again, and Griffith, thinking it better to take the initiative, asked, abruptly,

"What is your complaint?"

"That's it; you've hit it. My complaint is a tightness in the chest."

"Ah! the result, probably, of indigestion."

"No. I think it is the result of having nothing to digest, caused principally by an emptiness in the pocket."

"Oh!" The doctor looked at his visitor for a few seconds while a quiet smile played about the corners of his mouth, "You're a wag, I suppose, and have a begging letter, or something of the sort, about you."

"Please don't insult me, sir; I'm a perfect gentleman, and I always acts as such, begging letters I'm above. Do you think I look like a man with a begging letter?"

The doctor looked at him and was forced to admit to himself that his visitor did not look like a man who would carry around a begging letter with any great probability of success.

Mr. Harway was not nice to look at. He was ugly, he was dirty; soap and water were evidently too great luxuries for him to indulge in, and he had the general appearance of being thoroughly soaked in bad whisky.

"Well, if you don't come to beg, and you do not want to consult me professionally, what do you want?"

"I want to borrow five dollars," replied Mr. Harway promptly, "or to put it plainer, I want you to pay me five dollars on account of what you owe me for keeping something for you."

"Keeping something for me!"

"Yes."

"What have you kept for me?"

"A secret."

Dr. Griffith looked again at the man. Mr. Harway stood his gaze calmly, and met his eye steadily, and the two men regarded each other for a moment as if each was mentally measuring the other's strength.

"You see, doctor," resumed Mr. Harwey, "I know all about the gal as was thought to be drowned and wasn't; and I know her brother would give almost anything to know she is alive. I don't understand your game in keeping Mr. Morton in the dark, seeing you're kind of friendly with him, but that ain't my business, and I'm a perfect gentleman, and don't interfere with what don't concern me."

Dr. Griffith regarded his visitor for a few seconds and then said very quietly;

"Look here, my delapidated friend, I do not understand what you mean by my secret; but, it appears you fancy you can extort money from my fears about something you pretend to know. If by "the gal as was thought to be drowned" you mean Miss Morton, I should be only too glad to know she is alive, but you may as well understand at once that you can make no money out of either Mr. Morton or myself, by your story, whatever it may be. I shall see Charlie to-night and warn him not to be imposed on by you."

Mr. Harway sat stupidly looking at the speaker, and mechanically drew out the dirty handkerchief and wiped his face with it. At last he gave vent to the exclamation,

"Well, I'm blessed!"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Griffith, smiling quietly. "I should never have thought it, judging from your appearance. You do not look as if you were greatly blessed."

"I'm blessed," reiterated Mr. Harway, and then paused.

"You said that before," replied the smiling doctor.

"I'm blessed if you aint a going to swear the gal was drowned, an' I saved her life myself, an' brought her to New York, an' saw you with her."

"You!" exclaimed the doctor, springing up; "you!"

"Yes, me; I'm a perfect gentleman, and as such bound to tell the truth; my name is Tom Bowles, although it's more convenient for me to call myself Harway just at present. I brought the girl to your office six years ago, and I saw both of you several times afterwards."

Dr. Griffith paused before replying. He did not really care very much whether Charlie Morton knew that his sister was alive or not, except that it might interfere with a half-formed plan in his mind which he scarcely allowed himself to think of yet. He believed that Harway was really the man Bowles, and that he knew that Mamie was alive, but did he know where she was at present? He would find out, if possible, whether Harway was in possession of sufficient information to give him any present annoyance; in a week or two—he did not finish that thought, but asked, abruptly,

"When did you last see Miss Morton?"

"Six years ago," answered Mr. Harway, thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the question; but he continued with scarcely any alteration in his tone, as he saw he had been caught in a trap, and a careless observer would have noticed no change in the man's tone or manner.

"Six years ago was the first time I saw her; and two weeks ago was the last."

Griffith had watched him closely, and noticing his hesitation, he therefore asked him,

"Where did you last see her?"

"In New York," answered Mr. Harway, boldly. He knew he had to lie, and he told the lie he thought would look most like the truth.

"Very well," replied the doctor, relieved to find that no immediate danger need be expected, as Harway would not be likely to search in Longueuil for a person he supposed was in New York, "I will make you a fair offer, my friend; bring Mamie Morton to me within a month, and I will give you not five, but five hundred dollars. Until you find her you will get nothing."

"Then she is alive; you admit that?"

"Not at all. You say you saw her two weeks ago, I say she has been dead for years; if you are right, and she is alive, find her; no one will be more pleased to see her than I. Tell me where she is and earn your reward."

"Couldn't you let me have that five dollars on account."

"Not a penny. You are an impudent impostor trying to obtain money under false pretences, and you ought to feel obliged to me for letting you off instead of handing you over to the police. Go!"

Mr. Harway made a desperate clutch at his delapidated hat, and prepared to depart.

"All right, doctor; I'm a perfect gentleman, and can take a hint. You'll keep your word if I find the girl?"

"Yes."

Mr. Harway bowed himself out, and when he had reached the sidewalk he soliloquized thus:

"The gal is alive, and there is some reason why the Doc wants to keep her out of the way; if I can find her my fortune is as good as made. Where is she? Not in New York, that's sure, or he wouldn't have dropped on me so quick. In Montreal? I think not. Maybe he's got her somewhere across the water. Anyhow, I can watch him. Maybe he gets letters from her, and servants can easily be bought. I want that five hundred dollars, for I'm a perfect gentleman, and I like to earn an honest living, provided I don't have to work for it."

He polished his face with the dirty handkerchief, produced a plug of tobacco, bit off a piece about the size of a walnut, gave it a twist with his tongue, sailor fashion, as he placed it in his cheek, and staggered away.

Meanwhile Dr. Griffith returned to his seat and reflected on the interview.

"Another danger to be guarded against," he thought, "but scarcely likely to give trouble. He won't tell Charlie as long as he thinks he can bleed me. I have only to persuade Mamie to remain in Longueuil until her confinement—she is as safe there as anywhere—and after that——" he paused, even to himself he did not like to confess the thought which was in his mind.

ACT II.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

SCENE I.

MR. HARWAY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Time, August twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, the village of Longueuil.

Mr. Harway passed what he considered a pleasant evening, after his interview with Dr. Griffith. He got drunk. He always thought he passed a pleasant evening when he got drunk, but discovered his error next morning when he awoke with a racking headache.

He was not habitually an early riser, but this morning he was later than usual, and it was almost one o'clock before he got out of bed. He was enjoying all the miseries of a too free indulgence in bad whiskey, and fancying a walk would do him good, he started from his boarding house and strolled down Notre Dame street.

It was a fine bright day, not too warm, and Mr. Harway found his walk invigorated him so much that he extended it down St. Mary Street as far as the Longueuil ferry. He had no definite object in walking in that direction, but after he had reached the ferry he suddenly took a fancy to cross to the other side. He thought the trip on the water would help to restore his shattered nerves, and assist in his recovery from the last night's debauch, so he invested ten cents in a ticket and took a seat on deck, so that he could extract some comfort from a short black pipe.

He had to wait some ten minutes before the boat started, and he occupied his time in calling to mind, as well as possible, all that had passed between Dr. Griffith and himself on the previous evening. He was trying to determine whether it was really worth while to spend his time hunting for a person he had never seen, and who may have been dead for years, as Dr. Griffith said she was,

He had never seen Mamie Morton, for the simple reason that he was not Tom Bowles, as he had claimed, but a brother of Bowles' wife. Bowles had told the story of the wreck of the *Montezuma*, and how he had saved the life of a Miss Morton, a lady passenger, and also how she had married a gentleman in New York, and that her brother had died a few days prior to her arrival. The story made but little impression on him at the time, but he noticed as a curious feature in the case, that no mention had been made in the papers of the saving of the young lady, and that Bowles was reported as the only survivor.

Mr. Harway had been compelled to "leave his country for his country's good," and selected Montreal as a place well suited for his peculiar facility of getting a living without working for it. He had by chance become acquainted with a clerk in Morton's office who was rather more fond of talking about his employer's affairs than he should have been.

From him Harway learned enough to show him that Morton was the brother of the girl who had been saved from the wreck of the *Montezuma* by Bowles, and who was reported to have died. He also learned, for the first time, that Morton believed his sister had been drowned.

This was sufficient for Mr. Harway, and he soon came to the conclusion that there was "a game," as he expressed it, and that Dr. Griffith was the prime mover in it. It did not take him long to find that gentleman and the review already recorded was the result.

Mr. Harway landed at Longueuil, and, being in a pedestrian mood, strolled about half a mile out of the village. Suddenly he started, and instinctively dodging behind a neighboring tree, cautiously peeped forth.

The sight which met his view was not very alarming, a lady and gentleman accompanied by a little girl, apparently five or six years old, were entering the gate of a pretty little cottage standing a few yards back from the road.

The gentleman was Dr. Griffith.

(*To be continued.*)

Feloniously and Burglariously.

We had just locked up the safe, and I had put the key in my pocket. I am the accountant of the North and South of England Bank at its Paisley Branch, W. R. Yorks.—I had got my hat on, and had taken up my umbrella, when a man came running into the bank with a bag of money in his hand.

"Am I in time?" he cried. I shook my head.

"Deuce take it!" he said; "and I'm off to Liverpool by the next train, and then to America."

"Sorry for it," I said; "but we can't take the money."

"Well, then, what is to be done? Here's twenty-two thousand pounds in this bag, and those drafts of mine come due in a couple of days. Well, you'll have to take them up," he said; "I can't unless you take the money in to-night."

I knew that those drafts were coming due, and that our manager was a little anxious about them, for they were rather heavy, and the other names on them were not very good. Black, too—that was the man with the money bag—Black was a capital customer; and not only a good customer himself, but he brought good accounts with him, and we were a young branch and on our mettle.

Well, here was the money to meet the drafts anyhow, and I should have been a great fool to send it away just because it was after-hours. So I counted it all over: there was about nineteen thousand in cheques and notes, and three thousand in gold.

"Come and have a glass of beer with me," said Black, "on the way to the station."

I put the bag of money in my desk, and locked it up. I would come back presently, and have it placed in the safe. I walked to the station with Black; we had some beer together and then he went off America-wards, and I on the way to Nemophilian Villas. You see, I was rather in the habit of calling for a glass of beer as I went home, and then going on; and, consequently, from the force of habit, I'd almost got home before I remembered the bag of money. It was vexing, too, because we had a tea-party that night—the first since our marriage—and it began at six o'clock, and I'd promised to be home an hour earlier, to draw the corks and help to get things ready. And here it was six o'clock, and I had to go all the way back to the bank.

All the way back I went as hard as I could pelt. However, the money was all right in my desk, and now I'd put it in the safe. "Tell Mr. Cousins"—our manager, you know—I said to the servant who'd let me in, "that I want the key of the safe."

"Eh, my!" said the servant, opening her mouth wide; "and what might you want Mr. Cousins's key for?"

Just as stupid as you, you see. I was mad with the girl. I own I always got out of temper with those Yorkshire people. If you ask 'em the simplest question, first they open their mouths and gape at you. When you've repeated the question twice, they shut their mouths and think for a bit. Then the idea seems to reach the thing that does duty with 'em for brains, and excites a sort of reflex action—for, by jingo! instead of answering your question, they go and ask you one. And that makes you so mad. Oh, they're a very dense race, those Yorkshire people,

"Why, to open the safe, you stupid!" said I. "Where is he?"

"Don't ye know?" says she.

"Know!" I cried, in a rage. "What should I ask you for, if I did know?"

"Didn't than know he were at that house?"

Ah, so he was. I'd nearly forgotten that he was one of the guests at my wife's party. Clearly, I couldn't get the safe open, and I didn't like to leave the money in my desk, so I put it in my pocket and took it home, thinking I'd give it to Cousins with my key, to put in the safe when he returned.

A nice mess I got into when I reached home; for you see it had been arranged that I was to go upstairs and dress before anybody came; and that then our room was to be made ready for the ladies to take their bonnets off — for they were not all carriage-people. Well, you never saw such a thing! When I got home and crept upstairs to dress — the people had all come, so the servant said—there were six muffs, and four bonnets, and five pork-pie hats, and half a dozen shawls on the bed; and one lady had left her every-day curls hanging over the looking-glass! Upon my word, I really didn't like to perform my toilet among all these feminine gear; and there was no lock to the door; and my dress-clothes were all smothered up amongst these muffs and things. But I got through pretty well, and had just got one of my legs into my trousers, when bang-atrop-dop-dop! such a rattle at the knocker, and I heard my wife scuttling away into the hall. They were the Markbys—our trump cards—who kept their own carriage, and everything grand.

"So kind of you, dear!" said my wife, kissing Mrs. Markby most affectionately—I could hear the reports where I stood.

"So delighted! Really, how nicely, how beautifully you arrange everything! I can't have things so nice, with all my servants, and—"

"Run upstairs, dear, do," said my wife; "you know the room—my room, right hand at the top of the stairs."

I heard a flutter of female wings on the stairs. What was I to do? If I could have managed the other leg, I wouldn't have minded, but I couldn't. I hadn't worn those dress-things for a good while, and I don't get any thinner as I grow older. No, for the life of me, I couldn't dispose of that other leg at such short notice. What could I do? I could only rush to the door, and set my back against it. Did I tell you this was our house-warming party? I think not. Did I tell you our landlord had altered the house for us, making our bed-room larger by adding a slip that had formed a separate room? I think not. And yet I ought to have told you all these circumstances, to enable you to understand the catastrophe that followed. In a word, the door opened outwards. I'd forgotten that peculiarity—never having had a room so constituted before, and never will again. The door went open with a crash, and I bounded backwards into Mrs. Markby's arms. Smelling-salts and sal volatile—was there ever such an untoward affair!

Tum-tid itimity-tum-de-de! The music struck up for the dances as I hopped back into my room. I hid my head amongst the bolsters and muffs, and almost cried; for I'm such a delicate-minded man. Yes, it hurt me a good deal more than it did Mrs. Markby; for—would you believe it?—she told the story down below to the whole company, with pantomimic action; and when I showed myself at the door of the drawing-room, I was received with shouts of inextinguishable laughter!

I think I called the Yorkshire people dense just now, didn't I? Well, I'll add another epithet—coarse—dense and coarse. I told 'em so, but they only laughed the more.

The guests were gone, the lights were out, slumber had just visited my eyes, when right into my brain, starting me up as if I'd been shot, came a noise—a sort of dull, bursting noise. I wasn't really certain at first whether I had heard a noise or only dreamed of it. I sat up in bed, and listened intently. Was it only my pulse thumping in my ears, or were those regular beats the tramp of somebody's muffled feet? Then I heard an unmistakable sound—creak, creak, creak—a door being opened slowly and cautiously. All in a moment the idea flashed into my head — Twenty thousand pounds! You see, all this dancing and junketing, and laughing and chaffing, had completely driven out of my mind all thought of the large sum I had in my possession. I had left it in my greatcoat pocket, which was hanging up in the hall, downstairs.

Puff! a gust of wind came through the house, rattling the doors and windows, and then I heard a door slam, and a footstep outside of some one stealing cautiously away.

Away downstairs I went like a madman, my one thought to put my hand on that greatcoat. It was a brown greatcoat with long tails, and two pockets behind, and a little cash-pocket on the left-hand side in front, and the breast-pocket in which I had put the bag of money. This pocket wasn't, as is usual, on the left-hand side, but on the right. There was no other coat hanging on those rails, only my wife's waterproof. What a swoop I made to get hold of that coat! Great heavens! it was gone!

I had carefully barred and chained the front door before I went to bed—now it was unfastened. I ran out into the street, and looked up and down, hopeless and bewildered. It was a dark, damp night; the lamp at the corner threw a long sickly ray down the streaming pavement, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Everything was still, and cold and dark.

The money was clean gone—yes it was gone. I repeated these words mechanically to myself as I crawled upstairs. All the results of this loss pictured themselves clearly before me—dismissal from the bank, ruin of all my prospects—utter ruin, in fact! What could I do?—to what turn? The blow that had fallen upon me was so heavy and sudden that it had benumbed my faculties. My chief desire was to crawl into bed and fall asleep, hoping never to wake. But morning would come, surely enough—morning and its attendant miseries.

Then the thought came to me—Should I go to bed and say nothing at all about it? No one knew of my having received that money—not a soul but Black, the man who had deposited it. I had given no receipt for it, no acknowledgment. Black had gone to America—a hundred things might happen—he might never return: at all events, here was respite—immediate relief. I could go to the bank next morning, hang up my hat as usual—everything would go on as before. If Black returned, my word was as good as his. The notes and cheques could never be traced home. But I don't think I retained this thought long. Do you ever consider how much resolution and force of will it takes to initiate a course of crime and deception? I'd neither the one nor the other: I should have broken down at once. I couldn't have met that fellow's eye and told him I had never had his money.

I woke my wife—she'd slept through all the trouble. "Mary," I said, "we're ruined—there's been a robbery."

"A robbery!" cried she, clasping her hands; "and are the men gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" she said, "then we are safe! Never mind the rest, Jack, as long as our lives are safe. But there's my waterproof, Jack—oh! do run and see if they've taken that."

Then I told her the story of the twenty-two thousand pounds. She wouldn't believe me at first; but when she heard the whole story, she was frightened enough. Yet she had wits about her more than I had.

"You must run off to the Town Hall, Jack," she said, "and set the police to work. They must telegraph to all the stations, to London—and everywhere! Oh, do go at once, Jack, at this very moment. Every second lost may be ruin to us."

Away I went to the Town Hall. This was a big, classic place, with an immense portico and a huge flight of steps; but you didn't go into the portico to get to the police office, but to the side, which wasn't classical at all, but of the rudimentary style of architecture, and you went along a number of echoing stone passages before you reached the superintendent's office.

When I'd told the superintendent the story, "Ah," he said, "I think I know who did that job."

"Oh," said I, "how thankful I am! Then you can put your hands upon him and get back the money. I want the money back, Mr. Superintendent; never mind him. I wouldn't mind, indeed, rewarding him for his trouble, if I could only get the money back."

"Sir!" said the superintendent severely, "the police ain't sent into the world to get people's money back. Nothing of the sort; we aren't going to encourage the composition of felony; and as for putting our hands on Flashy Joe—for he did the job, mark you!—well, what do you think the liberty of the subject is for? Where's your evidence?"

I was obliged to confess I hadn't any; whereat the superintendent looked at me contemptuously.

"Now, let me see into this matter," said he, after he'd made some notes on a bit of paper. "How came they to know that you'd got the money in your coat?"

I said I didn't know.

"Ah, but I know," said the superintendent. "You went to get a glass of ale after you left the bank, young man!"

I was obliged to confess I had done so.

"That's how property get's stolen," said he, looking at me severely. "And, what's more, you had a glass with a friend? Ah! I know you had. And perhaps you got talking with this friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed I had."

"Very well; and mentioned about the money you'd just took."

"Very likely."

"Then this Joe, depend upon it, was in the crib at the time, and he heard you; and he followed you back to the bank; and you haven't got blinds, but a wire-netting over the window, and anybody outside can see you counting out the gold and silver."

"That's true," I said.

"Yes; I see it all," said the superintendent; "just as Joe saw it. He follows you up from here to yonder, and he sees you put your money into your coat-pocket, and then he follows you home, and when all's quiet, he cracks the crib. Oh, it's all in a nutshell; and that's how property goes. And then you come to the police."

"But if you know it's Joe, why don't you send after him and catch him?"

"Oh, we know our own business, sir; you leave it all to us; we shall have Joe tight enough, if not for this job, anyhow for the next. We'll give him a bit of rope, like."

I couldn't put any fire into the man, do what I could: he was civil, that is for a Yorkshireman; impassive; he'd do what was right. I'd given the information; very well; all the rest was his business.

So I came home miserable, despairing. It was just daylight by this time, and as I opened the shutters, the *débris* of our feast was revealed; the lees of lobster salad, the picked bones of chickens, the melted residuum of the jellies; whilst about everything hung the faint smell of sour wine. I sat down amid all this wretched mess, and leaned my head on my arms in dull, miserable lethargy. Then I sprang up, and as I did so, I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. Good heavens! was this wretched, hang-dog fellow myself? Did a few hours' misery change a man like this? Why, I was a very felon in appearance; and so I should be thought to be. Who would believe this story of a robbery? Why, the police didn't believe in it, else they'd have taken a different tone. No; I should be looked upon as a thief by all the world.

Then my wife came downstairs, and, with a few touches, restored a little order and sanity, both to outward matters and my mind. She brought me some coffee, and an egg and some bread-and-butter, and after I had eaten and drunk, I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Jack," she said, "you must go to London at once, and see the directors. Have the first word, and tell them all about it—all the particulars. It was only a little bit of carelessness, after all, and perhaps they'll look over it."

"Yes; that's all very well," I said. "But how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleaned us right out."

"Borrow some of Cousins."

"He asked me to lend him a sovereign last night, and I couldn't."

Now, you'll say: "Here's a man without resource. Why didn't he pawn his watch?" To tell you the truth, that's what I had done the week before, and the money was all gone. "Then, under these circumstances," you'll add, "it was immoral to give a party." But, you'll bear in mind, the invitations had been out for a fortnight, and *then* we were in funds.

"Well, Jack," said my wife, "you must get the man—the P.B.—to give you some more money on the watch. Sell it him right out. It must be worth at least ten pounds, for it cost thirty, and you've only had five upon it. Sell the ticket."

Yes; but where *was* the ticket? Why, in the little cash-pocket of my brown greatcoat. Still, I had heard that if you lost a ticket you could make the man give you another; and Brooks, the pawnbroker, was a respectable fellow, who, perhaps, would help me out of my difficulty. I went to him anyhow, on my way to the station. I felt like a ticket-of-leave man as I went into his shop, but I put a good face upon it.

"Brooks," I said, "that watch—you know the ticket—it's stolen."

Brooks gave a most portentous wink. He was a slow-speeched man, with a red face, and a tremendous corporation.

"Nay," he says, "my lad; thour't wrong there."

"What do you mean?" I said, colouring up furiously. Every one suspected me, it seemed.

"Whoi, it might ha' been stolen once, but it aren't now; 'ave got it here. This is how it were. A cadging sort of chap comes in, and he says: 'Master, what'll you give me for this here ticket?' Now, you know the hact don't allow us to give naught in that kind of way, but I says to the chap, 'Let's have a look at it;' and then I saw it was yours, and I said to the man, 'My lad, you aren't come honest by this.'"

"And you gave him into custody—he's in prison? Old Brooks, what a capital fellow you are!"

"Nay," he said, "I knowed better nor that. Do you think I'd hexpose a customer? I know you gents don't care about those little matters getting abroad; and so I slaps my fist down on the counter, and I says, 'Hook it!' just like that, and away he went, just like a lamplighter."

I sank down on the counter, overpowered with emotion.

"And what's more," went on Brooks, "he never took up the money I'd lent him for the coat."

"What coat?" I cried.

"A very nice brown coat he put up with me. About fit you, I should think. See, here it is."

It was my identical brown greatcoat, wrapped up in a bundle, and tied round with my own handkerchief. I made a dart at it, opened it, plunged my hand into the breast-pocket—there was the roll of money, there were the *twenty-two thousand pounds!*

How did I go to the bank that morning, on legs or wings? And how did I get home, as soon as I had put the money safe away? Mary knew by my face it was all right; and didn't we have a dance of joy all round the house!

My burglar had only been a sort of sneak, after all, who got in at the open window, and bolted with the spoils of the hall; but if he had taken the pains to look into the pockets of the coat, he'd have been a rich—though perhaps a miserable and insecure—man, and I should have been utterly and deservedly ruined.

ACCORDING to the drift of observations upon the European salmon, about one-half of the young, after being hatched, remain in the rivers one year before they go to the sea, the other half staying two years. They are then believed to pass down in the early spring, weighing from three to five ounces, and to return in the fall as grilse of as many pounds. After sojourning for a short time in the fresh-water they return again to the sea before winter sets in, and come back the next spring as breeding fish of nine pounds and upward. Such is the most generally accepted hypothesis on the subject.

THE Russians called the island of Spitzbergen, *Grumant*. This name is regarded by some scholars as an evidence that the Russians discovered that desolate region independently; but M. L. K. Daa, of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, states that the earliest English and Dutch visitants called it East Greenland, and maintains that *Grumant* is merely a corruption of *Gronland*.

THE WORD DARLING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"My darling, come sit by me closely, for I
Need the touch of your hand and the light of your eye,
While together our hearts sweet communing will make,
As the glad waves that mingle their joy on a lake."

So to his betrothed one he whispered that night:
In the little word "darling" what beauty and might!
In aught other can more by a mortal be found?
It is Love's sacred music—the fragrance of sound.

Nor alone from the wedded, or those to be wed,
Is that music of "darling" delightfully shed:
Darling father or mother, how fondly it breathes!
Darling brother or sister, what home mem'ry wreathes!

Darling friends—yes, the word is for them cherished too,
And Humanity's paths with some roses bestrew,
Which must make many struggles in life seem divine,
That would otherwise offer but dark bowls of brine.

Darling child — O, what tenderness swells in the word,
When it is from the lips of the proud parent heard!
And the parent, how steals through the heart and the frame,
As from Heaven itself, an angelican flame!

Ever blessed be the word with its Eden of love!
Ever prophecy speak of the mansions above.
Where no hatred to quench it is evermore found,
But Affection floats on such a fragrance of sound!

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

DARCY PLAYS THE AMBASSADOR.

"Madame never receives visitors," said the footman, civilly but curtly. "It is no use, sir," he added, putting back the gold coin Darcy would have slipped into his palm. "It would be more than my place is worth to let you in."

"You are not forbidden to carry my card to your mistress, are you?"

"No, sir; but it won't be of no use, I'm sure. I've had double and treble that money offered to me, but I dursn't take it."

Darcy mused awhile, then, on the back of one of Lord Glenaughton's cards, he pencilled his own name, and an urgent request for five minutes' conversation with Madame Lestelle.

By this time, the quiet courtesy of his manner had so impressed the footman, that, throwing open the door of a pretty morning-room, he invited him to enter, and wait there while he went on his errand.

Darcy complied, and sauntering to a window that commanded a view of a small but beautifully arranged garden, had stood there some little time before a slight sound warned him that he was not alone. Glancing quickly round, he saw that a young girl, in a loose muslin wrapper of pink and white, had risen from a desk at which she had been writing, and in blushing irresolution was glancing from the door to his tall form and back again, as if meditating a flight, yet afraid to attempt it. Darcy was not very impressionable, for he had run the gauntlet of bright eyes at several Continental cities without indulging in more than a passing flirtation. The queenly beauty of Ida had dwelt in his memory, and made him a severe critic; yet he mentally acknowledged that he had never encountered a more charming little creature than the young lady now before him. She was below the middle height, but her figure was so exquisitely proportioned that no one stayed to consider whether she was short or tall. A skin of the palest olive, lips of the deep soft crimson tint rarely seen in England, teeth somewhat irregular but very white, and eyes dark, bright, and shaded by lashes that rested on the cheeks, now peachy with confusion—all this he saw in the one long, rapt glance, for which the next moment he stammered an apology.

Before the young lady could make any reply—if she meditated one—there was a crash at the window, followed by the yelp of a dog. A beautiful little spaniel, forbidden admission to the room, had leaped in at the partially-raised sash, but dislodged a heavy flower-vase in the attempt, which fell with and partly upon it.

Darcy, always compassionate, picked up the little creature and placed it in the arms of its mistress, who tried in vain to still its piteous cries. Troubled and frightened, she made a timid appeal to the stranger.

"Oh, sir, what makes Fido moan so terribly? Is he seriously hurt?"

Darcy examined the dog carefully. One of its slender legs was broken; and as he announced this, the face of the young girl blanched, and her large dark eyes filled with tears.

He hastened to soothe her. "Don't alarm yourself; I will bandage the injured limb, if you will permit me, and Fido will soon recover. Have you the courage to hold him while I do it?"

She nodded assent. Her lips were quivering as she saw the sufferings of her pretty favorite, and when the dog licked the little hands that firmly yet tenderly restrained him, a few bright drops fell upon his glossy coat.

"You must think me very babyish," she faltered to Darcy, who happened to look up at the same moment: "but Fido and I are old friends, and I haven't much to love besides my pets."

"I should think any lady very unfeeling whose heart would not be touched by the suffering and patience of this animal," Darcy answered; "though I'll own I don't like to see dogs pampered into nuisances. Shall I lay my patient on this cushion? A little careful nursing is all he will require now."

"I am so much obliged to you," said Fido's mistress, gratefully. "What should I have done if you had not been here?"

Then, startled into remembrance that the cause of his visit was still unexplained, she moved towards the bell, saying, with some embarrassment, "I have detained you unwarrantably. Do you wish to see Miss Hill?"

"I am here to beg a few minutes' conversation with Madame Lestelle. My name is Lesmere," he explained; and the beautiful face glowed and paled, the eyes he never wearied of admiring glanced at him shyly, and the rosy mouth expanded into a sweet smile, in which there was evident recognition.

"Mr. Lesmere—the nephew of Lord Glenaughton—the gentleman who traveled so much, and wrote such interesting letters to the newspapers? Ah, sir, we have heard of you often—very often!"

"It flatters me to find myself of so much consequence," Darcy replied gallantly. "May I beg your good offices with Madame Lestelle, to obtain for me the interview I seek? The servant by whom I sent the message does not return."

"Perhaps he knows that he has incurred his mistress's anger by admitting you, sir," was the grave reply. "An actress, if she would avoid calumny, must deny herself the pleasure of receiving any but her most intimate friends."

A sarcastic smile flitted across Darcy's lips. Judging by what he knew of her intimacy with his cousin, Madame Lestelle was not always so punctilious.

"My errand is purely a business one. If you will kindly assure Madame of this, and that I shall not detain her one moment longer than is absolutely necessary, I shall esteem it a favor."

Still the young lady demurred.

"Lestelle might ask if this is not one of the many pretexts made to gain admittance to her presence."

Darcy shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I will speedily undeceive her. I have not the smallest ambition to be ranked amongst this lady's admirers."

The flush that rose even to the brows of his fair companion warned him that he had said too much.

"Pardon me if I have seemed rude," he added gently. "I merely meant to imply that you are laboring under a great mistake if you attach any other motive to my visit than I have already given you for it."

"But a letter!" she murmured; "would not a letter answer all purposes? After what you said just now; Lestelle would surely be justified—pardon me, sir, if I speak too plainly—*justified* in refusing to see you."

"What have I said that has led you to this conclusion?" Darcy demanded.

"Enough to tell me that you are not amongst those who wish her well," was the reply, spoken with such sorrowful earnestness, that he hastened to offer some explanation. The bitter disdain with which he was forced to regard the woman who had infatuated Percy need not extend to the pretty friend or relative who so generously defended her.

"Madame Lestelle and I are strangers to each other. I am here solely to communicate with her on an affair of some urgency. If you will kindly use your influence in my behalf, and prevail upon her to grant me an audience, I shall feel much obliged."

"But if I have no influence with Lestelle?" the young lady asked, demurely, a little repressed fun sparkling in her eyes. "If she has so often found me her worst counsellor, that she refuses to listen to my promptings?"

Darcy looked perplexed, and, drawing up her little figure with a stately gesture, she added, "I will not attempt to mystify you any longer, Mr. Lesmere; I am the Lestelle you seek."

He was so unfeignedly surprised, that a low, soft laugh broke from her lips. She had too keen a sense of humor not to enjoy his perplexity.

"I cannot help feeling curious to know what sort of a creature Mr. Lesmere expected to behold," she archly observed. "Perhaps a living likeness of Mrs. Siddons, as *Lady Macbeth;* or *Miss Bravassa*, in her page's dress; or that young lady's friend, in old slippers and papillotes."

Certainly, this simply-dressed, graceful girl was so vastly unlike to the mental picture Darcy had conjured up, that he found it difficult to conquer or conceal his astonishment. Rallying himself, however, he replied that his long absence from England must plead his excuse for not being better acquainted with the features of a lady who was such an acknowledged favorite with the public.

Lestelle shrugged her pretty shoulders, and pettishly exclaimed, "Oh, sir, pray spare me any more complimentary speeches, I am so sick of them. They were acceptable at first, when I really required encouragement, but now I think I like a sharp critique better than the indiscriminate praise I receive for my performances."

"Of course I can neither pretend to praise nor blame the acting I have never seen, but of Madame Lestelle's personal charms there can be but one opinion," the gentleman courteously responded.

Instead of smiling or blushing when she heard this, Lestelle sighed, and raised her eyes to Darcy's with a very grave, sad look in them.

"You mean that I am beautiful, that, as yet, late hours and rouge have neither destroyed my complexion nor robbed me of my youth; but I have heard these things said till the repetition disgusts me. No one seems to comprehend that I attach but little value to the good looks, which win me nothing but empty adulation."

Darcy looked steadfastly at the face into which the excitement of speaking had brought such deep tints and varying expression. He was beginning to debate within himself whether the frank, impetuous tones were those of truth, or only adopted for his especial delectation.

"I find it difficult to conceive how a young lady can have learned so quickly to be indifferent to the homage she receives."

"Do you really? And yet to me it is inexpressibly saddening to be obliged to know that I am valued simply for the amusement I afford my audience. I have not the gift of tragic power. I cannot rouse and sway at will the best feelings of my audience. I am only a singer, whose voice they will applaud while it retains its freshness. A severe illness—a violent cold—and I lose the ability to please. Then what becomes of the homage you spoke of?"

Darcy grew thoughtful as he listened.

"Aren't you taking rather a morbid view of the matter?" he asked, "If you possess the gift of song, there must surely be some satisfaction to yourself in exercising it."

"There is—there is!" she answered, enthusiastically. "Sometimes I sing for myself more than for my audience, and lose all thought of their praise or blame in some delicious melody! Mr. Lesmere," she went on, blushing, and faltering, and clasping her hands as if entreating some great favor, "I should very much like to sing to you."

He was unmistakably gratified, for, independent of a natural desire to hear the renowned songstress, he inherited from his mother a delicate sense of harmony which made him an appreciating hearer.

"I shall be delighted," he said, following her to the piano, at which she hastened to seat herself. A pile of music lay on a Davenport close by, and she glanced at it irresolutely, turning towards her companion the next moment to ask, with a smile, "What shall it be?"

He named an aria in an opera buffa which was then making a sensation in Paris; but Lestelle shook her head.

"It is too florid, too stagey! Let me sing you something simple—some old favorite, instead." And without waiting for a reply, she began the always beautiful air known as "Gramachree Molly."

Report had not done more than justice to the voice of Lestelle. It possessed that sympathetic charm and purity which distinguished the singing of Jenny Lind; and Darcy listened entranced. Percy, and the errand that had brought him to the house of the actress, were awhile forgotten; yet the only witchery she exercised over him lurked in the mellow tones warbling so charmingly the songs she loved best. One succeeded another, till an hour had passed away, and still Lestelle sang on; and Darcy Lesmere leaned on the piano, shading his eyes with his hand, his thoughts carried back to earlier days by the Scotch and Irish ballads for which he had asked her. Lestelle never glanced towards him. Had she done so, the spell would have been broken. His silence—his long breath of mingled pleasure and pain whenever she paused—told her that he was a rapt hearer, and she was content.

How much longer he would have lingered and listened, it is impossible to say, for the footman came in to announce Mr. Paulton; and Lestelle, the happy light fading out of her eyes, hastily rose from the instrument.

"It is the manager of the theatre at which I am engaged," she said in a rapid whisper. "He comes to arrange with me about my part in a new opera, and I cannot deny myself to him, for he is here by appointment."

Darcy reddened, and bit his lip. What madness had possessed him to loiter here until the opportunity for speaking with her alone had passed away? How humiliating to find himself so ductile in the hands of the siren whom he had contemned Percy for loving. And last, and most annoying consideration of all, what should he tell Lord Glenaughton, who must, even then, be impatiently awaiting him?

By this time, Mr. Paulton was in the room, eyeing him from head to foot, as if very much disposed to resent his presence. The manager was a tall, portly man, with enormous, well-dyed whiskers and moustache, and quick, fiery eyes, that struck Darcy as strangely familiar. But his further scrutiny of this man was prevented by Lestelle, who said, in low tones, "You came here to speak to me on some business of importance, but you see that it is now impossible. To-morrow, however, I shall be disengaged at this hour."

The hint relieved Darcy from his embarrassment; he bowed over the hand she extended. "To-morrow, then, madam, I will call upon you again. Till, then, adieu."

As he was leaving the room, his gaze travelled towards the face of the manager, who, with an impatience he made no endeavor to conceal, was awaiting his departure. Again the conviction that this man was no stranger came over him, and he made an involuntary pause, asking himself where and when he had known him.

The pause was seen, and understood. After a moment's hesitation, Mr. Paulton smoothed his brow, and came forward, smiling, and bowing low to the perplexed gentleman.

"It seems unreasonable to expect the Honorable Darcy Lesmere to remember such a humble personage as myself. My own memory, however, vividly recalls the time when I had the honor of being useful to him."

"The voice, the eyes, are Wyett's!" muttered Darcy; and the manager's lips parted in another smile.

"Time has been kind to me," he said, caressing his whiskers, and gazing complacently at his portly form; "and the bequest of a generous relative has given me the means of embarking in dramatic speculations. I hope my honored patron, the Earl of Glenaughton, is well. Kindly make my respectful compliments to him. I do not forget that I once had the honor of brushing his clothes."

There was an undertone of mockery lurking in Mr. Paulton's smoothly-spoken sentences; and the piercing, hazel eyes, that glittered restlessly beneath his dark brows, were almost menacing in their expression.

"This fellow dislikes me, or else it displeases him to find me here," Darcy instantly concluded. But, with a brief, though courteous reply, he went away, for he was too much troubled about his approaching meeting with his uncle to feel interested in the quondam valet, or care to know in what way he had evoked his hatred.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACTRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

When the door had closed on Darcy, Mr. Paulton, with his thumbs in the pockets of his vest, walked towards the window, and ensconced himself in a rocking-chair that stood there. Lestelle had not moved from the spot where she had bidden farewell to her guest; but with head drooping, and hands lightly clasped one in the other, seemed to have fallen into a reverie. Her face had lost the soft glow of pleasurable emotion it had worn while she sang, and had grown cold and hard, as if her thoughts were troubled ones.

"You owe me an explanation," said Mr. Paulton, hashly. "I thought I warned you that no visitors were to be received here whose calls I had not sanctioned?"

"That was when you were my master," she answered, quietly. "Then I had bound myself to obey you. Now the contract has expired, and I am free."

"Not so. I, who made you what you are, am equally able to undo my work. And more — I have constituted myself your guardian by virtue of an authority you cannot rebel against—the request of your dead parents."

Lestelle raised her head, and shot one swift glance at him as she reply, "You have told me this frequently, and I have always answered as I do now: that when your pretended authority merges upon tyranny, I refuse to recognize it."

Paulton smiled, provokingly.

"Eh! little one, you are contumacious this morning! But we cannot afford to quarrel till the season is over. Tell me plainly what brought Darcy Lesmere here? Your bright eyes?"

Lestelle crimsoned with resentment. "Did you come here solely to ask me this? If so, your errand is a fruitless one. This house is mine, and I admit to my presence what guests I please."

Mr. Paulton's look when she said this was an evil one; but he answered pleasantly enough, "You are justified, *ma chère*, in reproaching me for neglecting business. However, there is no hurry; I have changed my mind about the opera I intended to put into rehearsal. I have decided to revive 'The Queen's Page,' with you as *Raoul*, and Bettina for the *Queen;* Salvi can take——"

But here he was impetuously interrupted.

"I will not play the part of the page!"

Mr. Paulton raised himself in his chair, and answered imperatively, "Chut! you must—you shall! I will not have the opera spoiled by your caprices. A few successes have turned your head. You have the airs in yonder folio. Practise them."

"I will not play the part of *Raoul!*" Lestelle said again, her bright dark orbs flashing with angry determination.

Mr. Paulton sat for a few moments humming an air, and looking at her as he rocked himself to and fro.

"Are you wise to defy me, *petite?* What are your objections to this piece? The dress? Bah! you have donned the page's jerkin before this, and brought down the house by the way you wore it."

"But I hated myself all the while!" she answered. "It was unfeminine; I felt it so then; and now—and now—"

She panted, her bosom heaving convulsively, and Mr. Paulton mockingly repeated her words.

"And now, *ma belle*, you will assume it once more, and achieve fresh triumphs. The first rehearsal shall be on Thursday next. Take care that you are well up in your part!"

Lestelle came a step nearer, and steadily met his gaze.

"Mr. Paulton, you said but now that we could not afford to quarrel just at present."

He nodded.

"Then you must withdraw your opera, or find another *Raoul*. I do not intend to play the character. Hitherto I have yielded my will to yours, because I felt that I owed you something, even while my heart told me that your motives for what you have done will not bear the light.

But I will not sacrifice my sense of what is due to myself simply to serve your interests!"

Mr. Paulton lazily subsided into the cushioned chair, his calmness unruffled by her excited tones.

"The scent of your flowers comes sweetly through the window. Let us enjoy them, and defer our discussion. There are some few days between this and Thursday, and ladies occasionally change their minds."

"I shall not alter my decision," said Lestelle, moving towards the door. "If you have nothing more to say to me I will go, and tell Miss Hill that you are here."

"I am in no hurry to see Miss Hill—she is well, I trust?—and I have something more to say to you," he quickly replied. "You have not answered my question respecting Percy Lesmere. Men of the highest rank complain to me that they besiege your doors in vain, and yet I find him here. How do you explain this?"

Lestelle gave him a rebellious look, but did not speak.

He nodded oracularly. "I see. You have committed a folly, and you are conscious of it. You will be careful not to offend me again. You will give orders to your servants not to admit him any more."

Still she was mute; and, in spite of his efforts to conceal it, he began to loose temper.

"Girl, you have always been unfathomable; but you play with edged tools when you pit your puny wits against mine! What ails you? Are you meditating some scheme based on nothing more tangible than your own foolish fancies; or are you wavering between the love-sick boy, Percy, and his more intellectual cousin? In either case, you must submit to my better judgment, and believe me when I tell you that *marriage* with either of them is an impossibility."

Lestelle's colour came and went.

"Tell me why!" she exclaimed. "I am no longer an ignorant child, to whom the knowledge might be dangerous. I know something of what I ask, more, indeed, than you surmise. Tell me the rest."

Paulton started, and looked a little disturbed while she was speaking; but he had recovered his equanimity when she paused, waiting eagerly for his reply.

"Your question must be asked in a different tone, and under different circumstances, before I answer it," he said, significantly. "But content yourself; your interests are as dear to me as my own."

Lestelle made a gesture of impatience. "If you would but speak plainly, so that I might both comprehend and believe you! Is it that you set a price—an exorbitant price—upon your revelations?"

"Money will not buy my secrets," he answered, mysteriously, and with a provoking degree of self-satisfaction in his accent.

"Then under what circumstances will you be induced to restore the paper of which you robbed—yes; look as angry as you will, the term is rightly applied—robbed the defenceless girl who trusted in you?"

"*Ma petite*, have you yet to learn that such charges are actionable? Where are the proofs of my guilt? I stole into your room at night, and you saw me! Bah! You were dreaming; that is all. Do you ask when I shall be prevailed upon to say all I know. Come hither; and I will tell you. It shall be when——"

He stooped, and whispered something in her ear which made her start, and shiver, and recoil from him, crying angrily, "Are you mad, sir?"

He laughed. "Think me so if you like. I am too proud of you—too highly gratified at the result of my teachings—to resent your pettish speeches. You will not need any rouge to-night, Lestelle, if your cheeks retain their present color."

Lestelle's foot tapped the floor.

"Mr. Paulton, let us understand each other at once!"

He held up his watch. "My child, I am quite satisfied without any further explanations, and, as you perceive, I am due at the theatre. We do understand each other. My plans were made long since, and are unalterable. You may and will oppose them. You will fret and chafe, and offer a great deal of useless resistance. But in the end—do you hear me?—in the end you will yield."

She was beginning a passionate protest, but he stopped her.

"It grieves me to leave you, but I must. I had almost forgotten to say that I have heard it rumored that another of those bills of Viscount Brancelcigh's is in circulation. Shall I buy it in?"

"The rumor is a false one," Lestelle promptly replied.

Mr. Paulton coughed dubiously. "But if it is not false?"

She turned from him without reply, and sitting down at the piano, began to rattle off a noisy Tarantella. When she came to the last note, and looked round, he was gone.

The next minute, Lettice Hill came swiftly into the room. The years that had passed over her head had not dealt with her as gently as they had with Wyett Paulton. Her figure had lost its roundness, her features had sharpened, and an habitual sadness lurked in the corners of the mouth, and her dimmed and sunken eyes. She looked anxiously round, and then, with a disappointed air, addressed Lestelle.

"I thought he was here. John said he had admitted him. Surely he has not gone without seeing me?"

"He was in haste. Business of some importance called him away," said Lestelle, softening the truth for the sake of the forbearing woman who still believed in her dilatory lover.

"But he might have stayed to see me, if only for a moment. Did he ask for me?"

"Mr Paulton hoped that you were well."

Miss Hill sighed. "And that was all! And yet he knows that it is a week since I saw him! How did he speak of me, Lestelle?—affectionately, and as if he were sorry to leave without seeing me?"

Lestelle put her arms around her friend's neck.

"My poor, dear Lettice, if he were a true and a good man, he would not use you as he does. Knowing this, why do you not try to forget him? Has it not been the same ever since he first put me under your care? He divines how fondly you have loved him, and——"

But Miss Hill would hear no more. She withdrew herself from Lestelle's embrace, and answered, with dignity, "I cannot permit any one to discuss Mr. Paulton's acts in my presence. When he told me that he was not rich enough to marry, I know that we must have patience, and wait till he had amassed a competency. No one could be kinder or more considerate than he has always been; and I will not be taught to doubt him. You are inclined to be rather harsh in your judgments, my dear."

Lestelle made no attempt to defend herself, and Miss Hill went back to her own room, to shed a few tears in secret over that long-delayed union which seemed as far off as ever.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADY IDA.

Lord Glenaughton's carriage was at the door when Darcy entered Belgrave Square. He was not sorry to be able to conceal, under apologies for his tardiness, some of the embarrassment he could not help feeling.

The Earl made a good-humored reply, and then sank into silence until they had driven out of London, and were bowling along the smoother roads of the suburbs.

"I need not question you," he said, at last; "your looks have told me that you are not the bearer of good tidings."

"Then my face belies me," Darcy replied, with an effort to speak carelessly. "I bring no news at all. The fair Lestelle had an engagement this morning, but she has promised to give me a hearing to-morrow."

"Did you see her? Is she as beautiful and fascinating as she is described?"

Darcy hesitated.

"I saw but little of the lady, yet I must acknowledge that Percy appears to have some excuse for his infatuation."

There was an inflection in the young man's voice which the Earl detected; and he looked at him so searchingly, that Darcy, who felt dreadfully guilty every time he remembered how long he had lingered at the house of the actress, hastened to change the topic. Nor was it reverted to again.

They found Lady Ida and her mother sitting in a pavilion in the garden of the cottage ornée the Earl had rented. The Countess, never very demonstrative, and now languid with ill-health, suffered Darcy to kiss her cheek, murmured a few civil words, and let him pass on to accost her daughter. A note from Lord Glenaughton had apprized them that Darcy would accompany him to Richmond, so he was denied the pleasure of witnessing Ida's start of surprise at his appearance. But her greeting was so cordially spoken as to make some amends for this.

The Lady Ida had been cold and stately as a child. She was still the same, but this only made the contrast more charming when she unbent, and smiled upon the favored few whom she thought worthy her notice. She had been beautiful in her childhood; as a woman, she was even more so. Her hair retained its golden tint and wavy crispness; her figure was finely developed; she had the gait of an empress, and her features were of that rare type of patrician loveliness,—fair, statuesque, and emotionless,—which is seen only at St. James's, or in Rotten Row.

She glanced at Darcy from beneath the blonde eyelashes resting on her delicate cheek, and congratulated herself upon his appearance. She was not so wholly in the dark as to the wishes he had expressed as the Earl imagined. They had been hinted to her by her mother, when the younger son of a needy baronet appeared to engross too much of her attention, and Ida had dutifully proclaimed herself ready to obey her parents' behests, if they determined to bestow her upon her handsome cousin.

"I am very glad you have come back to us," she said, in her liquid tones, as they strolled across the lawn together. "We see so little of Percy now that I might as well be without a brother."

"Then you'll have no objection to accept me as his substitute occasionally?"

"Oh, no; why should I?—we are such old friends;" and Ida glanced at him winningly. "That is, always provided you have nothing better to do with yourself. I don't like to think that I am a trouble to any one."

"You never need fear to call upon my services," answered Darcy. "One of the pleasantest privileges a male cousin enjoys, is that of playing the escort to his prettiest kinswomen."

Ida's lips parted into a gentle smile as she thanked him; adding, "I must take care not to tax your gallantry or your patience too much. For instance, I'll not ask you to 'squire me when I go shopping, nor to ride with me in the Row more than twice in the season. You'll stay in London, Cousin Darcy, till we go to Brancelcigh Hall, won't you?"

"If you wish it, yes."

Lady Ida looked down as the half-whispered words fell on her ear, but she was not embarrassed. She had learned to regard Darcy's homage as a matter of course, and the idea that he could have permitted some less noble or beautiful girl to usurp her place in his imagination had not entered her head. He left England the slave of charms which she was proudly conscious had known no diminution.

"Papa says you are going to bring Percy back to us," she said, after a little pause. "We shall all be so glad if you contrive to exorcise the evil spirit that has taken possession of him. I may talk to you of our troubles freely" she went on, "because you, and I, and poor Percy were playmates together in the long ago. Don't you remember?"

Darcy smiled.

"Yes; and that our frolics were few and short, because there was always a dread before us of torn frocks and Miss Hill's displeasure; besides which, you had a provoking way of wounding my dignity by calling me a rude boy whenever I offended you."

"I have forgotten all my ill-natured speeches," Ida answered, demurely. "My most vivid recollection is of flying to you for protection when an angry bull menaced me, and how brave I thought you for interposing yourself between the fierce animal and my own shrinking form."

The reminiscence was a flattering one, especially when breathed by a young and beautiful woman; and Darcy was somewhat annoyed that their *tête-à-tête* had to suffer an interruption.

A little lady, plump and rosy, with bead-like, black eyes, which danced and glittered incessantly, tripped towards them and slipped her arm through Lady Ida's.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to this returned paladin, or must I perform the ceremony for myself?" she asked, gaily. "I am able to claim kinship with you, Mr Lesmere, for I am the widow of your second cousin, Captain Lavington. Is not this introduction enough?"

Lady Ida quickly drew her arm away as soon as Darcy had made a polite reply to the speech of the vivacious widow, who seemed to have thrown off with her weeds all other signs of mourning.

"I think I see papa looking for me," she said, and moved across the sward to join him, while Mrs. Lavington coolly took her place.

"You and the dear Earl changed, Mr. Lesmere. But he bears his troubles wonderfully well, though they are visible on his shoulders, aren't they?—that stoop, I mean. You can't think how it pains me to hear people say that it's all owing to his own culpable indulgence. I get so angry with them—wouldn't you?"

"The world metes out its censure more readily than its praise," said Darcy

Mrs. Lavington threw up her hands.

"How true—how well expressed! Mr. Lesmere, I shall be afraid to talk to you. I can see at a glance that you are awfully clever. Don't you think a little mental anxiety is rather becoming to the Countess? She was a trifle hard—even we, who are so fond of her, are obliged to acknowledge this—but a pensive air tones her down admirably. She has been a handsome woman, and when we can persuade her to dress to her age, she will look charming—don't you think so?"

"Pray don't ask my opinion respecting a lady's attire," answered Darcy, absently, his eyes following the slow, graceful movements of Ida.

"Ah, you are *épris* with our *belle cousine*; all men are at first. That listless nonchalance which she assumes so well is charmingly novel, and makes her so different to other girls, that she is quite the rage."

"Lady Ida is very lovely!" the young man exclaimed, with such earnestness, that Mrs. Lavington laughed.

"Oh, yes, I quite agree with you, though you need not express your admiration so loudly; and it's not very flattering to me."

Darcy plucked a scarlet geranium and a white campanula from the nearest parterre, and held them towards his pouting companion.

"We don't compare these flowers, yet how beautiful they are individually. How well they blend together; and how little cause either has to complain, if, in the absence of one, we admire the other'"

"Very pretty indeed, and very consoling," cried the gay widow. "If you will promise never to be oblivious to my charms, I'll forgive you for letting your eyes wander towards *ma chère amie*. We are very affectionate, Ida and I. We have no secrets from each other. I assure you."

Darcy shrugged his shoulders slightly. "That intimates a degree of friendship which passes masculine comprehension."

Mrs. Lavington patted his arm with her parasol. "Don't abuse us, sir, because you are frank and confiding; qualities which your sex rarely possess. Have you seen our naughty boy since you returned to England? Although such things mustn't be said aloud in the house, I pity him sincerely. He is the victim of revenge, Mr. Lesmere."

Darcy stared, and the lady nodded oracularly.

"You don't comprehend me, but it's quite true, nevertheless; and that proud acting woman will never forego her hold of the youth till she has satisfied her vengeance."

"Really, Mrs. Lavington, your words require some explanation!" said her hearer, hastily.

"I'll give you one, with pleasure. Let us turn into this talk, through the shrubbery. Ida will forgive us, when she knows the subject of our conversation. Perhaps you are not aware that Lady Glenaughton had an attack of gastric fever, after her return from Spain, and, fancying it would prove infectious, Lady Ida was hurried off to a finishing establishment, a few miles from town. There she found congenial companions, and elected to stay. She was the queen of the little community; and Ida likes to be looked up to. *Eh bien*, a Miss Wyett was introduced into the school, who formed a great attachment to our cousin, and I fancy Ida was disposed to reciprocate it, till, by some accident, it was discovered that the girl was of no birth, and actually looking forward to the stage for a livelihood! Ida, very correctly, refused to hold any further intercourse with such a creature, and the other young ladies followed her example. She also wrote home to the Earl, who removed her directly. Miss Wyett now figures before the public as Madame Lestelle; and there can be little doubt but that she is avenging herself for Ida's contempt, by ensnaring her foolish brother."

Mrs. Lavington had now talked herself out of breath; but Darcy made no reply. By an odd train of thought, he was imagining the scene at the finishing establishment when it was discovered that a daughter of the people had intruded herself among these scions of nobility. He saw Lestelle as beautiful, and, in outward seeming, as refined, as they; yet driven from their society, scoffed at, taunted, and despised, because the accident of birth had placed her beneath them.

"She must be a horribly bad woman, mustn't she?" murmured Mrs. Lavington in his ear, and he started from his musings.

He made an evasive reply; and the next minute they were joined by Ida and an effeminate-looking youth, whom she introduced as the Marquis of Lechlade.

"There is nothing in him," she observed, with a disdainful curve of her lips, when Mrs. Lavington had pounced upon the young peer, and dragged him away to look at her aviary. "Nothing in him, although he is immensely wealthy, and has been most carefully educated; yet I find him endurable, because he makes no attempt to seem what he is not. Mamma has been asking for you, Cousin Darcy. Will you come to her?"

Nothing loth, he followed whither she chose to lead him. He even found the Countess's querulous prosings endurable, for Ida sat close by, her hands crossed in her lap, her golden head lying back on the purple velvet cushions of the chair in which she reclined. It was difficult to tear himself away from his rapt contemplation of her delicate face, for Darcy's sense of the beautiful was dangerously acute, and Ida had always been his incarnation of all that is good and lovely in woman. But the Earl was obliged to return to town, to be present at the reading of a Bill in which he was interested, and his nephew, mindful of his appointment on the following morning, went with him.

As he stood at Lestelle's door at the appointed hour, waiting for admittance, and nervously asking himself in what words he should broach his errand, a cab drove up from which a gentleman alighted. It was his cousin, the young Viscount Brancelcigh. The recognition was mutual, and Mr. Lesmere held out his hand, looking as smiling and indifferent as he could under the circumstances. But Percy, with a look of intense scorn, waved it away.

"I never stoop to double dealing, Darcy Lesmere. You are here to spy over my actions—to curry favor with my father, and win Ida as your reward, by carrying to him all the scandal malice can invent."

"You wrong me, Percy. Friendship for you, and regret for the unhappiness of your parents, combined to bring me here."

"Is this your first visit? No. Then, while you were talking to me at the Albany with such apparent candor, you were actually taking mental notes of all I said in reply! Oh, it was well and honorably done! But you shall not practise such devices here. Step in, sir. The door is open to you, and Lestelle shall give you your answer from her own lips. But beware what you say! One insulting word, or even look at her, and I shall forget our relationship as you have done. Proceed, sir; I will follow you."

(To be continued.)

WEARING FLANNEL.

The majority of people are not aware of the beneficial effect of wearing flannel next to the body, both in cold and warm weather. Flannel is not so uncomfortable in warm weather as prejudiced people believe. Frequent colds and constant hacking coughs have left me, since adopting flannel garments. There is no need of great bulk about the waist, which condemns the wearing of flannel with those who prefer wasp-waists to health, for in that case the flannel can be cut as loosely-fitting waists, always fastened at the back. There are scarcely any of the bad effects of sudden changes of weather felt by those who wear flannel garments, and mothers especially should endeavor to secure such for their little people, in preference to all those showy outside trimmings which fashion commands.

LOVE UP A GUM TREE.

BY J. S. B.

New South Wales is a colony peculiarly liable to floods. Its rivers generally take their rise in the lofty mountain ranges, and in the early part of their course are joined by numberless tributary streams. When the rainy season has set in—which generally commences about the middle of May—the downpour sometimes continues for six weeks at a time, and then these rivers overflow their banks and flood the surrounding country far and near, forming, in many places, miniature seas. Upon these occasions hundreds of farmers are ruined, thousands of sheep and cattle generally destroyed, and not unfrequently many valuable human lives sacrificed.

Perhaps the district most liable to disastrous floods in the whole colony is the broad vale of the Hunter, where, every few years, thousands of acres are submerged with a suddenness that is truly appalling. Houses are frequently buried to the chimney-tops beneath the waters, which rapidly form an inland sea of at least a hundred miles in length by a score in breadth.

In the year 1866 I was quartered at Windsor, a little township about twenty-five miles distant from Sydney, the metropolis of the colony, and for some months I had been chiefly engaged in the arduous and by no means romantic duty of hunting for illicit stills, of which it was supposed there were several in the neighborhood.

I certainly did my best to discover their whereabouts, but was completely unsuccessful, and after traversing the country day after day, in every kind of disguise, until I must have traveled, on foot and on horseback, many hundreds of miles, I at last gave the matter up as a bad job.

If I had not found a still, however, I had in the course of my wanderings discovered what gave me far greater delight, for I had fallen across one of the prettiest and most lovable little girls that an Australian or any other sun ever had the honor of shining upon, and, what was better, I had so ingratiated myself in her good graces as to win her promise that she would never marry any one but me.

Our acquaintance had commenced in a romantic manner enough. I had rescued her from a wild cow who would certainly have gored her had I not interfered and shot the brute.

She was too frightened to walk home alone, and so I accompanied her, was introduced to the parents, as a matter of course, and they were profuse in their thanks, and begged me henceforth to look upon their house as my home, and so forth.

I promptly took them at their word, and every other evening, and sometimes even oftener, my charger would be comfortably stalled for hours at a time in Farmer Martin's stable; and, meanwhile, the pretty Gertrude and myself would be either wandering by the river's bank, studying poetry together in the old summer-house, or, as the cold weather drew on, playing chess in the snug little back parlor.

These things continued until the rainy season set in, but instead of being deterred by the steady downpours, my visits became, if possible, more frequent, and through the slushy lowlands, where the water was often above my horse's knees, I nightly jogged, like a marine centaur, to visit my inamorata.

By and by the father's suspicions were aroused.

Could it be possible that a mounted trooper, wearing her Majesty's uniform, would ride nightly through mud and rain, and thunder and lightning, and hail and wind, to drink a glass of grog and smoke a pipe with an old man of sixty?

Common sense answered "No," and, having a fair stock of that commodity, so also said Farmer Martin.

"The girl he's after, and it's time to put a stop to this nonsense," was the conclusion he arrived at.

And so the very next evening that I rode over, before Gertrude and I could finish our third game of chess, Mr. Martin put his head into the room, and said, in a dry, dignified kind of way—

"Hem! Could I speak with you a few minutes in the front parlor, Mr. Rush?"

I think I knew what was coming, and so did Gertrude, for she grew very pale, and upset the chessboard in her agitation, so that kings, queens, bishops, knights, and all the smaller fry went rolling over the room.

Meanwhile, I followed the old gentleman into the front parlor—that horrid room wherein everything was buried either in chintzes or yellow muslin, and where a fire was never lighted more than once a year; and here he opened the trenches, not angrily, but collectedly, calmly, determinedly, informing me that his daughter never could be mine, for that he was a tolerably wealthy man, and he had resolved never to wed his child to one who was not possessed of a portion equal to her own.

In vain I told him how much I loved his daughter, that she loved me in return, and that we could never exist apart from each other. The old man merely smiled sarcastically, and, pointing to my uniform, said—

"The man whose very coat is not his own, and whose pay is only seven shillings and sixpence a day, cannot marry my heiress."

He laid a strong stress on the last word, and I don't know what possessed me, but I replied—

"And what may be the extent of your present wealth, Mr. Martin?"

The question was certainly a very rude one, but the old gentleman did not seem to regard it as such, for he answered, simply—

"Well, three months ago, I had four thousand pounds in the Bank of Australasia, but I took it all out, and expended it in the purchase of additional stock, and in improvements on my farm; I daresay I am worth altogether twelve thousand pounds, and Gertrude will be the sole possessor when I die."

"Then you don't object to me in myself, Mr. Martin, but only because I'm poor?" I said, bitterly.

"Just so, my boy. I object on principle; but, to show you that I bear you no personal animosity, come into the kitchen, and we will honor your last evening amongst us by a glass of my best grog, and some tobacco such as you have not tasted for many a long day."

"Stay a moment," I cried. "Were I as rich as you, Mr. Martin, would you give me your child?"

"Aye, that I would, lad, right willingly," was the reply.

"And directly I am as rich as you, if Gertrude is then single, will you consent to our marriage?" I persisted.

"Aye, verily, I will, on my word of honor, Mr. Rush. But why talk of impossibilities?" he added; "where are you going to realize a sudden fortune?"

Ah! where was I? My heart sank as I asked myself the question, and I followed the old man into the kitchen in almost heartbroken silence. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, for grates are still very rare in Australia—in fact, they would be ill adapted for the logs of red gum wood that form the invariable fuel.

Presently glasses and pipes were laid on the table, and I did my best to rekindle hope within my breast by the aid of Hollands and Barret's twist, but it was no good.

On the other side of the fire sat Mrs. Martin, a comely dame of fifty years, fully as broad as she was long, and with a mind wholly given to the concerns of the dairy, and the making of orange marmalade. Gertrude, knowing that something was wrong, but scarcely guessing what, nestled up to my side, and, to my great joy, her father did not rebuke her.

And thus we sat for a long time, neither of us speaking a word, but listening to the falling rain and howling wind without, and to the groaning of the great forest trees, as their branches were swayed and tossed by the blast. Anon came another sound—a loud but yet a soothing murmur, like the sighing of a summer breeze amid a cork wood.

No one seemed to notice it but me, and I only did so as wondering how so gentle and so musical a murmur could make itself audible above the uproar of the wind and tempest. Suddenly, however, there broke upon our ears the dashing open of a gate, and a man's voice shouting—

"Master Martin, if you value your life, look sharp! The river has overflown its banks, and the waters are out."

Then we heard the "splash, splash," of horses' feet, as the warning visitor rode away.

"Water out! Impossible!" muttered the old farmer. "Why, bless my heart, the river was not on a level with its banks by a good six inches this morning, and we've had no rain to speak of since."

"You don't know what weather it has been amongst the mountains, though, Mr. Martin," I said. "And, hark! put your ear to the floor. By heaven! the warning was a timely one. We have not a moment to lose."

We all bent our heads down and listened, and now we could hear a hollow, gurgling sound under our feet, and little jets of spray leaped up between the crevices of the flooring.

The house, according to the common custom in the colonies, was built on piles, and thus the downstair rooms were about four feet above the ground, between which and the flooring the angry waters were now fretting and fuming, and dashing against the stout woodwork with momentarily increasing power.

The women began to cry, and the farmer was too stupefied to move.

"This will never do," I said; there is not a moment to be lost. I can take one of you up behind me on my horse, and I know that Carlo and I will get through it somehow. The rest had better get upstairs—or, if possible, on to the roof—and with the first peep of dawn I'll send a boat to bring you off. Now, who am I to take charge of?"

I was very much afraid he would bid me take the old lady, but to my great relief both parents cried out—

"Save Gertude!"

I lost no time in acting. I flew down the four steps that led to the garden, and, with the water above my Napoleon boots, made my way to the stable. Mine was the only steed there—for Australian settlers seldom stable their horses—and he, poor fellow, was very miserable and frightened.

I did not stop to reassure him, but had him round at the house door in a minute, and then Gertrude, after bidding a weeping adieu to her parents, sprang up behind me, and away we dashed into the storm and tempest.

It was, indeed, a wild, fearful night; the moon shone brightly, but every minute or two its light was obscured by black, pall-like clouds, that were tearing with mad velocity across the sky, and then it was so dark that I could not see my horse's head before me.

In the brief intervals of ghastly white light I could perceive that we were surrounded by a sea of waters, and that scarcely a speck of dry land was to be seen. True, they were as yet very shallow, scarcely above Carlo's knees, but I knew how rapidly they would deepen, and I urged the good horse in the direction of the town as quickly as possible.

Gertrude's arm encircled my waist, and she clung tightly to me with fear. Often I turned my head to speak to her a few words of encouragement and hope, but I was too anxious to secure her safety and my own to say much.

She was warmly wrapped up in shawls and wraps, and, as she was an excellent horsewoman, I had no fear of her falling off, though the wind was blowing hard enough to whirl her from her seat.

Before we had got more than a mile from the farm the rain recommenced with redoubled fury, and in a few minutes we were both of us wet through. The wind, too, grew from a gale to a hurricane, and amid the continuous roar of the thunder and flash of the pale lightning, we could see huge boughs of trees hurtling through the air, and now and then heard a mighty crash, as some aged monarch of the plain fell prone to the earth.

Suddenly a flash of lightning darted right in front of Carlo's eyes, and, with a snort of fear, he reared nearly upright.

"Hold fast, Gertrude," I cried, endeavoring to throw my right arm around her to keep her from slipping off.

I was too late—she had fallen. I heard a splash in the water, a cry, and the darkness hid her from my sight. Just, however, as I was about to give way to despair, another flash revealed her to me standing amid the flood, at not a dozen yards' distance.

I spurred towards her, and presently she was again on Carlo's broad back.

The excitement of this event, and the turning of my horse round and round, had made me forget the proper direction to the town, so that we now rode on not knowing whither we were heading.

Meanwhile, the flood grew deeper each moment, and presently I discovered that Carlo was swimming. I had not felt fear until now; but I must say that a great dread crept over me when I found that, whichever way I guided my charger, he could not touch the ground. I knew that, weighted as he was, he could not keep afloat for long, and each moment he seemed to sink deeper and deeper in the water.

At this critical juncture of affairs, the moon shone out again, and lighted up the scene as though it had been broad daylight. Far as the eye could reach, not a speck of dry land was now visible; but, to my great joy, I perceived, close by, a blue-gum tree, whose boughs were so disposed as to be easily scaled.

"Do you think you can climb that tree, Gertrude?" I asked. "It is our only chance of preserving our lives now."

She answered faintly in the affirmative, and with some little difficulty I swam Carlo alongside. Under the tree he regained his footing, and I was glad of this, as he was enabled to stand steady for my poor little companion to climb into the lower branches from his back.

When she had accomplished this feat, I took off his bridle, so that he should not catch his feet in it if he had to swim for his life, and then Gertrude and I got some twenty feet higher up in the blue-gum tree, and paused to rest. Shawls and wraps had long ago fallen off her and been lost, and now poor Gertrude was exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, in the low-necked, short-sleeved dress she had worn during the evening.

How her plump, white, and beautifully-moulded arms were scratched by the rough tree-bark in climbing, and as the rain poured down through the unprotecting vertical foliage, the drops glittered on her polished shoulders, and trickled down her plump, snowy bosom.

"Why, Gertrude, you look a veritable Undine," I said, and, having no cape or overcoat to protect her, I doffed my uniform, and made her put it on.

We then sat side by side, and, putting my arm around her neck, I told her all about my interview with her father that evening.

"And did papa really say that as soon as you were as rich as himself he would let me marry you, Willie?" she asked.

"Yes, Gertrude; he gave me his word of honor to that effect," I responded.

"Then he won't break it," she replied. "Poor papa! this night has made him a beggar. All his money was invested in improvements on his land, and in increase of stock. It is all lost now, so you may claim me sooner than you thought for, Willie."

This view of the case had never struck me before, and I nearly jumped off the gum-tree in, I fear, a most selfish ecstacy of delight. I was bound to control myself, however, and exert all my attention in comforting Gertrude, who, now that the excitement attending our escape was over, began to entertain a thousand fears concerning the fate of her parents.

At last I succeeded in convincing her that it was a matter of impossibility for the flood to cover the house before rescue came in the morning, and thereupon she became composed, and our thoughts reverted to our own hopes and fears, and amid the rain and howling wind, and the still rapidly-rising waters below, she nestled in my arms, and we talked of love until the cold, gray dawn aroused us from our seventh heaven of bliss. Well, then, to make a long story short, after another three hours' perch, we perceived some boats coming from the direction of Windsor, and by the aid of a brilliant scarlet handkerchief that I fortunately possessed, we signalled them, attracted their attention, and were in due time taken on board.

At my instigation, we then rowed to Mr. Martin's farm, and saved the old man and his wife from a chimney-top, whereon they were both sitting, with their feet held up out of the water. We were only just in time.

Two months later, Gertrude Martin became Mrs. William Rush. The old man stuck to his word, and our position was not so bad, after all, for, a month previously to our marriage, I came into an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum on the death of a distant relative in England, so that, with my pay of seven-and-sixpence per day, we were able to begin housekeeping pretty comfortably.

Mr. Martin has retrieved his loss, and is now the owner of a capital farm at Ryde, New South Wales. He has abjured, and very wisely, the rich alluvial lands on the banks of rivers, so freely offered to the emigrant in a certain column in our leading daily newspapers.

CHRISTIAN SKINFLINTS.

Most men are curiously illogical in their character, but the Christian skinflint is the oddest contradiction of all. It sounds something like cold fire and stony water. As a Christian he must have his charities; but to give is, to the skinflint, torture, and to the philosophical political economist, immorality. And these opposing principles have to be reconciled. We have known some odd methods of reconciliation. One lady does fancy-work, which she sells at prices quite as fanciful as her labors; the proceeds of which mild extortion, after deducting the full cost of the material rather over than under, she dedicates to charitable purposes, and so kills more than the traditionary couple of birds with one stone. For she amuses herself according to her taste, without cost; she makes a brilliant reputation among her friends for dexterity and cleverness of fingers; and she is really quite heroic in her subscriptions. She could afford all that she gives in this way out of her private moneys, if she liked; but she could never bring her heart up to that measure. So she makes her friends pay for her amusements in the way of fancy-work and nicknackery; and how much soever she is laughed at, she honestly believes this to be true Christian charity, and that she is laying up for herself treasures everlasting for every little penwiper made useless by beads and plush, which she sells for half a crown—extreme price of material, under fourpence. Another gives charity out of her savings; and her savings come from her bargains. She goes to market herself, and does all her own shopping; and when she has been clever enough to mulct the tradesman of a few pence or a few shillings, as the case may be, she puts the parings she has gained, neither honestly nor nobly, into the pocket of her charities, and robs Peter that she may pay Paul. She thinks it no wrong if, all in the way of business, she cheats a poor trader of his lawful margin of profits, provided she throws the proceeds of her theft into the treasury of the Lord. She has no idea of the Lord not quite liking such addition to His treasury; of a widow's mite honestly got and generously given ranking far above guineas of gold of such questionable mintage. To her the thing is her charity, not the means by which she performs it; and she never thinks for a moment of what the poor trader must feel when he watches the melting away of the margin of profit of which she has cheated him. And such a one has no mercy. She will haggle with a miserable flower-woman for halfpenny or a penny quite as keenly as she will quarrel with a cabman when she pays him his exact fare only, as she stops twenty paces short of the three miles; as she will bargain with the West-end mercer for so much discount, if her bill comes to so much. She gives her savings to charity, she says; and she accounts herself blessed among women for the dexterity with which she can transform a sin into the semblance of a virtue. But she is none the less a skinflint of the most unblushing kind; and words which are by no means blessings follow her footsteps wherever she turns. A third of the same order pares her very charities. She gives away both food and clothing on occasions: but the food is the poorest and the clothing the meanest she can find. Her conscience has never dictated to her any doctrine on quality; and so long as she obeys the precepts of giving, she thinks herself justified in skinning her charitable flints as closely as she can. "Quite good enough," she says, when she is setting the price she means to pay against the articles she is going to give. In consequence of which her charity-tea is of English hedges, and possesses none of the refreshing properties of true Bohea; her charity-woollen is shoddy, and comes to pieces in a shower of rain; and her charity-calico is half cleaned, and chafes into sores the tender skin of the new-born infant for whom it is destined.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus's Shoshonees Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

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SHODDY.

Things are really valuable only in proportion to their thoroughness: a truism which all acknowledge and no one acts on. The first question which old-fashioned housekeepers used to ask when making purchases for family wear was, will it wash? If it would, it was all right; if it would not, it was all wrong. What was the use of beauty that would not last? Given durability of service, delicacy of tint and texture might be dispensed with. Let us have our cloth without pretentiousness and useful, they said, and those who will may take the pretty inutilities which will not wear for more than a week, and which the first shower of rain is sure to spoil. This was before the apotheosis of shoddy; in the age when virtue, scholarship, fortune, and social pretensions were all required to be as thorough as the cloth the gudewife bought on market days, and when veneer was an art neither practised nor understood. But now thoroughness is not prized. Indeed, it is considered rather a bore than otherwise, and decidedly wanting in good taste. What we like is a fine, showy kind of thing, that makes a good appearance for its time, and whose time is by no means long. We do not want it to wash, we only want it to shine. We rub our hands over the shoddy scholarship of the popular press, and applaud its shoddy eloquence as splendid. But Bentley's power and Porson's depth would be caviare to those to whom the classic lore of "the largest circulation" is welcome nutriment, while beside its garish glitter of words Gibbon's stately melody would be as dull as one of Mozart's masses to those who delight in the Christy Minstrels. The flimsy shoddy of what is called a popular style meets us at every turn. A subject is read up for the day and forgotten by to-morrow. The same man will turn out an article on steam-engines and the "Iliad," on the law of averages and Swinburne's most daring flights, on the channel fleet and the last discoveries in Central America, and his review of the Christmas illustrated books will be in one column, while his synopsis of the scientific journals will appear in another. Nothing comes amiss to him; and his supply of intellectual shoddy seems to be as inexhaustible as a conjuror's bottle. It takes; indeed, it is the only thing that does take. The lower orders in intellect and education, caught by its glare, think it wonderfully fine, and the better instructed are moved to admire the fellow's versatility. Even when they cynically liken his work to the chatter of Dead Sea apes, they cannot deny the liveliness of the tongue that wags so freely, the briskness of the pen that runs so rapidly over its ruled lines. They call it shallow, and they think it shoddy, but it amuses for the hour, which profounder work does not. Take, too, the shoddy gentility that has overrun society. How different it is from the real thing of a few generations ago. We do not mean by this to sneer at the self-made men; the men of the people, who, by their own energy and courage, have raised themselves from their original state into positions of influence and may-be notoriety. Far from it. These we honor; and the more they owe to their own powers, and the higher they stand in consequences, the more we honor them. But the shoddy gentility we mean is that affectation of social circumstances, that bastard ambition which makes people ashamed of what they are, and desirous to appear something they are not. The maid must look like her mistress, and her mistress tries to look like her friend's friend's bowing acquaintance the baroness. The journeyman calls himself a master; and the tradesman who serves behind a counter is dubbed "esquire" by his intimates. The honest homespun of former days, when things were what they were said to be, and men took no shoddy rank that could not bear the test of examination is considered vulgar, common, uninteresting. We pay a kind of poetic respect to the ideal, we say, when we try to disguise the homely reality of our surroundings in a beautiful dress that is not their own. And there are not wanting subtle intellects among us who have proved to unanswerable demonstration that falsehood is a better thing than truth if it looks better, and "keeps up the ideal" better; and that the manufacture of shoddy is a necessity if society is to go on at all smoothly. For the matter of that there is no chance of society going on corduroy roads yet awhile, for the want of shoddy to line the rails. As things are we run a greater chance of bowling along with that fatal smoothness and swiftness which generally seem to end in a national upset, than of being brought up by the uncompromising rudeness of reality. In former days prophets prophesied smooth things, when they should have cried and withstood; in our present time we wear shoddy, and uphold the making thereof. From head to heel, inside and out, are we all clothed with shoddy of some sort. Our velvet has only a silken face; and men undertake to teach the generations the arcana of sciences of which they do not know even the accidence. The great Martin is our modern Milton, inglorious it may be, but neither mute nor unknown; Jupiter Junior serves up a prose Pindaric ode, or a Fleet-street Orphelc Fragment, with our matutinal tea and toast; and the cry that truth is ungenteel, and honest confession of things as they are unbecoming to folks of our social condition, has its echoes, everywhere save in the millrooms of shoddy and the drill-yards of pretence. By not one thing but by many is the honor of a nation sapped and its manhood perverted. But by nothing with more deadly certainty than this cultivation of pretence instead of truth—this respect for the ideal, which means dishonor to the real. Men without ambition are men without the very essence of humanity, destitute of the mainspring of civilisation, deprived of the practical expression of a soul. But it all depends on the thing and the mode whether their ambition is respectable or contemptible. To choose shoddy that looks like velvet, instead of honest cloth that will wash and wear, and stand the test of any examination you like to bring to bear upon it, and yet show no fibre that is not real, does not make a respectable kind of wardrobe; and in like manner to try to pass oneself off for the possessor of knowledge, fortune, social pretensions, or anything else that can be assumed without a patent from the Herald's College, when one has nothing of the kind, is but a contemptible exercise of native cleverness.—*Globe.*

LADY POLITICIANS.

Fortunate used to be the aspirant for parliamentary or other honors of a public character who had upon his side a considerable number of lady politicians. Many a closely contested election has been won through their influence; and there are instances upon record when a kiss has turned the scale in a losing man's favor. In the good old days, when bribery was rife, and candidates and candidates' friends personally canvassed the intelligent electors, it was an accepted axiom that in certain cases nothing but feminine influence could persuade a dubious holder of the franchise that he owed it to his country to vote "blue" or "yellow," as the case might be. It will hardly do to be too particular as to how the fair advocates, in a general way, attained their ends. But we shall not be violating any confidences in stating that their appeals were more of a personal than a national character; and that they did not object, when occasion demanded they should do so, to exert a pretty considerable amount of pressure. Chop, the butcher, knew very well that unless he plumped for "yellow" he should lose the custom of certain fascinating lady friends who for some time had been overpowering him with the most delicate and acceptable attentions. He was very possibly aware that the candidate in the "yellow" interest was an unmitigated muff, if nothing worse, but can he be blamed for under such circumstances giving his support? Snip, the barber, may have been perfectly cognizant of the fact that unless he supported the "blue" representative he would be no longer permitted to make the *coiffures* of certain sweet Hebes, who had nearly turned his head by the strong preference which they had shown for him. Could he put his dislike and mistrust of the "blue" candidate in the scale against such influences? We fear that poor Snip generally fell a willing victim into the traps set for him. But if—a rare case—Snip or Chop proved untractable in the face of all this, there were other ways of overcoming their conscientious scruples. The poor fellows had wives and children; and to the wives did the lady politicians appeal. It was not, of course, bribery to give innumerable small presents; it was not intimidation to hint that deplorable consequences might follow if husbands voted on the wrong side. The first acts were merely the promptings of a generous nature; the second was born of a laudable desire to see all mankind continue to be comfortable, and in the unmolested enjoyment of everything they possessed. If the wives became much alarmed at the prospect revealed to them, and conjured their husbands not to ruin themselves and their families for life, were the lady politicians to blame? It was the aim of the latter to make themselves as attractive and lovable as possible. Thus to a most fascinating get-up, was added the most charming and gushing manner. It was not sufficient that their faces should look pretty, so they were covered with smiles, only excelled in sweetness by the honeyed words which fell from ruby lips. It was not enough that the ladies were not too proud to speak to a humble tradesman, so they professed to take the deepest interests in his concerns. His children might be unkempt, but yet were they lifted up on to aristocratic laps, fondled, and, when their little mouths were not too dirty, kissed. A few silk dresses and innumerable kid gloves were but trifles when an election was at stake. Like the clever diplomatists that they were, they always made the real object of their visit appear as far as possible a secondary matter; and only when delicate inuendo, gentle persuasion, wholesale bribery, and their many arts, had failed to obtain the desired pledge, did they throw off the mask and appear as relentless foes.

It is at all times difficult to withstand the persuasions of pretty women who are earnest in the cause which they are advocating. Their interference is far from being conducive to the purity of elections. It ought, then, to be matter for satisfaction that the old race of lady politicians is dying out, more especially so far as our large towns are concerned, and being replaced by another which is made of very different material. The clever diplomatists to whom we have been referring could never have been able to carry on their tactics, to any great extent, in the face of the new-fangled contrivance for securing complete purity at elections, viz., the ballot. But the new order of lady politicians are in no way affected by it. They adopt a mode of procedure very different from that which their sisters used to find successful. They are cast in a stern mould. They are marvellously clever. They can get up on the public platform and talk by the yard. They are prepared to bravely argue with any man or woman upon any subject. They do not pretend to be particularly attractive. For the most part, they are well up in years, affect curious umbrellas and spectacles, and have no particular business of their own to look after. They do not try to wheedle people into doing as they wish. They are not fond of kissing dirty children. They fail to see any utility in spoiling dresses—and, by the way, in place of wearing fashionably-made silks, they are given to garments of a sombre hue and eccentric cut. They do everything in a business-like fashion, and are fond of acting up to what they call "first principles." They do not often go in for much house to house visitation; and when they do, they invariably act upon a system giving a certain time to each domicile, and uttering almost the same carefully studied formula at each place they visit. Nobody feels honored by the attentions which these ladies bestow; nobody is inclined to vehemently declare "ladies, ask what you will I am your willing slave." As a rule, people are only too glad to get them out of their houses and disposed to resent their reproof and advice as unnecessary impertinence. They are ready to work hard for any cause which they espouse; but their work must be of an ostentatious and public character. To address a public meeting, or deliver a course of lectures upon a subject such as "Why should woman be the slave of the tyrant, man?" is what they will do with very great pleasure and a certain amount of success. Though indisposed to bribe and coax people, they are not backward in showing their dislike of those who do not support the cause which they recommend. The most contemptuous epithets are applied in reference to these latter, libellous reflections are cast alike upon their mental capacity and their conscientiousness, and whatever patronage can be withheld is studiously denied them.

We will not say that the lady politicians of to-day are not an improvement upon those of yesterday. But this much is certain. They are not nearly so powerful; they are not so pliable; and they do not possess one-half the influence. If they do not breed corruption, neither do they influence many people. Probably the poor voter is glad to be left in peace. Formerly the lady politician would invade him in his own territory and spend days in converting him. He had perforce to listen. Now-a-days she pays him flying visits of a sternly, business-like character, and it is an easy matter for him to evade her, though it is difficult, perhaps, to elude her wrath. She prefers to talk to people in the bulk rather than to individuals. There is one advantage resulting from her line of conduct. Those who do not care to be bored need not go and listen to her "orations."—*Liberal Review.*

WATERCRESS.

There are many edibles, natives of our own country, hawked about the streets, of which we might be supposed to know more than we actually do. The watercress is one of them, and most of us no doubt have seen it growing where nature has placed it, in some shallow and remote stream. Watercress thrives best in springs or clear running water, where the bottom is either sandy or gravelly; and in such a situation it will sometimes grow a foot above the surface, though its more usual height is about six inches above the water. It has, as is well known, smooth, shining, very often brownish-green leaves, composed of five or seven ovate or rather heart-shaped leaflets. The edges of the leaflets are very slightly sinuated or waved, which is a very good characteristic to distinguish them from those of the water parsnip, with which they sometimes get mixed, and which are decidedly serrated or saw-toothed. Watercress has been introduced into North America and into some of the British Colonies. In New Zealand it forms a stem as thick as the wrist, almost choking up many of the rivers. Housewives of a few generations back gave to their children, in the spring of the year, a "health-giving" draught, which was a decoction of watercress, brooklime, scurvy-grass and oranges. It was said that the ancients ate watercress chiefly with lettuces, the stimulating properties of the former counteracting the coldness of the latter. The first attempts to cultivate watercress by artificial means in Europe appear to have been made, about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Nicholas Meissner, in the numerous streams which abound in the vicinity of Erfurt. The water and soil suiting the plants, they thrived, and their cultivation became a great pecuniary success. Cresses grown at Erfurt were, and are still, considered of superior quality, and are sent in large quantities to the markets of Berlin, a distance of about 150 miles. In the early part of the present century, the cress plantations of Erfurt were so profitable that they were let by the authorities of the city to the cultivators at the yearly rent of £3,400; and the value has since that period considerably increased. The crops have been known to realize, in one year, as much as £3,000. Watercress plantations have since been established in the neighborhood of Paris, as the demand in the French capital, in its more prosperous days, was very great, the estimated annual value of the cress sent to the Paris markets exceeding £37,000. For conveyance from the plantations, the cresses are packed in large baskets containing many dozen bunches each, in such a way as to leave an entirely open space down the centre of the basket, which admits of a free circulation of air. The whole are then well watered before being loaded into the waggons, and they are thus delivered quite fresh at the markets. We read of watercresses once growing in large quantities in the waters of Tothill Fields, Westminster, and even on the neighboring banks of the Thames itself; but the first we hear of their cultivation, in anything like a regular manner, in England, was in the year 1808, at Springhead, near Gravesend, where they are still grown, and the cress there is noted for its superior quality. When the success of this plantation became known, others soon started in many parts of the country where natural and suitable springs existed. In the neighborhood of London especially were these watercress beds formed, some of which were many acres in extent, some still exist, some have been done away with, and some new ones have in course of time been formed, the produce being nearly all consumed in London; indeed, the supply is scarcely adequate to the demand. Some of the most noted watercress plantations in the neighborhood of the metropolis are at Uxbridge, Rickmansworth and Waltham Abbey. Watercresses are also grown to some extent at Hackney and several other places near at hand, and at one time quantities were even brought to London from Salisbury. Some idea may be had of the importance of this branch of trade in London alone, when we state that it is computed that between 6,000 and 8,000 bunches are daily brought into the markets, and that the sum annually realized from the sale of watercresses exceeds £10,000. Watercress is undoubtedly a wholesome plant, and an excellent anti-scorbutic; and there are but few to whom it is not agreeable in its fresh green state. It is, moreover, sometimes cooked for table in a manner similar to celery.—*Food Journal.*

THE ART OF NOVEL WRITING.

It would indeed be difficult to over-estimate the influence of fiction as a motive power for good or evil. The standard of a nation's morality is seen in its literature; and in proportion as the effect of fiction is more vivid, as we have already shown, the circle of its readers is more extended, so will its responsibility be greater; and since its manifest object is to present under the form of a narrative the truths and realities that affect social life, the novelist becomes at once the exponent and investigator of public morality. His work, moreover, is especially important in the power that he has of applying the rules and axioms of this morality to individuals, showing its bearing upon society both severally and collectively; and here it takes precedence of a mere methodical essay, which from the nature of its composition is harder to be understood. The latter deals with first principles in themselves, while the former, by identifying them with some particular character, shows them in their application and active exercise. And since this is the case, it necessarily follows that the power of fiction will be greater, and its standard of morality more eminently productive of practical results. It pervades every class of society, sowing broadcast seeds which will infallibly expand and ripen. Sorrow and crime, indeed, have been too often engendered by it. Pure waters, poisoned by the deadly stream of perverted truth, have pointed to it as the fountain-head from whence the pollution came. Hearts drawn away by the insidious attractions of vice delicately handled and carefully glossed over have owed to it their first propensity. But this is only one side of the picture, and there is another, we trust paramount, at all events no less true. Studies of human life, with its infinite capabilities for good, and stories of noble and devoted lives, by suggesting the glorious possibilities that still lie within our reach, have formed the soil from whence have sprung generous aspirations and heroic deeds. Using this means earnest men have pleaded for the eternal laws of truth and justice; philanthropists have urged the claims of particular classes for education and advancement; practical philosophers have striven for the domestic improvement of the poor—have proved the impossibility of even social decency with crowded dwellings and vicious influences—calling upon the higher classes, with their superior advantages, to assist in promoting a speedy and urgently needed reform. Appealing to motives of self-interest, if all others fail, they have pointed out how the corrupt morals of an individual class affect society at large, making rotten the very foundation on which it stands. Others have directed their attack against the higher and better educated classes themselves, insisting upon their responsible position in respect to their fellow men, baring the hypocrisy of conventional forms, and striking some times a well-aimed blow at popular vices which lurk behind the screen of social indulgence. Now, these are tangible and well-defined results, and they may be attempted and have been already attained by the novelist. Only he must first acquire his materials by his own personal experience, and then know how to mould them skilfully. For, as we have endeavored to point out, fiction is a sketch; but if it is to avail anything it must be a sketch taken from life.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The committee charged to examine the candidatures for the direction of the French Academy at Rome has communicated its decision to the Académie des Beaux Arts. The names which it has sent in are those of MM. Leneveu, Cabat and Meissonier, painters; Jouffroy, sculptor; and Martinet, engraver. Out of these five, three will be chosen, from which the Government will select one.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1873.

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Publisher, Montreal

GONE TO REST.

With the exception of Charles Dickens there is probably no modern author whose works have been as extensively read, and are as well known, as Edward Lytton Bulwer, and one of the most prominent landmarks in literature has been removed by his death in London on 18th inst. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton, was the youngest son of Gen Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and was born in May 1805. He graduated at Cambridge, B. A., in 1826 and entered Parliament in the liberal interest as member for St Ives in 1831 From his earliest youth Bulwer evinced a strong literary taste, and made his first appearance in print at the early age of fifteen, publishing a short story entitled "Ismael," an Oriental tale In 1825 he carried off the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge by his English poem on "Sculpture," which was afterwards published. 1827 may be taken as the commencement of his career as a novelist; in that year appeared "O'Neil, or the Rebel," a tale in verse, "Falkland," and "Pelham." The latter work was not well received at first, but finally won its way to fame and made the reputation of its author. His other works appeared in rapid succession (in the order named below) and Bulwer's Novels" soon became well known wherever the English language was spoken In 1833 he succeeded Campbell as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1841, in connection with Sir D. Brewster, and Dr Lardner, founded *The Monthly Chronicle*, a scientific and political magazine which had a short but brilliant career. In 1843 on the death of his mother he succeeded to the valuable estates of Knebworth, &c., and in compliance with her will changed his name to Lytton, by royal licence. In 1838 he was created a Baronet, and in 1866 was raised to the peerage as Lord Lytton. He held office in 1858, under Lord Derby's administration, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and it was during his tenure of office that British Columbia, and Queensland were added to the British Empire. As a writer Bulwer was distinguished for his clearness and purity, and for the depth and interest of his plots, while not what now-a-days would be called "Sensational" in his style, he diffused sufficient spirit into his novels to make them interesting and enjoyable, and long after the present generation has passed away his novels will be read with pleasure and interest. In 1835 Bulwer first appeared as a dramatist, with a five act play entitled "Valliere", the piece was not successful, and one ill-natured critic went so far as to say that the author had not only written a bad play, but that he was totally incompetent to write a good one; it is said that when Bulwer read the critique he vowed he would write another play which no one could object to, how well he kept his vow was shown in 1838 when he produced "The Lady of Lyons," Macready playing *Claude Melnotte*; the success of that play is beyond question and it retains its popularity to the present day. The following is, we think, a complete list of Bulwer's most important works with the date of their production:

1820. Ismael. An Oriental tale.
1825. Sculpture. Prize poem.
1827. O'Neil, or the Rebel Tale in verse.
1827. Falkland. A love story.
1827. Pelham. A novel.
1828. The Disowned. "
1828. Devereux. "
1830. Paul Clifford. "
1831. The Siamese Twins. A Satirical poem.
1831. Milton. Poem.
1832 Eugene Aram A novel.
1833. Godolphin. "
1835 The Student A collection of sketches which had appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*.
1835. Pilgrims of the Rhine. A novel.
1835. The last days of Pompeii. One of the finest classical novels ever written.
1835 Rienzi; or the last of the Roman Tribunes. A novel.
1836. Leila. "
1836. Calderon, the Courtier. A novel.
1836. Vallière. 5 act drama.
1836 Athens; its rise and fall. A history which only reached its second volume, and was, for some unknown reason, suspended.
1837. Ernest Maltravers. A novel.
1837 Alice, or the Mysteries. "
1838. The Lady of Lyons. 5 act drama.
1839. Richelieu. "
1839. The Sea Captain. "
1840. Money. "
1841 Night and Morning A novel.
1842. Zanoni. "
1843. The last of the Barons. "
1845. The new Timon. Satirical poem.
1847. Lucretia. A novel.
1848. Harold; the last of the Saxon Kings. A novel.
1849. My Novel. A novel.
1849. The Caxtons. "
1851. Not so bad as we seem. 5 act drama.
1858. What will he do with it? A novel.
1862. A Strange Story. "
1868 The Rightful Heir. 5 act drama.

Besides the above he has written a large number of political squibs, essays, &c., which have appeared in various magazines, and some in pamphlet form, as his celebrated "Letter to John Bull, Esq," which appeared in 1851. A short while ago it was rumored that he was engaged on a new novel, and it is possible that some posthumous works may ere long made their appearance.

HOW MANY TIMES?

General Grant having been re-elected to fill the Presidential chair of the neighboring Republic for the next four years, and he having shown very decided proclivities for being President or nothing, the question, "how many times one man can be elected President of the United States?" is becoming a grave one with our friends across the border. The answer is very simple: just as often as any one man can obtain the popular vote, or *plébiscite*, just so often is he the Chief Magistrate of the United States, as the Constitution stands at present How this "*plébiscite*" business can be managed was shown very clearly immediately before the outbreak of the late Franco-Prussian war, when 7,000,000 Frenchmen were *supposed* to vote for the Empire, and within the next six months the *genuine* expression of popular feeling had declared the Empire a failure. There is but little doubt that Gen Grant's re-election was partly owing to the same causes which influenced the last Imperial *plébiscite*—bribery and corruption—and it is very possible that the same means may be employed, by an unscrupulous man, to insure his retention in office for life. If our neighbors really wish that no man should retain the Presidential chair for more than eight years, it would be well for them to add an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that no man can be legally elected as President more than twice.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

We copy the following very sensible remarks from our English contemporary, *The Queen*, on a curious decision of an English Postmaster; and the remarks apply very pertinently to some incongruities of the law regarding newspapers now extant in Canada.

The question of what constitutes "news" is one which is raised in consideration of a curious note recently issued by Mr. John Tilley, of the Post Office. The proprietors of an old-established journal in the West of England transmitted the usual fee for the registration of their newspaper for transmission abroad, and duly received an acknowledgment. But appended to this document there was a remarkable postscript, in which Mr. Tilley commented on a paragraph of the Post Office Act of 1870, which sets forth that a newspaper shall "consist wholly or in great part of news." This declaration Mr. Tilley interprets as follows: "By this it is to be understood that a little more than half the contents of a newspaper must consist of news." Upon what principle he makes this interpretation it is hard to say; but no one who has had anything to do with ascertaining the meaning of official declarations will be surprised at any arbitrariness of construction which official interpreters may think it well to promulgate. Having stated that the phrase "wholly or in great part" is to be taken as meaning "a little more than half," Mr. Tilley next proceeds to make practical application to the case of the newspaper in question. He remarks that the copy of the paper sent him "contains nearly a page more of advertisements and matter not coming under the head of 'news' than of 'news' proper."

We all know that people read very different parts of the newspaper, according to what may seem new to them. To many the whole paper is a blank, except the columns which give the police reports. Others having looked at the City article, care for nothing else. Many feel that they have ascertained all that they care for when they have read the Court Circular and the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." Some, who have no time to form opinions of their own, industriously con the "leaders;" while to all who want to hear of new books, amusements, servants, situations, and the supplies of the thousand-and-one wants which our daily life feels, the advertisement columns contain the most important "news" of all.

We should be glad to learn what Mr. Tilley means by "news proper." In such publications as the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Athenæum*, the news really is in the advertisements; and, if advertisement columns are not to be counted as news, are these journals no longer to be treated as newspapers? The *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and many weekly journals are certainly not read for the newness of their contents; and, although we endeavour that our own columns shall contain as little as possible of ancient tidings, we certainly do not expect to attain to the freshness of a daily newspaper. Nevertheless, we cannot conceive the destination under which weekly journals are to be classed if they are not newspapers; and we long for definite enlightenment.

But the sting of Mr. Tilley's remarks was contained in a request that the proprietor of the journal which called forth his comments and animadversions would see his way to arranging in future that his journal should come under Mr. Tilley's description of "a little more than half the contents must consist of news." This must be done in one of two ways—either the advertisements must be reduced, or the other matter increased, either of which proceedings might be unprofitable.

It is rather a ludicrous idea, that of proprietors of newspapers being lectured by officials of the Post-Office as to what they may, and what they may not do in the development of their special trade. Perhaps hints thought suitable for country journals may be deemed unwise to be addressed to influential London papers, several of which, like the *Times*, have not unfrequently many more advertisements than "news proper." What warning will Mr. Tilley give to these? and what punishment will he think it necessary to inflict on those refractory people who do not heed his admonitory notice?

In the town of Sterling, Ill., they have resorted to a novel expedient to restrain rum-selling. They have passed an ordinance restraining any keeper of a drinking-shop from painting or staining his windows, or from using for them a screen, or from doing anything which shall prevent passers-by from looking in, and thus seeing plainly who is indulging in liquid refreshments. Whoever wishes to guzzle will be compelled to do so under the full stare of all who please to look at him. We fear that the consequence will be that tipplers in Sterling will soon be lost to all sense of shame, and quite willing to take their quenchers even in the presence of the entire population of the United States.

HEAVY SNOW FALLS.

The following record of the snow fall in New York for the past eighteen years, taken from the New York *Tribune*, will doubtless prove interesting to many of our readers.

The following is a record of snows of a depth greater than six inches, for the past 18 years, taken from the tables of Prof. Morris, meteorological observer of the city for the Smithsonian Institution. The depths are given in inches:

Date	Inches	Date	Inches
1854, Dec. 27	9½	1864, Dec. 10	8
1855, Jan. 20	7	1865, Dec. 30	6
1855, Feb. 9	14	1866, Feb. 9	3
1856, Jan. 2 and 3	8½	1867, Jan. 16 and 17	12
1857, None.		1867, Jan. 20.	6
1858, Feb. 19 and 20	6	1867, Feb. 20 and 21	23
1859, Jan. 3 and 4	16	1867, March 16 and 17	13
1859, Feb. 6	14	1867, Dec. 11 and 12	12
1860, Feb. 15	8	1868, March '	12
1860, Feb. 18	12	1868, Dec. 4 and 5	8
1861, None.		1869, Dec. 6	8
1862, Jan. 6	7	1870, None.	
1863, None.		1871, Jan. 20	8
1864, Jan. 7 and 8	8	1872, Dec. 26 and 27	18

From the above it will be seen that during the period 1854-72 there have been only 24 cases in which snow fell in this city to the depth of six inches or more. During the years 1857, 1861, 1863 and 1870 there was no storm on which snow fell to the depth of six inches. The year 1867, it will be seen, is the one most remarkable for heavy falls of snow, no less than five occurring during that year. The facts are at least curious, and a discussion of the subject would not be profitless.

PASSING EVENTS.

It is estimated that 15,000 buffaloes are killed yearly on the plains of Kansas.

A citizen of Augusta, Maine, has publicly announced that he will prosecute any one who sells him liquor.

John Chase, of Lynn, Mass., has worked at shoemaking on the same bench for the last sixty-nine years.

On one of the coldest days of this severe season three young converts were baptized in a pond in Charlton, La.

A funeral party at Table Mound, Iowa, found the grave-digger frozen to death at the bottom of the grave he had been digging for the corpse.

The system of gradual emancipation adopted by Spain has already relieved 50,000 slaves in Cuba, and that law is being faithfully carried out.

The Japanese ambassadors now in England, say they will establish a brewery in Japan when they return, or off will come somebody's head.

Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* a poem of upwards of two hundred lines "Memorial Verses on the death of Théophile Gautier."

The Turkish Government has brought a suit against the London *Times* for publishing communications alleged to have been signed by the Turkish Minister in London, containing untrue statements in reference to the finances of the Government of Turkey.

A novelty in journalism is promised in England. "The Good Templars" propose to issue a comic temperance newspaper weekly, which shall use the weapons of satire and ridicule against the custom of drinking and the vice which accompany it. It isn't a very good idea. The subject is too serious for fun.

There is a man in Waukesha, Wis., who always celebrates a rather remarkable anniversary. Thirteen years ago he was buried in a well, where he remained for seven hours, when he was dug out alive. He now never fails to observe the day of his deliverance in a festive manner; and all persons who are buried for seven hours and then dug out ought to follow his example.

Babies are undoubtedly a nice thing in our homes; but may not a fond mother have rather too much of one? There is a matron in Harrisonville, N. H., whose cherub, Billy Fisher by name, weighed 100 pounds when he was only one year old, and a nice little plaything he must have been for a weakish woman to dandle. William is now five years old, and weighs 180 pounds; is three feet seven inches in height, measures 41 inches in girth, and 23 inches around the thigh.

An interesting case, bearing on the rights and immunities of reporters, has just been decided in Chicago. Three reporters of city papers were in a gambling house when it was entered by the police, and were taken into custody with others. In defence they claimed that they were not there as gamesters or as ordinary spectators, but in the discharge of their duties. They had heard of the intentions of the police, and wanted to describe the descent from actual observation. On the other hand one of the officers swore that he saw one of the reporters handling some of the "chips" used in gambling. This statement was contradicted by several witnesses. The justice before whom the case was tried held that reporters were valuable public servants, to whom certain privileges and immunities were granted by common consent. They were allowed to go where no one else was admitted. In his opinion, neither the spirit nor the letter of the law had been violated by the accused, and he therefore ordered their unconditional discharge.

'TIS WELL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A far-off music faded into air,
 A half-formed vision mocked me for an hour,
Came to me for a moment fragrance rare,
 As of some heavenly flower.

'Tis well the music came not nearer still;
 'Tis well the vision died ere fully born;
'Tis well the perfume faded into air
 Ere I clasped to my heart the rose's thorn;

'Tis well you are not sweeter than you are,
 'Tis well no closer to my heart yougrew;
Better to lose a joy just seen afar,
 Than, having had, lose you.

For the Favorite.

WINONA;
OR,
THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve;" "Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

It stood on one of the banks of the St. Lawrence, neither above or below the Thousand Islands; but just about midway through that fairy scene, where the great silver riband is garnished most thickly with the tiny emeralds nature has so lavishly decked it with. It was a large, low house, with deep eaves and great verandas surrounding it on every side, on which lofty French windows opened; where huge pyramids of brilliant geraniums bloomed in the liquid shade. Its walls of rough white plaster, were mellowed to a golden grey by time and weather; and its peaked roof and fantastic chimneys gave it a picturesque effect, very frequently wanting in the country houses scattered through Canada and the States. A vast vine of Virginia creeper shrouded the whole building in a fluttering tapestry of ruby-tinted foliage, and it had crept up the sloping roof, fastened its tendrils round the rough stones of the chimneys, and waved ruddy banners of triumph out on the hazy autumn air. A dainty lawn, yet green as velvet, bright with vases of scarlet geraniums, and shaded by some half-dozen bowery maples and murmuring beeches, stretched nearly to the water's edge, where a tiny boathouse peeped from a low shrubbery of cedar bushes. Behind the house loomed a grove of lofty pines, with here and there a maple rising like a fountain of flame, amongst their sombre green in its fall robe of scarlet, or like a tree of gold from some Aladdin's land, standing crisply out perfect in every leaf, as a lovely Hindoo widow decks herself in her gayest attire to perish on the funeral pile of her dead lord. A croquet set lay upon the lawn, long lace curtains fluttered out of the open windows, a fresh young voice was practising one of Claribel's sentimentalisms within, and a group of three persons was seated on the veranda enjoying the balmy air and the lovely scene of the river below. A steamboat was slowly winding up the stream, bearing the latest summer tourists from their resorts at Murray Bay and Tadousac, threading her way slowly in and out amongst the islands in order that her passengers might fully enjoy the beauty of the sunset-lighted stream. A couple of late rafts went sailing by with the current, the voyageurs idly lounging against the cabooses, the smoke from which proclaimed that their evening meal was in progress. On one a man in a scarlet blouse was singing one of the merry songs peculiar to the Lower Canadian French, and on the other, two young fellows were dancing to the sound of a fiddle played by a comrade. A faint rose dyed the majestic stream, and the track of the pretty steamer lay like a riband of lace and pearl, twisting in and out amongst the islets. Her upper and lower decks were crowded with groups, whose laughter came faintly to the ears of the group seated on the veranda.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl, in a white muslin, sat on the steps leading down to the lawn, watching the boat as it steamed slowly past, and talking to a lovely old lady, and a pleasant faced though rather rugged featured man of some sixty years, beside whose wheeled easy chair there lay a pair of crutches, proclaiming him a confirmed cripple.

"Papa," said the young lady, suddenly, "do lend me your glass. I could almost feel certain that I see Cecil Bertrand on the upper deck of the steamer. See! she is waving her handkerchief to us."

"Your eyes are almost as sharp as Archie's would be under the same circumstances," said the old gentleman laughing, as he handed her the glass.

"Is it Cecil?" inquired the older lady, after the girl had examined the steamer with the aid of the glass.

"Yes, mamma," replied the young girl quietly, putting down the glass, and turning away her eyes from the river.

"Who are her companions, Viola?" asked Mrs. Frazer. She was a *petite* woman, who showed her lofty French descent in every tone of her still musical voice, and every gesture or movement. Her eyes were yet extremely brilliant, of a deep intense blue, and her cheeks retained much of the delicate bloom of her youth. There was an unconscious stateliness about her, and one invariably found oneself thinking of old point and court trains in her society, though she might be clad in the simplest morning cap and gown a Canadian matron could wear. Her eyes were cordial, frank, radiant, and her lips parted readily in a smile, that was all things to all men, witty, tender, grave as the case might be, but over and above all, lighted by a lovely kindliness that made her absolutely beautiful. Her hair had been blonde, but now was a peculiarly bright and soft silver. She was at once the proudest and the humblest of women, and never for a moment did she forget that she was the grand-daughter of a French nobleman, who had laid down his life in a vain attempt to save Marie Antoinette from the scaffold. She had never for an hour left the shores of Canada, but she was as perfect a type of a courtly French Dame, as though she had flourished in the palmy days of the Faubourg St. Germain.

WHAT FARMER LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Viola made a pretence of looking again at the receding vessel through the glass before answering her mother's question.

"I'm not quite certain, mamma; but I think the gentleman she is with is Mr. Denville."

"Humph," ejaculated Captain Frazer, dryly, "sits the wind in that quarter! I'm afraid Miss Cecil is a sly little pussie. Eh, Desirée?"

"I am afraid she is hardly worthy of Archie," replied Mrs. Frazer, a little coldly. "I think it is rather heartless of her to display her coquetry so openly, when she knows our anxiety about him."

"Oh, mamma," cried Viola, "pray don't think so hardly of Cecil, and I'm sure Mr. Denville has not the least intention of flirting with her. He told me he intended visiting some friends in Toronto this fall, and that was long before he met Cecil."

"Ah, Olla," said Captain Frazer, smiling, "has Denville's little tour in that direction, anything to do with your dutiful pilgrimage to aunt Ursula's next week? I thought it was odd all those pretty dresses being got for old auntie's delectation."

"They are very gay in Toronto, papa," returned Olla, turning her smiling brown eyes on her father, "and dear old auntie has a pretty taste in colors. You know too I shall be staying with Cecil part of the time, and the Bertrands go out so much."

Olla was like her father and Archie, but a soft and pretty likeness of both. She had a lucid brown skin, a soft-featured oval face, lighted by dazzling brown eyes, tenderly radiant, and a quantity of rich black hair, rolled away from her forehead over a low cushion, and hanging in large curls nearly to her slim waist. She was far from being regularly beautiful, but her face grew upon you until you found it one of the loveliest in the world. She was ordinarily pale, but the slightest emotion sent waves of rose, like flying clouds of dainty color across her cheeks, and her lips were of a rich deep scarlet.

"Didn't Cecil write that she and this Mr. Denville, had some thrilling adventure at Murray Bay?" went on the Captain, "saved her life in fact."

"So he did," replied Olla, her eyes flashing and the sudden lovely rose flying across her cheeks; "he risked his in the noblest way to save her. She says she would certainly have been drowned, had it not been for his exertions."

"I know his mother when I was a girl in Montreal," said Mrs. Frazer; "she and I were educated in the same establishment. I have not met her since both our marriages, however. She married a very wealthy Montreal merchant."

"I wish we heard from Archie," said Olla, after a moment's pause; "it seems so strange that he has never written to us during an absence of three months."

"I do feel very uneasy about the boy," confessed the Captain; "but then we must remember that he is quite beyond the pale of civilization and mail bags, up behind the Manitoulins."

Mrs. Frazer sighed deeply, and a shade crept over Captain Frazer's open countenance. Archie was their only son and his silence troubled them not a little. Olla's bright face grew very pensive in the fading light. Her brother was the hero whom she worshipped, the embodied ideal of her imaginings, pure, chivalrous, honest and true, not a lofty, moral, colossus walking on distant mountain tops of impossible virtue, but kindly, generous, strong-handed, and with the basis of a character and intellect time would only ennoble and expand. How seldom a girl says to herself, "If ever I marry, it shall be just such a man as my brother I will choose;" but this had ever been Olla's feelings towards Archie, and it may here be mentioned in strict confidence to the reader, that the hero of Murray Bay strongly resembled him both physically and morally. Olla was the next in age to the young officer, and there were yet two younger girls, aged respectively nine, ten and sixteen, slim, erect young creatures with clouds of golden hair, tied back from their blooming pretty faces, and with their mother's brilliant deeply blue eyes, and high-bred air.

"I would have liked to have gone to poor Howard, myself," remarked Captain Frazer, after a moment's pause, "but that was impossible," and he looked at his crutches a little ruefully. Mrs. Frazer placed her beautiful hand fondly on her husband's, and was about to answer, when a sunny head appeared between the floating curtains of one of the open French windows, and a dazzling white throat, with a blue riband tied round it.

"Madame Mamma, Monsieur Le Capitaine and Olla, tea is ready," said in a sweet girlish voice; "and oh! papa, there is a wonderful man in the kitchen who wants to see you. An Irish party, Olla, with a voice exactly like Mr. Denville's."

"Sidney, you monkey, behave yourself! What does the man want?"

"You, papa, he says he has a message for you."

Sidney came dancing into full view from her lurking place behind the curtains, made a dash at a great spray of scarlet geranium on one of the stands, tucked it under the blue riband tying back her radiant hair, executed a step or two of a galop before her father's chair, and then folded her white hands and became demure.

"What are your commands, sir?" she inquired, "is Mr. Denville's double to be introduced on the scene or not? He has a sweet novelty in the *chapeau* line, Olla, that might furnish that person you know, with an idea for a winter head-gear."

"Send the man here, Miss," replied the Captain, smiling with very allowable pride on the lovely sparkling face before him. "I will see him before we go to tea."

"I am gone!" said Sidney, theatrically, waving her rosy hand and disappearing through the open window, to re-appear presently round the corner of the veranda, followed by a short man with a shock of red hair, surmounted by a coonskin cap, with the tail of the animal hanging down on his shoulders, and swinging like a pendulum as he advanced. A greasy doeskin jerkin and well-worn mocassins, with trousers of coarsest Canadian frieze, completed his costume. He carried a large leather wallet in his hand, and his naturally merry countenance looked careworn and fatigued.

"Good evening," said the Captain, courteously, "I hear you have a message for me?"

"That same's thrue, yer honer, if yer yorself an' no one else, Captain Frazer."

"I am Captain Frazer," replied the old gentleman, suppressing a smile at the quaint figure and address of his visitor, while Sidney stole behind him more closely to inspect his head-gear, daintily touching the swaying tail with her mischievous fingers, watched in alarm by her mother and Olla, who were tenacious to a degree where another's feelings were in the case, and dreaded lest the man should discover and feel hurt at the occupation of the sixteen-year old sprite; but he was too much pre-occupied to observe her.

"Well, Captain, it's myself is disthressed this day," said the owner of the coon-tail, "shure it's dead he is, Captain, an' no mistake about, glory be about him."

"What do you mean!" cried the Captain, with a look of terror, while Mrs. Frazer and Olla turned deadly white. "Has anything happened to my son?"

"He wor skewered up as nate as a Christmas turkey wid an arrow through him, an' it's dyin' we thought he wor for a matter of six weeks; but mushee, he's gettin' bravely over it, the stout young gentleman that he is; it's the Colonel's dead, an' the heart ov me's broke intirely, intiroly," and Mike Murphy sighed profoundly, and putting back his hand, brought the coon-tail round and wiped his eyes with it.

"Has my son been in danger, my friend?" said Mrs. Frazer still very pale, and Mike, remembering his manners, lugged his head-gear off by the tail, and ducked his head in the direction of his questioner.

"Bedad he has, ma'am, but he's gettin' finely over it, though he's too wake to come home yet awhile. So says he to me, 'Mike, the best you can do is to go right down to my father wid the pore Colonel's will, and give him a clear discount of the way matters has gone here as ye can. Mind an' be sharkumstanshial,' says he, 'so as he'll understand ye.'"

"Sit down," said Captain Frazer, pointing to one of the pretty rustic chairs that furnished the veranda, "and tell me as plainly as possible what has occurred."

Mike seated himself as requested, laying the coon-skin cap carefully at his feet, and Sidney stole to Olla and seated herself quietly beside her, softly stealing one of the slender, brown hands into her own. Archie had been in danger, and the girl's pallid cheeks and dilated eyes showed how deep was the soul over which played so continual a ripple of sunshine, baffling the sight in its effort to penetrate to the depths below, by its glitter and radiance. It is in the

shadow of the hanging alders that one sees most clearly into the bosom of the laughing rivulet.

Captain Frazer listened with astonishment, dismay and grief to the tale Mike proceeded to relate, emotions in which Mrs. Frazer and her daughters fully shared.

That the search for Androsia had proved utterly unavailing, though prosecuted with the utmost vigor and skill by Lumber Pete and Bill, with a strong party to assist, was a matter of the most serious moment, as it left her fate in terrible uncertainty.

The old Captain's face flushed deeply with emotion, as he listened to Mike's simple account of the death of his old commanding officer and early friend. He had lingered for a couple of days after the disappearance of Androsia, busily employed in writing during most of the time, and on the evening of the third day had slept, and sleeping, died.

"The last words he sez to me, wor, 'Mike if ye wants me to stay wherever I be's goin' to, take that writin' down to the sittlements to me ould friend Captain Frazer, an' don't be afther givin' it into any one's hands bud his own, do ye hear me!' 'Och, wirra, Colonel darlin'' sez I, 'it wouldn't be for the likes ov me to be wantin' ye to stay anywheres ye mightn't be comfortable, but hopin' an' trustin' it'll be otherways wid yo, I'll take the papurs. An' a good man to the poor an' a heart ov gold to them as wanted ye've ever had. God be good to ye, sur, this day!' Wid that he took my hand in them long, white claws ov his, wid a shadowy kind ov smile. 'Good-bye, my good friend Mike,' he said, 'the night is fallin' that there is no mornin' to. Look for my daughter.' He turned his head round on the pillow and lay lookin' at the sunset until he fell off aslape, but he never waked.'"

Mike was so affected by the remembrance, that he lifted the coon-skin cap suddenly by the tail and applied it to his eyes. After a pause he proceeded to give an account of Archie's unlucky *rencontre* with Hawk-eye and its disastrous results, and it is needless to say that he was listened to with breathless interest by the little group. As he concluded, Mrs. Frazer rose and walked quietly into the house. She was too much overcome with emotions of gratitude and a sickening sense of what might have been, to remain. Olla and Sidney followed her, and Captain Frazer and Mike were left t-te-à-t-te.

"Have you the papers left by my old friend?" inquired the former, after a pause of painful meditation.

"Yis, sur," responded Mike, proceeding to open the before-mentioned leathern wallet. "Here they is. Och! bud it's a wake scrawl anyways."

The package he handed Captain Frazer was indeed directed in a hardly legible hand, to "My old friend and fellow-officer, Captain Richard Frazer, of the — Blues."

"Here, Mike," said Captain Frazer, "push open that door at the end of the veranda, and wheel me into the library. Thank you. That will do. Go back to the kitchen and tell them to make you comfortable. I shall have much to say to you in the morning. Tell them also, that I do not wish to be disturbed for some hours."

Mike glanced in awed admiration round the pretty room, only a library by merest courtesy, with its chintz lounging chairs, pearl and rose carpet, covered with tangled bronze reeds and moss, its book-shelves of bird's-eye maple, and gleaming busts, and its pretty little organ, the pipes gleaming mellowly in the cool shadows, and withdrew, leaving the Captain to a solitude he seldom coveted.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWS OF ARCHIE.

In the unusual solitude of the library Captain Frazer opened the dying communication of his old friend. There was a long letter addressed to himself, and a smaller package labelled "my last will and testament," unsealed in order that Captain Frazer might peruse its contents, which he proceeded to do, not, however, until he had made himself acquainted thoroughly with the accompanying epistle.

The letter, written in a faint but legible hand, commenced by recalling their olden friendship to mind. It touched on Archie's arrival, and then on the subject of Androsia's disappearance, and here it seemed to warm into the expression of something like love for the missing girl; but above all there ran a current of bitter self-upbraiding for the fatal mistake he had made in secluding her so completely from the world. It then went on to give an account of the arrival of Farmer on the scene, and the unsuspected influence he had gained over his entertainer.

"Where I was weakest I boasted of my strength," went on the letter. "I deemed myself so completely removed from danger by a total disregard of all kindly interest in mankind, and an impregnable armor of Timonism, that I suffered him to abide in my lovely home day after day. Hour by hour he read my thoughts, and built himself a fictitious character on the basis afforded by them. Where I gathered man and their vices in one strong hatred, he towered over me from the Divine height that can abhor the sin and love the sinner. In all ways he showed himself above and altogether beyond me in generosity of soul, in greatness of heart. I hated the world, he would purify and ennoble it. I could not fail of gradually admiring a character so uncommon, and I began to observe his growing love for Androsia with pleasure. When he begged her of me I readily consented to their betrothal. 'Take her,' I said, 'her mind is an empty page yet to be written upon. It is to such a man as you I would entrust the task. I had never hoped to meet a heart and soul like yours, and I feel assured that together, in this wilderness, you will found a purer and loftier life. Take her and write your mind upon her soul.' Thus I betrothed them careless that Androsia, with what appeared to me senseless obstinacy, rebelled and struggled against the yoke I imposed upon her. I made a will in which I left Androsia my sole heiress on condition that she married Farmer, and this ill-advised testament I committed to his keeping. He must have concealed it with jealous care, for after his death the strictest search failed to discover it amongst his effects. Gradually, after I had placed such a tie between us, I began to feel rather than see a change in him. The lovely mirage of his assumed character began imperceptibly to fade away, and the bare, repulsive, true nature revealed itself instead. Hardly in perceptible signs, but, perhaps, as I began to loose my hold on earth, my mental vision became clearer. It was then I wrote to you, old friend, hoping in your counsels to find some means of escape from the toils I had so carefully spun round myself and my child, but a higher ordinance than that of the human will interfered. I have as you will see, left your son Archie my sole legatee, should he recover from his wound and no trace of Androsia be discovered. I pray, if the burning longing of a soul can be called prayer, that she is dead, but something tells me that it is not so. Farmer is dead, and therein is a gleam of comfort. He had a powerful mind and some of those minor virtues, which frequently float like a bridge of cobwebs over the poisonous and remorseless current of natures such as his. Wo to the foot that is betrayed to such a foothold." There was much more, and the letter closed with an earnest commendation of Androsia to the care of his old friends, if she should ever be discovered. On reading the will Captain Frazer found that Colonel Howard had died worth some five hundred thousand dollars, invested principally in English securities, all of which Archie was to possess if Androsia remained undiscovered for a term of five years. The will was clearly and succinctly worded, and was witnessed by Mike and Lumber Pete, so that its legality was unimpeachable. Curiously enough there was not the least clue in either of the documents to show what or whom Farmer had really been, and when the old Captain applied to Mike Murphy for information on the subject, Mike pleaded profound ignorance.

"He kem one day wid a couple of guides, on a hunting tower, he called it, and got a night's lodging at the ould place, an' it fell out that the ould master took a mighty fancy to him, an' he stayed on an' on, bad luck to him, a matter of three years come October. Och! he wor the bad sight to the house, he wor."

"Did he never send or receive letters?" inquired the Captain, who wished if possible to obtain some clue to his friends, if he possessed any, in order to communicate to them the tidings of his untimely end.

"Divil a wan, yer honer. It's my belafe, savin' yer presence, sur, that he'd no need to write to his friends. Sure what med him aiqual to throwin' dust in the ould masther's eyes in the ways he did, if he hadn't his best friend at his elbow ever an' always? Bud it's not me as'll make bowld to put a name to the gintleman. The saints be betwane us an' harrum, this day! an' thin Winona, the poor darlint!"

"What of her, and who is she?" inquired the Captain.

"Miss Drosia's foster-sister, sur. They wor as fond of aich other as two wild doves, but fond as she was of Miss Drosia, she worshipped the flure undhur the feet of Farmer, she'd have drawn a knife across her purty brown throat any day he told her."

"Did he make love to her, then?" asked the Captain.

"Bedad, yer honer, ther's coortin' and coortin', an' in his way he did it strong enough, but quiet an' sly so as not to come round to the Colonel an' Miss Drosia; but it's meself ever an' always had uncommon foine eyesight where anything of that sort wor handy. Whin I wor a bye in Connaught sure the girleens christened me 'Mike the Mouser,' considherin' the scent of me for that sort. Och! bud that's a long time ago. It is."

Here Mike sighed retrospectively and shook his red head mournfully. He felt at the back of his neck for the coon tail, but it was not there, and this brought him back to the present.

Captain Frazer shook his head gravely. "I am afraid that the man was altogether bad," he said. "Where is the girl now?"

"In the bosom of the saints if ever a craythur wor," responded Mike, with emotion, and he proceeded to give the Captain an account of her heroic death, to which the old soldier listened with a kind of reverent admiration. "The heroism of Jeanne d'Arc had the enthusiasm of wondering thousands of friends and foes to sustain it," he mused, "but this simple act of self-denying devotion, has a finer courage in it, than that of the woman warrior of France. What a noble nature the poor creature must have had!"

During this brief reverie Mr. Murphy was searching diligently in the capacious pockets or pouches of his doeskin jerkin, from one of which he presently produced a small package, wrapped in birch-bark and tied round with thongs of fawn skin. This he proceeded to open, and having done so handed it to Captain Frazer.

"It's about the only thing of Andy Farmer's I brought wid me," he remarked; "indade he didn't lave much behind him, nothin' but this, barrin' a trifle of clothes. By the looks of things misther Andy didn't wait to come up to us to larn the meanin' of swateheart. A purty craythur, Captain dear!"

Captain Frazer opened the worn morocco case and turned his chair to the window to catch the light, and thus it was that Mike did not see the expression on the rugged face as he looked at the portrait, though he heard the slight exclamation which burst from his lips.

"What did ye plase to say, sur?" inquired Mike, stepping forward; "do ye want the blind lifted?"

"No, no," replied Captain Frazer hurriedly, "you may go now, Mike." "Stay," he continued as Mr. Murphy tip-toed towards the door, "tell me was Farmer like this portrait, in the least?"

"As like as two pase," replied Mike decidedly, "barring the look in the eyes. Perhaps afther all it might be a sister an' not a swateheart, yer honer?"

"Perhaps," returned the Captain absently.

Mike went out closing the door, and the Captain turned his pallid face back to the picture.

He looked at it long and earnestly, his hands trembling like leaves in a strong wind, and yet it was but a girl's face that smiled up at him from the dusk. A sweet, fair face, framed in short curls of gold, with straight, grecian features, and eyes of the deepest blue. A pathetic face despite the smile, and the roses blooming on the delicately rounded cheeks. The deep eyes had a prophetic, visionary glance, and she looked like some seeress sitting in the sunshine of a complete present happiness, but looking onward to a hugely looming shadow. Though the case was worn and stained, the miniature was vividly fresh, the colors brilliant as ever.

For fully an hour, long after darkness had fallen on the room, the old officer sat motionless with the case in his hand, and then hearing some one at the door he pressed it to his lips, and thrust it into his bosom.

In the mean time Mrs. Frazer had been reading a few faintly penned lines that Archie had made almost superhuman efforts to send by Mike. They were not many, but they were all things to her.

"My darling mother:

I am all right again. Will be home in October. Love to all.

ARCHIE."

"Isn't it funny, Olla," said Sidney meditatively, "that he doesn't mention Cecil?"

"No, dear, how could he? see how faintly his name is written, I do wish we had him back at once, mamma!"

"So do I, Olla," returned Mrs. Frazer anxiously, "but all in good time, my darling."

And with the echo of her words we close this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

Mrs. Frazer and the three girls looked at the Captain in astonishment almost too deep for words. That he should feel the death of his old friend and benefactor acutely, was to be expected; it was not altogether unreasonable that he should have ever sat up all night alone in the library with the door locked, thinking of and mourning him; but that he should request his wife and daughters to wear mourning for a man they had never seen, and one not even remotely connected with the family, was rather startling. Olla's face grew pensive as she thought of her rose-colored grenadine and dark-eyed Hubert Denville, for whose especial bewitchment it had been purchased; and Sidney, who invariably did exactly as seemed best in her eyes, broke into instant mutiny.

"Now, papa, that's what I call cruel, when you know you had promised Dolly and I new blue velveteens for the winter and grebe caps and muffs, to want us to wear hideous crêpe cloth and dowdy old black astrachans! Oh, papa, I'm ashamed of you, sir!"

In her moods of excitement golden-haired Sid was rather apt to be a little wild in her punctuation, and even spiritual looking Dolly, with her Clytie-like head and saintly face, seemed a little disturbed. The Captain, who was merely pretending to breakfast, pushed away his coffee cup and leant back, with a strangely worn look, in his chair.

"Well, well!" he said, "I won't press the point, but consider how warmly my poor friend must have thought of us all to leave your brother his heir."

"Oh, of course, papa," said Sidney, practically; "but then consider that Androsia may appear any day, and I'm sure, poor dear, I hope she will."

"Still, if you wish it, dear, of course I'll go into town and order our mourning at once," said Mrs. Frazer, looking at the Captain almost curiously. His present mood puzzled her. His worn face and hollow eyes spoke of a depth of emotion that she had not expected to have seen called forth by the death of one not tied to him by blood.

The Captain looked at her, and meeting her clear steadfast eyes, turned his face abruptly towards the French window, which was thrown open, though a bright wood fire burned cheerfully on the hearth. One of the early frosts during the night had left a bracing keenness in the golden air, but the warmer breath of the noon was mellowing it again to a pleasant warmth. The vine rustled in the breeze, and from a musk plant on the green wire stand between the long windows of the dining room, a spicy incense floated through the room. Outside on the lawn the maples flaunted their flaming banners of fire and gold in the sun, and the knots of furbelowed dahlias and variegated chrysanthemums burned and glowed like gems from the soft green of the emerald turf. A few truant leaves fluttered like brilliant-winged birds across the lawn, and across the river sailed a stork, his long legs streaming out behind him like pennants. A peacock strutted in the sun, through the vines shot an arrow of light across the dainty table, with its old silver and brilliant china, and its central bouquet of autumn berries, gorgeous leaves, and rich mosaics of gravely tinted lichens, their cool greys dotted with infinitissimal rubies, paly browns and golds, shading into softest green, and sprays of fern from the dim shades of the woods. Captain Frazer's gaze took note of none of those things, but wandered across the St. Lawrence, and lost itself in the distance, the hazy, dreamy, unutterably lovely distance of a Canadian sky, in the fall of the year.

"Oh, mamma!" ejaculated Sidney, in dismay at her mother's words, and she looked piteously from Dolly to Olla, the latter of whom had remained silent because she wished to gratify her father in his extraordinary freak. Indeed, had he entreated her to appear in a toilet of last year's fashions, she would have braved the sarcasm of her bosom friends and done so unmurmuringly. Dolly didn't speak, because she had nothing to say; the normal condition of the pensive young beauty, whom nature had gifted with the inestimable boon of a deeply spiritual expression and a kind of rapt air, which veiled the simple fact that she possessed but one idea and was capable of but one emotion. The idea was a supreme consciousness of the beauty of her exquisite face, the emotion an intense affection for her own immediate family circle. She waltzed the slow, dreamy German waltzes to a marvel, but no one had known her during the season in which she had been in society to flash through the eddying whirls of a galop, join a snow-shoeing party, or do one thing likely to accelerate the motion of the cool ruby fluid flowing through her beautiful form or disarrange the lovely Greek coiffure that suited her Clytie head so admirably. When Roderick Armor, the clever, rising, kindly young lawyer, with a good practice and many friends, had asked her in broken tones of strong emotions of hope and fear, to grace his pretty home in Montreal, she had said "yes" very sweetly and coolly, and wondered vaguely why his voice should tremble and his dark eyes burn as he asked her. They were to be married in the coming spring, and already Mrs. Frazer and Olla were busy with dainty embroideries for the pretty trousseau, while Sid assisted the lovely bride elect in the composition of her replies to Roderick Armor's love letters; and if that hard-working young fellow, pondering over those violet-perfumed epistles in his chambers in Montreal, pounced eagerly on some tiny sentence that seemed to echo back something of the murmur of the strong tide of love that rolled through his large, honest heart, it was to Sid's imagination that he was indebted for the boon. Sid said it was "splendid practice," and Dolly was grateful for the aid, and vaguely admired Sid's powers of composition. "It's so nice," she used to say in her tender expressive voice, "for you know, mamma, I really should not know in the least what to say to Mr. Armor." He was "Roderick" to her mother and Olla, and "Roddy" to pert Sid, but to her he was "Mr. Armor," who had given her a very pretty engagement ring, and whom she was to marry in the spring. Her gaze never penetrated into the matrimonial future beyond a hazy vision of her name and his on white enamelled cards, tied together with dainty bows of white satin riband.

"Oh, mamma," said Sid, and at that piteous exclamation Captain Frazer wrenched his gaze from the blue distance and looked at his youngest daughter, who sat facing him, radiant as a young Flora, in a fashionable blue and white morning dress; despite her distress, faint dimples flickering round her rosy mouth and a lurking smile ready to break in her wide, bright eyes. Her young, unclouded beauty seemed to strike him with fresh force, and he said softly, "Yes, it would be a pity to cast a shadow on you, my bright Sid."

"Papa," cried Sid, suddenly repentant, and flying round the table to catch him round the neck with her slender pink-tinted arms. "I'll cut off my hair and wear a widow's cap, if you like. It was only my nonsense; and, after all, when one has a good complexion one needn't mind wearing black, and it need only be complimentary—white dresses trimmed with black until the winter sets in, you know."

Despite his evident melancholy, Captain Frazer laughed heartily.

"It was rather a grotesque piece of folly on my part to expect you to fall very readily in with the idea, you monkey," he said, pulling her long bright hair; "and for a man you had never seen. There, make your mind easy, you shan't be called upon to mourn even complimentarily for him."

"I'm sure, papa," said Olla, "if you wish it we—"

"I don't wish it, dear; I see the incongruity of the thing plainly," said Captain Frazer, a little sadly. "There, Sid, be off and tell Mike I'll require to see him by-and-bye."

"Sidney," said Dolly plaintively, "don't forget, dear, that you promised to think of something for me to write about to Mr. Armor to-day."

"Why you have all about poor Archie and Miss Howard to tell him, and then," continued Sid, meditatively, "you'd better say something about

wishing so much to see him, and that you look at his photograph very often."

"But you know I don't, Sidney," said Dolly, raising her heavenly eyes from the ham on her plate; "I think I lost it last week."

"But," retorted Sidney, frowning, "you know you ought to have looked at it. All engaged people, in stories, always do. Why, there's Olla, she isn't quite engaged to Mr. Denville, and the album opens directly of its own accord at the place where his vignette is."

"I don't think Mr. Armor is quite as nice looking as Mr. Denville," said Dolly, vaguely. "Dear me, Olla, what a pretty color you have this morning; when shall you be ready to help me, Sid?"

"When I have given papa's message to Mike and got him to help me to tie up the dahlias. But, Dolly, you might have the letter dated, and write my darling Roderick, and that will take you until I'm ready."

Sidney tripped off, and Mrs. Frazer set the example of rising from the table. Dolly rose, tall, slight, elegant, a poetic grace about her graceful head, a nameless exaltation shining like a light on her broad, low brow, from which the golden hair rippled back in large soft waves, and, caught in a silky mass behind, fell in great loose curls on her lovely shoulders. Her blue eyes shone tenderly under their heavy lashes of bronze; the petal of the maiden blush rose was not more softly pink than her lovely cheek. Her pensively smiling lips of richest coral shewed teeth like pearls, she might have just descended in a cloud of misty pink and gold, from some far off starry world, for all there seemed of this gross earth about her. Her white draperies fell round her like a silvery mist clinging to a tall lily in a moon-lit garden. Her one idea moved her to turn first to the mirror over the fire-place, her one emotion sent her to drop a gentle kiss on the Captain's bald forehead, before she moved like a silent vision of some dying martyr's ecstacy into the library to write to "Darling Roderick." Olla was graceful, pretty, charming; Sidney undeniably beautiful; but Dolly moved serene in a loveliness all her own.

There was nothing more said about mourning, but on Sunday the Captain appeared with a deep band of crape round his white hat, whereat Sidney remarked jealously to Olla and Dolly—

"Papa couldn't do more if it were for one of us; Archie for instance; and do you know, girls, he seems not to have recovered the old creature's death yet; I can hardly wring a laugh from him, and if it were not for Mike Murphy, I'd get a fit of low spirits."

Dolly was gracefully silent, and Olla could not but acknowledge that the house was unusually gloomy just now. Mrs. Frazer seemed to share in some degree her husband's melancholy, and the girl began to dislike the idea of leaving home until the cloud had passed. Her aunt wrote to her urging her to come to her pleasant home in Toronto, and though her own heart passionately seconded the entreaty, she deferred her departure day after day until a fortnight had elapsed from the date which she had fixed for her visit. The weather became damp and lowering, the leaves fell in cascades on the lawn, and the crimson vine dropped away from the lattice work of the verandas. The river wound past like a stream of lead, and the nightly frosts seared the turf and deadened its soft green. In all probability there would be the usual burst of glorious October weather, and perhaps an Indian summer stretching its mysterious and beautiful arms into the heart of November, to wrest a treasure of days of weird beauty from the iron winter, to string them like beads of red gold on the chaplet of the dead summer; but now all was grey and mournful. The wind sobbed amongst the swaying pines, the rain dashed in blinding slants against the windows, and every object and individual about the Captain's household, except Dolly, succumbed to the grey influence. Dolly sat by the crimson fire, like a holy presence, working with slender fingers a pair of gorgeous slippers, commenced at Sid's suggestion, as a token of the warmth of her sentiments towards Mr. Armor, sorting her bright wools and thinking of nothing, with an air of devout reverie. She was equally content that the sun should shine or the rain should pour. She troubled not her soul with thoughts. She was a beautiful picture, but it was not to her Olla could turn for exhilaration. Mike had persisted in setting out again for the spot where Archie still remained, "intending," he said, "to bag a trifle of Injuns or find out Miss Drosia." Sid lamented his departure pathetically. She and Mr. Murphy had formed a decided friendship for each other. He had talked of Androsia and Winona to her until it seemed as though she must have known the ill-fated girls all her life. He had taught her to paddle on the river, and use a rifle, and she had alarmed and scandalized Mrs. Frazer by firing in the early dawn from her bed-room window at the croquet balls on the lawn. The refined and stately old lady was secretly rejoiced at his departure, for she had some indefinite idea that Miss Sid would become perfectly untameable should he remain much longer.

Olla had her own secret cause of disquietude, and October loomed gloomily enough on the house. The brightening of the sombre tints was the anticipated return of Archie.

Captain Frazer directed Mike to collect all Farmer's effects and send them down by Archie, "in case," he said, "we ascertain anything about his friends."

"He didn't lave many defects behind him," said Mike, scratching his head; "bedad it's my belafe that he took them wid him, Captain."

"Surely that was strange," said the Captain, in some surprise.

"Now Captain, dear," returned Mike in a tone of expostulation. "How would he be afther laving them afther him, I'd like to know?"

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Is it lave his defects behind, yer honor?"

"His effects, Mike, his property," said the Captain, smiling, "not his failings, poor fellow."

"I comprihend, sur. I'll do it for sure and good luck to you, Captain, an' yer lady, sur, and the young ladies and Miss Sid, the blessin's of the Just be about her purty head for a swate, spirited girleen that she is."

Mr. Murphy drank the glass of wine the Captain had poured out for him as a kind of stirrup cup, and pulling the coon-skin cap over his eyes, shook the old soldier's hand in a mighty grasp and took his way back to the woody haunts from which he had emerged.

"Mamma what are you doing?" said Olla, softly that evening, coming behind her mother's chair and laying her slender, brown hands on the shoulders of the latter who was leaning over a small table in the library, drawn near the window so as to catch the light.

"Your papa wishes to erect a monument to the memory of Colonel Howard and Mr. Farmer," replied Mrs. Frazer, bending more closely over her work, "and I offered to make a suitable design. Do you like it, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma, it's lovely," said Olla, thoughtfully looking at it over her mother's shoulder. "What an interest papa appears to take in everything connected with Colonel Howard! Is the face of the angel holding the scroll a fancy face? It is very pretty."

"Yes, very pretty," said Mrs. Frazer, in a low voice.

Olla stretched out her hand to take an illustrated paper that lay on the table. She had come to the room for it, but Mrs. Frazer detained her hand.

"Never mind now, dear," she said. "I want you to go and order tea. This will keep me busy until dark."

Olla bent and kissed her mother, and singing softly to herself, went away.

As soon as the door was closed behind her, Mrs. Frazer lifted up the paper and took from under it the miniature case that had been found amidst Farmer's effects. She compared the face in the drawing with the painting, critically. "I have copied it faithfully," she murmured, "but I must keep the original concealed. Richard would hardly like the girls to know the truth just yet."

She placed the miniature in a secret drawer of her own writing table, and quietly resumed her drawing.

Before the first snow fell, there rose in a little grove of pines on one side of the lawn, a graceful monumental stone of purest marble, representing an angel holding a scroll, bearing the records of the deaths of Colonel Howard and Andrew Farmer, and the face of the angel shining in the dim shadows of the kingly trees, was that of the miniature which had so strangely affected Captain Frazer.

(To be continued.)

For the Favorite.

A SONNET.

BY H. B. BEALE.

As one who in deep slumber lies reclined,
While fearful shadows o'er his spirit flit,
Ghosts of old sins he left so long behind
Mirrored before his soul in judgment sit,
Struggles to wake, but spell-bound seems each limb
And still as body parted from the mind,
Till with a start of joy he wakes to find
The creeping sunbeams o'er his eye-lids swim;
E'en thus methinks it may be when the soul,
Loosing its earthly vesture of decay,
In deeper light where nobler systems roll
Beyond Time's utmost boundary wings its way
To wait before the throne the perfect Wakening Day.

MONTREAL.

(For the Favorite.)

THE ACCIDENTAL KISS.

BY M. A. NEDSMUL,
OF OAKVILLE, ONT.

The little gem of a steamer was perfectly crowded; the string band was rapidly performing, and many were gliding in and out in some sort, as I jumped on board from the well-built wharf at O—— to meet my cousin on the moonlight excursion from T—— to H——, than which there is no more delightful trip in Canada.

Almost the moment after I recognized the light dress, the blue scarf, the light brown curls and the outline of my cousin's shoulders. Now was my time; before she perceived me I could steal up behind her, kiss her first with the nicest surprise, and win the bet between us. It happened too that all the company were just then engaged in seeing a new set begin their flying movements, and not an eye was turned to my cousin. Up, therefore, I stole, and putting my hands on her beautiful shoulders, I stooped down, and in the shadow made by my own head I stole the kiss. What was my surprise—when a strange lady I had never before seen, started up, and with a slight cry, uttered sharply, "How dare you, sir?"

I, astonished on my part, apologized, but the action of the surprised and indignant lady drew some attention. "He is impudent," said one. "It is some old lover," said another. "She won't have him," whispered a third. As for myself, I was all confusion, and could only say, "Dear Miss," for she was evidently unmarried, "that was not intended for you."

Luckily, without knowing anything of the matter, up came my cousin, who had been hunting for me all over the boat, and placing her hands suddenly on my shoulders, as I rapidly turned met my lips with the agreed kiss, exclaiming as she did so, "I have won my bet."

These were dear, simple-hearted old times.

A flash of undefined comprehension passed over the face of the strange young lady, still suffused with blushes, who addressed my cousin familiarly but sharply with the question, "What gentleman is that?" "Oh," said my cousin, "that is cousin Harry. Let me introduce. Miss Wier, cousin Harry; cousin Harry, Miss Wier, my old schoolmate;" and away she rattled gloriously, telling Miss Wier of the success of her bet. Explanations followed, and we all got on the best of terms, while my cousin went off into hysterics at my mistake, ending with, "Well, I am very glad of the mistake, Em, for I have won my bet."

I was then seated between these lively girls, and yet I gradually turned to Miss Wier, who gradually turned to me. I remarked now that they were dressed exactly alike, the very style I preferred, as my cousin well knew. We became absorbed in each other, and when I turned my cousin was gone, so we chatted away. We talked of everything, and agreed on almost everything; and as I looked at that girl arrayed in her cloud of white, with her glorious beauty, I felt involuntarily that a crisis had come in my life. She accepted no invitation, but remained at my side. I was rooted to the spot.

Just then I caught my cousin's eye as she glided by. She made me an arch sign of approving recognition, which sent a sort of thrill to my heart. As I turned to Miss Wier I could see her cheek mantling crimson. She, too, had evidently seen the same sign, and was to me plainly going into its fullest and most exciting representation.

But now we reached the beautiful beach. Moonlight is dangerous. Oh, what a bewitching stroll it was. I had Miss Wier all through to myself, in the sweet walk, the homeward trip, until we came to the wharf at O——, where I was to disembark.

Just before taking advantage of the general movement of the company, I whispered to Miss Wier that I would be glad to repeat my mistake. She at once understood, and after a little enchanting bashfulness, gave a graceful consent. So there, unseen, drawing her to me, with her curls around my face, I touched her lips, and sealed my fate for ever and ever.

Once at home I was all anxiety how I should proceed in the genteelest and most delicate way to see and meet her again, when a letter directed in a masculine hand was announced at the Post Office. "Mr. ——, please come up. Your cousin and Em are here, and want some one to row them about. So come directly if you can."

I was off on the wings of the wind. One day passed, then another: a week, then two. I believe that that cousin of mine pretended to sprain her foot, to give me and Em an opportunity of being alone. So it happened, we walked and talked that evening, and when long after dusk we came to the white garden gate, I laid my hand upon it, as if to open it for Em, but I held it fast; so, when Em turned for explanation, she looked in my face and seemed to understand all. I do not know how I told her, but I did tell her; and although her head was bent and her bosom panting, yet light shone in her face and her eyes were happy, so that moment our hands, hearts and lips met, and Nature's own sweet consent was gained and given and ratified.

What a happy tea that was after I had asked for Em. Her mother was smiling and crying to herself. Her uncle chatted with my cousin in a fatherly way, and was very dignified and happy. We sat opposite each other. Her face was radiant, and I was in the highest spirits. Scarce a lull in the conversation ensued; but the words were repeated, "I'm so glad. I thought Em was going to refuse everybody."

I'm an old man now; but Em has been my helper through life; and to this moment I never forget that accidental kiss.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

There is a feeling of satisfaction at having performed a good day's work that nothing else can produce. One's limbs may ache, and body be weary, but when repose and rest follow, there is sure to be a certain comfortable sensation both physical and mental, that is indescribable.

No matter what the character of the labor may be—shovelling coal, laying brick, swinging the sledge-hammer, holding the plow, setting type, editing a paper, teaching, learning—the feeling is the same; the pride is justifiable. One may then go to a pleasant home with pride in his heart, or talk with his neighbors on the issues of the day like a man, or—if he is addicted to the bad habit—smoke a cigar or a pipe without a very severe word from the "still small voice," or seek enjoyment in his own way, provided that way be a proper one.

The solid contentment that follows a good day's work comes not after revelry or idle pleasure. Even the speculating capitalist who has made a lucky strike, fails to find the same keen satisfaction that falls to the lot of honestly industrious workers.

NIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MAX.

The darkness steals across the light,
  The silent shadows fall;
And with the coming of the night
  I hear no sound at all;
Far up the sky soft glory hems
  The moon that shineth down;
And golden stars, like lesser gems,
  Are jewelled in earth's crown.

A hundred hills between us stand,
  Like giants in the sun;
And twice a hundred miles of land
  Thro' which the rivers run.
But in my heart I am with thee
  Made happy by thy smiles;
And in thy soul thou art with me
  Across those weary miles.

I clasp thy image in my heart,
  I hear thy voice again;
At thy dear side I take my part,
  And feel not any pain
I bless thy name alone at night,
  When none are nigh to hear;
I bless thy name by candlelight,
  And hold thy memory dear.

O, friend, thy kind advice is more
  To me than wealth or fame;
I think thy grave sweet counsel o'er
  And love thee for the same.
I look to thee my guiding star,
  And follow thy true light;
I see thee, meteor-like, afar,
  However dark the night.

I look to thee my gentle guide,
  With pure implicit love,
And travel on what e'er betide,
  Towards the goal above.
O kind and true and stedfast friend,
  Forsake me not I pray,
That I may journey to the end,
  With thee to lead my way.

For the Favorite.

TALES OF MY BOARDERS.

BY A. I. S.,
OF HUNTINGDON, Q.

III.

After Miss Blandon's little episode, I learned to almost hate the idea of taking boarders. John was so triumphant at his penetration and discernment in her case, that I actually dreaded to receive a letter, for fear it should contain an application for board. Of course, I did receive applications, and, of course, I accepted some among them.

John had been so tiresomely triumphant over that affair of Miss Blandon's, that I longed for an opportunity of paying him off, and I would willingly have lost six months' board for the sake of hearing him cry quits. But no such chance offered for a long while. Two or three times during the course of the following year I kept a couple of rooms vacant for a week or so, just because of that warning cry of John's, when an occupant offered.

'Now, be careful of what you are about. Your house will lose its reputation if you have another such a notorious inmate as Miss Blandon."

Month after month went by without the occurrence of anything worthy of narration. John's health and spirits improved towards the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Darvell still continued with us. Since that hateful affair she entertained a profound respect for my judgment of character (although not of gems, I fear,) which was very consoling after John's innuendoes, and she consulted me on all occasions. Her dislike for our gentlemen boarders was not diminished: but they all agreed better outwardly.

John was now able to go out a great deal more, and even to attend to business. He was a favorite among our boarders, and had gained a large number of friends in the city. He sometimes brought a friend or two home with him to dinner or luncheon. One, a great friend of his, and who frequently spent an evening with us, was a Mr. Grandby. He held a very important situation in one of the Banks, and had held it for many years. Very quiet of manner, highly respectable, and of a very excellent family, a person of expensive tastes, yet such tastes were of the most refined order. In short, he was such a person as I could not but be pleased to welcome to the house.

My poor John had always been so sensitive on the subject of our taking boarders that he had never, until lately, cared to make many friends; and, as I knew that we could not possibly live without taking boarders, I was so thankful to welcome the friends he now brought home. But it was not on John's account alone that I was pleased to see Mr. Grandby. He was such a thorough gentleman that I was glad to see him for his own sake.

Mrs. Darvell even made an exception in his favor. It at last became an understood thing that when Mr. Grandby spent an evening with us, Mr. and Mrs. Darvell were to be of the party.

One day John came in in a great state of excitement.

"Dora," said he, "I wish to take a boarder."

"You," said I, laughing, "take care that you are not swindled. Look at me and beware of adventurers."

"Oh! but this is not an adventurer, and he wants both of those unoccupied rooms."

"He wants too much; I am sure he is a second case of Maria Blandon. But who is the exacting *he*?" I asked.

When he had made me guess half a hundred

different people, and, of course, all the wrong ones, he told me that it was Mr. Grandby.

I was delighted, and although I continued to chaff him about his boarder, his Miss Blandon, I gladly made all the necessary preparations for his reception.

Mr Grandby required both rooms. They happened very conveniently to communicate, and he had one arranged as a bed-chamber, the other as a private sitting-room. I had heard of his taste for paintings, and was all curiosity to see them. He was said to spend the greater part of his large salary on works of art, and really his taste in paintings and statuettes—he had no large pieces, the very largest being a Clytie—was simply exquisite, and as for their arrangement, he would trust to no one but himself. All I had to do was to receive each as it arrived, and after properly dusting it, to place it in a position that would prevent it meeting with any accident, until Mr. Grandby should settle its final disposition.

Mrs. Darvell was with me the whole day, and perfectly charmed with the paintings, although she declared she hated those stone things, "and wondered at his taking the trouble to cart them about." The piano she appreciated, being passionately fond of music. His books, too, she liked (though she never read) because their bindings were so rich and substantial.

Mr. Grandby himself she thought perfection, and if he was ever bored by her, he was far too good-natured to show it.

He was a great acquisition to our circle, and the evenings we passed in his own sitting-room were delightful. He was a fair pianist, and his singing was superb. Old Mrs. Darvell would sit in the farthest corner from the piano, her head thrown back against the great sleepy hollow of a chair, which was her favorite seat, tears rolling down her withered cheeks, and listen in rapt attention as he sang song after song to please her.

After a while we remarked that his absences from home during the evening became more frequent, and Mrs. and Mr. Darvell and I became very curious to learn the cause. John was too dignified to allow that he was in the least interested, although I am sure he was as much annoyed at such absences as old Mr. Darvell himself, who could not bear to lose his rubber of whist, and hated a dummy.

Mrs. Darvell always declared that he must have some good reason for leaving home so often. She could not even guess at that reason, but she was none the less certain that a praiseworthy one existed.

Mr Darvell suggested gambling.

"How can you, Darvell?" she cried. "I wonder at you, I do, indeed. Mr. Grandby a gambler! How can you even think of such a thing?"

Mr. Darvell laughed. His opinion of Mr. Grandby was not quite as high as that of his wife.

It was John who at length discovered and disclosed the secret. Mr Grandby was in love! Mr. Grandby was engaged! Engaged to a most estimable young lady of our city, to whom he was to be married within the year.

"Ha!" cried his staunch supporter, Mrs. Darvell. "Didn't I tell you, Darvell! Gambling, indeed! Humph!"

"Well," replied Mr. Darvell, quietly, "he is risking a great deal any way."

We all became intensely interested in this affair of the heart. Mrs. Darvell could scarcely talk on any other subject. She longed with an intense longing to make the lady's acquaintance, but did not dare to even mention the subject to Mr. Grandby.

"She is a lucky girl, whoever she is," she declared twenty times a day. And, in fact, so much were we pleased with Mr. Grandby that we were all of the same opinion.

"I know her name!" exclaimed Mrs. Darvell one day, coming into the room, on her return from the city; it is Smith, and she is worth ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand! I did not know that there was an heiress of the name in the city. Who is she?" I asked.

"Oh! she is from the States. Forty thousand dollars, so I am told. Well, I am glad," said Mrs. Darvell, as pleased as though she were speaking of a son of her own.

"Did you ever remark how melancholy Mr. Grandby is at times?" I asked.

"Oh! not melancholy, my dear," she answered. "A little quiet and reserved; perhaps a little too much so for one of his age, but not what you could call melancholy, I am sure."

Mrs. Darvell could never think or be brought to think him less than perfect.

I remarked that his songs were all sad ones, and she was forced to admit that I was right.

"But," she said, "that is because sad songs are always the most beautiful. "I do hope," she added, "he will stay at home to-night. I am dying to hear him sing. Don't you think you'd enjoy a little music to-night."

I was always charmed with Mr. Grandby's singing and said so; but we were doomed to disappointment.

He did remain at home, but he refused our invitation to join us in our sitting-room, giving as a reason that he had pressing business to which he must attend that evening. So he closed his door against us, and poor Mrs. Darvell knitted the whole evening, bemoaning herself that such pearls of enjoyment should be so near her without being able to benefit by them.

Mr. Darvell coming in while she was thus complaining, offered to take her to a concert, an offer which she scornfully rejected, saying she had rather hear Mr. Grandby sing than the best professional that ever came to Montreal.

Mr. Grandby's absences now became less frequent, but neither his old friend nor myself gained by the change. There was no more singing, and very little whist. Indeed, so changed was he, and so sad, that even Mrs. Darvell was constrained to admit that he was growing melancholy. And she wondered over the change as much as she grieved over it.

Could it be that Miss Smith had jilted him?

Again she sought for information from the source from which she had heard the lady's name and fortune.

Miss Smith, her informant told her, was not in Montreal. She had not jilted Mr. Grandby, oh, no; but had gone home to her friends to prepare for her wedding, which was to take place in a few months.

Mrs. Darvell was again triumphant. She had always known, she said, that he was love-sick, that was all that ailed him, and asserted it to be our bounden duty to try and win him from his solitude and lonesomeness—to cheer him in spite of himself. Very earnestly that night did she beseech him to join us. She had prepared quite a little feast, at her own expense, of fruit and wine and cakes, and her chagrin was extreme when he persisted in his refusal, and again shut himself up in his own room. She then begged of John, almost with tears, to at least force his way in and keep him company, but John was the last person in the world to do that he was too proud and sensitive. Force his company on one who evinced a wish to avoid him? Never.

I knew that her pleadings were useless, but I would not interfere. Had ours not been a boarding-house I knew that John would not have scrupled to, at least, try what he could to rouse his friend. As it was, I was fully aware that nothing on earth could persuade him to move a finger in the matter.

Mrs. Darvell at length saw that her prayers were unavailing, and she desisted, but protesting, meanwhile, that it was a sin and a shame.

Days went by, and Mr. Grandby grew more and more melancholy and unsociable. He became still more persistent in refusing our invitations, whether to join us in our sitting-room or to accompany us to theatre or concert, and seemed disposed to shun not only ours, but all companionship.

Mr. Darvell even took to watching him. "He is becoming melancholy mad," he muttered more than once, in my hearing.

"I wonder if he attends to business?" said Mrs. Darvell, musingly.

"At the Bank? Oh, yes," the husband replied. "I know he does, for I have followed him several times."

At length one day the final blow came.

Mr. Grandby came down to breakfast, for which he had no appetite; but instead of leaving for his business immediately after, according to his usual habit, he returned to his room, from which he did not emerge until towards evening.

During the forenoon a number of gentlemen called on him; and we heard them in low but earnest conversation. I was very anxious to hear what was the matter, and Mrs. Darvell was excessively distressed; but there seemed no chance of learning anything. Friend after friend called on him without even allowing us time to inquire if he were ill and whether we could be of any service. A little before his usual hour John came in, and, like all the rest, hastened up to Mr. Grandby's room.

Mrs. Darvell and I waited his return in an agony of suspense. When he came down he seemed greatly distressed, and told us in a few words what was wrong. It appeared that Mr. Grandby had been what was called "cooking his accounts" for years, and had never been suspected until a few days ago, when the auditors, going over his books, happened to notice a slight deficit, a mere trifle. This led to a more minute and particular examination, when it was found that he had for years been in the habit of abstracting thousands, but, so cleverly had he managed his books that he would never have been suspected but for that little carelessness, that affair of a few shillings. When it had become public, that very day, his friends, John among the number, had urged him to take refuge in flight ere it was too late; but he would not. He told John that, now the blow had come, it was a veritable relief. He had always felt that it would eventually come, and the dread of it had almost driven him mad. That he could never repay the sums he had abstracted, and was glad to suffer the penalty.

In a few hours his arrest took place.

Poor Mrs. Darvell felt it very deeply. She mourned over his ruin as much, I believe, as though he had been her own and only son.

"It is as bad, aye, much worse, than Miss Blandon," she murmured, but I was too grieved to care to even look triumphantly at John.

(To be continued.)

The Uses of Paraffine.—Wine and beer casks are rendered tight by paraffine, and its introduction into the vacuum-pans of the sugar industry is said to prevent frothing of the syrup. Plaster casts are coated with it, drawing paper is rendered transparent, parlor matches are dipped with it, sponges are kept elastic; cloth is rendered water tight, and it is employed to keep shoemakers' wax soft and pliable. A paraffine insulator is in use upon some of our telegraph lines, and as there are few substances that can attack or decompose paraffine, its value in many chemical processes is obvious. One of the most recent uses is in the manufacture of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. If sulphur and paraffine be boiled together in a flask, decomposition takes place, and a copious supply of sulphuretted hydrogen is given out. In medicines the preservative and protective properties of paraffine are often brought into requisition.

For the Favorite.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

BY NED P. MAH,

OF MONTREAL.

What a change a few short months had worked in my existence! Here, beneath the spreading branches of the old oak-trees that cast the shade of centuries, I recline in what seems a blissful dream,—a dream so blissful that I almost fear some dread awakening,—and gaze up at the mild, beautiful face that looks down upon mine with eyes so full of a limitless affection that my momentary fears are lulled in spite of myself. And yet, three months ago, that face was to me but the phantom of a divine ideal, that I might, indeed, worship from afar, but never, never reach. What wonder then that it requires all my power of intellect to grasp the delightful fact that this beauty, all this grace, and worth, and goodness are mine, mine while life shall last, for its owner is my bride—the bride of a month.

And here, while the birds trill their love-songs overhead, answered by the deeper silent love-songs of our souls; while the distant voices of the merry children on the village green, a mere phantom of sound, reach us faintly in the fitful waftings of the summer breeze; here, in the bright summer sunlight, all nature rejoicing and dancing around us in the exuberant life-giving influence of the year's most genial season; here, as within a modern Eden, far from the sin and turmoil and wrangling and contention of a far-off world, I break the jealous seals of a mysterious package, and while my wife plies busily the magic pencil that reproduces in glowing colors, with its mimic art, the broad green acres and the far-off ruins of the ancestral domain, read aloud to her a story that, breathing of that far-off world of sin and shame, tells of the trail of that serpent which not even an Eden might exclude:

"To Gerald Farquhar Pelham,

"To be opened after his marriage.

"THE CONFESSION OF JONATHAN ARNOLD.

"What induces me to reveal a secret which might die with me, and which has been so well preserved? In part, I suppose, I am influenced by the approach of death to make a clean breast of the fraud which, once begun, circumstances have rendered a necessity during these last few years of my life; and, to be thoroughly honest with you, I am, without doubt, actuated by a kind of pride which I cannot help, feeling, even at this solemn moment when I am rapidly approaching my grave, in the consciousness of having carried out unfalteringly and successfully a bold idea. And first, before I proceed to tell how this bold idea originated, and how, having once determined on its execution, I was led on, step by step, till retreat became impossible, let me conjure you, by all you hold most sacred, by the love which you bear her who, before you open this packet, will have been united to you for better or for worse, if you would have me rest in my grave, do not, from any false ideas of right and wrong, spurn from you the wealth which has come to you, and of which no one can be more deserving, because it has been given you by one who has lived an acted lie. No, take it as unhesitatingly as you would have taken it from the uncle, whom you believed I was; take it from one who has neither kith nor kin, but who loves you and your intended bride as never he loved his kith or kin, one who hopes it may bring to you the happiness it never brought to him. And now for my confession.

"Imagine a tent, occupied by your uncle Percy and myself, upon the shores of a great lake in the far west of North America. On the day my story opens your uncle died. Forgive me if I appear abrupt, I don't wish to seem unfeeling, but I am of a rough nature, and must tell my story in my own rough way. Well, then, as the sun went down, his poor weak life flickered and went out. I'm a rough man, as I said, but I believe I cried. You see he'd been talking in that womanish soft way of his about what a friend I'd been to him, and about home, and about Amy, and how I was the only man now he was going that he'd like her to marry, and how, if ever I went to England, I must promise him to see her and tell her how he loved her to the last, and how I must try to console her and tell her what his last wish was. And so, as I sat there in the gloaming and thought, and then lit the birch-bark torch, and throwing the blanket across his face, began to gather up the papers and photographs and things that lay littered about his bed, a little thought crept into my mind edgeways, and the more I tried to quiet it, the more it asserted itself and would be heard. Then I remember that, taking a likeness of my own from among the little packet he always kept by him, I sat down and compared it with the face of the dead as he lay there with the brown blanket covering his mouth and chin like a great dark beard. Thus disguised, the face of the dead was my face! My nose, forehead, and eyes were his nose, forehead and eyes; our hair, too, was of the same tint; our height within half an inch; our voices, well perhaps they were not alike, but people who had not seen him since he was a boy would be none the wiser. Why, I asked myself, should not I—I, possessing just what he lacked, life and health and wealth—step into his place in the world, which would give me just what I wanted—friends, position, and a wife?

"And, the more I thought it out, the more feasible it became. Through the long years that I had known him, and watched him slowly sinking into his early grave, had not I become acquainted, as well acquainted as himself, with every detail of his early life? Had I not, should memory fail me, his diary there to guide me? And then I took up Amy's picture (we always called her Amy when we spoke together) and, knowing her as I knew her from his constantly talking of her, the picture seemed to glow with a living beauty, and the sweet soul seemed to look out of the mild eyes with a glance of encouragement and welcome. That decided me. From that moment my mind was made up.

"I took Percy's corse in my arms and carried him down to the dark shore. I took two large stones and bound them securely with buffalo thongs to his head and feet. I stripped myself, put Percy into the canoe, and paddled out about a mile to the deepest part of the lake. Then I upset the canoe, stove a hole through her bottom with the paddle, and swam back to shore. That was the last of the real Percy Pelham.

"Then I packed such of Percy's sketches and papers as might be valuable to me, secured a sufficient quantity of our remaining provisions, strapping them in a blanket on the back of our wiry Indian pony, and breaking up with a few blows of the axe our rudely-constructed cart, piled it, and the tent, and all our other possessions together upon the fire, and slinging my rifle and powder horn about my body, leapt astride my Indian steed, and urging him to a swift canter, turned my back forever on the beautiful medley of lake and mountain which Percy had so revelled in, and my face towards the nearest point of civilization.

"Arrived at that point. I turned my faithful little horse loose upon the prairies to shift for himself, procured myself decent habiliments, and made my way by the most direct route to New York.

"Then I lost no time in realizing all my property, turning everything into English drafts, bank notes, or sovereigns.

"This done, I sailed for England in the *City of New York*, having previously got myself up in every detail of dress and idiosyncrasy as my dead friend, *i.e.*, my dead friend with a beard, armed with all Percy's credentials, having destroyed every scrap of evidence of the existence of Jonathan Arnold. That was the beginning of the false Percy Pelham.

"I had written to Amy and to Amy's father to tell them that I was on my way home, thoroughly reinstated in health and with quite a little fortune in money. I tried to model my letter to Amy after the last which I had read of Percy's, in which he had fortunately concealed his real state, or, rather had said nothing, having no idea of approaching danger, but believing himself, with the happy self-delusion of the consumptive, to be getting better every day. But it was hard work to come up to Percy's high-flown style, and to reach the poetic elevation of his love-utterings. However, I did my best, and I don't think it could have been bad, as Amy never detected the fraud. But the handwriting? you ask. Well, you see Percy wrote the most impatient, boyish, irritable, variable hand imaginable. I cannot imagine any one ever having the hardihood to swear even to his signature. I found that I only had to write as badly as I could, holding my pen the while somewhat more loosely in my fingers than was my wont, to imitate his style exactly.

"I own I was a little nervous on the day that brought me first face to face with my dead friend's affianced bride, but any nervousness I exhibited was taken, no doubt, as part-working of my strong emotions. My reception was all that I could wish, and I, on my part, was more than charmed. Amy's portrait, even when interpreted by all Percy's glowing eulogium, fell far short of the original.

"If there had been any suspicion in Amy's mind, if her finer instinct detected some irresponsive chord in my nature which only a woman's delicate sense could detect, such suspicion must have vanished before the evidences of my memory, with which I overpowered her in our afternoon rambles through the grounds and garden. Here we had plighted our childish faith, there we had exchanged apple and plums, she, Eve-like, giving me the former, which 'I did eat;' there I had buried her favorite dove, yonder I hooked the big fish which had bitten her. Lord! I knew every crook and corner of the place as well as she. Hadn't Percy, poor weak, childish Percy, delighted in drawing plans of the old place, and chattering away by the hour of every trivial incident connected with his happy childhood?

"'But, Percy dear,' said Amy one day, 'how did you ever manage to make so much money? I never thought you would get rich.'

"'My darling, it was that good Jonathan—you have heard of Jonathan?—who found a good market for my sketches. I should never have introduced myself to the world but for him.'

"'Oh, yes! I remember the Jonathan of your letters. Why did you not bring him with you? I am sure I should have liked him.'

"'My love, Jonathan is dead.'

"Well, the time for our marriage approached; but, as it drew nearer and nearer, Amy's soul withdrew itself further and further from mine, the distance, at first imperceptible, was now, disguise it as we might, a yawning gulf.

"I have no doubt what was amiss, what Amy found lacking. Struggle as she might against the repulsion, casting out as a sin all suspicion, all doubt, which seemed to her pure soul a want of loyalty to her affianced husband, still she missed the poetic side of her Percy's character. She thought him altered. And the alteration was unfortunately in the very point which appealed most forcibly to her own sympathies. O! short-sighted Jonathan, that looked merely on the surface and forgot the soul! Were you so blind that you could not see that the very aptitude for stooping to a base action was a sufficient difference between your worldly heart and Percy's pure honor to upset the cunningest disguise?

"The day before that appointed for the wedding, Amy sought me in the Ghost's Walk. I could see she had been crying.

"'Percy,' she said, 'I am very weak and foolish. Will you please not to scold me?'

"'My darling!'

"'Percy, I am afraid I don't love you—not as a wife ought, you know—quite.'

"'My love, my own little queen, my beauty, your commonest regard would be more to me than another woman's love.'

"'Percy, I will do my duty to you. I will try hard, O so hard, to love you; but if you think that somebody else might love you—and I am sure there are many, many that would—as I can not, but as you deserve, then you are free.'

"As she uttered these words, trying hard to smile through her tears, a whirl of thought rushed through my mind. Never till that moment had I thought of the meanness of the deceit I had practised. It had never presented itself from that point of view before.

"But what was best to do. If I were to tell her the plain truth the shock might kill her. If I were to renounce her, finding that, in addition to the alteration in her Percy, he no longer loved her, she would likely mope and die. Besides, my own love for her, stronger than the love I had ever felt for any woman, pleaded that both these plans were unfeasible. I could no longer live without her. It was beyond my power to renounce her now.

"So, we were married, but Amy shivered as she stood before the altar, and the hand on whose finger I placed the ring was cold as marble. The beautiful bride that I led away that day was like a tinted statue of the Amy that had embraced me with such a tender welcome a few months before.

"Half-maddened by my wife's coldness, and by the sight of the evident struggle which embittered her existence, for she battled with her own repugnance as with a deadly sin, I relieved her as much as possible of my presence, and sought in the pursuance of manly sports—in riding hard to hounds and as an amateur in dangerous steeple-chases — for an excitement which might act as a counter irritant.

"I was to ride one day in a four-mile steeple-chase with some ugly leaps in it. The other horses were to be ridden by professionals, but still I preferred to ride my own. As I passed to the paddock with a light overcoat over my jockey rig, I found my wife's carriage, already upon the ground, with some ladies of her acquaintance.

"'Percy,' she said, leaning from the landau, with an unusual tenderness in her tone, 'I wish you would get some man to ride 'Highflyer' instead of yourself to-day.'

"'Why, Amy?' I asked.

"'Oh! I don't know,' coloring; 'the danger, and the others are all professionals, you know.'

"The interest—an unwonted interest—which she evinced had pleased me. But was it not rather the degradation of my competing with professional jocks which had caused her to speak? Bah, it was her pride, not personal interest in me, which had roused her.

"I leaped lightly on 'Highflyer's' back, and began the preliminary canter.

"Then came the start, and away we went over the black fence and the double rail and hedge, and across the brook, and over another hedge and ditch, and so to the great jump of the day, a stone wall on the top of a low bank, with bad taking-off ground and worse the other side. Safe over this and the day was mine. The field was pretty well weeded, and only two whom I could call antagonists remained. The next leap was a mere nothing—a small hedge with a low rail in it—of so little importance that there were no bystanders. I was just rising to this, 'Highflyer' going easily with a slight lead, when I heard a sudden rush, felt a treacherous touch of a toe beneath my heel, and a muttered oath in my ear, and was sensible of being hurled violently from my saddle. Then I lost consciousness.

"The first words I heard when I was again capable of hearing were spoken by an old servant whom Amy had told me had nursed me when I was little:

"'What an ugly scratch. Right over the pretty strawberry mark on his left breast.'

"And so a friendly stump had obliterated the only clue (unless they shaved me and exposed my retreating chin) which would have proved my non-identity with Percy Pelham.

"And though they shaved my head when I was raging with fever, my wife herself, I was told, gave strict orders that not a hair of my tawny beard should be touched.

"Thus fate seemed to favor my deceit!

"Amy was constant in her attendance during my delirium. They told me she had never left me. But when I had again almost recovered her old coldness returned, and the old barrier rose up between us.

"I wonder what I talked about in my madness?

"If I had discovered my secret, Amy made no sign. Only she drooped visibly, and as the October leaves strewed the ground, she withered too and died—died with the old wish upon her lips that I might find somebody to love me.

"That somebody I never found, but the widower found a solace in watching the loves of others, and promoting their happiness. And now, knowing that the girl of your choice can never be yours unless you can obtain a goodly portion of this world's wealth, and loving you both as if you were my own children, permit me to enable you to enjoy a happiness which has never been mine, and to die with the consciousness of having desired, at least, to act for the best in this matter, before I go to meet Amy and Percy in that land where all hearts shall be open and no secrets hid. O God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

* * * * * * *

And so ended this strange story of mingled good and evil. What lies before us, my Laura, in the years to come? Shall the monster of Deceit invade our Eden, and our confidence in each other's love grow dim?

Heaven forfend!

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

They have a superstition in the East
 That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
 Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding, that any scrap which bears that name
 In any characters its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder thro' the purging flame,
 And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
 With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
 A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the miry ways
 To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
 Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
 Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
 Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
 Of charity and light, for all men's finding
Squabbled for words upon the altar floor,
 And rent The Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest men among those pious Turks
 God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
 Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
 (They curse all other men, and curse each other,)
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
 Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

HALF A DREAM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS.

CHAPTER I.

"GENTLY, Geordie! take your time, man! Now then!" The excited gilly wades into the pool with his gaff, there is a brief struggle, and then he lays on the grass a fine salmon of eighteen pounds at least.

On disengaging the fly, it is found too ruffled and "mauled" to be of any further use. My pouch does not contain another puce floss-silk-bodied fly.

"It is na mariner of use ye're trying the Spey wi' ony o' thæ fal lals," exclaims honest Geordie, turning out my best London-made flies with no small amount of disdain; "I'll jist rin awa' to the manse doon yonder; Mr. Finlan ties a fly that will kill in ony weather, and he'll gie your honor ane, I ken weel."

While he takes my compliments to his reverence, I fling myself down beside my quarry. He was my first salmon, and not a little proud was I of his silvery sides and perfect form. But the morning was hot and the heather-tufts comfortable. I lighted a cigar, and reflected on the odd chances that had brought me, William Robinson, late of the Bengal Civil Service, to the banks of the Spey.

The night-side of London, during the season, offers many curious sights to the social philosopher. Heightened by the darkness overhead, and lit by the glare of the numerous gas lamps the contrasts of fashionable life and poverty come forth far more strongly than during day. The scum of the Great City does not often bubble to the surface before evening. Wealthy Pleasure does not throroughly rouse herself until dinner or ball beckons at sunset. In no scene can the various aspects of high and low life in London be so well studied, as under the corridor of the Opera when the prima donna's last notes still quiver in the memory, or in front of one of the theatres when the curtain has fallen and the lights inside have been dimmed. What a rush of splendid horses, what a whirl of wheels, and Babel of excited shouts from struggling coachmen, policemen, and gentlemen, as "Lord A's carriage stops the way!" or Lady B's brougham is brought up with a sudden check! How strange to see young and lovely women, exquisitely dressed and ornamented, huddling together under the slight shelter if it rains, while the dirtiest and most disreputable of their sisters leer at them from the wet and mud, with smiles obviously due to the influence of gin! Then the dashing off of adventurous gentlemen in search of a cab, the cool manner in which it is often appropriated when brought up, in the confusion, by another party, while the first man vainly attempts to collect his ladies—the subsequent feelings of these ladies after the exposure to cold and wet, when they do get into a cab at last—all this, and much more, supplies a thoughtful mind with plenty of reflections. Look at that elegant girl, in green muslin and silvery gauze trimmings! Consumption is the great *artiste* who causes her violet eyes to sparkle at her companion's sallies, and paints her cheeks with that becoming carmine flush! This ten minutes' waiting has signed her death-warrant. He has hailed a cab at last, and handed her in. Alas! has he not handed her into a hearse?

Such were my meditations one night in front of the Lyceum, while a drizzling rain was falling, and the cold canopy of fog and mist seemed settling down closer every minute. I had left Oxford that morning, and in ordinary costume was comfortably surveying the confused sights before walking to my hotel. The eagerness of those who were still within, pushed the first who had left the theatre beyond the scanty limits of the awning, and many stood in the street waiting for cab or carriage. Suddenly my eye fell on a familiar face. It was Buchanan of Saint Vitus's (my own college), who in full evening costume, with a breadth of shirt-front that the rain was already discomposing, stood outside the awning with a young lady on his arm. They had no umbrella, and evidently would have to wait some minutes yet. The rain fell piteously on his companion's pretty head-dress, but she did not seem to mind it much. I pressed up to them, and said—

"Here, Buchanan; I can't bear to see your friend getting so wet. Take my umbrella till your carriage comes."

"What, you here, Robinson! how kind of you! The very thing, isn't it?" (this to his companion). "Let me hold it well over you. There!" and having ended his *petits soins*, he suddenly remembered—"Oh! Miss Frere, Mr. Robinson!—but where have you sprung from, old boy, eh? Shall I see you to-night at the club? No, by the way, I shan't be able to come up to-night; hope to see you though to-morrow,—Here, John! here!" and in less time than I take to write it, the carriage dashed up, Buchanan handed in the young lady, who had only time to thank me with a word and a still more gracious smile, an elderly lady and gentleman hurriedly got in, Buchanan dropped the wet umbrella into my arms, with a "Ta, ta! old boy; many thanks," and they were whirled away, leaving me with as little ceremony, I reflected, as if I had been engaged by the theatre to stand at the door and provide ladies with umbrellas. However, Buchanan doubtless meant nothing by it, I thought; he looked very much in love with his fair companion, and probably had not many ideas for any one else at present. Small blame to him, for she *was* very pretty; what eyes she had, and what a smile! Happy Buchanan! and here I must walk solitary home to my hotel. So I lit my cigar and strode on through the dripping crowds.

It was long before I fell asleep, and even in dreams the winning smile, the graceful figure, the dainty lace that was so cruelly besmirched by the rain, and which formed the head-dress of Miss Frere, constantly intruded themselves. Her face was one which derived much of its charm from beauty of expression, and few faces so provokingly fix themselves in the memory as these. Next morning at breakfast my thoughts recurred to her, then the paper came: I finished my chop, bustled off into the City on business, and forgot her. The examination for the Indian Civil Service was beginning in a few days, and work put everything else out of my head. In due time I was appointed to one of the vacancies, and (it was before the present system) received orders to be ready to sail in three months.

One lovely afternoon that August, I had rambled from Penzance, where I was bidding farewell to friends, down to the stern granite cliffs which, hung with a waving fringe of grey lichen, hurl back defiance on the surges that so frequently assault the Land's End. It was a glorious scene that I surveyed, looking over the broken water that runs so swiftly among the black reefs off the headland on to the Longships Lighthouse, and then to the illimitable Atlantic beyond, like the vast unknown future which lay before my life-voyage. Suddenly laughter and voices struck on my ear. Turning round, I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen, followed by servants with baskets and cloaks. Evidently it was a picnic party, so I went on with my meditations while they passed round a shoulder of rock, whence occasionally burst of merriment floated over to me.

At length a lady, in light gauzy muslin dress, girt with a broad pink sash *à la fronde*, and accompanied by a man who was earnestly chatting to her, passed between me and the sea, clambering over the rocks. As he passed by he looked up: it was Buchanan. He uttered a cry of surprise, whereat his partner, the fair Frondeuse, raised her head, and once more I beheld the face that had burnt itself into my memory the night after the theatre. It was fresh, gay, and lively as the glittering waves before us, while, as with them, slumbered under its arch expression an undercurrent not to be fathomed or understood all at once.

"What! Robinson! where have you dropped from, old fellow?" said Buchanan.

"I remember you well, Mr. Robinson," added the lady. "What a romantic place to meet in!"

"I could not forget you, Miss Frere," I observed, in all seriousness, for such was the thought that at once passed through my mind; then adopting a lighter tone for Buchanan's benefit, I said, "Haven't you brought a parasol to shade me from the sun in *my* time of need at present?"

"No; but we have plenty of champagne and ice to cool you. Come along round the rock!"

"Do come, Mr. Robinson! it will please papa to be introduced to you—and a family picnic," she added with archness, "is generally so dull."

There is no need to describe the charm of the picnic, to me at least, heightened as it was by the pleasure of watching the varied expressions that swept over Miss Frere's face, to die out (as Wordsworth says) in her eyes, and by the singular rock-scenery amongst which we feasted. Buchanan was very attentive to Miss Frere, and I had no doubt that a few more months would see them married. Declining a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Frere that evening, as I had to leave Penzance for town, I once more lost sight of the face that possessed such a strong attraction for me. Shortly afterwards I started for India, and after five years' service, during which I had never forgotten Miss Frere, though I had heard nothing either of her or of Buchanan, I returned home for a year's rest.

Hitherto my story has dealt in suddenly changed kaleidoscopic combinations: it will now become more steady. That summer I spent with my brother and sister at Guildford, and was returning there by the last train on a lovely July night, from a cricket-match at Aldershott. Suddenly there was a violent lurch, then the carriage seemed to spring into the air, turned over on one side, and after ploughing up the ground for a few yards, subsided along with all behind it into a general wreck, covered with clouds of dust. The engine had gone on, and the carriage I was in, having run off the line, had carried confusion and ruin into all behind it. To my utter amazement, beyond a good shaking I was not hurt; so having extricated myself from the smashed carriage, I proceeded to help the other passengers. There were very few of these, and none were seriously hurt, though contusions and broken heads abounded. Loud was their wrath, and dire their threats of actions, and of the compensation they would exact from the company. I left them to their grumblings, and passed to a first-class which had not been overthrown. By the aid of the guard's lamp we saw a lady sitting with clasped hands, apparently paralysed with terror; while, to add to the confusion, a thunderstorm now broke forth in a deluge of rain. It was out of the question to leave the lady where she was. "Madam," said the guard anxiously, "I trust you are not hurt."

The lady did not stir or speak.

"Madam," I said, coming to the rescue of the guard, "suffer me to help you out; you must not stay here; pardon me!" and I took her arm, and tried to raise her.

She burst into a torrent of tears, with her hands before her face, but without uttering a word or rising. I saw that she was utterly unhinged in mind, though it seemed fortunately not hurt in person.

What was to be done? Guard and I looked at each other in doubt; still she could not be suffered to remain; so I took up her dressing-bag and cloak which lay on the opposite seat. and handed them to the guard. On doing so, a name caught my eye, which was engraved on the lock of the former article—ELLEN FRERE. It touched an old key-note within me, but that was all, and I applied myself again to remove the lady.

"Thank God!" at last she said devoutly, and I started at her accents. Once such tones had vibrated in my mind, but that was all gone—still could it—could it be? Swifter than thought I seized the guard's lamp, and in the rudest but most eager way held it up to the lady's face. There were the well-remembered violet eyes, suffused now with tears, the fair cheeks blanched with terror, the half-opened lips that had twice before so powerfully attracted my fancy.

CHAPTER II.

"Now then, sir, look alive!" said the guard roughly. I awoke from my amazement.

"Miss Frere! how very fortunate! I am thankful indeed that you are not injured. You remember me?—Robinson, whom you met at the Land's End? Now you must let me take you out, and I will see to you, and not leave you till I have safely handed you to your friends."

"Mr. Robinson!" she said dreamily; "ah, yes; I will leave this now," and she took my arm while I hurried her out of the train. Luckily the accident had happened a hundred yards from a little station, and we were soon under its shed, she trembling convulsively still, and clasping my arm tightly. I let her remain silent for a few minutes, I then poured out some sherry for her from my flask. This revived her, and she said, with a sweet resumption of her old graceful manner, "Mr. Robinson, how can I thank you enough? but what shall I do? I have forty miles yet to travel to S——, and my luggage lost, and I with such a headache! so shaken with it all!"

"The first thing is to telegraph to your friends at S—— that you are safe. To whom were you going?"

"To the Lamberts."

"They are friends of ours, oddly enough. You must let me telegraph to them that you cannot go further to-night. Then stay with us, only a few miles on—with my mother and sister. They will do everything in their power for you; and you can go on to-morrow, when you have rested."

At this moment the station-master's wife came to beg Miss Frere to enter her house till a few carriages were got ready to proceed, and I devoted myself to helping the wounded, and doing what could be done to alleviate their sufferings. In an hour the road was sufficiently clear for an engine to take three or four carriages on. Miss Frere accompanied me, and much to my mother's amazement I took her home. It was quite clear that she could not proceed however, for she fainted more than once before I got her safely housed for the night. Nor could she leave her room for three days.

It was impossible for the above events to have happened without my having old feelings strongly recalled to my heart. I was miserably anxious and *distrait* until she was able to be brought into the drawing-room. I was decidedly in love with Miss Frere.

I could not, however, do more than worship my goddess assiduously, as if that did aught but heap fuel on the fire! She was a rich man's only daughter—nay, his only child. Mr. Frere had been down to see her while she was ill, but had been obliged to hurry off, and gratefully command her to our further care. What right had I to interfere with his plans?

Another consideration had still more weight with me. She had never named Buchanan, which I magnified into an acknowledgment that they were engaged—especially when I remembered the familiar terms on which they had been on the only two occasions when I had previously met Miss Frere. How could I be so treasonable to my friend as to undermine him in his absence? Clearly I could not make open love to his *fiancée*. But I was nettled all the same; and I, too, never mentioned his name.

Our talks became longer and more confidential. Sometimes I even read to her. Then there were always little cares to be attended to, flowers to be put near her couch, her shawl to be arranged over her feet, and so forth. It was a sweet yet a terribly dangerous thing to be thus brought into such close relations with a lovely and loveable girl. Perhaps she felt it too, for she was in no lively mood the last two days of her visit.

The end must come to the sweetest dreams. Miss Frere was now well enough to leave on the morrow; I was to depart for India the following week. Naturally that evening we were neither very cheerful. My sister was gone to visit a friend: my mother knitted in silence; our talk at the sofa had gradually died also into silence. Twilight crept in and brought its store of sad memories. We were to part for a long term of years to-morrow. Still how could I speak of love? Be base to Buchanan and abuse his trust? never!

At length Miss Frere rose and went to the piano. She had a light touch, and a voice as full of expression as her face. After a few soft bars, she broke into the dreamy music of *Faust*, and sang with the utmost pathos. I listened, leaning on the back of my chair in raptures. Presently she stopped, and remained seated at the instrument as if in deep thought. I had never till then noticed that my mother had been called out of the room.

After a pause I rose. "Miss Frere, to-morrow will end the sweetest week of my whole life."

"Will it indeed?" (Here was a stopper on enthusiasm!)

"Can you doubt it? And next week I go to India. I positively hate India!"

"Yes—no doubt."

"I hope, Miss Frere, that you will be very happy. I am sure that you deserve it."

"Do I? but thank you all the same!" and still she remained pensive.

At length I said desperately, "Well, I shall sometimes—often—think of you. When is the happy day to be? Excuse my asking, but I feel quite an old friend, you know."

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Good gracious! Miss Frere, what *do* you mean?"

She looked up startled. "To-morrow. Did you not say, when was the unhappy day?"

"No; I said, when was the happy day?"

"What happy day?"

"What happy day! why—when—when—you know—well—when you are to be married."

"Married!" and she jumped up and opened her eyes widely—"married! who ever said I was going to be married? What do *you* mean?"

I remained silent a moment. We looked into each other's faces, and then fairly laughed.

"Why, of course," I said, feeling very much relieved, "I thought you were going to marry my old friend Buchanan."

"Marry my cousin Dick, whom I have known from his cradle! who ever thought of such a thing?"

"Then if you are not going to be married, I—I——"

"I am not going to be married at all, I tell you," she said archly.

"But, Miss Frere—Ellen—don't let us make our lives a waste for want of a word—if I asked you to be married, for the sake of a very old, old love that I have cherished for you, and because—well, because of our preservation the other night"—and I drew near and took her hands—"eh, Ellen?"

"Well, if you asked me, perhaps I might possibly consent to change my mind"—but that was all she said, for in another moment she was at my heart.

After a moment more I said, "Well, when is the happy day to be now?"

"When you like."

As our conversation then began to be somewhat insensate, after the manner of lovers, and she had declared she would go with me to India, and I had avowed my intention of never taking her there, I may as well stop.

Here comes Geordie with the flies. Now you see gentle reader, why I am thus enjoying *dolce far niente* on the grass by the side of the Spey. I have no doubt you can guess that Ellen is up at the Lodge with her father, and that my good fortune in securing her for a wife, with a couple of thousands per annum, was all owing to my moralising that wet evening in the street—"after the theatre." I remarked then that a young lady left out in the rain often stepped into a hearse; in Ellen Frere's case it was luckily into her marriage coach.

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money beside—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land and things that they've always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," and Peter brightened up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me they've always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than anything else."

"But suppose the Browns would object, as most likely they would. You know we an't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put up John to elope with Sally."

"Agreed. I'll leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife, held an important conference.

"Do you remember that note for six hundred dollars I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.

"Yes," replied his wife.

"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged, and there is Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from it's a mystery to me. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith—gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do. An't his folks rich, and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Sally."

"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation; "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Browns and the Smiths planned to dispose of the children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young ones to the proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense, and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but he feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Sally was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoicing in the possession of the lasting comeliness, which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little retroussé nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parents spoke to her about John she blushed becomingly, and, after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but that they feared parental objection.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."

"No," repeated the old man, "we wouldn't lift our finger to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion unbosom themselves; for how could true lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? And they didn't. At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However, they were not over-disposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished seemed so near at hand, to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope. It is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Sally last night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope with me; so I think that the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over towards Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the peculiar circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helped her into the wagon, and away they went.

Shortly after they departed, two scenes transpired which must be here recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store, and entered his house in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by fast walking, and the former by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The deuce they have! I hoped to get here in time enough to stop 'em."

"To stop 'em?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: Old Smith hain't worth a cent—can't pay what he owes—will be sold out within a month—it's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" asked the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Sally shan't marry the beggar; I'll follow them to Squire Jones', and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse, and spun away toward Squire Jones' house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith residence, and was opened by the precipitate entrance of Mrs. S., with the breathless exclamation:

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired the husband.

"John."

"Yes," and Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went all of half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbing your hands," screamed the lady, "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Browns an't worth a dollar in the world; Kate Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be foreclosed. So Sally won't get a solitary cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into her harness, and rattled away toward Squire Jones' residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm, and holding Sally on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across, they saw, revealed by the moonlight, the pursuing Brown.

"Why, that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischief, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" squealed Sally.

"I'll show you," said John.

Jumping from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence, and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a fearful rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheel collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Brown was picking himself up from the ditch, he saw the accident repeated; this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloping away with the four wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run for the Squire's, about a mile off, where they arrived very much out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Hold on!" yelled Brown. "I object!"

"So do I," screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the Squire. "Nothing but a divorce can fix it now."

The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said——"

"Daughter," hurriedly interposed Brown, turning very red, but striving to appear dignified, "I am not disposed to be tyrannical; now that you are married I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you, father," said John, "we would never have eloped, if you and mother hadn't said——"

"Never mind, my son," interrupted Smith, "I will not be hard with you—I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the elopers' wagon.

DISCLOSURES OF AN ACROBAT

"You could scarcely believe," said a well-known gymnast, "what we have to go through. As for me I began when I was five years old. My father gave me to a trainer, who examined my little frame, and said he would make a famous man of me. These trainers generally begin by administering a sound thrashing to their pupils by way of hardening them. At first we cry; but when we find that blows are so much the heavier for our grief, we soon become as callous as the stones and suffer silently." "But," I asked, "what is your process of training?" "Oh, simple enough. When we attempt a new feat we never leave off unless we accomplish it perfectly." "What! not even when you are hurt?" "No; it is a system. We must get through it even with broken limbs. My first master ordered me, after a few simple things, to perform a somersault. I fell on my head, and nearly broke my collar bone. He told me to try again. I could scarcely move, and as I hesitated he took up a horsewhip, and lashed me most unmercifully, so I did it after all. Up to the age of twenty our *chaperon*—the one who owns us, in fact, has all the money, and does no more than feed us. There are many acrobats who are too weak-minded to shake off their master's grasp when they reach manhood." "Are you often hurt while performing?" "Much more than is visible to the lookers on," replied the gymnast; "if they only knew how we frequently suffer while they applaud us, their sympathy would exceed their pleasure; at times a fellow-performer may be jealous, and he knows how to hurt his comrades either by imperceptibly twisting his arm or pressing him too hard in an unusual position. Perhaps you may have noticed," he continued, "that we acrobats always smile; you cannot imagine what that smile costs us very often; the contraction of the lips when smarting from a hurt, often of a serious character, is harder than any muscular effort. I have often smiled to the public when I could hardly see before me. Doubtless you have remarked, many and many a time, that juvenile gymnasts "mull" some *feat d'ensemble*, or fail to accomplish a difficult and complicated *cabriol*. Well, the big-limbed fellow who has charge of the boy-performer finds means to inflict some cruel pain on his slave, without the public being aware of the fact; the child smiles on him, takes his hand, and repeats the attempt; no one dreams that, at that precise moment, he would roll down in agony were he beyond public sight. Eighty out of a hundred gymnasts die from accidents; and as to those who are lucky enough to escape casualties, they never live to be old. As to our profits, we seldom get more than what is required to live decently, and most of us die at the Hospital."

THE SWEETEST MOMENT IN LOVE MAKING.

"Perhaps there is no period," says Anthony Trollope, "so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties, what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pair of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is very sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by anybody but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves there has come a moment in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any stars, haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced.

GOOD TEETH.

Civilization makes bad work with our teeth. Savages are rarely ever troubled with a defect or an ache in their dental apparatus. It is not hot drinks which destroy them prematurely; nor warm food, so much as acids, too concentrated in vinegar, pickles, etc., which act directly upon the lime in their composition, and thus crumble them.

The foundation for sound, firm, white teeth, must be laid in early life, by subsisting on food that contains the elements which the teeth must have, or they will be imperfectly formed, feeble in structure, and fall early into decay. If wheat-flour were never bolted, but eaten with the bran, as we find it partially in the Graham bread, then the system would be abundantly provided with the phosphate of lime, the essential ingredient for the formation of the teeth.

Butter contains a good portion of the phosphate of lime, and hence, those who consume much of it furnish from that source a supply for keeping their teeth in good condition. Children are usually lovers of bread and butter, especially if they are habitually fed on white, fine bread. In that way they obtain something for their teeth, but by no means enough. The coarser the food, especially bread, the better for young people. The soundest teeth belong to persons who have not been reared on delicacies. Poor teeth become hereditary, simply, because the ancestral stock was deprived, either by a perverted taste, or the habit of feasting on rich, concentrated diet, of the phosphate of lime which nature provides in the covering of grain used as food, and in some kinds of flesh on which carnivorous animals live. We cannot have sound teeth unless the stomach has the right materials for their manufacture.—*Harper's Weekly.*

GOLDEN GRAINS.

THINGS themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

THOSE who misuse a tendered hospitality are guilty of gross ingratitude.

THERE is but one thing which is estimated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

GOVERN the child by gentleness; even the camel moves not swifter before the whip than behind the flute.

NOTHING is more common than to try to reconcile our conscience to our evil thoughts by our good actions

USE not evasion when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

LET others apologize for us; if we can find an excuse for our conduct we might have found a way to act differently.

MEN will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

WERE we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

HE who combats his own evil passions and desires enters into the severest battle of life; and, if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.

THERE is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship, there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well.

FRIENDSHIP is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellencies. One is valued as a kindness that cannot be explained, the other exacted as payment of a debt to merit.

ENDEAVOR to render the lives of others pleasant, for many blessings are caught in the rebound. If we make the present "all dark and barren as a stormy sea," we must thank ourselves. The present alone is ours, and it is the hinge on which the future turns.

BE discreet without being reserved or secret. Persons are often needlessly close about unimportant matters, and needlessly open about essentials. With respect to one's own affairs, a wide latitude may be allowed according to their nature and a man's own feeling in the matter, but secrets entrusted by another should never be revealed unless for the highest moral or religious motives.

THE performance of duties, as also the maintenance of rights, is always most pleasant, as well as most efficient, when accompanied by that courtesy of manners which evinces a respectful consideration of what may be honestly claimed or looked for by others; and a careful observance of manners and bearing, in our daily intercourse with others, at all times redounds to our immediate pleasure and benefit, and will ultimately assist us to read, as it were at a glance, the habits, history, and trustworthiness of others.

WOMEN should be acquainted that no beauty hath any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that hath these is qualified, as she ought to be, for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection to her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to man's respect.

IN comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall. The clock ticks and strikes!—it was sweet music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but feel that she is often by your side an angel presence. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender to her memory.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW alum mine has been recently discovered in Algeria, near a place called Fondonok.

A NEW gas-making material, called vegetable pitch is being manufactured in France. It is made of the residues of olive oil, palm oil, and cocoa-nut oil

IT seems that Arsenic is found in the coloring matter of carpets, as well as in that of wall paper Nor is it confined to green carpets alone; it occurs in both the bright red and dark red shades.

CHARLES BEKE, the Abyssinian traveller, has been reviewing Livingstone's letters, and believes with Captain Richard F. Burton that the great explorer has discovered the sources of the Congo, rather than the fountains of the Nile.

THE view entertained by Sir James G Simpson, the eminent Edinburgh physician, that small wards for the sick, and small hospitals, are uniformly more healthy than larger ones, has been adopted in Great Britain so far as to lead to the building of a considerable number of cottage hospitals; notwithstanding which, a writer in the *Athenæum* asserts that the statistics on which the conclusion is based are unsatisfactory. No better method of ventilation for individual wards than the old-fashioned system of fireplaces opposite partially opened windows has yet been contrived.

GLASS coins appear to have been once in use among the Arabians, as we learn from a paper recently read before the Numismatic Society of London. It is stated that they became a part of the Arabic currency during a seven years' famine, when there was a great scarcity of gold and silver. This was between 427 and 457 years after the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca, from which event the Mohammedans reckon all their dates. As this occurred in the year 622 of our era, the period of Arabic glass coins must therefore have extended from A.D. 1049 to A. D. 1109.

THE startling mortality in Hindostan occasioned by the bite of venomous serpents is at this time attracting considerable attention in England, and many remedies for snake-bite are suggested. Mr. T. Skinner, late commissioner of public works in Ceylon, states that he has twice cured men who were bitten by Tic Polongas—supposed to be the most deadly poisonous of the snakes of that island—by simply cauterizing the wound with his knife, heaping a charge of powder from his flask upon it, and blowing it up in each case. In his work on the natural history of Ceylon, Sir Emerson Tennent says that these snakes seldom attack persons except at night, when they are surprised or trodden on. The natives, "when obliged to leave their houses in the dark, carry a stick with a loose ring, the noise of which, as they strike it on the ground, is sufficient to warn the snakes to leave their path."

MR. W. H DALL, who has been engaged for more than a year in making surveys among the Aleutian Islands for the Coast Survey, has made some important observations with reference to the breeding of the Alaskan cod-fish. He states that they arrive in March and April, full of spawn, and immediately repair to places with sandy bottom, defended from the wind and current by beds of kelp off shore. Here they remain a few weeks, and when they go outside they have no spawn in them. He does not think that the spawn is laid on the bottom, but rather that it floats below the surface in the water. If a heavy storm occurs, blowing on the shore, the sandy beaches inside the kelp are strewn with spawn. In May and June the young fish, from one and a half to two inches long, are plenty in the shallows, but go into deep water by July. He has collected a large number of the fry, and finds them to be exactly like the adults except in size.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WE find in *The Western Planter*, from as many orchardists, five different prescriptions for protecting trees from the teeth of rabbits One places a thin layer of weeds, refuse hay, or similar trash around the stems, fastens it with a tough weed, or tie of straw, and has thus saved 500 trees for many years. Another rubs the bark with a fresh hog's liver or other bloody offal. Another has equal success with strong smelling grease. Another applies a paint of butter-milk and soot when snow falls, and again in March, and the last smears the bark with the blood of the Thanksgiving turkey.

W. H. WHITE sends to *The Country Gentleman* the following rule, which he says he has tested to his satisfaction: "A stick of timber is desired, say 50 feet long; select your tree, measure 50 feet in a direct line from the foot of the tree on as near level ground as possible; now cut a stick the exact height of the observer and stick it in the ground exactly perpendicular; now let the observer lie flat on his back, his feet against the stick and head in line of tree and stick, and look directly over the top of the stick, and where the line of vision strikes the tree will be the length of stick, 50 feet, desired If the ground is not level the measure will not be exact, but allowance must be made.

WE note with satisfaction the growing sentiment, not only in this country but abroad, in favor of local agricultural societies and shows as against the more cumbersome, more pretentious, and less useful mammoth exhibitions, whose field is a whole State or half a dozen States. These latter are mostly run by rings for one purpose or another, and for the advancement of the interest of some chosen clique. None of them were so successful during the autumn just passed as heretofore. The people from whom support must come are learning that they best subserve their own interests by encouraging the neighborhood and district gatherings Let them do what they can to build up these, and there will be little occasion for anything better.

BREEDING COWS FOR THE DAIRY.—If the great dairymen of the present day would look around and notice the systematic manner in which horsemen are breeding speedy trotters, they might gain knowledge which would be very valuable. To obtain this desideratum, they are sparing no pains to make so as to trace back through none but sires and dams having the blood of particular animals whose characteristics they wish to perpetuate. Doubtless the aptitude to give a large quantity of good milk might be bred into herds of cattle, so that dairying would become the most profitable branch of farming. It may be well to consider how similarly the great shorthorn breeders are proceeding to fixing the capability of transmitting all the beef-producing qualities, and the mellow touch as well as the magnificent frame, and then draw the inference that breeding from bulls descended from none but deep, rich milkers, would give a corresponding result, viz: a natural inclination to produce a great flow of milk. Then by raising all the heifer calves, what a fortune making herd could be accumulated. A few years since I knew two gentlemen of means who had herds of dairy cows; one had two hundred in the far West and the other about sixty in the East. The former bought cows to fill up as fast as vacancies arose, and raised no calves; the latter reared calves of both sexes, but did not pay any attention to pedigree. The first mentioned, though a very wealthy man, sold entirely out years ago, and the other is desirous to get rid of his whole agricultural speculation. Now if these proprietors had raised young stock from sires whose pedigrees would be sure to double the milking properties of the cows they started with, they might have been in receipt of handsome returns for their enterprise, instead of bemoaning the loss of many thousands of dollars.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*

FAMILY MATTERS.

ADULTERATED COFFEE.—A sure test by which to know genuine coffee is to throw a teaspoonful of ground coffee into a tumbler of cold water, if is the real article it will float, as the adulterations will sink at once.

STEAM PUDDING.—Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam two hours and serve with a sauce.

TO WHITEN IVORY.—Boil alum in water; into this immerse your ivory, and let it remain one hour; then rub the ivory with a cloth, wipe it clean with a wet linen rag, and lay it in a moistened cloth to prevent its drying too quickly, which causes it to crack.

TOOTH WASH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of water; before quite cold add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor; bottle for use A wine glassful of the solution added to a half pint of tepid water is sufficient for each application. This solution applied regularly preserves and beautifies the teeth, arrests decay and produces a healthy action of the gums.

SNOW CUSTARD.—Take one quart of milk and four large eggs; set the milk on the fire, in a clean vessel; then separate eggs, and beat the whites into a stiff froth. When the milk is scalding hot, slip the whites on the top, turning them gently over so that they will cook, then lift them out and dish; whip out the yolks with two teaspoonfuls of sugar: pour into the milk, stirring rapidly all the time it is scalding. The very moment it comes to the boiling point lift it off; if it boils it will curdle. When it cools sufficiently, pour into the float-dish with any kind of flavoring, then put the froth on top and it will be delicious.

FRIED BREAD CRUMBS.—Cut the bread into thin slices, place them in a cool oven overnight, and when thoroughly dry and crisp, roll them down into fine crumbs. Put some lard or clarified dripping into a frying pan; bring to a boiling point, throw in the crumbs, and fry them quickly. Directly they are done, lift them out with a slice, and drain them before the fire, from all greasy moisture. When quite crisp they are ready for use. The fat they are fried in should be clear, and the crumbs should not have the slightest appearance or taste of having been in the least degree burnt.

MINCEMEAT FOR PIES.—Take two pounds of the sirloin of beef, boiled and free from skin, together with four pounds and a half of suet, all minced very fine. Add eight large apples, chopped, six pounds of currants, washed and dried, two slices of bread half an inch thick, grated, one ounce of nutmeg, half an ounce of cloves, one pound and a half of sugar and a little pepper and salt. Grate the rind of an orange and a lemon; add the juice of six oranges and two lemons. Mix all these ingredients well together, pour over the whole a pint of good wine, and, if desired, a pint of brandy. Made into pies, this mincemeat should be baked with the crust in a quick oven for half an hour.

FORD'S CURRY POWDER.—The following ingredients can be procured at the drug-stores, and there, perhaps, the powder can be most readily prepared. It is an excellent thing to have in the house. A pinch will give a spicy relish to very homely diet and tempt a very capricious appetite. Turmeric, 12 oz; coriander seed, 12 oz., ginger, 12 oz.; black pepper, 12 oz.; capsicums, 9 oz.; cardamoms, 6 oz.; cummin seed, 6 oz.; mint, 3 oz. These should be ground separately into fine powder and weigh as above after being ground. Mix thoroughly by sifting all together.

HASHED VENISON.—The remains of cold roast venison, especially a stuffed shoulder may be used for this dish, and will give great satisfaction to cook and consumers. Slice the meat from the bones, put these with the fat and other scraps in a saucepan, with a large teacupful of cold water, a small onion, one of the button kind, minced, parsley and thyme, pepper and salt, and three or four whole cloves. Stew for an hour. Strain and return to the saucepan with whatever gravy was left from the roast, a tablespoonful currant jelly, one of tomato or mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little browned flour. Boil for three minutes, lay in the venison, cut into slices about an inch long, and let all heat over the fire for eight minutes, but do not allow the hash to boil. Stir frequently, and when it is smoking hot, turn into a deep covered dish.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

What is to be?—Why, a verb.

GUILT FRAMES.—Prison windows.

A WATER PITCHER.—A fire-engine.

COMPANION OF THE BATH —The Sponge.

A MELODIOUS ATTENDANT.—A page of music

SOMETHING that doesn't mind pinching.—Snuff.

AN EXPENSIVE WIFE makes a Pensive Husband.

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S PARADISE.—The Seychelles.

THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN'S PAPER.—A paper of pins.

SHAKESPERIAN MOTTO FOR CATTLE SHOW.—"O my sweet Beef!"

THE MAN WHO WORKS WITH A "WILL."—The Probate Judge.

ADVICES TO BACHELORS.—Never marry a Horsey Girl. She will be a Nagging Wife.

NOTE FOR THE MORALIST.—Virtue is not its own reward. If it were, it would be as common as Vice.

The enterprising individual who is organising a brass band of twenty women says that if they learn half as many "airs" as they put on, the experiment can not fail of being a success.

A Californian writes that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

A DOUBT-FULL ADMISSION.—(*Time:—After Supper.*) —*Dootong:* "May I have the pleasure of putting down a waltz with you, Miss Eatenuff?"—*Miss E:* "Really, Mr. Dootong, I'm afraid I'm so full already that I haven't even a corner left."

MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY.—A Cockney Gentleman who had been hearing a concert of old music, where every piece that was performed was in the programme termed an "Op.," observed, as he went out, "Well, after all these 'Ops, I vote we have some Malt"

BOTH BOTHERED.—*School Examiner.* "Name the Kings of England who died Violent Deaths."—*Boy:* "Please, Sir, did a King who died in a fit die a violent death?"—*School Examiner:* "I am not allowed to help you in answering questions *You must judge for yourself!*"

FIXED IDEAS.

In the Mind of Man.

That he is overworked.
That his constitution requires stimulants.
That, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage
That smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, &c.
That he ought to belong to a club.
That he could reform the Army, do away with the Income-Tax, manage the railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping an hotel.
That he knows a good glass of wine.
That he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg.
That medicine is all humbug.
That he could preach as good a sermon himself
That he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad.
That he must win on this year's Derby.

In the Mind of Woman.

That she has nothing fit to put on.
That things ought to be bought because they are cheap
That there is company in the kitchen.
That she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping.
That she never goes out anywhere.
That her best black silk is getting awfully shabby.
That she requires a change about the month of August
That her allowance is too small.
That she never looks fit to be seen.
That cook drinks.
That there is always "a glare."
That there is somebody in the house.
That Mrs. Orpington is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking after all.—*Punch.*

OUR PUZZLER.

10. RIDDLE.

What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the most slow, the most divisible and the most extended, the least valued, and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to all things, however great?

11. PUZZLE.

Before, I'm anybody;
Behind, I'm nobody.

ELWOP.

12 ENIGMA.

There is a thing I must not tell—
If you can find it, take it.
Each potter knows its uses well,
Although he does not make it.

Cut off its head, you'll then perceive
A cause of much complaining;
Cut off its tail, and I believe
You'll find a thief remaining.

Behead again, the tail replace,
A goddess comes before ye,
In whose dire worship all the race
Of Indians chiefly glory

Transpose this fiend, a drink you have,
Pride of the social table.
Transpose the thief, and take the slave,
And twist him in a cable.

Transpose the ill the land endures
With just complaint and ample;
Of what it causes more than cures
You'll find a bitter sample.

PEN AND INK.

13. SQUARE WORDS.

A portion of a lock or key;
An insect that is very wise;
A quantity of paper see;
The paper of a certain size.

GEO. J. BELL, Jun.

14. REBUS.

A vessel; a small town on the Brazil coast; producing light; a well-known tree; a province of Austria; a worshipper of images; and a sea-nymph. The *finals* will give the name of an English king; the *initials* that of a celebrated man with whom he went to war; and the *second letters* what that war was called.

GROUSE.

ANSWERS.

4. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
B L A N O	D A M A R	A S T E R
L I V E R	A Z U R E	S C A V E
A V E R E	M U L E S	T U K I N
N E R K A	A R E N A	E V I C T
O R E A M	R E S A T	R E N T S

5. LETTER PUZZLES.—1. Benjamin Disraeli. 2. Robert Lowe.

6. ENIGMA.—Ruler.

7. VERBAL CHARADE.—C,A,R,N,A,T,I,O,N . carnation.

8. CHARADE.—Tearless.

9. DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
PIN
WORLD
SUBJOIN
COMMODORE
INQUISITION
COMPREHENSION
INDIANMUTINEERS
SIRJOSHUAREYNOLDS
LAPLANDREINDEER
HYDROCEPHALUS
CONVEYANCER
SCOUNDREL
OCTOBER
BELLS
ODE
S

For the Favorite.

TO EMMA JANE S***

BY J. R. RAMSAY.

O that thy nose had crooked been,
Or eyes were squint, as some I've seen,
I would not feel so bad,
Even if a lump were on thy back—
Or thy white beauty had some lack—
I often wish it had

If thou wert fashioned anyway
Without so much perfection, say
A limp, or voice to bawl,
'Twould help to let me down, but, loved,
Sheer from hope's pinnacle I'm shoved
And nothing breaks my fall.

In mercy cultivate a squint,
Or some defection, for a splint
To bind my broken heart.
Try; probably the grecian bend,
Or waterfall would make an end
Of me, or of my smart.

Yet, I've seen others shaped as well,
Surely to them thy magic spell
Was wanting or withheld
Which, from the first I looked on thee
Never an instant let me be
From being so compelled.

Say something bitter, O, be mean!
Put on repulsive styles, and wean,
Or warn me from the flame!—
But, 'tis too late—I've seen the light,
Which tho' you hide, the thrilling sight
In memory burns the same.

THE BLONDE WHISKERS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Sitting up, Em? What a little goose! Crying! Why, what's the matter? Anything happened?"

"Anything happened! Oh, George, it's half-past one o'clock. Yesterday it was twelve, and *two*, yes, two o'clock, Thursday week."

"Time does fly," said George. "How late I used to stay with you in courting times, eh! Remember, Emmy?"

"Remember!" repeated Mrs. Harkaway. "Oh, I never thought then that it would come to this."

"I did not know you had such a temper then, Emmy," said George. "Didn't think you could scold. What have I done? What has *it* come to?"

"To my spending my time alone, for the most part," said Mrs. Harkaway. "Not a year married, and day after day, evening after evening, here I sit and mope. You are absolutely out all the time."

"Why, Emmy," said George lazily, lighting a cigar, "I'm home every night, I'm sure."

"Every night! Oh, George Harkaway!" said Mrs. Harkaway, with a hysterical sob, and left the room and, I am sorry to say, banged the door after her.

"O dear!" said the poor little woman to herself, as she stood alone in the next room. "Who could have believed that he didn't care anything about me? He made love to me, I'm sure. He wouldn't let me speak to another man. He sat with his arm about my waist whole evenings. He called me an angel, and said he'd lay down his life for me; and now—Oh, I wish I was dead!"

And this not because her spouse had actually done anything cruel, or that she suspected him of being unfaithful, but that he had behaved just as so many an American husband does behave to the little girl he marries.

He takes her from papa and mamma, brothers and sisters—from the thousand and one pleasant flirtations—from the friendships, platonic or otherwise, which she has perfect freedom to make. He makes love for a month or two, whisks her away on a wedding tour, and then is "always home every night." How she is to amuse herself in her upper room at a boarding-house, or her apartment at the end of a hotel corridor, he never asks. He forgets, or perhaps remembers too well, that she can properly have no other escort—that she cannot even receive calls from gentlemen as she used—and then he wonders that she mopes and fades.

Cards and lager with a bachelor friend; the theatre, without the necessity of dressing as when in lady's company, with the same companion; long fishing excursions, also in bachelor society—these filled out George's non-business hours, and left little Emmy alone. He had never spoken a cross word to her. He always kissed her when he came in. He cared not a sou for any other woman, but—Oh, please forgive me, dear ladies. "You know how it is yourselves."

Emmy pouted over her breakfast next morning, and gave no response to George's parting salute. Indeed she was so chilling that he felt uncomfortable, and resolved to surprise her by coming home to lunch, and being very good that evening. He carried the plan out, and they had what Emmy called a "nice, old-fashioned time." But alas, there was Bob Cherry still alive. And this old-fashioned time was but an oasis in the desert. Emmy was in despair. She was in a great city at a great hotel. She was shy and timid, and instead of going out to walk in her new bonnet, she staid at home and looked out of the dull back window, from which she sometimes saw other ladies sitting at other windows of the great hotel as disconsolately as she sat at hers. Gongs sounded and bells rang. Waiters and chamber-maids rushed across the bit of pavement at the bottom of what looked to Emmy like a stone well. Out in the hall, people were always passing her door. Down in the parlor, the pleasant and comprehensive stare which American ladies bestow upon strangers of their own sex, daunted her.

One poor little sparrow, a city bird, afraid of nothing, sometimes came down from the eaves, and perched upon her window-sill. It was a great comfort to Emmy to feed it with bread crumbs. One day she actually did go out and buy a geranium in a pot, bringing it home in her own hands; but trying to make the pretty plant flower again in that sunless window was a hopeless task. She was nipping it with her scissors one day, when she heard a whistle—a long, low whistle—from a window just above her. She looked up, with a start. A gentleman in a linen travelling coat was leaning out of an upper window, and as she caught sight of him her cheeks flushed, and she burst into a low, pleasant laugh. He drew his head in; she did the same. Then she ran to the glass, adjusted her crimps, put on a new necktie, settled her sash, and went back to the window.

HALF A DREAM.—"I SEIZED THE GUARD'S LAMP."—SEE PAGE 45.

In ten minutes a waiter knocked at the door, and handed her a little note.

"Emmy," said George, as he suddenly turned from the looking-glass one morning, not long after this, "what are you looking at?"

"What is there to see out of this window?" asked Emmy, not looking at him.

George gave her a singular glance, and crossed the room.

"Impertinent rascal!" he said. "I'll swear he was staring into this room."

"O no, he wasn't, George," said Emmy.

"Shut the shutters, Emmy," said George.

"Nonsense!" said Emmy.

George shut them himself.

"Hotel men are always insolent," he said. "A fast lot, generally. You mustn't look out of that window so much, child."

"Ah, mustn't I?" said Mrs. Harkaway.

"No," said George.

He was not stern with her, but positive, as a father might have been with a child.

Emmy meant no harm, but she was not cautious enough. However, when he came home earlier than usual to dinner, there was his wife at the window again.

"And, by heaven!" cried George, "that fellow with the light mustaches at *his* too!"

"Well, what harm," said Emmy.

"I'm astonished, Emmy," said George. "One would think you a child."

"I don't feel like one," said Emmy. "I wish I did. Going out to-night, aren't you, George?"

George looked at his wife.

"It seems as though she wanted me to go," he thought.

To be sure he had not staid at home with her when he saw that the putting on of his hat brought tears to her eyes, but he felt hurt now—hurt and indignant.

"I think not," he answered.

"Ah, well," said his wife. "There's a book to amuse you. I promised Mrs. Smith to run into her room a few moments."

"Who is Mrs. Smith?" asked George.

"A lady in the house," said Mrs. Harkaway. "From Washington, I believe, indeed. You won't mind, I hope, George. I'm going to dine with her."

"Glad you've made such a friend," said George sulkily.

He ate his dinner alone, but he did not stay at home. However, at eleven o'clock he opened his own particular door again. The room was empty. Emmy was nowhere to be found. Nor was it until half an hour had passed that she entered, flushed and smiling, dressed in her very finest, and evidently in high spirits.

"Mrs. Smith must be an entertaining woman, Emmy," said Mr. Harkaway.

"Oh, she is," said Emmy. "I've enjoyed myself so much."

Mr. Harkaway made no further remark. But now, with a strange anxiety in his heart, he took to watching Emmy. She was perpetually at that window. She was very often out. She never urged him to stay in the evening. She had fresh bouquets on her dressing-table every day. He met the gentleman with whiskers near his door, as though just leaving it, more than once.

He found a man's glove on his floor one morning.

A waiter knocked one Sunday morning and handed in a note, which Emmy said was from Mrs. Smith, and which she tore to pieces at once. Poor George was growing jealous. He forsook the society of Bob Cherry and staid at home a great deal. At last he came to the decision that he was not the victim of his imagination, that there was really something going on which his wife hid from him, and he resolved to watch her.

"George," said Emmy one evening, "I'm going to call on Mrs. Smith."

"Very well," said George.

"Indeed," said Emmy, "I may be quite late; so don't worry."

"O no," said George, but he watched Emmy narrowly, and saw that ere she slipped out at the door of the inner room she had put on a bonnet and an opera cloak, two things which ladies seldom don to call on other lady friends in the same hotel. He saw, and groaned in spirit.

"Good Heaven! can Emmy really be deceiving me?" he said. "I'll make sure of the truth to-night. I'll be in doubt no longer. I'll follow her."

He seized a soft hat and put it on; he turned up his coat collar and glided down the stairs. At the first landing-place he paused and peeped over. A lady in a mauve silk and white opera cloak was just taking the arm of a tall gentleman with blonde whiskers.

The enraged husband felt inclined to pounce upon the pair then and there; but a second thought altered his impulse. To follow them would be better. He knew of a flight of stairs which led to a side door, and turning toward these, slipped out into a cross street. In a moment Emmy passed him, leaning on the stranger's arm.

Maledictions burnt in George's heart, but he restrained himself, and crept after them. They went straight to the theatre, and he perforce followed. He sat only a few seats behind them, and looked at them in a way that attracted more attention than he knew. They were very familiar; he had never seen his Emmy so familiar with any gentleman friend.

"Ah! good Heavens! Why did I leave her so much alone in a strange hotel?" thought George Harkaway. "I know it was something I should not have done. Now it is too late. I can never forgive her. There must be a separation, and yet it is partly my fault. She is very weak and wicked, but it is partly my fault."

He could have wept with anguish. That play, a lively sketch of society, might have been a five-act play for all he knew. The hours seemed interminable. And when the curtain fell, and he followed his wife and her companion out, he felt as Rip Van Winkle did after his twenty years' nap. Youth seemed gone; life a different thing; and the being who was so dear to him, his Emmy, where was she? This that counterfeited her fluttered before him on the stranger's arm. He would see all, he would know the worst. And then—Ah! then! And in this mood he watched them through a window, as they eat ices and nibbled cake in a fashionable saloon. Where would they go next? Straight to the hotel, it seemed. At its door he stepped between them.

"You shall answer for this!" he whispered, hoarse with passion. "You shall answer for this, whoever you are. This is my wife, sir."

"Indeed," said the gentleman. "Glad to know you. If you want to see me, I'm at number twenty-four," and was gone on the instant.

George had sense enough left to hurry Emma up to her own room before he said another word.

"Now," he said, as he shut the door with a crash, "now, Madame?"

"Well, sir," said Emmy.

"Explain," said George.

"Well, I've been to the theatre with a nice looking gentleman," said Emmy. "I've had some cream, and I've enjoyed myself. Is it a crime?"

"Mrs. Harkaway," said George, "this is serious business. How long have you known that man?"

"Well, George," said Emma, "you see, I had a lively time when I was a girl—beaux and brothers to take me about and Uncle Rupert too, whenever he was on from the West; and you've left me alone a great deal of late, and taken me nowhere, and staid out until morning, and all that; and one day this gentleman kissed his hand to me from a window, and I kissed mine back, and he sent me a note; and I've seen a good deal of him since, and I hope I shall see more, for I really do love him, George, and he loves me."

"What a horrible confession!" said George. "Are you mad, Emmy?"

"No," said Emmy. "I'll add one little word in explanation, for really this is growing too bad. That gentleman is Uncle Rupert. He's waiting to be sent for, I know. Mother's brother Rupert, George. He's only forty, and I—Forgive me, dear, but I thought it would do you good to be a little jealous. Why George!"

For the man had dropped his head upon his hands, and was crying.

"You see, dear," said Emmy, kneeling beside him, "it might have been just as bad as you thought. I'm too highly principled, I hope, but if I hadn't been— A neglected wife is a very miserable woman, and miserable women do desperate things sometimes. I don't want you to be my slave, or to be foolish; but please remember that you are the only gallant I have a right to now, and act accordingly."

It was pretty hard for George to kiss Emmy, but he did it; and though no miraculous change occurred at once, I am glad to say that Emmy's stratagem was not without effect, and that George Harkaway is as good and attentive a husband to-day as any woman need hope for.

PROFESSOR PETERS has named the two planets lately discovered by him (Nos. 122 and 123) Gerda and Brunhilda, and communicates to the *American Journal of Science* the elements of their orbits. The orbit of Gerda is remarkable for having both the inclination and eccentricity very small—a coincidence not found in any other known asteroids except in the case of Clytia. The planet No. 124 is now known as Alceste, and at the time of Dr. Peters' communication had the appearance of a star of a little less than the eleventh magnitude.

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