

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCES &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 39.

THE LAST LETTER.

BY NIKEL LYNE.

Who knows when the last letter comes,
How tender and touching a sorrow
May hang o'er the commonplace words
The postman shall bring with the morrow.

A little white fluttering fold,
It tells out its touching story;
Nor whispers, 'neath ripples of speech,
Its place in the door-way of glory.

We read it, musing with a smile,
Then toss it by its undeciphered
That, rescued, we'll see it again
With glances through bitter rain streaming.

Its chance words of tenderness then,
Like gold from the mine shall be sifted;
The speech of our ev'ry day life
Into grandeur and greatness be lifted.

All harshness shall fold itself down,
As the calyx shrinks under the flower,
All bloomishes vanish and fade,
In the loving regrets of that hour.

The last little blossom dropped out
From the hand on the budding of the river,
Shall tell from its petals adrift,
Sweet stories of love from the giver.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

THE DEAD WITNESS; OR, LILLIAN'S PERIL.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SOMNAMBULIST VISITS THE EAST VAULT.

Clad in a long white night-robe that swept the floor around her, her eyes starting in vacancy, with a strange, unnatural lustre and fixedness in their gaze, was Mrs. Stukely. Along the corridor she advanced, a lantern in one hand, a bunch of keys in the other.

The first thrill of alarm over, Margaret at once divined the truth, that the housekeeper was in an somnambule state. She had never heard before that the woman was subject to such a peculiarity, but then it might only have developed itself of late. Where was she bent? What was the object of her nocturnal mission—for mission she evidently had? Well, what did it matter to Margaret? Never was character more devoid than hers was of idle curiosity, and she saw the woman pass her door with slow-measured step and wide-opened eyes, without even a thought of turning spy on her unconscious actions.

Suddenly and distinctly, as if a voice had whispered it in her ear, came the inspiration: Follow her! You may discover thus some clue to Lillian's fate.

With that hope in view, what would she not have braved? Lightly, noiselessly as a shadow she passed into the passage and followed in the wake of the strange, silent figure before her.

Her first feeling of vague wonder gave place to a sentiment of deeper interest as the sleeper turned in the direction of the east wing and unlocked the door that led into it with one of the keys she carried. Like lightning flashed then across Margaret's recollection her sister's avowed determination of exploring this mysterious part of Tremaine Court. Mrs. Stukely was, perhaps, about visiting the hidden treasures, the secret stores, of whose existence Lillian had seemed so certain; yet, what would that knowledge avail Margaret, unless it afforded some clue to the whereabouts of her sister?

An eerie journey to the girl was that nocturnal exploration of the long uninhabited, long closed-up east wing. From the time of her mother's death, dust and mildew had settled down on it unchecked, and since then no footsteps, to Margaret's knowledge, had trod its deserted floors. Now, in the lonely midnight, she was following, she knew not whither, a woman who, terrible as she was in her present unnatural, strange sleep, would prove doubly formidable in her waking moments.

At that moment an opening in the flooring, where some boards had fallen through, caught Margaret's eye, and she involuntarily sprang forward to pull back her companion from the gulf, but ere she had time to reach her, Mrs. Stukely had passed the dangerous spot in safety, her unconscious steps actually skirting the yawning abyss.

Great as was the danger the somnambulist had just escaped, Margaret felt that she herself had been protected from one equally imminent. Had that cruel, unscrupulous woman been suddenly restored to consciousness and found her secret movements followed and observed, would she have hesitated at taking her sudden revenge, perhaps hurling her undesired companion into the very opening her own steps had just so narrowly escaped?

Margaret felt that she must be more careful, and she kept farther in shadow, and trod with far greater precaution than before. Down, down they went. Yes, they must be about visiting the vault of which Lillian had spoken, built to receive gold which had never been placed in it, unless, indeed, old Davy's tale regarding the brass-bound chest were true. The dust, the damp, the close, choking air fell with stifling effect on Margaret's delicate lungs, and a cough, which her utmost efforts could not suppress, woke the echoing whispers of the wide, low cellars. What a moment of breathless terror that was to the girl, but the rigid figure in white still moved on, the sound had not disturbed or aroused it.



ALONG THE CORRIDOR SHE ADVANCED, A LANTERN IN ONE HAND, A BUNCH OF KEYS IN THE OTHER.

The key was now applied to the lock, the ponderous door swung back, and Mrs. Stukely, pausing on the threshold, held up the lantern as if to examine the interior by its dim rays. Softly Margaret crept up behind her and darted a searching gaze within. Her glance fell first on the dark chest, then on a slight figure lying on a pallet, and from the long golden hair, sweeping like a precious mantle the floor and bed, and the half glimpse of the pale, perfect profile, she knew that Lillian, whether in death or life, was before her.

Well it was for Margaret Tremaine that she had been brought up in a school which necessitated rigid self-control. Well was it for her that she had acquired the valuable gift of checking or restraining impulses, and governing them by prudence; or, in that supreme moment she might, by thoughtless act or cry, have aroused that terrible sleeper, and sealed her own and her sister's fate.

She felt that alone, unaided, she could do nothing towards rescuing that beloved sufferer. She must return for help, and resist the passionate, almost irresistible feeling that prompted her to spring forward and clasp the motionless form to her heart.

"Dead at last!" ejaculated the housekeeper, in a hollow tone. "Well, she must lie there. This is my last visit to the east vault, and ere three days I must be miles away from it and Tremaine Court."

Margaret shrank back into the shadow of one of the massive stone pillars that supported the roof of the cellar, as the woman, after locking the door, slowly proceeded to retrace her steps. Quivering with agitation, faint, trembling, Margaret followed, revolving all the while the best means of bringing her sister safe and speedy aid. Once they had left the east wing the girl paused, allowing Mrs. Stukely to ascend to the upper rooms alone, and hastened to the kitchen. There, snatching up the cloak, which by this time was nearly dry, she threw it over her shoulders, and unbolting the door, stole noiselessly forth. She made her way without difficulty to the stables, intending to send the man off at once on horse-back to Atherton Park with an urgent and significant message demanding Colonel Atherton's immediate presence at Tremaine Court.

Arrived at the stable door she entered, and called again and again in a clear, audible tone, though without evoking any answer. Perhaps disgusted with the limited nature of Mrs. Stukely's hospitality; or, desirous of procuring

effective assistance for repairing the carriage, he had walked back on foot to the Park. Now she wished that she were able, like some girls, to take one of the horses quietly from the stable, mount it, and ride off at full speed to Atherton Park. There was no alternative for her but to walk, and as she thought of the long distance to be traversed, the sharp pain that attacked hips and back at the least physical fatigue, her heart sank within her.

The effort though would be gallantly made even if she sank under it. She dared not re-enter the house to procure hat or veil, so drawing her cloak closer around her she set forth on her way, thanking God fervently for the faint moonlight that enabled her to avoid the treacherous holes and miry puddles that so thickly beset her path. Ah, not far had she walked when her breath began to come quick and short, her speed to slacken, and the dew of fatigue and physical pain to bend her forehead. Still, she resolutely kept on her way, but her strength was rapidly falling, and from her heart went up an agonized cry that the God in whose fatherly love she so fully trusted would come to her help.

A moment after, as if in direct answer to her petition, a cart came rumbling up the road, that of a farmer from the neighborhood, anxious to be first in Bromley market with his vegetable stores.

"For the love of God give me place beside you?" pleaded Miss Tremaine. "My message is one of life and death!"

The man looked down on that slight female figure, standing there alone and bare-headed in the chill night air, on that deserted road, and he answered with a shrug of his shoulders: "Well, lass, if wife or daughter were with me, maybe they wouldn't let me say yes; but as I'm alone, I'll do neither of us harm to give you a lift, for you seem sorely in trouble."

Scarcely heeding the humiliating suspicion so plainly expressed in the words just pronounced, Margaret, with the farmer's help, got into the vehicle, and then, turning her pale, agitated face towards him, urged: "Drive as quickly as you can to Atherton Park, and you will be well repaid."

Something in her voice and manner convinced the man that his companion was a gentlewoman; besides the very name of Atherton was in itself a passport to respect; so nodding his head in token of compliance, he whipped up his horse, casting to the winds his ambitious design of being first at market that morning.

No soul was stirring about the establishment when Margaret reached her destination and alighted at the front entrance, after placing in her companion's hand a reward whose generous amount filled him with mingled surprise and astonishment. A hurried and reiterated summons at length brought the sleepy porter to the door, but the aggrieved scowl on his face changed to a look of bewilderment when his glance rested on Margaret.

"Miss Tremaine!" he gasped.

"Yes, our carriage met with an accident; but please run up and tell Colonel Atherton I wish to see him as speedily as possible. Quick, John, my message is one of overwhelming importance."

Whilst the porter, with as much speed as the dearest companion with his dignity and physical size, fulfilled his mission, Margaret hastened to her room to procure a hat and veil, and a moment after she had re-descended to the hall Colonel Atherton made his appearance. With an eager, anxious look on his dark face, he seized her two hands, and drawing her into the embrasure of a window, breathlessly said: "Margaret, you have important news! I seek it in your face!"

"Yes, I have found her."

"My God! Where?"

"In the vault under the uninhabited wing of Tremaine Court; but hurry, for I do not know whether my darling Lillian be living or dead."

CHAPTER XX.

FOILED AT EVERY POINT.

Without losing valuable time in exclamations, or summoning servants, he hurried to the stables, harnessed the swiftest horse they contained to the light dog-cart he often used, and then saying, "Quick, Margaret!" caught her up lightly and placed her on the seat. Springing in, he gathered the reins, and they set off at a pace that, under other circumstances, would have called forth frightened remonstrances from his companion. Now, however, she seemed insensible to fear, and as they tore along the uneven road she rapidly recounted her terrible adventure of the previous night.

Colonel Atherton's passionate indignation was almost beyond control, whilst the harrowing fear paralyzing him led he should arrive too late to save that young life that already he secretly yearned to entwine for ever with his own, was almost maddening in its intensity.

After Margaret had finished her tale, silence fell on them both, and the clatter of the horse's hoofs and roll of wheels alone broke the stillness. Soon the time-stained facade and pointed eaves of Tremaine Court came in view, sharply outlined against the brightening sky of early morning, and Atherton urged on his horse to fresh exertions, till bathed in foam and quivering in every limb, he reined it up before the building, the neglected, forlorn condition of which looked more hopelessly repellent than ever.

"Come in by the kitchen," whispered Margaret as she lifted her hat. "We may otherwise have to wait a considerable time before our summons meet with an answer."

All was still and silent within. The ashes of the preceding night's fire still smouldered on the kitchen hearth.

"Bring me straight, Margaret, to that woman's room," said the Colonel in low, quick tones.

Silently the girl led the way, up staircase and through room and corridor, till they stopped before the apartment occupied by the housekeeper, at the door of which Atherton knocked loudly and impatiently. Its owner, who had risen at her usual early hour, totally unconscious of her nocturnal wanderings, threw back the door, and, ready dressed, confronted her visitors with an angry, enquiring look.

The habits of keen observation and quick decision acquired by Colonel Atherton during his protracted service abroad, reverted to him in one quick glance, which he darted into the interior of the apartment, a bundle of keys answering to the description given by Margaret of those with which the housekeeper had unlocked the doors of the east wing the night previous. Feeling it was not a time to listen to scruples or delicacy, he abruptly pushed past Mrs. Stukely and snatched them up from the table where they lay.

"Now, woman," he said, seizing her arm with an iron grasp, "lead us at once to the vault where Lillian Tremaine is confined, or you will be given over immediately to the hands of justice. I hold the keys, and the way is already known, for you were followed during your somnambule rambles last night."

The puzzle that had worried Mrs. Stukely since her awakening that morning as to how the keys of the east wing, which she always put away with such care, came to be lying on the table beside her bed, was solved at last, and in a manner calculated to justify the wildest and most alarming fancies that had beset her.

A glance at that stern dark face that confronted her whispered resistance would prove of little avail, besides a sudden inspiration, vaguely promising hope and escape, had presented itself to her keen, scheming brain, and she imperiously retorted: "Remove your rough soldier's grasp off me and I will do what you ask, not so much to serve your purposes as to answer my own."

Taking a lantern from a closet in the room, she swept past them, and, without further word or remonstrance, entered on the way she had threaded the night previous, when followed by the trembling Margaret. Supporting the latter with the tender care of a brother, Colonel Atherton followed behind, and the dangerous gleam in his eyes told it would be an ill-judged thing on Mrs. Stukely's part to seek in any manner to deceive him. However, she had no such intention, and without pause or hesitation, she led them straight to the vault, now the centre of so many aching fears and trembling hopes.

Margaret entered first, and with a courage rare in one of her frail health and organization, advanced at once to the slight figure that lay prostrate and motionless on its low pallet.

"Lillian, my darling," she whispered, bending down and kissing the pale, cold lips that moaned forth no response to her anguished appeal.

"O, Colonel Atherton," and she turned to him with a look of piteous supplication; "she does not seem to hear or see me. Do you try? I seem here all at once of hope or courage."

As tender to his strength as Margaret was in her weakness, he gently raised that motionless head with its long veil of silken hair, but suddenly he laid it down again, and, with a brief, passionate exclamation, sprang towards the door of the vault. Never had his military keenness and promptitude, already alluded to, stood Neville Atherton in such good stead before, for Mrs. Stukely, acting on the evil suggestion that had presented itself in the first moments of her interview with her present companions, had darted out of the vault and was in the act of closing and locking it when detected by the Colonel.

Had she but succeeded in her object, the remaining history of the lives of those within would have been equally brief and mournful, for already in thought she had resolved on immediate flight, leaving her victims to their fate, which would have been death from starvation, for days, weeks, would probably have elapsed before they would have been discovered in that strange hiding place, if, indeed, they should ever have been traced there.

It needed all Colonel Atherton's strength to force back that nearly-closed door, but he at length succeeded, and clatching the woman by the throat, he pulled the keys from her grasp, and hurried her from him with a force that sent her reeling heavily against the stone wall of the cellar, feeling, as he did so, that there were circumstances in which murder might almost seem meritorious.

Putting the keys securely in his breast, and drawing forth at the same time a small flask, he fruitlessly endeavoured to introduce a few drops of the strong stimulant it contained between Lillian's tightly-closed teeth. Seeing his efforts proved unsuccessful, he caught up her unconscious form in his arms, saying: "Margaret, take the lantern and lead the way up stairs. We will have more chance of restoring her to life there than in this stifling vault."

Silently, as if it had been a funeral procession, they moved on, and as Margaret entered the sitting-room adjoining the kitchen, where a couch offered itself on which to place that helpless burden, Mrs. Stukely noiselessly turned off in the direction of the upper rooms.

Her thoughts in a maddening whirl, beset with a strange fear of that stern, dark-browed soldier such as she had rarely felt before, she stood for a moment with clasped hands and a look of utter despair on her hard, grim features.

"Was it worth while," she asked herself, "to try flight? It might be. Her disguise was ready, and she could hasten from Tremaine Court across the fields, taking a short, concealed cut through the woods, and succeed, perhaps, in reaching and leaving the station unobserved. Her plan had been already deliberately formed, decided on, it only remained for her to carry it out."

Her mind thus made up, she proceeded with noiseless celerity to execute her project.

After investing herself in her disguise, she opened her bureau and drew thence a unguent pocket-book filled with bank notes, and a small chamolix skin bag, in which she had secreted all the jewels some time previous, with a view to flight. At that moment the door opened, and Christopher Stukely appeared on the threshold. With the bound of a tiger he sprang towards her, and strove to wrench bag and pocket-book from her grasp. Fiercely she struggled to retain them, for without money what became of her plans for flight? The ticket-of-leave man, however, who was troubled with no dainty scruples or delicacy, wrenched and twisted her hands as if he intended pulling the very joints asunder. At length, when they were all bruised and bleeding, he succeeded in possessing himself of the objects they held with so tight a grasp.

"What were you about doing with these, you wild-cat?" he questioned with a terrible imprecation. "About making away with them, I'd wager. Well, they're safe here, now," and he pushed them down into his capacious pocket.

"What have you got in that bag there?" and he snatched at her travelling satchel, which stood on a chair at hand, and dragged it open by main force. "More plunder, I'll be bound. Ah, you're a deep one!" he muttered, with a look of intense malevolence, as his glance rested on the blue spectacles and brown veil, whose purport he comprehended at once. "So you were making off with yourself, were you, my lady? Well, I'll watch you better for the future. I vow, not for love of you, you may swear, but that it's my will and pleasure to keep you to wait on me. See," and he tore the veil to shreds and crushed the spectacles beneath his heavy boot. "You'll have to fit up your bug anew before taking your intended start."

The woman watched him in sullen endurance. She knew by his blood-shot eyes and thick utterance that he was in a mood when resistance would probably be little better than madness. Ah, she was caught in toils from which she escaped the scaffold to which that stern, merciless Colonel Atherton would surely seek to consign her unless Lillian Tremaine, by a species of miracle, was restored to life and health, she could not escape the companionship of the loathing and hated ruffian whose name she bore. Fervently she proceeded to take off bonnet and mantle, turning a heedless ear all the while to the mocking taunts and gibes with which her companion continued to apostrophize her. The chill breath of despair was creeping over her heart, and, under its absorbing influence, hope, courage and energy were fast dying out, but no token of her mental suffering appeared beyond the gray shade that gradually overspread cheek and lip.

"Get some breakfast for me, curse you!" he at length said, as he turned to leave the room. "I'll take a half-hour's smoke on the grass outside, and let it be ready, not on the table, when I come in, or it will be worse for you."

A strange sinister smile wreathed the woman's lips, but she made no reply.

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR RAILROAD TRAVELLERS.

BY "GRIS."

Always attend to checking yourself. If you feel like swearing at the baggage-master, check yourself. If you haven't a trunk full of clean clothes to check, you at least should be adequate to check-a-check.

When you vacate your seat for a moment, leave a plug in the seat. Some one will come along and sit down on it, thereby preventing your hat from being stolen.

Have just the change ready for the conductor. Any conductor who properly understands his duty to himself and family had rather have the change than a ticket. It has been decided by law that a conductor is not obliged to make change, although that is often all he can make.

Passengers cannot lay over for another train without making arrangements with the conductor. If a man has been on a "train" for a week or so, no conductor should allow him to lay over for another on any account.

Ladies without escort in travelling should be very particular with whom they become acquainted. They need not be so particular with those with whom they are unacquainted.

Keep your head and arms inside the car windows, if you would keep your head and "carry arms."

Never talk loudly while the train is in motion. It hurts your lungs and disconcerts the engineer.

No gentleman will occupy more than one seat at a time, unless he be twins.

A gentleman should not spit tobacco juice in the cars where there are ladies. He can let it drive out of the car window while the train is at a station, if the platform is crowded.

Always show your ticket whenever the conductor asks for it. If you get out of humor about it, don't show it.

Never smoke in a car where there are ladies. Get the conductor to turn the ladies out before lighting your cigars.

Never use profane language in the car. Go on the platform. Profanity is never thrown away on a brakeman.

If you cannot sleep yourself do not disturb the "sleepers."

Look out for pickpockets! Pickpockets are never in the car, you know, so you have to look out for them.

Provide yourself with sleeping-berths before starting. No careful man will start on a journey without a good supply of sleeping-berths. (N. B. Those put up in flat bottles are the best, as they are easily carried in the pocket.)

Always be at the railroad station in good time to take the train. Better be an hour too early than a minute too late, unless you are on your way to be hung.

We learn from a note lately read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, that the use of morphia in combination with chloroform is believed by some physicians of high standing to lessen the danger which ordinarily accompanies the administration of the latter drug.

SHOWING OLD.

BY MAX.

Across the street upon the window panes, I see the splendor of the dying sun; O'er half the earth life's matchless glory wanes, The day will soon be done.

The day that never can return to me, Like all my years that lie so far behind: I seem as one upon a great calm sea, Borne by a steady wind.

I seem to hear the voices on the shore Grow fainter as the vessel sails along; And now I listen, but I hear no more Than the sea's great song.

Life's ocean never was so calm as now, This peace requires me for a thousand ills; O joy! to keep my look at the prow, For the eternal hills.

O Fame! O Love! O Work of bygone years! I would not care again to reap and toil, With fevered brain and sometimes blinding tears, To share the wine and oil.

The work is blessed, and the love is sweet, Yet still there is a time to be at rest; To fold the hands and place the weary feet, And this to me seems best.

My boyhood's friends have drifted from my sight, It may be they are nearer home than I; Or handed safe to hail with deep delight The meeting in the sky.

I had within the past a happy dream, But love is mine again on earth no more; Her skiff went with the current of the stream, And she hath gone before.

My ship goes smoothly on the great calm sea, My day star sets in a flood of gold; The scenes of earth are fading fast from me For I am growing old.

(REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1866.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

Clevedon lawn at boat of gong was a pretty sight. There were all the elements of an agreeable picture—balmy summer weather, snow-white tents, many coloured flags fluttering gaily in the sunshine, a crowd of happy people, an atmosphere of eating and drinking, and for a background the fine old red-brick house, its stone mullions and cornices, and quaint pinnacles standing out in sharp relief against a sky that was bluer than the skies that canopy an English scene are wont to be. But fair as the scene might be without, perhaps the hungry villagers crowding into the tents thought the scene within much pleasanter. What could be more picturesque than those ponderous sirloins; those gargantuan rounds, with appropriate embellishment of horse-radish and parsley; those dainty fowls—fowls even for the commonalty—those golden-crusted pies, with pigeons' feet turned meekly upward, as in mute protest against their barbarous murder, pies whose very odour from afar off was to distraction savoury; that delicate pigling, slain untimely; those forequarters of adolescent sheep, which were still by courtesy lamb; those plump young geese, foredoomed to die before their legitimate hour? What contrast of colour could be more delightful than that presented by the mellow Indian-red and burnt-sienna hues of the meat and poultry against the cool tender greens of the salads, the golden yolks of eggs in rings of virgin white, the paler gold of the gigantic French loaves, baked on purpose for the festival, from which a man might cut a quarter of a yard or so without making any serious difference in the bulk of the whole?

At one end of the tent, and conveniently near the chairman's elbow, there was a small colony of beer-barrels, and a stack of wines and spirits, as neatly arranged and as amply provided as in the lazaret of an East Indianman. Over these it was Mr. Harcross's duty to preside, assisted by the under-butler.

He found himself seated in his place presently, amidst a tremendous shuffling of feet, and scrooping of benches, and whispering, and subdued tittering, and the guests arranged themselves, under the all-directing eye of the Colonel, who had appointed himself commander-in-chief or generalissimo of all the tables. "Silence, if you please, ladies and gentlemen! I silence for grace!" he roared in stentorian accents, which might have made his fortune as a townmaster; whereas a very mild-looking gentleman, with a white cravat and long straight hair, whom Mr. Harcross had not observed before, rose at the other end of the tent, and invoked a blessing upon the banquet, which was almost as long as his hair. Directly it was over there arose a general gasp, as of relief, and then a tremendous clattering of knives and forks.

The Colonel walked round the tent, calling attention to the different viands.

"There's a magnificent sirloin yonder, ma'am, roasted to a turn," he said confidentially to a ponderous matron; "I should recommend you a plate of that. And if you, my love, have any taste for roast goose," he went on to a blushing damsel next but one, "there's as fine a bird as ever was hatched just before you. Which gentleman on this side of the table will undertake to cut up a goose?" And so on, and so on, with variations, continued the Colonel, till he had made the round of one tent and shot off to do his duty in the other.

Mr. Harcross, in a much more subdued manner, made himself agreeable to the company. He saw that all glasses were duly filled with sparkling ale, or the more sustaining porter; he administered sherry to the fairer sex, and kept an eye even on distant diners. The rural population proving unequal to the manipulation of carving-knives and forks, he sent for one joint after another, and demolished them with a quiet dexterity which, to those wondering rustics, appeared a species of legerdemain. He did more carving in half an hour than he ever remembered to have accomplished in his life before, since his lot had fallen in the days of vicar's carving, and he contrived to keep up a running flirtation all the time with the young lady seated on his left hand. He had an old woman in a black bonnet on his right, the most ancient female in Kingsbury parish, who was reputed to have used the first mangle ever

seen in those parts, and to have been the last person to ride pillion.

This honourable matron being stone deaf, the attentions of Mr. Harcross were necessarily confined to a careful provision for her creature comforts. He supplied her with tender broasts of chicken and the crummiest pieces of bread he could obtain, and devoutly hoped that she would mumble her share of the feast without choking herself. Having performed these charitable offices, he was free to devote his conversational powers to his left-hand neighbour, who was young and handsome, and was, moreover, the very young person he had seen engaged in a flirtation with Weston Vallery.

Mr. Harcross was in that mood in which a man is ready for any immediate amusement, however puerile, that may serve to divert his mind from painful memories—for any excitement, however vulgar, which may help to numb the slow agony of remorse. There was no pleasure to him in talking shallow nonsense with this low-born beauty, but the rattle and the laughter and the wine made up some kind of relief. He took a good deal more wine than he was accustomed to take at that time of day; he talked more than he was in the habit of talking, until he shone out in a gentlemanly way at the eight-o'clock dinner; and the talk and the wine together kept him from thinking of Richard Redmayne. He did not glance round the table with fearful eyes, dreading to see that fatal unknown figure appear, Banquo-like, amidst the revellers. That most unwelcome discovery which he had made by means of Mr. Holby the farmer had left only an undefined sense of discomfort—a feeling that there was trouble near.

Miss Bond, in the mean time, was very well pleased with her position and surroundings. In the first place, it was a grand thing for her to be in the post of honour, next the gentleman-steward, to which place she had drifted in the general confusion, while more timid maidens hung back upon the arms of kindred or lovers, waiting to be pushed into their seats; and in the second place, it was a pleasant thing to have disappointed Weston Vallery, who had expressed his desire that she should sit next him in the tent with the red flags; and lastly, it was a still more delightful thing to inspire jealousy and gloom in the breast of her faithful Joseph Flood, who had been released from his duties in time for the banquet, and who sat divided from her betrothed by half-a-dozen banqueters, glaring at her savagely, in silent indignation at her coquetry.

"This is the fine gentleman from London that she talked about," he said to himself; and in his estimation Mr. Harcross suffered for all the sins of Weston Vallery. "I reckon she'll scarcely open her lips to me all the afternoon, as long as she can get him to talk to."

Miss Bond was conscious of her lover's baleful glances, and improved the occasion, bringing all her fascinations to bear upon Mr. Harcross. The rustic feast would have been a slow business without this amusement. There was a great deal of talk, and still more laughter, inextinguishable laughter, at the feeblest and most threadbare jokes. The conversation was that of people who seemed to have no memory of the past, no consideration for the future—a people existing entirely in the present hour as if they had been bovine creatures without consciousness of yesterday. Their little jokes, their friendly facetiousness had a mechanical air, and seemed almost as wooden as the clumsy furniture of their cottages, handed down from generation to generation.

Mr. Harcross's previous experience of this class had been entirely confined to the witness-box; but he found that as in the witness-box, so were they in social life. "And yet I suppose there are fine characters, or the material for fine characters, among them," he thought in one of the pauses of his flirtation, as he contemplated the curious faces—some stolid and expressionless, some solemn and important, some grinning with a wooden grin. "I suppose there is the same proportion of intellect amongst a given number of these people as among the same number of men bred at Westminster and Oxford, if one could penetrate the outer husk, make due allowance for the differences of habits and culture, and get at the kernel within. Or is the whole thing a question of blood, and mankind subject to the same laws which govern the development of a racehorse? I wonder how many dormant Bunyans and Brunnens there may be in such an assembly as this."

He had not much time for idle conjectures at this stage of the entertainment, for the toasts followed one another fast and furiously.

The loyal and ceremonial toasts, "Sir Francis Clevedon, Lady Clevedon, and Miss Clevedon," "Colonel Davenant," "John Wort," the steward, "Mr. Holby," the oldest and most important tenant, who had condescended to take a seat at this inferior table, when his rank entitled him to the best place at the superior board—all these and sundry other toasts were proposed in discreet and appropriate language by Hubert Harcross, with much secret weariness of spirit; and after every toast there was a long lumbering speech from some one in acknowledgement thereof. Mr. Harcross thought these people would never have done eating and drinking, that this health-proposing and thanks-returning would never come to an end. It was only half-past three when all was over, and he came out of the tent amidst the crowd with Jane Bond by his side, but it seemed to him as if the business had lasted a day and a night.

The local band had brayed itself breathless, and had retired to refresh itself in one of the tents; and now the band from London began to scrape its fiddles, and tighten the strings of its violoncello, and juggle mysteriously with little brass screws in its cornets, preparatory to performing the newest dance music for the rest of the afternoon.

"You must keep the last waltz for me," said Mr. Harcross, casting himself on the grass at the feet of Miss Bond, who had seated herself on a bench under the trees. "I feel as if I should not be equal to anything before that. What a relief it is to get into the open air and smell the pine trees after the atmosphere of that tent! I felt the thermometer rising as it must have done in the Black Hole."

"I don't know how to waltz," replied Miss Bond, casting down her eyes. "Father has always set his face against dancing; but I know the Lancers and the Caledonians. I learnt the figures out of a book."

"Then will dance the Lancers," Mr. Harcross said with a yawn, "though it is the most idiotic performance ever devised for the abatement of mankind. What would Dog-ribs or

Rooky Mountain Indians think of us, if they saw us dancing the Lancers? I believe the Dog-ribs have a dance of their own, by the way, a dance of amity, which is performed when friends meet after long severance, and which lasts two days at a stretch—a dance which, I take it, must be something of the Lancer or Caledonian species."

He closed his eyes, and slumbered for a few minutes peacefully, as he had often slept in law-courts and committee-rooms, while the band from London played a good honest country dance. He had no very precise idea of the duties of his stewardship, or what more might be required of him. He might be wanted to dance with the oldest woman of the party, or the youngest, or the prettiest, or the ugliest; but he was not inclined to give himself any farther trouble, and if Colonel Davenant had any new task to impose upon him, he would have to come and find him. There was a soothing sensation in the touch of that soft warm turf, in the odoriferous breathing of the pine trees, stirred gently by a light summer wind. He thought of that other holiday afternoon at Clevedon, and a vision of Grace Redmayne rose before him in her pale young beauty.

O God, if he could have opened his eyes to find himself at her feet! He thought of those two mournful lines which Southey quotes in the Doctor:

"Oh, if in after life we could but gather The very refuse of our youthful hours!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

At three o'clock the gentry went to luncheon in the great dining-room. They had been arriving from one o'clock upwards, and had spent the interval in sauntering about the upper part of the lawn, gazing from a respectful distance at the happy rustics very much as they might have done at animals in cages. It is possible that this amusement, even when eked out by conversation and croquet, and enlivened by the strains of the local band, may have somewhat pallied upon the county families, and that the signal for the patrician banquet was a welcome relief. However this might be, the spirits of Sir Francis Clevedon's friends rose perceptibly in the banquet-hall. Incipient flirtations, which had only budded feebly on the lawn, burst into full blossom under the influence of sparkling wines, and that delightfully bewildering concert of voices produced by three-and-twenty different *té-à-té*s all going on at once. Georgie was eminently happy as she sat opposite her adored Francis, at this their first large party, for she felt that the fête was a success, and the eye of the county was upon them.

All the windows were open, and the cheering from the tents on the lawn mingled not unpleasantly with the merry confusion of voices within. It was a nice thing to know that those poor creatures who were not in society were for once enjoying themselves.

"How strange it must seem to them to taste champagne!" said the pretty Miss Stalman to her latest admirer; "I wonder if they are afraid it will go off and blow them up, like gunpowder."

"Don't know, I'm shaw," replied the gentleman; "but I should imagine they were hardly up to it. They'll take it for a superior kind of beer. Champagne is a question of education, you see. There are people who believe implicitly in any wine that'll blow a cork out of a bottle."

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Redmayne presented his card of admission at the south lodge, guarded to-day by an official from the Tunbridge police-office, who gave him a secondary ticket, printed on pink tissue paper, which was to admit him to the tenants' marquee.

"You'd better look sharp, sir," said this official in a friendly tone; "the tenants' dinner was to begin at three o'clock punctual."

"I didn't mean to dine," Richard answered dubiously; "I only came to look about a little."

"Not go in to dinner, Mr. Redmayne?" exclaimed the policeman, who knew the master of Brierwood by sight; "and it's to be as fine a dinner as ever was eaten. Sure to goodness, you'd never be so foolish!"

Mr. Redmayne gave him a nod and went on, plugging himself to nothing. He thought he could stroll about on the outskirts of the crowd, and see as much of the festival as he cared to see, without joining in any of the festivities. But when he came to the lawn where the revelry was held, he found himself pounced upon by the ubiquitous Colonel, who was marshalling the tenants to their places, and who seized upon his pink-paper ticket and examined it eagerly.

"No. 53," he exclaimed; "the seats are all numbered. If you'll follow those ladies and gentlemen, sir, into that tent. Keep your ticket, the stewards are inside. Go on, sir, if you please." And not caring to remonstrate, Richard Redmayne went the way Fate drifted him, and found himself presently seated at the board between two strangers, cheered by that inspiring melody, "The Roast Beef of Old England."

The dinner in the tenants' marquee did not differ materially from the humbler banquet of the villagers. The viands were of a more epicurean character: there were savoury jellies, and raised pies, and lobster salad, as a relief to the rounds and sirloins, and there were no such vulgarities as goose or sucking-pig. There were tartlets and cheese-cakes, and creams and blancmanges, and glowing pyramids of hot-house grapes and wall-fruit, for the feminine banqueters, and there were sparkling wines and bottled ales in abundance. There was the same crescendo of multitudinous voices, and the jokes, though somewhat more refined than the humour of the villagers, had the same rustic flavour.

Richard Redmayne had of late found it easier to drink than to eat; so he did scanty justice to sirloin or savoury pie, but made up the deficiency by a considerable consumption of champagne, a wine he had learnt to drink in his gold-digging days, when the lucky digger was wont to "shoot"—that is to say, pay the shot—for the refreshment of his comrades. He sat in moody silence, amidst all that talk and laughter, and drank and thought of his troubles.

and the sight of him set him thinking of his wrongs with renewed bitterness.

"He knew the man," he said to himself. "He knew him to my house. But for him my little girl might be with me to-day."

It was a bitter thought, not to be drowned in the vintage of Parry or Most. The man went on drinking, uncheered by the wine, growing gloomier, rather as he drank.

"The toasts had not yet begun. Sir Francis was to bid his guests welcome before that ceremony was entered upon. It was about half-past four, when there was a little buzz and movement at the entrance of the marquee, and a great many people stood up, as if a monarch had appeared among them.

Richard Redmayne looked up listlessly enough, not having the keen personal interest of the tenants, to whom this man's favour was to be as the sun itself, diffusing light and heat. He looked up and saw a tall slim young man coming slowly along on the opposite side of the table, stopping to speak to one, and to shake hands with another, and ready with a pleasant greeting for all; a darkly handsome face, smiling kindly, while all the assembly stood at gaze.

After that one careless upward glance, Richard Redmayne sat staring at the new-comer, motionless, may almost breathless, as a man of stone. Had not those very lineaments been bitten into the tablet of his mind with the corroding acid of hate? The face was a face which he had seen in many of his dreams of late. The face of a man with whom he had grappled, hand to hand and foot to foot, in many a visionary struggle—a countenance he had hardly hoped to look upon in the flesh. It was the very face which he had porod upon so often, in that foolish toy, his dead girl's locket. He had the thing in his breast to-day, fastened to his watch ribbon.

"What I was the man?" he said to himself as last, drawing a long slow breath.

Was this the man—Sir Francis Clevedon? In that sudden light of conviction, Richard Redmayne began to wonder that he had never guessed as much as this: the man who came to Brierwood, recommended and guaranteed by John Wort; the man who had free access to Clevedon, and whom Wort had seemed anxious in every respect to oblige. He remembered that stormy interview in the little office at Kingsbury, and John Wort's endeavour to shield the delinquent. Yes, the murder was out. This hero of the hour, upon whom all the world was smiling, was the destroyer of his child.

The savage thirst for vengeance which took possession of him on this discovery was tempered by no restraining influence. For years past all his thoughts and dreams and desires had tended to one deadly end. Whatever religious sentiments he had cherished in his youth—and very few young men with innocent surroundings are irreligious—had been withered by this soul-blasting grief. Nor had his Australian experience been without an evil effect upon his character. It had made a naturally careless disposition reckless to lawlessness. Of all the consequences which might tread upon the heels of any desperate act of his he took no heed. He reasoned no more than a savage might have reasoned; but having, as he thought, found his enemy, his whole being was governed by but one consideration, as to the mode and manner of that settlement which must come between them.

He sat in his place and meditated this question, while Sir Francis Clevedon made his way round the table. It was a somewhat protracted journey, for the Baronet had something particular to say to a great many of his tenants; he had set his heart upon holding a better place in their estimation than his father had held, on being something more to them than an absorbent of rents. He talked to the matrons, and complimented the daughters; and had a good deal to say about harvest and hopping, and the coming season of field sports, to the fathers and sons. What a herd of scyophants those people seemed to Richard Redmayne's jaundiced soul as they paid their honest homage to the proprietor of their homesteads, and what a hypocrite the squire who received their worship!

"Does he mean to break the hearts of any of their daughters?" he thought, as he saw the matrons smiling up at him, the maidens downcast and blushing.

Sir Francis was close behind him presently, and paused for a moment to glance at that one sullen figure which did not move as he passed—only for a moment, there were so many to speak to. The man's potatoes had been a trifle too deep, perhaps.

The man drank deeper before the banquet was over. He went on drinking in his gloomy silent way, during that lengthy ceremonial of toast-proposing. Sir Francis had stood at the end of the table by John Wort, and made a cheery little speech to set them going, and then had slipped away, leaving the Colonel, who loved all manner of specification, in his glory. How he hammered at the toasts, heaping every hyperbolic virtue upon the head of his subject—that honourable, noble-hearted, worthy English farmer, Mr. A., whom they all knew and esteemed, and whom it was a proud thing to know, and an impossible thing not to esteem, and who, &c. &c.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

What little gushes of sentiment welled from the kindly Colonel's lips; what scraps of poetry more or less appropriate, but always applauded to the echo; what swelling adjectives rolled off his fluent tongue; and how the champagne corks flew, and the honest brown sherry—a sound sustaining wine—abrank in the decanters!

Richard Redmayne sat it all out, though the talk and laughter, the cheering and jolly good-following, made little more than a mere babel sound in his ears. He sat on, not caring to draw people's attention upon him by an untimely departure; sat on drinking brandy-and-water, and having no more fellowship with the fasters than if he had been the skull at an Egyptian banquet.

At least the revelry, or this stage of the revelry, was over, and the tenants left their tent. Dancing had been in full progress for some time among the humbler guests, and the wide lawn in the evening sunlight presented a pretty picture of village festivity; the music of an old-fashioned country dance was sounding gaily, a long line of figures thringing the needle—the women in bright-coloured gowns and ribbons, the men with gaudy neckerchiefs and

light waistcoats — all moving, all full of life and colour, the low western sun shining on them, the joy-bells of Kingsbury Church ringing a vesper peal.

Sir Francis was standing on the outskirts of the lawn, with his wife on his arm, watching the dancers. They moved slowly away as Richard Redmayne crossed the grass on his way towards them. His quick eye had seen that hated figure, and he went across the lawn intending to speak to his enemy, even in that place and at that time.

His wrath had kept, for years, and had strengthened with his nursing; but he was not a man to delay the time of reckoning by so much as an hour. He had no clear idea of what he meant to say, nor had his libations in the tent conduced to clearness of brain; but he meant to denounce Francis Clevedon before the face of all the world.

"I'll let them know what a noble gentleman they've got for their landlord," he said to himself. "I'll stop all their humming and pattering, and make them sing to a different tune. I should think the fathers that have only daughters will turn their backs upon him, anyhow."

He followed Sir Francis and his wife at a respectful distance as they strolled slowly towards the house, biding his time, but meaning to come up with them presently. They did not go in by the chief entrance, but by an iron wicket leading into the garden, which lay at one side of the Hall, and extended for a long way behind it. They had disappeared behind the angle of the house by the time Mr. Redmayne came to this gate. He entered the garden, however, and went round to the back of the house.

The library was on this side of Clevedon Hall. Its five windows opened on the grass-plots and flower-beds, and commanded a view of the fish-pond, where there were gold and silver fish in abundance now — happy fish, which were fed every morning by George's hand. A huge gray cockatoo—a wedding present from the Colonel to his daughter — was scurrying on its perch before an open glass door. This was the only open door Richard Redmayne could see, as he cast a quick look along the house. He crossed the grass-plot with a rapid footstep, and looked into the room.

After the vivid sunshine out of doors the Clevedon library had a dusky look. The walls had been lined by Clevedons of a more studious temper than the baronets of later generations. From floor to ceiling the room was filled with books, and massive oak bookcases, seven feet high, stood out from the walls, dividing the chamber into various nooks and recesses, or pews rather, where a student might pore over some ancient volume in the strictest solitude, although the centre of the room was ever so well occupied. It seemed a darksome apartment to Richard Redmayne as he peered in, with his back to the garden and the sunlight. Those walls of brown-backed folios and quartos, unlightened here and there by a row of duodecimos in faded crimson morocco, or a little batch of octavos in vellum, had a sober air that was almost gloomy. There was none of the costliness and luxury of binding which render modern libraries things of beauty. The volumes had been collected in an age when it was the fashion to make the outside of books as repulsive as possible; when knowledge for the privileged classes, and the solemn muses of history and poetry, and the graver genres of philosophy and science, disdained to make themselves attractive by meretricious arts in the way of outward adornment.

Richard Redmayne gave a hasty glance round the room, and thought that it was "unkept;" and then seeing a white dress near a distant door, which he took to be Lady Clevedon's, stepped boldly in.

The lady by the door turned at the sound of the farmer's footstep on the uncarpeted oak floor. It was Georgie, who had been in the act of leaving the room as the intruder entered. She looked at him with a little surprise, but without alarm. It was scarcely strange that unknown figures should be wandering about today.

"You are looking for some one, I suppose," she said, with her pretty smile.

"Yes! I am looking for Sir Francis Clevedon."

"He was here scarcely a minute ago; but I don't think you can see him just yet. He has gone to the billiard-room with General Cheviot. Is it anything very particular you have to say to him?"

She fancied the strange man must be one of the tenants, who wanted his roof repaired, perhaps, or new pigsties, and who chose this inappropriate occasion for the performance of his request.

"It is something very particular," said Richard, in a strange voice; "I never thought to see Sir Francis Clevedon's face as I have seen it to-day."

The strangeness of the words, as well as of the man's tone and manner, startled her. He was deadly pale, too; she could see that, although he stood with his back to the light.

He had been taking too much champagne, perhaps; that was the most natural explanation of the business. What a horrible situation, to be left alone in this great room with a dreadful tipsy farmer! Poor Georgie gave a little shudder, and moved hastily towards the door.

"I will send some one to tell my husband you want to see him," she said, in a conciliating tone, "if you'll be good enough to sit down and wait."

"Don't go, Lady Clevedon. Perhaps I'd better tell you my story. Women are supposed to be compassionate; and I have heard so much of your goodness. You don't mind listening to me for a few minutes, do you?"

Georgie hesitated. No, this was no tipsy farmer. The man's earnestness at once interested and alarmed her.

"I never meant to come to Clevedon to-day. I almost wish, for your sake, I hadn't come. It was my fate, I suppose, that sent me here, or those devilish joy-bells clanging all the morning that drove me. Anyhow I came; came to find the man I have been looking for, on and off, since my daughter died."

He stood with his hand resting on a carved oak reading-desk, looking down at Lady Clevedon, who had seated herself a little way off, thinking it wisest to seem calm and self-possessed. What if the man were some maniac who had stolen in among the guests? There was much in his manner to suggest such a fear — no hint of violence, but rather an unnatural calmness, which was still more appalling.

"Looking for him, on and off," he repeated,

"since my daughter died. You have heard of me perhaps, Lady Clevedon; my name is Richard Redmayne."

"Yes, I have heard of you."

"And you have heard my story, I suppose?"

"I have been told you had a daughter whom you lost, and whose death affected you severely."

"What was that all? Did you hear no speculations as to the cause of her death; no hints of a seduction; a foolish trusting girl tempted away from her home?"

"No," Georgie answered gently; "I have heard nothing but the mere fact of your daughter's early death. But if the story is indeed so sad as one you seem to say, I am sincerely sorry for you."

She thought that the man had been drinking, until the recollection of his wrongs and sorrows had in some measure affected his brain. She was very patient with him therefore, willing even to listen sympathizingly to any statement of his wrongs, whereby he might relieve an overburdened breast.

"Who said my daughter was disgraced?" he exclaimed, taking up her words with an indignant air. "Not I. God would not suffer that. She was too pure to be the victim of a scoundrel. Death came between her and her tempter. But her death be upon his head!"

"I can't quite understand the story," faltered Georgie; "but I am sorry for you with all my heart."

"Be sorry for yourself, Lady Clevedon; for you are the wife of a villain."

(To be continued.)

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sang, Felt the words unmeaningly; From her girlish, gleeful tongue; Sang as little children sing; Sang as sing the birds of June; Felt the words like light leaves down On the current of the tune.

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Let me hide myself in Thee," Felt her soul no need to hide; Sweet the song as song could be; And she had no thought beside; All the words unmeaningly; Felt from lips unheeded by care, Dreaming not they each might be On some other lips a prayer.

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," "Twas a woman sang them now. Pleadingly and prayerfully; Every word her heart did know; Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Boats with weary wing the air. Every note with sorrow stirred— Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Lips grown aged sang the hymn Trustingly and tenderly; "Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim. Let me hide myself in Thee." Trembling through the voice and low, Ran the sweet strain peacefully, Like a river in its flow. Sung as only they can sing Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Sung above a coffin-lid; Underneath, all roofless hid. Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul! Nevermore from wind or tide, Nevermore from billow's roll. "Wilt thou need thyself to hide. Count the sighs and sobs and cries. Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and stifled lips Move again in pleading prayer. Still, eye still, the words would be, "Let me hide myself in Thee."

BAD-TEMPERED PEOPLE.

The state of the stomach, we are told, has a great deal to do with the temper, the natural result being that, when a man's liver is out of order, his temper is in the same condition. This may be true enough, but we question very much whether the liver is answerable for all the sins which are laid at its door. We know many very bad-tempered people who, to our knowledge, have never been really bilious in the whole course of their lives. Of course, it may be alleged that if the liver is all right, something else is all wrong—the nerves, or the heart, or the lungs, or the teeth are driving poor sufferers almost to distraction. This, also, may be correct. But it must be admitted that there are many pleasant beings who never complain of being afflicted by any special complaint, whose existence, for all that, is one of chronic ill-humour, who snap and snarl when they are spoken to, and sulk when left to themselves. A good many of these "gentle creatures" will, in intervals of comparative good humour, tell you to your face that they are bad-tempered, that they always have been, and always will be. They may support the information by declaring that their fathers and great-grandfathers were similarly afflicted, though not, perhaps, to the same extent. They apparently glory in the admission of their weakness, evidently considering that an out-and-out bad temper is a possession of which a man has some reason to be extremely proud. They do not appear to recognize the fact that bad temper is a positive vice, and that they have, or ought to have, any control over it. They regard it rather in the light of disease, which, like fever, must be allowed to run its course unchecked. Naturally, it is not pleasant to have much to do with these people; indeed, it is questionable whether it is possible for many to hold close and long-continued intercourse with them. Generally, such intercourse is brought to a conclusion by a terrible row, in which the sufferers from bad temper display their infirmities in a thorough fashion. They say things not compatible with the laws and usages of polite society, and do that which is certainly the reverse of proper. Timid beings are almost frightened to death, and to abate the furor, are ready to swallow the look to any extent. The furor, probably, feel some slight twinges of compunction after their temper has cooled, and, perhaps, half apologize, by laying the blame upon their passionateness. The injured ones, longing for peace, perhaps, except the explanation, but they never forget, and ever afterwards are cold, and distant, and watchful, and suspicious. These bad-tempered people are ever on the look-out for insults. When they are servants, their proud spirits chafe at being told to do their duty by their

employers. They kick at authority, and cannot brook reproof. They are constantly on the look-out for things at which to take offence. If they hold subordinate positions, they come to loggerheads with the manager, head clerk, or foreman, as the case may be. When they occupy positions of authority themselves, they play the part of tyrants. They get into a furious rage at trifles, decline to allow a hapless culprit to exonerate himself by rendering explanations, and inflict Draconian punishments. Naturally, they are pretty generally detested, but, while they are detested, they are feared, which, it may be said, is not the case with another class of bad-tempered people.

This class is more sulky than passionate. There seems to lie within them a smouldering of irritation, which is bubbling forth night and day—that is, of course, when they are awake. If they are asked an ordinary question, much asperity is evident in the tones of their reply. As a rule, they are angry at nothing in particular, and with no one in particular—they are, simply, in a continual confoundedly bad temper; they do not know why, and no one else can account for it except upon the supposition that it is natural to the animal. Their faces have ever a sour and wrinkled appearance, the natural result of long-continued scowling and frowning. They are pleasant people to live with, if you are a Mark Tapley, and want to show how you can be jolly under the most trying circumstances. You will not be able to do anything to please the afflicted ones. They snarl at breakfast, dinner, and tea, there being always something which is distasteful to them. They growl at you; and, do what you will, you are quite unable to please them. They terrify the servants, who, in despair, give warning. They scold their children, who take themselves off whenever they imagine they can do so with safety. They testify to their domestic management. In short, they make themselves universally disagreeable, completely destroying their own peace of mind, and do a great deal towards making other people miserable. But, though they are always in a bad temper, and ever snapping and snarling, they avoid downright quarrels. They may go to the verge of one, but no further will they proceed. Nor will they ever admit that they are, or have been, in a bad temper. Other people's imaginations must have led them astray, or they would not think of such a thing for a moment. A good many people of this class are particularly testy in the earlier part of the day, and comparatively placable in the latter. This idiosyncrasy is studied by people who know what they are about. Such always make application for favours during the latter period, as well as do what business they can then. Like almost everything, this chronic bad temper is a luxury which can only be indulged in by the comparatively well-to-do. Poor men, though they may have the inclination to do so, cannot afford to snarl at almost everybody with whom they are brought in contact. They know that by so doing they would be taking the bread and butter out of their own mouths, and this is a consideration which controls, to a great extent, even the most irritable. Acting upon the principle, however, that there is within them a certain amount of snappishness which must be expended, such people visit an extra quantity upon those who come within their clutches, and from whom they have nothing to fear. Probably, a certain kind of morbid pleasure is derived from indulgence in ill-temper. People, by acting as we have indicated, secure a certain amount of outward show and deference; for, somehow or other, most persons would almost as soon be struck as snarled at, and so they do all they can to avoid such treatment. Really, however, we fail to see why bad-tempered men and women should receive such tender consideration. Their bad temper is nothing more nor less than an abominable vice, and those who indulge in it are supremely selfish. Their troubles are no more to them than are troubles to other people, so there is no reason why they should be so spiteful. Righteous anger is justifiable, but chronic ill-humour is a failing for which there can be nothing but the bitterest condemnation.—*Liberal Review.*

VULTURES.

Vultures are not nice birds. And why? Because, as we all know, it is their custom to flock round the bodies of those who are dying and dead, in order to satisfy their unholty greed. But are vultures the only bipeds who do this? Are there not human beings who, though they would be very much shocked at the comparison yet do in fact drive a thriving trade on the remains of their fellow-creatures. They may try to throw a veil of decency over it—a veil of the very best double black crepe; and call it "respect to the memory of the departed," and so forth; but the vulture tendency is there, notwithstanding. It is best to speak plain. Can anything be more odious, more offensive, more revolting to all real feeling, than the duties which custom thrust upon us immediately on the death of one we love? No matter how deep our grief, or how we may be prostrated by days and nights of previous watching, it is all the same. The instant a death is known of anyone above a certain social standing (i. e., with money to be extracted), without delay the undertaker comes to the house for orders. It is a happy thing if there are sons or brothers to shield the unhappy widow and daughters from having to enter into all the sickening details. What sort of coffin? how many scarfs and hat-bands? how many pairs of black gloves? how much mourning will you give your servants? &c., &c., to say nothing of your own. And hardly have you settled this, when the cook wishes to know about ordering meat and cakes (?) for the funeral. The end of it is that you feel unable to cope with them, unable to resist any sort of rapacity; you would not for worlds give anyone the power to say that you failed in respect to your dead; and whatsoever cost you assent to everything, thus adding your weight to established precedents; and finally you have to pay something like £100 for the funeral expenses only. Then comes your own mourning; and the ladies of the family, who usually wear cotton or linsey gowns according to the time of the year, are doomed to get about, though in strict seclusion, in robes of bombazine and crape, costing each as much as an ordinary ball-gown, and being very nearly as easily soiled; they are hot in summer, and cold in winter; they catch every particle of dust, and spot with every drop

of rain, and deprive their wearer of whatever little consolation they might find in occupying themselves with their flowers and country rambles. It is to be hoped that in the country most people now have sense enough not to give in entirely to this bondage, except on state occasions; but it is only lately that so much reason has dared to assert itself. It is strange, when one comes to think of it, why people have given way so long. It is, on the face of it, absurd to connect a change of attire so intimately with a death, that when you lose your nearest and dearest, your first thought is, "I must get a set of new clothes." The same spot which carries your heart-broken announcement to your distant fellow-mourners, carries also your instructions to your tailor or your dress-maker; and up to the day of the funeral you are in all the agonising uncertainty "whether your things will come in time." In time for what? Nothing less than "in time" for you to share in the last scene of all, and join in the Church's prayers and thanksgiving on laying your loved one in the grave.

It is to be conceived that your presence there is to depend on the punctuality of your tradespeople or the exactness of the trains? Yet so it is! The most strong-minded among us would not dare to show himself or herself as arrayed in the conventional costume. It could not be done. Certainly in the "Heir of Redclyffe," Amy attends her husband's funeral in her wedding gown, but then that was in Switzerland, and there was no one to see her except her parents. The truth is, nothing could so completely have enslaved us but the fact that these things come upon us at times when we are incapable of self-assertion; and so poverty-stricken widows and orphans, with but a slender provision, go to all this expense, simply because they dare not resist; they dare not have it said that they failed in respect to the dead. And not only they wear expensive mourning themselves, but they put their servants into mourning, and adopt all the horrid funeral paraphernalia of scarfs and hat-bands, horse and black plumes.

As to mourning, it is really a custom of such antiquity and so consonant with human feelings that we would not wish to destroy it. But we do heartily wish it could be reduced to reasonable limits, and not made ridiculous and extravagant. We should like to abolish black crape altogether; it is only an ornament, and a very expensive and fragile one, and if people would agree to wear plain black stuff without any ornament at all, it would be far more sensible and more really akin to the spirit of grief. As to servants' mourning and all the accessories of funeral state, we would thankfully see them abandoned; they can at best only draw down the thoughts of the spectators to the mere earthly part of death, and tend to prevent their rising upwards as Christian thought should.

But there is really only one way in which a stand can be made against this tyranny of custom. It is by people leaving written instructions regarding their own funerals, and the way in which they wish to be mourned. This at once removes responsibility from the survivors, and the plainest possible burial can be no sign of disrespect if it is by the express desire of the departed.

The funeral expenses, however, are but the first item; scarcely is the interment over than you have the painful task of "valuation," i. e., going through everything in the house with an appraiser to make an estimate of the "personal property," this is an expense which in an ordinary middle-sized gentleman's house averages from £10 to £20. Then comes the "Probate Duty," which in the same proportion would amount to about £150, and if the family happen to hold their property divided between the north and south of England—the Courts of York and Canterbury—it is double that sum. The legal expenses cannot of course be avoided, and it is therefore useless to rail against the cruelty of them. But in these days of "Leagues" and "Co-operation" surely we might do something against the tyranny of servants and tradespeople in the matter of mourning. We would suggest the formation of a national, or international, league of undertakers, and let those who belong to it bind themselves to forbid certain extravagancies beforehand against their own demise. Their servants and underlings would then know that it would be useless to expect those ghastrly perquisites, to which even the most attached seem to look when death overtakes the house to which they belong. Everything now tells against "employers' wages are high; food is dear; we are repeatedly told that times are altered, and it is surely hard that we are to have no relief even under the most painful circumstances. It is the so-called working classes who are doing their best to loosen the old ties, and it is surely not for them to complain if we also awake to the fact that the old order changes.—*John Bull.*

THE SEVEN HILLS OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

The seven hills of Italy are the Capitoline, the Palatine, the Esquiline, the Viminal, the Quirinal, the Caelian, and the Aventine. Follow the straight line of the street called the Corso, from the Porta del Popolo, we find that it gradually grows narrower and more dingy. Commencing of a tolerable width, with footpaths on each side about wide enough for two to walk abreast with comparative ease, it dwindles down, in its length of rather more than a mile, to a little fifty lane, with a footpath so narrow that it is impossible to pass a fellow wayfarer without turning into the road, at the risk of being run over by the carriages, which are always driven at full speed without the slightest regard to pedestrians. Just as it gets to the narrowest point two other narrow lanes branch off from it to the right and left, but in walking you may go straight on, up some steps, and find yourself suddenly on the summit of the Capitoline hill, the most famous spot in Roman history. Here stood the Capitol, the seat of Roman dominion, whence its rulers governed the whole known world; here fell Cæsar, by the daggers of his former friends and associates, assassinated for daring to assume or to affect the purple; and here reigned a long list of successors, more despotic and far less able than he. But to recapitulate all the events which have been enacted on this spot, or have originated from it, would be to write a history of Rome and of the world. And what is its present aspect? A broad square, approached by a handsome flight of steps, or by a gradual incline for carriages. At the foot, two Egyptian sphinxes, serving as fountains; on the balustrade, the marble sculptures of arms and armour, called the Trophies of Marius; and on the summit, the celebrated statues of Cæsar and Pollux. The first object of note in the square, now called the Piazza del

Campitoglio, is the gilt bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, universally admired as a work of art, and so highly valued as to bear the title of "Il Cavallo," and to have a special guard assigned to it. The sides of the Piazza are formed by three buildings, except on the design of Michael Angelo; the central one is called the Palazzo of the Senator, and is the official residence of the solitary representative of the once powerful senate of Rome. He is a civic dignitary, holding somewhat the position of our Lord Mayor, with more of rank and less of real power; his palace is a fine building, with a high central tower, from which the decorated bell proclaims the death of a sovereign Pontiff, and, strange to say, rings forth the self-announcing note of the commencement of the wild revelry of the carnival; it sounds at no other time, excepting probably as a tocsin when internal insurrection or foreign force impel the city. On the right of this building stands the palace of the Conservators, and on the left the famous museum of the Capitol, these two buildings containing a wonderful collection of gems of art in sculpture, painting, bas-relief, busts and bronzes, from all the ruined palaces, baths, and temples of ancient Rome. The great least of the statues there exhibited are world-renowned; the dying Gladiator, so pathetically described in "Childe Harold," the beautiful Veius; and the celebrated bronze Wolf of the Capitol, more famous from its associations than for its beauty. Byron describes it as "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," from its bearing evident traces of having been struck by lightning, as described by Cleero. It is very old and very ugly, yet justly prized as a most unique and interesting relic. On this same part of the Capitoline hill to the left stands the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Coeli, approached by a separate flight of 121 marble steps. This church is said by antiquaries to occupy the site of a temple of Jupiter, either Jupiter Perpetuus, or, as others say, the Jupiter Capitolinus, from which the hill is named, because in digging the foundations of the temple a head was discovered which doubtless the superstition of the people looked upon as a symbol of power and dominion, although they little dreamed of what heights of power the lucky omen pointed.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT INTEREST.

A correspondent of the *New York Mercantile Journal* makes the following curious calculations. Writing to that paper, he says: "The article under the title 'Interest,' in your issue of the 17th instant, involves a principle of such vast importance, that it cannot be kept too prominently in view.

"The statement that the cost of the outfit of Christopher Columbus, in his first voyage of discovery (estimating it to be \$5,000), put at interest at 6 per cent—interest added to principal annually—would by this time have amounted to more than the entire value of this Continent, together with the *accumulations* from the industry of all who have lived upon it, is a startling fact worthy of serious consideration.

"This reminds me of reading in Hildred's History of the United States, some years since the statement that Manhattan Island—afterward called New Amsterdam, now the City of New York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians for twenty-four dollars (\$24) only about two hundred and fifty years ago. It occurred to me that that purchase of real estate proved a most excellent investment, but to test it I made a calculation, when to my surprise I found that \$24, with interest at 7 per cent—added to the principal annually—amounted to far more than the present market value of the real estate of the whole City and County of New York."

"Our National Government owes about two thousand million dollars. Now if the interest at 7 per cent on the twenty-four dollars since the date of the purchase of New York County by the Hollanders would swallow up the whole of its present value, how long would it take for the interest (Government pays (floats to accumulate) to force the nation into bankruptcy?"

"I am reminded, in this connection, of your table showing the rapid increase of capital at various rates of interest, which I hope you will continue to keep prominent, as follows: "If one dollar be invested, and the interest added to the principal annually, at the rates named, we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years:

BREAD FROM WOOD.

Professor Liebig says:—A new and peculiar process of vegetation ensues in all perennial plants, such as shrubs, fruit and forest trees, after the complete maturity of their fruit. The stems of annual plants at this period of their growth become woody, and their leaves change to canes. The leaves of trees and shrubs, on the contrary, remain in actively until the commencement of the winter. The formation of the layers of wood progresses, the wood becomes harder and more solid, but after August the plants form no more wood, all the absorbed carbonic acid is employed for the production of nutritive matter for the following year; instead of woody fibre, starch is formed, and is diffused through every part of the plant by the autumnal sap. According to the observations of M. Hoeyer, the starch thus deposited in the body of the tree can be recognized in its known form by the aid of a good microscope. The bark of several species and pine-trees contain so much of this substance that it can be extracted from them as from potatoes by triturating with water. It exists also in the roots and other parts of perennial plants to such an extent as to have been employed in the preparation of bread in families. In illustration of which we quote the following directions, given by Professor Autenreith for preparing a palatable and nutritious bread from the *beech* and other woods destitute of turpentine. Everything soluble in water is first removed by maceration and boiling; the wood is then to be reduced to a minute state of division, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to heat in an oven, is ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn flour. It is, however, never quite white. It agrees with corn flour in not fermenting without the addition of leaven, and in this case some leaven of corn flour is said to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in time of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood flour also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, which is very nutritious.

Shoot a cannon ball against a column of smoke, and it shatters the column, but only for an instant, when it re-unites. So it is with death. It dissolves the theory we call life, for a second, to be re-united elsewhere forever.

The Hearthstone. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

- For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate. For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

Every body sending a club of 5 will also receive one copy of the Family Record. Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate FREE.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Montreal.

No. 35.

CONTENTS.

STORIES.

- The Deaf Witness. By Mrs. Leprohon. Chaps. XIX., XX. To the Ritter End. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Chaps. XXXVIII., XXXIX.

EDITORIALS.

- The Alabama Claims. Christmas Stories. Wise and Otherwise.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

- Rules for Railroad Travellers. By Gris.—Bad-Tempered People. Liberal Review.—Vultures. John Bull.—The Seven Hills of the Eternal City. Churckman's Shilling Magazine.—Curious Facts about Interest.—Bread from Wood.—Gumb's Dog.—Thomas Nast. Chicago Tribune.—English Ivy in Rooms.—Expansion of Metals by Heat.—A Quaker's Bill to his Watchmaker.

POETRY.

- The Last Letter. By Ethel Lynn.—Alone. By H. H. Newell.—Growing Old. By Max.—Rock of Ages.—How a Paper is Made.

- NEWS ITEMS. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. FARM ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. LITERARY ITEMS. GEMS OF THOUGHT. WIT AND HUMOR. HEARTHSTONE SPINX. MARKET REPORT.

ANOTHER LOCAL STORY.

In an early number next month, we will commence the publication of another story of Montreal life, which will be entitled,

HARD TO BEAT.

The story is replete with incident, and contains several local sketches which cannot fail to be interesting. It is from the pen of

MR. J. A. PHILLIPS,

Author of "From Bad to Worse," &c.

and will be handsomely illustrated by our artist.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

We would remind our contributors that now is the time to write and send us in stories for Christmas and New Year, not a week or two before the time for publication. We intend getting up a grand Extra Christmas Number this year, and should like to receive stories, &c., intended for it as soon as possible. Let the stories be about Christmas in Canada, we can get plenty of stories about other places, but we don't want them; we desire to have a Canadian paper, with Canadian authors, writing tales of Canadian life. We will pay our highest rates for Christmas stories, if they are good.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

Saturday, 14th September, 1872, may well be marked as a red letter day in the history of the world, for on that day was consummated one of the greatest victories the world has ever seen,—the victory of peace over war, the triumph of common sense and reason over passion and hostile feeling. On that day the Board of Arbitration sitting at Geneva gave its final award, and the world will hail with

pleasure the announcement that the bone of contention which for the past ten years has been causing periodical growls from both sides of the Atlantic, has been removed, and the vexed question of the Alabama claims finally set at rest. The Board of Arbitrators met for the last time at half past twelve o'clock on 14th inst. The five arbitrators, the agents of the respective governments, several of the counsel, a dozen ladies and ten reporters were present. Count Sclopis, President of the Board, read the arguments of the arbitrators and announced the award to the United States to be fifteen millions five hundred thousand dollars in gold, with reasonable interest. The decision is signed by four of the arbitrators, Sir Alexander Cockburn, the English Arbitrator, refusing to sign except in the case of the Alabama. The decision awards damages only in the cases of the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah, and each case was voted on separately. In the case of the Alabama, the Board was unanimous in its opinion that England had failed in her duties as a neutral; in the case of the Florida, Sir Alexander Cockburn alone dissented from the vote of England's liability; and in the case of the Shenandoah he was joined by Baron D'Almeida, the Arbitrator on behalf of the Emperor of Brazil. The claims for compensation for losses by the other Confederate cruisers are thus disposed of by the Board:—

"As relates to the cases of the Tuscaloosa, the Cleveley and Tacony, the arbitrators of the Alabama and Florida, the Court is unanimously of opinion that these accessories must follow the lot of their principals, and submit to the same decision. So far as relates to the case of the privateer Triton, the Tribunal, by a majority of three to two, is of opinion that England has not failed to fulfil her duties under the three rules. So far as relates to the Georgia, Nassau, Nashville, Tallahassee, and Chickomungo, the Court is unanimously of opinion that Great Britain has not failed to fulfil the duties prescribed under the three rules of the Treaty, and by international law. The Court is of opinion that the Sittie, Jeff Davis, Mevic, Boston, and Joy are excluded from consideration for want of evidence."

All the other claims of the United States are also thrown out by the Board except that for interest, which is allowed. Sir Alexander Cockburn has given his reasons for not agreeing in the decision in the cases of the Florida and the Shenandoah, and they will shortly be published; the award, however, is final, and we feel assured it will give general satisfaction. The amount is not excessive, and the increased good feeling which will be engendered between the two nations is worth vastly more than the pecuniary loss England will sustain. Both sides may, in one sense, be considered to have gained a victory; the United States has, of course, gained a verdict, which is a good deal, but only in one case is it unanimous; and in every other point England has been proved to be right. In this connection we cannot do better than quote the words of the London Times:—"Willingly will we consent to pay this sum to improve the law of nations. While England has been held responsible for the depredations of several of the Confederate cruisers, we yet retain the conviction that morally she is not to blame. The United States Government claimed damages for the losses caused by a dozen vessels, but the Court of Arbitration held England liable, unimpaired, only in the case of one vessel. This is plain evidence of belief in the genuineness of our neutrality during the war in the United States, and disproves the flagrantly unjust accusations of unfriendliness in the American case presented at Geneva. We cheerfully consent to pay the sum awarded, as tending to obviate similar difficulties in the future."

It must not be forgotten that there is still pending between England and America what may be called an "off-set" against this award, in the shape of claims of British subjects against the United States for losses by the destruction of cotton, &c., during the war, which are now being examined by the Mixed Commission in Washington; these claims are very large, and although they will doubtless be very greatly reduced by the Commission, still it is very likely that they will amount to quite as much, and possibly more, than the amount awarded by the Geneva Board. The general opinion of the press of both countries is favorable to the decision of the Board; of course, a few Tory papers in England, and strong anti-Grant papers in the States, like the New York Tribune, are not satisfied; but the great bulk of the people throughout both countries will, we think, be well pleased with the award. For ourselves, we cannot sufficiently congratulate both nations on the amicable settlement of a question which fifty years ago would have plunged the two countries into war, and have cost many times the amount of the award, in money and blood. Even within the past two years we have seen two great nations engaged in conflict, pouring out millions of dollars and sacrificing thousands of valuable lives on a much less important question than the one which has just been settled without a recourse to any more deadly weapon than the pen. The decision of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan boundary, and the report of the Mixed Commission, will settle all outstanding differences between England and America, and we may expect hereafter to see them more closely than ever united in the bonds of fellowship and good feeling.

LITERARY ITEMS.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The opening article in the October number is the first half of a very well written story entitled, "Guest's Confession," from the pen of Henry James, Jr. The plot is not novel—is it possible to construct a plot that is?—but the treatment of the subject is skillful and shows considerable dramatic power. Oliver Wendell Holmes continues his pleasant gossip, speculative "Poet at the Breakfast Table," which is quite as enjoyable as usual. Mr. G. P. Lathrop, the son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, gives "The History of Hawthorne's Last Romance," in which he attempts to show the connection between the "Dolliver Romance" and "Septimus Felton"; and to show that the "Dolliver Romance" in completion, would have been "Septimus" in full dress. Mrs. Lounowens has another charming story of Eastern life, "Lore, the Slave of a Siamese Queen," which is quite as interesting as her "Story of Boon" in last month's number. Mrs. Agassiz tells of "The Hessler (Haele)," and Herbert Tuttle gives some account of "The Chauvinisme of the French." Parton continues his gossipy history, and tells of "Jefferson as Minister to France." There is another instalment of James De Miller's "Comedy of Terrors," and the usual quantity of reviews and other interesting articles.

MICHAEL FARADAY. By J. H. Gladstone, Ph. D., F.R.S., New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 16mo. Cloth, 30 cents.

This little volume might be called a pocket biography of the great philosopher, and is eminently suited for those who have not the time or patience to read Dr. Benze Jones' elaborate biography. The volume is divided into five parts, "The Story of his Life"; "Study of his Character"; "Fruits of his Experience"; "His Method of Working"; and "The Value of his Discoveries"; to which is added a list of the learned societies to which he belonged; from this latter part we learn that Faraday was an active, honorary, or corresponding member of seventy-one societies, and that he was decorated with ninety-five titles and marks of merit. No wonder the celebrated electrician, P. Riess, of Berlin, once addressed a letter to him as "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Science, London." A perusal of this condensed history of the life and work of one of the greatest men ever known in the world of science cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE. By the author of "John Halifax, gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 16mo. Cloth, 30 cents.

Nothing from the pen of Miss Mulock can fail to be interesting, and her series of stories for little girls, of which this is the fifth, we think, promises to afford as pleasant recreation to little ones as her novels have to "children of larger growth." We scarcely approve altogether of fairy tales for children; but a few now and then as a bonnie bouche serve to vary the monotony of more instructive reading, just as a bunch of grapes after dinner is very pleasant and refreshing, but few would care to live on grapes alone; and so as an agreeable desert after the more prosaic routine of school reading may be administered "The Adventures of a Brownie," a series of six pleasant little stories, giving an account of the adventures of that fantastic little household fairy, the Brownie. The adventures are written in an easy, pleasant style, well calculated to amuse and instruct the young; for, of course, there is a moral attached to the stories—a fairy tale would be incomplete without it.

LITTLE FOLK LIFE. By Gall Hamilton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 16mo. Cloth, 30 cents.

This is a pleasant little book, containing sixteen chapters of excellent reading matter for children, written in Gall Hamilton's happiest and brightest vein. The little personages we are introduced to speak and act naturally, like children, and not like infant prodigies or adults, as is frequently the case in so-called children's books. The incidents are simple; the moral lessons taught are introduced pleasantly, and the application easily to be seen by the little men and women, without being forced to swallow a disquisition on good behaviour, as if it was bolts. We can heartily recommend "Little Folk Life" to our juvenile readers, feeling assured that no child can read it without pleasure and profit to itself.

MESSRS. PROX, the well-known publishers, of the Rue de la Harceliere, Paris, are bringing an action, the Globe states, against Louis Charles Napoleon Bonaparte, formerly Emperor of the French, and now residing in Chislehurst, England, to recover 333,299fr. 25c. for printing and delivering the small edition of the "Life of Caesar." This case will be tried before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal, at the beginning of the next term. By "delivering" the "Life of Caesar," Prox means sending copies gratis to functionaries, reviewers, and landlords of country inns, who were the only persons that could be induced to take them. The huge edition cost the publisher 200,000fr. for which he held seizure, with other creditors, on the personal effects of the Emperor and Empress found in the Garde-Meuble.

CATACAZY, who caused so much trouble in Washington a short time ago, when Russian Minister to the United States, has finally settled down to newspaper life, and become an assistant-editor of the Paris Figaro.

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE is about to become the proprietor of "Notes and Queries," and the editorial department of that Journal will, from the 1st of October, be placed in the hands of Dr. Doran, F.S.A.

THE Athenaeum says Prince Bismarck is occupying his leisure by writing his autobiography.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE. By P. v. M. Gen'l W. E. Huzen, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.

PAUL OF TARSUS: An inquiry into the times and the gospel of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THIRTY YEARS IN THE HAREM; or, the Autobiography of Melek-Hanum, wife of H. F. Kibrizi-Mohemet-Pasha. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 8vo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE MAID OF SKER; a Novel. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "Cradook Rowell." New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 8vo. Paper, 75 cents.

HOPE DEFERRED; a Novel. By Eliza F. Pollard. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

An eccentric gentleman died lately at Columbus, Ohio. We put it mildly and call him eccentric; but his friends put it strongly and say he was mad, and all because he did not leave his money to them, but devoted it to the establishment of a "Cath. Infirmary." The infirmary is to have rat holes, and rats are to be provided for the pleasure of the feline inmates of the infirmary. Rats are to be provided on which the fierce grimaldines can caterwaul to their hearts' content, and make love and fight, as is the manner of cats. But the funniest part of this funny old gentleman's funny will, is the last clause, which provides that his own intestines shall be made into fiddle-strings, and that they shall be played upon in the "auditorium" of the infirmary, the playing to be kept up for ever and ever, without cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the privilege of hearing and enjoying the instrument which is the nearest approach to their natural voices." Of course the will will be contested, and we have no doubt the lawyers will make as much noise over it as the cats would if allowed to enjoy their infirmary and the fiddle strings.

MAJOR MORDERWELL, of Genesee, N.Y., has had rather a curious experience, that of a pen and pen-case working through his body. During the war, in a battle in Tennessee, he was struck by a bullet which entered the stomach and passed out through the back, near the spinal column. It was the only one of six to wound him, who recovered. The ball carried with it a silver pen-case and a gold pen, which were in the Major's vest pocket at the time, and he has been digesting it ever since. The case began to work out first, two pieces welded together in the shape of a cross being the first to make their appearance. Since then seven other pieces have worked their way out, and lately a portion of the pen worked its way out at the back of the neck. The Major thinks this is the last piece, and really it looks as if it was time it had all got out of him.

It is a little surprising to find our neighbors across the line, usually so quick to adopt a new idea, so dilatory in adopting the postal card system, which has been found to work so admirably in England and Canada. It is now over a year since the idea of using them was mooted, and it is several months since Congress passed an Act providing for their use; but the Post Office Department has done nothing except, we believe, calling for designs. We suppose there cannot be a sufficiently big "job" made of it to make it interesting, or they would have been furnished long ago. The people seem to want them badly, as applications for about 2,500,000 have already been sent in.

We have not been slow to express our opinion on the "Heathen Chinee," and his "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and it is somewhat of a relief to find that he has been revenging himself by expressing his opinion on our ways and customs. There is an amount of quiet humor and dry sarcasm in his description of an English Court of Justice. He says: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word." It is evident he did not witness a trial for murder in the United States, or he would not have been able to use the word "condemn."

Miss Birney, daughter of an American General, is leaving to set type in the office of the Boston Gazette, as one of the necessary qualifications for her filling an editorial position on a paper in the Southern States. The number of female compositors in the United States and Canada is now quite large; and a great many ladies are engaged in editing papers, but we doubt whether any of them have thought it necessary to learn to set type, as Miss Birney does. She will be a valuable acquisition to her paper, as she will be able to set up her editorials without the trouble of writing them.

It is reported that Stanley is to go to China as soon as he finishes his great book on Africa; it is not stated who or what he is to "discover" there; but there is no doubt he will discover something, perhaps, Confucius or the Ten lost tribes of Israel, or something. It seems curious to us that Mr. Bennett has not thought of sending Stanley to find Sir John Franklin, he would certainly find him—or say he did, which amounts to the same thing; or falling in that he would undoubtedly discover the North Pole, and telegraph at once that the Pole was "equal to the occasion."

A young man in Philadelphia had a young lady friend who was fond of gold fish and had half a dozen. She hasn't got them now. The young man went fishing and caught a pound trout. He thought he would surprise his young lady friend by putting it into the bowl with her gold fish. The surprise was complete. The trout swallowed all the gold fish, turned over on its back and died of indigestion; and the worst of it is the young lady declares the young man "did it on purpose" and wont speak to him now.

Our neighbors across the line seem to be waking up to the fact that great corporations are responsible to the public to perform their contracts promptly and well; a Judge in Portland, Me., has lately given a decision against a Telegraph Company for failure to send a message promptly. So weight is attached to the principle of the quill blanketing the responsibility of the company; the decision holds that the company is bound to perform the service for which it is paid.

Dockrons are beginning to cry out against high-heeled boots, several cases of the toes being dislocated and forced into unnatural positions having occurred lately, not to mention such trifles as sprained ankles. We condemn the practice of the Chinese in confining their children's feet in wooden shoes, yet we allow our children to wear heels to their boots which will throw their feet out of all form and shape, and in a few years make them a race of cripples.

CONSIDERING the great desire which has been evinced for many years to discover the North Pole, it is somewhat disheartening to have the N. Y. World inform us that if any individual should be fortunate enough to reach that locality, he would be unfortunate enough to find that he could not return, as the attraction of gravitation at the pole would make a man so heavy, that no human effort could enable him to raise his foot from the ground.

THE position of an editor in Russia does not seem to be an enviable one, two worthy knights of the quill having lately been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for saying in their papers that it was rumored in America that the Grand Duke Alexis had been secretly married during his visit to that country. Russia might be a nice place to live in, although we doubt it; but it can't be a nice place to edit a newspaper in—and we are sure of that.

NEW YORK thieves have discovered a new way of liberating their friends. A short time since George Gross was detained in the Tombs on a charge of grand larceny. The commitment was signed by Alderman Coman, and two days after a discharge paper signed by the Alderman was presented at the prison and the prisoner released. It was afterwards discovered that the order for release was a forgery.

ONE of the most gratifying features of the money order system is the fact that last year 3,207 orders to sea-men were issued at foreign ports payable in the United Kingdom, the amount being £39,468. The orders are issued by the British Consuls. This looks as if Jack was getting wiser and does not spend his money quite so lavishly as he used to.

ONE would scarcely think that in the present age of enlightenment, a nobleman of the intelligence of the Marquis of Bute could be so blinded by superstitions as never to ride on horseback, because a gypsy fortune teller long ago predicted that his lordship would be killed by a fall from a horse; yet such is stated to be the case.

Miss Frank of Wyandotte, Kansas, must be an industrious and patient lady having undertaken to embroider a life size portrait of St. Patrick. An exchange informs us that she has already taken 1,600,000 stitches; Query: Who counted them?

WE thought all the world knew that Franz Abt was the composer of "When the swallows homeward fly," but a contemporary mentions him as the author of "The Homeward Fly," we don't know what sort of a "fly" is intended.

WHO next? It is now rumored that Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield is to enter the lecture field the coming season; an appropriate title for her first lecture would be "What I know about shooting Flak."

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—Business at Kingston is reported to be very brisk just now, the harbor and ship-yards being full of vessels. Large quantities of wheat are arriving to take the place of the late crop of Canada. Halifax is so much troubled on account of the scarcity of domestic help that there is some talk of importing "the Hethen Chinee." Ottawa intends having a dog show this fall.—Halifax will have a grand yacht regatta on the Saturday after the fair.—The St. Catharines Journal says the estate of the late Mr. T. C. Stronach is valued at from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000.—An American bark Olivia Davies has cleared at Pictou for St. John's with the first cargo of Nova Scotia coal ever shipped to the East Indies.—It is not now likely that Sir John McDonald will go to England this year.—Hon. J. A. Macdonald is present in the House of Commons. The Conservative M.P. for Ottawa, is to be the new Premier of Ontario.—The output of Pictou, hereafter under the survey of the port of Port Louis, is considered a part of the output of John Macdonald has been elected President of a cricket club.—A considerable number of emigrants have arrived in Ottawa this week.—It is reported that the local government of Nova Scotia are in a treaty with certain parties for the sale of government House at St. John's, which is to be converted into a hotel, and that a new and more suitable residence for the Governor of Nova Scotia will be provided in its stead.

EXPENSIVE STAYS.—An infectious and dangerous fatal disease has broken out in Nevada.—A special despatch to the Herald says that letters have been received from Dr. Livingston, dated July 2nd, 1872. He was still at Uyanayembu, well, and awaiting the arrival of Stanley's second expedition. A grain elevator at Vallego fell on 17th inst., carrying the wharf and 6,000 tons of wheat into the water. Loss, \$250,000.—Gen. Sherman, in an interview, expresses the opinion that the Republic of France will at least last during Thiers' time, if it does not survive him. He declares Thiers is honest and patriotic, except in all that is for the country's good, and that France will at length do away with the monarchy under his administration.—The English eleven beat the New York twenty-two by a score of 249 in one innings to 108 in two innings.—Six hundred aluminum medals, single men and single women arrived at New York on 18th inst.—James F. Johnson, chief of the stamp division in the U. S. Sub-Treasury, N. Y., is a defaulter to the amount of about \$200,000.—Patrick Dunton, an American, beat his wife to death in New York on 18th inst.

ENGLAND.—An indignation meeting is to be held in Dublin on the 22nd instant to protest against the course of the British Government towards the press in France.—At the meeting of the Executive Council in London, they adopted a platform in favor of universal suffrage by ballot for legislative and ministerial affairs, compulsory and gratuitous common school education, the abandonment of standing armies, the abolition of indirect taxes and substitution thereof of a progressive income tax and the suppression of usury.—It is reported that Princess Beatrice, the fifth and only unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria has been betrothed to the Duke of Albany, the prince is now in her 16th year and the Marquis in his 22nd.—John Fox & Co., merchants, Mining Lane London, have suspended. Their liabilities are five hundred thousand pounds. They have connections with several American houses, and their suspension was caused by a recent failure in Baltimore.—Fifty children, in charge of Miss Hye, sailed from Liverpool for Quebec in the steamship Samartian on 19th inst.

FRANCE.—L. Olive, Deschamps and Donville, Communists, were executed at Satry on 18th inst.—M. Gambetta has made a deposition in regard to the capitulation of Metz. He was examined by General Riviere.—Eight hundred and eighty Communists, condemned to transportation, embarked at Brest for New Caledonia on 18th inst.—The sentences of seven of the communists condemned to death for the abolition of the Republic of France, were commuted to imprisonment.—Rochefort, who has been exiled to New Caledonia, is dangerously ill, and it is feared he cannot recover.—The proprietors of several of the newspapers in the Department of Pas de Calais executed their first contract for furnishing coal to England. The quantity sent is 250,000 tons.

ITALY.—A Rome despatch says Cardinal Antonelli has received a communication from the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, who writes that at the Imperial Conference held at Berlin the Emperors of Austria, Russia and Germany agreed to forward a note to His Holiness the Pope, asking him to break with the Jesuits, as the latter are enemies of the Roman Catholic Church.—The Nuncio at Vienna and the Emperor's promise to intercede with the Italian Government on behalf of the Foreign Corporations at Rome.—M. There has been information that the Pope has abandoned all ideas of leaving Rome.

GERMANY.—The German government has issued a second circular in still more threatening terms than the original one against emigrants, who, it declares, will be treated as outlaws over whom special surveillance and supervision has been instituted.—The correspondence between the Emperor William, Minister Bismarck and the Bishop of Ermland, on the subject of the excommunication, is published. The Bishop takes decided ground against the interference of the secular authority in matters of religion. The tone of the communications on both sides is sharp and uncompromising.

SPAIN.—An Imperialist newspaper says that General Cathelineau and Tindall will soon meet at Bayonne, France, to perfect the arrangements for the next Carlist rising in Spain. Cabrera, a well known Carlist, has been invited to join the movement, but refuses. General Tindall served under Maximilian in Mexico.—A serious accident occurred on the railway between Gerona and Barcelona on the night of 18th inst. Two passenger trains, while running rapidly, came in collision. The casualties number twenty, including several killed.

CUBA.—The measures of the Intendant have broken up the system of frauds in the Havana Custom House, and the smuggling through Cardina's Custom House has ceased. The Intendant issued a circular on 14th inst., threatening to send all employees of any Custom House whose frauds are discovered to prison in Spain. It is expected the new order of things will increase the revenue from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually.

WEST INDIES.—A hurricane visited the Windward Isles. Vessels are ashore at St. Kitts, Guadeloupe and Martinique, and great damage has been done at St. Domingo. Vessels were dashed to pieces and wharves destroyed and many lives lost.—On the 10th a severe storm passed over Valparaiso, doing considerable damage to the shipping.

SWEDEN.—King Charles of Sweden died at Malmo on 18th inst. He was born 28 May, 1826, and succeeded his father 9th July, 1859. He leaves one daughter, Louisa-Josephine-Eugenie, born 31st Oct. 1851.

RUSSIA.—A dispatch from Tcheran reports that cholera is raging with great violence at Bakhran. It is estimated that 1,000 persons are dying daily from the scourge.

ALONE.

BY R. H. NEWELL.

Three stalwart sons old Sweeney, the Saxon, had, Brave, hardly less for battle or the chase; And though, like peasant, barbarously clad, Each wore the nameless Noble in his face: One o'er another rose their heads in tiers, Slept for their father's honorable years.

One night in Autumn sat they round the fire, In the rude cabin bountiful of home; Mild was the reverence due from child to sire, Bold in the manhood of manly mien; Working their tasks o'er hasty dinner, Loosening the bow and sharpening the spear.

Lost in his thoughts, old Sweeney, the Saxon, stood Leaning in silence 'neath the chimney stone; Staring unobservant at the blazing wood, Working their tasks o'er hasty dinner, Loosening the bow and sharpening the spear.

Athol, the bearded, with his bow had done, Alfred, the nimble, laid his spear aside, Edric, the fairest, tiring of his fun, Left the old board to slumber on his side; Yet was their air like one who, from a dream Shaded by sleep, and all their light a dream.

Hold in the favor of the oldest born, Athol, for both his younger brothers, spoke; "Father, the fox is prowling in the corse; And hear the night owl hooting from the oak; Let us to couch." But Sweeney had raised his head And thus, unwitting what had passed, he said:—

"See from my breast I draw this chain of gold;— Fair in the firelight royally it glows.— This for his honor that shall best unfold Who, of all creatures, is most worthy to be loved; Take him from palace, monastery or out, Loving, unloved, forgetting, or forgot."

Then Athol spoke, with thoughtful tone and look, "He is the fondest—most alone of all Who, in a skill to the mid-seas forsook, Finds not an echo, even to his call; If echo lived not, all Alone were he; But there's no echo on the solemn sea!"

And Alfred next:—"But lonelier, brother, far, The wretch that flies a just avenging star, To him all scenes are waste, a foe the star, All earth he's lost, and knows no heaven, no god; Most lonely he, who, making man his foe, Unto man's slinker darest not to go!"

Thus spoke the lads, with wit beyond their years, And yet the old man held his head and sigh'd, As one who gains the form his wishing wears, But misses still a something most denied: Upon his youngest eager looks he turned, And Edric's cheek with grace ingenious burned.

"I think, my father," and his tone was low, "That lonelier yet, and most Alone is he, Scarce taught, the 'crowd' are leading where to go, And one far missing, can no other see; Though all the Norman's court around him moves, He is Alone apart from her he loves."

A hush fell on them. Then, with loving air And all the touching romance of the Old, The hoary father kissed young Edric's hair, And o'er his shoulders threw the chain of gold; Then fell upon his darling's neck and cried: "I have been lonely since thy mother died!"

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ON THE TRACK.

Mr. Drayton went to England by the short sea route, and lost no time by studying his personal comfort on the way: but in spite of his energy and the promises of the railway company he did not arrive in London till the advertised ten hours had merged into nearly twenty.

There were vexatious delays—a stoppage on the last bit of railway from Paris to Calais, for locomotive travelling is one of the things that they do not do better in France. Then the boat was late, and proved when it came to be a wretched thing, with worn-out engines, and accommodation that would have been a disgrace to a Woolwich steamer.

For the man speaking to the bedside of a sick friend, or to the rescue of one he loves from an unknown danger, the choice between riding in a slow train or waiting an hour or so for a fast one is simply a question of torture.

Laurence had to make this choice, and took the slow train. He had almost forgotten, in his impatience, that it would put him down at Hastings, whereas the express would have taken him direct to London, and so occasioned grievous loss of time.

Never had the Hastings station—a shed-like, wooden structure on a desert of platform—been so welcome to his sight. He hurried through, and placed his small travelling-bag of necessities into the first vehicle he saw at liberty, and was jolted to Castle Hill with all the speed the stolid driver could extract from a stubborn horse, with disreputable hind-quarters.

In every trifling matter of detail circumstances were against Mr. Drayton on this occasion, and he did not reach Mr. Wyatt's residence till the afternoon was gone.

His summons to the hall was answered by the butler, and his low-toned inquiry was answered without the least appearance of alarm. In fact, the man looked slightly surprised at Laurence's manner.

"Mr. Temple was here, sir, till yesterday, and then he went home. He was perfectly well."

"Perfectly well! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then why," began Laurence, bewildered by a strange suspicion, "was such a message sent to me? But perhaps I had better see Mr. Wyatt."

"I think you had, sir," said the man, respectfully, and Laurence was conducted to an ante-room communicating with one whence came the subtle fragrance of a well-cooked dinner, and the pleasant jingle of plate and glass.

Edith's father came out presently.

"Mr. Drayton?" he said, looking with pardonable astonishment at the traveller's anxious and wearied appearance. "You thought Eugene was here?"

"Yes; most assuredly. This telegram came yesterday from you, telling me that he was in imminent danger."

"I sent no telegram," said Mr. Wyatt. "As for Eugene, he is better than I ever saw him in his life. Some stupid practical joke, depend upon it, and the perpetrator deserves a horse-whip. I should like to bring in a bill to make the forgery of a letter or a telegram an act of felony or a misdemeanor. Three months or so with hard labor would have a wholesome influence on the ingenious inspirations of the practical joker."

But Mr. Drayton did not see the hand of anything so innocent even as that social pest the practical joker in this. The meeting with Everard Grantley recurred to him, and the instinct that enabled him to know his enemy so thoroughly pointed out what peril Julia might be in, alone in a strange land, and with that ruthless foe of his so near.

"Beyond the annoyance that you naturally

fool, it is scarcely a matter to take seriously," said Edith's father. "The fellow, whoever he is, deserves a little credit for not letting you frighten Julia. We are just at dinner, and you had better join us sans cérémonie."

"I am afraid it is something worse than a joke," said Laurence, gravely. "It may be a stratagem to get me out of the way."

"A stratagem. On whose part, and for what purpose?"

"On Grantley's part. I saw him a few days before I received this. Julia alone there would be at his mercy."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Wyatt, "what on earth could he do to her? She has her servants, and there are plenty of people in the house. It is a vexatious, stupid job at best, and you are very naturally annoyed. It will not look half so serious after dinner, depend upon it, and in any case you can do nothing to-night."

"I do not know," said Laurence, thoughtfully. "But do not let me detain you from your friends; the last train from London comes in at nine, and reaches Dover in time for the night boat."

"Well, you must catch the night boat if you will," said the master of Castle Hill, smiling at what he thought the needless anxiety of a newly-married man; "and you have plenty of time for dinner all the same."

"I want to see Eugene."

"I will send for him."

He had an Englishman's regard for comfort,

"Came with a telegram, and mistress said you had lost the train, and was waiting for her in Paris; and she went that very minute almost."

"Come with me," he said, composedly, "and see if you can point out that commissionnaire. Do not lose more time than you can help. How was your mistress dressed?"

"In her dark blue cloth costume, with braid trimming and buttons."

"Did she wear a bonnet or a hat?"

"Her black velvet hat, sir with the feather."

"I know! And what luggage had she?"

"One box. She said she would send it on direct to the station."

He asked no more. The worst fear he had was that of heartless gratitude. "If Margaret Grantley has said that she will save my darling she will keep her word. Women, even at the worst, have the one holy sense which makes them true to each other in the hour of trial."

"You are satisfied?" asked the quiet voice of the commissary. "Madam is safe?"

"So far, yes; but my wife is still in danger from this man should he reach England before I do. Can you have him arrested if you find him?"

"If he is on the soil of France; but you must specify a charge."

"The unlawful detention of my wife."

"It would have to be proved. We might detain him as a suspect at your risk."

Julia wins Margaret's help.

and would take no denial of his hospitable desire. He rang for his butler.

"Take Mr. Drayton to my dressing-room," he said, "and then send a groom to Mr. Temple."

"Yes, sir."

"He had better ride over, and be quick. What is the message, Mr. Drayton?"

"That I am home, and wish to see him before I return to France. I take the last train to-night."

Five minutes later he heard the messenger ride fast from the stables, and in less than an hour Eugene came in. His first inquiry was for Julia.

"I left her at Versailles," said Laurence. "Some one has played a stupid hoax upon me, unless there is worse in it. I had a telegram purporting to be from Mr. Wyatt, saying that something had happened to you, and telling me to come immediately, &c."

Eugene took the message. It was the ordinary kind of message, scrawled with a hard pencil on rough, discolored paper, and was to all appearance genuine enough. Like Edith's father, he was disposed to smile at seeing Laurence take the matter so seriously.

"But when I tell you," said Laurence, "that I saw Grantley a few days ago?"

"If he were a bandit, and you had met him on the Greek mountains," said Eugene, "I should see some room for fear. But at Versailles—a quaint little aristocratic town like Windsor, where every one can see the doings of his neighbour—I think your anxiety groundless."

"Yet, remember what he did to you."

"He had a large, solitary house at his disposal."

"Still he may have decoyed her away," said Laurence, unable to let his friend convince him, "and I shall not rest till I am certain of her safety. I shudder at the thought of her being even for a moment in the power of a wretch so merciless."

They could not dissuade him from returning that night. In truth, their own fears struck deeper than they cared to show, for they knew there was no crime of which Grantley would not be guilty to gratify his passions and revenge.

Laurence met the last train down, and had butler fortune on the return journey. It was a beautiful night. The summer moon was up, and the boat rode over a sea that rippled as calmly as a river. It soothed him, tired as he was.

"I should like to find the perpetrator of the job," he thought, "if it is a jest. There must be something awful and cruel about people who can do such things. They have no more right to cause a fellow creature wanton mental pain than they have to inflict bodily injury upon him, or pick his pocket."

By the time he reached the Boulevard du Roi ne had made up his mind that he was the victim of a hoax and nothing more. It was not till Brutus blundered out to meet him, and Rachel, appearing from the next room, confronted him with an inquiring look, that he was undeceived.

"Well, Rachel," he said, as cheerfully as he could, while his heart sank and fell cold with him, "where is your mistress?"

"Why, her, sir," was the surprised reply, "I thought she were with you."

He went very pale; but he was too proud to show emotion even before this faithful creature, and he spoke quite calmly, to get the sooner at the truth.

"No. When did she go out? Tell me quickly, please, and do not be frightened. There is some slight misunderstanding, which will soon be explained."

"You had been gone about two hours, when one of them foreign missionaries, with a uniform, and a straight peak to his cap, sticking out so—"

"Yes; a commissionnaire, you mean. Well! I

his strict instructions to give it to no one else. We have not a moment to spare, my dear sir, husband, for we do not know when Everard may return. He decoyed me here by a false message, and but for Margaret I should never see you again. Even now I shudder to think what may be the consequence should he overtake us."

"I have no time to write more. We shall make our way to England, and hide ourselves at Brookdale till you come. I pray to heaven you may not meet Everard, for he has sworn a terrible oath that I shall never see you again. I should have been quite lost but for Margaret, and she has saved me at I do not know what danger to herself."

"Thank God for this," said Laurence, with a thought of heartfelt gratitude. "If Margaret Grantley has said that she will save my darling she will keep her word. Women, even at the worst, have the one holy sense which makes them true to each other in the hour of trial."

"You are satisfied?" asked the quiet voice of the commissary. "Madam is safe?"

"So far, yes; but my wife is still in danger from this man should he reach England before I do. Can you have him arrested if you find him?"

"If he is on the soil of France; but you must specify a charge."

"The unlawful detention of my wife."

"It would have to be proved. We might detain him as a suspect at your risk."

Julia found herself in Margaret's arms when she recovered. She looked round with a shuddering fear for Grantley, but he was gone, and then her faint, prayerful words moved Margaret deeply.

"Let me go home," she said; "don't keep me from my husband, Margaret. Remember the old times, when you loved me, and let me go; my heart will break if you do not."

"And I dare not," said Margaret, sorrowfully. "He has so set his soul upon you that if I disappoint him he will do something more desperate than I dare to think."

"Oh, Margaret! dear Margaret! do not help him in this hideous sin. Think of me as if I were yourself. I have been married but a few short months, and I love my husband so dearly—oh, so dearly! Think of him when he returns, and finds that I am gone; his agony, his terrible suspense—the fear upon him that I have, perhaps, suffered worse than death. Dear Margaret, I never wronged you, we never had any angry word together, and I cannot think—I cannot believe that you will help your brother in this crime!"

"But what can I do," Margaret asked, with gloomy quietude, "when my choice between you and him? His last words when he went out were that if I let you go, or lost sight of you, his death would be at my door."

"And if you do not mind will be at your door! Ask your own heart which is best to do. Sacrifice me to his fearful passions, give me to a life-sustaining that death would be my only refuge, or save me, and with the gratitude of all who love me? Oh, Margaret! you are a woman, and you can but give one answer—you will save me, I know you will!"

"And sacrifice my brother?"

"It was but an idle threat to frighten you."

Miss Grantley shook her head.

"You do not know him. He is capable of any deed, any crime, to obtain his purpose, and the loss of you would drive him desperate. I believe that if he returned and found you gone, he would seek your husband out and slay him, though retribution overlook him the next moment."

The poor girl shuddered. Then her lively belief gave her courage.

"Heaven would not permit such iniquity," she said; "and at the worst I should die too. Leave your brother to his sinful ways, and come home with me. They would never forget that you had saved me, and you would be restored to your place in the hearts of those who loved you."

"Nothing that I could do would restore me to the heart of the only one whose love I care for. That dream ended long ago, and since then I have found no one so true and kind as Everard. If you had cared for him, Julia, things would have been so different."

"Could I help not caring for him?" said Julia, with innocent pathos. "Does not my own devotion to Mr. Fleming tell you how impossible it was for me to care for any one but Laurence? Ah, Margaret, how many a time when I was a child you have taken me in your arms, and said I was your own sweet, little sister, and told me there was no trouble in the world that you would not bear for my sake!"

"Do you love this Laurence Drayton, then, so much?"

"So dearly—so dearly, that if you keep me from him I shall die."

"Well," said Margaret, with a heavy sigh, "I will do this for you, though it takes me for ever from my brother, and I have no other friend in the world. He will never forgive me; and all the rest have turned against me. I have deserved it, but it is not the loss hard for that."

"And you will save me?"

"Yes, dear, at any risk, though something tells me the consequences will be terrible. Let me leave your brother to his sinful ways, and come home with me. They would never forget that you had saved me, and you would be restored to your place in the hearts of those who loved you."

"I knew you would," said Julia, with a deep, tearful undertone. "It is not like you to see me in such pain and danger. Will you take me home?"

Miss Grantley folded the slender figure in her arms, and kissed the trembling, sensitive lips.

"We must both be firm and quiet, and lose no time, my darling Julia. Should Everard return all will be lost beyond hope. We dare not stay in France. Write a note to Mr. Drayton. Tell him what you please—he must know the truth sooner or later. We must go to England. Say that we shall make our way to Brookdale, and then I will see you safe in the custody of your friends."

"And you?"

"There is nothing for me this side of heaven but the misery I have brought upon myself. Do not think of me, but write. Mr. Drayton is almost sure to trace you to here, and I will take care the letter is delivered to him should he come."

The letter was written while Margaret penned a brief note to her brother. She said briefly this:—

"I am taking the poor child to her friends, and it will be useless for you to follow us. I intend to save her from you at any risk. Dear as I love you, as I have proved to my bitter cost, I would rather part from you for ever than help you in such unwholy work. Try to repent, dear Everard, and when I come back to you let it be with the hope that we may live so that our sins shall be forgiven."

That letter she left on the centre table, addressed to him in a distinct, firm hand. Julia's she took downstairs to the concierge, with instructions that he should surrender it to no one who did not answer to the name and description of Laurence Drayton.

They had left the house an hour later. Julia was full of fears up to the very last that Grantley would return and prevent their escape; but Margaret reassured her.

"He can do nothing now," she said. "Everard knows that, no matter what the result, I shall abide by the step I have taken. Once away from him, we can find protection anywhere should we need it."

Nevertheless, she was careful to avoid meeting him. In Paris, as in London, two mortal



JULIA WINS MARGARET'S HELP.

"Do that, then. Mention my name, and he will not resist, for he knows," added Laurence, between his teeth, "that there is one charge I could make against him that would place more than his liberty in danger, and but for his sister I would do it."

CHAPTER XLV.

NEARING THE END.

When Grantley left the Rue de Val de Ville with those words of warning to his sister, he went to make the few final preparations that were needed. He was sure of Julia now. Margaret had been his accomplice in deeper and more dangerous iniquity than this. For her tacit compliance in what he intended he relied on his strong influence over her, and on her love for him.

"I will keep her with me till Julia grows more accustomed to her position," he resolved, "and then she had better leave me. Her presence after a certain time would only, perhaps, strengthen the girl in resistance, and she must be mine at any hazard now. It would be better for her in the future if she did."

He knew exactly what he had to fight against. Julia's firm instincts and her passionate love for Laurence Drayton were barriers that would not easily be broken down. If she ever gave way it would be in sheer hopelessness of spirit, when success was impossible, or could only come too late. There was no desperate thought in his head as yet. He wanted to win her by patient gentleness if he could—let her see that in all he had done he was moved by nothing but the mighty spirit of his passion for her.

In this man's singular nature this strange love for his fair young cousin had over held the strongest place. He tried to build the future now as though the past had never been. He would not give entrance to the thought that between himself and Julia rose the sacred to which bound her to another. Had she been less true, had she ever liked him, or had she been married to a man for whom she had less regard than she had for Laurence, her lot with Grantley would, but for its shame, have been a happy one.

For if he despised conventional ties and creeds, he acted up to the spirit of his own belief, and his devotion would have been unchanging throughout a lifetime. Few men had been more free from the petty sins of the passions than he. Grantley had no miserable little *hatons* to reflect upon—no haunting memories of a pale face saddened by a broken trust to reproach himself with. When he had loved his love had been written in letters of fire. His very crimes were tinged with a certain sort of grandeur, and those who let themselves be tempted for his sake were never left to the mercy of the world.

"I will never give her cause for a tear when she has once learned to love me," he said, not blinding himself to the fact that the lesson would be hard for her to learn. "Her every wish shall be so gratified that she shall have but one regret, and that one because she was not mine from the first. I wonder what manner of man they are who outgrow love at my age. I never knew what it was in its strength and beauty till now."

He pictured the task before him—the tears, the pleadings, that by and by would settle down into dull resignation, and then gradually, under his patient gentleness and tender devotion, waken into the softer feeling of forgiveness, and so by degrees into the love he wanted. He was not sanguine—it would be a work of time; but while she was safe in his possession he could wait.

"And so," he said, "I shall realize my dream after all, no matter what the means. I have wealth—as much as I could desire—and I have

the only woman I ever cared for. And what beyond these is there in this world worth a second thought?"

He made his preparations with the precision which characterized him in everything—arranged his route of travel, sent a courier in advance, and wrote to his agents in London. On England he had turned his back for ever. He did not care to hang about the outskirts of society, and at best he received in a second set, whither by living abroad he could rank with the princes of the land.

A rich Englishman, who has reasons for not staying at home, can exist almost anywhere without being troubled by the unseen tribunal that gives each man his proper place, and shuts an inviolable but passable door against all doubtful comers.

Margaret was glad when her brother went out. His absence gave her time to think, and she looked with pitying remorse at the sweet face on the pillow. Her sin had not hardened her; her punishment, bitter as it was, did not make her close her heart against those who wanted help; and she wished most fervently that Everard had fallen at the outset of his doings.

Julia found herself in Margaret's arms when she recovered. She looked round with a shuddering fear for Grantley, but he was gone, and then her faint, prayerful words moved Margaret deeply.

"Let me go home," she said; "don't keep me from my husband, Margaret. Remember the old times, when you loved me, and let me go; my heart will break if you do not."

"And I dare not," said Margaret, sorrowfully. "He has so set his soul upon you that if I disappoint him he will do something more desperate than I dare to think."

"Oh, Margaret! dear Margaret! do not help him in this hideous sin. Think of me as if I were yourself. I have been married but a few short months, and I love my husband so dearly—oh, so dearly! Think of him when he returns, and finds that I am gone; his agony, his terrible suspense—the fear upon him that I have, perhaps, suffered worse than death. Dear Margaret, I never wronged you, we never had any angry word together, and I cannot think—I cannot believe that you will help your brother in this crime!"

"But what can I do," Margaret asked, with gloomy quietude, "when my choice between you and him? His last words when he went out were that if I let you go, or lost sight of you, his death would be at my door."

"And if you do not mind will be at your door! Ask your own heart which is best to do. Sacrifice me to his fearful passions, give me to a life-sustaining that death would be my only refuge, or save me, and with the gratitude of all who love me? Oh, Margaret! you are a woman, and you can but give one answer—you will save me, I know you will!"

"And sacrifice my brother?"

"It was but an idle threat to frighten you."

Miss Grantley shook her head.

"You do not know him. He is capable of any deed, any crime, to obtain his purpose, and the loss of you would drive him desperate. I believe that if he returned and found you gone, he would seek your husband out and slay him, though retribution overlook him the next moment."

The poor girl shuddered. Then her lively belief gave her courage.

"Heaven would not permit such iniquity," she said; "and at the worst I should die too. Leave your brother to his sinful ways, and come home with me. They would never forget that you had saved me, and you would be restored to your place in the hearts of those who loved you."

"Nothing that I could do would restore me to the heart of the only one whose love I care for. That dream ended long ago, and since then I have found no one so true and kind as Everard. If you had cared for him, Julia, things would have been so different."

"Could I help not caring for him?" said Julia, with innocent pathos. "Does not my own devotion to Mr. Fleming tell you how impossible it was for me to care for any one but Laurence? Ah, Margaret, how many a time when I was a child you have taken me in your arms, and said I was your own sweet, little sister, and told me there was no trouble in the world that you would not bear for my sake!"

"Do you love this Laurence Drayton, then, so much?"

"So dearly—so dearly, that if you keep me from him I shall die."

"Well," said Margaret, with a heavy sigh, "I will do this for you, though it takes me for ever from my brother, and I have no other friend in the world. He will never forgive me; and all the rest have turned against me. I have deserved it, but it is not the loss hard for that."

"And you will save me?"

"Yes, dear, at any risk, though something tells me the consequences will be terrible. Let me leave your brother to his sinful ways, and come home with me. They would never forget that you had saved me, and you would be restored to your place in the hearts of those who loved you."

nomies might live within a few streets and never be aware of each other's existence.

Margaret took her measures well. Her brother would return soon, and his first feeling on seeing her letter would be a savage resolution to seek them, with some desperate resolution that might end in a tragedy.

"He will conjecture that we have made for England," Margaret said. "He knows that having taken this step, my first care would be to leave France, and we are safe; however, he will be puzzled at the very outset. You must keep up your courage, Julia dear. If you give way a point you will cause a delay, and that means danger."

The caution was not unnecessary. There was certain indications of a falling spirit and overstrung nerves in the droop of Julia's eyelids and the whiteness of her lips; but Margaret's timely words restored her.

"I was thinking what might happen if he should come upon us," she said, trying to smile. "It is not very likely. There are three ways out of France; and when he discovers our flight he will not know which one to watch."

"Three ways?" "Bonaparte; but that means a long sea voyage, and you are scarcely equal to it. Calais, for Dover; and Dieppe, for Newhaven. The last is our best way. Men always take the quickest and the shortest route, and Everard will look for us at Dover. We will make for Dieppe."

"Where shall we go, then?" "To Newhaven. It is on the same line of coast as Hastings, and we can reach Brookdale without going to London."

Miss Grantley acted now with the courage and the method of a man. There was just the bare possibility that Everard might look for them on the way to Dieppe, and to make safety doubly sure, she went out of the direct road, and stayed in various little out-of-the-way towns for an hour or so, to throw him off the scent. They reached Dieppe, and took the boat for Newhaven at about the time Laurence first discovered Julia's absence on his return.

Grantley was not gone more than three hours. Mindful at the beginning of the details that were to make up the method by which he was to win Julia's love, he went to a jeweller's in the Rue Royale, and spent nearly a thousand pounds on a diamond necklace, with pendent brooch and earrings *en suite*. He bought other gifts almost as rich, after a kingly fashion of his own. Nothing was too rare or priceless for her.

"There lies my one great hope," he thought. "The man that I have taken her from is poor, and either does despise or affects to despise the dainty ornaments women delight in. I wonder how she ever learned to love the stern ascetic moralist, who thinks less of things for their beauty than their use. When she is mine—all mine—she shall have the trappings of an orient princess."

He went to the Rue de Valle with the jewel-case in his breast; and his strangely handsome face was almost tender with an expectant hope that she would not shrink from him when they met. Now that she was in his power he meant to show her how thoughtfully elaborate he could be, how patiently and how easy he could subdue himself for her sake.

When he opened the door a chill fell upon him. The empty rooms had that mysterious sense of emptiness and silence that makes itself felt palpably by those whose nerves are finely strung.

He went to the inner room, and called in a low voice—"Margaret!" There was no reply.

He looked round then—a fierce doubt fighting with his dread—a savage, impatient resolution that the thing he feared should not, could not be. "Margaret!" There was the same dead silence. He strode into room after room like an angry lion, and with the same result: all were empty alike.

In one—Margaret's dressing chamber—he saw the first signs of the truth. The dress his sister had worn when he left her three hours ago was thrown carelessly over a chair, the doors of the wardrobe were open, and her travelling costume was missing from its peg.

"She would not dare," he said between his teeth; "she would not dare." He went back to the apartment he had first entered, and his eye fell upon the letter on the table.

He took in its meaning at a glance; and blind to its pure purpose—seeing only the crushing blow to his hopes—the disappointment to his passion—he muttered such an expression in conjunction with his sister's name as had never before left his lips.

What impious things he said—what fearful oaths of revenge he swore—must have remained unwritten even in the recording angel's book of sin. One fierce resolve struggled through them all: the joy denied to him should never be known by another.

Laurence Drayton was pictured in the savage thought that took him to the Rue Royale, and to the shop of a gunsmith, where he bought a small, finely-finished revolver with five chambers.

He had it tried and tested and the mechanism explained before he completed his purpose. He had it carefully fitted with five patent cartridges, and he bought a box of percussion caps, out of which, with the experience of an old sportsman, he selected five, and with them finished the loading of his weapon.

He meant murder, and nothing less than murder; but he scarcely saw it in that sense beyond a certain point—a point which urged him to meet and slay his rival wherever he might be found. The faculty of reason was blind and dull within him.

Then he sat down to reflect. Margaret would make for England with Julia; but the question was, which route would they take. He could scarcely hope to intercept them.

"No; that is scarcely to be done," he said, setting into a quickude that betokened implacable determination. "Margaret has too much of my own spirit to throw away a chance when her course is once fixed upon. I shall not be in time to intercept them, but I can reach England first and lie in wait. If my course is to end, let it end at Brookdale, where it began. If I must take the dark plunge after all, I will not leave my enemy behind me."

(To be continued.)

ILL-TEMPER.—Of all the minor tyrants of domestic life, ill-temper is the most detestable. It is of various kinds, but the three main divisions are those—the petty and violent; the peevish and cross-grained; the sultry and morose. We are all of us liable to some kind of ill-temper. There are two chief causes, want of health, and want of sense. The last is, perhaps, the chief cause of all bad temper. Good sense is shocked and disgusted by the utter foolishness of ill-temper. Just as much as good taste is by its ugliness. Good sense sees at a glance the impotence of rage, the stupid brutishness of sultriness, and the absurd waste of time and mental strength in peevishness and perversity. Things that we really despise have no power over our minds; and a man of sense knows that it beneath him to give way to temper upon every petty occasion.

HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

A PARODY.

"Pray, how is a newspaper made?" "The question is easy to ask, but to answer it fully, my dear, were rather a difficult task; and yet, in a bustling way, as the whippoorwill sings in the glade, I'll venture a bit of a lay, to tell how a paper is made."

An editor sits at his desk, and ponders the things that appear to be claiming the thoughts of the world—Things solemn, and comic, and queer—And when he has hit on a theme He judges it well to parade. He writes, and he writes, and he writes, And that's how a paper is made."

An editor sits at his desk, and ponders his brain to make out "Telegraphic" so squabbled and mixed It is hard to tell what it's about. Exchanges are lying around—While waiting despatches delayed, He clips, and he clips, and he clips, And that's how a paper is made."

An editor out in the town, In search of the things that are new—The things that the people have done. The things they're intending to do—Goes peeping and prying about, For items of many a grade. He tramps, and he tramps, and he tramps, And that's how a paper is made."

And all that those workers prepare, Of every conceivable stripe, Is sent to the printer, and he Proceedeth to stick it in type; His lines, all respecting his will, In slow-moving columns parade—He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks, And that's how a paper is made."

In short, when the type is all set, And errors cleared up, more or less, "The 'locked in form,' as we say, And hurried away to the press. The presman arranges his sheet, His ink gives the requisite shade, Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints, And that's how a paper is made."

(PUBLISHED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

The evening previous to the day set for their departure for Eaton Sutton, Margaret, accompanied by Adam, took her way to Regent street again to dispose of her drawings. For those she now brought she realized more in proportion than she had done for the others, and she made an arrangement with the bookseller that she would send him others from Eaton Sutton. She had not left home until late in the evening, and as she stood by the door of the shop for Adam to join her, one of the city clocks struck nine.

"Were it not so late," said she, "I would like to take a walk to Bayswater, and ask Mrs. Cox to let me visit the drawing rooms and conservatories I once was so happy in. Perhaps I may never be in London again; as Lady Morton is not in town the house will be in the care of servants."

Margaret did not know that whoever the present Lord Cranston was, he was also proprietor of the villa at Bayswater. "It is not too late to go there," replied Adam. "The moon is rising, and it will be light as day in an hour after this."

The old man was glad to hear her talk of taking a walk. For the last two weeks she had sat painting in her own room from daylight to dark, with the exception of going to church on Sunday she never went out. "We will walk there at any rate," said she; "if we think it too late when we reach there we need not go in."

Adam was glad to get her to take a walk like that, no matter what the object. The night was lovely, and the bright moonbeams now throwing all their light on the still busy street, and again casting a midnight shadow, gave a beauty to the street first and then to the road, as they came to Bayswater, that made her unconscious of fatigue until they were standing in front of the villa.

"How sweet the blossoms of the flowering shrubs smell," said Margaret; "there must be dead falling. We will not go in, but we will go to the end of the venetian balcony and rest under those sweet poplars and birch trees. There used to be an iron garden seat there."

"They opened the gate, gained the seat close to the wall and under the trees she talked of Margaret sat down, and with difficulty persuaded Adam to do the same.

"This is delicious," said she; "it is so long since I have been among so many trees; and sitting under their green boughs in this deep shadow, with the bright moonbeams lighting up the grass and flower plots in front, I could almost fancy myself in Fairyland."

As she ceased speaking, the windows of the lower balcony, which, resting on the ground, projected several feet in front, were suddenly thrown open, flashing out a flood of light that, mingling with the moonbeams, made a portion of the shrubbery in front as bright as day.

It was well for Margaret and her companion that they were under the shadow of the balcony wall and the thick, overhanging branches of the birch trees.

The drawing rooms were full of company, not a gay company, but handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen.

A lady and gentleman came out on the balcony; a servant brought a couple of low fauteuils and placed them close to where Margaret and Adam sat, so near to Margaret that by bending forward she could have laid her hand on Ernest De Vere's shoulder as he and Lady Nairn seated themselves beside her. They talked of the trees and flowers, the cloudless sky, the bright moon, of all lovely things, until they were silent for a few minutes.

Lady Nairn was the first to speak. "You must marry, Lord Cranston; will you allow me to have a share in the choice of her who is to be Queen of this beautiful villa, and all the rest of your broad lands and castles?"

"No Lady Nairn, because there will never be such an one."

"You should not say there will never be such an one, say there never has, but make no such promises for a future we none of us can see."

"I can safely promise for the future, my dear cousin, and for the past. I am not free to say there has never been such an one; to prevent you from teasing me on this subject which I find people think they have a perfect right to do, I will tell you a part of my heart's history and then we will never speak on this topic again."

"I'm all attention," replied her Ladyship, in a serio comic voice as if she fancied her companion was playing with her. "You think no one had ever power enough to move my heart?"

"I do," was her Ladyship's reply. "You are wrong; no knight more faithfully ever wore his lady's glove than I have borne in my heart the memory of a first and only love; I cannot paint her form to you in words because if I did you would know it full well, neither will I say she was beautiful. I was but a boy when I last knelt at her feet and hung on the accents which condemned me to a solitary life, and yet in my midnight dreams of happiness she mingles in each scene; this night in yonder room, surrounded by the young and beautiful, I found myself following in forgetfulness her sweet face far away. I never listen to a touching voice, or gaze on a graceful form but to fill my memory with that beloved one; it was not that I saw in her realized all my ideal of beauty and young innocence, it was more far more, I felt as if existence went and came even when the meanest kind who served her, breathed her name in the absence of a day. I sought consolation where her most frequent wanderings had marked the place holy ground. I longed to say a thousand things, yet I dared not speak; half happy, half feared that she would read my wishes in my tall-face, and if unconsciously she smiled, my breath came quick and faint, until with very happiness my feeling heart grew sick; oh youth, youth! to have these days back again how gladly would I spurn the pride and glory of all my riper years; that one the soul of my boy life departed, and none came in after years with half the charm which cleaves unto her name."

They sat silent for what seemed to Margaret a long time; she had been listening to words which fell on her heart like the dew of Hermon and yet strange anomaly gave her a sharp pang; why should Ernest De Vere with all his christian virtues, his hard won honors, his world fame, his keen appreciative intellect, and last, though well noted by her woman's eye, his fine face and handsome form, a hundred-fold handsomer now in his large developed manhood than when she had known him as a graceful beautiful boy; why should he be doomed to an unloved solitary life because there was a blight on her name? She longed to leave the place, she felt as if she was committing a crime by sitting there listening to what was certainly never meant to be heard by a third person.

Yet it was impossible to move, the least motion would at once reveal to Ernest De Vere and his companion who it was, who sat there under the rich boughs.

Lady Nairn was the first to speak. "Do you remember beautiful Margaret Cunningham?" asked she in a dreamy sort of way. "I do remember."

"I wonder if she is still as beautiful as ever."

"More beautiful a thousand fold."

"Have you seen her since your return to England?"

"I have."

"When?"

"On the day I came home."

"Where, in London?"

Ernest De Vere could reply a cry of, "Lord Cranston! Lord Cranston!" came from the drawing room while the sound of light footsteps were heard approaching.

"Here I am," replied Ernest De Vere answering hastily, and giving his arm to his companion, they both entered the drawing room where a pleasant hum of cheerful laughing voices greeted their approach.

Margaret touched Adam lightly on the shoulder, the old man was fast asleep; another touch and he was awake standing upright ready to go.

They passed swiftly and unseen in the shadow of the house, and sheltered from view of the open balcony by the thick sweeping boughs of the avenue trees, whose branches in many places swept the ground.

In a few minutes they were out on the road walking quickly in the direction of their little home in Duke street, Margaret thinking of all she had seen and heard within the last hour. She now knew that Ernest De Vere was Lord Cranston, a British Peer, owner of large landed property and fine castles in both England and Scotland, a man whose rent roll was counted by tens of thousands; she had never dreamed of his being heir to Lady Morton's invalid son; it was because he was an invalid that they never spoke of his heir; if he had been a strong man likely to marry they would have talked of his heir apparently unreservedly.

Margaret raised up her soul in praise to her Heavenly Father who had given her strength to do as she had done, and say what she had said in the painful past; the worse was over, the bitterness of death was for her no more; they were leaving London. In a quiet place like Eaton Sutton there was no chance of ever meeting Lord Cranston. It was better she should never see him on this earth again, better for both; he was a young man scarce thirty years of age, he would find some beautiful good and gentle woman to share his titles, his wealth and fame, one who would suit herself in his love, "and for me, poor me," she mentally said, "I will try to walk on my way with a quiet spirit, working the work given me to do."

It was afternoon ere they reached Eaton Sutton; they were delighted with the appearance of the village, its quiet streets almost entirely formed of detached cottages, to each of which there was a small portion of garden, the climbing roses and honey-suckle encircling nearly every door and window, the streets which looked more like green lanes than streets, everything so new seemed to give life an interest to Mrs Lindsay she had not known for years.

Do what Margaret would, her head would ache and her heart beat uneasily; she tried to smile pleasant replies to her sister but it was with a white face and heavy eye.

Mrs. Churchill's cottage was neatness personified; the portion of it laid aside for her lodgers, a pretty parlour where Margaret's piano and harp had more room than in their London home; boxes of mignonette in the windows,

while the roses leaning in scented the whole house. Both windows opened on the plot of grass in front, smoothly mown and mossy, sparkling with rose-lipped daisies; the bedrooms were on each side and beyond the parlour, all their rooms with new crimson carpets, muslin curtains and pure white dimity covering sofas and chairs, looked more like a pleasant home than anything they had known since their residence in the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Churchill had a nice breakfast of country fare, milk and eggs, raspberries, brown bread and clear coffee, laid on a snowy white cloth, with flowers placed on each napkin as if to make a gala welcome for her city lodgers.

When they had breakfasted, Mrs. Lindsay lay down to rest; and Margaret, who was impatient to see the boy she yet feared to see, fully assured, now she was near him, he was nothing to her, asked Mrs. Churchill to take her to see Mrs. Brown and her adopted child.

The house they sought was exactly opposite, and only a few yards from the cottage in which they had made their home. The young woman, Mrs. Brown, a gentle, sweet-faced woman, was busy sewing in the room which formed the entrance to the house. Her aunt explained to her that Margaret was one of the lady lodgers she had told her were coming from London to live with her, and had a great desire to see Master Willie because he was so like a picture she had.

Margaret fastened the portrait from her neck and put it in Mrs. Brown's hand, watching the expression of her face as she looked at it, a look in which surprise, pleasure, regret and fear were strangely mingled, as the woman looked earnestly at the pictured face, from it to Margaret and again at the portrait. At last she said, speaking in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"This is Master Willie. Is he your brother, ma'am?"

"He is not my brother, certainly," replied Margaret; "but perhaps he is a relative of mine that we lost four years ago."

As she spoke her heart sank so as scarcely to beat, while her thoughts said: "Oh, it cannot be; such a thing is too good to be true." She felt so thankful she had not spoken to her sister of even the likeness of the boy to their own lost one.

"What was your boy's name, ma'am?" inquired the woman.

"Willie Hamilton Lindsay."

Mary Brown's face became as white as ashes. Her very lips were pale, and trembled as if a great fear or sorrow were coming over her.

"Had he any mark about his body?"

"Yes, on his arm, about two or three inches below the shoulder there was a pale mark like a skeleton leaf."

Mary Brown put up her hand to her forehead as if her head ached, or she would help herself to think, the unbidden tears falling from her eyes. She sat thus for a minute or two, and then rose, saying:

"I'll go for him, but it's hard for me to give him up now, after so long thinking you were all dead."

The woman looked and spoke as if her heart were breaking, making Margaret feel that if it was not their darling she would be reconciled to know that the poor woman could keep her adopted child.

She was gone about five minutes, when she returned leading by the hand, not a boy like Willie, but Willie's very self. Margaret was certain that the moment hereafter fell on the child, and with a cry of joy she tried to kiss the boy, who pushed her away with a defiant, proud look.

"Keep away; I don't want your nasty kisses."

Mary Brown was now fairly overcome, and sat down sobbing audibly.

"What's the matter, nurse, are you awful sick?" said the boy as he climbed up into Mary Brown's lap and put his hands on each side of her face, pressing his own face against hers.

The woman could not answer but he saw that her eye turned to look at Margaret, and jumping down he went up to her and putting his hands in his pockets asked her with a bold air and with quick angry words:

"What did you do to my nurse? I don't want you here, go home to your own house."

The whole scene was to Margaret's depressed heart exciting in the extreme, and the boy spoke and looked so like her own father that the variety of emotions which contended in her heart were nearly overpowering her; Mrs. Brown saw that she was both perplexed and hurt, and endeavoured to repress her own feelings at the prospect of losing the child she had nursed so tenderly and for two years back had considered her own; Catchem had said she would either see or hear from him in two years; he neither came or sent, and although at times she was distressed at the idea of her darling not receiving the education he ought to have as the son of a great man, which she believed him to be, upon the whole she was rejoiced at the thought that he would be always her own.

"Come here, master Willie," said she, with an effort at composing herself, "don't be rude to the lady, she is a lady from London and a relation of your papa."

The boy went to Mary Brown's side and stood by her knee, his hands held tightly behind his back as if he was afraid he was to be pulled by them towards the stranger whom he regarded with no favourable eye.

"She needn't come here, for I won't go back to London with her, I'll stay always with you and marry you," said the child clinging to the weeping woman and kissing her fondly.

"Will you allow me to look at the mark on the child?" said Margaret, "I think I could at once tell by it he is the child we lost."

"Perhaps you would know the clothes, I have them all safe here."

She went to a bureau in the room, and taking a pasteboard box from one of the drawers sat down beside Margaret, and lifting up a sheet of tissue paper disclosed to her delighted eyes the little white hat and cherry coloured feather which the child had on when he left the garden that bright May morning four years before; the ticket with the mark's name and street where it was bought, "Roch 524 Rhinogosse Bonn" where they stayed a day or two on their way coming home to reside in the Isle of Wight.

Next came the little embroidered frock, one his mother had herself embroidered. Margaret knew every flower, every open stitch in it.

Margaret stopped the woman and proceeded to give a minute description of the clothes the child had on; which she could easily do, it was she who dressed him that morning; the child awoke earlier than usual, Simpson was busy,

and as Margaret was in the room she took up the child from his crib and dressed him.

Each article as she described it was lifted up and displayed, down to the little chemise with his name in full written across the breast 'Willie Hamilton Lindsay.'

It was not so easy to get the boy to allow himself to be undressed to show the leaf on his arm, but on being assured that he would not be taken to London, that they had come to live in Eaton Sutton, and that he would be allowed to live with his nurse, and sleep in his own crib, he reluctantly consented.

The Hamilton leaf as it was called, a mark common to the family of Sir William Hamilton, was as distinct on Willie's arm as it had been in his childhood when Agnes and Margaret used to wonder why their father and now Willie, had a mark which none of their race had ever borne, and which whenever seen was said to mark one of the hardy Hamiltons.

Margaret now told the woman how Willie had strayed from the garden and had never been seen again, and of her conviction that the man who had given him to her had stolen him. In talking of the weary search they had for months, he said that their servant Adam had often gone away for days at a time in hopes he would hear something of the child, even six months after he was lost.

"He used to speak of Adam and Simpson, and his mamma and papa and 'Margaret dear,'" said the woman. "He used to take fits of crying for a week after he came here and he used to pacify; he used to go to the garden and call out 'Margaret dear, Margaret dear,' so loud and so pitiful like it often made our hearts sore to hear him."

"This was the name by which he used to call Margaret, imitating his father and mother, who called her 'Margaret dear,' and the reason he called her in the garden was probably because she used to play with him in the garden in the Isle of Wight, and show him how to use his little hoe."

Margaret untied her bonnet and laid it aside, and then said:

"Willie, do you remember me. I am Margaret dear."

Willie looked at her. He was a little mollified because he saw his nurse was pleased with the strange lady, but he was too much afraid of being run off with to come near her.

Margaret explained to Mrs. Brown that the child's mother was not dead, as had been represented to her, but that his father had been drowned in the Indian Ocean the same year in which Willie was lost, and that, in consequence of her sorrow for both child and husband, she was weak and nervous; that it would be necessary to prepare her for the joyful intelligence she had to hear, and, in order to do this, she would now go, and when she had spoken to her sister, she would return for herself and the child, in order to show him to his mother.

The sympathy of the woman was now excited in favour of the poor mother, who had been so long deprived of her child, and she readily agreed to go with the boy, saying:

"You will need some one to take care of him; I will do it better than a stranger. Pray ask the lady to take me. I'll take care of him without any wages. If she'll let me sew a little I can earn my own wages."

Margaret assured her that there would be some arrangement made which would be agreeable to her, and left the poor woman, who promised to try to make Willie behave better to his mamma than he had done to her.

(To be continued.)

LAPLAND.—When I went to Sweden, and announced my intention of going to Lapland, says Paul de Chilly, I was told that I should have to wait until the mosquitoes had gone for good, and that I laughed at the idea; but when I arrived there you may be assured I believed it; why, Jersey is not for a moment to be compared with it for mosquitoes. During the evening of the 10th of August I went to the mountains. The Laplanders are most astonishingly honest; they leave their valuables in sight of their servants when they retire, and have never known them to be stolen. I left my money bag once, and travelled some distance before I missed it. I tried to make my guide understand my loss, and, in so doing, awakened the sympathies of a young woman (the Laplanders are beautiful) who volunteered to get it for me, which she soon did. I offered her some of the gold, but she said she would not accept it. Not knowing how else to reward her, I gave her a kiss; she looked astonished, and I gave her another. These people are intensely fond of flowers. In summer, when the flowers are in bloom, it is a national custom to visit the graveyards each Saturday, and strew the graves with them. Great interest is attached to the sale of flowers in America, and New York and Chicago are household words. The country has a very thick growth of birch and spruce over nearly the entire surface, some of the trees measuring from four to six feet in circumference. The scenery is magnificent.

CONSUMPTION.

Letter from Captain Cochrane, of the Brig "Potoni," of Windsor, N. S.

St. John, N. B., May 22nd, 1868.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist: Dear Sir,—In May, 1865, I was attacked with a severe dry cough, which continued in harshness for some time, when I commenced expectorating a thick whitish substance, then I raised a greenish yellow and slate colored matter, then blood, then mucus set in, and other symptoms of a very alarming character, showed themselves. I consulted the leading physicians in Philadelphia and other cities, who gave me no satisfaction, as my disease was Consumption. I spared no expense to obtain relief, but found none. In August, I had fallen in flesh from 150 to 130 pounds, and sinking rapidly every day. My friends in Philadelphia advised me to go to sea, and go home. At home they considered my case hopeless, and wished me to remain there, and not die in a foreign country. I visited St. John, in October of the same year, on my way to Philadelphia to join my ship, and was advised by a stranger, who noticed my shrunk form and racking cough, to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites; and, as a drawing man will grasp at straws, I saw a ray of hope in the suggestion, and procured a bottle. The effect warranted a further trial, and I bought a dozen bottles, and left St. John, and have been knocking about the Atlantic ever since.

This is the first time I have visited your City since, I feel under an obligation to let you know the effects produced by this Syrup. I continued taking the remedy regularly. At first my appetite improved, my regained strength, my cough gradually left me, and finally the expectoration ceased; and although the benefit was gradual, I could not see the change for the better every day, so that after having taken ten bottles I considered myself well. This was about five months from the time I commenced taking the Syrup. A short time after I had considerable trouble, and feeling some of the old symptoms returning, I finished the other two bottles; and now I consider myself as well as I ever was in my life. My present weight is 162 seven pounds above my usual healthy standard. My nerves are good, my appetite good, and general health excellent. I heartily recommend your Syrup to all persons troubled with any difficulties or disease of the Lungs or Nervous System, firmly believing that had I not used it, I would not now be living.

Having my eyes nearly met the eyes of others similarly affected, and induce them to use the same means of cure, I remain yours very truly,

HARRIS COFFILL, Master of brig "Potoni," of Windsor, N. S.

THOMAS NAST.

HOW HE BECAME AN ARTIST.

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist of Harper's Weekly, has recently received an invitation to make some pictures for a prominent London fashion journal...

At last, young Thomas became acquainted with Mr. Borghaus, now, and for more than a dozen years, one of Frank Leslie's chief artists...

Whether it was the argument of the determination of young Nast to learn to draw in spite of the parental forbidding that carried the point, I know not...

Nast's industry and imaginative genius rapidly carried him forward in the profession. I presume that, for the past ten years, there has not been a week when his work, taking his cartoons for illustrated papers...

GUMBY'S DOG.

Gumby, who lives next door to us, has bought a dog. He needed a new one. His last dog used to bark all night in the yard until, in frantic desperation, we would slyly best and ogle the bottles and furniture at him...

SHUFFLING.—Some paper says, "Texas has a new name in cards; one holds a revolver, the other holds the cards. A coroner holds the inquest."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

An intelligent resident of Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, writes that there is probably at least one earthquake every day at some spot in that archipelago.

PROFESSOR Winlock of Harvard University is now engaged in taking a series of large photographs of the more prominent celestial bodies, as seen through the great refracting telescope at Cambridge.

THE amount of metallic iron in different articles of aliment has formed the subject of some recent investigations by Boussingault, the French chemist...

METHOD FOR ILLUMINATING OPACOUS MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS.—How to illuminate opacous objects when viewed by a high power under the microscope is a subject which has long engaged the attention of microscopists.

HOW TO ECONOMIZE COAL.—The most practical suggestion yet made towards economy of coal seems to be the use of solid bottom stoves.

NEW MATERIAL FOR BRICKS.—During the last few years experiments have from time to time been made with the view to utilize in some way the mounds of shale (the refuse of the coal mines) which cover an area of several thousands of acres...

ENGLISH IVY IN ROOMS.—A writer thus speaks of the winter decorations of rooms with English ivy—the best of all house plants, perhaps, though many give the preference for a single specimen to a California fig.

EXPANSION OF METALS BY HEAT.—Nearly all bodies expand when heated, but there are scarcely two solid or fluid bodies which expand alike.

ZINC (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)—Zinc (cont.)

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT.—If farmers were all what are called smart business men, they would be as anxious to get their crops off as to get their money in.

A QUAKER'S LETTER TO HIS WARDEN.—I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which standeth in need of the friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was in no way reformed...

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

CREAM FOR PIR.—Boil one pint of milk; beat well together one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of flour, two eggs, and turn all into the boiling milk.

CREAM PIR.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two spoonfuls of tapioca for two or three hours in cold water, then drain, and put in the yolks of three eggs well beaten with a cup and a half of sugar.

TO WASH OUT CLOTH.—Oil cloth may be made to have a fresh, new appearance, by washing it every month with a solution of sweet milk with the white of one beaten egg.

LEMON BUTTER.—One pound of white sugar, one-quarter pound fresh butter, six eggs, juice and grated rind of three lemons, taking out all the seeds.

COOKING RAISINS.—It is well to cook raisins before putting them into pies, cakes, or puddings.

KEEP YOUR BIRD.—Some advocates for excessive hunting have the birds made up immediately after they are shot.

PARAFFIN AS A SEED PROTECTOR.—An experiment lately made with the view of protecting the seed of the potato from the ravages of the Colorado beetle...

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The gradgrind of The New York Express has been studying the pages of the census-taker, and with this result:

THEATRE OF THE POTATO.—The English papers are full of reports of the potato disease, and the generation of the potato crop.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Cambrian Archaeological Association are about to hold their annual meeting at Bressan, and like their English brethren, they not only read dry papers...

AGRICULTURE.—In his laws, Moses made agriculture the basis of the State. According to this principle he apportioned to every citizen a certain quantity of land to be cultivated.

WHY IS THE PROMISE OF A MAN OF HONOUR LIKE A SOLDIER'S AND A SAILOR'S PARTIAL TO ME?—Why does a table from which a certain coin has been removed represent expensive instruction?

WHY DOES A SHIP ON FIRE RESEMBLE A SEVERE REPROOF?—Why does that great inventor may the guarding against a blow remind you?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 37.—27. DRINK CUPS.—I bought a box for Dorothy and one for John. Do not let the child touch the Honey or Dame Margery will scold.

28. ENIGMA.—Bedpost. 29. CHARADE.—Joseph Mullard William Turner. 30. RIDDLE.—Rochester; Raw E; London; Main E; Sheeress; Rasmus; Rasmus.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

LEARN TO SAY NO. No necessity of snapping it out loud-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

IT IS THE ENERGY OF WILL THAT IS THE SOUL OF THE INTELECT. Wherever the will is there is life, and it is not all dullness, and sloth, and desolation.

WIND AND TRUTH, THE OFFSPRING OF THE SKY, ARE IMMORTAL; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

IT IS NOT A GOOD PLAN, AFTER YOU HAVE GIVEN A NAIL IN A PROMISE, TO DETACH IT FROM THE HEAD OF THE NAIL.

GOOD ACTIONS PROCEED AS NATURALLY FROM GOOD THOUGHTS AS ROSES FROM THEIR BUSHES, AND BAD ACTIONS FROM BAD THOUGHTS, AS NATURALLY AS UNWHELSOME WEEDS FROM THE UNHEALTHY AND IMPURE PLACES OF THE EARTH.

POLITICNESS IS IN BUSINESS WHAT STRATAGEM IS IN WAR. It gives power to weakness, it supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of life and blood.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL IDEA IN THE MIND OF A LITTLE GIRL who on beholding a fading rose around which three little buds were just unfolding, exclaimed to her little brother: "See, Will, those little buds have been intended to kiss their mother before she died."

THE ONE THING NECESSARY.—The stream of Time rolls away into the ocean of Eternity, sweeping off in its impetuous course all human things. Beauty, health, riches, accomplishments, wealth, will be no more. Religion alone is destined to survive the ruin.

BE LOYAL TO THE NATURE YOU BORN: consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labor for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you.

ADVISE TO WIVES.—Keep yourselves to merit and win your husbands' confidence, which you will infallibly do if you lead an exemplary life, and maintain unshaken sweetest and purest affections which may be most wounding to you.

A RECIPE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR OF INDIES PLAGUARISE Mrs. Glasse thus:—First by your hair.

A WESTERN PAPER PUTS IT GENTLY BY SAYING THAT "fifty four persons took up their residence in the cemetery at Lafayette Park week."

A LADY IN LEWISTON, Me., has a dress which she has worn every summer for the last twenty-five years. The wife-sons men look upon her with admiration, and she is beloved by every married man in the town.

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT HAS NOTIFIED THE AUSTRIAN Government that the Mikado's cousin, Nippon, will be accredited as the representative of Japan at the Exhibition of 1873.

THE MAINE LUMBERMEN PREDICT THAT TWO YEARS hence the rate of destruction of the forest of that State will be wholly cleared of timber.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, AN AMATEUR FLORICULTURIST, has succeeded in raising a purely new species of carnation. It may not prove as valuable as the celebrated black tulip of tulipomania days, yet he estimates its worth at £100, and hopes to make that sum out of it.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Cambrian Archaeological Association are about to hold their annual meeting at Bressan, and like their English brethren, they not only read dry papers, but make general remarks on the national and international objects of interest within easy distance of the place which forms their temporary headquarters.

AGRICULTURE.—In his laws, Moses made agriculture the basis of the State. According to this principle he apportioned to every citizen a certain quantity of land to be cultivated.

WHY IS THE PROMISE OF A MAN OF HONOUR LIKE A SOLDIER'S AND A SAILOR'S PARTIAL TO ME?—Why does a table from which a certain coin has been removed represent expensive instruction?

WHY DOES A SHIP ON FIRE RESEMBLE A SEVERE REPROOF?—Why does that great inventor may the guarding against a blow remind you?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 37.—27. DRINK CUPS.—I bought a box for Dorothy and one for John. Do not let the child touch the Honey or Dame Margery will scold.

28. ENIGMA.—Bedpost. 29. CHARADE.—Joseph Mullard William Turner. 30. RIDDLE.—Rochester; Raw E; London; Main E; Sheeress; Rasmus; Rasmus.

WIT AND HUMOR.

EYE WAS THE first bona-fide part. A NEW PAIR OF KIDNEY.—Twins. OCULAR PENIBUSHER.—Eye-lashes.

A NOTORIOUS BAYESPOILER.—Rain. HOPE MECHANISTS.—Dancing-masters. A LEADING ARTICLE.—A blind man's poodle.

THE ONLY INDUSTRIOUS LOANER ARE THE BAKERS. A KEY THAT UNLOCKS MANY A TAIL.—Whisk-ey. SPOTS ON THE SUN.—Preebles on your boy's face.

CLEARLY AND BRANDED TO THE MOST COMPELLING. A RATION FOR THE STAMERE TWISS.—Squaring. MAKING LIGHT OF COEROUS THINGS.—Burning wax candles.

THE RIGHT OF WEIGH.—What we don't get at many shops. A LIBRARY OF THE PRESS.—Squeezing a pretty girl in a corner.

IT TAKES SEVEN DAYS TO MAKE ONE WEEK, HOW MANY WILL MAKE ONE STRONG? WHAT NURSE OF US EVER DRANK FROM.—The tap of the drum.

FARMERS ARE LIKE FOWLS.—Neither will get full crops without industry. WHAT IS THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD?—The room for improvement.

WHY ARE ELECTIONS LIKE TENTS?—Because the canvass ends at the polls. PAWSMAKERS SOMETIMES PREFER CUSTOMERS WITHOUT ANY RECOMMENDING QUALITIES.

A DETROIT PICTURE DEALER SAYS THE HARDEST WORK HE HAS IS TO FRAME EXPOSURE. CLEVERNESS AND WAITERS ARE MUCH ALIKE.—they both wear white aprons and take orders.

WHY IS A SHOEBACK LIKE A CLEVER SCHOLARMASTER?—Because he polishes the understanding. WHY WOULD A DEAF ADD UP A GOOD COLLECTOR OF DOLLS?—Because she could stop her ears.

AN ADVENTUROUS ASTRONOMER, WITH SOME SPECTACULAR, IS LOOKING OUT FOR A SAFE SPACE—on the disc of the sun. TERMS.—A dispute as to what was trumps was settled in Lancashire by one gentleman turning up a spade, and violently smiting his opponent therewith.

A TRIFLE FROM THE GERMANY ASSOCIATION.—O. What you do the difference between Fixed Stars and Shooting Stars?—The one are Stars; the other Darters.

A CROSS OLD BATHLETTER SAYS, "The reason why women don't cut themselves in two by tight lacing is, because they have found out the heart, and that is so hard they cannot get it."

"ALL LADIES," said an old epigram, "as he opened a bottle of wine, what is more delightful than the popping of a champagne cork?"—"The popping of the question!" cried the ladies.

A CONJECTURE PAPER SAYS:—"At present two-thirds of the population of Pedernice pass Sunday afternoons in the parks, and the remainder of the week the other third knows where Sunday comes."

PETRO NOT YOUR FAITH IN HIM WHO PREDICTS A HOT SON—he sells you a cheap clothing establishment; nor yet in him who predicts a wet son—he vents umbrellas; or a dry son—he sells beer.

A CRISIS ROOSTER.—California's latest curiosity is a rooster with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, he walks on his back with a most graceful and dignified air.

SHAKESPEARIAN CONJECTURES.—The following questions are proposed for Shakspearian scholars to discuss:—Did "the books in the running brooks" contain flowing sentences?

If the "three thousand sheaves well" of Shylock were a certain sum?

If when the clock saw the "sun of York" there was any heir apparent?

If the "sermon in stones" weren't hard reading?

If those who "stood upon the order of their going" at Macbeth's supper did not have to set out without further orders?

What Banquo "called on Macbeth for," if there "was no speculation in those eyes"?

If when the clock refused to "let the colin pass," did he order it to stop?

If the tale that the ghost of Hamlet's father "could neither see nor hear" was equal to that of a rattlesnake?

If the "Masters" spread your eyes, as to whether it was "a bird" or "a man" that "put a giraffe round the earth in forty minutes"?

Was Arith in the newspaper business when he said, "I'll be a millionaire"?

If "Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye," where does he keep his clock?

HEARTSTONE SPHINX. 226. ENIGMA. I'm a very great traveller by land and by sea, And soldiers and sailors are partial to me.

27. HALF-A-DOZEN PROSE CHARADES. 1. My head is to gain, my second is a town in England, and my whole is a town in England.

2. My head is a colour, my second is a decree, and my whole is a town in Scotland.

3. My head is a great house, my second is a hindrance, and my whole is a town in Ireland.

4. My head is a colour, my second is a church, and my whole is a town in France.

5. My head is furious, my second is to clear, and my whole is a city in Spain.

6. My head is a seat of justice, my second is a beam off light, and my whole is a town in Belgium.

228. NUMBERED CHARADE. My S. S. 3. 2. 12. names the greatest naval commander of his time, and the deliverer of France from French oppression: my 4. 5. 10. 1. 5. 7. gives an English poet and dramatic author of the sixteenth century: my 13. 5. 3. 9. names a statesman who was beheaded in the reign of Henry Eighth, and my whole names an English poet of the seventeenth century.

229. HALF-A-DOZEN CUNDRUMS. 1. Why is the promise of a man of honour like a soldier's and a sailor's partial to me?

2. Why does a table from which a certain coin has been removed represent expensive instruction?

3. Why is the fetching of a volume of poems from your library equivalent to keeping an appointment with a lady?

4. Why does a ship on fire resemble a severe reproof?

5. Of what great inventor may the guarding against a blow remind you? 6. From what may we infer that barbarians are educated?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN NO. 37. 27. DRINK CUPS.—I bought a box for Dorothy and one for John. Do not let the child touch the Honey or Dame Margery will scold.

"FORWARD TO DEATH?"

Worthing, 1870.

BY CYRICO.

"I never saw such a queer, reckless fellow in all my life. He seems so completely indifferent to what you think of him, whether it be good or bad. Where does he come from? What is he?"

"A Turk."
"A Spaniard."
"A Frenchman."
"English, all to nothing."
"Not Irish."
"None of these—a Heathen Chinee."

"Heathen, I grant you; Chinese, I deny. He is a European, and, to my thinking, an Englishman who strayed to South America when young, and burnt his blood and his morality. Not worth a curse so far as goodness goes, but a rare hand, I should imagine, at all kinds of devilry and mischief."

"With just a touch of softness about him."
"Softness? Where?"
"Brain."

"Your proof?"
"His consequent to listen to the empty chatter of such beggars as you?"
These last words were pronounced by a lively, dark-featured, handsome youth who had just stepped out on the terrace where were assembled the men whose conversation opens this tale.

There were seven of them, of all ages and sexes, but all coming under the designation of commonplace. Two subs in a marching regiment, with downy lips and boiled-gooseberry eyes, who, on the strength of nineteen years and a cornetcy, deemed themselves the superiors of all men who wore civilian dress; a promising young fool of barrister, whose office door bore the perpetual ticket, "Back in half an hour," and who had never known a brief; an Oxford undergraduate, who made up by swagger and boat-talk for a total want of brain; and a languid swell who thought everything a bore, and strove to forget that he was meant for a man in his highly successful efforts to become a tailor's walking advertisement; a city man, whose whole soul was in stocks and funds, and finally the speaker whose remark, by its truth and directness, produced a singularly unpleasant effect on the smokers and critics in high-court assembled.

He was the best of the lot in every way—more independent, bright and manly than all of them put together—with a quick, intelligent, fearless look in his eye, and a pretty contemptuous curl of the lip. The subs looked on him as a mutt—he was no soldier; the undergraduate as a spoon—he was no athlete; the city man as a fool—he was no merchant; the barrister and the swell as a nonentity—he was not a professional man—merely a painter; a good painter, too, a famous painter; but the precious crowd he was addressing had no idea that a painter of pictures could be anything better than "a low fellow." It would not do to show this, nevertheless, or express it in any way, for Bob Thornhill was too well received in the best circles, and had far too great a power of sarcasm for any one to risk incurring his displeasure. A devilish hot-tempered fellow, too, and not likely to pass by any impertinence, however covered or slight. So a light protest was all that the party dared venture in opposition to the scathing satire of the last corner, and a rapid change of topic with renewed attention to cigars and coffee.

Meanwhile the individual who was the object of all this curiosity was strolling slowly along the garden path that bordered the river, talking to a pretty, stylish-looking young lady, and apparently oblivious of everything but his fair companion, Miss Amy Baldwin, the only daughter of John Baldwin, Esq., a rich proprietor, at whose villa on the banks of the Thames was assembled the present dinner party. Miss Amy was not only an heiress, she was also a clever, well-informed girl, with feelings and sentiments that made her worthy of the highest honor and reverence. Chattering gaily with her companion, she appeared so thoroughly fascinated that an impartial observer might have suspected jealousy to be at the bottom of the hostile criticisms of the cohort of nonentities who were enjoying their smoke and small talk on the terrace.

"No place like this," said Miss Amy, as they reached a seat under a tree by the water-side, "no place like this to enjoy the view of the river and cool of the evening."
"I have forgotten your city modes of speech," replied her companion, "but feel I ought to throw in a compliment to you. I can't think, because to speak what I feel would utterly spoil it."
"Rather, then, leave it unsaid, and don't mistake me for an empty-headed, foolish child. I don't lay claim to perfect freedom from vanity, but I feel forced to compliment you."

"Which can never be paid you—all must come too naturally. But I meant that merely to tell you that your society heightened the charm of this scene, would be but following in the wake of all fools, and not expressing one half of what I really feel. You know, Miss Baldwin, that I care little for conventionalities; you know that my life has been such as to make me long for some rest, for some companionship—well, I have determined to seek both, and both I mean to have."
"How very decided you are. Can you rely on obtaining them?"
"The latter granted me, I shall enjoy the former. Plainly, Miss Baldwin, will you be my wife?"

am tired already of quiet life, of fashionable society—and as to marrying—"

"Well?"
"Too old."
"Dash. You're the right age; something between thirty and fifty—blot if I know more exactly—and well off. Your love of adventure ought to be all out of you by this time."

"Mistake, my dear boy, mistake, I smell powder and a terrible fight, in which France is sure to be the loser. Few of us will return from that war, trust me. And, after all, my old desire, my old prayer, a quick death on the battlefield, is as good a way of 'settling-down' as the perpetration of marriage."

"But your friends, Beauport, have you thought of them? The Haddings will be shocked and grieved at your sudden determination."
"Haven't known me more than six weeks, and won't feel my loss much. Your uncle will play chess with you instead of with me, your aunt will tell you all her little stories and find you a better listener than ever I was; your cousin—"

"Will be terribly sorry. Hang it, man, don't you know you have made an impression there?"
"A queer one, I should think. I believed she looked on me more in the light of a possible lunatic than anything else. I regret it, for I greatly admired her."

"I tell you she is fond of you. I have known the Rue de Rivoli was crowded with masses of people eagerly discussing the fortunes of the war that was now declared; a babel of tongues, French, English, Italian, Spanish, confused the ear; a sea of waving arms and excited faces met the eye everywhere; and, where uniforms were as numerous as the stars in heaven, it seemed impossible to detect that of any particular regiment or arm. To this task, however, an active young Englishman was addressing himself; asking frequently of spectators where the 3rd Cuirassiers were. Many shrugged their shoulders in token of ignorance, others thought they were still in barracks, others again swore to having seen them the past hours before. At last an officer of lineers told him that the regiment he was in search of was just leaving Paris by rail. Hastily inquiring the way to the depot, Thornhill, for it was he, sprang into a cab and bade the driver hurry on.

"If I can only catch him before he starts, all will go right. I knew perfectly well she cared for him; it did not require her fainting away on hearing that he was off to the war, to tell me that. Now the difficulty will be making him listen to reason—how fortunate that I should have a note from her to him! He will not refuse such evidence surely."

It was a very much easier matter to reach the railway station whence the gallant 3rd were starting for the frontier, than to penetrate within it, for it was crowded with troops and no one

earth shaking under the rush of mighty battalions and the thunders pouring a confused, murderous fire into the advancing hosts of the French—batteries of guns plying with fearful effect upon the serried ranks of a charging column which breaks and is routed. A roar of victory from the Prussian line is answered by one of defiance from the French; aides are flying rapidly to various parts of the field, squadrons of cavalry are massing together under the protection of heavy guns—on the left comes at a long steady trot a brilliant regiment, clad in steel helmets and cuirasses, the swords flashing in the sun which breaks through the clouds of smoke and dust—the horses snuff the battle—the high their heads as they dash on and holding leaders in front, they snuff the battle—the storm coming—the dark blue line takes a firmer stand as it hears the shrill bugle-blast and the loud cry—"Forward, Cuirassiers!"—and on top speed come the solid mass, every man eager to reach those murderous guns which have opened on them and are levelling whole ranks. In vain. No human power can stand against the shower of hurtling shot and shell—the regiment is breaking up—the lines are bounding—men and horses are falling thickly, the officers repeated shout, "Close your ranks!" telling of death and carnage. The gallant troops fall back a space, an officer rides out from between the ranks, waves his sword, reforms the line, and once more the 3rd charges the German battery, once more is repulsed, once more reforms and rides a small and blood-covered troop—to certain death. Firm as on parade, calm and cool, the last captain leads the last squadron, and ere the brave horsemen can close with their enemy, the guns flash out and smoke envelops the scene. When the dark cloud clears away, the unfortunate braves are seen lying pell-mell on the gory plain, horse and rider killed or dying. But close under the mouths of the Prussian cannons lie the stalwart form of the officer that led the last desperate charge. His helmet has fallen off—his hand still grasps his sword—and from a little hole in his breast-plate oozes a thin stream of blood. Nearest to victory of all his regiment, he has fallen as he wished—on the battle field. The German bullet has found its billet, and the fair English girl will never again hear the accents of the voice that on the field of Woerth shouted to the survivors of the Third—"Forward to Death, Cuirassiers!"

STOPPING PIN-HOLES IN LEAD-PIPES. A correspondent in the Industrial Monthly writes: "The supply water-pipe which extends from the street, along the top of our cellar to the sink in the kitchen, had a very small hole in one side, so that a stream of water ran out not so large as a candle nozzle. It had been that the difficulty could have been remedied by planing the square end of a tenpenny nail on the hole and hitting it two or three light blows with a hammer, the knowledge would have saved me much trouble and expense. But I did not know that a small hole in a lead-pipe can be stopped by uttering the metal just enough to close the orifice; therefore I went and called a plumber.

Of course he was employed by the day. He knew how to stop the issue in less than one minute; but he preferred to make a good job for himself and for his employer. He was too proud to be seen carrying his solder and tools along the street; hence a helper must be detailed to carry these appliances. His employer paid him twenty cents per hour, but charged sixty cents for his services. He paid the helper ten cents per hour, and charged forty cents, whether they were loitering along the streets, or at work. They looked around, lit their pipes, smoked and chatted, and used about four ounces of solder, for which the charge was fifty cents, as they reported that they had used one pound. The plumber reported one hour each for himself and helper.

Thus the cost of stopping one pin-hole cost \$1.50, when any one who can handle a hammer could have closed the issue in half a minute, if he had thought of how to do it."

BLOOD FOOD. Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Glycerine, the Celebrated Blood and Nutritive Tonic. This elegant and agreeable preparation owes its remarkable efficacy and reliability to its action in curing Dyspepsia, and restoring the Blood to a healthy condition. It immediately creates a vigorous appetite, perfects digestion, and enables the stomach to dissolve sufficient food to nourish and build up the vital organs. It never fails to remove all impurities of the blood of a Scrofulous or Consumption nature, rapidly restoring health to the Lungs. Where there is shortness of breathing, cough, expectoration, night sweats, with prostration and general debility, this remedy acts like a charm, a few bottles promptly eradicating all traces of disease. In delicate women suffering from irregularities, suppression and exhausting discharges, it is positively certain to relieve, and pale, feeble children, of debilitated constitutions, speedily develops a strong vitality. Neuralgia and rheumatism, headache and constipation, with bilious attack, yield to this extraordinary medicine at once, and all the organs of the body are energized and vitalized. Sold at \$1.00.

WANTED—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Telegraph Operators. Situations found for those who study and receive a certificate of proficiency. For full particulars apply at once to Professor HEBBERT, Dominion Telegraph Institute, 75 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

"The Canadian Illustrated News," A WEEKLY JOURNAL of current events, Literature, Science and Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, Fashion and Amusement. Published every Saturday, at Montreal, Canada, and Geo. B. Desbarats, Proprietor. Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per ann., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

Every club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$3.00 will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went the regiments through the long Paris streets; horse and foot, artillery, military train, Cuirassiers, Lancers, Grenadiers, Hussars, Zouaves, Spahis, Turcos, Dragooners, and light infantry-men; banners and pennons waved, golden eagles shone resplendent in the sun, helmets and cuirasses glittered, bright lance-points and sword-blades flashed, ponderous batteries of guns and mortars rattled went past in clouds of dust; uniforms of all colors and strains dazzled the eye, cries of command and strains of music sounded on all sides, and over all, from time to time, rolled the thundering shout—"To the Rhine! To the Rhine!" Aides-de-camp galloped hither and thither, bodies of troops halted at times and then resumed their march amidst all the wild enthusiasm of a people panting for war and glory. It was a gay sight, and well might the elated Frenchman bethink himself that they were invincible and that the fête de l'Empereur would be celebrated in Berlin.

Woerth! The sound of battle; smoke, fire, din, braying of trumpets, shouts of commanders, roar of guns, groans of dying and wounded. The



ON THE TRACK.

was admitted "except on business." But few cuirassier uniforms were visible, and the two or three that showed here and there were worn by officers who bore no resemblance to Beauport. The prolonged whistle of a train about to start, sent Thornhill, who had succeeded in proving his claim to admittance, flying along the platform, looking into every compartment for his friend. As the train moved off, he caught sight of him leaning out of a window, shaking hands with a general officer. In a twinkling Bob was gazing at the flow of the river, and thinking of the happy evening spent there so recently and to which such a sudden end had come. She now knew, for her heart spoke loud and clear, that she loved Beauport from the day she first saw him, and that all his eccentric ways, so different from the tame conventionalities of her usual admirers, had more and more captivated her. She could give herself no clear account of the way she had parted from him on that June evening, all she remembered was his burning words that thrilled her through and through with ineffable delight: delight so great that she could not speak; she remembered, too, how his wild impulsiveness had led him to misunderstand the first words she could utter, and how he had suddenly left her because he could not read in her silence what her tongue could not speak. Then inter had come news through her cousin of Beauport's sudden resolve to resume service, and the writing of the letter which had come to such untimely end in the Parisian station.

As these thoughts came over her, her melancholy and pain deepened and increased, and the flashing of the water and the murmur of the night-wind seemed walls of sorrow for the dead. She gazed upwards at the moon,—feeling oppressed beyond her strength, and seeking in the grave and soft splendor a little consolation. While she gazed, a cloud came up and veiled the orb in darkness.

Woerth! The sound of battle; smoke, fire, din, braying of trumpets, shouts of commanders, roar of guns, groans of dying and wounded. The

MARKET REPORT. HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

Sept. 20th, 1872. The tone of foreign advices was rather unfavorable to holders of flour, wheat having suffered, a decline both in Liverpool and Chicago. The receipts, however, were comparatively light, comprising only 900 barrels, and this fact, combined with the meagre offerings, caused an increased firmness. Holders demanded and obtained an advance of 5c per barrel on extra, fancy and superfine grades. Buyers were somewhat opposed to this advance, and sales were consequently small, only 1,000 barrels changing hands. Corns of all kinds were quiet and nominally unchanged. Provisions were steady at previous prices. Ashes were a shade higher. The following were the latest telegrams received on Chicago:—

Table with columns for Flour, Wheat, and other commodities, listing prices for Sept. 19 and Sept. 20.

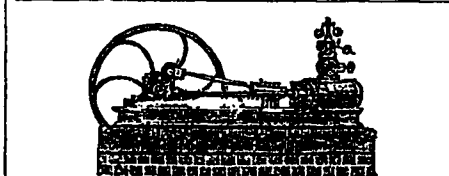
Flour, Wheat, and other commodity prices listed in a table format.

MARKET REPORT. Market quiet and nominal in the absence of transactions. OATS, per bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet at 30c to 31c. CORN, per bush of 56 lbs.—Quiet at 45c to 50c, according to quality.

THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIER OF THE AGE! LADIES' MAGIC HAIR CURLERS! Warranted to curl the most straight or stiff hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls, if used according to directions. Money refunded if they fail to accomplish what is above stated.

TELESCOPES. The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c. This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best make and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one costing \$25.00.

MICROSCOPES. The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalcules in water, cells in paste, &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times, has compound body with achromatic lenses. The object Forceps, Pure Glasses, &c., &c. In polished Mahogany Case, complete, price \$3.00 sent free.



EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL. GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR. ESTABLISHED 1823. Manufacturers of Steam Engine, Steam Boilers and machinery generally. AGENT FOR JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR.

Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder. FOR RASHLY MAKING Bread, Biscuit, Fried, Griddle & Johnny Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c.

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colic, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs.

POSTAL CARDS. Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of this City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents' and Travellers' Notices to Customers, &c. We supply them printed, at from 11.50 to \$12.50 per thousand, according to quantity.

LEGGO & Co. 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET and 1 & 2 PLACE D'ARMES HILL, Montreal. THE HEARTHSTONE is printed and published by Geo. B. Desbarats, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.