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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 39.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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MISCELLANEA.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr.
Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Tourniquet to Mr. Trepan.

DEAR BOB,

She is here! She is here!
How strange that I never once dreamt she was near;
I had put off my calling on Fanny so long,
That with shame I acknowledge my conduct was wrong.

So I yesterday walked there to smooth off the frown,
And told her I'd opened an office in town;
While I formally handed my card of address—
She was greatly delighted and wished me success.

When seated we chatted of old times and places,
Till I laughingly asked her to tell me what traces,
If any, remained of the terrible fever.
That used, when at Brantford, so sadly to grieve her.
"I was no fever now, but a glow, sweet and warm,
Which caused pleasure," she said, "quite unmixed
with alarm."

Tremorne, she declared, would be quite charmed to
meet me,
And she'd call from upstairs, an old friend down to
greet me—

So she sent up her servant; but wouldn't say who
This "old friend" might be;—and my wits gave no
clue.

You may guess my surprise when I saw sprightly
Jane,
But I sought not my joy and delight to restrain;
And she too was pleased, for she hadn't a notion,
That I'd passed through the Board, and secured "my
promotion."

Her spirits were glorious; I got her to play,
And to sing me, "Oh! mother he's going away—"
And then she a comical narrative told
How a verdant young farmer was recently sold—
Fanny's last servant, Nelly, a good looking jade,
Of the young man's affections a conquest had made,
Had agreed to accept of his heart and his hand,
And for marriage, ere long, their arrangements were
planned—

So being in funds, and relying upon it,
He gave pretty Nelly an elegant bonnet;
And a second he chose for her bridesmaid to wear,
Not quite "such a duck," but a handsome affair:
And for handkerchiefs, dresses, rings, brooches, and
frills,
Forty dollars he gave her in City Bank bills.

That "the absent are wronged" is an often told tale:
But ah! and alas! woman's heart is but frail!
Ere the day had arrived that his bride was to make her
The false one had married the handsome young baker!
Our heart-broken farmer by no means was slack
To demand that his money should now be paid back—
But that, too, was gone; and I can't think it strange
When the notes of her love had all undergone
change,

That the City Bank notes she should also exchange—
So defrauded of money, defrauded of bride,
To his bachelor home the poor man had to ride.

You have often seen Jennie enact a charade,
And you know what a capital "Biddy" she made—
She now acted Nelly with such glee and wit,
That I actually thought my poor sides would have
split.
Though she isn't like Fanny, a beauty complete,
She's bright-eyed and lovely and charmingly neat,

And endowed with that marvellous "*je ne sais quoi*,"
Without which mere beauty is scarce worth a straw.
Now, Bob, don't you think such a dear little wife
Would drive dullness away all the days of one's life?
I am tempted to doubt if the maxim is sage,
"Before getting a bird, first secure a good cage—"
Suppose a sweet singing-bird just in your reach,
Must you wait till she flies off to willow or beach?
No! "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"
For the other old proverb I don't care a rush.
But I wish to be prudent, and so I'm inclined
To you, my dear boy, to unburden my mind,
And set down my reasons for marriage at length—
If some seem but weak perhaps others have strength—
So, when various drugs we compound in a pill,
If one doesn't cure, why we hope t'other will.

Imprimis: some marry to shun the disorder
That nine times in ten is the lot of a boarder;
If a man turn his back, just as quick as a wink,
Children rush to his room and upset pen and ink.
If he's sorted his papers;—oh! what a delusion!
Before he gets home they are all in confusion—
Torn up or mislaid, or all covered with dust.
The best sometimes lost. I knew one, in disgust,
Who, grown half distracted with tumult and strife,
Just thought one fine morning he'd marry a wife.
Now, when he comes home, he finds everything neat,
His warm woollen slippers are set for his feet;
His hearth is clean swept, and of dust there's no trace;
Every book, every paper, is in its right place,
And he tells all his bachelor friends their mistake
In neglecting so long, a fair "help-meet" to take.*

Now, if boarding elsewhere is sometimes found a
cure,

In the capital, Bob, I assure you it's worse!
I intend to jot down, just by way of a sample,
The treatment of which I'm a cruel example.
You won't wonder, at times if I've felt very tiffy,
And been quite disposed to move off "in a jiffy,"
But all the best houses are full, and it takes
Quite an exertion "to pull up one's stakes."

The house is the meanest that I ever saw,
The rooms but half furnished, the beds stuffed with
straw.

True, a hard bed is healthy; I don't lie awake,
But I think it too hard when I have it to make.
A fire in my bed-room I don't greatly crave,
But I really require hot water to shave.
When the jug's frozen hard, and the weather zero
To shave with *iced-water* is far too heroic,
Then I'm sorry to say that the folks are not civil,
When the landlady's angry she scolds like the Devil.
Now I feel it unpleasant, indeed a disgrace,
When a young-lady boarder's called, "bold brazen-
face."

Or a gentleman "scoundrel" there might have been
blows,

When our landlady's son shook a fist at his nose,
And screamed in his ears at the top of his voice,
Till all within hearing were stunned with the noise.
The "Confusion of Tongues," at the building of Babel,
Is a trifle to what oft occurs at our table.
Though I don't much for dainties or rarities care,
I can't stomach abuse in the place of good-fare.
"Variety's charming;" a dinner should boast
Of its fish, and its fowl, of its boiled meat and roast;
But a beefsteak ten days in succession to see
Is a very mean version of "*toujours perdrix*."
And it's served up in saw dust, in oat-chaff and straw,
Sir,

And so tough it compels one to think of old Chaucer!
Now I'm fond of a joke, and quite ready to laugh,
But I cannot enjoy that description of chaff!
Our teapot will hold just three cups and a half,
And eight is the number composing our staff.
So, fill'd and refilled, it's like "water bewitched."
For, of course, it is never with fresh tea enriched.

On Sundays, we sometimes can't get any dinner,
Which is very hard treatment for any poor sinner
Though on that day, I'd gladly give servants relief
We are surely entitled to get the cold beef!
Though, that "nothing is better than cold meat," I
doubt,
Cold meat is far better than going without.

This vile state of things all our boarders unites,
So, in council, I drew up a "Charter of Rights."
In the first place, our tea-pot a gallon must hold,
And landlady cease to talk loud and to scold.
With regard to our dinners we make it a point
That we get every day a respectable joint;
Soup, poultry, and fish, must our table supply,
And a proper allowance of pudding and pie.
And the butcher shall cut, in return for our coin,
Our steaks from the rump, and our chops from the
loin,

That no straw or sawdust shall on them be found,
But good pickles and relishes always abound.
The Sabbath we'd keep as a true day of ease,
And would, therefore, not care much the palate to
please,
But returning from Church, we should wish a "cold
round,"
Or a fillet of veal on the table were found;

To these must be added, if wishful to please,
Good fresh bread and butter, some celery and cheese,
Some shapes of blanc mange, and some tartlets of jam;
I'm sorry I could not insist on a ham!
But it's *le-to-de-se* now-a-days to eat pork;
So whenever I see it, down goes knife and fork.
'Tis the one only plan that of any avail is
In keeping folks safe from "*Trichina Spiralis*."
Though some say, "Trichina," the horrible guttation,
Sometimes quits the poor pig for a meal upon mutton;
And others, with shudd'ring, confess their belief
In the "*Tenia Medio-canallarum*" in beef!

If thus robbed of our mutton, of beef, pork and all,
While Temperance men, "*Total Abstinence*" bawl,
(And I know there is something "*quite fishy*" in
fish),

I'm so perplexed sometimes, I'm tempted to wish,
Just to get rid of fear, and the bother of thinking,
I could give up for ever both eating and drinking!

These reflections are not for our landlady meant,
She'd be quite delighted to have us "*Keep Lent!*"

To our rooms I next turn, and lay down as law,
That a feather bed quickly replace that of straw;
That each room shall contain a good table to write on,
And a sofa to lounge, if we chance to get tight, on;
That the beds shall be made and rooms dusted by tea;
That we always find handy, ink, paper, and pen;
That we get every night a stiff glass of hot toddy,
If our terms are rejected; we leave in a body!

But to sign this bold charter, the men did not dare,
They drew up another, but I took no share,
In their mawkishly weak, wishy-washy affair.
And as I expected, not any improvement
Has been the result of their ill-advised movement.
To quote of old Horace, the newest translation,
From Senator Sumner's late urgid oration,
"The parturient Mountain's laborious contortion
Has produced a Muscipular worthless abortion."
In the words of Merril, the Protectionist thinker,
"We are utterly lost! look and line! bob and
stinker."

I've since met dear Jennie, and don't mean to range
Until I can make one good permanent change;
But I think you'll agree, that to lead such a life
Is one very good reason for seeking a wife.

Ben Franklin on this point has many things said,
I can't call to mind what, and the volume's mislaid,
But I like the old fellow, and would not disparage
The sanction he gives to young folks' early marriage.

Next, "a case quite in point," as a lawyer would say,
To prove I am right, I before you will lay.
"Sandy Wood," a Scotch surgeon, a very great name,
Before he'd acquired his practice or fame,
Told his love to a lassie, who owned she preferred him,
And like a good child to her father referred him.
The old man looked stern: "Sir, I fancied you sought
her,
But what means have you to provide for my daughter?"

Sandy felt in his pocket, and proudly displayed
Of a very neat lancet, the very keen blade.
"Aye! aye! my dear boy, I believe that will do;
For I know you are diligent, skilful and true,
I can't give my girl to a better than you!"
Now, I too am learned, industrious and handy,
Why shouldn't I trust in my talents, like Sandy?

And lastly, as forming one half of creation,
The ladies have claims on our consideration.
Unfavoured by them I shall long remain poor,
But grow wealthy and thrive, if they flock to my
door.

Married doctors, we know, they prefer to employ,
And slight a young bachelor, as a mere boy!
So doubtless, dear Bob, it a pretty clear fact is
By doubling myself, I shall double my practice.
Now, if such is the case, can I do wrong to marry?
I'm sure you'll say, "No!" to

Your constant friend, HARRY.

THE LADY'S MILE.*

This work is less sensational in its character
than some of the productions of its popular
authoress—it is, nevertheless, an animated and
well constructed novel; and for our part we are
quite as well pleased to escape the excitement
attendant upon "fearful incidents," "thrilling
scenes," and "terrible denouements." The "Lady's
Mile" is a tale of every-day English life, invested
by Miss Braddon's skilful and practiced pen with
an interest which continuously holds the atten-

* A novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady
Audley's Secret," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald
Montreal: C. Hill.

tion of the reader, and renders him unwilling to lay down the book until he has reached the epilogue.

Lady Cecil Chudleigh is the central female character. Elegant and accomplished, there were few more interesting faces than hers to be seen in the "Lady's Mile." "It was a pale face—pale, with no muddled sickly whiteness, or bilious yellow, but that beautiful pallor which is so rare a charm, a pensive, patrician face, with a slender aquiline nose, and dark hazel eyes." Lady Cecil was the orphan daughter of Lord Aspendell, who had been ruined by his own extravagance, and the wild follies of his son. Upon the death of her father she had been received into the home of an aunt—Mrs. McClaverhouse—and adopted as a "companion, reader, amanuensis and prop and comfort of her declining years." Mrs. McClaverhouse was the widow of an Anglo-Indian General, who had left her little beyond his pension, and a houseful of Indian shawls and Trichinopoly jewelry. She managed however to retain a good position in society, and although in the main a kind-hearted woman, Lady Cecil's position was not at all an enviable one. Mrs. Mac was afflicted with a chronic suspicion of the honesty of her servants, and to Lady Cecil was confided the task of counting the glasses and the spoons, battling with the tradesmen and the general oversight of the servants.

At the opening of the story Lady Cecil had been living with her aunt for three years, and in all those three years there had been only one break in the drudgery of her life—only one glimpse of sunshine; out that had been as "a revelation of Paradise." In the second autumn of Lady Cecil's dependence the dowager and niece had retired to a pretty seaside village; whilst there, a nephew of Mrs. McClaverhouse's returned suddenly from India. He was "tall and grand, and fair: the very type of a classic hero."

The freshness and brightness of an unsullied youth pervaded every tone of his voice, every thought of his mind, every ringing note of his genial laugh—so hearty, without loudness—so exuberant, without vulgarity." He was moreover an admirer of Victor Hugo's verses, and could read Tennyson charmingly. Many pleasant days were spent in the quiet village, and the cousins insensibly learned to love each other. But there was an obstacle in the way: Hector Gordon, when hunting in India, had been rescued from an enraged tiger by a friend, who carried him to his own house in Calcutta. He had been nursed through a long illness by his friend's sister, and grateful for her tender care, left his friend's house engaged to his gentle nurse. When Hector could no longer doubt the nature of his feelings towards Lady Cecil he indirectly made known to her the circumstance of his engagement, and left her to determine which he should sacrifice—his love to her, or his duty to his betrothed. "Should he write to her, confess the truth, trusting in her generosity to set him free? I am sure she would do so."

"There was a brief pause before Cecil said—

"I am sure of it, too, though I do not know her. But do you think she would ever be happy again?"

"I cannot answer for that. Ah, Lady Cecil, I know what you think my friend's duty is."

"There can be no question about it. He must keep his promise," she answered, firmly.

"Even if in so doing he forfeits the happiness of his future life, if in so doing he ties himself for ever and ever to the dull wheel of duty; even if he dares to think that his love is not altogether unreturned by her he loves so truly and so hopelessly? Ah, Lady Cecil, be merciful! Remember it is the fate of a lifetime you are deciding."

"I cannot advise your friend to be false to his word," replied Cecil. "I am sorry for your friend's sorrow. But it is a noble thing to do one's duty. I think he will be happier in the end if he keeps his promise."

"She looked up at him with a bright, brave glance as she spoke. Their eyes met, and her face changed, in spite of the heroic effort she made to preserve its exalted tranquillity."

"Cecil, I am going back to India, to do my

duty, with God's help. Say, God bless you, Hector, and good-bye."

"God bless you, Hector and—"

She looked up at the perfect face, the dark blue eyes, so dim with tears, and could not finish the sentence. She turned from her companion with a passionate gesture, ashamed of her own weakness, and walked homewards rapidly, with Hector walking silently by her side."

Hector Gordon sailed for India, and married his gentle nurse. Lady Cecil returned to her life of dependence and drudgery, bearing with her ever the memory of her lost love, but never regretting the heroic sacrifice she had made. Our space will not permit us to follow the plot of the novel, and we must content ourselves with intimating that although Lady Cecil subsequently married a Mr. Lawrence O. Boyneville, a talented Irish barrister—who is a fine type of the clever noble hearted Irishman, and, by-the-bye, one of the most skilfully drawn characters in the book,—her love to Hector Gordon (who re-appeared upon the scene after the death of his wife) brought her into a great peril from which she was only rescued when trembling upon the brink of ruin.

Although we have said we consider Lady Cecil the central female character, Florence Crawford, the daughter of an eminent painter, divides with her the interest of the story. She is the heroine of a drama of only secondary importance; but we must refer our readers to the work itself for the history of what she did and suffered.

One word as to the title of the work. Some of our readers may not be aware that it is derived from the fashionable drive which extends from Hyde Park Corner to the Serpentine, in which the aristocracy of Great Britain are accustomed to disport themselves for an hour or two each day, during the London season.

We have much pleasure in stating that arrangements have been completed, by which the Musical Department of the READER has been placed under the charge of a gentleman, who stands, confessedly, at the head of his profession in Montreal; and who is, we may add, a member of the most prominent musical family in the Province. We hope, in future, to devote a column in each issue to musical items, and to give a page of music at least once a month. We feel that some apology is due for apparent neglect of a long-standing promise, but are convinced that the arrangements now completed will give universal satisfaction to our friends.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs Dawson Bros. the following Magazines for May:

Fraser's.—The opening article is "On Prayer in Connection with certain Public Calamities." The writer disavows any sympathy with the opinions of modern sceptics, yet doubts whether God "interferes with natural law in the ordinary course of his Providence." The argument, although not very conclusive, is ably conducted. "A Chapter on Clerical Song-writers of the North," is a pleasant gossiping paper on the lyrical compositions of Scotchmen. There are two articles on military matters.—"The English Troops in the East," and "How are European Armies Officered?" Sir Edmund Head contributes a northern ballad, "The Death of old King Gorm." An Essay on "Salons" is replete with anecdotes, and very amusing. "Forest Life," is an interesting tale of the new Forest. "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," is continued.

The Dublin University.—The May number contains several of those curious antiquarian essays for which this magazine is famous. Three serial tales are continued. "Dreams, Omens and Predictions," "Cowardice and Courage," and an article on "The Reform Bill of 1866," complete the number.

In *Temple Bar*, the real Casual concludes his narrative, and his summing up of vagrant life is to the effect that "begging is a very poor substitute for work." "Lady Adelaide's Oath," by the author of East Lynne, promises to be a very powerful and interesting tale. Chapters four to six are given. "Archie Lovel" is continued;

among the other papers we notice "Fuss and Feathers," "Only Too True," an Italian story: "A Quaker Pepsy," and "Modern Eccentricities."

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.—The second number of this new monthly is to hand and appears to us a considerable improvement upon the first issue. Among the contributed articles we notice a paper on Ritualism, based on a sermon preached by the Rev. George Whitaker, Provost of Trinity College. If we mistake not the views enunciated by the Provost are far less extreme than those generally attributed to him. There is also an interesting article on "Woman's Influence." The Editor invites communications on the subjects of Education and Temperance, as well as Church matters generally.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Is England a musical nation? There is of course but one answer to be made to this question. Nowhere are artists better received or letter paid than in England; but has England, in addition to her vast patronage of the art, at anytime fostered it in any peculiar branch? We constantly hear music spoken of as belonging to the French school, German or Italian—for Italy, with her lovely skies and luscious fruits and picturesque scenery, the land of lovely passions, has pictured them all in her music;—France has portrayed her martial character in her national songs and operas; while Germany, studious and contemplative, has outshone all in contrapuntal excellencies and fugal theories. But where is England? Has she no composers who have added to the noble structure? Cannot the English madrigal, the English ballad, the Church anthem, and its subsequent development into the Oratorio, be considered worthy of acknowledgment as a separate school of music? In the above mentioned schools we have the passions, the feelings and the mind all represented; but for home—the social fireside—and religion pervading the every-day life, we must look to England, with her home ballads and madrigals, and oratorios and anthems. These works possess a marked and distinct character, contrasting with the more readily acknowledged schools above referred to; and the names of Orlando Gibbons, Tallis, Purcell, Farrant, Morely, and many others, will ever be revered by the true musician. It is true they wrote principally for the church, but here is the stronghold. They wrote not only as musicians, but as men actuated by the purest and holiest of feelings; and rather than meet with the slightest secular tendency in their sacred works, many of the ballads, and especially madrigals, will be found to possess much of the deep-toned piety of the sacred compositions. It might be, perhaps, felt that the writer is anxious to see the works of these fine old musicians held up as the models of what Church music ought to be. Without entering into farther detail at present, it will only be necessary to remark that during the last two centuries music boasts of her finest musicians who have advanced the art to the highest pitch it has ever reached—we cannot, as in painting and architecture, look back upon a more enlightened period than our own; and the church should be the first to secure all that is soul-stirring and ennobling in the advancement of the art.

Madame Clara Schermann, the renowned pianist, who had accepted an engagement to re-appear before a London audience, at one of the philharmonic concerts of the present season, has now abandoned the idea—much to the disappointment of the musical public. It is stated a severe indisposition is the cause of her present decision.

Herr Joachim has left London for Hanover, having just concluded his engagement at the Monday popular concerts. The following paragraph from the "Musical World" shows the estimation in which that celebrated violinist is held:

"If ever there was a practical player, it is Joachim; if ever there was a poetical player, it is Joachim; and if ever there was a player to whom, all devices of mechanism are as familiar as ordinary speech, it is Joachim."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Gazetteer of the World.** Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2217 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Murray.** The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, Esq. \$1.50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- On Cholera.** A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hubback.** May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister: or the Forbidden Marriage," &c., &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Diarrhœa and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure:** By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale.** The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston.** Mœsics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Plumer.** Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence. By William S. Plumer, D.D., L.L.D. \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."
- The Story of Gisli,** the Outlaw, from the Icelandic. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chas. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political,** from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes. Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Book," with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents. A liberal discount to the Trade.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Travels," with 13 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Uniform with "His Book." Price 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "Harp of Canaan."** By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education,** drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 181.

Whether it was a long or a short time in the utterance she could never have told; all Gertrude ever knew was that she had listened until the whole was said, and then rose from her knees, in doubt whether or not she was awake—whether the scene was real—stood like a statue at the bed-side, and then, after a pause, making a great effort, said—

"May God forgive you!"

The dying woman groaned out—

"Do you—do you?"

"Why—I—can't—tell. But I'll pray God to help me to forgive you."

"I've—not—wronged—you," gasped Ruth.

Gertrude shook her head sadly, and retreated to the end of the ward. The nurse, who had been waiting at a distance, came towards her just as she suddenly turned and went again towards the bed, as if to ask some further question. The attendant, looking at the sufferer, said, quickly—

"She is worse. She must speak no more now."

Gertrude bowed her head, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, to conceal from observation the emotions she felt sure must be manifest, said, in as calm a tone as she could command—

"I will come again to-morrow, if Dr Griesbach will allow me."

The nurse made no reply; but she knew that for the sufferer there was no to-morrow.

Gertrude waited a little time in a private sitting-room of the hospital for Dr. Griesbach's carriage to come for her. It was some comfort, when it came, to find that the Doctor was detained, and she would be driven to his house alone. Just now any companion would add to her trouble the necessity of appearing at ease, and listening, if not entering into some kind of conversation; and she felt wholly unequal to any effort. Stunned and cold, with a vague indefinite sense of dread and shame, she had sat in the room and then in the carriage. What a difference had a single hour made to her! Surely, it must have been many years since she entered that hospital and stood at that death-bed; she was then full of young, exuberant life; love, hope, joy, and such sweet pity as goodness ever feels, had throbbled in her heart; now, all was changed. She seemed old and careworn, bearing a burden of disgrace that weighed her to the earth, and so extinguished the power of exertion, that she longed to lie down and let it crush her. She did not shed a tear, but drew herself into a corner of the carriage, as if to get out of all people's sight.

Before she was able to make the least effort to rally, the carriage drew up at the well-known door: two young men were standing on the step, ready to enter; one of them turned instantly as he caught sight of Gertrude's hat inside, and opening the carriage door, uttered a cheerful word or two and held out his hand to assist her in alighting. Of all eyes in the world, none were so dear or so dreaded at that moment by Gertrude as his; for it was Rupert Griesbach. She shrank back an instant, not raising her eyelids, and then, half rejecting his hand stumbled out. It was so unusual for that graceful little creature to be brusque or awkward, that Rupert Griesbach looked rather astonished; but his firm grasp held her wrist, and drawing her hand into his arm, he led her up the steps, where, standing at ease within the now open door, his hat in his hand, was our young friend Norman—the companion he had brought home.

"Mr. Driftwood, Miss Gertrude Austwicke," said Rupert.

The young lady bowed mechanically, never noticing the start that he gave as he heard her name, just raising her dreamy eyes a moment to the young man's face, then with a feeble "Thank you" to Rupert, she was leaving, when he said, with concern, as he followed her to the foot of the stairs—

"I fear you are not well. That hospital scene has been too much for you. I wonder my father permitted you to go."

"Hospital scene!" repeated Gertrude, in an

alarmed voice. But recovering herself, she said, in a more natural tone, "Excuse me, I shall be better soon."

A hot flush suffused her face, and dispelled the torpor that had gathered over her. She mounted the stairs with her usual lightsome step; and, thankful that Ella Griesbach was not waiting to receive her, she gained her own room. Once there, hat and mantle thrown aside, there was one attitude so natural to her in every trouble, that almost involuntarily she adopted it. Kneeling down, her fair head so bowed that her abundant curls swept the floor, she was mute and helpless—but yet with a thought of God as the only refuge in trouble—a thought which, all perturbed as her feelings were, steadied them. She was not long merely drifting to and fro on the ocean of life, at the mercy of the waves; she had an anchor, sure and steadfast, that could not fail, whatever the strain upon it. Nay; this silent, anguish-stricken clinging of hers did but prove its strength. What! though a mere cry for help was all she could utter, it was answered in the depths of her soul. The inward voice said, "Lo, I am ever with thee." Then came the streaming tears, relieving the stifling burden that lay upon the stricken heart. As she knelt and wept, each moment restored her to composure, and enabled her to think, "Fear not, I am with thee," that, like a strain of music, vibrated through her; and after a while she rose, strengthened for duty.

Yet it was hard—hard, for now she could hear a voice sounding in the house, the dearest earthly voice to her, and its tone would no more cheer her. One name applied to her which must alienate her for ever from him, and home, and hope. "Impostor!" she whispered, "a life-long impostor—but not wilfully; no not a day wilfully."

"True, True! Let me in!" said Ella's voice, at her door.

Never had her pet name sounded so significant to her before. She answered, trying to imitate her friend's tone—

"True cannot let you in just yet, dear Ella."

"Are you ill, or grieving, you little perverse True? Papa should not have let you go to see that poor woman."

"I'll be with you, my Ella, in half an hour."

"Do; we have such a pleasant surprise for you!"

Surprise! could anything surprise her again? She listened to her friend's retreating steps sadly. "Will she love me still? We have called each other sisters in sweet girlish confidence, shall we have to be strangers?" Then came for a moment a strong temptation: "Why need it be told? why not take the chance of its never being known? How can I bear to tell my father—my father! What am I saying? Poor, false wretch—I have no father. How can I bear for Rupert—" She broke off suddenly, with a look of anger, righteous anger, against these evil thoughts. They had fitted like ominous birds over her head, but she was not the girl to let them roost there undisturbed. "Lord help me!" she gasped; then hastily changing her dress, as if by some small activities, to shut out further cogitation, in little more than the time she had named she was entering the drawing-room. Ella was already there, and came forward with outstretched arms to embrace her friend, saying—

"Rupert and I think alike about this visit; it has quite unnerved you." Then, as if waiting to change the subject, she said, with assumed indifference, "Did you see Mr. Driftwood in the hall?" Gertrude looked up perplexed. "The young friend, I mean, whom Rupert had with him?"

"Oh, yes! I remember; why—what of him?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought you might have noticed him." There was a strange little something of pique in Ella's tone. She corrected herself with, "But I forget. You must go into the library, there's some one there waits you. It wants an hour yet to dinner-time."

"If it's Rupert, Ella, I'm in no spirits to see him."

"Rupert, you little goose! Can you think of no better subject than Rupert?"

"Not easily, perhaps," said Gertrude, with a flash of her old spirit, a sigh following the words. The rattle of Ella's laugh quickened Gertrude's footsteps as she went down-stairs to the library; and entering with no belief that it could be a surprise of much importance, saw, writing at a table, him whom she had all her conscious life believed to be her father. He looked up as she entered, and, laying down his pen, exclaimed fondly—

"True my darling! I've got back, you see."

She stood a moment, as if rooted to the spot, and Mr. Austwicke continued, holding out his arms—

"What! have I scared you, my love? Come."

With a resolution so sudden that she never afterwards could account for it, Gertrude rushed to Mr. Austwicke, as he sat, and falling at his feet, laid her head on his knees and cried out, incoherently—

"Papa, dear papa, I'm not your child!"

Had either had time to analyse the words, their contradiction might have seemed grimly ludicrous. But as it was, the purport of the sentence struck home like a probe, finding out a remote and hidden wound that he was hardly before conscious of.

"Child, child! what do you mean?" cried he, rising instantly from his chair, lifting Gertrude to her feet, and holding her standing before him. He looked down with a searching gaze into her bleached and agitated face, every feature of which was quivering with emotion. "What do you mean? No trifling, girl!"

"Oh, forgive me, papa—I must call you so."

"My poor child—my dear True—what can I have to forgive? Be calm, and tell me what it all means."

He folded her to his breast, and sat down, so holding her that her face was hidden from his view; but his protecting arms felt like a shield within which she could venture to speak, and so she did—

"I went to-day to see Ruth, who is dying. She told me that, years ago, she was hired by the old nurse at Dunoon to help her with the charge of—of—your little daughter, when ma—that is, Mrs. Austwicke—went to Madeira. That, one day, she went out with the infant, and met, as was often her custom, a man she was intending to marry. She sat the child on the grass, and strolled away. A poor maniac woman, Isabel Grant, who, having been deserted by her husband and deprived of her children—poor unhappy creature!—had escaped from control, was on the watch. As soon as Ruth was out of sight, she caught up the child, thinking it her own, it is supposed, and was making off with it; when Ruth and her companion pursued her; and the poor lunatic, in her flight, with the infant in her arms, fell down a deep shaft that was left unguarded, and whose mouth some wild herbage hid."

Mr. Austwicke fell back in his chair, and uttered a groan, but he still held fast in his grip the trembling girl, who continued—

"It is very horrible, papa—and the next is very wicked. The woman, Ruth, thought more of being charged with the fault of neglecting the child, than the fault itself. She went to the house of her sister, a Mrs. Burke. There were there the two twin-children of this Isabel at nurse—one of them (a girl) of the same age as the poor lost baby. Oh, papa! she says I was that infant, she does, indeed!" The poor girl trembled so, she could not go on. Then, after a pause, continued, "She took me back, asleep, at nightfall, to Glower O'er, made some lying excuse for having stayed away the day, and, the nurse being blind, she easily deceived her. I was dressed in the other baby's clothes, kept up-stairs some time for a cold, which went so heavy with me I was like to die. If I had, it would have been better: I should not have grown up an impostor in your house, a beggar on your bounty—disgraced—miserable!"

Sobs interrupted her speech. Mr. Austwicke still held her, but she struggled to get away, though it was some comfort to hear him say—

"Whoever and whatever you are, you shall be still my True. But I must instantly see this

woman—I must have further corroborative evidence for this."

"Are not the relics found corroborative?" faltered True.

He shuddered. Yes; but who does she say you belong to?"

"She says my aunt—that is, Miss Austwicke—knows. She was faint with weakness, and gave me this," producing from her pocket as she spoke, a coarsely-scrawled copy of the marriage-lines.

Mr. Austwicke took it eagerly, and his eyes seemed seared into a stony stare, as he read his brother Wilfred's name. In a moment there flashed into his mind the consequence to himself and his son, if it were indeed true that Wilfred, his elder brother, had left legal offspring.

"Child, child!" he said impatiently, "this must be a delusion—a conspiracy."

At that instant Dr. Griesbach entered the room, open-handed, to welcome his friend; but, struck with astonishment at the agitation on each face before him, was about to utter an apology, when he was interrupted by Mr. Austwicke saying—

"Doctor, I must at once see this woman—this patient of yours—at the hospital."

"It's too late, my good friend. I have just called there as I came home. She is dead."

Mr. Austwicke walked in a perturbed manner up and down the library on receiving this intelligence, still holding the ill-written slip of paper in his hands; then, suddenly, he turned, and said to the trembling girl—

"Go, child, now. I must see to this."

For a moment she looked as if she longed to rush to his arms, and cling to him; but letting her hands fall down dejectedly, and with drooping head, she passed out of the room, too pensive to note that Dr. Griesbach held open the door for her, with fatherly concern on his kindly face. It was comfort that Mr. Austwicke's voice sent after her the words—

"I'll see you again soon, dear True."

The last two words conveyed much. She was pondering them, and turning to mount the stairs, entirely absorbed in her own thoughts, when the door of the consulting-room opened, and a young man, whom she had so little noticed that she was in doubt whether it was the Mr. Driftwood whom Rupert had casually introduced, an hour before, said—

"Will Miss Gertrude Austwicke pardon my asking her a question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Was she not once a pupil of Mr. Hope?"

"My writing-master was Mr. Hope. What of him? He is no worse, I trust she answered, in alarm, her nerves being wholly unstrung.

"No, no; I only want to know if you are acquainted with his present residence."

"His residence?—Marian's father? Why, he lives at Austwicke—at Ferry Gap—at the Chace."

She spoke with that tone which people involuntarily assume, when they utter a fact so well known to themselves, that they cannot think anyone ignorant of it.

At this moment Rupert, with some sheets of paper closely written, came down-stairs, saying, as he saw his young acquaintance at the foot—

"I've done it. I'm ashamed to have detained you."

The young man answered buskily, "It's no matter."

Gertrude, with a curtsy, was mounting the steps, when Rupert, drawing aside to let her pass, held out his unoccupied hand to touch hers. She put it back, and rushed past him. By the drawing-room doorpost was Ella, who was saying—

"Well, was it not a surprise to find your papa?"

She stopped at the sight of Gertrude's tears, who said, "Let me go, Ella. There is something you will be told, but I cannot speak now. I must be alone."

And so, supported by Ella's loving arms to her own room, she was, with unquestioning, delicate sympathy, left there alone for a time, to regain composure.

CHAPTER LVII. AT THE HOSPITAL DOOR.

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul I knew
Was at the devil's price."

THOMAS HOOD.

NORMAN'S manner was so often reticent and cold, that Rupert did not observe anything particular in him as he gave him the sheets of paper, and said—

"If I can help the Professor further, he can command me; but you work with such forty-horse power for him."

Perhaps, if the speaker's thoughts had not been engrossed by the unmistakable change apparent in Gertrude's looks and manner as she had just passed him, he might have been better able to distinguish between an excess of feeling, and the absence of it in Norman. As it was, he looked after the young man as he strode away, with his hat drawn over his brows, and said—

"My father's names for him—Don Sombre and Sir Loftus Glump—are very suitable; and yet he is both a good fellow, and a clever one, beyond all question. But groping in that den, and living on roots with those incurables, spoil him. I must tell Ella so."

A little touch of anxiety at his sister's name crossed the young man's open face like the shadow of a passing cloud; but the next thought, "What can have troubled dear Gertrude?" drove away every other consideration.

Meanwhile, Norman was striding along the streets towards St. Jude's at a great pace, wanting to calm, as was his wont, an inward tumult by outward exertion. He had heard again of the friends of his childhood; they were, so to speak, within his reach once more. He would write to them—no, he would go to them, and get forgiveness. He thought of all that had passed, of his present position and prospects his attainments, and his work; something of honest pride in successful toil softened the pang with which he thought of their possible alienation from him, and their change of ingratitude; surely he could win them to forgive the past, and to look encouragingly and affectionately on his future. It came to his mind with a sense of complete security, that they were Christians—not in name only, but in deed. If he had offended seven times—nay, seventy times seven—they would pardon him. And his sister, how sweet, once more, to have the ties of kindred! Now that the petulant rashness of boyhood had passed, he thought bitterly of the sorrow he must have caused. He had come to himself, and knew that he had sinned; proudly and obstinately. He would not only hasten to confess it, but dutifully atone for it in the future. He was rapt in these reflections, when his walk terminated at the entrance of St. Jude's. He mounted the steps and passed the portico mechanically. In the hall the porter was speaking to some applicant; but, seeing Norman, instantly came forward, and said—

"Professor Griesbach, sir, has gone; he waited a bit for you, and then left, saying, he was going at once to Woodford. I was to give you the message, 'Tell Mr. Driftwood to lose no time, but to get down by as early a train as he can.' Shall I order you a two-wheel, sir?"

Norman was turning on his heel to leave without delay, when the gas, being lighted, flashed full on the face of a man crouched beneath it—the same who had been speaking to the porter. In a moment the young man recollected that puckered-up, withered face, those peering, stealthy eyes. They had been photographed on his recollection as connected with the incidents that had led him to his angry flight. His own appearance was both so altered and improved from that of an ungainly boy to a commanding-looking young man, that he was not likely to be recognized, though he did not think of that as he said, inquiringly, to the porter, "What does this man want?"

"He's been inquiring about a patient that died this afternoon. I was just asking, was he of kin to her; but he says not."

"No, no; I just made the inquiry for a friend," said the man eagerly, collapsing, as it were, together, and shrinking away.

Norman, saying no more, left also at the same instant. It was coming on suddenly to rain heavily. There was something so foreboding in the aspect of the old, withered, bent-up creature, in his rusty garb, with no protection from the weather, that Norman, who was resolved not to lose sight of him, on reaching the pavement, said, authoritatively, but not unkindly—

"Stop a bit. In what direction are you going? can I give you a lift?"

Furtively glancing at him with that suspicious glance which is natural to people incapable themselves of a kind action, and who, therefore, always doubt the motive of others, the old man made a shuffling, hesitating bow. But the rain pattered fast, and a cough shook him so, that, half reluctantly, he said—

"Oul' why yes; if yer honour is going nigh hand the docks, why—"

As he panted out his answer, Norman had hailed a cab and jumped in; the old man followed. As he got into the vehicle another ray of light from the street lamp convinced Norman that he was right in his conjecture, and a certain stern satisfaction was on his face that he had so far caged his man. The obsequious look vanished from the leering eyes, as Norman said, soon after, abruptly, in a loud tone, to make himself heard amid the clamour of the streets as they were driven along—

"When did you last see Mr. Hope?"

"Hech!—what name did ye say?" hesitated the man, visibly startled.

Norman repeated his words.

"I dinna just mind any one o' the name," was the whining answer, furtively directing a keen gaze to the inquirer.

"That's false, old man. I remember you well. I have a reason for asking you, and I must have the truth. You were employed about some arrangements made for two children under Mr. Hope's care."

"Two children! Who are ye? It's little ye know, if ye think it was two children. My memory fails me. I ken nought about Mr. Hope."

"You will have to refresh your memory; I shall find means to make you say what you employed you—and what motive you had in seeking them out. They are not children now."

Suddenly the old man, who was opposite Norman, sat bolt upright, and said involuntarily—

"It's the lad himself—it's Norman Grant!"

"Yes, that's the name I was called; and I mean to know my right to it."

"Come back to England!" continued the old man, wondering; for he had always believed Norman went to sea.

He then collapsed into a corner of the vehicle, and seemed not to hear Norman's words—

"I have never been out of England."

However feeble of speech the crafty old creature might be, he was quick of thought. In his pocket was a roll of notes that he had that day received from Miss Austwick. Ruth was dead. In the docks lay the Australian vessel by which he intended to leave in a few days. The desire, if he could, to make a little more money in the brief interval came strongly upon him. The instinct of treachery, natural to him, which made him long to betray Miss Austwick—some undefined notion that he should be redeeming his character by telling Norman the truth; or that, at all events, he might plead that he had hitherto withheld it under compulsion: besides, was he not now in the power of a strong, resolute young man—be, an old wasted frame of bones?—all these thoughts surged together in his mind as Norman kept saying, his warmth increasing as he spoke—

"I shall get at the truth, whether you tell it me or not—I shall get at it."

"Oul, weel; it's the truth I've been wanting to tell ye these three years last past; and ye've none to blame but yourself, going off at a cantrip. Ye fled from the truth and them that wanted ye gone were glad—nae doubt, right glad."

"Wanted me gone! Mr. Hope never wanted me gone."

"Oul! he's just naeboddy in the matter—them that's profited by yer being out o' the way. How

was I, that didn't know ye were living, to help it, if others came into name and station that belonged to you? You've yourself only to thank."

He assumed the tone of an injured man so completely, that it, and the allusions he made to name and station, for a moment bewildered Norman, who said—

"I was rash, doubtless. I did wrong to Mr. Hope; if I have wronged myself also, it's a just punishment: I must pay the penalty."

"Oul! pretty dear, ye'll maybe pay. Possession's nine points of the law. Sir," he put his withered lips to the young man's ear, and added, "I can tell you this: I know them that have papers proving you the heir to a good estate. But ye'll want money to prove your claim—there's nothing done without money."

Something of the craft that actuated the man was instantly revealed to the open, honest nature confronting him.

"I am not afraid of truth prevailing. Money is a secondary consideration. If what you say is true, I can legally compel the giving up of these papers you name."

"If ye were aulder, young sir, ye'd know there's an unco difference atween law and justice."

(To be continued.)

TIDINESS.

IT is recorded by the faithful chronicler of Robinson Crusoe, that

"He had a man Friday
To keep his house tidy
For it was his duty to do so."

If this fact could only be authenticated, it would be a great argument in favour of that virtue which appears at the head of our paper. That a representative of the human race, even when separated from his species and condemned to the savagery of a desert isle, felt the absolute necessity of tidiness! Well, no doubt it is a virtue, and, in its right place, an excellent virtue; but many will confess with a sigh, that sometimes it degenerates into a simple nuisance. The purest form of the virtue is personal tidiness, and however much poets and lovers may set their affections on the *dégage* style, and however often they may profess their admiration of "sweet neglect" in the feminine toilet, they would not admire it in everyday life, or when the loverlike passion had been a little sobered. The loops of the boot visible at each side of the ankle, the wrinkled stocking, the unfastened dress, the crumpled collar, the unattended glove, the twisted shawl that might have been put on with a knife and fork, the presence of a *chevaux de frise* of suspicious pins—such things a beauty had better not venture upon, while to a plainer woman they are perilous shortcomings. The defects may conceal themselves in detail, but their general effect is unmistakable. And here let us protest against that deification of untidiness which some of our modern fashions would introduce. Let us protest against those manias in hair-dressing which turn the female head sometimes into a weeping comet, sometimes into a little hayfield, or a water-spaniel's back, or a bird's-nest, or any other type of confusion. No fashion can be charming which suggests that the brush and comb are in the dressing-table drawer and the key lost. With the sterner sex our remonstrance has less to do. They had better not crumple their shirt fronts, nor sit on their hats, nor brush them the wrong way, nor let the knees of their trousers convey the idea that they are constantly worshipping in a very dusty church. But even these rules are nowadays narrow in their application, when the scarf hides or the flannel shirt displaces the linen front, and the fabric of felt or straw has so much usurped the place of the beaver and the silk nap.

Yet, after all this good advice, are we not conscious of some persons among our acquaintances who are almost awfully tidy, if we may say so? Is there not a class of people who look, it is said, as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox? They do not possess the *ars celandis artem*, and there is something positively obstructive in their tidiness; they bear it about with

them with a sort of conscious triumph that seems to accuse the rest of the world of vagrant laces, and dismantled tags and absent buttons. Such persons not unfrequently carry a furtive mirror in their pockets, and contemplate at odd moments the condition of their hair in front; they are penetrated with the idea that something is wrong with the back part of their costume, and they make various futile attempts to reach the suspected spot with distorted eyes, failing which they hail as a godsend some looking-glass in a shop, or even a dirty plate-glass window which gives some faint reflection of the general effect. And all this embitters their life and that of their friends.

We pass to the consideration of tidiness in the apartment; and here again the golden mean must be the rule. A sitting-room should never be in such a state of stereotyped tidiness as to convey the idea that the room is not used. Nothing is more painful to make a morning call, and to be shown up into a drawing-room in which the servant who admits you pulls up the blind, which is ordinarily kept down. You feel instinctively that you have reached

"A place where no man comes,

Nor hath come since the making of the world." The chairs are ranged along the walls like the ghostly figures in an Egyptian catacomb; the knickknacks and the morocco books seem to have grown to one position on the table; and probably, to crown it all, two-thirds of the furniture wears a sort of Holland blouse:

"All social ties between that room and man
Have long ago been broken!"

And yet it is within the bounds of possibility that at certain periods of the day that room is actually inhabited; the piano is heard, the chairs come forward one by one, the novel is read, and the gossip passes round, only when the evening is over some one with a tyrannical spirit of tidiness enters the room and makes it once more a city of the dead. Any form of tidiness which annihilates every sign of life is simply heartless.

We come to a solemn subject, which has been the parent of heartburnings without number—tidiness with one's things and papers! In a free country like ours, can this ever be made compulsory? Doubtless there are a chosen few who do it for themselves. There must be some highly-favoured mortals who not only docket all their bills, but put every paper into some appropriate compartment. Their letters are duly slipped into the neatest of double boxes with "answered" and "unanswered" on them. At each interruption in their work they close their books and return them to the shelf, and perhaps put a marker into each. When they quit their writing-table they leave not one thing about. "Oh fortunati nimium!" For them the carefulness of their wives and the merciless ignorance of their housemaids has no terror. Perhaps no more fearful illustration of "mistaken human love" is to be found than that feeling which induces anybody to "put your things to rights" for you in your absence. Fearful to you is the tidiness which rearranges all your papers upon a preconceived system to which you are a perfect stranger, and equally fearful that tidiness which feels that its task is done when things are thrust out of sight. This latter is, *par excellence*, the tidiness of housemaids whose view of the final cause of the rug is that it is to cover a multitude of foreign bodies whose proper home is the dustpan. We confess, with humiliation, to rejoice in a sort of orderly disorder. To our eyes, something of a litter of papers, &c., is not unpleasing. They need not form a *rudis indigestaque moles*; indeed, we believe that their place is established by an unconscious law which far transcends the vulgar schemes of everyday tidiness. We confess to liking a roomy press or closet in which coats and trousers of various dates may exist in strata. Who is ignorant of the joy of coming unexpectedly upon some friendly old garment which appears to have been buried for ages under the "drift" of new clothes, and of finding that it is still fit for human wear? He is a stranger to this happiness who knows how many clothes he had and when he had them, and where they each lie. Indeed, it is not likely that the man who is scrupulously tidy,

and who arranges everything upon a sort of pigeon-hole system, has his brain arranged in a similar way? Certainly, there are some whose wits are really remarkable for tidiness; they, always have a fact appropriate to the occasion and are classed among the well informed. But from having all their facts in pigeon holes they never make the unexpected combinations and startling generalizations that the imaginative and, therefore, untidy intellect rejoices in. What is neat is always admirable: it is rather the abuse of what is methodical that is apt to be unpopular, which "tidiness" proper never ought to be, if, according to its derivation, it is that which fits in at the right time or *tide*.

GOING ASHORE.

THERE she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a-coming stem on; and in an hour, if she ain't on Bunk Sands, I'm a Dutchman.

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written in every feature of his bronze-red face, as he stood by me in Baythorpe shore, in his canvass trousers, heavy fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wind that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull smothered report of a heavy gun, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out upon the shore close under the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the sands, and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast gone by the board—snapped like brittle twigs on a dead stem; while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing upon the sands, parting in the middle; rushing billows pouring tuns upon tuns of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewn with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them on to the sands, and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old-salt by my side, shouting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand, and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly after came another dull heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I just managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; "she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot amongst the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em! Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'-wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzled hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast

—as he stood there no inapt representation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shouted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he added, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate venture, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and having no reply, I stood shading my eyes and gazing out to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during the lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over, and shewed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I muttered.

"Amen" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival—as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of pain in its hour of sore distress.

"They'll never go out to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh; while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There! look there!" cried the old man, suddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there's a boat-load coming ashore. There; don't you see—now a-top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and then there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more.

"Gone!" said the old man, "I knowed it! Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I; but the old man was intently gazing into the sea.

"There; just as I said," he shouted hoarsely, "just in the place. She's struck." And then, above the yelling of the storm, we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now upon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran down towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around, the women hanging on to their husbands, and apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we stood before; but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though, as we come up, one sturdy fellow shouted: "I'm ready, mates, if you're going;" a remark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seawards, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star; but still no one moved. All at once, the old man by my side laid hold of my arm, and whispered: "Give me a lift, sir;" and before I knew hardly what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly; "I can't stand this! Stand aside, and let some of the old ones come!"

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. Then oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing the steering-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off—looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no," was the cry; and in the hush of

expectation, two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places, and ran up the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came rushing towards the boat, pursued by an elderly man—a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go lads."

He came up to them by the boat-side as they were climbing in, and endeavoured to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the new-comers were in half-a-minute equipped for the dire struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man; but the others clung to him, as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a wild "hurrah!" heard above the storm, and the life-boat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty; but just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space, and seize the side of the boat; and then came the roar of the storm and the rush of spray; while for a few minutes the life-boat was invisible. Then a short distance off, she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze, which, mingled with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in reply to a query. "Old man-o'-war's-man. Been in many a storm; but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years; and as the folk upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads, and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wind, and then came a loud shout: "Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so for that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right upon the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drowned fellow-creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place by the side of the old cocksawin; for no amount of persuasion on either side could effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell a dark mass amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry sea-weed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands—some gazing out to sea; some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of air, and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the life-boat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes;" but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair; for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on, and close inshore;

and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water; while more than one was sucked back by the undertow; but the life-belts they wore kept them afloat; and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore—three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that, about half-way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their seats; but they regained their places, and then, with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the old coxswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now shewed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam, and cask, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore, and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last heart-sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when, to my sorrow, I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Mards, who had so gallantly set the example that evening—an example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village, I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible; but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone would have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied: "the shore is strewn with wreck."

"I knewed she would," he gasped. "Poor things, poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

I told him fifteen.

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious?" he whispered; and then, with a sad smile: "No; it ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time's up long ago—four year and more. So it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I bared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half-an-hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to die in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yes, sir, I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale, to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty. Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine, to-night, to go. We old men-o'-war's men were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I'm gone? I think I should like them to,

for I'm an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said piteously.

I promised I would not; and sat watching hour after hour listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor, only moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side of the pillow, and muttered a few words broken and half-spoken. The storm gradually sunk, till the wind quite lulled; and about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully; though all above was calm and peaceful—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted: "Morning watch. Draw the curtain, and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and as I approached the bed he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves a-lashing upon the further shore. Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Look out there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to pieces—the old seventy-four, that's weathered so many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge, and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land, ho! land, ho! on the other side—and it's a land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding—deafening—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore."

For some minutes, I sat motionless. The old man's eyes had lighted up as he gazed straight before him, out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word, his voice had rung out loud and resonant; then he sank back motionless upon the pillow—stained now with his life-blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark had been stranded by the sea of Death.

THE BALL OF FIRE.

ONE evening towards the close of the last century, two persons were walking arm-in-arm in a shady walk in Hyde Park. One was a soldier, young, good looking, and apparently in the strongest health; and his companion, a neatly-dressed woman younger than himself, with a gently, pleasing expression of countenance, fair hair, and a good, though somewhat pale complexion. They were walking, quickly, and it was evident from the snatches of their conversation which a passer-by might have caught that she was anxious to be home by a certain hour, while he endeavoured to prolong the walk, and the pleasure which it gave him. Their conversation turned chiefly on the future—the future which they hoped to spend together—for they were engaged—and though the period of their marriage was uncertain, neither of them entertained doubt or fear on the subject, so constant, deep, and sincere was the affection which subsisted between them. Their walk was not so hurried but what they had time to appoint an hour on the morrow, on which to resume their walk and conversation on the subject of their arrangements and plans for the future; so when they parted, it was with that feeling of temporary sorrow which is called up by a separation of a few hours only, with a certainty, humanly speaking, of a speedy meeting again.

Truly they but little knew how uncertain that

meeting was! The young man was a private in the—th Regiment, where he bore the highest character for steadiness and regular conduct, and in a short time he was to obtain a step in rank, which he trusted would enable him to maintain as his wife, this girl, to whom he had long been attached. They were natives of the same country village, and chance had brought them into close contact in London, for she lived as maid to an excellent mistress in Bryanstone Square, and his barracks were but a few minutes' walk distant. The acquaintance was gladly renewed, and soon ripened into the warmest love, and with the full consent of her mistress and her relations, she engaged herself to him.

She hurried home now to attend her mistress's dressing, and to be ready to resume her accustomed occupation of reading aloud to her of an evening; for Mrs. Howard was an invalid, and the careful attention of her maid, Jane Irvine, had induced her for many months to treat her more as a companion than as a servant—a distinction which her good education fully warranted.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Howard to her, soon after she came in, "I hope you had a pleasant walk with James; and have you settled everything definitely with him?"

"No, ma'am, we can arrange nothing with certainty till he knows when he shall get his promotion; and he has advised to me ask you to be good enough to let me remain with you for some little time yet, as we can hardly marry, so as to be comfortable, for some weeks after that."

"By all means," was Mrs. Howard's ready answer, "I shall be very glad for you to stay as long as it suits you. Now, give me my handkerchief, and after dinner, towards ten o'clock, come to the drawing-room and read to me."

Mrs. Howard went to dinner; Jane, no doubt, to supper.

Meantime, the sun had set with brilliancy, and to-night there were no apparent signs of the thunderstorms which had been so frequent of late. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the rich golden light which gleamed over it, tempted one to quarrel with Byron's depreciation of English sunsets as compared with those of more southern lands:

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hill the setting sun—
Not, as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

But it sank down and was gone, and with it went, though as yet they knew it not, the happiness of those two loving hearts.

The hour came at which Jane was to bring her book, and continue the history which so much interested Mrs. Howard. When she came down, she found, as was often the case, that the party was joined by a young man, her mistress's son, who, having his home in another part of London, often came to dine and spend the evening with his mother. However, the reading was not on that account abandoned, but the young man, William Howard, sitting down in an arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, proposed to listen to it with as much attention as his mother, who sat opposite to him: while Jane Irvine took her place at the table, having the door of the room on her right hand, and her mistress on her left, between herself and the fire-place; where, of course, being summer time, there was no fire, but the two arm-chairs retained their position all the year round, and from force of habit, Mrs. Howard and her son sat in them summer and winter alike. In front of Jane and shedding their light on her book were two candles, and there was no other light in the room, as Mrs. Howard had weak eyes, and did not generally occupy herself with any work while the reading was going on.

Suddenly, as Jane Irvine was raising her hand to snuff one of the candles a scream from her mistress caused her accidentally to put it out, and she echoed herself a piercing scream, as a flaming globe of fire rolled along the floor, touching the edge of her dress as it passed! A perfect ball of fire, larger than a cricket-ball light-

ing up the room with a flash for an instant, which then seemed to relapse into utter darkness, so dazzling was its effect!

What was it? Whence could it have come! It had come from the fire-place side, but as we know there was no fire there, and had gone—whither? The door was shut, and the window also. The three people were almost paralysed for the moment, but William Howard was the first to recover himself, and to perceive that his mother was fainting.

"Quick, Jane!" he cried; "bring some water! she is fainting; she is dying! Oh! mother—"

Jane Irvine controlled her own feelings in anxiety for her mistress, for she knew that her constitution could little bear such a shock, and it was not for some time that she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak. Her first words were,—

"I shall die, I shall die within the month."

"No, no, my dear mother; why should you think so? Do not talk like that, I beg of you."

"Yes, William, I shall die. It touched me, and I know that was my summons."

"That is mere superstition," he said; "don't let that weigh with you."

"But it does, William. I cannot help it. I cannot believe it. All whom that fearful messenger touches will leave this world within a month."

Jane shuddered. Had not the messenger touched her, too? William did not leave her house that night, nor did Jane Irvine quit the mistress's side. She spoke very little, and when she did it was with the words of one whose hours are numbered. She told her son where her will would be found; mentioned that she had made in it a provision for her faithful attendant, amongst other small legacies, which she begged her son to see duly paid. This he promised, but added,—

"But, my dear mother, don't talk like this. I do trust you will shake off the impression which this has made on your mind. Take a simple explanation of what you saw, and believe that it was one of the curious effects of electricity or some other natural phenomenon. Don't let superstition have such a strong hold upon you."

"You saw it, William, though?" she asked.

"You saw it yourself, and it did not touch you?" she added, eagerly.

"No, it did not touch me; but I saw it plainly, and Jane saw it, too."

"Yes, and it touched me," said Jane, in a low tone, not too low, though, for it to reach Mrs. Howard's ear, who, raising herself in bed with a look of horror, almost sternly asked, "Did you say it touched you, too? Then you will die."

Jane Irvine shuddered again, and turned away, but was recalled by an exclamation from William. His mother, after uttering those words with an air of prophetic conviction, fell back in a fit. The doctors came, but their skill was of little avail. She never rallied. Jane Irvine was most unremitting in her care, and for days never left her mistress's side; attending to all her wants, and watching most anxiously for a gleam of consciousness, a glance of recognition. All in vain. At night she slept in the same room, and by day she could not be persuaded to leave her, for however short a time. So firmly did she cling to the idea that her beloved mistress would wake once more, and revoke the fatal words, which she felt had cast a sort of spell over her. Why should she die? Life was strong within her—happiness before her. She was not superstitious: she would shake off these gloomy ideas. Mrs. Howard, she could not but believe, would die, but what had that to do with the ball of fire? She had long been an invalid, and her health for the last year had been daily growing more and more feeble, and she was not likely to be able to stand any shock, however slight. Very naturally with her temperament, the ball of fire had shattered her nerves, already so weak; and had accelerated, though not absolutely caused, the paralysis, which so often strikes down the aged—those who have fought the battle of life, and have no strength left to struggle. But with herself the case was widely different. Young, strong, with sound nerves, and not easily fright-

ened, she still admitted that what she had seen on that particular evening had certainly, for the time, alarmed her beyond anything she had ever felt before; but now that was over. These things could be explained by science. Electricity, a power she could not understand, but others did—was that more wonderful than the shooting stars she had so often watched streaming over the sky on a clear November's night? But those words, "Then you will die!"—clear and distinct as her mistress had spoken them, they rang in her ears. "But I will not believe it," she resolutely said, "let me think of other things. Poor James, I have not been able to see or hear of him for some days, but he will have called and have heard of our misfortune. I will write and tell him how ill Mrs. Howard is. I wonder they have not told me of his coming, for he is sure to have asked to see me. I will tell him to call again to-morrow, and I could just see him for five minutes in the hall."

So she wrote, and sent her note, and returned to mount guard by Mrs. Howard. That night there was a change, and before morning Mrs. Howard was a corpse!

So she was dead before the month was out!

Jane Irvine got no answer to her note. To explain why, we must go back to that hot summer's evening, when she and he had, as it proved, taken their last walk together. Near Mrs. Howard's house, on the same side of the square, there was, at that time, a public institution, guarded by a sentry day and night. On the night in question it was the turn of James Radstock, who marched cheerfully to the spot where his watch was to be kept, thinking in his heart that he should in a manner stand sentry over his beloved also. The temptation to look up at the window, and if possible, discover, from the flickering shadows on the blinds, what Jane Irvine was doing—also, perhaps, with a latent hope that he might see a window open, and a smile from her come down to him through the summer night, induced him to extend his walk beyond the regular beat which the national service for the safety of the institution demanded, and more than once he had advanced as far as Mrs. Howard's door, and had then retraced his steps to advance again and again with the same hope. But no Jane was to be seen; only a shadow on the blind, which might or might not be hers. Backwards and forwards he walked, till the night grew dark, and on sudden he stopped and fell, lifeless apparently, on the pavement—past him, touching his boot, had rolled that ball of fire!

There he lay, and by-and-by there he was seen, senseless and motionless on the pavement. "Drunk," said a passer-by, and moved carelessly on. "Drunk on duty," said the corporal of his regiment, as he found him there; "I should not have thought it of James, though. I don't know a steadier fellow. But that's no good now. Drunk on duty, and so drunk, too," he added, as the men with him tried to raise their comrade, who lay in their arms like a sack; "this won't be passed over in a hurry. Take him home, men," he continued; "we must report him in the morning."

Next morning James recovered so far as to be able to speak, but he seemed to have lost his senses, for all he could say was, "I've seen it,—it touched me."

"Seen what, lad," asked the soldier, who was bringing him some breakfast; "your own ghost?"

"That ball of fire; it touched me!"

"Fire-water, I expect it was. And it certainly touched you, or you touched it; for you were as drunk as you could be, last night."

"No, no," James answered, "I wasn't drunk. I tell you, I saw it as plain as I see you now."

"No doubt you did, my good fellow, lots of it."

"I shall die; it touched me here," he went on, pointing to his foot.

"You've got into a scrape, anyhow," his sympathising friend answered; "but I don't know about dying."

"I must die within the month! Oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!"

"I can't make you out, unless you're drunk still; but why you should be so bent on dying, I don't see."

"I saw it," James went on. "It came straight towards me, and touched my foot, and then vanished. Oh! it was horrible. I must die, I know it."

"Never fear, man," said the other; "you're a little cracked, I do believe; but here's your breakfast, and you had better eat it: it may do you good."

Poor James! his trial came on, and the evidence went to prove that he was drunk on duty. He persisted in every word of his story, that he had seen a great ball of fire, that it had rolled along the pavement towards him, had passed over his boot, and then vanished. Never in all the cross-questioning did he vary a hair's-breadth from this statement, adding that after that he was totally unconscious of anything till he found himself next morning in the lock-up of his barracks, on, as he was told, a charge of drunkenness. All this he maintained, but who would believe such an unnatural story on the strength of his unsupported word? On a sudden there was a mention of a new witness in the prisoner's favour, and Mr. William Howard appeared, and gave such clear evidence of the appearance of the ball of fire, further explaining that it might well have passed out of his door to the feet of the sentry who had extended his beat to that distance for the reason we have described, that the whole face of the charge against him changed, and by comparing notes as to the time at which these appearances had been made to both parties, it was evident that the statement of the soldier was wholly true, and he was fully acquitted.

After the trial, Mr. Howard joined James to congratulate him on his escape, which was unquestionably a very narrow one. James expressed his gratitude to him for having stepped in in time to save his character—beyond that he had neither care nor hope.

"Why?" asked Mr. Howard, surprised at the continued gloom which oppressed the man, instead of the cheerfulness which he expected him to feel at the result of the trial.

"It's of no use, sir," was the only answer.

"How do you mean, of no use?" said Mr. Howard. "It's all right enough now."

"I am a dead man, sir. No man can live a month who has been touched by that ball of fire."

Mr. Howard was struck. Those were the very words used by his mother, who was now hovering between life and death. He had not the heart to argue about it then; but merely telling the man that his mother was ill, which was the reason Jane Irvine could not see him at present, he went to his own house, where business called him. When he came back to his mother's house next morning, it was to hear that she had breathed her last. In a few minutes a messenger came running in to say that James Rodstock had just been found dead in his bed. On looking round at Jane Irvine, he saw her grow deadly pale, and in an instant she fell back—fainting.

He thought she was dead, and for a moment his strong mind yielded to the influence of superstition; he thought that she, too, had in reality been called away by the fiery messenger! But it was not so; by degrees the colour returned to her cheek, and life reanimated her pulses; but the shock had been so great that even her strong nerves gave way in some degree, and a long and serious illness followed. When she recovered, it was to contemplate an altered and lonely future. Her mistress was dead, and her trust with James would be held in heaven, never on the earth. To that she must look forward, and faithful to the one idea of happiness at last, she pursued a useful and contented life on earth, cheering those around with kindness and sympathy, doing good to the small circle in which she lived, but never giving up her heart to another (though many a one beat warmly when her name was spoken): for it was wholly wrapped up in the great love she had borne for James on earth, and as fully belonged to him in Heaven.

Never to her latest day did she forget that fatal evening, though as years passed on she learned to look back upon it with calmness, and at length regarded it, as indeed it was, as a coincidence, rather than a cause.

IN EXILE.

In spite of all the world can say,
My soul is honest, my life white;
I worthy your belief, as when
You kissed me by the fire one night.

The hand you held against your heart,
The happy lips that yours have kissed,
Have written naught, said naught, but words,
Worthy true love's Evangelist.

The clouds will pass away at last,
The dear old sunshine come again;
The grass grow greener, and the birds
Sing all the sweeter, after rain.

I love you, and I have not erred,
My whole life is an open book;
Forgetting is not written there,
Nor sinning—if they would but look.

Castle Lonesome.

ALLID.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.

Continued from page 171.

CHAPTER IV.

When madame Agnes de Meranie and Amaury Montruel left the chatelet, and were passing over the great bridge which led to the city, all the chimes of the churches grouped round Notre Dame rang out ten o'clock at night.

It was very late; for, as we have already said, the streets became deserted immediately after sunset.

The Seine at that day flowed between banks still encumbered with reeds and bushes—in our day it runs through two lines of noble quays; thousands of lights are reflected in the river—which, owing to the lamps on the bridges, and the lights from the windows of the houses on its banks, presents a scene more charming than the imagination can dream of.

In that day the river rolled on darkly, and reflected nothing but the stars; the view was broken by the abrupt angles of fortresses and old buildings, whose walls were washed by the tide. It was a different place then from now, and perhaps a more suitable one for the painter; for when the silver moon played upon the rippling waves, and under the mysterious and dark arches, you would have said it was one of those magic decorations that the scene-painter of a theatre invents to give effect to the drama.

Centuries succeed each other, and the beauties of Paris change with them, but Paris is, nevertheless, always beautiful!

Agnes and her chevalier crossed the great bridge, and passed the ancient palace which the sovereigns of France had abandoned for the Louvre. They entered the rue de la Calandre by the old Roman road that the Cæsars had made through the city, and which bore at that day the same name as to-day, the Barillerié.

At the time of which we are speaking the rue de la Calandre was full of small drinking booths and taverns, full of cut-throats; and the passenger, long before reaching it, could hear the screaming viol and the piercing flutes, mingled with loud bursts of drunken laughter.

It was the arena of brutal quarrels, an immense temple always full of frightful debauchery and blood.

The tavern of St. Landry was situated near the middle of the street; Montruel, after having proceeded a few steps down the street, felt constrained to hold his nostrils, but madame continued her way without any sign of repugnance or weakness.

It must be admitted, that madame Agnes had not chosen a very agreeable task for poor maitre Montruel; for in a street haunted by the cream of rascaldom, skimmed from the whole kingdom, and in which scarcely a night passed without witnessing some tragic adventure, Montruel was about to stand as sentinel at the door of the tavern of St. Landry.

Madame commanded and Montruel obeyed. It was his punishment on this earth, for all his accumulated mis-deeds.

When he had ascended the steps which led to the low apartment, where maitre Cadocu held his terrible court, Montruel shrunk into a corner and kept himself there as the only chance of escaping from strangulation or the poignard. The orgie was at its height, and that great artist, Callot himself, could, I think, hardly have done justice to the frantic movements of that delirious crowd.

Men, women and children, were leaping, embracing, fighting, and drinking, the steaming and impure atmosphere was as thick as a fog; and nothing could be distinctly seen, but a confused melée, into which every individual seemed, turn by turn, to plunge, and to be lost in that terrible tempest.

Maitre Francois Gauthier, the host of this place, was seated on a barrel; half asleep, and rousing himself only a little, whenever two of the drunken brigands were crossing blades, or another punching the head of some unfortunate woman.

If Agnes had made her entrance with her face uncovered, nobody would have noticed her arrival, in spite of her cloth of gold or her ermine cloak, for the women who resorted to these places set all sumptuary laws at defiance, and indulged in the most luxurious apparel.

But Agnes wore a half-mask of black stuff, and some woman on perceiving it, cried out,—

"Who is this?"

Twenty other women joined this cry in full chorus, and before Agnes had reached the last step, she was surrounded by a mob of bacchantes, who scented in her one who was profaning their temple, and who would have asked no better amusement than to have torn her to pieces.

"Hold!" exclaimed Agnes, repulsing the woman who was nearest to her, "Hold! maitre Cadocu, wilt thou not protect the person who has come here at thy bidding?"

At the name of the chief, there was a sensation among the crowd of women, and they repeated in every variety of tone,—

"Who can this be?"

Some said, "Let us take her to Catherine, the captain's mistress: she will soon tear her eyes out!"

Cadocu was seated at a table covered with the pitchers he had emptied.

"Catherine, ma mie," said he, "I never heard a woman who could sing like thee."

And Catherine immediately struck up, in a really harmonious voice, the couplet of some gay song.

It was in the midst of this couplet that madame Agnes' voice was heard, above the tumult, calling upon the name of the chief of the brigands.

Cadocu raised himself on his elbow, and his half extinguished eye shot out a slight ray of remembrance.

The beautiful Catherine rose all pale, for she had forgotten nothing.

"Oh!" said Cadocu, "with whom have I appointed a rendezvous to-night?"

"I know not," replied Catherine drily.

"Good," said the brigand; "if thou knowest not, then it must be with some rival, for thou art madly in love with me, Cathos, ma mie!" "Come! you crowd there!" added he with more strength than could have been expected from his condition and wandering eye, "Allow the woman to pass, since she says that I sent for her. We shall soon see if she lies; and if she does lie, I will hand her over to you, mes mignons, to be whipped."

He filled his great cup to restore himself a little.

Agnes crossed the apartment, still masked, and escorted by a crowd of jealous enemies. If a look could kill, the look that Catherine gave her would certainly have pierced her through and through. Cadocu was right, Catherine was madly in love with him, and there were many others in the same case.

"A mask!" growled he; "how does she expect me to recognize her? But I know so much and so much! . . ." Suddenly he reined

up, and indulged in a low chuckling laugh, which nearly shook him off his bench.

"Oh! ho!" said he, "she is come! that's a good joke,—approach, ma belle; for my part I love nothing but queens-and wantons!"

Agnes ran to his side. Catherine endeavoured to place herself between them; but Cadocu repulsed her roughly.

"Every one in their turn," said he.

The women looked on, whispering to each other. Some said, "Can this woman be a queen?" in a tone, which seemed to imply that the thing was impossible.

Catherine drew off humiliated, and with tears in her eyes.

Agnes whispered some rapid sentences into the ear of the chief, who was still shaking from his idiotic fit of laughter.

"Good! good!" said he aloud. "Have no fear, madame; I am not the man to betray thine incognito."

"Is it possible?" said those standing around.

Catherine stood at a distance, with her eyes fixed on the queen, and swore to be revenged.

Cadocu passed one of his arms round Agnes' waist, as he had just done with Catherine, and raised his enormous cup. Half an hour previously Cadocu would perhaps not have been so stupidly insolent, but there were now too many empty pitchers before him. He was one of those drinkers, whose excesses are always followed by extreme suffering, but who nevertheless cannot refrain from the thing that hurts them.

The bold cavalier, who was treated by the greatest vassals of the kingdom as one of their peers, who held the pope's legate in check, and even the king himself, was about to become, for some hours, a miserable brute, without strength or reason.

If Agnes de Meranie had arrived sooner, she might still have found that sentiment of coquetry and sensuality, that she had observed in the eyes of Cadocu, when he saw her in the cavalcade as it was leaving the purlieus of Notre Dame, and by favor of that same sensuality Cadocu would have protected Agnes, and would have given her that kind of reception which gourmands always give to the preferred nuts of the feast.

Though he had just said he loved only queens and wantons, Cadocu was not much accustomed to see queens surrendering to his caprices; but there now remained to him neither caprice, or covetousness—his senses were all drowned in the thick wine of maitre Francois Gauthier.

Agnes had fallen on evil times. She did not resent the coarse speech of the brigand, but said gaily—

"Maitre Antoine, I came to ask you a favour, that the king himself could not accord to me."

Cadocu assumed an air of importance.

"There are many others," replied he, "who, like thee, come to maitre Antoine when the king cannot help them; but I know what's the matter, madame," added he, falling against the post which served as a back to his bench, "somebody stands in thy way; and amongst all the fine lords by whom thou art surrounded, there is not one with a willing arm. We will speak of this business another time madame; this place is for our amusement."

"Then let us amuse ourselves!" said Agnes, who, up to this, had superbly played the sad rôle that she had inflicted upon herself.

"Ma foi," murmured Cadocu, whose heavy head oscillated on his shoulders, "thou art a fine girl, madame. If I had known of thy coming, I would have drank deeper to keep up my gaiety."

He tottered and held on to the table.

Maitre Francois Gauthier gravely brought a large block of wood that he placed beside the post, propping Cadocu solidly between the two.

"What canst thou do to amuse me?" demanded maitre Antoine, who breathed a little more at his ease in this new position.

"I can do everything," said Agnes, without any hesitation.

"Then thou canst sing?"

"They called me the nightingale in my father's country."

"That was a brave man, thy father!" growled Cadocu, "the sire Berthond de Meran—a true

gipsy and a priest of satan. Canst thou dance?"

"Like Terpsichore!"

"I know nothing about Terpsichore. Canst thou drink?"

"As much as you please, in reason, master Antoine."

The brigand shook his head with a satisfied air. To compare him to a Pacha, surrounded by his favourites, would fall short of his merits; for he was a thousand times more despotic than a Pacha.

Men and women formed a circle around him, contemplating this scene with a curiosity which increased at every instant. They hardly dared to whisper when the chief was speaking. One singular thing was that the masked woman's name was in every mouth and yet nobody could believe in the reality of her presence. But they all respected the mistress of Phillip Augustus more than they respected herself. For she was there, and yet they did not wish to believe that she was there.

Cadocu struck with his fist upon the table and his eyes searched the crowd.

"Where is Catherine? Where is Alix? Where is Jeanne?"

Two beautiful girls immediately presented themselves: these were Alix and Jeanne; Catherine waited a little longer, but at last she appeared—but her eyes were very red, and it was plain that she had been weeping.

Cadocu gave Alix a sign to approach. This was a tall girl of vigorous frame, in whose presence Agnes herself appeared but petite.

"Alix," said Cadocu, "there are some here who boast of being able to drink."

"Eh bien!" replied Alix, "let us drink together."

Agnes had good reason to boast; for in the noble fêtes which she was accustomed to give at the Louvre, to relieve the tedium of the long absences of Phillip Augustus, Agnes always remained queen of the feast—her gold cup, mounted with precious stones, was emptied, and filled unceasingly, with the perfumed wines of Syracuse and Nicosie.

She took from the table the great cup, from which Cadocu had been drinking, and filled it to the brim.

But that was neither the wine of Syracuse nor of Nicosie—it was that strong nectar, manufactured from the juice of the grape, mixed with alcohol and spices.

The odour which the cup exhaled reached her nostrils, and Agnes allowed a shudder of disgust to escape her.

Maitre Antoine shook his head with an expression of dissatisfaction.

Agnes plucked up courage, and drained the enormous cup to the dregs.

"Tis thy turn, my girl," said she to Alix, handing her the cup.

Alix burst into laughter, and placed the cup upon the table.

"I do not drink out of that," replied she.

Agnes smiled triumphantly for she thought her rival found the cup too large.

But Alix chose from among the empty pitchers, which stood before Cadocu, the deepest and the widest, holding twelve cups, and this she filled to the brim, raising the pitcher to her lips with both hands. She continued drinking a long time till she seemed red in the face and the veins of her neck all swollen. Having drained the pitcher to the last drop, she removed it from her lips, drew a long breath, and smiling, handed it to Agnes saying, in her turn, "It is now for thee."

As Agnes hesitated and appeared frightened, Alix remarked, "that is only a commencement; when thou hast drunk that, I will do something better."

Agnes took the diamond pin which fastened her ermine cloak, and offered it to her victorious competitor. "I cry you mercy, my girl," said she, hoping to cover her defeat by an act of generosity.

But Cadocu did not approve of this mode of settling the drinking bout, and growled between his teeth—"She can't drink well."

Agnes was not more successful with Alix, who

threw back her diamond pin with disdain, saying—"I know what your jewels are worth; for I saw those which thou hast given this morning to the beggars in the purlieus of Notre Dame!"

"Come hither, Jeanne," resumed Cadocu.

A girl stepped forward, of a supple and beautifully rounded figure, like those women of Catalina, who travel the world making gold by the activity and graceful style of their dancing.

Madame Agnes was right when she said she could dance like Terpsichore. Nobody could approach her in the noble fêtes given by the Court. As soon as maitre Antoine had given the signal, and the viol had played the prelude, she sprang into the circle, which enlarged around her—the cup of spiced wine had mounted to her brain, and she surpassed herself in those gracious and classic steps which the Crusaders had imported from Constantinople.

Cadocu yawned and said—

"Now, Jeanne, show madame how we can dance."

Jeanne, at one bound, made a perilous leap over the table covered with pitchers; she was a performer of remarkable strength—with a perfect acquaintance with all the Bohemian and Egyptian dances.

Her leaps, in comparison with the great ballets of Agnes, were esteemed in that place as the drinking feat of the pitcher against the cup.

"That's what we call dancing," said Cadocu, emptying his goblet; "thou canst not dance, madame."

"Come hither, Catherine!"

Catherine had dried her tears—comforted by seeing her hated rival disconcerted at every step—and she now stepped forward holding a *theorbe* in her hand, of a peculiar form.

That was Agnes' favourite instrument, upon which she had often charmed the leisure hours of Phillip Augustus—reciting the romances of chivalry. The king was passionately fond of those heroic songs which exalted the prowess of Roland, Renaud, d'Ogier, the Dane, and other preux chevaliers of the round table; and he had instituted at his own court a modern round table, in imitation of those of Arthur of Bretagne, and of the Emperor Charlemagne.

In truth, the epoch of Phillip was the classic era of knight-errantry—the fabulous exploits of the most remarkable romances date from that reign—though they related them as of Charlemagne's time or of Arthur of England, framing them on the manners and customs of the twelfth century.

Agnes was not discouraged; for she felt certain that she was about to revenge all her defeats at once—blow she possessed a marvellous voice, and the art of singing was no secret to her. In her beautiful hands the *theorbe* gave a soft and gentle prelude.

Then she sung in a low and sweet cadence the romance of Huon de Bordeaux.

Every body listened attentively, as though seized with an instinct of the beautiful; for her performance was really beautiful.

But Cadocu was no longer of the crowd—he was below it; and something stronger was required to touch his paralysed ear.

"Enough! enough!" cried he angrily, "I verily believe you are mocking us, madame; are we in a church that thou shouldst try to entertain us with those lugubrious accents?"

Agnes de Meranie was now fairly overcome, and she bent her head without making any reply. Avaricious as she was, she would have given all the jewels from her casket rather than have miscarried in the enterprise she had undertaken in this low place. To women of her stamp, victory would excuse and ennoble any undertaking; but their audacity once conquered, and there remains to them nought but bitterness and misery.

Catherine, radiant and charming with pride, drew from the hands of Agnes the still trembling lyre. She seated herself opposite Cadocu, and with her elbow supported on the table, threw herself into an attitude of graceful abandon—a happy smile illuminated her features. In her practiced and skilful hands the *theorbe* burst, as it were, into an explosion of melodies, the first notes of which roused Cadocu and made him tremble.

He gave way to a smile as the thrilling voice of Catherine struck up the song of the brigands:

Routier, routier, point de maison,
Point de prison!
La tèle
Entiere,
Routier, routier, devant tes pas
S'ouvre là-bas:
Va faire
La guerre!
Routier, routier, ouvre la main
Sur ton chemin,
Pour prendre,
Pour rendre;
Routier, routier, pour prendre au fort
Et rendre au l'or
Au frere
Misere!

Cadocu pushed back his cup and cast a look of true tenderness at Catherine.

Catherine continued:

Routier, routier, le vin du roi
Coule pour toi,
La fille
Gentille,
Routier, routier, sourit toujours
A tes amours
Nouvelles
Et belles,
Routier, la reine a des bijoux
Et des yeux doux,
La reine
Méraine,
Routier, routier, tu les auras
Quand tu voudras;
Princesse,
Richesse.*

Catherine had finished her triumphant song, and she turned to cast a spiteful look upon her rival, for even victory will not always disarm the anger of a jealous woman.

"I will not say," said she, "that the princess never gives anything, but at least she never gives anything valuable."

Two or three loud laughs came from the crowd, proving that two or three women had understood the sarcasm.

Cadocu understood nothing, and yet Catherine's song had somewhat restored him—if not to reason, at least to life.

"Come hither," said he and he placed a loud kiss upon the young girl's brow, already intoxicated with joy.

Then he tried to rise, supporting himself on one side by the post, and on other by Catherine's shoulder.

"As to thee!" resumed he—addressing himself to Agnes, who stood like one stupefied—"Thou hast spoilt our night. See how quiet they are all, when they should be making a noise; for at this hour, I am accustomed to go to asleep to the noise of their revels."

He seemed serious, for he spoke with much emphasis; "I said just now," continued he, "that I only liked queens and wantons; but thou art not a queen—for Ingeburge, the Dane, was the king's wife before thee. Would a queen come here at the risk of soiling her soul and her crown?"

"Who will know it?" stammered Agnes, as to herself.

The merciless Catherine, pronounced those words which we have so often repeated in those pages, and that Phillip Augustus was so fond of repeating—

"The king knows all!"

Agnes trembled, and became pale.

"If thou art not a queen," resumed maitre Antoine, "neither art thou a courtesan—I say, a courtesan, worthy of us. Thou art beautiful; but Agnes the pretty—whom thy evil favourite, Amaury Montruel, caused to be strangled on the road to d'Etampes—was much more beautiful than thee. Thou canst not drink like Alix—thou canst not dance like Jeanne—thou canst not sing like Catherine; therefore, I want nothing to do with thee. Away!"

Maitre Antoine fell back upon his bench, exhausted while Catherine uttered a loud cry of victory.

This cry acted like a signal—the orgie recommenced, where Agnes had interrupted it; and amid the howlings of the crowd she regained the steps leading to the street.

* Recueil de Johan Order, traduction Anglaise de Browne.

Her bosom was bursting with the rage that was stifling her. She looked round for her Montruel, and not seeing him immediately, she called his name in a hoarse voice.

Montruel sprang from his hiding place.

"Oh!" murmured Agnes to herself, "I have no dagger! messire," screamed she, with the foam on her lips, "it was thee, who drew me into this infamous snare."

"Me!" interrupted Amaury.

"Silence!" cried madame Agnes, trembling with fury; "Thou art a traitor and a coward!"

She placed her two hands upon his shoulders, and shook him with the strength of a man.

Then reaching the last spasms of her delirium, she struck him in the face so violently, that the blood spurted from his eyes and nostrils. In another moment her strength had vanished, and she fell, half dead, upon the muddy street of la Calandre, and even before the threshold of the tavern of St. Landry.

Half an hour afterwards, you might have met with Amaury Montruel and madame Agnes, in the avenue of young elms, which led to the palace of the Louvre. They had stopped just at the same place where the handsome page Albret had told his love to Eve, on the morn of this eventful day.

But Agnes had now repaired the disorder of her toilet, and nothing seemed to remain of all that high fever, and of all that furious madness which had so lately overcome her. The bands of her jet hair were arranged with their customary elegance, and her cheeks wore no traces of her recent distress.

To be continued.

"OLD MURDER."

I.

THERE goes Old Murder," said Mr. Miller, the manager of the Old County Bank, as he stood at his window, with his nose resting on the top of the wire blind.

"Old Murder" was the nickname given to Doctor Thatcher by the inhabitants of Crossford. It was a sarcastic nickname, but used in all good nature; for the old doctor, though somewhat penurious and brusque, was a worthy man who had done his duty and combated death with success and profit for forty years.

Crossford is a pleasant compact town, and as the doctor drove up the High-street every one saw him. The butcher, among his sheep, pinked with white slashes, took off his hat as he jointed a loin of mutton on his enormous sacrificial crimsoned block. The bookbinder standing at his press, torturing a volume in his vice, saw him through his window, and, with some scraps of gold leaf in his hair, opened his glass door to watch him. They saw him over the little buttery door at the post-office, and the young men at the draper's discussed him as they unrolled carpets and uncoiled ribbons.

Dr. Thatcher was bound on a visit to his old friend the rector, at Woodcot, a suburb of Crossford; wrapped up in a coarse, threadbare, brown great-coat, with a comforter hiding all but his nose, he drove on in his rickety pony-chaise, his old blind white mare never exceeding her usual pace for any possible provocation. He drove, brooding as he went, over old times; old men can only look back, the future has little pleasure for them. With his thick rough grey eye-brows, furrowed frosty face, and big grey whiskers, Dr. Thatcher looked the very type of elderly sagacity.

It was a bright November morning, and the sunshine, like the presence of one we love, shed hope, joy, and comfort on the meanest and humblest object.

The doctor was in high spirits, and ripe for gossip. As he rang at the door, a portly, comfortable butler presented himself, and called a page-boy to hold the doctor's horse.

"How are you, Roberts?" said the doctor, with gruff kindness. "How's the gout? Take less ale; that's my prescription."

The rector's study was a delightful den, walled with sound old books and hung with exquisite water-colour sketches by Cox, Copley Fielding,

Turner, and Prout—rainy moors, sunny cliffs bathed in pure blue air, enchanted mountains, magic sunsets, and crumbling gable-ended Norman houses. There were rare hothouse flowers on the table, a Venetian glass, and rare photographs, old editions of the Elizabethan poets, ivory elephants, little palanquins, and Japanese fans. It was the den of a man of refinement, travel, sense, and taste. The windows looked out on a broad sweep of soft green lawn, and a fine cedar-tree spread out its vast dark ledges of boughs in eternal benediction. A bright lively fire rose in a waving pyramid from the grate, that shone as bright as a Life Guardsman's breastplate. The doctor, growling at the delay, was turning over some photographs of Cornwall, the granite cliffs reproduced with every crack, cleft, and splinter, when there came a cheery tap at the window. It was the rector, cheerful as ever, and rejoicing to see his old friend. As the doctor opened the glass door that led out to the lawn, the rector stepped in and shook him by the hands.

"We want you to see George; his throat's bad, doctor," said the rector.

"Very well, then—here I am. Mind, no gratis advice; down in the bill. I earned my experience hard, and I don't mean to part with it gratis."

"No one asked you, doctor," said the rector, who knew his old friend's manner. He rang the bell, and the frightened page-boy entered.

"Page-boy!" growled the doctor. "In my time they were called only boys. Get a silver spoon."

The boy went and returned in a moment with a spoon.

"Now open your mouth. I'm not going to cut your tongue off. Open it wider, sir."

The doctor held back the boy's tongue with the bowl of the spoon and looked in.

"Bah!" he said. "Mere inflammation. I'll send you a gargle, boy. If it gets worse, why, I can snip off the end of the uvula. There, that'll do, page-boy. When I was young, Buller," said the doctor, as the door closed, and he threw himself back roughly in a sloping arm-chair, "I made this my golden rule—always, if possible, to get my fee when the patient was still in pain. It made the fee larger, and it was paid quicker. I never pretended to refuse fees, and then took them. I only wish I could get my Jack into better ways about these things. Delicacy is thrown away on people; every one is for himself."

The rector laugh, poked the fire, and rubbed his hands. He enjoyed the doctor in his dry, splenic moods.

"I've come to ask you to dine with the Prices and one or two more, to-night at seven: plain mutton and a bit of fish, hare soup, and a pudding—no fuss. I don't ask you for show, or to wipe off a debt; but because I like you. Rubber afterwards. Your old flame, my sister, will be there, and Letty, of course, or Jack won't hear of it."

"How is your adopted son, doctor?"

"How is he? What, Harkness? Why, strong as a lion, of course; riding, shooting, singing better than any other young man in Surrey. This morning the dear boy insisted on driving tandem—only fancy driving tandem to see patients! Ha, ha! But these are harmless follies. Oh, he'll ferment clear as your dry sherry. How's Mary?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Gone out with the children. Excuse me, doctor, as a great admirer of old jewellery, asking you to let me see that key-ring of yours again off your finger. I always admire it so much—it is really worthy of Cellini."

The doctor was propitiated; his old grey eyes brightened under his white eyebrows. "Only take it off for very old friends. That is the key of my case-book, which my poor dear wife gave me on our wedding-day, forty years ago next spring."

It was a curious ring, of old Italian workmanship. It had originally been the key of the jewel-chest of some nobleman of the house of Medici, for it bore the arms, the three pills of that dangerous family.

"I should leave you that key when I go under the grass, Buller, but I've promised it to that dear boy, for he'll have all my business, and there's nothing like secrecy with a case-book. Buller, you must walk more—you're getting too stout. How's that eye of yours, by-the-by?" He put the ring on again as he spoke, and rubbed it affectionately with his coat cuff.

"The conjunctiva is still inflamed, and the iris wants expanding."

The doctor darted a crafty look from under his thick eyebrows, then began to hum Paddy Carey—"tum tidd'e ti-ti.—But what do you know about irises?"

"Will you come into the conservatory, doctor, and see my Neptunias—you are in no hurry?"

"How do you know? I'm just off to see my sister. Jack is attending her; but she writes me to come and see her too, without his knowing it, for fear he might be offended. Am I ever idle?"

"She'll leave all her money to Jack, I suppose?" said the rector.

"Every penny; but he won't get it for a dozen years, I hope. Do you know, Buller, I am planning something to keep the boy quiet and prudent; for he is rather inclined to be wild. I tell him he shan't marry Letty till he has made two hundred a year by half fees. He'll do it, I'll be bound, in the first year. I pretend to be inexorable. I examine his accounts. I pay no debts. I keep him hard at it—and what is the result? A better boy doesn't breathe in all Surrey. He won't drink spirits—he won't touch cards; yet all the the time I'm negotiating for a small estate to give him when he marries; but it kills me parting with hard-earned money."

By this time the doctor and the rector had reached the conservatory, a cheerful room, gay with flowers, with vines trellised over the sloping glass roof, and Chinese caricatures over the fireplace.

"More waste money," grumbled the teaty man with the soft heart under the bear's skin; "you'll be having a pinery next."

"Well, and you doctors are paid to cure us, and half the money you get is for putting us to a lingering and expensive death—tut! Ah, it's six of one to half a dozen of the other. I brought you here, doctor, to say something disagreeable, but true—will you bear it?"

"Will I bear it? What did I say when Sir Astley told me once I must have my leg off, after that accident, riding?—'You'll find a saw,' I said, pointing, 'in that third left-hand drawer.' You're a good old friend; come, say away."

The old doctor's manner was, nevertheless, somewhat restless, and a little belied the energy and resolution implied in his words. He twisted his key-ring round anxiously.

The rector's eyes were clear, cold, and fixed; his mouth closed, as if he felt some inward pain. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke.

"My dear old friend," he said, "it seems cruel to tell you the truth when you are so happy in your ignorance; but I must use the lancet and wound to heal—you know what profession uses that motto. I feel, from what Roberts tells me, and other people who know Crossford well, that the adopted son you love so much and trust so entirely, deceives you. He is not going on respectably; he drinks, he gambles, he likes low company, he is going bad; take my word for it; he is better away from Crossford for a time; he is going bad, I am sure he is. He is idle, he is quarrelsome, he runs into debt, he is going fast down hill; he has been too much indulged —"

As a skilful surgeon stays his knife to see if the patient is bearing up or sinking, so the rector stopped to watch his old friend, who had sunk on a chair; at first pale, tremulous, and faint, then angry, restless.

"No' no," he said; "I cannot and will not believe it. It is lies—lies! What, my boy Jack? No, he is full of spirit; he is fond of humour; they call that been quarrelsome and liking low society. Gamble? He won't play even a rubber with me. Idle? Why, he is a slave at business. He is by this time fourteen miles

from here—out Ashstead way. Pshaw! I ought to know him."

The rector shook his head. "It is an ungrateful task to convey bitter truths. How can we expect a man to sip medicine as if it were wine? Doctor, what I tell you is too true; every one but you knows it. That adopted son of yours is at the King's Arms this very moment, I am sure, for Roberts told me he saw him there, at billiards, when he took some books of mine, an hour ago, to Collingwood's to be bound. He is there every day. He goes to no patient, unless there is a pretty face in the house, or good ale to discuss and smoke over."

The doctor's back was turned as Mr. Buller said this; all at once he turned, with nervous pertulence:

"It's lies, lies, lies!" he said, flame springing from his eyes. "You kill me by repeating them. You want to bring on a fit, and get your legacy sooner. Tell me again, and kill me at once. I'll go—I'll go at once, myself, and I'll prove it is a lie. The boy's good and honest; he deceives no one. But I see he has enemies, and he must be warned and guarded; and *he shall be, he shall be.*"

When a man repeats an assertion twice, be sure it is a doubtful assertion. Pure truth is simple, humble, unconscious. The doctor's earnestness showed some dawning suspicion of danger, now first taking palpable shape. He was about to leave the conservatory abruptly, but he turned suddenly and pressed his friend's hand:

"I'm not angry with you, Buller, for repeating these scandals. It may be right for me to hear them, to prove they're lies—for I would have Jack's honour as pure as ermine—but I say you have given me greater pain than if you had flung unslaked lime into an ophthalmic man's eyes—your surgery has been somewhat rough. You shouldn't listen to those ass-fool servants—fat, ignorant, tattling—"

"Miss Paget," cried the page-boy's voice at this moment; and a young lady came running down the passage to the conservatory. Such a tall, graceful girl, with the frank high spirit and manner of her class; her bright face radiant with innocence, luminous with swift changing expression. In her pretty neat costume, a round black hat, plumed with a grebe's wing, and a silver-grey mohair dress, she looked a very type of English girlhood.

"Good morning, Mr. Buller," she said, offering her hand; "and good morning, uncle Edward. Oh, I'm so glad to find you here. Aunt Fanny is not nearly so well this morning; the medicine doesn't agree with her. Another bottle's come, but cousin Jack hasn't been, though he promised us to come by this. Oh, do, come, uncle, and see her. I knew I should find you here."

"Very well, child. What symptoms?"
"Sickness, pain in the throat, sleepiness."
"I'll be there, Letty, in half an hour. I suppose Jack has been detained at Ashstead. You run on, child. I can't take you on, I've got to call at the King's Arms; or stop, I'll take you to the corner of Church-street. Come, quick. Good-bye, Buller; I must take Letty from you. Come, Letty, this is—this is serious about aunt."

II

The billiard-room at the King's Arms was the haunt of every sot, scamp, and swindler in Cross-ford.

There they all were when the doctor drew hastily up to the door. The pale, sodden, mean, crafty, ignoble faces stared over the dirty blind to see who it was. A cue paused in its stroke; a player stopped as he seized a piece of chalk; the marker stayed as he moved the score-peg; a fat-faced man with large whiskers held his glass of smoking rum-and-water midway in the air. Then broke forth a dozen voices.

"Harkness! Jack! Here's the governor—here's Old Murder—it's your governor come to look for you. Run into the smoking-room, and if he comes here we'll check it out for you. Get out of that, my boy."

A bold, indolent looking young fellow, with

large glossy black whiskers, who was playing, instantly took the alarm, caught up his coat, for he was in his shirt-sleeves, ran into the inner room and slammed the green-baize door behind him, amidst a shout of half-tipsy laughter.

The next moment the front bell rang, and the doctor's voice could be heard.

"Is Mr. Harkness in the billiard-room?"
"Don't know, sir, I'm sure; I'll see, sir."
"No I'll see for myself. I want to leave my chaise here while I go to the library. Let some one hold my horse."

Immediately afterwards the old doctor pushed roughly open the swing door of the billiard-room, and glanced round the place with a contemptuous curiosity. "Morning, gentlemen. Is me son Jack here? Ha! How d'ye do, Travers?"

"No, sir, we've not seen Mr. Harkness here," said the fat man, as he made a cannon.

"Don't patronise this sort of thing," said a drunken gauger, who was smoking, with his head leaning on a bag of pyramid balls.

The doctor gave a grunt of relief, and his face brightened as he walked round the room with a sarcastic smile at the beguiling green cloth. As he passed each man he touched his chest, or looked with ironical friendliness into his eyes.

"You've a fatty heart, Travers," he said. "Take care—less brandy. One lung gone, Davies, you know. Early hours—no night air. Liver enlarged, Marker—not so much smoking. Jones, don't be alarmed, but you look as if you'd have a fit, if you don't mind. Hards, you've dropsy coming on—less ale."

The old doctor left the rascals miserable and dejected, as he wished to leave them.

As he mounted his chaise once more, he sang Lilibulero for very joy.

"I knew" he said, "Buller was wrong—idle tattle. Jack wouldn't associate with dregs like that. Jack is a gentleman, and a young man of honour and right feeling. Who should know Jack, if I don't? Who should I trust, if I don't trust Jack?"

Then he drove straight to his sister's, as much relieved as if a mountain had been lifted off him, and pleased at his own energy and triumph.

III.

The doctor was in high spirits. The haunch of mutton had been hung to a day. Buller had praised his wine. He had won two rubbers, and Letty had sang him his favourite old Cavalier song—that manly, vigorous, triumphant outburst of mistaken and self-deceived loyalty—"The King shall enjoy his Own again." As coffee came in at the end of the second game, he dis-coursed, and told some of his best old stories. One thing only troubled him, and that was his adopted son's absence. "Detained by business, dear boy, no doubt," said the doctor, in an important way.

The rector looked mistrustfully at Miss Paget, but she only looked down at the music.

"Uncle," she said, "shall I play your favourite—'My Mother bids me bind my Hair'?"

"Do, dear," said the doctor, as he shuffled the cards for a fresh deal. "Mrs. Price, it is your lead."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Price, as the rubber closed, "you know my niece Mary had the measles while she was stopping with the Campbells in Argyllshire. She is coming to us next week."

The doctor darted a shrewd humorous glance at the speaker from the ambush of his grey eyebrows.

"On your honour, tell me, now. Confess. Was it really the measles? You know our Northern friends are rather subject to epidermical attacks, and it may be the *haut ton* in Argyllshire to give it that name."

Mrs. Price laughed good naturedly as she cut the cards to the doctor, and assured him it was really the measles from which her niece had suffered.

"Doctor," said the rector, "you are very prejudiced. It was the fashion, when you were young, to dislike the Scotch; but it is not so now. They are a fine, sturdy, clannish, persevering, well-educated, religious people."

"Pshaw! grinders and screwers, nippers and pinchers, ain't they, Kestephen? Ugh! I don't like 'em."

"How did I play that, doctor?" said his partner, one of the Prices, a young Indian officer.

"When old Judge Barrow was one asked how he liked a pudding at my father's house, he replied, 'It's a good pudding, Thatcher, but not a very good pudding.' You played a good game, but not a very good game. Sir, you lost us two tricks by trumping my thirteenth club. And, sir, may I ask what possible benefit can you derive from constantly repeating Hindostanee phrases? If they are oaths, the custom is ungentleman-like, however you disguise it. If they mean nothing, the custom is ridiculous. Sir, what prevents me from exclaiming 'Chavash,' 'Pukrao,' 'Balderdash,' or any such giberish, and calling it Chinese or Hebrew?"

The young officer coloured, for he felt the rebuke. The doctor could be at times terribly Johnsonian, and his satire fell on luckless offenders like blows of the knout.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Price. "It is an old affectation of Charles's. We've told him it was in bad taste before. Doctor, I think we must be going. Charles, please to ring for the carriage."

"I let no one go, Mrs. Price, till we have some mulled claret, and Letty has played 'Good Night, and Joy be with you All.' I wonder what can detain that boy? Farmer Bennet must be very ill. How I have missed my dear old sister too. She does play such an excellent game. Doesn't she, Buller?"

It was past one before the guests retired. The doctor paced the room anxiously. He was perturbed. He longed for the return of his adopted son; he scarcely knew why, but he also dreaded it. He took up a book; he could not read. Gradually, as he sat before the fire, he fell into a restless doze. The sound of a door opening, and the door-chain rattling awoke him. He rose, and took the lamp into the hall. There was his nephew, fevered, and evidently with drinking. His face was flushed, his hat was crushed, his coat torn.

"Why, Jack," said the doctor, reproachfully, "you've tired yourself in your rounds, and then taken too much wine. You shouldn't let those farmers tempt you. I used to find it hard."

"There, that'll do," said Harkness, sullenly. "I've been with no farmer. I drank because I'd lost at cards, I tell you, and your cursed stinginess never leaves me a shilling to try my luck with. I'll be kept under no longer. I'm over head and ears in debt, and money I'll have. If Aunt Fanny won't stump up, you must. I'll get money somewhere, and I'll pay you out for keeping me without a penny. No. I won't go to bed—go to bed yourself. I want brandy. Give me brandy!"

Then, with a volley of oaths, Harkness threw himself on a sofa, and fell, in a few seconds, into a drunken sleep.

The old doctor stood over him, half paralysed with sorrow and surprise. Could Buller's rumours then be true?

"No," he thought to himself; "no, I will not believe it. This is a mere youthful folly. The poor boy has been led away by some of those farmers, who think they show no hospitality unless they make their guest drunk. Poor boy, how sorry he will be to-morrow morning. I shall lock him in now, that the servant may not see him, and I will come myself and let him out, and then lecture him well. Poor boy!"

In the morning, when Dr. Thatcher unlocked the door of the room where Harkness had slept, he found the window open, and the room empty. His old servant James informed him that Mr. John had come and ordered the gig at six o'clock, and started upon his rounds.

"Poor boy," said the doctor, "he was too ashamed to meet me. Daren't face me after the misconduct of last night. Gone out to work again, too, without his breakfast, dear boy. Won't dare to see his Aunt Fanny to-day, I'll be bound. Of course he meant nothing last night; perhaps I've been too close. I must call at the bank and draw a cheque for him. Ha! I was bad enough at his age."

An hour or two later found the rough but worthy doctor driving at a sober pace towards the bank.

"There goes Old Murder," cried the pert chemist's assistant to a groom of the Prices', who was talking to him at the door of the shop in the High-street.

"Yes. There goes old four miles an hour. Did you hear of young Harkness, and how he carried on last night at the billiard-room? Swore he'd been cheated, got noisy drunk, and fought three of the men there with the butt-end of a billiard-cue. Oh, he's going the whole hog, he is! How he flashes his money, to be sure."

"Well, Thatcher," said the manager of the bank, as the doctor alighted from his chaise, "what can we do for you?"

"I want this cheque, Miller, for one hundred and fifty pounds, cashed, and I want to look at my book."

"Certainly. Edward, get Dr. Thatcher's book from the parlour."

"I am going to the post-office, and will call in a minute or two. Pshaw! how cold it is. Seen my son to-day?"

"Drove by, doctor, about half an hour ago, down Church-street."

"Always at work. That's the way. Early bird picks up the worm."

"Thought he looked ill, sir. Works too hard."

"Yes, it is a dog of a life, ours. One gets old before one has leisure to enjoy what one has earned."

The manager smiled deprecatingly, as much as to say, "Rich people will have their joke."

The doctor came to the post-office.

"Any letters, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, doctor. There's one for you."

"Hand it out."

The doctor sat in the chaise and read it. It was from a hospital in London, a consumption hospital, to which he annually subscribed twenty pounds. The secretary wrote to tell him that two years' subscriptions were due.

"Stuff about due!" growled the doctor. "Sent Jack to pay it into their bank a month ago. He never forgets anything."

"Here is your book," said the manager, handing the small parchment-covered book to the doctor as he entered the bank, where a farmer was scooping up a salmon-coloured bag of sovereigns.

"No, it is not entered," said the doctor, in a startled way. "Did not my boy Jack pay in twenty pounds the end of last month for Drummond's? Surely? The last cheque he paid in. I've not sent since to you for anything."

"No, Dr. Thatcher, but he called last week for the hundred pounds for you."

"The hundred pounds?"

"Yes, didn't he, Edward?"

"Oh yes, sir, and the week before for the fifty pounds."

"For the fifty pounds?" the doctor stammered. "Let me see the cheques, Mr. Miller." The doctor spoke quite calmly, but his voice trembled. "Will you allow me to sit down for a moment in your back parlour till this gentleman has gone? There has been some mistake about a subscription; a quiet minute or so will set it right."

"Certainly, sir. Edward, show Dr. Thatcher in and give him a chair. There, sir, are the cheques. Edward, put on a bit of coal, the fire's low."

The doctor, as the door closed behind the manager, looked closely at the cheques, turned the signatures up and down; then he rested his head on his hand and burst into tears. The signatures were forgeries.

"I see it all," he murmured. "Oh, that unhappy boy! and this, I fear, is not the worst. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

"There's something up," said the clerk to the manager, as he took a hasty peep over the green curtain of the glass door. "Why, good gracious, Mr. Miller, the doctor's fainted!"

IV.

"Good morning, Mr. Miller," said the doctor, when he had recovered, and retaken his seat once more in the chaise; "there is no blunder,

after all. I see where the mistake lay. I have taken all the cheques up to yesterday. Continue the draught. Young man, be kind enough to turn the chaise. Thank you."

The Spartan boy kept the wolf hid till it gnawed into his heart. Dr. Thatcher had a secret whose teeth were sharper than even the wolf. In that half hour he had suffered the pangs of death itself.

He drove straight to his sister's, Mrs. Thatcher's, whose neat little cottage was about a quarter of a mile from the town, and near the old parish church. As the doctor's chaise drove up, Miss Paget ran out, looking very pale and anxious.

"Well, Letty, how's Aunt Fanny?"

"Very, very ill, dear uncle. No appetite, very weak, no sleep."

"That won't do; and has Jack been?"

"Yes, and orders the same medicine, only larger doses; but I'm sure—I'm sure it does not agree with her. Do give your advice, uncle."

"I promised Jack, only two days ago, never to interfere with his patients; but this once I will. Send some one, Letty, to take the mare round to the stables."

Mrs. Thatcher, the doctor's sister, was sitting up in bed, propped with pillows. Her handsome features were sharpened by illness, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes pale and anxious.

"Well, Fanny, and how is it with you?"

"Bad, bad, John; perpetual pain, nausea, no sleep, no appetite."

The doctor's face changed, a ghastly pallor came upon his lips.

"Let me see the medicine, Letty."

Miss Paget brought it. The doctor looked at it eagerly, then tasted it. The next moment he had flung the bottle on the fire. A dew of nervous excitement broke out upon his forehead.

"Uncle?"

"Brother?"

"The medicine is much too powerful for you in this weak state. Jack is a clever fellow, but he does not know your constitution as I do. You must not, however, pain him by telling him you have not taken his stuff, so I will send you some tonic that resembles it in colour, but less violent. This was too much for you. Jack was right—he was right, but he has not taken into account your age, Fanny."

"I could not take it yesterday, and Jack was very angry."

"You take the medicine I shall send you when I return directly it comes; take it every two hours till the sickness abates. Now, come, lie back, Fanny; you are very weak."

The pale worn face turned towards him and smiled on him, then the head sank back on the pillow, and the weary eyelids closed.

"I cannot shake off this stupor, John. Good-bye, and bless you, dear John."

The doctor signed to Letty to leave the room. When she had done so, and the door closed, he sat down by his sister's bedside, sorrow-stricken and thoughtful; in that silence, broken only by the tick of the watch at the bed head, and the deep breathing of the sleeper, he fell on his knees, and prayed for help and guidance from the Giver of all Good. Then he took out his repeater and waited till the minute-hand reached the half hour. It was three o'clock that had struck when Letty closed the door. Then he took his sister's hand and woke her.

"What, John, are you here still? How good of you! I thought I was alone. I feel better now. It was that dreadful medicine that hurt me."

"Fanny," said the doctor, with all a woman's tenderness, "when you made your will in the summer, you told me you left all your money to Jack on his marriage with Letty. Now, I want you to do me a kindness."

"I left it all to dear Jack; I told him so. What kindness can I show you, brother, a poor dying old woman like myself?"

"Alter the will this evening, and leave me the money during my lifetime. It will be a check on Jack, if he grows extravagant or wild."

"Oh, he won't, dear boy. Yet, as you will, John. You have always some kind and good object in what you do."

"I will bring a lawyer and witness in half an

hour. It might ruin even a well-intentioned lad, and make him idle. Later in life it will perhaps come better."

In the room below the doctor found Letty, anxious and apprehensive of some evil, but she scarcely knew what.

"Oa, uncle, uncle," in tears, "auntie is not in danger, is she? Oh, do say she is not in danger."

"By God's help, Letty, she will be out of danger in a few hours. It is well I came. Letty, you love me, and you love my son Jack?"

"I do! I do! you know how I do, dearly, uncle."

"If you love us both, you will then do as I tell you, and not devote a single iota, for much depends on what I am now going to say. But first let your man George ride quick into town and get this prescription made up."

What the doctor's instructions were, must not at present be revealed.

V.

There hours later the doctor was in his surgery, examining a drawer of dangerous drugs that was generally kept locked. He had just closed it, and was musing with one elbow on his desk and his head on his hand, when there came a step behind him. He looked round; it was John.

"John," he said, and he said no more. But there was an infinite depth of reproachful sadness in that one word.

"Dear father," said his adopted son, "I deeply regret the events of last night. I was tempted to stay at a farmer's harvest-home, and I talked nonsense (did I not?) about debt and wanting money. It was all wandering. Forget it all—it meant nothing. It was foolish, wrong of me. I'm sorry for it."

"Let it be the last time, Jack," said the doctor; "it is harder to come up hill one step, than to go down twenty. Do not break my heart by becoming a bad man. By-the-by, have you sent Aunt Fanny the medicine, and how is she?"

"Oh, pulling through all right. She's as tough as nails."

"What prescription are you using?"

"This," and John Harkness help up a bottle of simple tonic drops. "The old lady wants strength. Oh, she'll do, if she can only get stronger."

The doctor sighed, and said, "The tonic is right." At that moment the surgery door opened, and an old farmer presented himself.

"Why, Farmer Whitehead, how are you?"

"Ailing, doctor, thank ye, with the finzy. Uncommon bad, to be sure; and so is my missus."

"Ah, I thought Jack here had been attending you for months; you are down in our books. How is this, Jack?"

The young man's colour rose. "It is a mistake of mine. I'm a regular duffer for memory; it was Robinson at Woodcot I meant. I'll put it all right."

"Just see to Farmer Whitehead then, now. Give him a diaphoretic and ipecacuanha to keep the pores open. I'll go and dress for dinner."

"Steeped in lies," the doctor muttered, as he shut the surgery door behind him. "I fed this serpent, and now he stings me; but still no one shall know his shame, for I may still, by God's help, save him from crime, and leave him time and opportunities for repentance. Heaven have mercy upon him! Yes, still—still I may save the boy I once loved so much."

Dinner was over. The doctor had been cheerful, as usual, and had made no further reference to the unhappy events of the night before. John Harkness had grown boisterous and social as ever, seeing the doctor satisfied with so brief an apology.

"Jack," said the doctor, warming to the conversation, "go and get a bottle of that thirty-two-port; I feel to-day as if I wanted a specially good bottle."

John Harkness went, and returned in a few minutes with the bottle, carrying it carefully, with the chalk mark uppermost.

"That's right, Jack. Don't do like the country butler, who, when his master said, 'John, have you shaken that wine?' replied, 'No, zur; but

I will, and then shook it up like a draught. Ha, ha! I'll decant it; I like doing it."

The doctor rose to decant the wine, standing at the buffet to do it facing a mirror, and with his back to the table, where the young man had again sullenly seated himself. In the round shining surface of the mirror the room was repeated in sharp clear miniature. The bottle was still gurgling out its crimson stores into the broad silver wine-strainer, when the doctor, casting his eyes upon the mirror, observed John draw swiftly from his breast-pocket a little flat black phial and pour a dozen drops of some thick fluid into the half-full glass which stood beside his uncle's plate.

He took no notice of what he had seen, nor did he look round, but merely said:

"John, I'm sorry to trouble you, but we shall want some brown sherry; there is hardly enough for to-day. Get it before we sit down to the real business of the evening."

The moment John Harkness left the room, the doctor, with the quickness of youth, sipped the wine, recognised the taste of laudanum, threw open the door leading into the surgery, dashed the wine down a sink, then shut the door, and refilled the glass to exactly the same height.

"Here is the sherry, governor. Come, take your wine."

The doctor tossed it off.

"I feel sleepy," he said—"strangely sleepy."

"Oh it is the weather. Go into that green chair and have a ten minutes' nap."

The doctor did so. In a moment or two he fell back, assuming with consummate skill all the external symptoms of deep sleep. A deep apoplectic snoring breathing convinced the doctor's adopted that the laudanum had taken effect.

A moment that hardened man stood watching the sleeper's face; then, falling on his knees, he slipped from the old doctor's finger his massive seal-key.

The instant he turned to run to a cabinet where the doctor's case-book was kept, the old man's stern eyes opened upon him with the swiftest curiosity; but the old man did not move a limb nor a muscle, remaining fixed like a figure of stone.

"He's safe," said the coarse, unfeeling voice; "and now for the case-book, to fix it against him if anything goes wrong."

As he said this, the lost man opened the case-book and made an entry. He then locked the book, replaced it in the cabinet, and slipped the key-ring once more on the doctor's finger. Then he rose and rang the bell softly. The old servant came to the door.

"The governor's taken rather too much wine," he said, blowing out the candles; "awake him about twelve, and tell him I'm gone to bed. You say I'm out, if you dare; and mind and have the trap ready to-morrow at half-past nine. I'm to be at Mrs. Thatcher's."

When the door closed upon the hopeless profligate, the doctor rose and wrung his hands. "Lost, lost!" he said; "but I will still hide his shame. He shall have time still to repent. I cannot—cannot forget how I once loved him."

Sternly the doctor set himself to that task of self-devotion—stern as a soldier chosen for a forlorn hope. "To-morrow," he said, "I will confront him, and try if I can touch that hard heart."

When the servant came at twelve, the doctor pretended to awake. "Joe," he said, "get my chaise ready to-morrow at a quarter to ten; mind, to the moment. Where's Mr. John?"

"Gone to bed, sir. Good night."

"He makes them all liars like himself," said the old man, as he slammed his bedroom door.

VI.

"How is your missus?" said the young doctor, as, driving fast through Crossford the next morning, he suddenly espied Mrs. Thatcher's servant standing at the post-office window.

The old coachman shook his head.

"Very bad, sir; sinking fast."

John Harkness made no reply, but lashed his horse and drove fiercely off in the direction of the sick woman's house.

"It all goes well," he said, half aloud. "I had half a mind to stop the thing yesterday when I saw her; but these fellows press so with their bills, and the governor's so cursed stogy. I really must press it on. It's no crime. What is it? Only sending an old woman two or three days sooner to the heaven she is always whining for. Yet she was fond of me, and it's rather a shame; but what can a fellow do that's so badgered?"

So reasoned this fallen man, steeped in the sophistries which sin uses as narcotics to stupefy its victims.

Arrived at the door, he threw down the reins, tossed back the apron, and leaped out. He was excited and desperate with the brandy he had already found time to take. All at once, as he passed his fingers in a vain way through his whiskers and shook his white great-coat into its natural folds, he glanced upward at the windows. To his surprise, but by no means violent regret, he saw that the blinds were all down.

"By the Lord Harry!" he muttered, "if the old cat hasn't already kicked the bucket! Vogue la galère, that'll do. Now then for regret, lamentation, and a white cambric handkerchief."

He pulled at the bell softly. In a moment or two the door was opened by a servant, whose eyes were red with crying. At the same instant Miss Paget stepped from a room opening into the hall. She had a handkerchief to her face.

"Oh, John, John," she sobbed; "my dear, dear aunt."

"Then she's really gone," said Harkness, with well-feigned regret. "Here, Letty, come into the back parlour and tell me about it. Why, I didn't think the old lady was going so soon."

"Not there, John, not there," said Letty, as she stood before the door.

"I'll go up and see her at once."

"No, no, John, you must not. Not yet."

"Why, what's all this fuss about, Letty?" said Harkness, angrily. "One would think no one had ever died before. Of course it's a bad job, and we're all very sorry; but what must be, must be. It is as bad as crying over spilt milk."

"Oh, John, you never spoke like this before. You never looked like this before. John, you do not really love me." And she burst into a passionate and almost hysterical weeping.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Letty; you know I do. We can marry now, now she's left me her money. I've got rather into a mess lately about tin. It's that old woman who lies up-stairs, and my stinky hard old governor, who kept us so long from marrying and being happy. We will marry in a month or two now, let who will say nay. By George! if there isn't the bureau where she used to keep her papers. The will must be there. There is no harm in having a look at it. Where are the keys, Letty? Go and get them from her room. She's no use, I suppose, for them now? She kept them tight enough while she was alive. Come, hurry off, Letty; this is a turning-point with me."

Letty threw herself before the old bureau, the tears rolling from her eyes. "Oh, John, John," she said, "do not be so cruel and hard hearted. What evil spirit of greed possesses you? You were not so once. I cannot get the keys. Wait. Have you no love for the dead?"

"Stuff and nonsense. I want no whining sentiments. I thought you were a girl of more pluck and sense. Get away from that bureau. I'll soon prise it open. It's all mine now. Mind, I'm queer this morning. Things haven't gone smooth with me lately at all. Get away."

He pushed the weeping girl from the desk, and thrusting in the blade of a large knife, wrenched open the front of the bureau. A will fell out. As he stooped to snatch it up the door opened, and the old doctor stood before him. There were tears in his eyes as he motioned Letty from the room. She gave one long look back, and the door was locked behind her. There was a terrible stern gravity in the old man's pale face, and his mouth was clenched as if fixed with the pang of some mortal agony.

John Harkness stepped back and clutched hold of the shattered bureau, or he would have fallen.

"John," said the old man, "you have deceived me. I loved you, loved you Heaven only knows how tenderly. There was a time when I would have bled to death to save you an hour's pain. There was a time when I thought more of your smallest disappointment than I should have done for the loss of one of my own limbs. I fostered you; I took you from a bad father, and brought you up as my own son. I have been foolishly indulgent, and now, like Absalom, you have taught me bitterly my folly. You have forged—you have lied. Yes, don't dare to speak, sir. You have lied. Blacker and blacker your heart became as you gave yourself to self-indulgence and sin. Further and further you erred from the narrow path; faster and faster you drove down hill, till at last, forsaken by the good angels, and urged forward by the devil, the great temptation came, and you fell into crime. Not a word, sir; you see I know all. Old as I am, 'twas love for you made me subtle. I found out, your forgeries. I discovered your false entries of patients' names. I traced you out in all your follies and vices, and finally I saw you, when you thought me asleep, take the key-ring from my finger, and make those entries in a forged hand in my case-book, that might, but for God's infinite mercy, have led to my being now in prison as a murderer. You may start; but even a horrible cold-blooded crime did not appal you. It is fear, and not repentance, that even now makes you turn pale. The sin of Cain is upon you. Even now, eager faces are looking up from the lowest abysses of hell, waiting for your coming; while, from the nearest heaven, the pale sad face of one who loved you as a mother, regards you with sorrow and with pity."

"Father, father!" cried the unhappy and conscience-stricken wretch, and held out his hands like one waiting for the death-blow from the executioner. "Have mercy. Spare me. I did not kill her. She would have died, anyhow. I am young; give me time to repent."

"John, I will not deceive you as you have deceived me. My sister still lives. I discovered your intended crime, and gave her antidotes. She may yet recover, if it seems good to the all merciful Father; still you had murdered her but for me. Tell me not of repentance. Time will show that. I shall never hear in this world whether or not your repentance is true or false. Here is one hundred pounds. That will start you in another hemisphere for good or for evil. I wish, for the honour of our family, to conceal your shame, and the last spark of love that is left, urges me to conceal your intended crime. Letty you will see no more. I, too, am dead to you for ever. It is now one hour to the next train. Spend that time in preparing for your journey. At the nearest seaport write to me, and I will forward all that belongs to you. Your debts shall be paid. I shall tell people that a sudden spirit of adventure made you leave me and start for Australia."

"But Letty—one word," groaned the discovered criminal. "I love her—one word. I forgot her for a time in my cruel selfishness; but I love her now—mercy—one—"

"Not one word. She is ignorant of your crime, but she knows that you are unworthy of her love. Mind, one struggle, one word of opposition, and I throw you into prison as a forger, and a man who had planned a murder. Go; when that door closes on you, it is as if the earth of the grave had closed over my eyes. We shall meet no more. Go. Speak to no one; and remember, that the will you hold in your hand leaves not a single farthing to yourself. Go. We part for ever. If you write, I burn the letters unopened. Go."

The young man stood for a moment as soldiers are sometimes said to do when a bullet has pierced their hearts. His face was the face of a corpse, but no tears came. The blood was frozen at its source. Then he stooped forward, kissed the old man on the forehead, and rushed from the house.

In five minutes afterwards the door softly opened, and Letty entered. The doctor took her hand. They knelt.

"Let us pray for him," he said, solemnly. "Letty, his fault you shall never know, but you

must henceforward consider him as dead. Those who love me will never mention his name. Let us pray for him, my child, and may God's spirit soften that hard and rebellious heart, for nothing else will. My hope and joy is gone. There is nothing left me now but to prepare myself humbly for death. Come, Letty, let us pray, for prayer availeth much."

"My dear old friend," said the rector, as one spring morning, many months after, they sat together, "I am glad to see that deep heart-wound of yours yielding somewhat to time's balsam."

He took the white thin hands of his friend as he spoke.

"Pshaw! Buller," said the doctor, looking up sorrowfully; "don't try to comfort me. Death has the only anodyne for that wound; but Letty cheers me, dear girl, and if I live to see her happy and married well, I shall die content."

The doctor had made an idol of that ungrateful son; and the idol had, for a time, blotted out his view of heaven. The idol removed, he saw where his trust should have been; he remembered God in the days of his sorrow, and bowed beneath the rod.

VII.

ONE July afternoon, thirteen years later, a handsome burly black-bearded man, in a fur cap and rough Australian coat, drove up to the door of the King's Arms, seated beside an older man, even burlier and more bearded than himself. He alighted and ordered lunch; as he lunched, he talked to the waiter about Crossford and old times. He had once known Crossford, he said.

"Has Travers not got this house now?" "No, sir, he died three years ago, and his widow became bankrupt."

"Where's Jones, the veterinary surgeon?" "Dead, sir—died in a fit four years ago."

"Is Harris, the fat saddler, to the fore?" "No, sir; died last year of dropsy, and his son's dead too."

The stranger sighed, and drank down a glass of ale at a gulp.

"Waiter, get me some brandy, hot." He hesitated for a moment, then he said, fiercely.

"Is old Mrs. Thatcher still alive?" "What, old Mrs. Thatcher at the Lawn? Oh, she died seven years ago, and left all her money to her brother, the doctor. There was an adopted son who would have had it, but he turned out a scamp."

"Oh, indeed! This is shocking bad brandy. And the old doctor—is he still alive?"

"Oh, Lord, no, sir. Dead six years since. Why, sir, you seem to remember the people well."

The stranger rested his head on his hand, and thought for a moment; then he said:

"And Miss Paget, Mrs. Thatcher's niece, is she living—married, I suppose?"

"Living, yes, sir. Look, sir; why, there is her carriage standing at the back door opposite; wait, and you'll see her come out. She married a Lieutenant Price, of the Bombay army."

At that moment, as the stranger looked out of the window, a lady stepped into the carriage; three pretty children—two boys and a girl—leaped in, laughing, after her. It was Letty, still beautiful even as a matron, her face wearing the old sweet amiable expression. The skittish ponies rebelled, but darted off amicably at a touch of their mistress's whip.

"What, in the dumps, old chum?" said the second stranger, going up to his friend, who still stood with his face fixed to the window.

"Come, more liquor—I'll shout this time; it's our last day in old England."

"Curse old England, and all that are in it!" said the other man, turning round fiercely.

"Come let's catch the 11.20, and get back to Liverpool. If I once get to the old tracks in Australia—once on the back of a buck-jumper and after the kangaroos, I'll never set foot again in the old country. Here's your money, waiter. Come, Murray, let's be off."

Was that man's heart changed then? No. Yet it was changed before his death a year after, but through what purgatories of suffering had it not to traverse before it found peace?

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. La! I use gas = a Spartan king.
2. K cove Bill = a town in England.
3. Rule Dan = a town in the south of England.
4. Dove or Swan = a village in Canada.
5. U kiss cook = a mountain in Australia.
6. Their ma = one of the sons of David.
7. A B nob = the title of an Indian Prince.
8. I a bad girl? = a living celebrity.
9. V on red tap = a village in Canada.
10. O! rude Dean = a Flemish painter.
11. All his sage = a town in Scotland.

The initials form one-half and the finals the other of a familiar proverb. R. T. B.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Names of celebrated authors.

- 1. NEYNNSTO.
2. NOGEWLLIFG.
3. EASTORLTCTW.
4. IHACLSEKDESNC.
5. OWLYBLETRUNT. MAY.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Complete I am a word of five letters and an ornament, twice behead me and I belong to yourself; twice behead and transpose and I am present time; behead and curtail my original form and I am a disturbance; curtail simply and I am a bird; behead and transpose and I am what you have often done to your hat.

IRENE DE FOREST.

CHARADES.

- 1. Eight plainly you will see in me What rich and poor at last will be. Not see me? Then 'tis all your blame Backwards and forwards I'm the same. J. M.

- 2. I am a word of 10 letters. My 2, 8, 9, 6 is a musical instrument. My 1, 6, 7, 3, 4 is what we do every day. My 6, 10, 8, 9 is a delicious fruit. My 10, 3, 9 is part of the body. My 9, 7, 3, 6 is what farmers do. My 2, 8, 9, 10 is an animal. My 2, 3, 5, 6 is part of a lock. My whole is the name of a great man. MAY.

ACROSTIC.

- 1. An English midland county,
2. A city on the Weser.
3. A Canadian canal.
4. An English manufacturing city.
5. A city of Holland.
6. A place famous for coal.
7. A Canadian city.
8. A river of Switzerland.
9. A seaport town famous for its docks.
10. The place where capers grow.
11. A part of Hanover.
12. A place in the "heel of the boot."
13. A city on the Vistula.

The initials give the name of a celebrated living divine. MEASLES.

ANSWERS TO ARITHOREM, &c. No. 37.

Arithmorem.—Landseer. 1 Rhode Island, 2 Elbe, 3 Edinburgh, 4 Sevres, 5 David, 6 Normandy, 7 Andrew, 8 Lilac.

Square Words.—M A T E, A R I A, T I E S, E A S E.

Decapitations.—1. Spin-pin-in. 2. Prelate- relate-elate-late-ate-at.

Charades.—1. Downpatrick. 2. Three Rivers. Enigma.—Thought.

Transposition.—Jack O Lantern. Arithmetical Problem.—Wheat \$2 00. Barley \$1 20. Oats 80cts.

The following answers have been received: Arithmorem.—Irene de Forest, Nellie, H. H. V., Polly, Argus, Camp.

Square Words.—Polly, Argus, Nellie, Cloud, Geo. B., Camp.

Decapitations.—Nellie, H. H. V., Irene de Forest, Polly, Argus, Geo. B.

Charades.—Polly, Irene de Forest, Argus, Nellie, H. H. V., Camp, Cloud.

Enigma.—Argus, Geo. B. Transposition.—Polly, Argus, Camp, Geo. B.

Arithmetical Problem.—Irene de Forest, Watson C. O., Camp, Argus.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. May, Flora, Minnie H.

CHESS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

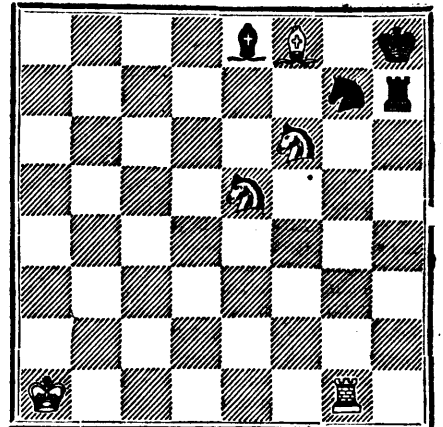
In the confusion consequent upon the removal of the READER office, several of our correspondents' communications were mislaid; this must be our apology for not sooner acknowledging solutions of problem No. 23 from H. F., Toronto; J. G. C., Annprior; and W. L. Brighton.

PROBLEM No. 24.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St., J. McL.; H. K. C., Quebec; I. R. M. B., Hamilton; R. B., Toronto; X. L., Kingston; and Ontario, Cobourg.

PROBLEM No. 27.

By HERR ANDERSEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 25.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 3rd. P takes Kt of (a.)
2. B to Q Kt 5th. Anything.
3. B or R Mates.
(a) 1. P to Q B 6th.
2. B to Q Kt 5th. Anything.
3. B or R Mates.

ENIGMA No. 6.



White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 4.

- BLACK. WHITE.
1. B to Q E 5th. It is evident that White would lose both the Q and game, by capturing the Bishop.
2. B to Q 2nd. Draws easily.

Lively game recently played between Messrs Zachary and Harrison, two of the best players in Stourport (England.)

KING'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. F. Zachary.) BLACK. (Capt. Harrison.)

- 1 P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2 P to K B 4th. P takes P.
3 Kt to K B 3rd. P to K Kt 4th.
4 B to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
5 B takes P. Kt to K B 3rd.
6 B takes K B P (ch) (a). K takes B.
7 Kt takes K Kt P (ch). K to Kt 3rd.
8 P to Q 3rd (b). K takes Kt.
9 P to K Kt 3rd. B to Q B 4th.
10 B takes P (ch) (c). K to Kt 3rd.
11 Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt to K Kt 5th.
12 Q to Q 2nd (d). B to K B 7th (ch.)
13 K to K 2nd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
14 Q R to K B sq. B to Q Kt 3rd.
15 Kt to Q 5th. K Kt to K 4th.
16 B takes Kt. B to Kt 3rd.
17 K to his sq. Kt takes B.
18 R to K B 6th (ch) (f). Q takes R.
19 Kt takes Q. Kt to K B 6th (ch.)
20 K to Q sq. Kt takes Q, and wins.

- (a) This sacrifice leads to an entertaining game, but is not, we think to be commended.
(b) P to Q 4th looks more to the purpose.
(c) P takes P (ch), seems to leave Black with a more exposed position than the move in the text.
(d) Rather Q to K 2nd.
(e) Well played.
(f) Not foreseeing Black's 19th move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. LEM.—Received—will appear in our next issue.

R. T. B.—Much obliged.

MUSIC ON THE BRAIN.—We refer you to our second page for the best proof we can give that our promise was not forgotten. In future we hope each week to devote some space to musical matters.

F. B. D.—We believe you were one of our earliest correspondents, and are glad to have heard from you again. Perhaps the most satisfactory reply we can give to your request is this, "we will publish your contribution in an early issue."

MAY.—We hope you will be able to favour us with further contributions of a similar character.

WATSON, C. O.—It will always afford us much pleasure to answer, to the best of our ability, any questions you may address to us. Do not hesitate to write when you think we can be of service to you. We reply to your first query, that the present Emperor of the French was born April 20th, 1808, consequently he is now in his 59th year; to the second, that there are two or three paper collar manufactories in Montreal. As to the problem, we admit that it was an easy one, but we purposely furnish an occasional question suited to the capacity of our young readers.

JAMES PORTER.—Will reply to your several communications at an early date. Please excuse the apparent lack of attention.

AN OLD MAN.—We invariably receive with respect any suggestions that are submitted to us; but you must be aware that we cannot adopt many, for which we may, nevertheless, be greatly obliged. The *Reader* is not published for any particular class; but we endeavour so to arrange its contents, that there shall be something to please all classes.

E. H.—Some of the lines are very good, but others are too faulty to admit of publication, unless improved. We placed your request a second time before the proper authorities, but regret that it was again refused in a prepotent manner. The *fact* are inexorable, not the Editor.

J. T. S.—In our next issue.

ISABEL.—We do not think you have been very successful this time, but please try again.

M. E. J. M.—The articles are very respectfully declined.

GEORGE.—The present population of London is estimated at 3,067,000; Edinburgh, 175,000; Dublin, 319,000; Liverpool, 482,000.

FLORA.—The popular notion that a marriage between second cousins would be illegal, is quite incorrect. There is no law either here or in England against the marriage of first or second cousins, or in fact of cousins of any degree.

HARRY.—We believe the total sum subscribed for the relief of the Lancashire operatives during the cotton famine, from all parts of the world, was £1,773,647 sterling. More than a fourth of this sum was subscribed by Manchester men and their connections. Happily the supply of cotton is again ample, and the number of the unemployed is daily becoming less.

LOCO.—We are unable to suggest any satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

W. W.—With pleasure.

MISCELLANEA.

In a special jury compensation case tried at the Guildhall recently, the land in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Churchyard was estimated at £1,000,000 per acre.

THERE are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel; two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel; and over fourteen thousand seeds in an ounce of tobacco.

In South Australia grapes may now be purchased wholesale readily at from 1d. to 1½d. per

pound, and, at this price, it would pay families to purchase the fruit, and make their own wine.

SOUND travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second in the air, 4,960 in the water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all who are in the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

LADY JOHNSON has handed over to trustees the sum of £10,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to the assistance of respectable unmarried females, being Protestants, over the age of fifty years, and who shall have resided for at least five years in the town of Belfast.

The *Journal du Havre* states that during the late violent hurricane, 200 enormous blocks of stone, placed in front of the breakwater at Cherbourg to protect it from the action of the sea, were lifted by the waves and thrown over the wall into the harbour. Forty cannon planted on the pier were thrown into the sea. Such a storm had never before been experienced in that place.

MOVING BEACH.—A curious geological fact is noticed in the Isle of Wight, consisting of a layer of pebbles, each about the size and colour of a horse-bean, which has been gradually moving eastward along the south-western shore of the island. The layer has now reached Ventnor. A few years ago no such pebbles were to be found on that coast. They probably originated on the coast of Dorset. They are, like all gravel, broken and water-worn flints. The layer has probably been formed under the sea, and driven by some unusual disturbance from the Dorset shores, past the Hampshire coast, on to the Isle of Wight beach.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DR. BARBIER affirms that ground coffee possesses properties as a disinfectant, and that in *post mortem* examinations of bodies under very disagreeable circumstances he found that a handful of coffee strewn over the body and about the room quite overcame any bad odour.

RECENT experiments, conducted by the French Government, show that the water-tanks on board ship should be iron, coated inside with tin, and not of galvanized iron, as at present. It was discovered that the water, under certain various conditions, dissolved the zinc off the iron, and rendered it injurious to health.

DECOMPOSITION OF NAPHTHALIN.—Naphthalin carried through a red hot-tube yields marsh gas, and a very fine soot, which Kletinsky thinks might be used for Indian ink. When fused, naphthalin swells up and dissolves caoutchouc with great facility.

NEW METHOD OF PICTURE MAKING.—It is reported that an important discovery has just been made by Mr. Carey Lea, who has found that a plate prepared with chemically pure iodide of silver will give a picture of any object simply pressed upon it in the dark. The picture is developed by the ordinary agents in the usual way. This is extraordinary if true, and will lead to most important conclusions.

USEFUL INSECTS.—The Philadelphia *Entomologist* says:—"We blame the house flies for annoying us, and fail to see that in the larva state they have cleared away impurities around our dwellings, which might otherwise have bred cholera and typhus fever. We excrete the bloodthirsty mosquito, and forget that in the larva state she has purified the water, which would otherwise, by its malarial effluvia, have generated agues and fevers. In all probability, when we rail at the tabanus that torments our horses in the Summer, we are railing at insects which, in the larva state, have added millions to the national wealth, by preying upon those most insidious and unmanageable of all the insect foes of the farmer—subterraneous, root-feeding larvæ."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

JAW BREAKER.—Welsh—Llanfawpwlwgwngll. French—Larochejaquelein. Welsh has it.

LOST.—The buttons from a coat of paint.

WHY is a distanced horse like a man in a shady place?—Because he is out of the heat.

A MISS GILMORE was courted by a gentleman whose name was Haddock, who told her that he only wanted one *gill more* to make him a perfect fish.

THE *Quarterly Review* states that the quantity of wax now required for one year's consumption, in sealing patents for inventions alone, is upwards of a ton and two hundred-weight.

JOSH BILLINGS says—"There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins."

A LETTER from Naples says:—"Standing on Castle Elmo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow the writer must have!

A GERMAN writer says a young girl is a fishing-rod: the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the butter in which he is fried.

QUITE RESIGNED.—"My dear Julia," says one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"—"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch!"

SHAKERS.—A Yankee who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the Shakers gave it to him."

CRABBED COMPANION.—A crusty old bachelor says, some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets, just as people usually sprinkle the floor before sweeping it, in order to bring down the dust.

RATHER COOL.—"There has been a slight mistake committed here," observed the house-surgeon; "of no great moment, though—it was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins which was cut off. We can easily cure the other—comes to the same thing."

A BULL.—An Ohio paper publishes the following item:—"A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train, and killed, on Wednesday morning, half-a-mile north of Greenwich Station, near Cleveland. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—A young gentleman, named Harry Turn, recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "one good turn deserves another," and he had acted accordingly.

A CUNJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

WHICH is of the greater value, I pry'thee say, The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?

Alas! it must. The bride is given away; The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

A COQUETTISH-LOOKING vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the car of a water-nymph—a theatrical one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she fills it as completely as an oyster does its shell. There are no hangers-on, neither tiger behind nor lion at the side.

"I THINK," said a fellow, the other day, "I should make a good Member of Parliament, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

As several neighbours of a rather dishonest man who kept a turner's shop were discussing his wonderful skill in his art, one of them remarked that, skilful as he was, there was one thing which he couldn't "turn."—"What is that?" was the generally inquiry. "An honest penny," was the satisfactory reply.