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**VOLUME III.** 

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

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

TERMS, SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 16.

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

A PABLE.

birds once met—an ancient story reuds— shoose a monarch. So they each agreed ever highest soared by wit or wing, uld be proclaimed henceforth their sovereign

Upsprangthey then with one accord, and through Their native element like arrows flow; But highest rose the eagle, who did sour Until his wearied wings could beat no more; Nor whiting to be told in other words, Proclaimed himself the sovereign of the birds.

Between his shoulders, unperceived till then, flat pershed in quiet case the little wron. Who, as the eagle censed to mount, quick rose On tiny pluion far above her foes, And twittered forth the victory at length Of wit and intellect o'er bulk and strength.

For the Hearthstone.

#### A PERFECT FRAUD.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS

Ir wasn't much of a baby; there was no dis-guising the fact, that, taken on its real, actual merit as a minute representative of the human race the baby was a fraud. Judged by the abstract standard of babyism, it didn't have a single good point about it; it wasn't chubby; it wasn't rad; it hadn't a good temper, and not the wish that, it hadn't a good temper, and not the slightest outline of the ghost of a hair could be found on its billiard ball like head. Yet at first sight it struck you that it ought to have been an extra first class baby. Nature seemed to have started off with the idea of making it a very marvel of a baby, but somehow or other got disgusted before the job was half over and gave it up in despuir and so the baby we be no come. gusted before the job was half over and gave it up in despair, and so the baby was by no means a success. It had a large head; and it looked as if it had started off to be a fine intellectual head; but somehow, the back had grown out so much, and the forchead had grown in so magh, and the temples were so flat, that it didn't look very much like a head at all; but more resembled a second class potatoe which had been sat on sideways and had never had a chance to recover itself afterwards.

Then in the matter of bulk; there was lots of incipient bone; nature apparently meant, at

incipient bone; nature apparently meant, at first, to make it a big baby and so init down a good foundation; but for some unknown cause, nature abundaned the idea before the quantity or flesh necessary to cover the outline of bone had been duly considered and, therefore, the ba-by presented rather a seruggy appearance. Then by presented rather a scriggy appearance. Then as to its skin; bablesure supposed to be always red, and tender; this baby was more yellow than red; its skin looked rough and resembled a convulsed orange rind with a dash of bangna peol rubbed in. It's back was uncertain and soemed liable to give way in the middle at any time; and it's eyes showed a decided tendency to that style of eye known as goggle. I freely confess that I felt heartily ashamed of having to call myself the father of such a burlesque on humanity; but, I couldn't help it; if I could have helped it I would; but, I couldn't; it was the best buby we could get and so there was no use worrying about it. The baby was a fraud and we wanted it to perpetrate a fraud with; and as we wanted it to perpetrate a fraud with ; and as

we wanted it to perpetrate a fraud with; and as it was the only one we could get we had to be content with it.

"We," you will say; "Who are 'we'?" "My wife and I" I reply using the title of Mrs. Stowe's last novel. But it wasn't our buby; not a bit of it; if it had been we would probably have thought it "just perfect," as all fathors and methors do of their farthers. and mothers do of their first-born. You see this story is all about a fraud I perpetrated and in story is all about a manual a proposition order that you might understand it better, I will begin at the beginning and tell you how it was that my wife and I came to need a baby which didn't belong to us, and what we wanted to do with it.

My father was a peculiar man; his name was Treynch—Thomas Treyoni—, so he said and so he wrote it; but, I never believed in the and always wrote my name T-r-e-n-c-h rench, short; but my father persisted in calling himself Treynch, and pronounced it as if spel Traynch. This was one of the first different had and many more followed, until at the age of eighteen I felt compelled to forsake the paternal roof and go out into the world to carve out my own fortune. I carved and was tolerably successful. Don't think I was "a struggling lawyer".—all the sensation novels now-a-days have struggling lawyers in them—I was nothi of the sort, I went into a Dry Goods Jobbing House and by close attention to business rose in three years to the dignity of a drummer. Per haps you don't know what a drummer is in connection with the Dry Good trade; then I will tell'you; he is a man who travels about from to village with samples of the good his employers have for sale and takes or-ders. He is sometimes called a travelling agent, and sometimes a commercial agent, and when he is a very cheeky fellow he calls himsel a commission more inner; but, I started as a drummer, I liked to be known as a drummer and I shall stick to the name although I am not a drummer now. Well, I drummed so success fully that after I had been in the business about four years, I was offered a partnership in a rival jobbing house and accepted it; much to the disgust of my old employers who did not seem to remember that I had become a man and wanted to carve my way and a offered me no inducement to remain with them until it was too late. I was then twenty five and had excellont prospects, so I remembered a little blue oved beauty about whom I had been very spooney during a long visit to Chicago; and so the next time I wont drumming I talked the matter over with her and the result was that when I returned to New York I brought Gerty back with me as Mrs. Arthur Trench, short.

My father and I had never got on well together and my taking my own future into my



"IT WAS A TOUCHING SIGHT, VIEWED FROM UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES.

keeping had not improved his feeling towards me. When I left him he swore that he would never give me a dollar as long as he lived, nor leave me one when he died and I knew him well enough to feel quite sure he would keep his word. He was in business in Boston and owned dozans of " brown stone fronts" in that City his name was good on change for "any amount and he could probably have raised half a mil-lien of dollars as easily as the next man; but not one cent of that money would I get, and fell sure of it. I did not care much about it for myself, but when a man commits matrimon; he begins to feel important and thinks abou his family," and so I began to providing fo think it hard that all this money should be left to strangers or some public institution, for I was an only son and had no near relatives but my father. I sometimes met my father during my business visits to Boston or his to New York we were very polite to each other, generally dined together and invariably had a dispute or some subject or other—we never agreed with part bad friends, to meet again next time with polite coolness on both sides. When I got mar-ried I thought at first I would take Gertry to Boston and introduce her to my father; but consideration I concluded to write to him; I did so; this is the answer I got;

DEAR SIR,—I always thought you a fool, now I am perfectly certain of it. What does a man in your position, travelling half the time, want with a wife? You are only saddling yourself with a useless expense and providing a pretty little doll for some coxcomb to flirt with while you are away. You'll be having a family too, I suppose, but don't fancy I shall support them. My determination with regard to the disp of my property remains unchanged; and I shall probably endow the deaf and dumb institute with it. Deaf and dumb people always appear to me to be very sensible folks. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on my next visit to New York and will discuss your folly with you if you

> Very respectfully yours, THOMAS TREYNCH.

Of course, I was furious. I expected to be called a fool; but, the gratuitous insult to Gerty was more than I could stand; I wrote an angry

reply, received one equally angry in return and | in favor of the Deaf and Dumb Justitute if he the upshot of the affair was that we had a re-gular quarrel, our customay visits of politeness were dropped and we did not meet for over a

When Gerty and I had been married about a year we had a baby. That was a baby. You can take my word for it, it was the prettiest, chubblest, sweetest, most intelligent—well, never mind it was our baby, and that was sufficient to prove it was the finest baby ever seen. Poor little fellow he ought to have been good for he did not last long; the angels got jealous of us, and after lending him to us for two months they came one night and took him away. The doctor said it was the croup, but I knew better, the angels wanted him and they just took him.

Poor Gerty, it almost broke her heart; but

she bore up as well as possible under the circumes and would have got quite over it I be if it hadn't been for the fraud which fol lowed Harry's death; and this is how the fraud came to be perpetrated. About a month after baby's birth, I received an extraordinary letter from my father. He said he had seen the announcement of baby's birth in the papers and wished to congratulate me. He expressed his pleasure at its being a boy and said he had recently come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake when he took the rash yow about the disposition of his property; still it was a vow and he could not change it, with regard to my children, however, it was different, he had made no vow about them and felt at liberty his mind. He went on to say that he had lately purchased a plantation in Demerara and proposed to go out there in the course of five or six weeks and that before he did so he would be in New York for a day or two and would call on me so that he might see the baby before he went. He said he wanted to see the baby before he made his will as, if he did no think it likely to make a good man he would think again about the disposition of his proper-ty. Of course, I felt well pleased at the good prospects of my boy and used to sit and look at him thinking how bright a future he had before him. Then the baby died and all my bright, beautiful castle tumbled to the ground. Then

knew the boy was dead; because he would think that he had not kept his eath unless he put it beyond any chance that I should personally inherit any of his fortune, which I might do if he made an open will in favor of my children so long as I had none and may never have any. Then the fraud got more and more impressed on my inind; I would borrow a baby; I would pass it off as mine; my father would make his will in favor of my infant son and my next infant son would do quite as well. You see the fraud quite knocked the law of the case out of my head and it never occurred to me that the wil head and it never occurred to me that the will might be contested. So I decided on the fraud It took a long time before I could persuade Gerty to join me in the plot, but, finally she con-sented and it was only left to find the buby.

But, there came the rub; I thought it would be only necessary to advertise in the N.Y. Herald for a "fine male child two months old, to adopt,"
to be perfectly inundated with babies; but there I made a mistake. The baby market was in a very uncertain condition, girls were plentiful but boys were scarce. Day after day passed and I returned home without having found the ne-cessary baby; at last it got to be the morning before my father's arrival and still no baby; matters were getting desperate. That morning's post brought me a letter offering the much desired buby. I rushed off to secure it and returned with it in about an hour. Gorty screamed when she saw it and declared she would never own to being the mother of such a wretched little specimen of humanity as that. We had gone to elmen of humanity as that. We had gone too far to go back now and after a hearty cry Gerty consented—as she generally did to any proposal of mine—to own the little monster; it being strictly agreed that the baby was to be disposed of as soon as my father left; and, so the fraud was duly installed in his position as "our baby."
The next day my father arrived and I took him home to dinner. I confess I felt very nervous and his first words did not at all reas

"What an ugly little boast," he said as soon as he saw the baby lying on Gerty's lap dressed in all the bravery of laces and muslin peculiar to babydom.

the devil put the idea of the fraud into my head and I practised it. I knew my father well enough to know that he would make his will late Gerty's eyes as I tried to stammer out

something about its being "the best we could do," or something else equally imbecile.

My father seemed rather sorry that he had

spoken so bluntly and patted Gerty kindly on the head and told her not to mind an old man who nover thought any baby pretty. After dinner my father sat for a long while talking to Gerty and playing with the baby; he was evidently taking a great fancy to Gerty and seconded to have out over his itest authority to cemed to have got over his first antipathy to the little fraud.

The next three weeks were terribly trying to Gerty; the fraud behaved shamefully; there was only one strong point about the animal and that was his langs; they were wonderfully de-veloped and for those three weeks he yelled, on in average, about twelve hoursout of the twenty

an average, about twelve hours out of the twenty four. The way he kicked poor Gerty and pulled and hauled her made my heart bleed for the poor thing. But the most extraordinary thing was my father's conduct; he staid over from day to day prolonging his stay from three days, the original limit, to three weeks.

He was actually petting fond of the budy!! The first time I noticest this was the third day of his stay when he asked if he might be allowed to hold his e-grandson." He strutted about us proud as a turkey cock holding the haby very awkwardly, the little fraud screaming like the mischief all the while. He would sit for half an hour at a time watching the fraud yell and kiek; he delighted in being allowed to hold it and almost screamed with pleasure when he actually saw the baby washed. He would walk it about for hours and the little writch would keep quieter with bitm than with wrotch would keep quieter with him than with anyone cise. I never shall forget one night the little wrotch commenced to scream just infer we went to bed and after he had been yelling for an hour, my father came into my room and

asked to be allowed to walk him about. It was a touching sight, viewed from under the bedelothes, to see that noble old man in his long dressing gown and list slippers, without any socks and evidently uncomfortably cold about the legs, walk that buby up and down for near-ly an hour until he had got him askeep.

At lest my father made up his mind that he must six for pennerara. He expected to he absent atom a year and the day before he started he executed his will and did something I do not think he ever did before in his life, he made a speech. We were sitting in the pactor after dinner when he asked to have the baby, and after a time or two about the recumber. and, after a turn or two about the room be stopped in front of Gerty and I and said, very "Arthur, I am very glad I came to see you

before I left the country. I am an old man and Demerara is not a very healthy place; I may never return; but I shall take away with me more pleasant memories than have then crowded into so short a space of time for many years. I confess I was prejudiced against your crowded into so short a space of time for many years. I confess I was prejudiced against your wife before I saw her; bless her little soul, I love her now as if she was my own daughter. As for 'my grandson'"—here that young imp began to squall and it was fully ten minutes before he could be quieted. When peace was restored my father continued: "As to my grandson, I do not attempt to deny that I was greatly disappointed at first; his appearance is account that it has a began to the in the continuent of bone is excelagainst him; his development of hone is excel-ient, but in flesh he is very faulty; there are also points about his head and face which are objectionable, and he cannot be called a pretty baby. But, I have heard it said that ugly bables made the best looking men and women; and, arguing on that bypothesis I expect he will be the handsomest man of his time. I have taken a great fancy to that boy; and I hope, and expect that he will become a second Depositions or Bantel Webster: he certainty Demosthenes or Daniel Webster; he certainly sesses the capacity as far as length of wind concerned. I have made that boy my heir; is concerned. I have made that boy my heir; any other children you may have you will have to provide for yourself. My will is scarcely in exact keeping with my vow, Arthur—and I may here say that I deeply repent that vow but. I believe it will fill the general tendency of oath. The whole of my fortune is left in trust to my old partner Bungs, and Doctor Allspice, until Harry comes of ago when he will come into one half unreservedly; the other half not to be paid him until his mother's death, which God grant may not be for years to come." He hid his hand affectionately on Gerty's head and continued: "Yes, Arthur, I have left your wife a life interest in one half my fortune which will give her an income of over \$25,000 a year. It is almost the same as leaving it to you, and, therefore I doubt whether I have kept my oath as strictly as I ought to have done; but, if I have erred it has been on the right side and I hope and believe God will forgive me."

I had never heard my father make such a long speech and I was naturally much affected. I deeply repented the trick I had played him and was on the point of confessingit, whon the little fraud set up a tromendous squall and my father taking the baby in his arms walked up to the nursery with it and did not come down

again that night.
The next day he sailed for Demorara. I had intended to get rid of the horrid baby as soon as my father had gone; but, hard as it had been to get him it was still harder to get rid of him, and it was nearly three months before I ould induce an old woman in New York to "adopt" him, by giving her \$500. I then wrote a long, sorrowful letter to my father informing him of the death from small pox of my precious son—I am confident I called him precious—an descanted at some length on the grief of, Gerty,

It was two months before I got an answer, My father expressed himself very kindly about Gerty and showed sincere sorrow at the death of his grandson. He sent a lot of West India knickknacks to Gerty, and told me he had executed a new will leaving his whole fortune to be equally divided amongst any children we might have; Gerty to enjoy the same half life interest; and, in the event of her dying without children, all his fortune was to be devoted to

who expected ere long to again become a

building and endowing a "Home for ugly and scraggy looking children."

I laughed at that part of the letter and felt

protty comfortable now; my fraud had succeeded and my father's fortune would be secured to the family after all; in two or three months Gerty would be again a mother and when my father returned I should be able to present him with a genuine grandson—or daughter—which vanity made me think he would not call, "an ugly little beast."

Three months after I stood beside a newly made grave in Greenwood Cemetary, a broken hearted man; for beneath the fresh sod lay all that was dear to me on earth, my own precious Gerty; and reposing on her bosom was the form of a little girl whose spirit had been long enough in this world to accompany its mother to a better land. My sin had brought its own punishment; the loctors said that some serious strain on the nervous system had so weakened Gerty's constitution that she was unable to stand the fatigue of childbirth. I knew very well what it was; it was that horrid little fraud who had tormented her almost to death during the four months we had him; I knew it and in my heart I cursed the horrid little wretch, and myself for ever thinking of perpetrating such a fraud.

My father never lived to hear of Gerty's death; the Deinerara fever carried him off before the news could reach him; and all his fortune went to build the "Home for ugly and seruggy look-

That's all my story. Perhaps you don't think it's much of a story after all? Well, I never told you it was, I told you at the beginning it was, "A Perfect Fraud."

#### THE BROOK'S MESSAGE.

BY KATE HILLIARD.

Little brook, that glideth through the meadows, Rustling past the clump of tefted reeds; Deep and quiet 'neath the alder shadows, Swirling round the tangled water-weeds; Little brook, to me a happy presage In thy steadfast pressing toward the sea, On thy constant waves a little message, Bear my love from me.

Seek him where those waves, grown slow and weary,
Languish through the dull streets of the town;
Where, instead of flowers, faces dreary
Peer into thy mirror stained and brown.
Tell him that beside thy crystal fountains,
Where the shy bird dips and flies away,
In the purple shadows of the mountains,
Waiting him, I stay.

Tell him, little brook,—but whisper lowly,
Lest the gossip breezes hear thee tell,—
That amid this mountain silence holy
Quiet hearts may learn lov's lesson well.
Tell him I am patient, though so lonely.
For the heavons reflect hope's sunny hue;
Tell him, brook, how some one loves him—only
Do not tell him who!

From the April Atlantic.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

William Vallory was dumbfoundered. He had suspected nothing, seen nothing. There had been a few accidental meetings at flowershows in London. Hubert Walgrave had been among the young men most frequently invited to fill up the ranks at the Acropolis-square dinner parties; he knew a good many people in Miss Vallory's set, and had happened thus to meet her very often in the course of the London sesson. Then often in the course of the London season. Then came an autumn invitation to Mr. Vallory's villa at Ryde; a great deal of idling on the pier, an occasional moonlit stroll, a little yachting— most fascinating of all pleasures; during which Augusta Vallory, who was never sea-sick, looked her handsomest, in the most perfect marine costume that a French dressmaker could de-

It was while he was on hoard Mr. Vallory's yacht, the Arion, one balmy August morning that Hubert Walgrave told himself for the first time that he was in love with Augusta. She was sitting opposite him, making a pretence of reading a novel, dressed in blue and white with a soft cashmere scarf floating about her tall slim figure, and a high-crowned hat with a bunch of white-and-blue feathers crowning the massive plaits of black hair.

shouldn ?" Mr. Walgrav said to himself. "The notion looks preposter-ous at the first showing, but I really think she likes me-and she must marry some one. Her fortune would be an immense assistance to me and over and above that, she is a woman who would help her husband to got on in life, even if she hadn't sixpence. She is the only woman I have ever really admired; perhaps the only woman who ever liked me."

At this stage of Hubert Walgrave's career he had no very exalted idea of that passion which makes or mars the lives of some men and counts for so little in the careers of others. He meant never to marry at all unless he could marry to his own direct and immediate advantage. If he married he must marry money, that was clear. The income which was ample for all his wants as a single man would be ridiculously small when set against the requirements of a wife and family. He was very positive upon this point, but he was no heiress-hunter. Not the wealth of Miss Kilmansegg would have tempted him to unite himself to a fright or dowdy, a woman who dropped her h's or was in any man-ner unpresentable. Nor did he go out of his way to seek Miss Vallory. Fate threw them together, and he merely improved his opportutogother, and he merely improved his opportu-nity. Of all the men she had ever known he was the one who treated her with most non-chalance, who paid least court to her beauty or her wealth. Perhaps it was for this very reaher wealth. Perhaps it was for this very reason that she fell in love with him, so far as it was in her nature to fall in love with any one. So one moonlit night on the little lawn at

Rydo-a grassy slope that went down to the beach-Mr. Walgrave proposed, in a pleasant,

gentlemanlike, unimpassioned way,
"Of course, my dear Augusta," he said in
conclusion, "I cannot be blind to the fact that I am a very had match for you, and that I am bound to do a good deal more than I have done towards winning a position before I can reasonably expect any encouragement from your father. But I am not afraid of hard work, and if you are only favourably disposed towards me I shall feel inspired to do anything—push my way to the woolsack, or something of that kind."

And then, little by little, he induced Miss of as a secondary affair, springing out of his suc-Vallory to admit that she was favourably disposed towards him—very favourably; that she had liked him almost from the first. That final confession was going so far as any well-brought—

up young person could be expected to go.
"You have not been so absurdly attentive as other men," she said, " and I really believe I have liked you all the better on that ac-

ount."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, and registered an unspoken vow to the effect that Miss Vallory should have ample cause to continue so to like

It was rather a long time before Mr. Vallory quite got over the shock occasioned by his daughter's astounding announcement; but he did ultimately get over it, and consented to re-ceive Hubert Walgrave as his future son-in-

"I will not attempt to conceal from you that it is a disappointment," he said; "I may say a blow, a very severe blow. I had hoped that Augusta would make a brilliant marriage. I think I had a right to expect as much. But I have always liked you, Walgrave, and—and—if my daughter really knows her own mind, I can hold out no longer. You will not think of marrying just yet, I suppose?"

"I am quite in your hands upon that point, my dear sir. My own desire would be to make an assured position for myself before I ask Augusta to share my fortunes. I couldn't, on any consideration, become a dependent on my wife; and my present income would not allow me to give her an establishment which should. even in a minor degree, be the kind of thing she has been accustomed to."

"That's all high-flown nonsense!" exclaimed "That's all high-flown nonsonse Pexclaimed Mr. Vallory rather impatiently. "If you marry Augusta, you will marry her money as well as herself. As to waiting till you've a silk gown — well, you may do it if you like, and if she likes. I shall be glad to keep her near me as long as I can. But you will be as old as I am, I take it, before you can hope to win a position that would be anything like what she has a right to wrongt. She has made like whatshe has a right to expect. She has made a bad bargain, you see, my dear Walgrave; and there's no use in you or me trying to make-believe that it's a good one."

Hubert Walgrave's dark face grew just a shade darker at this, and the flexible lips tight-

oned a little.

"If it is so very bad a bargain, sir," he said gravely, "it is not at all too late for you to rescind your approval, or for me to withdraw my pretensions."

The great William Vallory looked absolutely

frightened. His only child had a will of her own, and a temper of her own; and he had more than one unpleasant scone with her already upon this question.

" No, no, my dear fellow !" he answered hastily; "bless my soul, how touchy you are! Haven't I told you that I like you? My daughter's feelings are involved; and if she likes to marry for love, she can afford to do it. It will not be love in a cottage; or, if it is, it will be a cottage of gentility, with a double

coach-house, and so on."
Thus Mr. Walgrave found himself accepted much more easily than he could have supposed it possible it should be. He was engaged to a young woman with three thousand a year in the present, and unlimited expectations of fu-ture wealth. It seemed like some wild dream. Yet he bore this sudden fortune with the ut-most equanimity. Indeed, it scarcely surprised him; he made up his mind from the beginning to prosper in life.

Once, and once only, William Vallory ventured upon some slight inquiry as to his future

son-in-law's connections.

"I have never heard you speak of your family," he said one evening, as the two men sat alone in the spacious dining-room—an apartalmost awful in its aspect when sparsoly occupied—with a Pompeian claret-jug between them. "I need scarcely say how pleased I shall be to make the acquaintance of any of your people."

"I have no people," Mr. Walgrave answered coolly. "I think you must have heard me say that I stand quite alone in the world. Augusta will not receive many wedding presents from my side of the house; but, on the other hand, she will not be troubled by any poor relations of mine. My father and mother both died while I was a youngster. I was brought up in Essex by a maiden aunt. She too has been dead for the last twenty years, poor soul! She was a kind friend to me.

pose." hazarded Mr. Vallory, who would have been gratified by a more communicative spirit in his future son-in-law

" He was not. He lived upon his own means, and spent them."

"But he left you fairly provided for." "He left me three hundred a year, thanks to the good offices of a friend who had considerable influence over him. The money was set-tled upon me in such a way that my father could not touch it. I should have begun life a beggar, if it had been in his power to dispose

of the money."
"You don't speak very kindly of him." " Perhaps not. I daresay I am somewhat wanting in filial reverence. The fact is, he could have afforded to do a good deal more for me than he did do, and I have not yet learnt to forgive him. He was not a good father, and, frankly, I don't much care about talking of

This was like a conversational dead-wall with " No thorough-fare" inscribed upon it. Mr. Vallory asked no more questions. Hubert Walgrave was a gentleman—that was the grand point; and it mattered very little how many uncles and aunts he had or if he were totally destitute of such kindred. He was elever, energetic, hard-working, and tolerably sure to get on in the world.

" I am not marrying my daughter to a drone, who would stick a flower in his button-hole, and live on his wife's fortune; that is one comfort," the lawyer said to himself.

He had, indeed, no reason to complain of any lack of industry in Hubert Walgrave. From the hour in which his engagement to Miss Val-lory became a settled thing he worked harder than ever. That which would have tempted most men to idleness urged him to flerce effort, to more eager pursuit of that single aim of his existence—self-advancement. He wanted to win a reputation before he married; he did not want people to be able to say, "There goes that lucky fellow Walgrave, who married old Vallory's daughter." He wished to be pointed out rather as the celebrated Mr. Walgrave, the Queen's Counsel, and his lucky marriage spoken

less.

With this great end in view—a very worthy nim in the opinion of a man of his creed, whice did not embrace very lofty ideas of this life-Mr. Walgrave had very nearly worked himself into a galloping consumption; and while going this high-pressure puce had been brought to a sudden standstill by that perilous illness which had led to his holiday at Brierwood. Skil-ful treatment, and a naturally good constitution which would bear some abuse, had pulled him through, and he was what our forefathers used to call "on the mending hand," when he went down to the old farmhouse, to fall sick of a still more troublesome discase.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHOWS OF TRINGS ARE BETTER THAN THEM-SELVES."

Mr. Vallory came in just before dinner, bringing a visitor with him—rather a dandified-look-ing young man, of the unmistakable City type, with faultless boots, a hothouse flower in his my young man, of the unmissioned cry sper, with faultless boots, a hothouse flower in his button-hole, carefully-arranged black whiskers, a good-looking supercilions face, a figure just above the middle height, eyes like Augusta's, and a complexion that was a great deal too good for a man. This was the junior partner, the seventh-share man, Weston Vallery.

"I found your cousin Weston at the office,

Augusta," said Mr. Vallory, " and brought him home to dinner. You must excuse his morn-ing dress; I wouldn't give him time to change his clothes."

" I always keep a dress suit at the office, and Pullman the porter valets me," said Weston.
"I only asked for ten minutes; but you know how impatient your father is, Augusta. So be

He kissed his cousin, and gave the tips of his fingers to Hubert Walgrave. There was no great affection between those two. Weston had fully intended to marry Augusta, and had been both astounded and outraged by her engage-

They dined at eight, and the banquet was not cspecially lively — a little over—weighted with attendance, and plate, and splendour; a large round table, with a pyramid of gaudy autumnal flowers—Japanese clematis and scarlet geranium, calceolaria and verbena-in the centre four people scarcely able to see each other's faces without an effort, and three solemn servants waiting upon them. Mr. Vallory and his nephew talked shop. Augusta asked her lover little commonplace questions about common-place things, and gave him small shreds and patches of information respecting her stay at Ems. He caught himself on the brink of a yawn more than once. He thought of the dus-ky garden at Brierwood—the perfume of the flowers, the low music of Grace Redmayne's voice, the tender touch of her hand. He thought of these things even while Augusta was enter-taining him with a lively description of some

outrageous costumes she had seen at Ems. But presently he brightened up a little, and But presently he brightened up a little, and made it his business to be amusing, talked in, O, such a storeotyped way, like a creature in genteel edinedy. He felt his own dreariness—felt that be ween him and the woman he was to marry fifter was no point of union, no touch of sympathy. She talked of Parisian dresses; he talked of the people they knew, in a semi-supercilious style that did duty for irony; and he was miserably conscious of the stundity and he was miserably conscious of the stupidity and

narrowness of the whole business.

He remembered himself roaming in the gardens at Clevedon Hall—along the moss-grown paths, by the crumbling wall where the unpro-tected cherries ripened for the birds of the air, among the dilapidated cucumber-frames, in a wilderness of vegetable profusion, where the yellow pumpkins sprawled in the sunshine, by the great still pond overhung by a little grove of aucient quince-tress, in and out amidst waste neglect, and sweetness—with Grace Redmayne by his side. Was it really the same man seatwith Grace Redmayne ed at this table, peeling a peach, with his eye-brows elevated languidly, and little cynical speeches dropping now and then from his thin

Augusta Vallory was quite satisfied with her lover. He was gentleman-like and undernon-strative, and had nothing kindly to say about any one or anything. She had no admiration for those exuberant hearty young men from the Universities, great at hammer-throwing and long jumps, who were beginning to overrun her circle—youths with loud cheery voices and sun-burnt faces, hands blistered by rowing, and a general healthiness and joyousness, of aspect. They only bored her.

After dinner when Vallory senior and Vallory junior were playing a game of billiards in a room that had been built out at the back of the house over some offices, half-way between the dining and the drawing rooms, the fair Augusta amused herself by questioning her lover about his life in Kent. It must have been inefiably dismal. What had he done with inesimbly dismal. What had he done with himself? how had he contrived to dispose of bis time ?

" Well, of course, said Mr. Walgrave dreamily, "that sort of life is rather monotonous. You get up and cut your breakfast, and walk a little and write a little and read a little; and, if you happen to be a man with that resource open to you, you smoke a great deal, and cat your dinner, and go to bed. And you hardly know Monday from Tuosday; if you were put in a witness-box you couldn't swear whether a given event happened at the end of the week or the beginning. But to a fellow who wants rest, that kind of life is not altogether disagreeable; he gets a honey-comb fo a dish of fresh trout now and then, and cream in his tea. And then, you see," concluded Mr. Walgrave, making a sudden end of the subject a suppressed yawn, " I read a good with dcal."

"You read a good deal! when the doctors had especially forbidden work!" "O, but it wasn't hard work, and I lieve I did myself any good by it; i a desultory kind of reading. I was r. ous about Cardimum eersus Cardin. Chancery case in which your father wa

to make a figure ; and I read un some old cedents bearing on it. There was a man in the reign of James II, who went in against his next-of-kin on exactly the same grounds. And I read a novel of Authony Trollope's."

"There could be no harm in your reading a novel. You must have read all the novels of the season, I should think, in seven weeks."
"No; I did a good deal of fishing. I made the acquaintance of a jack that I mean to bring to terms at some future date. He wasn't to be had this year."

Miss Vallory asked a great many more questions; but it was astonishing how little Mr. Walgrave had to tell of his Kentish expe-

"You are not a particularly good hand at description, Hubert," she said at last, somewhat displeased by his reticence. "If it had been Weston, he would have given me a perfect picture of the farm-house life, and the queer clod-

three of the state-bones has, and the queer cloudhopping country people, with an imitation of
the dialect, and all that kind of thing,"

"If I were good at all that kind of thing, I
should write for the magazines, and turn my
gifts into money," replied Mr. Walgrave superciliously. "I wish you'd play something, Au-

This was a happy way of getting out of a difficulty, suggested by a glance at the open

piano.

"I'll sing you something, if you like," Miss
Vallory said graciously. "I was trying a new
ballad this morning, which is rather in your style, I fancy."
"Let me hear it, by all means."

He went to the piano, adjusted the candles, which were lighted ready, waited while the per-former scated herself, and then withdrew to a comfortable easy-chair. Never during his courtship or since his engagement had he fatigued himself by such puerile attentions as turning over the leaves of music, or cutting open magazines, or any of those small frivoous services by which some men render themselves precious to their womankind. Indeed, in a general way, he may be described as scru-pulously inattentive. If this girl chose to give him her wealth, she should bestow it spontaneously. There should be no cajolery on his part, no abasement, not the smallest sacrifice

of self-esteem. Miss Vallory sang her song. She had a strong mezzo-soprano voice of the metallic order—voice that is usually described as fine—with out a weak note in its range. She had been taught by the best masters, pronounced every syllable with undeviating accuracy, and had

about as much expression as a musical box.

Hubert Walgrave thought of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the soft sweet voice singing in the twilight, "O, do you remember?" "The Meeting of the Waters," "The light Guitar," and all Grace Redmayne's little stock of faand all Grace Redmayne's little stock of fa-miliar old-fashioned songs. The ballad was something of the new school: the slenderest thread of melody, eked out by a showy accom-paniment; the poetry, something rather ob-scure and metaphysical, by a modern poet. "Do you call that thing a ballad, Augusta?" he cried contemptuously, at the end of the first verse. "For pity's sake sing me Una voce, or

Non piu mesta, to take the taste of that mawkish stuff out of my mouth."

stuff out of my mouth."

Miss Vallory complied, with tolerable grace.

"You are so capricious," she said, as she played one of Rossini's symphonies, "there is no knowing what you will like."

She sang an Italian bravura superbly, looking superb as she sang it, without the faintest effort of distortion of feature, Mr. Walgrave watching her critally all the while.

"Unon my soul she is a women to be

"Upon my soul, she is a woman to be proud of," he said to himself; "and a man, who would sacrifice such a chance as mine would be something worse than a lungic."

The two lawyers came into the room while Miss Valory was singing, and Weston com-plimented her warmly at the close of the scena, while her plighted lover sat in his casychair and looked on. He new very well that the man would have liked to take his place, and he never felt the sense of his triumph so keenly as when he was, in a manner, trampling

on the neck of Weston Vallery.
"The black-whiskered scoundrel," he said to himself; "I know that man is a scoundrel, whom necessity has made respectable. He is just the kind of fellow I should expect to make away with his clients securities, or something in that way. Very likely he may never do anything of the sort, may die in the odour of sanctiv; but I know it's in him.
And what a delightful thing it is to know that
he hates me as he does, and that I shall have
to be civil to him all the days of my life!"

And then, after a pause, he thought, "If I were capable of getting myself into a mess, there's the man to profit by my folly."

The unconscious subject of these meditations

was leaning over the piano all this time, talk-ing to his cousin. There was not much justification in his appearance or manners for such sweeping condemnation. He was like numerous other men to be met with daily in middleclass society---cood-looking well-di acquaintance who called him a first-rate fellow, and he was never at a loss for invitations to so like his cousin's in colour, there was a hard glassy glitter, a metallic light, which was nearly glassy glitter, a metallic light, which was not agreeable to a physiognomist; nor had the full red lips a pleasant expression—sensuality had set its seal there, sensuality and a lurking cruelty. But the world in general took the black eyes and the black whiskers as the distinguishing characteristics of a very good-looking young man; a man in a most unexceptionable position; a man to be made much of by every family in which there were daughters to marry and sons to plant out in life.

Mr. Walgrave allowed this gentleman to engross the attention of his betrothed just as long as he chose. He fully knew the strength of the chain by which he held Augusta Vallory, and that he was in no danger from

"I believe poor Weston was brought up to think that he was going to marry me," she said to her lover one day, with contemptuous compassion. "His mother was a very foolish woman, who thought her children the most perfect creatures in the world. But Weston is really very good, and has always been quite devoted to papa and me. He owes everything to papa, of course. His father quarrelled with my grandfather, and got himself turned out of the firm. I have never heard the details of the story, but I believe he behaved very badly and if pape hadn't taken Weston by the hand inces of advancement would have been extremely small. He is an excellent man of business, however, according to papa's account; and I think he is grateful."

"Do you? Do you think any one ever is grateful?" Mr. Walgrave inquired in his synical tone. "I never met with a grateful man yet, nor heard of one, except that fellow Androeles —no, by the bye, it was the lion who was grateful, so Mr. Speciator's story counts for nothing. However, your cousin is, no doubt, an exception to the rule—he looks like it. Was the father transported?"

"Hubert! How can you be so absurd?" "Well, my dear Augusta, you said he did something very bad; and I inferred that it was defalcation of some kind, tending towards penal sorvitude."

"I believe the quarrel did arise out of money matters; but I should hope no member of my family would be dishonest."

of my family would be dishonest."

"My dear girl, dishonesty crops up in all kinds of families; a dukedom will not protect you from the possibility. There are regues in the peerage, I daresay. But I am not at all curious about Mr. Weston Vallory's father. The man himself is enough—I accept him as

"You really have a very impertment man-ner of speaking about my family," Miss Vallory exclaimed with an aggrieved air.

"My dearest, if you expect that I am going to bow down and worship your family as well as yourself, you are altogether mistaken. It was you I woodd that sweet summer night at Ryde, not the whole race of Vallory. Upon that point I reserve the right to be critical." "You seem to be quite prejudiced against

Weston," "Not at all. I will freely admit that I don't care very much for a man with such a brilliant complexion; but that is a mere capricious antipathy—like an aversion to roses—which I

tipathy—like an aversion to roses—which I would hardly confess to any one but yourself."
The lovers frequently indulged in small bickerings of this kind, by which means Mr. Walgrave maintained, or supposed that he maintained, his independence. He did not bow down and worship; and it happened curiously, that Miss Vallory liked him all the better for his habitual incivility. She had been surfeited by the attentions of men who thought of her only as the heiress of Harcross thought of her only as the heiress of Harcross and Vallory. This man, with his habitual sneer and cool off-hand manner, seemed so much truer than the rest. And yet he was playing his own game, and meditating his own advantuge; and the affection he had given her was so weak a thing, that it perished altogether under the influence of his first temptation.

In the course of the evening there was a discourse of the evening t

cussion as to where Mr. Vallory and his daughter should go for the next six weeks. The father would gladly have stayed in Acropolis-square, and pottered down to his office every day. There was always plenty of business for him, even in the long vacation, and it was nearer his heart than any of the pleasures of life; but Augusta protested against such an

"We should have fever, or cholera, or some-thing, papa," she said. "That kind of thing always rages out of the London season." "The London death-rate was higher last

May than in the preceding August, I assure

you."

"My dear papa, it is simply impossible. Let us go to the Stapletons. You know it is an old promise." "I hate staying at country houses: breakfast-

ing with a herd of strangers every morning; and hearing billiard-balls going from morning till night; and not being able to find a corner where one can write a letter; and being per-petually driven about on pleasure jaunts; doing ruined abbeys, and waterfalls; not a mo-ment's peace. All very well for young people; but actual martyrdom when one's on the wrong side of fifty. You can go to Haley if you like, Augusta; I would much rather go to Eastbourne.

"In that case, I will go too, papa," replied Miss Vallory. "It's rather a pity you lent the villa to the Filmers; it would have been nice to have the Arion."

"You can have the Arion at Eastbourne," said Mr. Vallory. "I didn't lead the yacht to the Filmers."

"Very well, papa; let us go to Easthourne. And Hubert can come down to us—can't you, Hubert?

"I shall be delighted, of course, to run down for a day or two.' "A day or two!" exclaimed Miss Vallory.
"Why shouldn't you spend all September with

? You can have nothing to do in London."
"My dear Augusta, I came back to town on purpose to work. I can never do much good except in my own rooms, with my books of re-

He rather shrank from the idea of Eastbourne —the half mile or so of parado—the band—the dull narrow round of scaside life. Ryde had been very agreeable to him last year, though his life had been the same kind of thing; but to-night he thought of such an existence with a strange aversion. Indeed, it seemed to him manners that could be deferential or supercilious just now that nothing would be so pleasant as according to the occasion. He had plenty of to bury himself in his chambers, with his books for his sole companions.

"But it is preposterous to think of working

all through September," urged Augusta, with somewhat heightened colour- "You really must come; the sea-air will do you a world of good. We shall have the Arion; and you are so fond of yachting."

so fond of yachting."

"Yes, I am very fond of yachting; but I scarcely feel equal to the gaieties of a watering-place. I would rather vegetate in the Temple."

"But Eastbourne is not a gay place. It is the place of places for an invalid, if you still profess to be one."

"My dear Augusta, if you command me to

come, I will come, at any hazard to my professional advancement " "Come and go just as you like, Walgrave,"

said Mr. Vallory. "You're quite right to stick to your books; that Cardimum versus Cardimum is a great case, and if you come out strong with your procedents, you'll carry everything before you.—Don't be jealous of his work, Augusta; he means to make you a judge's wife one of these days. Weston can dauce attendance upon you.' "I don't dance," said Weston; "but I shall

be happy to be useful to my cousin. "And, by the way, Weston, as there's not much doing at the office just now, you might run down to Eastbourne to-morrow and see if there's a house to be had that would suit us."

Mr. Vallory said coolly. He had made the young man's fortune, and had a knack of or-dering him about in this way. Weston bowed. "I have two or three interviews for to-morrow," he said; "but I can make Jones attend to the people. I don't know that I'm quite up in a house agent's duties; but I suppose I shall know instinctively the kind of

thing you want."
"Instinctive fiddlesticks!" Mr. Vallory exclaimed impatiently. "Augusta will give you a sheet of paper with a memorandum of the accommodation wanted."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, congratulating himself upon his exemption from house-hunting





# THE HEARTHSTONE.

He felt a malicious delight in beholding Weston Vallory, one of the most conceited men he knew, charged with these ignominious services, while he, the rightful slave, went free.

"May all imaginable blessings descend upon the revered heads of the Cardinums!" he said

At a quarter to eleven o'clock he wished his befrothed and her father good-night. Weston took his departure at the same time, bound for Charing-cross Station, whence a midnight train would convey him to Norwood. It was a clear mounlit night. Even the Acropolis-square houses were tolerable in that mellow atmosphere, with solitary tapers twinkling here and there in upper chambers, tenanted by a charwoman in charge, or a lonely scullion. There was a perfume of mignonette, a finit rustling of sycamores in the enclosure, which reminded Hubert Walgrave dimly of the Brierwood

"Do you mean to walk home?" Weston asked, as the two men left the house together.
"I don't care much whether I walk or ride If I see a hansom, I daresay I shall hail it. Are you going to walk to the station?"

"I make a point of walking six miles a day, and I shall be very glad of your company on

the way. We go the same road, I know."

Mr. Walgrave submitted. He was a man somewhat given to strong antipathies, and Weston Vallery was one of his strongest.

Confound the snob!" he thought; " what makes him fasten himself on me, I wonder?" He had no occasion to wonder long. The drift of his companion's conversation soon convinced him that Westen Vallory wanted to pump him; to get at the history of his eight weeks' holiday—to test his feelings in regard to his betrothed—to find out anything there was to be found out, in fact, in a gentlemanlike way. But Mr. Weston might just as well have tried to pump Lord Burleigh, or Lord Bacon, had he been contemporary and on pumping terms with those distinguished noblemen Fubert Walgrave betrayed no more of the se-crets of his inner man than if he had been deaf and dumb; and yet he was civil, aggravatingly civil, and left Weston at the gates of the station oppressed with a sense of failure.

#### CHAPTER XIV. MR. WALGRAVE RELIEVES HIS MIND.

Mr. Walgrave dined again with his betrothed before the Vallorys left town; walked in the broad walk in Kensington gardens with her one afternoon; rode to Wimbledon with her one morning; and on Saturday had the privilege of seeing her off by the Eastbourne train-express the greater part of the way-with her father and her own maid, Tullion, a tall strong-mind-ed female, of superior birth and education superior to her status of lady's-maid, that is to say—whose parents had suffered reverses, and who was very fond of holding forth upon the luxuries and amenities of her early home.

All the luggage had gone the day before. Tullion only carried her mistress's dressing. bug, in case Miss Vallory should be seized with a desire to use her ivory-backed hair-brushes, or her ivory glove-stretchers, or to write a let-ter between London and Eastleurne. The dressing-bag contained everything that could have been wanted during a trip to America; but it was Tullion's duty to be prepared for all emergencies. One footman and a covey of housemaids had gone down the day before; the cook, butler, and another man came second class by this train, after serving a ceremonious luncheon in Acropolis-square, in order that there should be no hitch in the domestic arrangements of either town or sen-side—no awk-ward hiatus in Mr. Vallory's state. His own brougham brought him to the London station; his own barouche would meet him at East The lovers had ten minutes' leisure at the station in which to renew their yows of eternal constancy, had they been so minded; but being neither of them sentimentally dis posed, they beguiled the time by conversation of a commonplace order. Only towards the last did Miss Vallory touch upon personal

topics.
" How soon are we to see you, Hubert?" she

" I think in the course of next week; but I had better not pledge myself to a given day. You may be sure I shall come directly I can. And I shall run down by this 3.30 train, and take my chance of finding you at home when I

" I cannot understand why you should not come down at once, and stay with us alto

"That is as much as to say you cannot un-derstand why I am not an utterly idle man, my dear Augusta."

"I don't wish you to idle; but at this time of year you really cannot have any serious "You heard what your father said about Cardimum v. Cardimum."

The bell rang before Miss Vallory could argue the point any farther. Her place had been taken by Tullion, the maid, who travelled in the same carriage as her mistress, in case Miss Vallory should faint, or require the ivory hair-brushes, or wrench a button off her glove. Hubert Walgravo handed her to her place, lin-gered at the carriage-door to say a word or two, pressed the daintily-gloved hand in the ortho-dox fashion, and stood with lifted hat while the Eustbourne-Bognor-Lewes train steamed slowly off. When it was quite gone, he loitered on

given to gaping before shop windows, made a

venir. I have caused her only too much pain why should I not give her one half-hour of innocent pleasure? And it comes natural to a woman to be fond of these things. But I think nocent pleasure? she would hardly care for anything unless there were a sentiment associated with it. A locket, for instance—I suppose that would be the right kind of thing—a locket, with my photograph in it. She is simple enough and loving enough to value my unworthy countenance. And I am rather better-looking in a photograph than in the flesh—that is one comfort. There are in the flesh—that is one comfort. There are some men whom the sun shows at their worst exaggerating every wrinkle; but me Helios treats kindly!

(To be continued.)

(For the Boarthetone.) TEAR-DROPS OF SORROW.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH.

Tear-drops of sorrow are the pearls of the heart, the gems that come up from the deep fountains that overflow when the tender cords are struck by the rude hand of affliction. Then every finer sense of the soul feels the shock and vibrates in sympathetic unison until the tide of emotion surges through the heart like mighty billows upon the ocean's bosom, and the pent-up waters burst forth and flow out in crystal drops till the stricken heart fluds relief. How often have we seen some strong, munly heart struggling with its great burden of sorrow that seemed nigh crushing it, yet finding no relief from its pain until the crystal fountains were unscaled and the bitter waters flowed out.

What mysteries does a single tear-drop un-fold, what tales of human suffering reveal, and how many hearts have been subdued by its magic power when all else failed. The man that never weeps, but remains unmoved through the most touching scenes, is but half human and must possess a heart of adamant. The eye that never moistens, as it gazes upon afficient and sorrow, is fit only for a lower order of creation, and its gaze is poliution to things sacred. Yes, there is something sacred in the tear-drop of sorrow that forbids, at times, the approach eyen of a sympathetic spirit; for them the soul would be alone with the spirit; for them

approach even of a sympathetic spirit; for then the soul would be alone with its griefs, and weep out the last drop of bitterness unmolested. Well, weep on sorrowing heart, for it is better thus. We know not, perhaps, what stirs the fountain, but it matters not. It may be that some cherished flower of earth has been suddenly snapped asunder, and now, faded and withered, has passed from thy gaze as the cold such of the valley closed over it. Fur proporties sods of the valley closed over it. But remember that it will bloom again, in brighter beauty, in that celestial land beyond the tomb. And yet thy pearly drops are a precious tribute to the departed; therefore, weep on. Perhaps the brighter hopes of life have been crushed, and lie like broken diamonds in the very dust of earth, over which the dark, gloomy clouds of despair have settled in thick blackness. Look on the star of hope still beight burge just be despair have settled in thick blackness. Look up; the star of hope still brightly burns, just beyond the clouds, the beautiful light already breaking through the gloom, to lead you onward over life's rough pathway. Still, weep on a wigit, and its light will be more brilliant and cheering. If thy tear-drops overflow from wounded pride, from fallon greatness, or acts of thine own folly, then weep on till every drop has vanished; and, turning from the truthfal lessons of humility then hast thus learned, be wiser and better. But smid all thy griefs never wiser and better. But amid all thy griefs never despair, never falter, never lose sight of the prize that awaits those who are fathful to the

Beat on, heat on, oh, weary heart,
Through serrow and through pain a
Amid the darkest earthly scenes
Be then in faith the same,
Beat on, beat on, and falter not
Till life's sad journey's e'er,
For yender, neath the lifting clouds
There lies a brighter shore.

Beaton, beat on, ch. weary heart,
Nor cease thy throbbings o'or.
Till every doubt has passed away,
And banished overy fear.
Beat on, beat on, in juyous hope,
Till life's last, lingoring ray
Has faded into shades of night,
That ends in cloudless duy.

#### DOGS AND RAILROAD TRAINS.

#### BY COLORADO.

Thik about instinct! See that dog coming across country! He is moving on an air-line—head down; body stretched to its utmost; tail back to the pl started, and as to legs, he may have twenty for all you can count them. The speed he is mak-ing would lead to the suspicion that his follows had appointed him a committee of one to de-cide the question of the "North passage," and that he had determined to make a personal examination of the ground, and report in fifteen minutes! His aim, however, is not so remote. His object is to intercept the train on which we are riding, before it passes a certain point. He is cortainly making a tremendous "spurt," and ought to succeed, but he won't this time. In fact he never has yet succeeded in doing it, though trying a thousand times, and nover will, though resolved to persovere, so long as he has life and breath left.

And now, query? Do you suppose that he would tear across the township at such a rate,

upon such a hot day, through dust, grass and brambles, just for fun? Would he repeat the exertion twenty times a day, only to reach the fence too late and in a condition so asthmatic as to preclude his barking at the passengers whom he sees grinning at his discomflure, as the cars whisk out of sight? If you think he

mere personal feeling, but there is a conviction in every drop of his blood and every hair of his hide, that there are bad men in charge now. Call it seem if you like, we won't quarrel about names, if you admit the thing itself. It is principle, and nothing less, that has induced him so many months, and will continue to inspire him during his mortal existence, to leave his map or anything else, at the first sound of the approaching engine, and start for the bickory tree, (that being in line of the most advantageous angle for interception), and go tearing through the gross like a comet (dog-star constellation) never, on one single occasion to find his desperate efforts crowned with success. (Not the first obscured individual who has discovered the futility of a struggle with great corporations.) This principle has led him to cultivate a bark of the most tremendous character, practising it in secret, behind the poultry yard, till the heas can now bear the crash of a thunder storm with comparative equanimity, that he may some day roar it out at the engineers and conductors, as an emphatic protest against the iniquities of Railway Directories. And yet all this prepara-tion for maught! Contemplate, oh, ye weakkneed ones, this devotion to principle under repeated disappointment, and gird up your lobs! Towser has made that trip so many times that I verily bolleve he could do it blindfolded,

or in the night without varying an inch from a true tangent. It has become the aim and ambition of his existence to eatch a train at the hickory tree, and deliver that bark, just once, if never again. That desire has become so en-If never again. That desire has become so engrafted upon his heart, that one day during a dreamy map, he suddenly sprang up, and flew like a flash toward the familiar point! His speed was like a crack in a field of ice. He certainly will do it this time! the space is lessening first and the train is not there; three rods spends a law and he appare his mouth with seeing inst and the trains not there; there was more—two—one, and he opens his mouth wide to release that long pent up protest, when suddenly he falters, gasps, chokes, and rolls over in the dust along with his hopes. He had inhaled an Itinerant grasshopper, as he rushed along, and so suffered collapse on the very threshold of success. But he did get there ahead of the train, for the sufficient reason that no train was bad dreumed it was coming, and made the trip in his sleep! A bitter awakening that, surely in his sleep! A bitter awakening that, surely, I wonder how many of us could have swallowed a disappointment as he did the grasshopper? A little wild coughing and a gulp, a furtive glauce around to see if he had any spectators, and back he trotted to his kennel to finish his map and keep one eye open for the 3:50 train. You wouldn't have thought from his manner that anything mortifying had occurred, and his efforts thereafter were just as untiring as if this incident had never happened.

I remember a dog that lived upon the line of a road upon which I used to travel daily. His kennel stood directly behind the board fence which separated the road from his master's lot. He was chained to his kennel and the fence was and the fence was so high that it required an extraordinary burst of energy for little to look over the top—the chain tugging at his throat till his eyes stood out like apoptetic lobsters. Nothing short of a concentration of his forces, moral and physical, rendered it possible under such distressing circumstances, to deliver a volley of barks, growls, and yelps. Yet that very thing that dog did, and did it every time the fourteen daily trains whizzed by, never missing one. Did it summer and winter, in cold and heat, rain and drought; did it persistently and deckledly; left his meat and his drink to do it. In short, devoted his life to delivering that wrathful profess over the the fence. The glare of his eyes, the glann of his teeth, and the roar of his volce became a regular part of the scenery on that road, just as

regular part of the scenery on that road, just as much as the clm, the pond, or the lill beyond. Finally, suddenly, and without any premonitory symptoms of decay, this item in the landscape was missing. We knew he was deadwere sure of it without inquiry. Nothing short of absolute dissolution would account for his silence. You will say, "II—m! Too much frietlene. You will say, "II—m! Too much frietlene. Gradual Asphyxia." I say—pshaw! you don't understand the case. That dog died of too much moral perception, in an unequal contest, between an honest conviction, on one side, and between an honest convection, on one side, and an overgrown, corrupt corporation on the other. I have never doubted that his master was a shareholder in that company, and that the dog had the "moral hydrophubla" on the subject of "stock watering." I believe Darwin would sustain my view. What an example to us!

How many of these self-sacrificing animals

"stock watering." I believe Darwin would sus-tain my view. What an example to us!
How many of these self-sacrificing animals there are scattered through our country, engaged in this thankless labor; they have been doing it for years too. Long before a trustful American public suspected there was anything wrong about railroad companies, these keen-scented creatures had discovered it all and were wearing themselves out in trying to call attention to it.

#### CHAPTER ON COASTING.

Henry Ward Beecher has written for the Ledger a chapter on coasting, in which he says:
Of all the positions, the worst, the most inexcusable is what used to be called the "bellyplumper," or when one lies down upon his sled with head to the front, steering with the tres The position is ungainly, the head is thrust for ward and exposed to danger, and in case of need the body is in a helpless position.

Next is the side-saddle posture, or when a boy sits curied up upon the rear of the sied, with one leg under him, and the other projected back ward for a rudder.

The upright posture, with legs extended over the sides, or carried forward between, and oven the sales, of the runners, is the true position for the bold boy of the sied. He has the use of his whole body, and the perfect control of his sled;

road; and we find ourselves the heroes of the

Then who will forget when our pretty consin wanted to take a cruiso on our sled, and when our sisters, too, were the guests of proudly polite boys, and how the courtesy of the hill-side was thown to the girls as ardently and disinterestedly as over it could be in after life on more important occasions.

Perhaps the teacher was willing to show his condescension, and take passage on a double sled. Great was the hurral raised for him, and clastic the yell universal, when, by a dexierous turn at the bottom of the hill, the sled went out from under him, and he made the few remaining yards of distance without help, and turned up quite like a heap of dirty snow!

#### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Runy Glass is produced by the addition of sub-oxide of copper to the glass. This ingredient can be get by adding grape sugar in solution to sulphate of copper, then adding caustic potash in excess, then boil. The deposit of suboxide of copper is separated by tiltering and washing.

It was generally supposed that the guano deposits in the Chincha Islands were the exercts of birds, but it is now thought that they are made up of the bodies of decayed animals and plants, most of which are of marine origin. This supposition rests on the fact that the anchors of ships moored near those islands frequently bring guano to the surface.

An amusing danger threatons collectors of insects. It has recently been discovered that by dipping insects into certain smiline dyes, or exposing them to the vapor of ammonia, or expande of potassium, some partions of the hody are colored by the process, while other partions are not affected. By this sort of treatment well-known species can be so aftered in appearance by designing dealers as to deceive the unwary purchaser.

A REMARKABLE example of Aphasia, or the loss of ability to express ideas by language—in this instance from forcetfulness of the words to be employed—was related by Dr. J. G. thover, at a late meeting of the Clinical Society of Landon. The pation manifested none of the symptoms of cerebral disease, but still was anable to designate familiar objects by their right names. He called a watch "tempor fugit." a ring, "a knife," and a purse, "a book." A more common form of Aphasia is such a want of power over the nuscles of speech as to be unable to articulate words when remembered.

Considerable practical importance attaches to the question whether there are any infallible means for distinguishing the true edible mushroom from poisonoms funzi, which can be clearly comprehended by persons who are not scientific botanists. The resemblance of the color of some of the noxious varieties to that of the true mushroom seems to have caused many futal mistakes. A writer in The further says that the zills on the under surface of the mushroom never reach or touch the stom; the spores are of an intense purple brown, not umberbrown color, and the edge of the top always overlaps the zills.

brown color, and the edge of the top always overlaps the gills.

Electricity.—A current, to which the name of unsele-current is given, may easily be detected in living mosele. It may be detected by applying the electrodes of the galvanometer, the one to the surface made up of the sides of the fibres, the other to that made up of either one of the two ends of the fibres, and also, though much less clearly, by examining either of these two surfaces singly, provided only the two points to which the electrodes are applied are at unequal distinces from the contral point of the surface. It may not be detected, if, instead of applying them in this manner, the electrodes are applied so as to connect either the two surfaces made up of the ends of the fibres, or two points equidistant from the central point of the surface made up of the sides, or of that formed by either one of the ends of these fibres. A current may or may not be detected under such circumstances, and when it is detected under such circumstances, and when it is detected under such direction is such as to show that the surface under such circumstances, and when it is detected its direction is such as to show that the surface under such circumstances, and when it is detected in that the former surface is more positive and the latter more negative as the distance increase from the line of junction between those two surfaces. In this way the galvanometer makes known the existence of points of similar and dissimilar electric tension in living muscle; and the only inference from the facts would seem to be that there is a current when the electrodes are applied so as to bring together points of dissimilar tonsion, but not otherwise. The facts are not to be questioned. The inferences arising from them can searcely be mistaken.

#### FARM ITEMS.

Tty Musica-Paus.—The old wooden milk-pail is very properly being altogether disearded by wise dairynee. The pails are easily kept perfectly clean, and this is now recognized as the chief requisite to success in making good cheese or butter. As seen as the milk is poured from the pail a thorough scaling and washing should be given to it, and a sweet and airy place should be set apart, not only for milk-pails, but for all etanetis used in the dairy. Any followers remold will affect, to a certain extent, even tin, while wood will very readily absorb it.

In this thankless labor; they have been doing It for years too. Long before a trustful American public suspected there was anything wrong about railrond companies, these keen-scented creatures had discovered it all and were wearing themselves out in trying to call attention to it.

What a hard time by day and night these conscientious canine custodians must have bad along the Eric line, where the trains are as numerous as the rascalities of the management have been.

We do hope that the strain may be taken off the faithful creatures by prompt notice of the resignation of Gould and the appointment of Dix.—Christian Union.

single lamb or a pair.

Freundity of Ducks and Hrns.—Some inforesting experiments have been made upon the comparative feeundity of ducks and hens, so as to determine from which of the two the larger number of eggs can be obtained in the same time. For this purpose three hens and three ducks were selected, all histoled in February, and nourished with satisfied food. In the following autumn the ducks had laid 25 eggs, while the hens in this case had none. In the following February the laying season began again with the ducks, and continued uninterruptedly until August. They showed no inclination to set, and became very thin, but subsequently futuring a ponewhat. In the meantime the hens had not been idle. The total number of eggs laid by the hens amounted to two hundred and lifty-seven or eighty-six eggs each; and the ducks produced three hundred and ninety-two, or one hundred and thry-one each. Although the eggs of the ducks were rather smaller than these of the hens, yet they proved to be decidedly superior in nutritive material, so the superiority in productiveners appears to be altogether on the side of the ducks.

of When it was quite gone, he loitered on the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of the platform for a minute or so, in a thought of the meaning of

#### HOUSEHOLD TTEMS

NUT CAKE.—Two tables monfuls of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of floar, one tenspoonful cream of tariar, one-half tenspoonful of sada, one pint of hickory-nut meats, and flavor with vanilla or bitter almonds.

Squash Pie writtour Rugs.—Take two tablespoonfuls of squash prepared as for the table, and one hoaping tablespoonful of flour, sit then thoroughly tegether, then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little nature,, sit them all well tegether and add note pint of sweet milk, stir well and strain into the pic. Make the crust as for custard pic. Bake slow.

INDEAN PURDING.—Take seven heaping spounfuls of Indian meal, two spoonfuls of butter or lard, a teacupful of molssees, and salt and ginger to suit the taste. Pour these into a quart of builting milk, mix well and just as you set it in the even pour in a teacupful of cold water, which will produce the same effect as eggs. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Liquid Polisii.—The preparation of blacklead roady for use in a fluid state is a recent invention. The composition adopted consists of blacklead such as is used for polishing stoves and for other user combined with turpentine, water, and sugar or such a remarked the proportions which have been found to answer well are, to each pound by weight of the blacklead, one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one onnee of sugar; but these proportions may be varied, and in some cases all the ingredients are not necessary.

To Make Choolate Caramers.—1, Reduce two onness of chocolate (not sweet) to fine powder by scraping, and add to it two pounds of finely-powdered sugar; moiston the paste with clear water, and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth, and will not spread too much when dropped out of the vessel; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate. 2. Mix well logether two cups of treacle, two-thirds of n cup of sugar, but a cup of milk, half a cake of chocolate grated, and a piece of buttor as large as an egg. Boil about half an hour, pour in buttored pans, and just before it cools, square it.

cools, square it.

Curk for Busions.—If not inflamed, the best reticedy is to put on the bunion first a nicee of diachylon plaster, and upon that a piece of leather, this last
having a hole the size of the bunion cut in it. If inflamed, the bunion should be poulitieed. If this does
not succeed, and matter should form, it must be
treated as a boil, and the matter for our with a needle
or langer. The following obtainent is for an inflamed
bunion:—Lodine, twelve grains; hard or spermaceti
of a horse-beam to be rubbed gently on the bunion
twice or three a day.

twice or thrice a day.

This Prince of Walle's Punntia,—Beal to a cream half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it by degrees an equal weight of pounded buf sugar, dried and sifted; and first the yalks and then the whites of five cras, which have been thoroughly whisked mast; then strew lightly in half a pound of the finest flour, and buff a pound of ratisfus, weighed after they are stoned. Put these ingredents, cerfectly mixed, into a well-hattered month, and hold the pudding for three hours. Serve with punch-same. A little pounded mass, or the grand runt of a small lemon, may vary the flavour of this sceellent, pudding, and slices of candid ped should be laid rather thickly over the mould after it is buttered.

#### MISCELLANEOUS PTEMS.

YOROMAHA Japan, is to be lighted with gas. A Millian dollars in gold weighs about two tons. Forty tons of typo were use in "setting" the T.ch-orne evidence.

The Emperor of Brazil's European tour has already cost hun \$160,000.

SIAM is becoming civilized, and its king has learned to wear shirts and swear.

A HAMILTON man has invented a decanter stopper to measure his drinks with. During the past four years Eric has brought 42,-030,000,000 gallons of milk to New York city.

A Vindikia paper advocates a tax of bi cents on tobacco, liquers, dogs, old bachelors, and members of the Legislature.

STRAWBERRIES, pic-plant and new tomatees are to be found in the New York markets. Fifty cents a smell, and a dollar a bite.

The eldest newspaper in the world is the Imperial Gazette published at Pekin, Chua. It has been established over 300 years and is printed on sitk.

Tuz absolutely latest amout the Boston Jubilee is a have it selemnly opened by one han feed (left) istinguished clorgymen repeating the Lord's Prayer imultaneously.

simultaneously.

During the twenty-fifth year of the pontificate of Pius IX, he received presents to the amount of 14,000,000 francs, of which sum 1,50,000 francs were contributed by an American.

A View convenient kindling wood is made in France from corn cols, by immersing them in a moveure of sixty parts of motived resin and forty parts of tar. They are sold in bundles at the rate of three or four for a cent.

four for a cent.

A Local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of \$20,000 and a comfortable home loft him by a hedy who was only known to him by his once offering hor a react in his carriage. Gentlemen in the horse-cars and on the ferry-houts are requested to bear this in mind. Be contenus to a hidy, and you may be remembered in her will. If she is a kely, of course she will have a will of her own—don't you see?

A Graman professor has made a curious computa-tion as to the power of memory of a pannist and the amount of force he brings to boar in his performance. Honring Rubinstein at a concert where he played whally from memory, he counted the notes and found them to be 61,520 in the aggregate. The pressure rethem to be observed in the aggregate. The pressure required to strike a key was discovered to be two and one-lifth ounces, so that florr Rubinstoin exerted a muscular force during the performance, of ninely-four and halfewt. Herr Von Bulow's piano han a harder touch and would have required a force of one hundred and eighteen and one-tenth cwt.

hundred and eighteen and one-tonth ext.

Anatomy of A Piano-forte,—A writer has taken the treathle to give the actual material need in constructing a plano-forte. In every instrument there are lifteen kinds of wood-viz., pine, maple, aprice, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood and birch, all of which are indigenous; and mahegany, abony, holly, ecdar, beech and resewood, from Hondurs, Ceylon. England, South America and Germany. In this combination elasticity, strength, pliability, toughness, resonance, lightness, durability and beauty are individual qualities, and the general-result is voice. There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, gun metal and lead. There are also used of the metals, iron, steel, brass, white metal, are metals and lead. There are in the same instrument of seven and a half octaves, when completed, two hundred and cighty-seven feet of steel wire, and five hundred toot of white (covering wire, Such a plane will weigh from nine hundred to me thousand pounds, and will last, with contant use, (not abuse), fifteen or twenty yours.—Springfield Republican.

QUITE CORRECT.—The indian medicine known as the Great Shosheaecs Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifice when repring after a long and inclement winter respons the peres of the skin and an alterative is respons the peres of the skin and an alterative is respons the peres of the skin and an alterative is respons the peres of the skin and the body through these instant outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safety, and easiest means of attaining this desirable only without weakening the most delicate or incommenting the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated, this medicine presents a ready and ellicient means of cleansing the former and carrecting the latter, it may fairly be said of this colobrated indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—2-14-4

Fellows! Compound Symp of Hypophosphites is prescribed by the first physicians in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly orthodox prejuration.

Explact.—After a fair and protracted trial of Fellows! Compound Symp of Hypophosphites, we consider it a very valuable nervous tenie, far surpassing many others of considerable repute, and well worthy the confidence of the profession generally.

A. II. CHANDLER, M.D. Moneton, N.B., November 9, 1867. Price, \$1.50 per bettle; or six for \$7.50.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PULES—Best family physic;





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1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.

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.y. Extension of time, The Cat-o-nine talls.

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS, WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINK, MARKET REPORT. \$30,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

(See Eighth Page.) OUR NEW STORY.

On the fourth of May we will commence a new and very interesting local story by Mr. J. A. Phillips, entitled

#### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The scene is laid in Montreal and the incidents relate to every day social intercourse: the story will be splendidly illustrated with pictures of Montreal and can scarcely fail to be highly interesting to our readers.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

We would call the attention of all our readers who are trying for one of the GRAND PREMIUMS in our prize list, as advertised on eighth page, to an extension of time which we have been forced

These extra prizes were originally intended to be awarded on the 15th April, but we have received so many complaints from parties competing complaining of the shortness of the time that we have decided to KEEP THE LIST OPEN FOR THE WHOLE YEAR, and to award the four grand premiums to the four persons who shall have sent us the largest numbers of subscribers up to the 31st day of December next; this will embrace the whole year and give everybody a fair chance. The premiums will be awarded and forwarded to the winners of them immediately after next New Year's Day. This change does not, of course, apply to prizes for a specific number of subscribers, these remain as before and the prize will be forwarded immediately on the receipt of the specified number of subscriptions. Parties who are working for prizes and have sent in a few names are requested to close their lists as quickly as possible.

THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS.

The young man, Arthur O'Connor who committed such a mad assault on the Queen on 29th February has been tried at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labor, and to receive twenty lashes. Of course, an effort was made to prove that he was insane.-Every body is insane now-a-days who attempts to commit murder. His father was examined and testified that he, the father, was nephew of Fergus O'Connor, and that several members of his family besides prisoner, were insane. The accused, he stated, was very studious when a child and fell into bad health, from which he had suffered ever since. The prisoner was wounded in the head in the year 1866, and received injuries which rendered him insensible for some time. The medical testimony, however, went to show that the prisoner was perfectly same, and the jury consequently brought in a verdict of guilty. The sentence is not a heavy one and we think most people will regard it as a just one, especially the application of the cat-o-nine tails. Some fanatics attempt the lives of eminent personages only for the sake of attaining a little notoriety; and it is the safest means of deterring them from their mad attempts to let it be distinctly understood that they shall receive a good sound flogging as a prelimenary punishment. There is something very repulsive to a would be notorious individual in the knowledge that he will certainly be tied up like an ill-behaved dog, and have a good flogging administered to him. There is nothing noble or inspiring about it; none of the interest which attaches itself to an execution, or a long term of penal servitude, or of solitary confinement, surrounds a good dose of the cat-o-nine tails. The prisoner simply receives his twenty or thirty lashes, and the general verdict is " served him right."

were out in the West Indies, that at one time the island of Barbadoes got into a terrible condition on account of the immense number of robberies, and fires which were constantly occurring. There was a regular gang of thieves -darkies--who would fire a plantation almost every night and steal what they could during the excitement and confusion. The leader of this gang was an immense burly rustian who had spent the greater portion of his life in gaol, indeed for several years he was never known to be out of gaol for a longer period than six weeks at any one time. The gaol was crowded almost to suffocation and a new one had to be built. About that time a new Governor of the island was appointed, Col. Reed, an old soldier and an excellent officer of the Government. After his arrival he paid the customary visit to Grenada. and on the night before his return to Barbadoes there was a very large fire, and the leader of this gang was caught with some stolen goods on him; he was strongly suspected of setting the fire but that could not be proved. When the Governor arrived next day, he heard of this new outrage, and drove from the landing to the gaol. There were then about four hundred prisoners in the gaol nearly all for robbery at fires; he caused them all to be collected in the gaol yard, had the old triangle moved from its time honoured place in a corner of the yard to the centre of the enclosure, and ordered the leader of the gang to be strung up and thirty-nine lashes administered. When ordered to strip the fellow refused, saving he was a free Governor heard him very quietly, and then ordered a file of soldiers to seize him up, and stood by while the cat-o'-nine-tails was vigorously applied. The man bore his punishment very quietly, and when released walked up to where the Governor was standing, and said very quietly, " Now I knows, you's a Gubner an' I never comes back here no more so long as you's Gubner of de Island." He kept his word, and during the four years Reed remained Governor he was not once arrested. A few more of the gang were flogged also, and the result was that when Reed went to Malta there was scarcely a dozen prisoners for theft in the gaol

We by no means advocate general and indiscriminate flogging, but a judicious use of the whip is frequently very useful. There is one class of criminals, very common in Montreal. to whom we should very much like to see the cat-o'-nine-tails applied, and that is the wifebeaters. It is hard to conceive of a more cowardly brute than one who will take advantage of his superior strength to inflict corporal punishment on the woman he has sworn to " love and cherish;" and the punishment is worse than a mockery to the poor woman, for it not unfrequently falls on her. The man is fined or imprisoned-sometimes both-and the woman has frequently to pay the fine, or exist as best she may for the two or three weeks the " breadwinner" of the family passes in gaol. It would be much better just to take him into the back yard, seize him up, give him two or three dozen and let him go. He would not beat that woman again in a hurry; and others, warned by his punishment, would think twice before they assaulted their own wives.

instead of four hundred.

For the Marthetona.

## BUMPTOWN PAPERS.

BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER V .-- ON THE STRIKE

Benoup me, a melancholy and disheartened, middle-aged gentleman! I fully intended to write somothing lunny this week, but how can I? A vast domestic affliction has fallen on me, and all the fun is knocked out of me. My family has struck. Yes, every Man Jack of them, Mrs. humpus included, has struck, and our donesste life is in a state of revolution. You see it is all caused by the Nine Hour Movement and the Toronto printers' strike. As soon as he heard of the Nine Hour Movement, my eldest bey, Nathaniel, aged ten, the smawtest bey in Bemp-town, gravely informed me that he was a worktown, gravely informed me that he was a workingman, and that he, therefore, represented "labour"; that I was a newspaper writer and, therefore, represented "capital," (which is quibe a mistake I assure you,) and that he did not intend to be ground down and have his "soul worked out of him"—I quote his own words—to carich me. He needed, he said, more time to "Improve his mind," and, therefore, he only intended to go to school four hours a day in fature; two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Of course, I objected to this summary suspension of his studies, but Scraphina Angelina (that's Mrs. Bumpus) came to his assistance; she wanted to strike too. She said she was a workingman—I could not quite understand how she made that out—and she did not mean to be a domestic slave any longer; she meant to assert her rights—she frequently does, and to some purpose as a general thing. She meant to assert her rights—she frequently does, and to some purpose as a general thing. She did not mean to slave, and worry, and bother the whole day long; she meant to "strike one blow for freedom"; she has struck it. Then the servant girl, she wanted to "improve her mind," and because I could not persuade her that Sunday did not come twice a week, and that her "day off" was not every day, called me a "bloated aristograt" a "grandling could girl. n "bloated aristocrat," a "grinding capitalist, living on her blood and bones"—I quote her own words—and finally she struck. Then Sera-

own words—and finally she struck. Then Seraphina Angelina, Jr., my little four-year-old pet, declared her mind needed improvement, and so she struck, and I was placed, much against my will, in a position of antagonism to my whole household! How can I try to be amusing? I am sitting at my open window, watching how the various members of my family are "improving their minds," and I will tell you how they are doing it. There is Mrs. Bumpus walking up the opposite side of the street, perched on top of a pair of high-heoled boots, with an unsightly bump, which she calls a "Dolly Varden," sticking out over her hips, and something that looks like a small ten saucer, with a stiff red feather projecting from it, perched on top of several pounds of somebody clae's hair, which Mrs. B. Insists in putting over her own ample locks. Mrs. B's We remember in our early days when we putting over her own ample locks. Mrs. B.'s method of improving her mind appears to be simple, as it consists principally in looking into the shop windows and criticising the dresses of pussers by. I am afraid she is also "improv-ing her mind" by indulging in a little quiet fiirting her mind" by induiging in a little quiet filtration with two young fors who have been bravely propping up the telegraph post at the corner for the past half-hour, and who appear to think that an old gentleman on the wrong side of fifty—Angelina always says sixty, but I toll her she is mixixhen—has no business with a pretty young wife on the right side of thirty—Angelina says twenty-five, but I am sure she is wrong. Then there is my son and hete. Na-Angelmestry's twenty-lve, out it am sure sue is wrong. Then there is my son and heir, Nathaniel, the pride of the house of Bumpus, engaged in a lively game of marbles in the cross street, with three scrubby-looking boys whom I strongly suspect of being newsboys or bootblacks, and who seem to be rapidly reducing the pride of the house of Bumpus to a state of bankrupter on the marble question. Nathaniel bankruptcy on the murble question. Nathaniel might be improving his mind, but he certainly is not improving his clothes by kneeling on one kace in the mud to "knuckle down," and I sigh and I the mad to "knuckte down," that I sign as I think of the high price of dry goods. As for the servant girl, she is standing by the aria railings, improving her mind with the assistance of the grocer's boy, who has two or three times squeezed her round the waist, as if to discover how fast she is improving. Seraphina Angelina, Jr., is up-stairs in the nursery, soronely sitting, with her best clothes on, in a tub of water, improving her mind by trying to wash the cut, to which pussy strenuously objects, and a lively scrimmage is imminent. The house is in a state of confusion and neglect, for the servant refuses to work unless I submit to the Nine Hour Movement, and Mrs. B. still remains "on the strike," and will perform no more arduous duties than walking about the streets or playing on the jews'-harps. I am determined to remain man, that flogging was for slaves, &c., and that master in my own house, but what can I do? no one could order him to be flogged. The This nine hour folly has turned Angelina's head, and until she gets it turned right again I must remain a wretched Bumpus; so you must excuse me from trying to be funny this week, and I will try to do better next. For the Hearthstone.

" 'SUPERIOR' BAD PEOPLE."

Yes; and this is a world teeming with such others plend always for mercy, to the extinction of justice. True a goodly number of those considered holy and pure by their brethren, if their secret character were analyzed by the "Code outwardly professed, would be condemned as arch-hypocrites. The man who professing chris-tian faith, master may be of a large establishment and yet pays his employers starvation wages, what is he? but a bad man, although rior by education. The poor wing machine at labor from dawn till night for the pittance of fifty cents "por diem" and then if an extra spool of thread is asked for—on account of its interior quality—is immediately charged with self appropriation and the cost deducted from her work. And in the endeavour to make up for losses stitches a short time on the Sabbath, at first with closed shutters and blinds down and rags stuffed in the key-whole and the poor thin coverlit designated by courtesy a con-forter folded four times thick, for the machine to stand upon in hopes of deadening the sound, but after a time as harsh usage causes harsho feelings and her better angel deserts her, thes feelings and her better angel deserts her, these precautions are done away with and the poor creature is designated as a "Bad girl" by those who only regard appearances. But is she not more sinned against than sinning, who would not rather work than starve? Her employer even on that hely day attend public sur vice, be a class leader or superintendent in the school, and conform to all christian usages, and yet I say at the judgement his sins will weigh down the scale, when placed on a balance with the poor oppressed. Far from advocating Sab-bath—breaking I would that all should rememher that " man was made for the Sabbath not the Sabbath for man," and he who oppresses the poor, even robe them of their just deserts what is he? and methinks if his workly prospects

could be bettered by deserting the bauner of sanctity, such an one would not hesitate to pray and ask aid of the hosts of "Hell" just as soon and with as little compunction as he now in words asks the Divine aid. A strange sightyou may think to see one on his knees entreating the "Good" Devil to onlist him under his ban-ner, only give him his desires, health, wealth and a long life and the hereafter—he cares naught about—Blasphemy, some may say, to even sur-mise such a case—but ye mild go-betweens it's equally true, as it's shocking—how many in this world of ours are slaves to "Mammon" and that

is only one of Satan's weapons.

Look at our religious sects—how many back-sliders are amongst the number, and the one who has tasted and drank at the fountain head only oo wilfully turns his back and deserts its service

what is he but bad?

Than again the tradesman employing a number of cierks, and who upon engaging, stipulates that each one shall appear well dressed—for the credit of the store—even as respectable as himself. But the salary (its more gentee) than wages—may be only a pittance. What can that young man do? To appear in threadbare garments were the signal for dismissal, yet it takes his all, for board, washing, and mention. And so the young man fully and mending. And so the young man fulls, satisfying his conscience by just helping himself tosufficient to uphold the station his master would wish—besides Muson and Smith only act the wish—bosides Muson and Smith only act the same, and thus the strict probity of the mother's darling is Jeopardized, through the inferior morality of man, whose is the sin here? surely the who judges as mereifully as just, will know who to condemn. Another may employ mar-ried man, and their salary be no more, than one minus the matrimontal ties—no recount of n wife and growing children are taken into consideration—that is his business says the unserupulous man, he agrees to serve me for so much, how he lives is no affair of mine. But if you detect him taking some miner article of pressing need to his family, then, it is your affair—he may plead a father's love, and even trge stern necessity but your heart have stone, he is given over to justice and brandled through life as a thief but in the eye of God the "tempter ought to take the place of the tempted." Some may and will argue the tempted ought to be strong in the hour of temptation, yes; that ought, fits us all, the pith of the matter is in right, rigid, moral training, but as long as the employer with all his advantages of religious and social traing is not possessed of sufficient christianity to withold the temptation—so long will young men and women full. "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire." The poor sin from stern necessity, but the rich lack that excuse

But sufficient has been said in connection with this class, hoping, that even the word of a "fool may profitch some." Only in my ex-perience of the world where one had person is discovered, two truly good individuals arise to counteract the influence of the former. The world is full of sunshine and joy-to those who will rightly seek it—be ye rich or poor in this worlds goods, bear a conscience vold of offence and that pure sunshine of the soul shall be

LIZZE BRANSON.

MY FIRST EARTHQUAKE.

DY MARK TWAIN.

A month after I landed in Sacramento I enjoyed my first carthquake. It was once which was long called the great earthquake, and it is doubtless so distinguished till this day. It was just after noon, on a bright October day. I was coming down Third street. The only objects in motion anywhere in sight in that thickly-built and populous quarter were a man in a buggy behind me, and a street-car wending slowly up the cross street. Otherwise, all was solitude and a Sabbath stillness. As I turned the corner, around a frame house, there was a great rattle jar, and it occurred to me that here was an item! no doubt a fight in that house. Before I could turn and see the door, there came a really terrific shock; the ground seemed to roll under me in waves, interrupted by a violent juggling up and down, and there was a heavy grinding noise as of brick houses rubbing together. I fell up against the frame house and hurt my cibow. I knew what it was now and from mere reportorial instinct, nothing else, took out my watch and noted the time of day; at that moment a third and still severer shock came, and as I reeled about in the pavement, trying to keep my footing, I saw a sight! The A month after I landed in Sacramento I encame, and as I reeled about in the pavement, trying to keep my footing, I saw a sight! The entire front of a tail four-story brick building in shire front of a tall four-story brick uniting in third street sprang out like a door and fell sprawling across the street, raising a dust like a great volume of smoke. And here came the buggy—overboard went the man, and in less time than I can tell it the vehicle was distrubuted in small fragments a street. One could have funcied that somebody had fired a charge of chair-rounds and rugs down the thoroughfare. The street car had stopped, the horses were rearing, and plunging, and passengers were pouring out at both ends, and one man had crashed half-way through a glass window on one side of the ear, got wedged fast, and was squirming and screaming like an impaled madmam. Every door of every house, as far as the eye could reach, was vomiting a stream of human beings; and almost before one could wink and begin another there was a execute a wink and begin above the stretching in ond-less procession down every street my position commanded. Never was solemn solitude turned into teeming life quicker. Of the wonders wrought by "the great earthquake," these were all that came under my eye; but the tricks it did elsewhere, and far and wide over the town made toothsome gossip for nine days. The destruction of property was trifling—the injury to it was wide-spread and somewhat serious. The "curiosities" of the earthquake were simply

it was wide-spread and somewhat serious. The "curlosities" of the earthquake wore simply endless. Gentlemen and ladies who were sick, or were taking a siesta, or had dissipated till a late hour and were making up lost sleep, thronged into the public streets in all sorts of queer apparel, and some without any at all. One woman who had been washing a naked child ran down the street holding it by the angles as if to down the street holding it by the ankles as if it were a dressed turkey. Prominent citizens, who were supposed to keep the Sabbath strictly, rushed out of salcons in their shirt-sleeves, with billiard-cues in their hands. Dozens of men with necks swathed in napkins, rushed from barbers' shops, lathered to the eyes, or with one check clean shaved and the other still bearing a hairy stubble. Horses broke from stables and a frightened dog rushed up a short attle ladde and out on to a roof, and when his scare we over had not the nerve to go down again the same way he had gone up. A prominent editor flow down stairs, in the principal botel, with nothing on but one brief undergarment—met a chambermaid, and exclaimed—"Oh, what shall ido! Where shall I go?" She responded with, naive serenity—"if you have a choice, you might try a clothing store !"

Whisey sandwiches are the popular beverage. They are composed of a layer of water, a slice of whisky, and another layer of water on top.

#### EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—Letters from Lone Pine, Calgray the whole of Owers' Valley has been moved southward fourteen feet. Over 7,000 shocks had occurred to date, and they will continue, but not with sufficient force to do any damage. The oerthy quake of March 26 burled immonse rocks down eliffinito the Valley of the Yosemite, smashing great pine iroes to splinters, but detracting nothing from the scenery of the Valley. An Indian runner brings a despatch from the mouth of the Colorado Rivert which says the carthquake caused immonse ward to roll up the Gulf of California, breaking the schooner Alice Drake from her anchorage.—A terrible accident occurred on 10th inst, on the Midand Raifroad near Hackonsack. Saddle River bridge gave way and precipitated the train into the river. A brakonsan was instantly killed and twenty five or thirty passengers taken from the wreck more or less injured.—The Ohie River has rison twenty feet and is still rising. There is a rise in the Licking River, and 125 soal beats, containing over one million bushels of coal, wore swept away.—The report of Dr. Evans, the abortionist, being released on bail is confirmed. He probably will not be tried again as witnesses against him cannot be found.—The Mormon conference have, by unanimous vote, re-elected Brigham Young President of the Church, Geo. A. Smith and Daniel H. Wolls, Second Counsellors, and Orson Hyde President of the Querum of Twelve Apostles.—The Grand Opera House and 24 adjoining buildings on 23rd and 24th streets. N. Y., are now the property of the widow of James Fisk.—Bauch & Sous bone phosphate works on Morris at wharf, Philadelphia, were entirely destroyed by fire on 9th inst. Loss about \$100,000, covered by insurance.—A Baltimore despatch states a report that the committee in the case of Rev. Dr. Hunton, will show a degree of criminality on his part seldou known.—(On 8th inst. during a row in a greecry store in Williamsburg. N. Y., Sinnas and Heckunan, the proprietora, beat Thomas Glichrest so bally that he died next morning. The inur

Glichrest so badly that he died next morning. The murderers have been arrested.

Casada.—The third annual meeting of the Toronto Newsboys Home shows that institution to be in a flourishing condition.—The Toronto Espessa has been sold out by the Sheriat.—The Toronto Espessa has been sold out by the Sheriat.—The Toronto Espessa has been sold out by the Sheriat.—The Toronto Espessa has been sold out by the Sheriat.

The Goston Hallman and the Sheriat she wood famine as there are about 4,000 cords ready to be brought in.—One hundred and lifty eight employers of all branches of labor in Toronto have issued a manifesto that they intend to continue the ten hour system, and to resist all attempts at dictation on the part of employees.—Lieut.-Governor Archibald has asked to be relieved and his resignation was on the eleventh inst, accepted by His Excellency. We understond that it was tendered once before in the autumn of last year. The Government of the Province will be administered by Judge Johnston until a permanent appointment is made.—Lieut.-Col. Bernard has been offered the companionship of the Order of Isabella by the King of Spain, in recognition of the energy displayed by him and the Department of Justice has year in preventing the departure of a fillibustering expedition from Canada in aid of the Cuban rebels.—Caldwell and McFarlane convicted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst. Caldwell to 27 years in penitentiary, and McFarlane to be understoned in the height of the cuban rebels.—Caldwell and McFarlane envieted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst. Caldwell and McFarlane envieted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst. Caldwell and McFarlane envieted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst. Caldwell and McFarlane envieted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, were sentenced on 10th inst. Caldwell and McFarlane envieted of autsing the doubt of Geo. Brown, builder, w

would be inundated.

Spain.—The Captain-General of Catalonia informs the Government by telegraph that bands of armed Carlists have appeared near Barcelona. Flying columns have been sent in pursuit of them.—In Galicia na attempt was made to shoot the Governor; his brother, who was by his side was wounded, but the Governor escaped unhurt.—Fuller roturns of the recent elections for members of the Cortes are received, and the list stands as follows:—Ministorialists, 291: Radicals, 62; Ropublicans, 42; Carlists, 28; Opposition Conservatives, 32.—Madrid journals all publish articles candemning the Government of Chili for having prevented a Spanish vesse i from unlouding here argont V alparaise under pretext that a truce only and not peace exists between that country and Spain.—The government of Catalonia report that the Carlist bands which appeared in the Province of Barcelona numered 900 men and that the leader was a prominent member of the International Society.—Internationalists are active in Spain, and there is reason to fear the Society is organising a movement which will declare itself simultaneously there and in other countries in Europe.—England.—The rumour that the Foreign Office had

ENGLAND.—The rumour that the Foreign Office had received a despatch from the United States which promised a solution of the question of indirect damages was pronounced by authority to be untrue. The report was first published in the Morning Post, and was copied and widely circulated by the evening papers. Its contradiction produces a general feeling of disappointment.—The Morning Post repeats a rumor which it gave on 3th inst. that Napoleon has borrowed £15,000,000 in London, but the truth of the rumor is authoritatively denied.—Lord Dufferin, the newly appointed Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, will sail for Quebec in June.—The Grand Jury at the old Bailey, returned a true bill of indictment against the Tienborne elaimant, charging him with forgery and perjury.—Mr. Odrer addressed a public meeting at Norwhich on 10th inst. He declared a change of ministry was needed. The only way the workingmen could get power was to embarrass those who had it. The meeting was orderly.

France.—Thiers has formerly declared the order, FRANCE.—Thiers has formerly declared the order,

FRANCE.—Thiers has formerly declared the order, requiring persons entering France to have passports, abolished. Henceforth, travellers will be registered at the frontiers, and no tax will be levied therefore, nor will they be subject to the serutiny of civil officers while sojourning in the country.—The authorities of french departments on the Spanish border have been instructed by Government to arrest all Spanish refugees and send them to the Basque provinces for detention. They have also been ordered to stop all packages going into Spain, containing cartridges or nowder.—There is no truth in the report that has been current here that Rouher took three million frames to the ex-Emperor Napoleon at Chiselburst.—There are now in the prison of Vorssilles twenty-two Communists under sentence of death.—The jury painters of the annual exhibition have rejected two pictures sent in by Gustave Courbet, the Communist, on the ground that his public conduct able men.

ITALY.-The Pope will hold a consistory on the 20th ITALY.—The Pope will hold a consistory on the 28th inst., for the preconsistion of a number of Italian and Polish bishers.—The Pope has refused to receive the sum of money which was offered him by the Italian Government. Itis Holiness in declining the gift declared that when it became necessary for Him to accept alins as a means of subsistence he would only receive them from the Catholic world.
—The committee to provide for the erection of a monument to the memory of Joseph Mazzini has been organized with Garibaldi as President.

MEXICO.—The voluntary subscriptions of French residents in Mexico towards the payment of the war indomnity to Germany new amount to \$41,000.——A preparatory session of the Congress was begun on the 25th, when Valle, a Junist, was elected President. Congress will try to create a Senate and make its President the successor of Justez in case of his death or resignation to prevent M. Lerde from occupying the Presidency.

GERMANY.—Forty-seven thousand women of Alsace and Lorraine have addressed a petition to Bismark, in which they ask that their fathers and sons may be exempted from service in the Gorman army for a few years.—The new University of Strasbourg opens on the 1st May, and grants will be required to provide for the scientific establishments connected with that institution.

TURKEY.—A tologram from Constantinople brings intelligence that the city of Antioch had been visited by an earthquake, causing terrible has of life. The despatch states one half of the city wholly destroyed and that 1,500 persons lost their lives. Great distress prevails in that portion of the city not demolished, and the remaining inhabitants are saily in need of certification.

Porto Rico.—The elections in Porto Rico for the Cortes resulted in a victory for the Spanish. The Conservative party by extraordinary efforts, succeeded in electing 11 out of 18 members.

Cuba.-10,000 troops landed at Santiago de Cuba

THE "Tichborne crawl" is an English relation of the Grecian bond.

An old man in Detroit has played 98,000 games of draughts in the course of a checkered cureer of So years.





You owe me, Nell, a little sum.

But you needn't pay, you needn't pay;
For it may chance your peaceful home
I'll pass some day, I'll pass some day.

And then, as one who begs for alms (Not asking pay, not asking pay). I'll plead, "I'm hungry for a suile," Then go my way, then go my way.

Another day 1'll ope your door, All pale and wan, all pale and wan: "I'd like a little interest, dear. To help me on, to help me on."

And yet again I'll halt to beg: "I'm cold, my dear. I'm cold, my dear: A kiss would warm me through and through." Perhaps you'll hear, perhaps you'll hear.

Then, Nell, if owning still your debt, You grant me these, you grant me these, I'll give you a receipt in full Down on my knees, dear, on my knees!

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# IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X.

Agnes pressed one finger on her lip, as she Agnes pressed one linger on her IIp, as she looked with supplicating eyes in the man's face; he understood her; the few servants now left in the Castle, spoke unreservedly to each other of the cruel way in which Sir Richard treated his grandchildren.

"They have run away," thought he, " and I shall not be the one to stop them."

"Goodbye," said he aloud, as he turned on his heel, and running down the bank, touched his hat to his master, as he said: "It is a

his hat to his master, as he said: "It is a woman and her little girl, who are waiting for the carrier's cart to Aberdeen, they come from Rettie's farm, and had just sat down when the carriage turned the corner"

earriage turned the corner."
"I thought as much," was Sir Richard's dry
reply, as he instantly drove on, scarce giving

the groom time to vault into his seat.

Agnes heard the man's words, and Sir Richard's reply, and bowed her head in praise to God for this second deliverance.

The carriage was out of sight, the noise of rolling wheels, and horses feet had died away, and Agnes, once more alone with the silent night, tried to raise her sister's head from its recumbent position, so that the sweet breath of heaven might blow upon, and recover her, the girl opened her blue eyes, and heaving a deep sigh asked her sister.

"What was it; was I asleep, did I dream something about Sir Richard coming to take

" You have not told me your dream," replied her sister, avoiding a direct reply. "I cannot say what you dreamed, but here is Adam with a cart, so we will soon be beyond Sir Richard's

The twins were soon seated in the curt Adam driving as fast as the Shetland poney

would trot.

The day was dawning as they took their way towards the farm of John Longman, the late occupant of the Haddon Arms; the sun rose amid a flood of golden crimson, edged with light fleecy clouds; it seemed to the long pent up girls, as if the crimson sky reflected in the sea below, while above the fringe of snow white, woolly clouds, protected it from the dull gray beyond, was the very gate of heaven; the rapid motion of the light cart heaven; the rapid motion of the light cart through the fresh morning air, seemed to impart new life to their fainting spirits; the sweet forest leaves, the opening wild rose, the bluebell ringing out, Praise; the lark rising from her grassy bed, singing her morning parlm, and souring as she sung; all spoke of opening life and joy, telling to the souls of the children, as no spoken words ever could, that to those who walk in His ways, the life that God hath given is happiness. God hath given is happiness.

The twins were received by Mrs. Longman with a pleasant face of welcome, and after rewith a pleasant face of welcome, and after re-posing for some hours, in a softer bed, and more pleasant room, than they had known for many a day, they were regaled with cream, fresh eggs, wheaten bread, honey, every deli-caey the farm could afford; while old Adam stood serving them, with all the ceremony he would have used in their father's Castle.

From Mrs. Longman they learned that Lady Hamilton was in London, where she had gone on a visit to Lady Morton some months past: she did not know her address, all she kne was that Lady Morton's town residence was in Belgravia, that the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salcome, Countess Clare, and several other nobles, friends of Lady Hamilton, lived in the same vicinity; she had been there herself for a few weeks, while she was lady's maid to Lady Hamilton (a position she had held from early youth until her marriage) but it was long ago, and she had now forgotten the little she had

that she had now longotten the lettle she had learned of the place during her brief sojourn. This information decided the girls in the course they would take, they would go to London, and seek out the only friend on whose advice they could rely, as being the wisest and best for them to follow; in Agnes's heart lay an untold hope, that from Lady Hamilton she would learn why they had never heard from. or seen Arthur Lindsay in all the weary weeks

and months of the past year.

It was advisable they should travel with all secresy, until the vicinity of Haddon Castle had been left in the distance, and even while in Scotland, they could not consider themselves safe; they therefore with the advice of John Longman, resolved that they would travel by it to Aberdeen in the Carrier's waggon which belonged to Longman, and which drove regularly twice a week to the city him-

The waggon was a covered one, and he would so manage as to exclude all passengers except the two young ladies, thus preserving perfect privacy, while were they to go by the mail coach, they would at every stage be liable to be seen and recognized; arrived at Aberdeen, they would at once go on board a schooner, now lying in the harbour of which Mrs. Long-

man's brother was the skipper. At eight o'clock on the evening of the day which brought the twins to the farm, they were jogging comfortably along inside the Alford and Aberdeen carrier's cart. special arrangements having been made for the case and old servants, and every lease that's out, he turns convenience of the young ladies, with as of the old farmers that's been on the land since convenience of the young ladies, with as

much care as would have been used had they been possessed of all the influence which was theirs in the past year; Adam sitting with his nephew in front.

The rocking motion of the cart, formed a soporific for the weary children, and sleeping soundly during their journey, they awoke next morning to hear the shonting of sailors, and voices of the sea-faring folks on the wharf a

They were fortunate in the time of their ar rival, the Skeelly Skipper was just about to weigh anchor as John Longman went on board to tell the Captain, of the passengers he had brought with him.

"Oh man" said the honest seaman, "I have no place on board for women o' any kind, le alone ladies of their rank; there's a big passen-gership in the harbour the noo, and the morn the new Steamboat 'ill be in, they'll get every accommodation on the one or the other, it's bet-

ter for them to wait and go with one o' them.' Longman told a part of their history, and the need there was for secresy in the movements of the young ladies and their attendant. The sailor stood with feet wide apart, both

hands stuck in his trowser pockets, and with

they were born ; some folks think he's mad

" It's like enough," replied the chandler, " I heard of his being in our Hospital, and giving them a thousand pounds for their trouble; I would like to help the poor things to get out of his grip, I wish ye had just said it was poor folk that could not pay in a passenger ship, the Captain would have taken them himself if ye had said that at the first; ye say they're going to Lady Hamilton's, and old Adam's taking care

" Oh yes, they're going straight to Lady Hamilton's and Adam is to slay with them there, the carrier added this to make his care stronge in the eyes of the owner.

At this moment a pretty young girl of sixteen, put her head in at the door, so as just to show her head and shoulders, saying.

"Father, you're wanted in the shop," Longman seized the occasion, as a favorable time to urge his suit.

"How would you like MacClashan, that your father were mad, and had a chance to fasten up that bonnie lassie in a room with plasl tered iron shutters ?"

"Oh yes," replied the sailor, I can give you the direction of a nice place, a real genteel house, where Miss Stichum the mantua maker bides when she comes up to town for her patterns, she was here two months ago, and I was up there seeing her, and I saw the mistress of the house, a real nice like woman with a brown silk dress, and ribbons in her cap; she lives in the heart of the city, and yet her house is in a nice quiet place off the street."

The mate sought his berth, and in due time returned with a slip of paper torn from a me-morandum book on which was written, Mrs. Cox, Thaive's 1nn, Holborn, which he delivered to Adam, telling him that Holbern was the name of the street, and Thaives' Inn the name of the court in which were ten or a dozen large houses, the third one of which was occupied by Mrs. Cox, adding, "There will be plenty of cabs on the wharf, to take you up there at once

The next morning they touched Hore's Wharf and bidding a kind goodbye to all on our father were mad, and had a chance to fis-en up that bonnie lassic in a room with plas-ered iron shutters?"

"Deed I would na like it at all, especially if

"Deed I would na like it at all, especially if

"In that case, Mr. Stitchem," replied Mrs. Cox, drawing herself up to her full height, which was very diminutive and unpretending at that, and stiffening her compressed lips until their recombiled two failed subron coloured. they resembled two faded salmon-coloured

" In that case we always require the money to be paid down before possession is taken of the apartments."

"And you do wisely," replied Adam, taking

a prudential view of the matter, and not in the least offended. "Till just pay the coachman for his trouble, and then I'll settle with Mr.

" My George is not at home forenoons or afternoons; he is studying the law with Mr. Catchem, of Cecil Street, Strand, and besides him Um a Jone woman. My late lamented husband died when George was only a year old, seven-teen years ago," she stopped to heave a deep

sigh, and then resumed in a brisk tone, 6 so I take all the money myself."

"Very right," was Adam's reply, scarcely knowing what part of her speech he was answering.

The cabman having been dismissed, it was at length settled that the young ladies were to have the best front parlour with the two bedrooms off, at a rate of two guineas per week, while Adam was to pay one guiner a week for his room, because he insisted in sleeping on the same flat with the young ladies, instead of going up to an attic, which, when Mrs. Cox he was the servant, she supposed be should do.

Mrs. Cox's family consisted of herself and son, a youth verging on eighteen years of age, rather short and chunky, with pale blue eyes, whom his mother on all favouraide occasions, declared with a sigh to be remarkably good-looking, just the image of his dear departed

papa.

The youth was talked of by several young ladies of his acquaintance as being a very che-yer, very," he having, on several occasions, been inclined to favour the damsels in question by sending to them, what he chose to denominate lyrics written by himself, thereby making their cars tingle, and their eyes twinkle with delight, at the idea of numbering a poetamong their intimate friends.

The young man was supposed to be studying law, under the superintendence of Mr. Catchem, that worthy regularly calling on Mrs. Cox every three months to be paid the quarterly in-stalment of the premium, which she was too poor to pay in one sum, and on these occasions ravishing the good lady's ears by commendations of her son's talent for law, and assurances that he, Mr. Catchem, would not be at all surprised to see him one day on the wool sack.

The maid of all work, Susan, completed the

The mand of all work, Susan, completed the establishment. The latter personage had been in Mr. Cox's employment for the past six years and ten months, and intended, if possible, to be married when she completed her seven years' service, not that she had decided who was to be the happy man, nor had she yet seen any one who seemed disposed to tempt her to forsake her state of single blessedness, but as she samely observed to the lodgers who were in she sagely observed to the lodgers who were in her confidence, "It's an old saying, there's a change every

seven years. I was seven years with Mrs. Buckle in the Strand, after that I was seven the fun, and now I'm nearly seven years here, and I'm sure I won't leave misses to serve another, for I'm just as comfortable as I can be, so what change can it be but marriage?"

To which her listeners generally assented,

and poor Susan, with her forty years, spare tigure, and bleached out, plain face, worked on with renewed vigor and cheerfulness, fully believing that the consummation so devoutly to be wished, was near,



Here is what they sing at public schools in Vermont, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors all joining in the chorus:

If anything on earth can make A great and glorious nation, It is to give the little ones A thorough education.

Choors — Five times five are twenty-five, Five times six are thirty, Five times seven are thirty-five, And five times eight are forty.

Hermit Caxes.—One of the many curious things living in the sea is the hormit crab. Its head and claws are covered with shell the same as other crabs, but its body and tall have no better protection than their covering of skin, except that at the tip of the tail

their covering of skin, except that at the tip of the tail there is a hard little instrument the pincers.

The poor little creature is in constant danger of being attacked in the rear, and in such a case is taken at a disadvantage. So he searches about until he finds an empty-shell, and if it is the right size he thrusts himself into it all but his head and legs, and makes himself into it all but his head and legs, and makes himself into the linear state end of his tail holding him firmly in the shell. If the first shell he finds does not fit, he travels about the beach looking for another until he comes across one which suits him. This he lives in until he outgrows it, when it is necessary that he should leave his house and find a larger.

Those crabs are called hermit because they live by themselves. If two chance to moet there is sure to

Those crabs are called hermit because they live by themselves. If two chance to meet there is sure to be a light, and the weaker one gives way. Notwithstanding their quarrelsone disposition and solitary ways, these crabs sometimes make friend with the Clonk Anemones, a curious kind of lish which are frequently fastened to the shells the hermit crabs inhobit, teeding with them, fand seeming really to entertain a certain affection for them. When about changing his shell, the hermit crab has been soon anxiously moving his triend to his now shell, and even aressing him down with a claw to fasten him on. Another, having failed to move his friend after many efforts, rather than give him up, went back and remained in the old out-grown shell.

remained in the old out-grown shell.

BLEORTED Hores.—Nasby, Petroleum V., says:—I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself upon models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the hacking down of the cherry-tree by George Washington and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read this story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as Geo. Washington, if he did get to be President, to excel me in moralities. Immediately I seized an age, and cut down the most valuable cherry-tree my father had: and more. I due up the roots and burned the branches, so that by no means could the variety be re-produced; and I went skating one Sunday, so that I might confess the two faults and be wept over and forgiven on account of my extreme truthclaness. The experiments were, I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington; but the trouble was, my father; didn't resemble George Washington's father, which was easential to the success of my schome. "Did you cut down that cherry-tree?" said he. "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to shed tears on me.

But he didn't shed.

ing the proper attitude for the old gentieman to shed tears on me.

But he didn't shed.

He remarked that he had rather I told a thousand lies than to have out down that particular tree, and he "went for me" till I was in a state of exasporating rawness. My skating was no less a failure. I broke through the ice that Sunday, and was pulled out with difficulty,—with a boat-hook. As I lay sick for a menth with a fever, I didn't have a chance to get the Washington remark. but I thought that George Washington was one boy of a million and I was another.



eyes and cars after to take in the story, he my own head was below the ground, and no one and toll, more now passing before their eyes, seemed rather disappointed when the carrier

stopped his narration, inquiring abruptly.
" An what then ?" " Well I just want you to take them to Lon-don out of the power of their Grandfather; who

I have told you has been very bad to them."
" And whar's the lads ?"

" What lads ?"

Their sweethearts that made all the stramash, there's never much anger comes between a man and his bairns, but for the like of that."

"There's no lads in the question, the old man was so lad to them after their father's death, that they've ran away, and they're going to a Lady in London that kens them well and will be glad to see them; the old man is married again, and has a young son, and he's

tired of the young ladies."

"If that's so, why does'na he let them go?"

"Well, it's the laird of Haddon Castle, that's their Grandfather, and you know well enough they're a proud lot, he would rather have them locked up in the Castle, than the common folk would know his affairs."

when, " ye wad hae me to take Sir Richard Cuninghame's grand daughters and rin off to

London with them, what think ye wad my owners say to that?" His last words showed Longman the plan he

had best take to ensure a private passage to London for the girls; and he at once asked, "Where will I find your principal owner "Do you see that shop with the figure of a

jolly tar at the door?" pointing as he spoke to a little shop close to the wharf. "I do, only a few hundred yards off."
"Well if that man says the word, I'll take ye'er ladies an give them my own cabin into the bargain."

" Come with me Captain, and tell your owne who I am.' The sailor accompanied him to the shop, and presenting his friends to Mr. Mac Clasham in-

roduced him as " A real decent man, the Strathlock carrier,

and my cousin." The shopkeeper was a respectable elderly man, with a face denoting both sense and benevolence, and Longman requiring to speak with him in private, was shown into a little parlour at the back of the shop.

He saw that getting a passenger in a trading vessel was going to be a more difficult thing than he at first supposed it to be, and he told his story in the best possible way to secure the good graces of the ship-chandler, for the objects of his care.

"It's a risky job, I fear," said his hearer as he ended his narration. "Who is the grandfather of the young ladies?"

" Sir Richard Cuninghame, that wa, so long mad, and came back when nobody was looking for, or wanting him; they say he made his escape from the mad house; he was in my house at the Haddon Arms, as mad has a march hare, and frightened all the women and children. Only a few weeks before he came home quite the gentleman to heir his land for the second time ; and he's done little good since, turned off all the

else to take her part; we canna make a worse of than they in their simplicity, had funcied was it, if we dinna make a better; so ye'll as well contained in the whole world. The various it, if we dinna make a better; so ye'll as well take them up to London wi ye Captain, and there's no use telling anybody on board that ye have Sir Richard Cuninghame's grand daughters for passengers," In another hour the Skeelly Skipper with the twin girls and Adam on board, was out at sea; and the ship, with a spanking wind in her favour, was " walking the

waters like a thing of life."

The girls were delighted with their sen life, a brisk wind drove the ship onward; they had neither ache nor all, only very hungry, a feel-ing which had not troubled them in their late pent up life; no sickness came near them, they were on deck from morning to night, and de-lighted Adam's heart by the sight of the roses which every hour seemed to grow brighter on their cheeks; the sailors glorying at the hearty

way they are the sea biscuit and salt beef. On, and on went the ship, the girls walking the deck, watching the waves and sky, and enjoying themselves as they fanoied, they never had done before, saying to each other a dozen

A beautiful thing is a ship," On their fourth day at sea, the Captain told Adam that in another day and night they

would be in London.

"Can you give me the direction of a genteel lodging, where I can take the young ladies, till I find Lady Hamilton's house?" was the old man's answer.

" No, I know nothing about lodgings common or genteel," was the brusque reply of the sailor, "and another thing that I wish you would keep in mind, don't tell me anything where ye'er going, or what ye'er to do, when ye'er out of my ship; it would have been may be better for yoursel, if ye had kept ye'er own counsel, and not told me who you was, or your

The Captain meant kindly, and he was not slow to perceive that Adam was hurt by what he conceived to be an incivility on his own part to his passengers, and he quickly added.

" My first mate kens more about London city by many a far, than I do, and can recommend you to a good house, hostelry, or ledging, either that ye like; but it's my advice to ye, to settle the young ladies with Lady Hamilton, with all convenient speed, it's a kittle thing to deal between the man and his bairns, and your old master has na the best name in the country ; if he catches them afore they're in Lady Hamilton's hands, I would not wonder if he would clap you up between four bare walls, for the part you had in bringing them here."

Adam well knew there was much truth in what the semman said, and he determined to set about finding Lady Hamilton's address as soon as possible; but the first thing was to get a proper place for his charge, until Lady Ham-ilton could be made aware of their arrival; and even after she was found, Adam had his mis-givings as to the course Lady Hamilton might oursue towards girls who had left their grandfather's house, without his knowledge or approval, accompanied by only an old man servant; there was a possibility of her looking

upon the story of their ill usage as half a myth.

Adam put the same question to the mate, and was quickly answered in the affirmative.

dresses of the passers bye, soldiers of the Guards in their uniform, turbanned Turks, selling charms and beeds, Chinamen, Negroes, hand-some carriages, in which sat beautiful ladies, each of whom seemed grand enough to be the Queen, or at the very least a Duchess or Countess, were passing every moment, the scene around them changing continually. "One hour of which," as Margaret expressed

her feelings in answer to an observation of her sisters, "would afford sufficient material for thought during a whole lifetime."

The cabman at last drove out of the street

into Thaives Inn, landing them at number three, where the name, Mrs. R. Cox, stared them in the face engraved on a great brass The travellers looked around for the crush of

carriages, the hurrying men and women, the din of the busy street, it was gone, they had left it behind them; only a few yards distant were the hurrying multitudes; here besides selves there was only one little girl, in a battered black bonnet, a scanty, torn shawl, carrying a jug of milk, and making her way towards the further end of the Inn. The door was opened by Mrs. Cox in person. They knew this by the description of the lady's

dress, a brown silk gown, with ribbons in her cap. Adam descended from his seat beside the driver, presenting the address given him by the mate, at the same time informing her that he had received it from a friend of her late lodger, Miss Stitchem. The wizened face of the little old maidish

looking woman brightened up as he spoke.
"Oh, yes, Miss Stitchem, of Scotland; very glad to see any of her friends, always paid well and gave little trouble."

Mrs. Cox, in her enthusiasm at seeing Miss Stitchem's friends, which proceeded mainly from feeling that there were at least three lodg ers arrived at a time her house was almost empty, seized Adam's great horny hand and shook it heartily in her little skinny one, inquiring if Miss Stitchem was in her usual health

Which question Adam, in his confusion at shaking hands with a lady in a silk dress whom he had never seen before, answered in the affirmative.

The two girls were now handed by Adam, with the utmost ceremony, from the cab into Mrs. Cox's parlour, the lady herself lingering in the passage to see that the trunks would not be placed too near the wall. Her surprise and disappointment were visibly depicted on her countenance when she found that the new lodgers, as she already mentally called them, had no such accompaniments.

Adam came to pay and dismiss the cabman; the lady stopped him.

"Sir, before you send away the cabman, it is best we should understand each other. Where is your luggage?"

"I have none, madam"
"The young ladies' trunks?"

"They have none, madam, only this," and he displayed to her horrified gaze the bundle, which now contained the soiled lines belong-





They've left the old church. Nancy, and gone into a There's paintings on the windows, and cushions in each pew: I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the And thought what great inducements for the drowsy ones to sleep.

Yes! When I saw the cushions, and the flowers tine and gay.

In all the sisters' bonnets, I couldn't help but say.

"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of e others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas."

The preacher read the good old hymns sung in our The preacher resulting good one against some synthetic days.

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise!"

And, though a thousand tongues were there, they couldn't catch the lire.

And so the good old hymn was sung by a new-familed shorts.

I doubt not but the people called the music very fine But if they heard a word they said, they've better ears than mine; For the new tune in the church was a very twisting ng. much like the tunes of old that Christians

Why, Namey, in the good old time the singing sound-ed more ed more Like the torse of many waters as they beat upon the shore; Shore: For everybody knew the time, and everybody sang. And the charcles, mough not quite so line, with hal-lebijahs rang.

Now I'm not an old fogy, but I sometimes want to sodd.
When I see our people leave good ways simply because they're old;
I've served the Lord night firity years, and, till I'm next it the sol. I shall always love the simple good old ways of serv-ing God.

"The Lord's car is not heavy." He can hear a sin-In a charch that is not painted like a rainbow in the "The Lord's arm is not shortened." He will save a Though be may in fonely hovel, on a cold earth-altar-bow.

But they've left the old church. Nancy, and gone into a new.

And I fear they've gone in more for style than for the good and true:

And from what little I've heard said I fear that, sadder yet.

In benting other churches, they've got hadly into debt.

We didn't think of lotteries and grab-hags, years As means of raising money to make a better show; When the church demanded dollars, we all, with one necord.

Put our bands down in our pockets and gave them to the Lord.

While I sat there at the meetin', looking 'round While I sat there in the control per the free all were new; I saw no familiar faces, for the frees all were new; When the services were ended all the members passed inc by;

None were there to greet the old man with gray hairs None were there tog

Then I knew that God had taken to the temple in the All the soldiers that with you and 1 fought hard to win the prize;
I some doubt if Christians now-a-days will reach the establiers that with you and I fought hard to antes of gold Any better in the new ways than they did in the old.

For the Lord looks not on tiusel; His spirit will dopart
When the love of worldly grandeur takes possession
of the heart;
Oh! I know the Lord of glory will pass through a

Sooner than through temple portals where are no sents for the poor.

In a little while, dear Nancy, we will lay our armor And from the King Eternal we'll receive our starry

crown;
Then we'll meet the blessed pilgrims that we worshipped with of old,
And we'll worship there together in the city built of gold.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

# THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

#### A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER XXXIII. (Continued.)

Rosamond assented, with a painful blush. How foolish her Jealous fears and suspicions appeared, now that these tritles, from which they had grown, assumed a new aspect!

" We have all been mistaken and miserable !" she sighed. "How I have misjudged you, my lord! Can you ever forgive me for it?"

"I don't know," he answered, with assumed sternness. "It's very humiliating to find myself always viewed with distrust, and I think my forgiveness ought to depend upon the repa you are inclined to offer. Upon my I have been anything but well used. Frank utterly refuses to hear a word I have to sny, and forces me into shooting him or being shot at; while you, my rose of roses, from whom I parted a unwillingly—you whose image has never left my thoughts since I quitted Dublin, and whose welcome smiles I have been longing to return and meet, have been amongst the first to accuse and mistrust me. I may have deserved censure in the past; but now, knowing myself wholly innocent, I cannot help saying that you have been unkind as well as

Though he spoke so repreachfully, his looks were full of affection, and his fond clasp did not

Rosamond was slient awhile, and then her reply was faltered in his ear. "I deserve all you say. I ought not to have

been so ready to doubt your truth. But appearances deceived me, and I hardened my heart against you because "Because what, love? Pray go on," he per-

· Because I know that it pleaded so strongly for you that I must not listen to it."

ord Glanore's face lit up with joy, though he still strove to concent it.

! And this is all you have to say in your de-

fence? You confess yourself guilty?"
"Of great injustice, yes. How shall I convince

you of my deep regret for this?" " By submitting to the sentence I shall inflict. have surrendered yourself a prisoner, and I shall show you no quarter!"

Rosamond, her cheeks the hue of her crimson namesakes, tried to unclusp the arms that en-folded her so closely. She had just happened to recollect that they were not alone, and that it was the height of imprudence to linger thu the residence of a gay and handsome young Vis-

"We must go, Aille and I. Pray, my lord, reserve all you have to say for some fitting oc-

always preferred to selze the present moment, and you shall not so easily escape me as you have hitherto done."

"Mrs. Brean will think we are mad!" said Rosamond, her confusion increasing. "Will she? Are you sure? I'll ask her my-self." And still holding his fluttering captive

self." And still holding his fluttering captive in one arm, he signed to Allie to approach.

"My good Mrs. Brean, I owe you a vast deal of gratitude for saying the seasonable words which have cleared up all our misunderstand-ings. How shall I prove this—by settling an annuity upon you which will make you inde-pendent of us all, or by asking you to be my howskeeper at Gianore House?"

housekeeperat Glanore House?"

"Your lordship's very good and generous, but how will I leave Miss Rosie?"

"Then you decide upon the berth I offer you? And you will be ready to enter upon your office at the end of a month? Miss Rosie can get her trousseau ready in that time, can she not? The embarrassed girl began to expostulate, but the Viscount stopped her.
"I shall not hear a word, my dearest. You

have surrendered unconditionally, and I shall only give you into Frank's charge till the fetters are ready, in which I mean to keep you prisoned for life. The links shall not gall you, my Rosic, he whispered, "so consent to don them at the time I have specified. We have been so near an eternal separation," he added, with grave, though affectionate, feeling, "that you must not ondemn me to any more carthly partings!" Rosamond's eyes filled with tears, and she did not withdraw the hand he had taken. Her

silence was cloquent of consent, and thanking her warmly, he permitted her to depart. The astate Aille curtised low as he nodded a good night, and bade her take care of her your

mistress.

"Deed will I, my lord, for your sake as well be the thest day's work your sake as well be the thest day's work your sake as well be the thest day's work your sake as well as the sake ever did when ye make the bright, beany Eng-lish flower Lady of Glanore, and your own life good and pleasant wid a love that will be true and lasting, and bring down blessings on the roof that shelters you!! "Then you'll not be afraid to give Miss Rosic to me?" he asked, as he cordially shook hands

"I think not, sir-my lord, I mean. Ye may have been wild and foolish—asking your pardon for speaking bowldy; but there's the spirit of a noble race in ye, and somehow I'm not afraid that ye'll disgrace the thrust reposed in your

The Viscount, impressed by her manner even more than her words, bent his head, and touch-ing Rosamond's trembling fingers with his lips, reverently answered, "And, God helping me I never will?"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### AN ARRIVAL

When the young lady and her faithful attendant reached their lodgings, the house opposite, where Frank resided, was closely shut up. Not a light was visible in the windows of the room he had occupied, and they were obliged to conclude that he was either santching a few hours' rest, or that he had already joined Mr. Lester, to avoid any chance of his departure in the morning being witnessed by his sister. Whatever supposition might prove correct,

Resumend saw that she must defer the tiding she had for him. There would be no hostile meeting in the morning. Lord Glanore had promise to make the necessary explanations to bis second and stay quietly at home till a message from his bethrothed summoned him to her side, and there was now only one thing troubling her— the impossibility of at once making Frank as happy as she was herself.

Too much excited to feel any need of rest, she resolved to sit at her window till the day dawned and then, if convinced that Frank was not in his apartment, she would despatch a note to Mr Lester, with whose address she was acquainted early enough to prevent a fruitless journey to

Arriving at this decision as she mounted the stairs, Rosamond pushed open the door of her shabby little sitting-room. The lamp was burn-ing, and some one was lying on the sofa, reading.

ing, and some one was lying on the sofa, reading. It was Norah Delany. With her usual careless self-possession, she rose, and came forward.

rose, and dame forward.

"You're supprised to see me, Miss Dalten.

I'm a wretched fugitive, flying from a stern
aunt. Will you hide me, or shelter me, for a
day or two?"

"Are you jesting, or in carnest?" asked Rosa-

mond, perplexed by the smile with which she

proffered the request.
"Either, neither, or both. I am here without my nunt's consent or knowledge, and though not at all afraid of her wrath at the unterprise, I don't want her to find and drag me back to Galway till I've fluished what I came to do ?

Norah!"

"No one has ever asked me for my confi-

donce," she coolly replied.
Ro-amond laughed a little.
" Would it have been of any use?"

"In some of my moods, yes. You, who have been more fortunate than I can scarcely un-derstand how much I have had to make me odd and reserved. Whom have I had near me from whom I could ask for sympathy when in

"You had Kathleen," she was reminded,
"Indeed, I had not. Any attempt to make
her my friend or companion was always set
aside by Aunt Ursula. Besides, she is several years younger than I am. She was a child a the time I most needed pity and advice. But Mrs. Brean is looking daggers at me for keeping you from your slumbers. If I may take up m quarters on this sofa, I'll not put you to any in

Allie shall go to bed; but I am not sleepy and I have a great deal to tell you," Rosamond roplied. And as Norah really seemed eager to hear the promised disclosures, she made up the fire, and drawing their chairs close to it the two girls ant talking till all was told that had oc curred since their parting. But when it was Norah's turn to be confi-

dential, she sank into a reverle. Of her real reasons for coming to England, she said not a word. Mrs. Carroll was well, but much troubled about Kathleen, whose explanatory note had been found in the corner, where a careless housemaid had swopt it. Miss Deinny was still in Dublin, furious with her niceo, who had drawn out the few hundreds which constituted her fortune inherited from her father, and refused to say for what purpose.

This little, Rosamond learned in reply to he questions, but finding that her guest was no disposed to be more communicative, she proposed at last that Norah should recruit horsel

after her journey with a few hours' sleep.
At first she was answered with a curt, "No, thank you;" but in a little while, the capricious girl said, "I think I'll accept your offer, after all. I shall need all my strength, and I am beginning to feel feverish and futigued. But I don't like to leave you alone."

to leave you alone." "I prefer it. It is nearly morning, and I am too anxious about Frank either to sleep or care

for companionship,' sion."

North nodded, and went into the next room,
"Nuy, love," he laughingly retorted, "I have to throw herself down in her clothes beside the

slumbering Ailie; while Rosamond gently opened her curtains, and stood at the window, watched for the dawn.

vateried for the dawn.

It came at last, and she saw Frank's blind drawn up. In another minute she was rapping at the door for admittance, and, flying into his arms, joyfully poured into his half-incredulous cars assurances of Kathleen's truth

When once convinced that Lord Glanore's tale was true, he bitterly represented himself for having added to the sufferings of his be-throthed by his unkind speeches. Ho was eager to go to her, but Rosamond prevailed upon him to dolay his journey till he had seen the

"You could not intrude upon Mr. Tresilian or his daughter at a very early hour; and it would oblige me," she blushingly added, "If you waited to see Lord Glanore ere you leave

"I suppose I can guess why?" Frank replied, significantly. "You are going to reward him for his forbearance to your hot-headed brother with the gift you have so long refused him, and I am to lose you, Rosle?" She wound her arms affectionately about his

"But you will not be left alone; Kathleen will more than compensate you for the loss of

But he did not look so certain of this.

"Do you think that I shall be able to induce her to leave her father? No, no; gentle and yielding as she has always shown herself in triffes, she can be very firm when duty is involved. Kathleen may and will forgive me, but I must not hope to win her from the side of her

"Glanore will find a way to reconcile these opposing interests," predicted Resumend. "He knows that my happiness would be incomplete if I had to leave you a solltary bachelor. Kathleen shall be convinced that it is quite possible to love a father and a husband at the same time.

Frank did not think with her, though he kissed her for the pleasant prophecy. The more he heard of the Honourable Tresilian, the more he felt the impossibility of setting up a menage of which this reckless, proffigute man must be a member. The domestic felletty he hoped to enjoy would be blighted by the presence of one who set all home thes at mught. Yet such was the depth of Kathleen's generous devotion, that the more worthless her futher proved himself, the more carnestly would be set the set the state of the set the would she set herself to the task of guiding him oright.

" My poor, patient darling," he told himself, " will cling to him all the more closely, because not one believes in his ultimate reformation but herself. And how can Igo and say to her, 'Come away from him; he is a villain, who does not deservo your tenderness ?' ".

Presently Lord Glanore came in, and the young men, who had been furiously denouncing each other not twenty-four hours since, now clasped hands in a sincere and lasting friendship.

"I have wronged you, my lord; and made myself ridiculous," said Frank, candidly; "but Rosamond has explained all. To her I shall leave my cause if it requires further apolo-

They were soon in confidential talk respecting Kathleen. The Viscount, while as doubtful as Frank of any persuasions inducing her to leave her father, generously offered to settle a sufficient sum on Mr. Tresilian to keep blin in com-fort, if he would promise to take up his abode in some respectable family, and refrain from the excesses which had ruined birn.

"I cannot promise more than this," his lord-ship added, "for Tresilian seems disposed to regard my purse as an inexhaustible one, and he has already applied to me for large sums, which I have no doubt he has squandered at the Frank shuddered internally. Were Kathleen's

troubles never going to cease? First the slave of a heartless shrew, and now striving uselessly to stem the terrent of a gambler's reckless expenditure!

"In mercy to herself, she must listen to me!" he exclaimed. "Will you go with me to your cousin's, Glanore? If we could contrive to callst her father on our side, Kathleen might be induced to give herself to me."

"I will cheerfully accompany you to T—, but I'm afraid Tresilian is too callous to be moved by your representations. As long as he finds his pretty daughter useful to him, he will oppose any effort to deprive him of her

his own interest?" Frank suggested. "I am not a rich man, but I would contrive to double the annuity you offer, if Mr. Tresilian will come

" And so buy your bride? My dear Frank, Kathleen would never consent to such a proceeding, nor would it be fair to you."

"Anyhow, I must see her at once," replied flings us beneath it." the impatient lover. "Will you accompany

"With pleasure, if you can defer your visit till

"Impossible!" was the prompt reply.
The Viscount smiled. "Precisely the answer I expected, and I am sorry I cannot go with you now; but I have had a note from Major Colbye, dated from a spenging-house. He begs me to basten to him, and I cannot refuse, as he

is in trouble." His eyes questioned Rosamond's for approval; and, though the Major was no favourite with her, she smiled approval. She saw that he did not willingly leave her even for an hour, and he would return as soon as his friendly errand had

been accomplished. Wishing Frank good speed on his journey, and contriving to whisper a few fond words in the ear of the blushing girl, who no longer uttempted to concent heraffection, he said " Au revolr,

ran rapidly down stairs. In the little hall of the house, a female, closely veiled, was standing, and for the first time he recollected that North Delany had been in the room when he entered it, though he had been too much engrossed to notice her with more than a passing bow, or to inquire what had brought

her to England. Her face was flushed, and her manner harsh and abrupt, as it always was when anything excited or troubled her.

"I think you said that you are leaving here for Major Colbye's temporary prison? Will you suffer me to accompany you?" The Viscount opened his eyes, " My dear

Miss Delany, I could not take a lady to such a "Then I shall have to go alone, or ask Rosa-

mond to accompany me."
"Impossible! I could not think to permitting Miss Dalton to be your companion. May I

She hastily interrupted him "You may not usk anything, my lord. I am going to this place; if you will be my protector it will oblige me; but go I must, for I am Major Colbyc's principal creditor."

The announcement was so unexpected, that Lord Ginnore stared at her incredulously; but taking no notice of his astonishment, North opened the door and walked out. She turned her stone in the direction of the City, and, after a moment's hesitation, he followed.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

#### AT MR. LEVY'S.

In the obscurity of the dingy back parlour Major Colbye paid an exorbitant price for per-mission to enjoy-solus, North remained unnoticed while he advanced and greeted his friend. Con strained by the presence of the young lady, Lord Glanore hestated to put any questions to him Offinore nestated to put any questions to min concerning his arrest; and, refusing the chair offered to him, stood debating whether he should amounce her presence or leave her to do so herself. The Major, who had resumed his sent and cigar, perceived that something was amiss, and commented on his friend's manner in the soft, drawling accents he generally used.

"Now, don't stop here, my dear fellah, if the atmosphere is too dense for your aristocratic nerves. You've made a sufficient sacrifice to atmosphere is too dense for your aristocrane nerves. You've made a sufficient sacrifice to auld hing sync in coming here, and saying 'How d'ye do?' I had rather you did not spoil the good action by lecturing me, and wondering how I could be so extremely foolish as to get into debt."

"I should decidedly prefer to help you out of

it, if it lies in my power. But—"
"Don't say any more," the Major interposed. —"I can gue s all the rest. That's a remarkable little word you have just used; and we are bad grammarians who call it conjunction, for it disjoins more than it connects. I don't sup-pose there's two people in the world who would not declare, as you have just done, that they'd be delighted to serve me, butwe all know what that means, when it answers

Lord Glanore glanced towards North. She had drawn further back, and evidently did not wish to be seen just yet. Though doubtful of her motives, he could not determine to compel her to come forward, and so frankly replied, "Nonsense, Colbyo! don't mistake me! I am here because you sent for me. If I can be of any use to you, say so,'

" Eh bien ! Find out, if you can, who has been "Ma den! Find out, if you can, who has been buying up the bills I had out, and then come upon me like a flash of lightning for the whole amount. I made a donkey of myself the day before yesterday. Proposed for la belle Norah—was rejected—came to England Instanter—and no sooner stepped foot on shore than I was proposed. Now you have arrested. Now you have my adventures sum-med up in a single paragraph. Interesting, aren't they T'
"I cannot understand," the puzzled Viscount

began, with another glance at the slient figure

in the background.
"You shouldn't try—I never do," was the careless response. "It's only your scientific men who bore themselves and their friends by groping at the roots of everything that happens, Find my creditor, if you can—his attorney is a certain Mr. Smith, of Lyon's Inn—and learn what terms he will come to. I shall have to soil my commission, unless he consents to give me time. Will you go and hear what h

says?"
"Lord Glanore need not take that trouble, Major Colbye," sald Norah, stepping forward "It was by my directions that you were brought

The Major was evidently very much surprised although he endeavoured to conecal it beneath an assumption of gallantry; and, bowing low to the young lady, he exclaimed, "I will not regret my misfortunes, since they have brought Miss Delany to visit me in my captivity. Will you not be seated? The accommonation is of the poorest: but I did not know that I should have the pleasure of entertaining a fair and feminine guest."

She repulsed him when he would have led her to a chair. "You may spare yourself the trouble o making fine speeches to me, sir; they will be of no avail. I am here in the character of your creditor, not your guest; and I plainly tell you

that Lord Glanore's interposition with my attorney will be useless. I demand the moneys you owe me; they must be promptly paid "Or I must go to a debtors' prison," he answered, with his usual composure. "I am surprised to find a lady playing the character of Shylock to such a perfection, and wholly at a loss to know why she has adopted the role. But my own part is easy enough to play. I have not been so extravagant as to be very deeply involved

I will honourably meet every demand made against me.' "I am not inclined to wait," she answered

Major Colbye was evidently astonished at her well, madam; then I must submit to my fate. I don't think yours should be the hand that crushes me; but, after all, it does not signify much who gives Fortune's wheel the turn that

"Miss Delany can scarcely mea what she nys!" cried the astonished Viscount. "She must be acting by the advice, and under the

control, of her aunt. rather owe my ruin to la belle Norah, than have to think that the very unpleasant elderly female I saw at Mrs. Carroll's is exulting over

"The deed is wholly my own." Norah said. her voice quivering a little, though her face did not lose its stony composure. "It is the first step towards the vengeance I planned long and it shall not be the last. Ask no mercy—expect none. Your career of folly and vice is ever, and your punishment has

"These are strange words to fall from your lips," observed Major Colbye, aroused at last from his listless indifference. "If I understand you rightly, you meditute something like a per-

"Call it so if you choose, though I should give it another name. Have you never remember that retribution overtakes us all sooner of

"But I have never injured you, Norah!" he excininged, with unusual carnestness.

She smiled scornfully. "Think so if you can.
You have evidently found it politic to forget the Edward Delany who was the friend of your

"The Major started. "I once knew a person named Delany, but I did not reckon him among Among your victims, then?" she asked, with

significance significance.

"Delany is dead," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "It is scarcely worth while to revert to circumstances that occurred years since. I would rather hear why his daughter has treated me with such unmerited barsh-

"Unmerited!" Norah repeated, her longrestrained passion now audible in her vehement tones. "Do you dare say that? Listen, Lord Glanore, and you shall Judge between us. Some three years since I went to Dublin, a half-grown, sky, awkward girl I and while staying with some friends of Mrs. Carroll, was rescued from drowning during a pleasure excursion by this gallant gentleman. He was kind to the frightened child, for whom he risked his life; he came to inquire after mo,"-she proudly raised her hand-

some face-" and I will not attempt to conceal that, in my gratitude and ignorance, I exulted him into a hero. My sunt heard of my accident, him into a hero. My aunt heard of my accident, and wrote for particulars. My reply revealed to her the state of my feelings, and she sont for me to come home. I went, to learn from her lips that this Major Colbye, whom I had been investing with every noble attribute, had been the destroyer—the murderer of my father!"

The Major stepped forward, then checked himself, and resumed his former attitude of attention; but Lord Glanger exclands, gene-

nimedi, and resumed his former attitude of actention; but Lord Glanore exclaimed, generously, "I eannot believe it! I am not insensible to the faults of my friend, but that he has been guilty of a deliberate act of wickedness, such as your works brothe heads to the results it.

such as your words imply, is impossible!"
"Ursula Delany is harsh and ill-tempored, but she is truthful!" North roplied. "It was from her lips that I heard the terrible tale of my from her lips that I heard the terrible tale of my father's rain, and how it was compassed. Does Major Colbye wish me to repeat it, or can he imagine how Edward Deiany's daughter felt when the history of her father's life was revealed to the, and when she heard that he had been led to the gaming table by the man on whom she had been lavishing her blind idolatry. From that moment I have devoted myself to the duty of avenging my father's wrongs. I wowed that of avenging my father's wrongs. I vowed that the heartless, insolent man who had made me an orphan in my childhood, and who has blight-

ed the happiness of my girlhood, should yet rue his villatny; and I will keep my word!" Lord Gianore looked from Norah's dark, stormy face, to the impossive one of the Major, and he knew not how to not. But he revolted against the unwomanly desire to triumph over her father's for, which had brought her there, and determined to make an effort to end the painful scene.

"Colbye, you must not think that I had anything to do with Miss Delany's visit. If she will take my advice, she will be satisfied with what which my advice, she will be satisfied with what she has done, and leave us."

"Before Miss belany goes," the Major quietly said, "I must be permitted to correct one little error she has fallen into. By comparing dates, she will find that at the time the transactions took place to which she has been alluding. I was a how of seventice, and Mr. Delany account.

a boy of seventeen, and Mr. Delany a man of thirty, who had been living in Dublin for some years in such extravagant style that be had much difficulty in staying off his creditors." North's hand closed on the back of the chair that stood near, and her colour began to fade away. A dread that she had been deceived, in some way or another, was upon her; but she did not speak, and there was a long paiso, broken by the Major suddenly striding to her

"You foolish child, it hurts me more than I can express to say anything that will pain you; but I must, or let you go away micerable, in spite of your fancied victory! You have a spite of your immeet victory: You have a woman's heart, in spite of all you have already said and done, and already it condemns you!"

North began to tremble, and her eyes to ask questions she could not find voice to after.

"I was a raw boy, North, when I first knew your father; lucapable, from sheer ignorance, of the crime you impute to me. I had no band in your father's ruin—I swear I had not! It was ed from my parents; and the insight given mo into what men call friendship, did much towards making me the cyntest, carcless fellow I have been ever since!"

It is difficult to describe what North felt as she listened. She had necepted her annus state-ments unquestioningly, and had been for some time overwhelmed by the downfall of the fairy fabric she had raised. Major Colbye had made fabric she had raised. Major Colbye had made an impression on her young heart which nothing could crase, and she had brooded over his image, and the wickedness of which she was led to believe him guilty, till love was transformed to hate, and she bent herself to the fulfilment of what she regarded as a solemn duty—avenging her father's wrongs. For this she had striven to fascinate him—for this she had avended against to have in this hills, and unsayed employed agents to buy in his bills, and ansexed herself in her eager desire to compass his rain. And now that the most complete success crowned her efforts, she learned that she had actually been adding to the list of injuries he had received at the hands of her family.

Slipping help'essly into the chair she had his therto refused, her face agonized with emotion, Must I believe this?" she faltered. " Oan it.

It was the Major who replied. "If Miss De-lany refuses to take my word, I can furnish her with ample proofs of the veracity of my state-

She locked her hands together. To doubt him any longer was impossible.

• What have I done? My lord, wilt you take me away? My head swims; and 1—I——"

She was evidently half fainting; but when

Major Colbye hastened to support her, the colour returned to her cheeks, and she made an offert to rise, agitatedly exclaiming, "Don't reproach me; I am sufficiently punished! I deserve all you can say, but in mercy spare, oh, spare me! I am wretched enough already! Oh that I were

"I think I'll go and talk to Mr. Levy for a little while," said the Viscount, who began to have a suspicion that he was de trop.

"Do so," replied the Mijor, who was tenderly supporting the sobbing girl. "We will join you as soon as I have convinced Miss Delany that, instead of talking of dying, she had better re-

solve to live for me." Apparently, he brought North to the same way of thinking; for when, after what Lord Gianore considered an interminable interval, she emerged from Mr. Lovy's dingy parlour, she was leaning on the arm of the emancipated Major; subdued and slient, certainly, but with a happy light in her downcast eyes, and a softenion on her handsome face, occoming than the hard, cold look which had so long masked it.

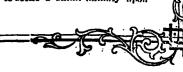
#### OHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW IT ENDED. Rosamond Dalton willingly accompanied her prother to the sociated cottage to which James Tresilian had taken his devoted daughter. They arrived at an opportune moment. The heartless spendthrift had accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, and had not been able to resist his entroaties to accompany him to town. But as his funds were low, and Kathleen's purse empty, he had forced the lock of her little drossing-case whilst she slept, taken from it every article of value she possessed, and scoretly departed, loaving a note, in which he promised, if any luck fell in his way, to send her some cash.

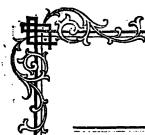
"If you don't hear from me shortly," he mided, "would not it be advisable to return to your friends in Ireland? I'm afraid our ideas are so antagonistic, that we shall never get on together. You are a very good little girl, but you have no knowledge of the world; and your continual doubts whether this or the other is right, bore one dreadfully. However, I shall al-

ways be your most affectionate father,

"JAMES TRESILIAN. "P.S.—Is there no prospect of prevailing upon Ursula Delany to settle a small annuty upon







She must be the most selfish creature in the world if she can resist my Kathleen when plending for her poor, down-trodden, oppressed figher P

This note his grieved and disgusted daughter burnt as soon as she had perused it. No one else must be permitted to know how low he had fallen, and how utterly unsuccessful her efforts to recludin him had proved. Too heart-stricken to find relief in tears, she was sitting on the floor in front of a fireless grate, with her head resting on the cushions of a chair, when Prank and his sister entered unumpounced. and his sister entered minimounted. The servant-girl, fluding that there was but little chance of obtaining her wages, had belied herself to the contents of the larder, and departed, so that Kathleen was absolutely alone when her friends

She could no longer oppose to the entreatles of her triends the assertion that it was her duty or near the assertion that it was not day to remain here. The father for whom she had sacrificed her own happiness, had robbed and deserted her; and but for Frank's unswerving affection, she would have felt herself alone in

the world.
While Rosamond gathered together her few articles of wearing appared, Frank soothed and articles of wearing appared, Frank southed and caressedher. He owed her some reparation for the doubts he had been nouristing; and, with resistless impetuosity, he insisted that she should at once permit him to prove his regret by giving him a title to protect her from honce-forth.

Kathleen pleaded for time, and reminded him that in wedding her he wedded disgrace, but to such objection he could not be induced to listen; and Lord Gianore, who, with Norah and the Major, joined them as soon as they arrived in

, strongly advocated his ardent wishes. As your nearest male relative, dear Kath-"he said, "I may be allowed a voice in the affair. Frank's devotion certainly deserves the reward he prays for! and your father's fu-ture, as far as he deserves ald, shall be cared for Don't let his bad conduct cast a blight upon two lives—your own and your lover's. Re-collect that my cousin has positively repulsed your daughterly attentions, and put it out of

your power to do mything more for him."
Still Kathleen hesitated, but it was for Frank's
sake more than her own. She had nothing to
give him but her love; even for her trouseau
she must be indebted to the kindness of friends; and, white her heart swelled with a grateful sense of his disinterested affection, her pride revolted at the obligations forced upon her.

However, Frank would not listen to any more refusals; and Lord Glanore, in the most delicate manner, engaged Norah and Rosamond to sehatmer, engaged Marai and Masamond to se-bect an appropriate trousseau for his little kins-woman. Within a week she was quietly mar-ried at St. James's, Piccadily, to the happy Frank, starting directly after the ceremony for Ireland, whither her bridesmalds and Allie Brean accompanied her, the Viscount and his friend speedily following. By a strange and specific coloridous the tidius of James Trafriend speedily following. By a strange and startling coincidence, the tidings of James Tro-silian's death in a street row reached Lord Gla-nore just after the ceremony, but he wisely kept the secret till Kathleen recovered her health and spirits, and could bear to hear it with sorrowful

signation.
Mrs. Carroll was delighted when the party arrived. A glance showed her that all was well between Rosamond and the Viscount; and Norah, though still unusually quiet, smiled so tenderly at the Major's droll speeches, that she shrewilly suspected another wedding on the tapts

there.

Home discussion aroso as to where the bride and bridegroom should take up their abode for the few days they proposed remaining in Dub-lin, before taking possession of their own house at Kilreeny. Mrs. Carroll insisted that Rosu-mend and Norah should stay with her, but her house was not large enough to accommodate them all

"Alle will go and ascertain whether our old lolgings are empty," said Frank; but Ailie with a look of curious significance, shook her head, o The very well the rooms were for a make-shift, but not for the purtiest bride of the sea-

Musther Frank; and sure there's illigant villas to be had not far away that's more fitting to ask your irlends to come and see ye in."

to ask your ments to come and see yo in."
For once the young man chated at his comparative poverty, and bit his lip while she was speaking; but quietly recovering himself, he answered good humouredly, "You forget, Allie," that we cannot afford to launch out into any ex-

"I'm not so sure of that," she said, nodding her head cagaciously. "May be Miss Kathleen gave ye more than her hand when she married ye. I've a notion that my dear old masther's will comes into effect now; and that Mr. Robinson's inveterious beiross is found at last."

one looked astonished; but Ailie, wip-

ing away a few tears, went on.

"Deed, my dears, it has been a troublesome secret to kape; but I was sworn to be silent till Miss Kathleen married. And now everything irned out just as would when he left Misther Frank the house in Galway, close to the miserable woman that pre-tended to shelter the orphan, but made her life a burthen to her."

" Kathleon the missing heiress!" cried Frank. fluding speech at last. "How can it be? Explain yourself, Ailie."

"'Deed, sir, it don't want much explaining. he money was to be kept till the rightful The money was to be kept till the rightful heiress married, and sure that's Miss Kathleen —Mrs. Dalton, I mean, whose mother was own and only niece to Mr. Robinson; them other De. that only frees to Mr. Ambinson, them other De-lanys, Miss Ursula and her brother, being by an-other marriage, which may be accounts for the old lady's usage of the poor child that was left to

But, my good Adle, what prompted Mr. Robinson to make such an extraordinary will?" some one inquired. "Why did be not resene Kathleen from the hands of her aunt, and pro-

clain her his heiress ?" "For the best of reasons. First, because he aldo't know but that be was well-used and happy; and second, because he'd a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Tresilian was alive, and he didn't choose that the man who had proved

"And Miss Delany-did she know of Kathleen's inheritance

mud to think the child she trod under her foot saug: would be richer than her favourite, that she strave her hardest to keep her out of Mr. Frank's The Lord forgive her for all her evil ways, the ill-tempered ould creature!"

She could As yet. Kathleen had not spoken. scarredy comprehend the delightful tidings Allies words conveyed. Could it really be that she, who had been so long neglected and oped, had it in her power to havish on those he loved, every good gift wealth can purchase. Dare she believe it, or was Aille mistaken, afte In great agitation she hastened to put the question to the old woman, who smiled reassur-

ingly, "Ye may go right away to the lawyers, Miss book; and they'll tell ye, to a farthing, how much your lands, and farms, and funded pro-

ye'vo, God bless yo for it, for over since I came purtending poverty to the cettage in Holloway ?" "Nay, Allie," Resamend interposed, with a

blush; "have you forgotten your promise to Lord Glanore?" "Sure, dear, I've not, and I'm heartily thank-ful to his lordship for his offer; but I'm thinking

that if he has you, he'll be quite content; and my heart clings to the little lady that has the blood of my old master in her veins!"

"Thanks, dear, kind old Aille, thanks," ex-claimed Frank

claimed Frank. So it was settled that Allie should remain with Kathleen and Frank; though, by-and-by, wher bonny boys and girls blessed the union of Rosa mond and her noble husband, she was as often to be found in their nursery as in the one over which she held undivided sway.

which she held undivided sway.

When the Viscount led his English Rose to
the altar, Norah gave her hand to Major Colbye. Miss Delany strongly opposed a marriago
which would separate her from the only creature for whom she felt a spark of affection. But
the Major's regiment was under orders for India, and as Norah would not be left behind, she
writer from her annt an invilling consent.

wrung from her aunt an unwilling consent.
From this time forward, Miss Delany never
quitted her farm. She refused the civilities
which Kathleen, generously compassionating the lonely woman, would have offered to her, and devoted herself to getting and saving money. North and her husband, never the most provi-dent of couples, would often have been thankful for a little pecuniary assistance from their wealfor a little pecuniary assistance from their weatthy relative; but she never proffered any, and it
was to Kathleen they owed the munificent gifts
that often came across the sea. When Miss
Delany died, it was found that she had amassed
sufficient property to warrant Major Colbye in
selling out, and bringing his lady back to her
own country. Though still the idlest of men, he contrives to be a most devoted husband, and often declares that there are but two in the world who can rival him in happiness—his old

riend. Glanore, and Frank Dalton.

To them, life is a time for work as well as onjoyment. In their different spheres, they contrive to effect much good to those about them. Charles Tresilian, Viscount Gianore, still thinks with compunction of many wasted boars in the past, and dates his resemption from the hour when his Resamond first bloomed on his view; while Frank—his conscience unruffled by such painful memories—still playfully calls his pretty Kathleen by the name under which he first learned to know her, the Lady of the Sham rocks; declaring that, to the spell lurking in the magic leaves which bound her hair, he owes all the happiness and prosperity of the life her love dignifies and blesses

with resp

#### THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A little red Rose bloomed all alone In a hedre by the highway side: And the Wind came by with a pitying moan, And thus to the flowerlet cried:

You are choked with dust from the sandy hedge Now see what a friend can do!

I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge,
And let the breeze come through!"

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!" Said the Rose in deep dismay; But the Wind is always rude and rough, And of course he had his way.

And the breeze blow soft on it.e little red Rose; lint now she was sore afraid. For the naughty boys—her ancient foes— Came through where the gap was made.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again, And looked at the trembling flower, "You are out of place; it is very plain You are meant for a lady's bower!"

"Nay, let me be," said the shuddering Rose;
"No sorrow I ever had known,
Till you canno here to break my repose;
Now please to let me alone."

But the will of the Wind is as strong as death, And little he recked her cries: He plucked her up with his mighty breath, And away to the town he flies.

Oh, all too rough was the windy ride For a rose so weak and small : And soon herleaves on every side Began to scatter and fall.

· Now, what is this?'' said the wondering Wind, As the Rose in fragments fell; This pultry stem is all I find— I am sure I meant it well?''

" It means just this—that a moddling friend," Said the dying stalk, " is sure To mar the matter the since to mend, And kill where he meant to cure."

#### THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A.

#### CHAPTERVL

But the Gairfowl had grown so old and stupid that when Tom asked her the way to Shiny Wall, she could not tell him, and be had to walt until there came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens; and Tom thought them much prettier than Lady Gairfowl, and so perhaps they were; for Mother Carcy had had a great deal of fresh experience between the time that she invented the Gairfowl and the time that she invented then. They fitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skip. ped from wave to wave, litting up their little feet behind them so daintily, and whistling to each otherso tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them at once, and called them to know the way

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you. We are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends himself such a scamp—I beg pardon to Miss are Mother Carey's own chickens, and she sends Kathleen for being obliged to say it—should us out over all the seas, to show the good birds make ducks and drakes of his daughter's for—the way home."

Tom was delighted, and swam off to them after he had made his bow to the Gairfowl. Bu "Sure, she did; and wasn't it because she was : herself bolt upright, and wept tears of oil as she

## With a fal-lal-la-lady."

And now Tom was all agog to start for Shiny And how from was an agog to start or samp, wall; but the petrels said no. They must go first to Alifowisness, and wall there for the great gathering of all the sea-birds, before they start, for their summer breeding-places far away in the Northern isles; and there they would be sure to flud some birds which were going to status Wall; but, schere Alifowisness was, he shiny Wall: but where Alfowleness was, he must promise never to tell, lest men should go there and shoot the birds, and stuff them, and

much your lands, and farms, and funded property is worth. Masther Frank, yell still find wated there many days; and as he waited, he

a corner by your hearthstone for old Aille, as saw a very curious sight. On the rabbit burrows | middle of them and wink at the fairles; and I on the shore there gathered hundreds and hun-dreds of headiecrows, such as you see in Cam-bridgeshire. And they made such a noise, that Tom came on shore and went up to see what was the matter.

And there he found them holding their great caucus, which they hold every year in the North; and all their stump-orators were speechilying; and for a tribune, the speaker stood on a old sheep's skull.

out sneeps skut.

And they cawed and cawed, and boasted of all the clever things they had done; how many lambs' eyes they had picked out, and how many dead bullocks they had enten, and how many young grouse they had swallowed whole, and how many grouse-eggs that had flown away with stuck on the point of their bills, which is the boodiecrow's particularly elever feat, of which

he is as proud as a gipsy is of doing the hokuny-baro; and what that is, I won't tell you. And after a while the birds began to gather at Allfowisness, in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, harelds and garganeys, smows and goosanders, divers and loons, grebes and dovekles, attles and razorbills, gainets and petrels, skines and terns, with gulls beyond all naming or numbering; and they publied and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand, till the shore was white with feathers; and they quacked and clucked and gabbled and chattered and screamed and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer, till you might have heard them ten miles off; and lucky it was for them that there was no one to hear them but the old keeper, who lived all alone upon the Ness, in a turf but thatched with heather and fringed round with great stones slung across the roof by bent ropes, lest the winter gales should blow the but right away. But he never minded the birds nor hurt them, because they were not in season (in-deed, he minded but two things in the whole world, and those were, his libble and his grouse; for he was as good an old Scotchman as ever kult stockings on a winter's night; only, when all the birds were going, he toddled out, and took off his cap to them, and wished them a merry journey and a safe return; and then ga-thered up all the feathers which they had left, and cleaned them to sell down south, and make

feather-beds for stuffy people to lie on.

Then the petrels asked this bird and that whether they would take Tom to Shiny Wall: but one set was going to Sutherland, and one to Norway, and one to the Spitzbergen, and one to celand, and one to Greenland; but none would section, and one to errenand; our none would go to Shiny Wall. So the good-natured petrels said that they would show him part of the way themselves, but they were only going as far as Jan Mayen's land, and after that he must shift

And then all the birds rose up, and streamed away in long black lines, north, and north-east, and north-west, across the bright blue summer sky, and their cry was like ten thousand packs of hounds, and ten thousand peals of bells. Only the puttins stayed behind, and killed the young rabbits, and laid their eggs in the rabbit-burrows

rations, and that their eggs in the rabbit-burrows; which was rough practice, certainly: but a man must see to his own family.

And, as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the gray great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler, in the gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hund with his work; so Method had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for more steam; and how the steam was coming, as much in an hour as ought to have come in a week, putting and roaring and swishing and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began. But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right abart, and away they went over crests of the billows, as merry as so many fly

And now they came to the edge of the pack. and beyond it they could see Shiny Wall looming, through mist, and snow, and storm. But the pack rolled horribly upon the swell, and the ice giants fought and roared, and leapt upon each other's backs, and ground each other to powder, so that Tom was afraid to vonture among them, lest he should be ground to powder too. And he was the more afraid, when he saw lying among was the more afraid, when he saw lying among the tee pack the wrocks of many agallant ship; some with masts and yards all standing, some alas, for them! They were all true English hearts; and they came to their end like good-knights-errant, in searching for the white gute that never was opened yet.

But the good mollys took Tom and his dog up, and flew with them safe over the pack and the roaring ice giants, and set them down at the foot

" And where is the gate ?" asked Tom.

"There is no gate," said the mollys.
"Nogate?" cried Tom aghast.

"None; never a crack of one, and that's the occasion to make several times to impertinent abole of the secret, as better fellows, lad, than people.

There was once, for instance, a fairy who was What am I to do, then ?"

"Dive under the floe, to be sure, if you have

" so here goes for a header."

So Tom dived under the great white gate which never was opened yet, and went on in black darkness, at the bottom of the sen, for seven days and seven nights. And yet he was not a bit frightened. Why should be be? He was a brave English lad, whose business is to go out and see all the world,

And at last he saw the light, and clear clear water overhead; and up he came a thousand fathoms, along clouds of sea-moths, which fluitered round his head. There were moths with pink heads and wings and omi bodies that flap-ped about slowly; moths with brown wings that flapped about quickly; yellow shrumps that hopped and skipped most quickly of all; and rellies of all the colours in the world that neither hopped nor skipped, but only dawdled and yawned, and would not get out of his way. The dog snapped at them till his jaws were tired; but Tom burdly minded them at all, be was so eager to get to the top of the water, and see the pool where the

good whales go. And a very large pool. It was, intles and miles across, though the nir was so clear that the i're chils on the opposite side looked as if they were close at hand. All round it the ice cliffs ro in walls and spires and battlements, caves and bridges, and stories and galleries, in which the ico-fairies live, and drive away the storms and clouds, that Mother Carey's pool may lie calm go wrong; but, if you look behind you; and clouds, that Mother Carey's pool may lie from year's end to year's end. And the sun acted policeman, and walked round outside acted every day, peeping just over the top of the ice wall, to see that all went right; and now and put them into stupid museums, instead of leavers, wall, to see that all went right; and now and more stheir address in myold puckets. Carey's water gurden, where they ought to be, bitloo of frowerks, to amuse the ice-factors. For So where Alliawisness is nobody must know; he would make himself into four or ave suns at once, or print the sky with ring and crosses and

dare say they were very much amused; for any-thing's fun in the country.

And there the good whales lay, the happy sleepy

beasts, upon the still oily sea. They were all right whales, you must know, and funers, and razor-backs, and bottle-noses, and spotted seamleons with long tvory lorus. But the sperm whales are such raging, ramping, rearing, rumbustions fellows, that, if Mother Carey let them in, there would be no more beare in Pageograf. in, there would be no more peace in Peacepool, So she packs them away is a great point by themselves at the South Pole, two hundred and slxty-three miles south-south-east of Mount Posts. Erebus, the great volcano in the ice; and there

they balt each other with their ugly uoses, day and night from year's end to year's end.

But here there were only good quiet beasts, lying about like the black bulls of sloops, and blowing every now and then jets of white steam, or sending round with their lung mouths open, for the searments to swin, above their their lung. or the sea-moths to swim down their throats. There were no treshers there to thresh their poor old backs or sword-fish to stab their sto-machs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ico-starks machs, or saw-fish to rip them up, or ico-sharks to bite lumps out of their sides, or whaters to harpoon and lance them. They were quite safe and happy there; and all they had to do was to waitquietly in Peacepool, till mother Cares to waitquietly in Peacepool, till mother Cares when we will some he will cool down, and possibly gut astament, and repent. But oppose tempore to tempor; poic on the fuel; oraw others into the scrape, and but one for them to make them out of old heasts.

Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mothey Carey.

There sho sits in the middle," said the

whale. Tom looked; but he could see nothing in the

middle of the pool, but one peaked iceberg ; and

he said so,

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, " as
you will find when you get to her. There she
sits making old heasts into new all the year round.

" How does she do that ?" "How noes sie no mar?"
"That's her concern, not mine," said the old
whale; and yawned so wide (for he was very
large) that there swam into his mouth 943 sea

large) that there swam into his mouth 943 seatmoths, 13,846 jelly-lish no bigger than pins?
heads, a string of salpea nine yeak long, and forty-three little ice-crabs, who gave each other a parting place all round, tucked their legs under their stomachs, and determined to die decently, like Julius Clesar,

"I suppose," said Tom, "she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoless?"

At which the old whole shoal of porpoless?"

At which the old whole laughed so violently that be coughed up all the creatures; who swam away again years thankful at heating essented. away again very thankful at having escaped out of that terrible whalebone net of his, from which bourne no traveller retuns; and Tom

want nontine no trayener reams; and 10m went on to the ice-berg, wondering.

And, when he came near it, it took the form of the grandest old lady he had ever seem—a white marble haly, sitting on a white marble throne. And from the foot of the throne there throne. And from the foot of the throne there swim away, out and out into the sea, millions of new-horn creatures, of more shapes and colours than man ever dreamed. And they were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of the sen-water all day long.

He expected, of course—like some grown people who ought to know better—to find her suipather analysis of the creating days are suipather analysis.

ping, precing, fitting, stitching, cobbling, basting, filing, planing, hummering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to

make anything.

But, instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sen with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sen itself. Her butr was as white as the snow— for she was very very old—in fact, as old as any-thing which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong

And, when she saw Tom, she looked at him ery kindly,
"What do you want, my litte man? It is

long since I have seen a water-baby here." Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."

" Have I, me'am ? I'm sare i forget all about t."

"Then look at me." And, as Tom booked her into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly. "Now, was not that strange?

"Thank you, mu'um," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy,"
"I um never more busy than I am now," she

said, without stirring a finger.
"I hoard, ma'ann, that you were always making now beasts out of old."

ing now beasts out of old,"

"So people fancy. But I am not going to
trouble myself to make things, mylittle dear. I
sit here and make them make themselves,"

"You are a ciever fatry, Indeed," thought

Tom. And he was quite right.

That is a grand trick of good old Mother Carey's, and a grand answer, which she has had

occasion to make several times to impertment

been, they'd have had killed by now every right 'so elever that she found out how to make butterflies. I don't mean sham ones; no : but real live ones, which would fly, and cat, and lay eggs, and do everything that they ought; and stie was so proud of her skill that she went fly. " I've not come so far to turn now," said Tom; ing straight off to the North Pole, to heast to so here goes for a header." Mother Carey how she could make butter-

oys; "we knew you were one of the right sort. So good-bye."

"Why don't you come too?" asked Tom. But the mollys only walled sadly, "We can't go yet, we can't go yet," and flew away over the pack.

So The The Transfer of the right sort.

Hies.

But Mother Carey hughed.

"Knew, silly child," she said, "that any one can make things, if they win take time and trouble enough; but it is not every one who, like me, can make things make themselves." like me, can make things make themselves."

But people do not yet believe that Mother Carey is as clever as all that comes to; and they will not till they, too, go the lourney to the

Other-end-of-Nowhere,
"And, now, my pretty little man," said Mother Carey, "you are sure you know the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere?" Tom thought: and behold, he had forgotten it.

"That is because you took your eyes off me,"

Tom looked at her again, and recollected (and then looked away, and forgot in an instant. "But what am I to do, ma'am ? For I can't keep looking at you when I am samewhere

else, 19
« You must do without me, as most people
when the standard and albety-nine

instead; for he knows the way well enough, and instead; for he knows the way well enough, and instead; for he knows the way well enough, and will not forget it. Besides, you may meet some very queer-tempered people, who will not het you must made a Character from hor Last Place—"—Mistress; a Character from hor Last Place—"—"Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—"—" Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—"—" Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — "Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — " — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — Mistress; a Character from the Last Place—" — Mistr i thousandths of their lives; and look at the dog behind you, you must 50 the whole way back-ward." " Buckward !" eried Tom. "Then I shall not

watch carefully whatever you have passed, and especially keep your eye on the dog, who goes by instinct, and therefore can't go wrong, then you will know what is coming next as plainly as

you saw it in a looking-glass." Tom was very much astonished; but he obeyed her, for he had learnt always to believe weat the faires told him.

(To be continued.)

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

SENTIMENTS of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

A NORGE heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

Sormstry is tike a window curtain; it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light. The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. The difficulty in life, is the same as the difficulty in groundary to know when to make the exception to

Herey the child who is suffered to be, and content o be, what God mount it to be - a child while childhood lasts.

It is no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

Gire y efforts from great motives is the best defini-tion of a happy life. The ensiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives for performing it.

Do not talk about yourself or your family to the ex-clusion of other topics. What if you are elever, and a lattle more so than other poople, it may not be that other folks will taink so, whatever they ought to do.

Theorem the week we go down into the valleys of care and sorrow. Our Salbaths should be hills of light and loy in God's presence, and so, as time rolls by, we shall go from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the slory of the gate, and enter in, to no no more out for ever.

the to go no more out for ayer.

Got has written on the flowers that sweeten the air; on the breeze that rocks the flower; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of most that lifts its head in the desert; upon every penelled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers mithons of creatures which two in ats light, upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

he has written, "None liveth for himself."

MANY a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and cloquence that can be used. It has been smid that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home, and Heaven," and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who smetified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never fado.

never fade.

A Lear form from the free by a rugged gale, and home away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with homan file. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are strucken with grief when a loved one is taken and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal fount is drawn dry, the last drop mozes out, the stern gate of forgetfoliess folds back upon the exhausted springs, and time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the sequence without waking a single cello by his footsteps.

single echo by his footsteps.

Love at Fuser Smart. A Fvor.e.—A woman was walking, and a man tooked at her and followed her. The woman said. "Why do you follow me." he answered. "Heenase I have fallen in love with me? My sister is much handsoner. She is coming after me; go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said. "Why did you tell me a story?" "The woman answered," Neither did you speak the truth; for if you are in love with me, why dad you go after another woman?"

#### WIT AND HUMOUR.

SLANG .- The witless man's wit.

A LETTLE Boy defines snoring as letting off sleep. A Parnonable Weakness Pardoning a garrotter. Factbartyelly Speaking -Using the damblangeage. Morro-Foit Grocens. --Honest tea is the best po-

liey.

WOAT State is high in the middle and round at both ends? O-hi-o.

Those who visit the 'aunts of dissipation often wind-up at their uncle's. Or course you have seen a rope walk, but did you ever see a magic lantern slide?

The servants in the bathing establishment of Rams-gate are spoken of as sousemaids.

To Travelacus. -The best adhesive label you car put on loggage is to stick to it yourself.

Morra. An instrument to some people of render-ing ideas audible; and of rendering victuals invisi-HUMBLATING FOR HUMANITY.—The greatest mar-binds a match in a little bit of wood tipped with brim-

Wife is an heir-apparent to a throne like an un-orella in dry weather?—Because he is ready for the next reign.

I Canair her softly by the arm-my gentle blue-eye Kate. She squented: "Let 20, you careless feel; you hart my vaccinate."

FAROMARICE INTERLIGENCE. Ladies will dress their heads this season with anybody's hair but their own. Mouths are to be worn slightly ajar. SHOCKING lineTALITY.—All over the country the clocks are constantly striking the hours; and, what is worse, the public cry out if they stop.

LECKY.—A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your paps has got only one leg." Tarround will probably become a ladylike accom-

dishment, owing, no down, to the reventions in the Tichhorne case, Judy knows a lady who can not only crochet beautifully, but she can tat too. Nor IIIs FAULT. - Waiter (to conk): "George, gen in No. 3 says as his potatoes nin't good -- says as they've all got black eyes in 'em." George (real name Patrick): "Bedad, thin, it's no fault of mine.

Sure the spulpcens have been feightin' after I put 'em in the pot!" 'em in the pot!'

A LEGISLATOR in Missouri estimates the dog crop of the United States at 21,000,000, Each pup, he says easts \$8 a year, making a total of \$195,000,000, which would hay L311,000,000 cocktails. Of these 105,000 go and annually and bite 10,000 people, furnishing about 50,000 items to the local reporters.

"What is meant by hearing false witness?" wa, one of the questions at a late examination of the Windsor Infant School. A little girl replied, "It is when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it."—" Quite right." said the examiner, and a general litter, in which he could not help loining.

a general litter, in which he could not help joining.
The police in Japan are very vigilant. If you haven the property is anything stolen they run after the thief and bring him back for identification. If the stolen property is found on him, they chop off his head on your door step. By paying a sum equal to about II conts of our money you can do your own killing and keep the body.

A Jenas in lows attempted to settle the disputed owner-hip of a calf. Solomon-fashion, by dopositing the animal midway between the residences of the contesting parties, and noting the direction it took. The calf, who was not posted in the Soriptures, cockad his rail and bounded over the lenes, and was in the next township before the counsel had time to the next township before the counsel had time to move the arrest of Judgment.

A Young gentleman entered the Adams Express office not long ago, and desired to send a package of letters to a young hely. The clork, wishing to know the risk, inquired what they were worth. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then, with melanteman hesitated a moment, and then, with melanteman hesitated it is with they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

hundred thousand dollars."

A munomass exchange says a fancy farmer of Scott county, Ky., has built a \$2,000 hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with stann and lighted with gas. The troughs are of mahogany, inlaid with ivery, and furnished with Pholan enditions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution chloroform is administered."
This must be the same farmer who reported to the revenue assessor: "Myfarming operations have found in the filless of the same farmer who reported to the revenue assessor: "Myfarming operations have found in the have eaten up my eattle."

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

#### THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

130, DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primate and finals, if read down, Will name an author of renown.

- Will name an author of renown.

  1. You'll often see thig in the sky.
  And always when a shower is nigh.
  2. A land where warm the sunshine smiles,
  And one of the West Indian isles.
  3. The place to which a maid belonged
  Whofaught for France, hereacuttry wronged.
  4. This will a sure foundation form;
  Dreaded by sailors in a storm.
  5. Tis sweet to roam in summer time
  Through this, and summer garland twine.
  6. A verdant isle, of Britain part,
  11s people of a generous heart.
  7. A means of punishment off seen.
  On many a country village green.
  C. H. Smith.

#### 131, CHARADE.

The beginning of friend-hip, of love, or of hate; The first back of a tree is my great in this state; Or a shrub, or an horb, or a flower. My next is an article eftentianes seen: My third is in yellow but never in green; My whole is a neighbouring power.

C. H. S.

182. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An island belonging to England; to aid; extensive; a wild animal: vigilant.
2. Swiftly; heathen; a deputy: a light boat: to embels in

2. Swittly; heathen; a depart of the street in S. A German state; to worship; birds; to build; S. A German state; to worship; birds; to build; birds' houses. An expression of contempt.
4. Predictory invasions; a river of Palestine; empty; a receiver. ; a receiver. 5. Exceeding another in age: a woman's name: a THOMAS LEWIS.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., in No. 11.

ANSWERS 103 HAATALE & ALE AND LESS 122, POZZIE,—Floor; roof.
122, ESRIMA,—Shamrock.
123, CHARADE,—The letter E.
124, Renz,—Balachwa; OrmonD; AnnE; Dal-eL; Isabella; Cantil; Eldred; AcrE.—Boanicka; ADFLATOR. 125. PUZZLE. OrloP: RoyaltY: EarL: SennA; ToaD: ExilE: Sevenoaks. ORESTES; PYLADES.

#### MARKET REPORT.

#### HEARTHSTONE OFFICE.

11th April, 1872. Market quiet. Wheat was quoted firmer in the test this morning, but prices were without alteration. Liverpool rates were without material change, and the test Cable amount of the price tests to the property of the price tests.

as per latest Cable	annexed :	
•	April 11.	April 10.
	1.25 p. m.	1.25 p. m.
	ક. તે. કે. તે.	જ્ઞ. તો. ક્ષ્યો.
Clour	- 26 (1 a) 26 6	26 ()26 26 6
ted Wheat	10 8 26 11 0	10 8 27 11 0
sed Winter	11 6 7 00 0	11 6 3 <del>6</del> 00 0
White	11 8 # 11 9	11 8 4 11 9
orn	- 27 9 a 60 0	27 9 x 00 0
Barley	po 6 w 3 8	00 00 at 3 8
lats	294000	2 9 47 00 0
Peast	(8) () a (0) ()	00 0 6€39 U
Pork	49 0 27 60 0	49 0 27 00 0
ard	(#) (p. 67 40 3	49 3 60 00 0
	ict on 'Change t	his forenoon, and

Buriness was quiet on 'Change this forenom, and operations were in small compass. Quotations are without alteration: with the exception of ordinary Supers, which are quoted a trifle dearer in consequence of searcity. Extras quiet. Fancy in limited request with sales at \$8.67\]. Strong Bakers superfines in fair supply: transactions at \$6.15 to \$6.20, according to brand. Ordinary Canada in moderate demand at \$6.00. No. 2 and lower grades steady. Bar thou quiet Receipts reported by G. T. R. 1,300 bags.

weight.

OATMEAL. per bbl. of 200 lbs.—Quiet at \$4.80 to \$5.00 according to quality.

BUTTER, per lb.—Market dull and nominal. Store packed Western 13e to 15e: Fair Dairy Western, 16e to 18e.; Choice Dairy, 28e to 21e.

PORK, per brl. of 200 lbs.—Market quiet, but firm. New Mess. \$15.510 to \$15.75; Old, \$15.25 to \$15.50; Thin Mess. \$14.00 to \$14.50.

#### "THE HEARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAL'

Adams	.141	Main Street.
Adams	.163	••
Bell	.GUI	Stc. Marie.
Boucher	.278	Main
Bennett	.192	St. Antoine.
Brennan	. 19	1 44
Chanley	.174	Notre Dame.
Clarks	יייי	St. Inmas
Clarke	17	St. Antoine.
Chishalmh	. Wa	naventura menor
Cockburn	.119	Wellington.
Cooke	· IU	Radegonde.
Colling	1801	St. Cathorine.
Carvallo	-626	"
Carvallo	4 10	
Carslako	- 21/2	sonavonture.
Dawson & Brothers	·31:	James.
Dawes	AEG	ree n vimes 2d.
Dawes	900	DIG. MIRTIG.
Doutre	.000	Notes Dame
Dontte	990	Noted Daine.
Damarais	695	St lovenh
Elliott	ROR	u. o osopn.
Galt	107	St. Peters Hill
Holland	519	Ste. Marie
Hills Library	. ččč	Dorchester.
Humphreys	ŘĞĨ	Ste. Catherine.
Kelly	.697	Craig.
Kirby	399	Notre Dame.
T.nvall	. Ch	aboillez Sauaro.
Maro	.156	St. Antoine.
McTntosh	.619	Craig.
Murray	.386	Ste. Catherine
Opponheimer	.489	St. Joseph.
O'Moalea Public Market	912	Ste. Catherine.
O'Mealea	.873	44 44
Perry Payette Pickup	· Cor	. Main and Crais
Payette	. <u>14</u> 1	Notre Dame.
Pickup	Fra	ncois Xavier.
Patte	.84	Bonaventure.
Proux	584	Me Catherine.
Reay	654	Dorchester.
Rae	·ŽŇ	St. Joseph.
Stafford	2,19	"
Slack	•연구	
Smith	-210	Wellington.
Thibeaudeau	-071	DO. WIELIG.

#### Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder

Presentation Plate.

Montreal, January 2, 1872.



Infinitely Better, Sweeter, Whiter, Lighter, Healthier, and Quicker than can be made by the old or any other process.

Prepared by McLEAN & Co., Lancaster, Ont.

# RARE CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

#### THIRTY **THOUSAND DOLLARS**

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

#### ALL PRIZES! NO BLANKS!!

#### THIS IS A BONA-FIDE OFFER

WHICH WILL BE CARRIED OUT.

I offer the following articles, all new and first class, to every one sending me the number of new Subscribers to the HEARTHSTONE indicated opposite each Prize; each name sent must be accompanied by the full price of a year's subscription, Two Dollars.

Prizes.	Number of Subscribers required at \$2.00.	The CHOICE is given of the two articles described opposite each number.			
Nos.	If you send	You will receive either	Or		
1	120	A SINGER Family Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, in a blackwalnut polished Cabinet case, with cover, dawers, lock, &c. Price, \$70.00			
2	100	A Williams Double Thread Sewing Machine (Guover & Baken Stitch), silver plated, in a beautiful blackwalnut Cabinet with dinwers, lock, &c.  Price, \$50.00	1'rice, \$70.00 A Lady's Watch,in Gold hunting case, beautifully enamelled. Price, \$55.00		
3	90	A Singer Sewing Machine, highly ornamented, on iron stand, blackwalnut table, with Cover, drawers, lock, &c. Price, \$45.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case, beautifully chased. Price, \$45.00		
4	80	A Singer Sewing Machine, same as above described, without cover. Price, \$40.00	A Lady's Watch, 18 carat Gold hunting case,		
5	70	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] silver plated, black- walnut table and cover. Price, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, enamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00		
6		A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but not plated. Price, \$30.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold and enamelled cover. Price, \$30.00		
7		A Williams Double Thread Sewing Machine, [Grover & Baker Stitch] same as above, but without cover, on blackwalnut table and iron stand. Price, \$25.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, Gold chased cover, Price, \$25.00		
8	30		A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, first-class in every respect. Price, \$15.00		
9	20		A solid Silver, open faced Watch, good time- keeper. Price, \$10.00		
When derived Continues White will be set in 1 and 1 an					

When desired, Gentlemen's Watches will be sent instead of Ladies' of the same value and quality.

Every one sending us a club of 5 Subscribers at \$2.00, will receive the HEARTHSTONE for one year, and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

and the Presentation Plate, FREE.

All those obtaining prizes are entitled moreover to the HEARTHSTONE, for one year, free.

The Sewing Machines above mentioned are all manufactured in Canada, by Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., Montreal, (with whom a contract has been made for the delivery of as many of each machine as we may require); they are fully equal if not superior to the very finest machines of American manufacture, and represent a value nearly double of the figures above quoted, if the price of the American machines be taken as the standard. All who receive one of these machines will have entire satisfaction with it. The machines all sew with two threads, and do either the lock stitch, or the double loop-stitch, neither of which will rip.

Further, any person entitled to receive a Sewing Machine and desiring one of higher price, can have it by paying the difference to the manufacturers.

The Gold and Silver Watches offered as prizes are all first class and innerted.

The Gold and Silver Watches offered as prizes are all first class and imported for us by a leading house in Montreal, (Messrs, Schwob Bros.) Each watch will be sent, post or express paid, in a neat case; the cases for the Gold Watches of high price being beautifully finished with inlaid woods.

Those who prefer to canvass for cash prizes, that is to say on commission, and compete at the same time for the Grand Premiums mentioned in the next list, may do so: Thus, any one having formed a club of 5 (and receiving in consequence the Hearthstone free) may retain 25 cents out of every subscription collected thence forward, and the remittance of the balance, \$1.75, will be counted as a full subscription in the competition. The club of 5 will also be included.

# THE FOLLOWING GRAND PREMIUMS

will be given IN ADDITION to the prizes and commissions above mentioned, to the most energetic and successful canvassers.

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All who wish to canvass with greater speed and more success, should remit us \$1.00 for a copy of the

In fact, those who have the money should secure at once a number of the Presentation Plate, by sending as many dollars, so that while canvassing, they may close each transaction at once by leaving with the

subscriber his copy of the engraving.

The money so received will be placed to your credit on account of your future subscribers, and you will

have so much less to remit when sending the names.

Opposite the names of those to whom you have delivered the Presentation Plate, state the fact. Each competitor will state when first remitting, whether he or she prefers club terms, cash commission, or a prize; also indicate what prize is aimed at, so that as soon as the number of subscribers required is reached,

the prize may be sent. Watches will be sent by Express, or parcel post, prepaid. But the freight or express charges on sewing machines, or musical instruments from the factory to the residence of the winner, by the road and conveyance he will indicate, will be paid by him, and will be the only expense he will have to incur.

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