Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur		Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée		Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée		Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque		Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
Coloured maps /		Pages detached / Pages détachées
Cartes géographiques en couleur	\checkmark	Showthrough / Transparence
Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)	✓	Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur Bound with other material /		Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
Relié avec d'autres documents Only edition available / Seule édition disponible		Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / II se peut que
Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.		certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.
Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:		

VOLUME III.

GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARNÉS MILL.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

TERMS, \ \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

No. 27.

For the Heurthstone. PRAYER FOR THE NEW DOMINION.

BY H. PATTERSON.

God bless the new Dominion!
God bless the Nation young!
May the shadow of Thy pinion
Over her be flung;
Ever to protect her.
In the way of nation's set;
Never to nexteet her.
She, never to forget
Thee God!: her King and Ruler,
Favor'd of Thy hand!
In wisdom's lore deep school her,
Till she can it command!

O make her value honor
As strong mon value life:
The world's eyes are upon her;
Give she no cause of strife.
Then she will gain a station
Out of pure and true respect;
A young and ardent nation
Mny older ones corrose.
And mny she love her mother,
Old Britain still the Great;
Become just such mother;

Become just such another, And let others imitate.

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Ac of laid.]

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER I.

'Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy: This wide and universal theatre Presents more woful pageants than the scene Wherein we play in.'

It was late in July when Herbert Benyor, colonel of a Bengal cavairy regionent, landed a Southampton from one of the P, and O, steamers, home from India on sick-leave. The Ce-louel had been very ill indeed with jungle fever; very close to the sludowy boundary which di-vides us from that unknown country, whither we are all journeying with steady footsteps on the separate reads of life. The fresh sea-breeze and life steambout life had done a good deal for him, but he still bore the traces of that desperate nim, but he still force the traces of that desperate sickness. The sunburnt face was wan am-haggard, and there were lines of premature ag-about the mouth and dark shadows under the large lustrous gray eyes. Those eyes of Colonc Benyon's had been wont to strike terror to the souls of defaulting soldiers, conscious of a def-ciency in the way of pipeclay or a laxity as to drill; the gray seemed to change to black when the Colonel was angry, and at such times hi-men were apt to say that their commanding officer looked a very devil. He was not exactly a marthet either, and was known to be as par-ticular about the comfort and well-being of hi-soldlers as he was about their appearance or parade; but he was a hard muster, and his men

forred him.

The Colonel gave a sigh, that was the next thing to a groun, as the express from South-ampton shakened its pace at Waterloo. He had a first-class carriage all to himself, and had littered all the seats with an accumulation of newspapers, despatch-boxes, dressing-bags, and such light luggage. He had tramped to and fro the marrow space, like some restless flom in its den, during that rapid journey; had taken up one newspuper after another, and tossed it aside again with an air of woariness nigh unto death. And now, at the end of his journey, during which he had seemed devoured by impatience, he

grouned aloud from very heaviness of spirit.
He was nine-and-thirty years of age, some thing over six feet in height, broad-shouldered strong-limbed, and, if not exactly handsome, a loss distinguished-booking; his military career and been one continued success, and the men who knew him best prophested for him distinction in the future. He had been eleven years away from England, and had passed through the flery furnace of the Indian Mutiny, reaping a harvest of laurois from that most bloody field. And now he came home with two years' furlament, a handgapan belonge at the English. furlough, a handsome balance at his English bankers', and not a creature in the world with

A more thoroughly independent man than Herbert Benyon never landed upon British soil He had escaped the rocks and shouls of matri-mony by what his brother officers called a fluke. In plain words, he had been filted at the outse of his career by a high-born and penniless fiiri, who had thrown him over at the last moment in favour of a wealthier suitor. In all outward seeming he had borne his disappointment gaily enough; but from that hour he became as a noan hewn out of granite in relation to all wo-manly fascinations. The prettiest girls in Calcutta, the most dangerous young matrons in the Indian military world, had flashed their bright-est glances upon him with no more effect than the rising sun has newadays upon the head of Memnon. He was one of the best waltzers in English India, and was wont to dedure that waltzing was an intellectual exercise; but in all the glidy muzes of a dozen seasons, Colone Benyon laid never been known to entaugle himself. There were women who were said to have been, in the graceful phraseology of the junior officers, "down any amount of a pit," or "up no end of a tree," on the subject of the Colonel; but the Colonel bimself had never been known to smile upon a woman with anything warmer than the conventional smile demanded of him by society, since the hour when Ludy Julia Dursay and written to tell him that she had looked into her own heart, and found that it was better for both of them that they should break an engage-ment which could nover result in happiness to



He had taken life pleasantly enough withal, and was eminently popular among his brother officers: a great billiard-player, a most implacable and inscrutable opponent at the whist-table; and a mighty hunter of those larger animals which collivon the jungle by their ex istence. He had sont home innumerable tiger claws mounted in silver, as labels for his English friends' decanters, and lad more skins of wildbeasts than he knew what to do with.

Indeed, Herbert Benyon excelled in all those accomplishments which win a man the respect of his fellow men, and the admiration of the

He was rich as well as successful. A bacheloruncle had died during his absence in the East, leaving him a considerable fortune, and a fine old place in the north of Scotland. It would have seemed as if a man could scarcely desire more good things than had fallen to the lot of Herbert Benyon; and yet the man was not happy. Coming home to familiar scenes after those eleven years of exile awoke no thrill of rapture in his heart. He had perhaps no en-thusiastic affection for the country of his birth; in any case his return brought him no pleasure, only a gloomy sense of his own isolation.

Neaf relatives he had none; neither sister nor brother would sind a welcome upon him; his father and mother had been dead twenty years. He had some distant kindred of course and women who here his name, and professed a certain amount of affection for him; and he had friends by the score-the people to whom he had sent ther-claws, and wonderful inlaid boxes lined with sandal-wood, and eashmers showls, a conbroldered muslins, and all those treasures of Ind wherewith the wanderer is wont to gratify his acquaintance; but that was all. Amongt all the men he knew there was only one to whose friendly smile and welcom-ing grasp of the hand he looked forward with

ing grisp of the hand he looked forward wath any ray of real pleasure.

This was a man of about his own age, a commade at Eton and Cambridge, a certain Frederick Hammersley, who find begun life as a country curate, and had been spoiled for the church by the inheritance of a comfortable fortune, and the development of views in which the discense a believe of orangelles to underland. his dioesam, a bishop of evangelical tendencies, had recognised a leaning towards Romanism.

Mr. Hammersley had not gone over to Rome, however; he had contented himself with writing several theological pamphiets seeing forth impressed Coionel Benyon with the idea that and such is places execute, and two months

his principles, which were of the most advanced he could say more, if he pleased. He lingered Anglican school, and with doing much good in the threshold of the strangers' room with a his immediate neighbourhood. If he were no dublous meditative air, and slipped half a sovelonger an accredited shepherd, he had not forgotton the divine precept, "Feed my sheep."

The last that Colonel Benyon had heard of this friend was the announcement of his mur-

They did not maintain friendship by an interchange of long letters, like a couple of school-girls. Each in his way was fully occur pled by the business of life; and each felt secure of the other's friendship. There was no need of pen-and-lak protestations between men of this

there was some pleasure for the Colonel in the thought of meeting Fred Hammersley. He deposited his goods and chattels at the British, in Cockspur-street, and went straight to his friend's club, the respectable Atheneum The London season was over, and passers-by stared a little at the Colonel's tall figure, with its unmistakable military air. There were some changes in the aspect of things even at this end of the town since those days before the Indian Muttny, but the Colonel did not take the trouble to notice them; the Corinthian pillars of a renovated club-house, or a new shop-front here and there, seemed trivial objects to a man tresh from the natural splendours of Cashmere; or it may be that Herbert Benyon was unla-terested in these things for lack of any personal association that went home to his When he came to the Atheneum, where he had eaten many a pleasant dinner with his old friend, the familiar look of the hall stirred something in his breast that was almost emo-

He was doomed to encounter a disappointment here, "Mr. Hammersley was abroad," the porter told him, "on the Confinent." The porter could not tell where; "but he had been absent for a long time; ever since—ever since —last spring was a twelvementh," the porter said, pulling himself up, as if he had been about

to any something else,

"And his letters," asked the Colonel—" what
becomes of them?"

"We don't get many," answered the man;
but any that do come here for him are sent to Coutts's. He's always on the move, they sny, and nobody but his bankers knows where

There was something in the man's face that

dublous meditative air, and slipped half a sove-reign into the porter's hand, almost as if from pure absence of mind.

"Thank you, sir; you're very kind, sir. I'm sure I'm sorry enough Mr. Hammersley has left us. It was always a pleasure to do any-thing for him. Not that he ever gave any trou-ble—wanting hansoms fetched when it's rain-ing cass and dogs, or anything of that kind. He was always quiet in his ways and allable in his manners. I wish there was more like him. And it do seem a hard thing that he should have to turn his back upon his country like

The Colonel stared at the speaker. "But he travels for his own pleasure, I sup-pose?" he excisioned. "He had no particular

reason for leaving England ?" "Well, yes, sir; there was unpleasant cir-cumstances connected with his going away. of course at the West-end those things get lalked of, and a person in my position can't shut his ears to such reports. I should be the last in the world to talk, but there's nothing going that don't come to my hearing some-

Colonel Benyon stared against. What did it mean? Had Frederick Hammersley, the most onscientions and devoted of Anglicans, comemisced forgery? What was the meaning of this enforced exite? Then a light suddonly flashed on the Colone's mind. "His wife is with him, I suppose ?" he said

interrogatively.

"No, sir; Mrs. Hammersley is not with her husband. In fact his going abroad arose from erroumstances connected with that party. She turned out a bad lot, sir. I should be the last to speak disrespectiously of a lady, and of a

hely connected with ourselves, as I may say; but I have heard our gentlemen say that Mrs. Hammersley's conduct was very bad." "She left him, I suppose?" "Yes, sir; ran away from him, after they'd been married little better than six months, with a gentleman they say she was engaged to before she kept company with Mr. Hammersley. The marriage was her father's doing, so I've heard; and when this gentleman, who was a captata in the army, came home from India ie fan away with him. They went to Orstend

afterwards the captain was found dead early one September morning, shot through the hearf, on the sands at Blakenburg. There was a great piece of work. Every one thought it was a duel, and that Mr. Hammersley had killed him; but he was supposed to be in Landon at the time, no one had seen him or heard of him in Bel-gium, and they never tried to bring it home to

him. The matter dropped after a little while. Mr. Hammersley got a divorce soon after, and left England directly his case was decided," "And what became of the lady "" asked the Colonel, curious to know the fate of a creature

80 lost.

"I've never heard, sir. She made no defence in the Divorce Court. It would go rather hard with her, I should think, the captain being dead, unless her friends took her back, which

don't seem likely. " Poor wretch! Do you remember the man's

"wint, the captain, sir? I've heard it times and often. He was a Junior-United gantleman. Let me see—was it Chandos? No. Champury -Captain Champney."

Colonel Benyon remembered the name, but

not the man; he was in a line regiment, altonot the man; he was in a line regiment, atto-gother an obscure person compared with the dashing colone of liengal cavairy. He had not even heard of the scandal connected with the poor fellow's death. He had never been an enger decourer of English newspapers, unless they had some bearing on the polities of martial limin; so whatever mention there had been of

Champney's death and Hammersley's divorce had escaped him.

He left the Atheneum and strolled into his own Club, the Semior United Service, very much east down. He ordered his dinner; it was growing disk by this time; and the codes-room and an empty and even sepulcaral book, with lamps glimmering here and there in the twilight, like the religious gloom of some Egyptian temple. Modern architects have a knack of giving an air of Carthage or Babyion to their public dining-

After dinner the Colonel, wrote to his old After animer the escoler wine to its on friend an hone; struightforward opistle, touch-ing lightly upof Frederick Hammersley's frou-ble, but with full of mondy sym, achy; no such a flowery tolssive as the crosses of a French novel would have addressed to his Pyados under the like circumstances, but a tho-rough English letter. If Hammersley were within any accessible distance, the Colonel proposed to join him as soon as he was strong enough for the joarney. "I nm on leave for my health, and for that

alone," he wrote; " and I do not see why I should not get well as fast, or jerhaps faster, abroad than I should in England. I have senreely an association in this country that I care to renew. I am not even eager to visib that stern old Scottish barrack where you and I once hunted the Caledonian—boar or stag, in an autumnal holiday, and which now belongs to me. In short, I have outlived most of the idu-sions of life, and have nothing left save a belief in friendship where you are concerned. Let me come, my dear Hammersley, unless soll-tude is your fixed humour; but do not say yes if inclination says no."

Colonel Bonyon addressed this letter to his friend under cover to Messes. Coutts; and law-ing done this be felt as if he had no more to do until the wandere's reply came. The waiters at the United Service told him that London was empty—in a fashionable sense a veritable desert. Yet no doubt there were people he knew to be found in that great city, and there were theatres visit them; but he had lost his relish for the drama lifteen years before; so he went home to the British, road the papers, and drank the wenkest descetton of solu-and-brandy until an hour or so after middlight. He had a little business to transact with his

army agent next day, and an interview with a stockbroker in Warmford court, to whom he had outrusted the investment of those moneys which that accumulated during lits absence. On the thy after he made a round of calls at the houses of his old acquaintances; and had rousen to reknowledge the truth of the walter's assertion as to the barrenness of civilized London. Every one best worth seeing was away. There were two or three business men, who professed themselves the most inserrate drudges in the great mill which is always grading everything into money; here and there in that obscurer region beyond Eaton square he found a homely matron who lamented her harbilly to take the dear children to the seaside until Edwin or Augustus should be able to leave that thesome office in the City, and who seemed unmeetedly reloced to see the Colonel; but the choicer spirits among his old circle—the dessus du panterynchiling oif Cowes, or gamoing in Germany. Altogether the day was a dreary one. Colonel Banyon was glud to return to the solitude of his hotel and the intellectual refreshment of the evening papers. After this no idled away a week in revisiting such familiar baunts of his early manhood as he cared to see again. The early mannost as he cared to see again. The contemplation of them gave him very little pleasure; that one brief letter of Julia Dursay's emed to have taken all the soughtae out of his mind—a souse that outside bitterness in his mind—a souse that outside his profession here was nothing in the world worth living for. Nearly a formight went by before there came

any answer from Mr. Hammersley; and the Colonel felt that he could shape no plan for his holiday till be received his friend's reply. letter came at last—a letter that went to Herbert Broyon's heart; for it told him in a w words how dire a deatholow had shactered

"No, my dear Benyon," wrote the exile, whose letter was dated from a small town in Norway, "you must not John me. The day may come, God only knows when, in which I may be after for a friend's companiouship; b. L ni present I am too iniscrable a creature to inthet my society upon any one I care for. I have been roughing it in this country for the



last six months, and like the fishing, the primitive life, and simple friendly people; but I doubt if such an existence in such a climate as this would suit an Anglo-Indian valetudinarian, even supposing I were decent company. I 1 write in all candour, you see, my dear Benyon, and I do not think you will doubt my regard for you because, under the bitter influence of an attletion which happily few men can measure,

I shrink even from your companionship, "And now I have a proposition to make to you. You are home on sick leave, you tell me, and really in need of perfect rest. I have a house in the extreme west of Cornwall—a cot-1. ge in a garden of roses, within sight of the sea which I think would suit you to a nicety, if I which I trains would suit you to a friedly, if I could persuade your to make your home there for the 1-xt few months. The place is full of batter associations to me, and I doubt if there is another living creature to whom I would offer it; but I shall be heartly glad if you will inhabit a spot that was once very dear to me. The climate is almost equal to Madeira; and if you have any inclination left for that kind of these theorets whosty of showing and hunting to the train at Paddington any morning you will have nothing to be had in the neighborhood. I have a couple of old servants in charge of the place, to whom I shall write by this post, telling them to hold a consolves ready for your reception; so you will have nothing to do but to put yourself into the train at Paddington any morning you lease, and so stricht through to Penhalih. the train at Paddington any morning you please, and go straight through to Penjudah, form which station a seven-mile drive will carry you to Trewardell, by which barbarous manne my place is known. If you would drop a line to Andrew Johns, Trewardell, near Penjalah, beforehand, to amounce your coming, he would meet you at the station with a dog-cart. There are a couple of good backs in the stable, and a hunter I used to ride about two years ago, which is, I fance, about my to your weight."

The offer was a tempting one, and after some bestation the Colonel deciding upon accepting it. Cornwall was a new country to him—a re-

i.. Cornwall was a new country to himmote semi-barbarous land, he fancied, still per-vaded by the Preeniclans and King Arthur; a land that had been more civilised two thousand years ago than to-day; a land with which Solo mon had had trading relations in the way of metal; a land where, at some unknown period, the children of Israel had worked as slaves in the indices; a land of which one might believe anything and everything, in fact. There was some smack of adventure in the idea of going to take possession of his absent friend's house take possession of his absent friend's house, some faint flavour of romance in the whole business. It would be dull, of course; but the colonel fixed solitude, and found immself year by year less inclined for the kind of life most people consider pleasant. He might have spent his autumn in half a dozen fine old country houses, and received unlimited petting from their fair inhabitants, if he had desired that kind of thing; but he did not. He only wanted to recover his old health and vigour, and then to go back to India.

go back to India.

He wrote to Mr. Andrew Johns, informing that worthy of the probable time of his arrival; and three days afterwards turned his back upon the great city, and sped away westwards acre the fields, where the newly-cut stubble was still bright and yellow, onward through a region where the land was red, then away skirting the edge of the bright blue water, across Isumbard Brunel's wonderful bridge at Saltash, and then along a narrow line that files over deep gorges in the woodland, through a fair and lonely land-scame to the little starting of Powlede.

scape to the little station of Penjadah.

It was dusk in the late summer evening when the traveller heard the barbarots mane of the place called out with the unfamiliar Cornish which had been about a quarter of a mile long when it left Paddington, had dwindled to a few carriages, and those were for the most part empty. Penjudah seemed the very end of the world. The perfect quiet of the place almost startled the Colonel as he stood upon the plate form, looking round about him in the fatte grave. form, looking round about him in the faint gray evening light. He found himself deep in the heart of a wooded valley, with no sign of human life within sight except the two officials who made up the staff of Penjudah station. There was a baliny odour of pines, and a subdued rus-tle of leaves lightly stirred by the warm west wind. Among the Indian bills he could scarcely remember a scene more lonely. A rabbit ran down a wooded back and scudded across the lines while he was looking about him. The guard told him afterwards that scores of those vermin might be seen playing about the line at odd times. The trains were not frequent enough to scare them.

Outside the station the Colonel found an elderly man-servant, out of livery, with a smart dog-cart and a capital horse.

This was Andrew Johns. He handed the reins to the traveller, and took his seat behind in charge of Colonel Benyon's portmanteaux; and a few minutes afterwards the Colonel was driving up a hilly road that wound across the twiling woods. That seven miles' drive to Trewardell was all up and down hill. The Colonel had rarety encountered a stiffer road even in the East, but the landscape, dunly seen in that dubious light, seemed to him very beautiful; and he was glad that he had accepted his friend's offer. From the top of one of the hills he caught a glimpse of the distant sea; on the summit of another there was a stretch of commonland, and a tall obelisk that served as a beacon for all the countryside, a monument tribute to a great

Something over half an hour brought them into a vailey, where there was a church with a square tower surmounted with stone pinnacles, half a dozen houses. Close to the church were the gates of Trewardell. They stood open to receive the stranger; and after a winding drive through the stranger; the Colonel saw the lighted windows of a long low whitewalled cottage bull smothered in foliage and

Mrs. Johns and a fut-faced housemaid were waiting in the hall, and a male hanger-on in to receive the horse. Everything within looked bright and homelike; one might have functed the house in full occupation. The bull was low and wide, with punctical walls painted white, and hung with water-coloured sketches prettily The dining-room was a comfortable somere apartment, with light oak furniture of the modern medieval order, and dark-blue silk hangings. The drawing-room opened out of it, and was more of a boudoir or lady's morningroom than an actual drawing-room. Every-where, in the dining-room, and even in the en-trance-hall, there were books, from ponderous folios (cinoice edition on elephant-paper) to the daintiest duodecimos in white-vellum blidling. There was a brightness and pretthess about everything which the Colonel never rememberhave noticed in any house before. It a home that had been made beautiful by the hands of a lover preparing a bower for

A woman must have been hard to please who could not make herself happy here, and with so good a fellow as Fred Hammersley," he said to hunself.

An excellent dinner had been prepared for him, at which repast the versatile Mr. Johns waited, and proved himselfan admirable butler.

meal, to all of which Mr. Johns replied with considerable intelligence: but he uttered no word about his absent master, or of the kind of existence that he had led there in the brief pe-

riod of his wedded life.

It was ten o'clock when Colonel Benyon had It was ten o'clock when Colonel Benyon had finished dinner, a warm moonlit night; so he went out to explore the gardens and enjoy his evening smoke. It might be very long before any feminine presence would lend its grace to those bright-looking rooms; but Herbert Benyen would as soon have thought of committing sacrilege as of descerating his friend's house with the odour of tobacco. A woman had left the impress of her individuality upon everything. Those water-coloured sketches in the hall were signed by a woman's hand; in the drawingsigned by a woman's hand; in the drawing-room there were caskets and writing-cases, work-baskets and photographic albums—innu-merable tritles that were unmistakably a woman's belongings. It seemed as if everything had been religiously preserved exactly as the traitress had left it. Colonel Benyon could fun-cy her last look round this room, or fancied that he could funcy it. There was a low arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, with a gem of a work-table beside it—her seat, of course. How often had she sat there meditating treason, with her husband sitting opposite to her perhaps, watching her fondly all the while, and thanking God for having given him so sweet a wife!

"Confound the woman!" muttered the Colo-

nel impatiently; "I can't get her out of my

It did indeed seem to him to-night as if that talse wife had left an evil influence upon the scene of her iniquity. He could not feel at ease in the house; he could not help wondering and speculating about that lost creature.

"Where is she now?" he asked himself; and then there arose before him an image of her sitting alone in some sordid continental lodging, poor, friendless, desolate; or worse flaunting on a Parislan boutevard, in the livery of sin. Do what he would, he could not help thinking of

"It will wear off in time, I suppose," he said; but upon my word, if I were her husband, I could scarcely worry myself more about her." He went out into the gardens, and roamed about amongst the flower-heels, and in the dark-some shrudery-paths, smoking and commun-ing with himself for more than an hour. The grounds of Trewardell were spacious and lovely, quite out of preportion with the humble preten-sions of the house. There was a lake on one side of the lawn, on the other a group of fine old

plane-trees; beyond these a short avenue of clms leading to a meadow that looked almost a park. The soft night air was heavy with the perfume of myrtle and magnolla.

"The place is a perfect Eden," said the Coloniel; "but I wish I had not been told the history of Eve and the Serpent,"

(To be continued.)

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track is laid, No matter how strong the engine is made, When you find it running the downward grade, I'ut down the brakes I .

If the demon of drink has entered the soul, And his power is getting beyond your control, And dragging you on to a terrific goal, Put down the brakes i

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire," Temptation you know is always a liar; If you want to crush out the burning desire, Put down the brakes!

Are you running in debt by living too fast? Do you look back with shame on a profitless past, And feel that your ruin is coming at last? Put down the brakes!

Whether for knowledge, or for honor and gain, You are fast wearing out your body and brain, 'Till nature no longer can bear the strain, Put down the brakes!

The human is weak, since Adam's fall, Beware how you yield to appetite's call, · Be temperate in all things,'' says practical Paul; Put down the brakes!

Ah, a terrible thing is human life! Its track with many a danger is rife; Do you seek for the victor's crown in the strife? Put down the brakes!

REGISTERED In accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGIE'S SETTLEMENT.

The Colonel was delighted. Of course he had seen, from an early stage, which way mat-ters were drifting; and he had suffered them to drift, without interference or hindrance from him, proving himself the very wisest of match makers by that judicious quiescence. He had lived his own life, consuming much Latakia, or mild Turkish, in his atrium; conversing with his cook : scheming various alterations and improvements in the Bungalow; educating Pedro, the monkey, in those polite arts which make a monkey a gentleman; and otherwise enjoying himself in the screnest manner; always ready to join the young people in any excursion or party they might choose to plan, and beaming upon them with a countenance which was the very spiritual light and sun

shine of a jovial mind.

When that solemn question came to be asked, which is somewhat awful for the briefless barrister or the fledgling curate, but easy enough for a man with a landed estate, and seven thousand per annum in shares, delam-tures, consols, Egyptian bonds, and so on, the Colonel behaved with an airy grace that was charming.

" My dear fellow, if I must part with my little girl—and I needn't say that it's a hard thing for a man in my position to do it—my only tie to life, sir, except the mungoose : if] must part with Georgie, I'd rather it should be to you than to any one else. First and fore-most, you're a good fellow, and I've a very great respect for you. Secondly, my little girl will be near me. You're not like those fellows in the service, who have come proposing for her, coolly informing me that as there was every prospect of their regiment being ortwo from her would have knocked me over at

Thus, and in many more words, with the mungoose promenading about his capacious chest and shoulders the while, did the Colonel give his consent. Then came a little talk about settlements; Francis enger to lavish the chief part of his wealth on his betrothed, the Colonel protesting against that quixotic ge-

nerosity.

"We will do what is right, sir, and no more I'm not a man of business myself; but we'll put ourselves in the hands of some conscientions fellow who is a man of business, and he shall decide what is fair and equitable in the case. Rolling-stone as I have been I have not gone through life without gathering some small amount of moss. I can give my girl a few thousands, and at my death she will inherit-" the Colonel paused, and seemed to swell with importance at this point "THE BUNGALOW! I think, although it may not suit her convenims, armough it may not suit her convenience to occupy it, my child will value the work of her old father's hands when he is under the turf. She will take care that the roof is kept in repair, and that the fountain works better.

daily."

The marriage was not to take place until early in the following spring. Francis would fain have had it sooner; but the Colonel and Georgie both declared that even this interval would make a very brief engagement.

" You can know so little of me," she said to her lover. "How can I, feel sure that I am really the sort of person you think me ? Suppose, when we are married, you should find that you have made quite a mistake after all. Wouldn't that be dreadful! Sibyl tells me you were in love ever so many times abroad, and that you always ended by finding out that the young lady didn't suit you in the least. How can I tell that you may not find out the same thing about me?

" My darling, I have known and loved you from the first time 1 saw you, and 1 never loved any one before in my life."

"O Frank! after all Sibyl has told me—"

"Sibyl's statements are true and false, dear.

I have had a sort of a—kind of a—predilection
for two or three young women in the course of
my life; have, herhaps, flirted—I suppose you would call it, and have gone so far as to fancy myself in love; but from the moment I loved you I knew that those other affairs were the merest fancies. In short I have had a series of escapes, Georgie, and my fate has always been waiting for me here; and if it comes to any examination of antecedents, Miss Davemant, I shall be glad to receive some informa-tion about that Captain Bangle, who wanted you to accompany him to Timbuctoo, and Major Hawkins, who was anxious to export you

to Japan."
"O Frank! I never gave either of them the faintest encouragement. They were friends of pape's, and used to dine with us very often, and were always extremely polite, asking me to sing and play, and pretending to be interested in Pedro and Tufto, and even to admire the municipal state of the st

Petro and Tuffo, and even to admire the mun-goose; and then all at once they broke out in a desperate way, asking me to marry them. But indeed, Freek, it wasn't my fault."

And the fit my fault that I love you to distraction, darling."

That was a happy Christmas at Clevedon Hall, an innocent Arcadian Christmas; very different from the gournandism and curaçou-bibbing, and whist and écarté playing, which had reigned there when Sir Lucas was in his prime; a Christian festival, with much pampering and petting of the humble temants, and pleasunt party-giving in the servants' hall. Sir Francis began like a prince who meant to be popular. They had plenty of friends already in the neighbourhood; everybody had been eager to know them; ancient squires, who remembered Sir Lucas in his best days, stretched out the hand of friendship to his son; matrons and daughters vied with one another in civili-

There was a shade of disappointment when, about November, it began to be patent to the world within a twenty-mile radius of Clevedon that Sir Francis and Miss Davenant were engaged to be married, "Not one of the county paralles, you know, my dear, and altogether a poor match for him," the Kentish damsels told one another. It did seem rather a hard thing that the baronet had been so prompt in his wooing, that there should have been no clear course open to those fair young thoroughbreds, who would fain have entered themselves for

Happy days and nights, thrice happy youth! Christmas and the New Year fled like a dream -skating on the great pond in the Chase, sleighing on the snow-bound roads; dinners, and carpet-dances, and acted characles. Francis spent his money royally, but in simple pleasures, in which seven thousand a year would go a long way. He had no idea of following in the tootsteps of his father.

Spring came; a warm spring, with cloudless blue skies. Sir Francis and Miss Davenant were to be married when the hawthorn was in The Colonel was to take his daughter to London in April to complete her trousseau, and pay duty visits to numerous relations, who had a right to her confidence on such an occa-sion. Sir Francis could hardly be expected to exist in Kent while Georgie was staying at Westbourne-terrace; so he went up to town with the volonel and his daughter, and established himself at a West-end hotel, within a ten minutes' cab drive of his betrothed. There were the settlements to be arranged; and the question of trustees, being propounced to the Colonel, sorely puzzled that olonel, sorely puzzled that gallant officer. • I'm an old man myself," he said, • and

never was a man of business, so I'm no know plenty of men—men whom I could trust —but the misfortune is, they're most of them about my own age, so they're no good. A trustee to a marriage settlement ought to be younger than the husband and wife, by rights. I'll talk it over with old Vallory."

To talk things over with old Vallory—the great William Vallory, of the firm of Harcross, vallory, and Vallory—was one of the Colone's reasons for being in London. His wife had been a Miss (larcross, niece of that very Stephen Harcross who left all his money to Augusta Vallory, much to the indignation of his relatives. His brother, George Harcross, married the girl whom he, stephen had desired to marry; whiereby the lawyer had abjured all kindred with his rival, and refused to see Geordered off to Japan, or Cochin-China, or Timbuctoo, as the case might be, carly in the spring they would like the wedding to come off soon, they would like the wedding to come off soon, when he relented so far as to show some small cross," said the solicito fil pleased. I did not please, and lucklily for kindnesses to her widowed mother. He was in-law to the baronet. The Colonel asked him a good many questions if I pleased. I did not please, and lucklily for kindnesses to her widowed mother. He was in-law to the baronet. Well, yes, there may I bear no malice, and I'm pleased to see Mrs. about the neighbourhood in the course of the me Georgie didn't please either; for a tear or tolerably civil to that cashing young Lancer, be something of the kind; but upon my word, Harcross take so kindly to Georgie."

Captain Davenant, who fell in love with Georgina Harcross and married her within the space of three months. The marriage settlementa very small matter, the late George Harcross having failed ignominiously in the silk trade, and the Captain having little more than his sword to bestow on his wife—had been drawn up by Harcross and Vallory, and from that time forward Harcross and Vallory had been Thomas Davenant's solicitors. He had an unbounded confidence in their learning and sagacity, and it was to them he came naturally for counsel in

his present difficulty. He was admitted to a conference in that sacred chamber wherein William Vallory in his own person communicated the words of wisdom to his most distinguished—or most profitable—clients, a chamber almost as unapproachable as that inmost temple where the Mikado of Japan shrouds his glory from the vulgar eye. Here he found the chief of the firm trim-ming his nails meditatively before a table covered with papers, and with three clerks in attendance, who vanished quietly on the entrance

" Come and dine with me this evening" said the solicitor, in his most cordial tone; "come to Acropolis-square, and we can talk the business over after dinner. Delighted to hear your daughter is going to make such a good match. I know something of the Clevedon estate; we had Sir Lucas in our hands, in point of fact, when he was a young man, and a denced slippery customer he was. The property is clear, I hope, by this time?"

"The estate is as clear—as clear, as—as the Bungalow," exclaimed the Colonel trium-

" I beg your pardon-"

"The Bungalow - my little place at Tunbridge Wells. Enlarged and improved it with my own hands, sir; can lay a hundred of stocks or plaster a wall with any bricklayer in England. You ought to come down and see me,

gland. You ought to come down and see me, Vallory; I can give you a good bed, a good dinner, and a good bottle of wine."

"You are excessively kind—I should be most happy; but I have really so little time for re-laxation, and when I can get a week or so, I run down to Ryde. Is Sir Francis in town?"

"Sir Francis is at the Leviathan." "Then ask him to come with you, and your daughter too. My daughter and her husband are coming to me to-night—Mr. and Mrs. Harcross—he took the name of Harcross when he married, you know; it was one of the conditions of the will."

The Colonel did know, or had at any rate been informed of the fact at the time. A man who cared much for money might have scarcely relished the idea of meeting a lady in the ossession of wealth which should by rights have come his way; but Thomas Davenaut was not a lover of money, and was quite ready to clasp the hand of amity with Mrs. Harcross.

"Your son-in-law is beginning to make ra-ther a figure in the world, isn't he?" said the Colonel, who was an assiduous student of the

daily papers.

"My son-in-law is one of the best parliamentary burristers we have," replied Mr. Vullery, with a satisfied air. The marriage had turned out so much better than he had expected. Hubert Harcross was making between two and three thousand a year, and Mrs. Harcross's visiting-book was becoming almost as aristocrutic as the Almanack de Gotha.

"If you've a lot of people with you this even-ing, we sha'n't have much chance of talking over this settlement business," said the Colo-

nel.
"Well, perhaps not an opportunity for any think the matter over in long talk; the mean time, and give you my opinion in three words. All you want is a good trustee; the settlement itself I can arrange with Sir "I can arrange wit Francis Clevedon's solicitor in an hour. You want a good man of business as trustee, and I Mrs. Harcross shuddered. What strange Arhave a man in my eye who'll suit you, if he will undertake the responsibility."

"Who is he?"

"Never mind that; I'd better sound him upon the subject before I mention his name. Half-past seven this evening in Acropolis-

Colonel Davenant and his daughter were staying with a married sister of the Colonel's in Westbourne-terrace — a lady who had made a very good match in India under the Colonel's guardianship; and who, being childless herseli, took an amazing delight in all the de-tails of Georgie's courtship, and the preparation

At half-past seven o'clock that evening the Acropolis-square drawing-rooms opened their lofty doors to admit Colonel and Aliss Davenant, and Sir Francis Clevedon, announced with a grandiose air by Mr. Vallory's butler. There was a subdued murmur of conversation in the room as they entered. The Harcrosses had arrived, and the inevitable Weston Vallory was airing himself before the fireplace. Mr. Harcross advanced with her father to receive Davenant, and almost crushed poor Georgie with the splendour of her presence. The parkling coquettish little face seemed wellnigh extinguished by Augusta's regular beauty, expansive figure, and gorgeous attire.

She was as cordial to Miss Davepant as she

could be to any one. "I really feel as if we were a sort of consins," she said after the first greeting; "I hope we shall see each other very often while you are in town."

"Sir Francis Clevedon, my daughter, Mrs. Harcross," said Mr. Vallory; and Augusta made the baronet a gracious curtsey, which she had learnt from a French dancing-master; such a curtsey as Marie Antoinette might have made to a courtier in those days when she appeared above the zenith, 'glittering like the morning star,' full of life and splendour and joy.

But in the very act of acanowledging her father's introduction Mrs. Harcross gave a little cry of surprise.

"What's the matter, my dear ?" inquired her

father, surprised at this outrage of the proprie-

ties,
"How strange that you never told me

papa !"
"Never told you what, my love ?" " Of the likeness between Sir Francis Clevelon and Hubert."

Mr. Vallory looked at his son-in-law, who was standing on the hearth-rug, listening, with no great appearance of interest, to some remark of Weston's—a tall commanding figure, a dark face which was distinguished-looking rather

" A likeness between Sir Francis and Harcross," said the solicitor, looking from his son-in-law to the baronet. "Well, yes, there may I never remarked it until this moment, and I hardly think that Sir Francis will be flattered by the comparison; Harcross looks ten years

" But the likeness is something wonderful. papa. I beg your pardon, Sir Francis, for talk-ing about it, but I was really taken by surprise;

papa ought to have told me—"

But, my dear, I didn't see the likeness."

6 Then, papa, you can have no eyes."
6 I really feel honoured by being supposed to resemble any one so distinguished as Mr. Harcross," said Sir Francis good-naturedly. "Will you introduce me to him, Vallory?" Mr. Vallory called his son-in-law, and Hu-

bert Harcross came forward in his most leisure. manner, with that air of deliberation and absent-mindedness which was apt to be so aggravating to the other side in his parliamentary business; his opponents knowing full well that, after opening a case as if he had for-gotten what his brief was about, he would show himself presently a most consummate master of every detail and rumitication of the affair in hand. He saluted the baronet with an timost insolent coolness, and went back to the rearth-rug as soon as the introduction was over, leaving his wife and her father and the Davegreen-satin island in a Pacific Ocean of velvet pile.
Miss Davenant went down to dinner with

Mr. Vallory : the baronet had the honour of escorting Mrs. Harcross; the Colonel gave his arm to a washed-out young lady in ringlets, who had been allowed to fill a corner of the table by reason of a fine contralto voice, which was useful as a second to Mrs. Harcross: and Hubert and Weston straggled in the rear. In so small a party, the conversation to be plea-sont should be general; and happily where Colonel Davenant was there was no lack of alk. He plunged into his father the general's Peninsular experiences before the soup was lone with; retreated glorio sly from C with the salmon; took Badajoz while the whitebait was going round; and had followed Wellington to his tent at Waterloo by the time the last of the entrées had made its solemn circuit, where he kept that great captain wrap-ped in a profound slumber on the morning of the decisive battle, while he supplied himself with current-jelly for his final slice of mut-

Sir Francis and Augusta Harcross talked to each other a little during this campaign. She expressed herselt interested in Georgie. "Such a sweet face," and so on—quite the usual style of thing—a condescension which delighted the lover. " I'm so glad you like her: but everybody does; she tinds friends wherever she goes," he said. "You must come down to Clevedon and see us by and by. We mean to be quite set-tled by the autumn; we sha'n't take a long honeymoon; in point of fact, all our life is to be honeymoon; but we sha'n't stay away very long, making believe to seelude ourselves from our fellow-men. We want to begin life at home

our fellow-men. We want to begin life at home as we mean to go on, a country squire and his wife—no pretence to fashion—easy-going comfortable people, with our friends around us."

"You will go into Parliament, I suppose?"

"Must I, do you think? Upon my word, I'd rather not; I don't farey I've any of the necessary qualities for statecraft, and I want to be so much with Georgie. That sort of thing would keep me away from home, you know; for if one goes in for a thing, at all. know; for if one goes in for a thing, at all, one ought to do it thoroughly."

"You'll have a house in town, of course ?" " No. When we want to come to London, we can take a furnished house. But we mean to live the best part of the year at Cleve-

" Do you think Miss Davenant would like

" I don't think she would like anything else. cadian notions this young man had! She wond-

ered idly what her own life would be like, if she and Hubert were compelled to live in the country. What would they do with them-selves? Would the isolation bring them any nearer together? She could fancy her husband yawning over his newspapers, as he yawned sometimes even now in Mastodon-crescent, with all the pomps and vanities of London at "Young people who are going to be married

have such romantic notions,' she said; " I daresay a year hence we shall hear of your furnishing a house in Mayfair."

The Colonel had done with Waterloo with the advent of the ice-pudding, from which culminating victory he harked back to Sir Arthur Wellesley and his brother the Marquis in India, and so brought himself to the later period of his personal experiences, into which he warmed with the dessert.

" What a nice person the Colonel must be to live with if he always talks in this style !" Weston remarked aside to Mr. Harcross, when the ladies had retired.

Georgie grew quite confidential with Mrs. Harcross in the back drawing-room, while the contralto lady yawned over a volume of Egyptian photographs, and wondered if the bunquets of Thebes were as dull as the dinners of Acropolis-square. Encouraged by Augusta's air of interest, Miss Davemant told her a great deal about "Frank's" transcendent merits, and about the things they meant to do when they were married. Then there came music; Mrs. Harcross and Miss Parker the contralto sang " Deh Conte ;" Georgie consented shyly to warble one of her lover's favourite ballads, an old song of Haynes Bayley's, set to Sir Henry Bishop's music; and this, with a little desultory straggling talk in couples and trios, ended the evening's entertainment. Just at the last, Mr. took the Colonel into a quiet corner of the back drawing-room for a few confidential words.
"I have found you a trustee," he said. " My

son-in-law, Harcross, has no objection to assume that responsibility, if you and Sir Francis would like him. He's a first-rate man of bu-siness, and a highly conscientious fellow."

"Nothing could be better," replied the Colo-ner carelessly, " if he'll take the trouble."

"Well, you know, I consider it a duty; Augusta's obligations to my friend, Stephen Harross, seem to constitute a kind of connection between her and your daughter, and anything she or her husband can do to be useful, you

"So be it," said the Colonel. "Of course I don't pretend to deny that I should have been uncommonly glad if old Harcross had taken it into his head to leave his money to my daughter instead of yours; but he didn't, and







Mrs. Harcross invited the Colonel and his daughter to dinner; she could give them the choice of two days—Tuesday and Thursday in

the ensuing week.

I should like you to come to me on my own day, Thursday, if possible, for I shall have some nice people in the evening," said Augusta; so the engagement was made for Thursday, Sir Francis being of course included in the invitation. The business of the settlements ould be arranged in the Old Jewry in the mean time.

" He is like you, Frank-that Mr. Harcross 1 mean," Georgie said to her lover, as they drove home, "but not nearly so good-looking; I don't quite like his expression, he has such

a don't quite me ms expression, he has such satirical eyebrows."

"Rather an off-handed beggar, certainly," replied Frank, "but he really has the Clevedon face, and reminds me of some of the old pictures at home. You see Nature can't afford an original pattern for all her children, she must fall into replicas now and then; Mr. Harcross is a decided infringement of the Cleyedon copyright.

(To be continued)

HORACE GREELEY'S DREAM.

I dream of a beautiful time
When the world shall happy be;
When elephants and byenas
Shall blossom on every tree,
When tamarinds and potatoes
Shall cease their dreadful roor,
When turnip trees shall blossom
In the garden forevermore.

I droam of a great republic,
Whose people shall all go West,
Sow plants and reap tomatees
In the land they fove the best;
Where pig-iron and molasses
Shall bloom on every hill.
And chickens low in the barnyard,
While gooseberries toil at the mill.

I'm weary of seeing the cabbage
Handle the rake and hoe;
I'm weary of watching and waiting
For the grasshopper bash to grow.
I bug for the times when spinach
Shall cope with bread and milk;
When the hen shall lay tomatoes
And horses spin raw silk.

Oh, sweet were the vanished hours
When I wandered adown the glen.
And wreathed my brow with tomatoes
Or plocked the rigened hen.
When the donkey twined up the trellis,
And the encumber chirped in the grass
And the sweet potato whistled
To its mate in the mountain pass.

But gone are the days of my childhood,
And manhood's dreams are mino,
Yet I long for the bygone hours
As I sit 'meath this turkey vine.
Ob wreath your blossoms about me,
And soothe my aching breast,
While the gooseberry plaintively warbles
And fulls me into rest.

—N. Y. M.

For the Hearthstone

THE STORY OF A BOUQUET.

BY CALEB BURT.

An old fashioned room at the top of an old described house, dust and cobwebs over all, a small window high up through which the am manages to send a few stray rays for half an hour or so each day, a room where the moonlight always seems to come to make it more weird if possible. Old fashioned furniture carelessly disposed, a few beautiful old pictures that haven't seen the light for a score of years, in one corner the darkest of them all a dressing table with a mirror with nothing to reflect but its own cobwebs and a fided, withered bouquet, that once was large, fragrant and very beautiful.

that once was large, fragrant and very beautifut, now odorless, gray and covered with the dust of a score of years.

Some philosophers say that flowers, stones, birds and trees have a language of their own as well as human beings; beasts seem to understand our language almost invariably, and yet we can not always understand their coverable to their not always understand theirs, certainly not that of the flowers and trees, but this bouquet has a wondrous history and could it speak to us its story would be about as follows:

light of all who knew us, as they passed by and bow different it boks now,—and with this bon-saw us nodding to the wind or coquetting with quet in her hand and a queer little vial in her the human ordives and bose. We had a best to same she started off for the city. the hummingbirds and bees. We had a kind mistress, she took the best eare of us, keeping our roots moist and tree, on the hot days when the flery sun used to blaze down upon us so flercely, and keeping us warm and dry when the cold snows were on the ground and the sky

The pretty Amina was beloved by a brave handsome youth named Herbert, she returned his love, and well worthy was he of it too, we often heard them talking the correct language of love together, when they thought no one was near, but we could hear them, and we know be the flowers they plucked and gave to each other for we flowers have a prominent part in the language of love, and the smallest of us has a hidden significance that only those who love ar

But constant as Herbert seemed, yet the time came when even we saw our inistake and witnessed unhappiness that we had not dreamed of. Young Herbert saw a beautiful hidy in the city with whom he fell deeply in love, and to whom he used to send beautiful bonquets fro where we lived, our very garden, and Amina thought all the time that they were for his mother, or for the beautiful pageants and festivals held in the great city which we had heard so

The beautiful lady accepted the flowers always, though Herbert could not obtain an inter-view with her, though he endeavored by every means in his power to do so; but there were always so many people around that he could not got mar her, till one night he contrived to be at a grand masquerade where she was, and dually managed to not only see and speak with her,

but to accompany her to her home. He was standing alone in a corridor resting a little from the excitement and farigue of the evening when a lady elegantly dressed and wearing a mask came hurrically into the corrid followed by a tall man dressed in tight red clothes and wearing a short black velvet clonk lined with red, and a queer black velvet cap

with a tall red plume standing upright in it.
"Why will you," said the lady, "play the tempter's part in reality, why will you make a devil of yourself and forment me so, why-

"Nay, loved one hear me, I love you beyond tensure, be mine, or I shall die with grief." "Once more, and for the last time Don Schas-

tian I say no, your wicked deceiful self is known to me despite your soft words, stand aside and let me pass or l'il call assistance."
"Do then." laughed he wickedly, "of what avail will it be, who will hear your cry muldst the noise of revelry? who would attend to it, if they did, no one, and by Heaven you must and

shall be mine," and he seized the lady by the waist and prepared to carry her off, when her bresk fell from her face revealing to the as-tonished Herbert the features of the queen of his heart.

"Scoundrel, release that lady," he eried, drawing his sword and rushing upon Don Sobus-tian with such zeal that the latter was forced to use his utmost skill to protect himself, but several musquers coming up at this moment Don Sebastian masked and slipped away into the eroad, and Herbert escorted the lady out into

the moonlight,
"I am extremely grateful, sir, for your kind interferance to-night, I fear the monster would

interference to-night, I fear the monster would have abducted me if you had not opposed him, he is enpublic of almost anything."

"Madam," returned Herbert with emotion.

"Iwould have done the same for any lady in distress, but for you madam, more than any one else, for I have long loved you in secret, long been pining to see you. You are the only being I have ever really loved, and I should die without you."

out you."

"Why, sir, I have never seen you before tonight," replied the lady, not unmoved by his

speech.

6 But you have received my flowers, those silent messages of love, have you not?"

6 What, were you the giver? They were beautiful, I assure you, and I am deeply thankful to you."

And may I then hope, fair lady ?"

"You need not despair, noble sir."
"What joy it gives me to hear you say so. I would fain prolong this meeting till morning,

but your carriage is approaching, I believe."

"Yes: I shall never forget your kindness;
good night;" and the carriage driving up at this
moment be assisted her in, and taking ber hand which she held out of the window, he imprinted a loving kiss upon it and the carriage drove swiftly off; and he was left alone in the clear

From this time we noticed that his visits to Amina became less frequent, though he used to send for flowers very often. Sometimes he came for them himself, but he never stayed earne for them himself, but he never stayed long; and Amina did not seem to look for him as eagerly as before, though her face always lit up and her eyes brightened when she saw him coming; though he was often cold and even harst to her now, when he was in haste and she was tanty in making the bouquets. Her face became gradually more pale, and her form grew thin and wasted. She was plaining

away for lack of his love; for he had been the object of her whole love and trust, the altar on which her heart was laid, and that she was to lose him. Her heart was broken, and she only cared to die; life was no longer a blessing, but a burden, and if it had not been a sin she would have taken her own life, but she was deter-mined to die as she had lived—pure, upright,

and guittess as the lilies themselves, Time passed on ; the winter came and went, followed by the beauteous spring and the golden summer; and we, who form this bouquef, were beginning to open and gratify all by our deli-clous perfume and lovely appearance, and yet

how ugly are we now.

The young man had been untiring in his de-The young man had been untiring in his de-votions to the Lady Gertrude, and she loved him with her whole heart, for he really was a noble young man, though he should never have left the fair Amina for the beautiful Lady Gertrude and the splendors and frivolities of city life; but we none of us can see through the future or tell the result of our rash actions till we really see them.

see them.

At los! It was given out that they were to be married shortly after, and that preparations was anxious lost of the magnificence and splendor; and people ussembled from far and near to witness the ceremony; for the fame of the beautiful Lady Gertrude and the valiant Lord Herbert, as he was now called, ind spread far and wide. Then it was that Amina listened to the tempter, then it was that Amina listened to the tempter, then it was that the emerald eyes of the monster penetrated her very soul, and she resolved to go to the wedding in spite of everything; and the neighbors now wondered at the change in her, for she now suddenly became strong and rosy, and as bifthe and gay as of old. She went around singing at her work, yet we could see that the fire was raging in her bosom, and that the worm was ganwing at the roots of her affectionate heart, and that when the treher affectionate heart, and that when the tremendons strain put upon her was removed, she would go at once, and sink away as does the sun

in the tropies. The day arrived at last, and going into the garondrous listory and could it speak to us its onquet sits and most beautiful once, and fragrant, the dellowers; in the centre was a white japonica—

> m, she started off fi the city When she reached it she went to a house where she was known, and waited till it was time to go, as she and her friends were all going together. They at last set out, Amina lingering behind the rest a little; and taking the little via from her bosom when they had reached the church, she powed half its contents into the heart of the beautiful flower in the centre of the conquet, whose odor, enhanced by the liquid, and a delicate spley perfume could be detected by smelling it closely, but in an hour the person who should hold that bougnet constantly wonte be dead, and the pure white flower as black as

> n pall.
> The bridal party now approached, and Amina standing in the front rank of the crowd, signal led to Herbert, whom she saw approaching by holding up her flowers. He was mounted on a milk white steed, righly caparisoned, and we sed in costume that showed off his tine figure

> to the best advantage.
>
> "My humble present to your bride," said Antina handing him the flowers " and may you be so happy as you deserve to be," and when he had taken them she slipped quietly away.

"Thanks Amina, they are beautiful, and who n delicate perfume. I never saw anything had so lovely, and he rode on by the side of his huly who was now holding the flowers, and ever and anon smelling them.

It was all over and the wedding party re-turned to the castle where there was to be a sumptuous banquet and a grand ball to which every one had been invited; but Amina now looking pale and haggard, with strangely lumin-ous eyes returned to her triends' house, drank the remaining contents of the strange little bot

e and fell asleep. The Lady Gertrudo retired to her room to resi twhile previous to the reception of her friend: in the great hall of the castle, while Herbert bu acquaintances with a cold collation served in the oak chamber.

An hour had passed and the company had as sembled and were impatient to welcome the bride, so iteract wondering at her delay went to her room to fetch her, but on opening the door and seeing no one advanced to the middle

bedand kissing her on her dead forehead be-

" Oh horror! who could have done this wicked

of the horror! who could have done this wicked deed?" murmured they in chorus,
of Tis An inathe village mablen. God knows! would not accuse any one wrongfully, but the suspicious are strong in that quarter, go for her someone, if she is innocent, no one will be more ready than 1 to protect her."
They found her at her, cold and dead on a conch with aquaint little vial in her bosom from which a faint odor was emitted which Herbert recognized as the same he had smelt when he had taken the flowers, and there he knew that

had taken the flowers, and there he knew that the Jodons Amiun had poisoned his bride, and then berself to escape punishment. Herbert did not live long after that, his life was a blank and he went around with no pur-pose in life and only desiring to die, and soon hearing of a war in Italy he went of, joined the

hearing of a war in Italy he went off, joined the Italians and was stain valiantly.

The eastle was for a long time uninhabited, people being affald of ghosts which they avowed they saw on dark stormy nights, a bountful knight and his hely pursued by a pack of furiestend by a fair-baired village maden holding an antique little vial tight in her hands.

At last the furniture was sold off, we flowers being hastly thrown into the drawer of a dresting table; but somehow or other ill fortune size table; but somehow or other ill fortune.

sing table; but somehow or other III fortune seemed to come wherever we went, the people of the house saw ghosts, and finally the dressing table was moved into this dark unoccupied table was moved into this dark inneceipted room, where we lay a long time undisturbed in the drawer, till one day a man belier than all the rest, bought the house which for ten years had been empty, filled it up and lived here. One night in looking for something which he had mislaid, he came into this room, with a wax candle in his hands, he had almost forgotten this room. It had been so long unused, and opening candle in his bands, he had almost foraciten this room, it had been so long unused, and opening the drawer where we lay, he took us out and laid us on the table, saying "why what a queer smelling bouquet, I never saw It before, where did it come from ?" when suddenly the wind shricking through the cracks, blywout his light and left him alone in the dack, but he rushed out slamming the door behind him and the next day, he had the door bearded up, and painted over, so that no one would know that this was a room, from the hall outside, and here we have room, from the hull outside, and here we have hin twenty years unlisturise I amid the dark-ness and dirt. Once a day we see the sun, hu he is of no use to us now, only to show us our ugliness, though we were beautiful once, but the pule moon makes us hock pure and white by her clear light and we love her for it. Here we have been and here will we remain for years perhaps till some one tears down this fine old house, to make room for a magnificent store, there we will be discovered perhaps, and thrown contemptuously uside, yet we have seen strange dghts, yet we were beautiful once, and fragrant. how fragrant, and we loved the fair Amina

ICE-MAKING IN THE TROPICS.

The natives commence their preparations by marking out a rectangular piece of ground, 120 marking out a rectangular piece of ground, 129 feet long by 20 broad, in an easterly and westerly direction, from which the soil is removed to the depth of two feet. Tids excevation is smoothed, and is allowed to remain exposed to the sure for dry, when Exzery with lond showers is hidd in an oblique direction it; the holion, with losse straw upon the top, to we depth of a foot and a half, heaving its surface half a foot below that of the ground. Numerous bels of this kind are formed, with narrow pathways between them, in which leave carther last of having water noise to fill the staff of unglazed earthern vessels in which it is to be frozen. These dishes are nine inches in the core in the foot and three-tenths of an inch in thickness, and three-tenths of an inch in thickness, and are so porous as to become moist throughout when water is put into them.

There the day, the longs straw in the bods.

out when water is put into them.

Turing the day the loose straw in the beds above the sheaves is occasionally turned up, so that the whole may be kept dry, and the water Jugs between the beds are filled with soft, pure water from the neighboring pools. Towards evening, the shallow dishes are arranged in rows evening, the shallow dishes are arranged in rows upon the straw; and, by means of small earther pots ited to the extremities of long bamboo rods, each is allied about a third with water. The quantity, however, varies according to the expectation of lee—which is known by the clearness of the sky, and the steadiness with the other.

You can guess the resulf, in the course of the sharp prow with the other. which the wind blows from the north-north-west. When favorable, about eight ounces of water is put into each dish, and when less is expected, from two to four ounces is the usual quantity; but, in all cases, more water is put into the dishes nearest, the western end of the heds, as the sun first talls on that part, and the lee is thus more easily removed, from its solu-

tion being quicker,
There are about 4,590 plates in each of the beds hast made, and, if we allow five ounces for each dish, which presents a surface of about four inches square, there will be an aggregate of done 220 callons and a surface of about 1,520

square feet of water in each bed. In the cold season, when the temperature of the nir at the Ice-fields is under 50 deg. Pahrenheit and there are gentle airs from the northern and western direction, ice forms in the course of the night in each of the shallow dishes. Persons are stationed to observe when a small when the contents of several are mixed together and thrown over the other dishes. This operaion increases the congenting process; as a state (of calminess has been discovered by the natives to diminish the quantity of ice produced. When the sky is quite clear, with gentle, steady airs from the northwest, which proceed from the hills of considerable elevation near libeerboom. about 100 miles from Hooghly, the freezing commonees before or about midnight, and contimes to advance until morning, when the thickest ice is formed. I have seen it seven-tentlis of an inch in thickness, and in a few ery favorable nights, the whole of the water is frozen, when it is called by the natives, solid ice. When it commences to congent, between two and three o'cock in the morning, thinner ice is expected called paper ice; and, when about four or five o'clock in the morning, the thinnest ice is obtained, called flower ice.

Upwards of 250 persons of all ages are actively employed in scenring the lee for some hours every morning that lee is procured, and this forms one of the most animated scenes to be witnessed in Bengal. In a favorable night, upard of ten bundred weight of ice will be tained from one bed, and, from twenty beds,

or west. In the latter case, more latitude is alor west. In the interference in the tenth where his beened was beginning to excite wonder.

List forme, all of ye," cried he passionately a crued deed has been perpetrated, my bride is deed, polsoned by a bounded given to her at the church."

On west. In the interference, interference is the influence of the direction. So great is the influence of the direction of the wind on the ice that, when it charges incomplete direction, the change hot may be present formation of more ice, but illustrate the present of the wind on the ice that, when it charges in course of a night from north-northwest to a less favorable direction, the change hot only prevents formation of more ice, but dissolves what may have been formed. On such occasions, a mist is seen hovering over the teo-beds from the moisture over them, and the quantity condensed by the cold wind. A mist in like manner forms over deep tanks during favorable nights for making fee.

POKING FUN AT A RAILROAD.

Mr. Derrick Dodd writes as follows to the Washngton Capitol about the branch railroad between

Instruct apirol about the branch ratiroad netween Baltimore and the Capitol.

But about this railroad. Of course I want it abolished, every one does. The reckless velocity with which the trains are run between here and

Baltimore is absolutely frightful.

I was delighted years ago when this road was established, because I thought we had got rid of

ostabished, because I thought we had got rid of the old rickety and dangerously fast stage coaches, but the speed they are beginning to run the trains on this road is worse yet. Now, every one knows that lialtimore is forty miles from Washington if it is an inch, and three days and a half is plenty quick enough for the trip, but the managers have already reduced the schedule time to three days and four hours, and what with, making the mediantly. and what with making the engine fires too hot, and racing with cows along the road, and all that, the conductors are even cutting that time

Why it was only the other day, on the down trip, we happened to spy old Starm's male about two falles out of town. What should the reck. less wrotch of an engineer do but clap on full steam and race every foot of the way into the district. We didn't exactly pass the mule, but we caught up with him twice, and came into the depot neck and neck, and which was putting the most, the mule or the engine, you couldn't have told to save your life.

Now it was all very exciting and all that, I know, but I hadn't purchased an accident teletot, and I don't believe the other four passengers had other. This is all wrong, Mr. Edisoners had other. tor, all wrong,

And then on another occasion, I remember, we came within a hair's breadth of having a very serious accident. The engineer had gotten off to snow-ball a chipmunk, and the conductor was minding a young widow's baby for her—the result was that the train happened to get on a

down grade and was started off at a terrible rate, every bit of four infles an hour, I should think. We were just half a mile above the Annapolis junction, and the first thing we knew — there being no one to whistle and make up the switch tender—we were turned off into the Annapolis

With great presence of mind a minister on

dred papers and a hair multress — under her arm, the bereine marched through the car. We followed her anxiously. She climbed up on the lender and then over

afternoon the collision came off. Protected by the bustle the engine received a gentle bump, and we were specific to give the diet the decreal bukiness. and we were saved. I took up a collection for woman on the spot. I always take up a collection on such occusions - always, what's more, I never forget to give the object There is nothing mean about me, I suppose you have noticed any clothes?

MISCELLANEOUS TTEMS.

The total corn crop of the United States for 1871 was, L100,000,000 bashels. A \$5,000,000 tunnel is to be constructed under the Mississippi, at Memphis.

STRAMBERRUS measuring six inches around the waist are grown down South.

The new theatre now building at Milan is to be a superb affair, and capable of scating 6,000 people. The white flag of innocence waves over the prison f Montiers, Switzerland, to indicate no criminals

The recent increase in the San Francisco tea trade with Jupan is somewhat remarkable. Last year it with Japan is somewhat remarkable. Last year it amounted to 1,700,000 pounds; this year to 15,000,000

Pomanta the longest bridge in the world is on the Mobile and Montgomery Rudroad, between Texas Station and Mobile. It rests on iron cylinders, has ten draws, and is 5 miles in length.

ten waws, and is to mites in length.

The first immigrant from Greenland ever known, reached New York from Halifax last week. The climate being to him oppressive, he informed a Scandinavian acquaintance that he should go back at the first chance.

A Member. Conn. Ind a few days ago was brought before a court for truancy and other boyish misbe-havior, and when asked the reason for his conduct, replied. "I've got a step-mother." The court held it he a valid defense, and let him go.

Among passengers carried on railways there are killed or injured, in Great Britain, I in 439,000; in Massachutetts, I in 475,000; in Belgium, I in 1500,-(80); in Prussia, I in 3,000,000; and, in France, in 4,000,000.

4,000,000.

Photography and Wan.—One omeo weight of colladion sheet is capable of containing about 2,800,-(00) microscopic messages of twenty words each. This gives 55,000,000 of words per onnee, or about seventy times the letter-press contained in the Holy Bible.

door and seeing no one advanced to the middle of the room and there beheld her laying cold and white on the flower three beheld her laying cold and white on the flower three beheld her laying cold and white on the flower three beheld her laying cold and white on the flower three black as a pall, and emitting a strong poisonous odor.

"On Gertrade," mounced Herbert "who could have done this, Oh Amina, 'tis you, who in your cruel Jealousy have done this wicked deed, but my love for you is changed to hate and I shall have my revenge," so laying her gently on the

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Steer's does not consist in not making blunders, but in never making them the second time.

Ir you expect good cattle, look first at the caives; if you wish good men, look carefully after the children.

There is a certain softness of manner which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The first qualities wanted in all who deal with the education of children—parience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to heest of his brightness, nor the moon of her eifnigence.

TO BE PITED.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despiced. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone, and cats a substance he does not earn.

HAPPINESS.-A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thitched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sumy. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato garden or a flower patch.

The most long-lived planes are not those which grow the fastest. So it is with friend-hip that is commonly the most fru and durable which grows up but slowly; while that which is hastily contracted is most liable to be dissolved.

A MAN without assurance is liable to be a ade un-case by the folly or all nature of every one he con-years with: a man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and vertue; a modest assurance is the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

Avamer has been termed "the vice of little minds," And so it is in the sense in which that is generally understood. But, though the vice of a fittle mind, it is by no means a little vice, but one of the largest, as it is in-attable in its desires and unlimited in its crayings.

He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue en its place; otherwise he will have his labour to renew. A strong soil that has produced weeds may be made to produce when with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

Ir ig unnecessary, for two reasons, to undertake to treatmneressity, for two reasons, to undertaky for describe the great hap, ances of marriage: first, be-cause it would be superduous to those who are not in the enjoyment of its blessings; and secondly, be-cause it would be impossible to those who are not. It cannot be denied, however, that marriage is sometimes a reversel fever and ague; the heat coming first, and the chills last.

HAPPINES depends mainly on the culture of the mind and the heart; on the facinful performance of the duty, in secret as well as onemly, and I represely and alloquy, as when cheere I by words of encouragement or applicate. If depends on courage rosinstain us through the trials of this life, and the hejos that extends to another. It depends on the lowe and comblemee of kindred, and Triends, and acquaint-ances.

being no one to whistle and make up the switch lenders we were turned off into the Amapolis road and went down the wrong track at the full speed. Imagine our consternation, when just at this moment we heard the whistle, not had a mile ahead of us, of the Amapolis up train.

We were paralyzed with terror. Here were two trains on the same track approaching each other at the dizzy speed just mentioned. Exidently our time bad come 11 m few short hours the engines would meet, and then — destruction!

With great presence of mind a polatical organized organized or mind a polatical organized organized or mind a polatical organized organized or mind a polatical organized organ

The Rest Lynamics. The learning which under its acquainted with ourselves, with the faculties of the mind, with divine traft, which is plainly revealed, with the power on the mind and heart, with the concatenations of cause and edect, and to understand our every-day duty, which grows out of our wants and the wants of those about us, is learning of a botter quality than that which only combles as lowelf things by different names, without giving us a knowledge of their qualities either for good or cyfl.

FARM ITEMS.

Everybody wept. From the rear plotform, we could see the inherable engineer straining every nerve to catch up, but he had tlight boots on and didn't gain anything to speak of.

At this moment a ray of hope dawned upon us. I had just finished writing my will cut the back of a visiting card, when I observed a young lacky in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing ady in the act of detaching her bustle. Placing the article—which was composed of eight hundred papers and a hair mattress—under her lacky on the loy and continue to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore, the lacky were, men were inclined to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore is a poore of the second to almost And the boys and the worse flee man. The poore of the poore of the second to almost a man the most disappear an

dred papers and a bair multress — under her arm, the beroide marched through the ear.

We followed her unxiously.

She climbed up on the lender and then over the engine. It was very interesting and thribling to see her climbing over the whoels and brais things on her way to the cow-catcher. It committed me of a country girlgetting over a wire fence. But never mind about that now. Led me see where I was. Oh! yes; on the cow-catcher. Holding on by the cross bars without hand, the noble mailen tied the bustle on the sharp prow with the other.

You can guess the resulf. In the course of the

help to give the det the desired bulkiness.

Why Annala Nith Sala, "Prof. James II, Johnson of Scotland, says that ledf the saline matter of the blood (5) per cent.) consists of common salt, and as this is partly dissolved every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity for continued supplies of it to the healthy body is sufficiently obvious. The hile also contains sold code of the ingredients of salt) as a special and in ispensable a naturent, and so do all the cartifages of the body. Sint the supply of salt, and neither will the bide be able properly to assest digestion, for the cartifages to be built up ugain as fast as they naturally waste. It is better to place salt where the stock can have reaccess to it than togive it even stock up and quantages to it than togive it even stock in such quantages. built up again as first as grey naturely waster. If is better to place sail where the stock can have free access to it than togive it occasionally in small quan-tries. They will help themselves to what they meet, if allowed to do so at pleasure, otherwise when they become sail hungry, they may take more than is whelesome.

Home Man Grava, A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph writes how to make guano; From time to time, as there are any bones to dispose of. I take them to my hear-home, buy them on a flat stone and with an old axe boars them up him and let the hear eart them. In the hen focus under the roost there is a tight floor, and ever this floor I spread day fine earth or takek, not crassonally as the manure accumulates more earth; so great dover it. When I wish to clean the manure the contents are showled over and mixed together, and it is then in a shape that it can be used at any time or place. My practice is to clean out spring and fall, and by laving a supply of dirt to use when wanted. I manufacture and save with very little labor or expense a very valuable fertilizer—the gamity depending on the number of nems kept; but the amount of manure when can be made from least in this way is much larger to an one would appear who has acver practised it, and the value of twhen carefully saved and applied to the cultivation of crops is probably more in proportion to the cast of keeping than that of any other kind of stock kept on the farm.

A troop Meduler.—The sale of Mr. Fellows' C, inpound Syrup of dypophe philic has been quadrapled
within a year or so. It is really a good medicine,
well adapted to build up the systemant i meart vigor
of hody and mind. It is recommended by our beet
Physicians, and we are glad for the sake of the public
as well as of the manufacturer, who is one of our
best Chemists, that Mr. Fellows' Compound Syrup of
Hypophosphites are in such demands on all parts of
the Dominion. Owing to head obstructions they canmot be sold in the Unifed States, whose pattern-medicine-affliered cirizens are thus deprived of the advantage of asing a really good invigorating medicine.

—St. John, A. B. Jourgad, Ath Dec., 1868.

If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly deaned and trimmed go to 666 Craig Street and have them done at once by 4. E. Siegars successors to G. W. Ketchum.

Boston contains 27,457 dwelling houses, 75 hotels and 107 public school-houses.





The Pearthstone.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Pre-

sentation Plate. For \$3.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record. For \$10.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872,

For \$10.00; a copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates.

For \$20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.

For \$10.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.

For \$15.00: 3 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872, 6 Presentation Plates and 6 Fundly Records.

For \$30.00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Fundly

1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family For \$60,001: 25 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 25 Presentation Plates and 25 Family

Every body sending a clab of 5 will also recoive one copy of the Family Record.

Let each Subscriber send us at least a club of

5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate oung Ladies! young men! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket \$8.00 for your trouble.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS

ss, George E. Desbarats,

No. 27.

CONTENTS. STORIES.

COL. BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT .-- By Miss M E. Braddon, Chap, I. BROOKDALE, By Ernest Brent, Chaps. XX., XXI. To the Bitter End. By Miss. M. E. Braddon

Chap, XXIV. In After-Years. By Mrs. Alexander Ross Chaps. XV., XVI.

THE STORY OF A BOUQUET. By Caleb Burt. EDITORIALS.

Wanted.

Our Prize Stories.
The Great Jubilee

OBIGINAL ARTICLES.
Strolling Around. By a Quiet Stroller. The Art of Gambling.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

Summer Drinks.—A Terrible Country.—Ice-making in the Tropies.—Poking Fun at a lknilroad.—A Curate's Troubles. Colburn's New Monthly Mag. 2.ne.—Nothing to do.— Hunger.—Sowing Grass Alone.—The Value of a Newspaper.—A Secret for Women.—Dickens' Works.

A Prayer for the Dominion. By H. Patterson. -Put Down the Brakes.-The Martyred Nose,-There is no Death. By Lord

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. FARM ITEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

WIT AND HUMOR. LITERARY ITEMS, HEARTHSTONE SPHINK.

WANTED!!

\$1,275 REWARD.

TO THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN

CANADA.

We want to become acquainted with you! We want to unearth the hidden talent, now buried in our cities and hamlets, inland farms and seaside dwellings, primeval forests and sterm-tossed burks.

We crave narratives, novels, sketches pennod by vigorous Canadian hands, welling out from fresh and fertile Canadian brains, thrilling with the adventures by sea and land, of Canadian heroes; redolent with the perfume of Canadian fields and forests, soft as our sunshine, noble as our landscapes, grand as our inland seas and foam-girt shores,

What inexhaustible fields in the realms of fact and fancy lie open to your industry and genius, women and men of Canada ! What Why then do we see so little worthy of note brought forth in literature by our countrymen and countrywomen? Merely for want of material support and encoungement! That is all,

Now we open a tournament to native talent, and invite all to enter the lists. We ask for novels and stories founces on Canadian history, experience and incident-illustrative of polite enough, or enterprising enough to invite back wood life, fishing, lumoring, farming; taking the render through on, industrious cities, floating palaces, steam-driven factories, ship-building yards, lumbering shauties, fishing smacks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories:

| lst prize. 2nd prize. For a story of 100 cols......\$500 | \$300

one number, \$50 for the best, \$25 for the next

We want to have an esscritially Canadian paper, and gradually to dispense with selections and foreign contributions, &c.

Stories will be received until the first of October, when the selections will be made and the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forward-

Send along your manuscript now as soon as you plense,

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have received several letters with reference to the prizes offered by us for original stories, asking various questions which we will endeavour to generalize, and answer as follows:

1st. A story will do with the scenes laid partly in Canada and partly in another country; but the choice will be given to a purely Canadian story ; the more Canadian it is in plot, incident and feeling, the more likely it is to be

2nd. By "native talent" we do mean to exclude all but born Canadians; any resident of Canada is cligible to compete, and the subject of birth or nationality will not be taken into consideration at all as long as the writer is a resident of Canada.

3rd. We do not consider the time at all too short; three months is ample time in which to write stories of the lengths we require.

4th. Stories not gaining prizes, but which are still interesting and worthy of publication, may possibly be desired by us for future use, in such cases we will communicate with the

5th, Some of our correspondents seem to have forgotten the rule "write only on one side of your paper," please observe it in sending

THE GREAT JUBILEE.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore's great " Peace Jubilee" is nearly over, the big Coliseum, built expressly for the occasion, has been visited by tens and hundreds of thousands; the English band; the French band; the Austrian band have all tooted in turn; the big organ has been played into a state of chronic influenza, the cannons have banged until there is scarcely a single bang left in them, and " all the bells of Boston" have been rung until it is doubtful whether there is sound enough left in them to call the people to church on Sunday; the "twenty thousand chorus" has sung and the " orchestra of two thousand" has played together, and the curtain is about to drop on the "great musical event" of the age, and perhaps it would be as well to ask whether the "great musical event" is likely to have any permanent effect for good on the science of music? We think not ; noise does not make music ; cannon and bells do not insure harmony, and " one hundred anvils" are by no means conducive to melody. As a confused agglomeration of sound the Boston Jubilee has been undoubtedly a great success; as affording an opportunity for the people of this continent to hear the best military bands in the world it has certainly been all that could be desired; as a financial speculation it has paid; but as to any effect it might have been supposed to exercise on creating a taste for choral singing or for large orchestral combinations, it is without doubt a failure. The __it is a common fallacy that it is a very easy thing to break the bank, but actual practice "grand choruses" have been for the most part noise, and nothing more; the theatrical effect given by the firing of cannon &c. has tickled the vulgar car and made the crowd think it was very fine; but the few who looked for something more than mere noise were disappointed, and the pure genuine musical effect of the Jubilee will be very small. Boston has had a reason that It has become so popular on the Continent; everybody thinks they can learn it in an hour, and in less than two days they have it, but the musical world will receive little, if any, permanent advantage from the Grand Jubilee. The military bands have added somebilee. The military bands have added somebilee. The military bands have added somebilee. what to their reputation, noticeably the band of the Grenndier Guards which has undoubtedly borne off the palm, and has won golden opinions from all who heard it; and in this connection we might say that it appears strange to us that no short was made to induce the Grenadier band to visit Montreal, before returning to England. There could surely have been no difficulty in obtaining permission for the band to visit one of Her Majesty's most imoceans of romance! What worlds of poesy! portant Colonies, and the people generally would have been only too glad to welcome the first military band in the world; but, somehow no effort was made to induce them to visit us and we shall have the miserable satisfaction of knowing that the most perfect military band in existence was within one day's travel of us, willing, no doubt, to visit us, and we were not

For the Bearthstone.

STROLLING AROUND. SKETCHES HERE AND THERE.

BY A QUIET STROLLER.

STROLL 3 .- THE ART OF GAMBLING.

Persons who live on this side of the Atlantic and who have never braved sen-sickness and all the other dangers of the son, really know little about the art of gambling. Quiet Stroller, who thought he knew a thing of two-but found out that he didn't know so much two—bit found out that he didn't know so much as he thought he did,—braved the dangers of the sea, and strolled about on "the other side of the herring pond" during the summer of '70. Amongst other places he strolled around was Baden-Baden, the capital of the Duchy of Baden Seath Corners of the Baden for the Baden in South Germany, at the entrance of the Black Forest, and the best known gambling place in the workl. Barlen is one of the most beautiful places this Quiet Stroller ever saw. It is well laid out, nicely built, splendidly fenced in with and out, nicely built, spiendidly lended in with grand old bills, covered with magnificent trees, and affords some wonderfully picturesque views. The "Lichtenthal Allee," which leads from Baden to the village of Lichtenthal, about a mile and a half distant, is one of the most beau-tiful drives in the world; it is, in fact, one long and perfect arbor, the trees on each side of the way hanging over and completely shading the way banging over and completely shading the entire drive; and through the trees beautiful bits of mountain scenery can be seen as you are rapkily driven along in a comfortable carringe, for which you are not required to pay more than double fare. The buildings about Baden are very good, more especially the "Conversationshaus"—so called, I suppose, because no one speaks about there,—and the "Trink-halle," evidently so named because there the "waters" for which Baden is famous are dispensed, red hot, to all who are willing to drink the nasty staff. The Quiet Stroller took one gulp; fortunately the roof of his mouth and his tongue were not seriously scalded, and he is thankful to say that he spit it out without swallowing any of it, but the unpleasantness of the sensa-tion is still vividly impressed on his memory. The Trinkhalle and the Conversationshaus are the two great features of Baden, but the Conver-sationshins is the greatest, in fact it is the heart of Baden, for it is there that the gambling

takes place.
Gambling is the life and soul of Baden; it is all well enough for people to say they go there for the waters—a few do, and I hope they like it.—but nine out of every ten of the visitors to Baden would not go there were it not for the trente-ct-quarante and routette tables: they don't go there on purpose to bet; oh dear no! Not a bit of it! Tacy simply want to see how it is done; and very few people leave Baden without being perfectly convinced that they have seen quite enough and know just exactly how it is done. This Quiet Stroller thinks he knows all about it, and has no desire for currier inforall about it, and has no desire for further infor-

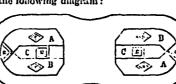
an about it, and has no desire for further infor-mation on the same subject.

The art of gambling is brought to perfection at the German watering places, and assumes an amount of dignity and importance which we on this side of the Atlantic can scarcely under-stand. Decorum is the first order of the saloon at Baden.—I will stick to Baden, as it is in some measure the representative place and best known, although not so much frequented by gambiers as Homburg. At Baden you can stamble over the Dowager Queen of Prussia without rebake—ids unfortunate Quiet Stroller did it without having the most distant-lides that he had done anything more than eatch his foot in the dress of a very pleasant looking old lady while struggling for a sent in the Opera House—but you must take off your int when entering the august presence of the gambling king, and you must not carry in a stick or umbrella for fear you might be tempted to give his majesty a clip over the head if your losses were too severe. Gambling is the mainstay of Baden; from it the Grand Duke derives the bulk of his revenue; on it the whole trade and prosperity of the place depends, and I am afraid that if Emperor William persists in his deter-mination not to renew the license of gambling, laden will suddenly collapse, as will also Hom-

ourg, Ems. &c. Trente et quarrate is a game peculiar to the gambling towns of Europe and is scarcely known or understood on this side of the Atlantic; it is played in this wise: the table is a long, narrow me covered with green buize; in the centre of the table sit four croupiers, two on each side, and before them is piled up about two hundred and fifty thousand france in gold, silver and notes (\$50,000), which forms the capital of the bank, and which they will lose before breaking shows that it is very hard, and very seldom oc-eurs;—at each end of the table sits another crompler, whose duties are almost ontirely fined to pushing, with long rakes, the which are lost within reach of the crouplers in the centre, who take all the winnings and pay all the losses. Trente et quarante is of nec a "square" game; it is impossible for the bank to cheat at it, and that is probably the principal

Perhaps it would be as well if this Onict Stroller told you how the game is played? I will do it. The game is played with six full packs of cards which are shuffled together by the crou piers, each croupler having a shuffle, and are then cut by as many of the betters as please; the cards are then placed in a heap in front of one croupler, who deals, and the game is ready for commencement.

How the game is played can best be explained by the following diagram:



A.A. represents the "red" parts of the table where you place your money if you want to bet that red will wan.

B. B. represents the "black" where you depo sit your stakes if you have confidence in "the power of darkness to win.

C. C. stands for color, and you can bet that

the first card turned by this dealer is of the winning color. The two triangular spaces each and as for heoleter If you desire to bet that the first and turned is of the losing color. E. E. represents the prisons of which I shall

say something more by and by.
When the bets are all made the denier takes up a hundrid of cards and begins dealing from left to right, notil the spots on the cards added together make more than thirty and not more than forty, the first flue is for black, and I will suppose the cards to run as follows: a queen, a

The next line is for red; suppose the red line to consist of an ace, a ten, a four, a tiree, a ten, a six.—34. Red wins because it is nearer thirty one than black; if the first card turned—a queen —was black then "color" loses, if red color wins. All face cards count ten, and all others according to the spots on them; and one of the first things which will astonish a stranger is the rapidity with which the croupiers turn and count the cards; I have seen some pretty quick bank tellers counting rolls of bills of different denominations but never saw one who could approach a good croupier in rapidity of count, and they seldom make mistakes. The cards are left exposed on the table so that anyone may count them, but no one but the crouplers are allowed to louch them after donling has commenced. Should black and red each count the menced. Should black and red each count the same then the bank neither wins nor loses and the bets are decided by the next hand, except in the event of both being 31, in which event the stakes are "put in prison" and the next hand decides which stakes, are returned to the betters—the bank paying nothing on them—and which are won by the bank. This is the sale advantage the bank possesses and it is estimated that an "après" occurs about once in twenty hands inaking about two per cent in favor of the bank. I hope that by this time you will understand how treate et quarante is played and that you won't play it, or you may come to the same conclusion as an American friend of mine in Buden who explained it as "a very nice menced. Should black and red each count the mine in Baden who explained it as "a very nice

game, so much the more what you put down, so much the less what you take up." Roulette is not considered quite so distingué a game as trente et quarante, but as the odds are much heavier it is largely patronised by tourists much heavier it is largely patronised by tourists who want to bet a couple of sovereigns or so, "just to see how it's done you know;" they generally see. At matetic the table is the same shape as at trente et quarante, with the exception that in the centre is the routette wheel, and the cloth is divided into different compartments than at trente et quarante. The routette wheel is a dark wooden circular box with a superitheretor. smooth beveled edge sloping to the centre; in this is a second which which revolves and is divided into thirty-eight little spaces colored alternately red and black and numbered from 1 to 36. The two remaining compartments are marked O, colored one red, one black, and are marked O, colored one red, one black, and are called "zeros," probably because it freezes the blood of the players to see the little ball drop into one of them, as then the Bank wins and everybody else loses; a clear case of "heads I win, tails you lose,"

One of the crouplers sets the centre wheel revolving rapidly, and at the same "me starts a little lyory ball about the size of a small marble going round the outer edge, as soon as the speed slackes a little the ball falls into the centre wheel and after a little bobbing about fipartments; the wheel is then stopped, the number and color declared, and the bets woon or lost accordingly. The numbers are marked on the table in three rows of twelve each, No. 1 being in the upper left hand corner, No. 2 next, No. 3 next, No. 4 under No. 1, &c. If you win you are puld their wheel they always these when If you win you are paid thirty-live times what you staked, but you are not allowed to bet more than will enable you to win four thousand france on one chance. You can also beton each column of figures, or on color, or that the winning num-ber is odd or even, or that it is above or below 18; if you bet on a row of twelve figures you are paid double if you win, on the other chances are paid double if you win, on the other chances you are paid the amount of your bet. Realette is much more profitable to the bank than treate et quararie, and although the stakes are generally should be the commons. The hank is very liberal in the way of amusements for visitors, providing a band, which plays three times a day on the promenade, bringing good operatic and dramatic troupes from Paris, and giving weekly concerts and balls to which there is nominally a charge for admission, but a very large number of the tickets are sent to the difarge number of the tickets are sent to the different hotels to be distributed amongst the guests. The expenses of the bank are very heavy, but their profits are so much greater that they generally clear several millions of frances a year; the Buden Bank was said to have cleared fifteen millions of france (about \$2,750,000) during the season of '69, but that was probably an exaggeration. Playing at the tables is entirely confined to visitors, and a citi-zen of Baden found playing is liable to fine and imprisonment, and there are numerous gens d'armes constantly in attendance at the tables to arrest any adventurous Badentie who may want to "try his luck."

I had intended to tell you something more about this "home of gambling, but I have already spun out this article so much that I must stop, and perhaps some other time I will tell you something more about Baden.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

United States.—A large boiler in the Ohio Brush and Wire Works at Columbus, Ohio, exploded on the morning of 21st ult, killing and wounding 75 persons at work in that factory, 25 persons, it is reported, were killed instantly.—The City of San Francisco was terribly shaken on evening on 21st ult, by a tremendom explosion of 1.500 tons of nitro-giverine in the California powder works, a frame building near Lagum. Hoonda, about 14 miles from the city. Six buildings were wrecked; a hole one-half fost deep and 125 feet in circumference was made in the ground by the explosion. No person was injured.—The trade mark convention between the United States and the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been proclatined by the President, and will take effect on the 22nd July to continue is force for ten years.—A fire occurred in a drug store in liberty Street New York on 22nd ult, in the conrect of which an explosion took place severely injuring 22 freunen. It is not thought that any will die, but reveral are expected to lese their eyesight.—The Tribuse publishes statistics showing that over one million and a half of dollars have been lest in wages by the strikers so far.—A Washington despatch says the Spanish war vessels have received orders to seize and sink the American steamers.—Virginus" and "Edgar Stewart" whorever found outside of neutral ports. The instructions of the Spanish naval commander, it is said, admit of a wide construction, and they are liable to capture as soon as they are of the reach of the game of Venezuelan ports.—President Grant has received the degree L.L.D. of Harvard College.—A Washington despatch rays that in consequence of the game of Venezuelan ports,—President Grant has received the degree L.L.D. of Harvard College.—A Washington one 28th ult. Gilmore met them and took charge of the most favourable fall. It is thought that the yield will full 1.200,000 bates behind that of 1800.—John Avery, a murderer was executed at Harkensack, N. J., on 28th ult. Gilmore met them and took charge of them.—During the perf

CANADA.—Hon. Col. Grey has, it is stated, been appointed Chief Justice of Manitaba, and will start for that province shortly.——All the wholesale grocers of Toronto have determined on closing their eghblishments on Saturday alternoon during the summer

months.— The camp at Kingston is now fairly under way, and the grontest regularity prevails. The total anumber of mea in camp is 3.000, which is comiderably short of last year, though the battalions are more numerous.— The real race at Dishy is postponed from the 3rd to the loth of July, at the request of Fation's Triends.— The Band of the Gronadier Guards will probably visit Toronto before returning to England from the Boston Jubiles.— Earl Dufferin the new Governor General of Canada arrived at Quebec on 25th ult. per N.A. Pussian, and was at once sworn in, he proceeded at once to Ottawa via Montreal and thence to Ningara.— The annual excursion of the Untario Press Association will leare Toronto on July 6th for Fort Hope thence by the Maid and Italiway to Beaverton; then by one of A. P. Cockburn's boats round Lake Murkoka retarning to Toronto about the 16th inst.— The American schooner "James Bliss" was seized near Anticocti on the 3th ult. by the Dominion authorities for a violation of the fishery laws.— The extensive buildings and anothinery of the Albert Plaster Manufacturing Company at Hillsboro, N.B., were totally destroyed by fire on Thursday night. The loss is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. The amount insured is unknown. About one hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment.

and fifty men are thrown out of employment.

ENGLAND.—The sentence of death on Marguerite Dixblane, for murdering her mistress, has been commuted to penal servicude for life.—A Foreign correspondent says, an attempt was made on the night of the loth of June to blow up the statues of the Prince Consort and Lord Carliste, in Dublin.—A London special gives a review of the great strike of the London building trade, demonstrating that it is the result of twenty years of agitation. In 1858 a demand was made by the men for a reduction in the hours of labour from ten hours a day. In 1859 a memorial numerously signed was presented to the masters. A short struggle ensued, and the masters obtained the victory.—The Australian Cable authorities have had a break in their main cable between Java and Australia, just when land communication had been established.

Spans.—It is reported that the Spanish Ministry

cation had been established.

SPAIN.—It is reported that the Spanish Ministry have declared in favor of the separation of the Church and State in Spain.——The affair of Dr. Howard has at last been officially settled by Minister Sickles and Senor Martos, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The American Government waives the question of claim of Dr. Howard to American citizenship, and places its action upon the ground of friendly intercession in the dector's behalf for an amnesty to be granted by the Spanish Government.——In his manifesto issued lately, the Duc De Montpensier asserts the right to the Spanish throne of ex-Queen Isabella's son, Alphonso De Assis, Prince of Asturias, Montponier declares that when the proper moment arrives he will fearlessly defend and proudly serve the interests of Prince Alphonso.

MEXICU.—Satillo dates to the 18th all received and

the interests of Prince Alphonso.

Mexico.—Satillo dates to the ISth ult. received:—
Gen. Roscha, with three thousand government troops, had reached that place from Simoloa, uniting with tieneral Tuero and Colonel Lavello, and forming an army of five thousand men, to advance on Monterey, where Quiroga and Trevino, with the revolutionists, are entrenching themselves. The revolutionist forces are supposed not to exceed 4,00 men at Monterey, while the Government forces, under Generals Roscha and Cevallog, approaching from the opposite direction, will amount to about 8,000. A decisive conflict, is insulinent at Monterey, with the numerical strength largely on the side of the Government, under command of Gen. Rocha, a most enterprising and successful officer. cessful officer.

cessful officer.

Switzeraland.—The Board of Arbitration met on 28th ult, when its final decision was put on record, rejecting the claims of the United States for Indirect Claims, and likewise the demand of Great British for the protracted adjournment of the Tribunal. The next sitting will take place on July 15th, by which time Lord Tenterden will be able to have the argument on the part of Great Britain put in printed form. Count Sclopis, President of the Board, congratulated the Arbitrators on the wisdom and perseverance displayed in their deliberations.

perseverance displayed in their deliberations.

France.—The fourth of July was duly observed in Parts by a grand banquet by the resident Americans.

—It is stated that the negotiations for the complete evacuation of French territory by Prussian troops have been brought to a favorable conclusion.

—No appointment of a successor to Mr. Larcy, in the Minister of Public Works, has yet been made. The Minister of Commerce will also not as the Minister of Public Works until the vacancy is filled.

Graver.—The Greek Consul at New York has received a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, stating that the report of the sending of criminals from Greece to the United States is an odious and absurd falsehood.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July lays before its numerous readers a rich treasury of important, entertaining, and seasonable reading. The number opens with a very analysing narrative, by Miss Constance F, Woolson, of a lourney "In Soarch of the Picturesque," illustrated by Sol Eytinge. Miss Woolson lase contributes a beautiful poem. "Off Thunder Bay—a legend of Lake Huron. 1722." Under the title of "The City of the Saints," Lyman Abbott contributes a paper on ecclosiastical Rome, the illustrations of which—sixteen in number—represent the most picturesque places of modern Roman life. S. S. Conant contributes a brief but interesting history of the guillotine, from which it appears that this instrument was not invented by Dr. Guillotin. Three old engravings are reproduced, showing that it was in use in Germany in the sixteenth contury. The imper by Hiram Hitchcock, on "The Explorations of Di Cesnola in Cyprus," introduces American readers to the important and valuable discoveries of ancient monuments recently made by General Di Cesnola, who is himself an American citizen. Besides other excavations. Di Cesnola has opened more than 8000 ancient tombs, carrying on his investigations under a special firman from the Turkish Sultan: has defined the sites of the twelve ancient cities of Cyprus; has discovered the necropolis of the Phenician Idalium uncorneath that of Dall, and found the ancient temple of Venus at Golgos, for which French archeologists had southt in vain for weetle built of ancient of mine, carrying on his avertification under a special firming from the Turkish Sultan; has defined the sites of the twelve ancient cities of Cyprus; has discovered the necropolis of the Phenician Idalium uncerneath that of Dall, and found the ancient temple of Venus at Golgos, for which Fremeh archeologists had sought in vain for nearly half a century. In this temple he found a thousand startuce, one-third of them life size. "It is impossible," says Mr. Hitchcock, "to state, at the present writing, the number of articles in Di Cesnola's collection; but in August, 1870, when the representative of the Russian Loporial Museum examined it, there were about their at them and pieces, comprising many statues and statuettes, eighteen hundred lamps, live thousand their at them and pieces, comprising many statues and statuettes, eighteen hundred lamps, live thousand vases first discovered, eight hundred and sixty-nine are of different designs. The material expression of the faces in the collection is most remarkable. There are faces of luxary, powerty, stately dames, beautiful dames, old crones, men of action, men of mere words, cynical men, and bubble-blowing boys—faces one has known from childhood, and that he meets every day upon the street. But this wonderful collection is especially pre-eminent in that it illustrates the growth of ancient art more fully than any other. It therefore attracts great attention in Europe, where it is considered one of the most important discoveries of the centery; and the royal museums have sent their representatives to inspect it. In July, 1870, the Emperor Napoleon III., shuring the enthurmsm of the Parislan awants, authorized a liberal offer for it in bohalf of the Imperial Museum of the Lauvre, the expenses to be borne from his private purse; but when the receptance reneated Paris he as on percent, if it is bohalf to the imperial articles in Di Ce-mola's collection. A second installment is given of Emilie Castelar's romarsable mot brillian thistory of Republicanism in Europ





THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD LYTTON.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some lairer shore. And bright in Henven's jeweled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we trend Shall change beneath the summer showers, To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize, And feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait through wintry hours The coming of May day.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent trend, And bears our best-loved things away, And then we call them "dead!"

He leaves our hearths all desolate : He placks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adora immertal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones. Make glad these scenes of sm and strife, Sings now an everlasting zong. Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright. Or heart too pure for taint and vice, He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life, They leave us but to come again: With may we welcome them the same, Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us though unseen, The dear, immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life—there is no man!

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of Love's Redemption, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.-Continued.

Yes, it was James Hawkins. There was a stern smale on his dead flp, and an ugly mark on his broad low forchead. They had washed the smears from his face, and straightened out his broken limbs, and he lay there peaceful enough now, with one arm by his side, and the other doubled up across his powerful chest as if

still in pain.

He had taken his last odds, seen his last race, and reacised the winning-post a little before his gime. Ride fast or ride slow, lose or win, the great course must be covered by all in turn, for in the life race the whulhas-post is a gravestone, and the judge is always in walting.

"Yes, that is the man," said Engene, with kindy pity. "He made an appointment with me for this morning, and I am sorry that I did not do him hostice now. How is it, someone

not do him justice now. How is it supposed this happened to him?" "That's wint we want to find out," the in-spector said. "It would have been my duty to for he mentioned your name when he started yesterday evening."

"Yes."

"He only said that he had a little busines with you, sir," said the landhord, apolog-steally, "He said you were a gentleman that could he dead with, and he would give a bit to see you

have your own again."

"Did he say anything more?"

"No, sir; except that he had been served out in the moraling, but he did not say who by. He was not a man to let you know much." the was not a man to let you know inden."

"Could you throw any light upon it, sir?"
the inspector asked. "He was speaking to
Gibson haif an hour before it took place. Tell
the gentleman what you know, Gibson."

"Well, sir," said Gibson, "he spoke to me as
he went down the hill. He was going towards
the town them and we hast messed, for worst.

the town then, and we just passed a few words I gave him a warning about going too near the edge, and he laughed like, and said he knew the way; and he did, for I've seen him up and down often. He'd been gone about half an hom

-as near as possible half an hour."

He pulsed out a solid, old-tashioned silver watch, not unlike the handle of a door in size and shape, and looked at it to illustrate his share of the story. "It was twenty minutes past eight to a min-

ute then, and when I found him lying at the foot of the cill'it was five minutes to nine. I was about five minutes getting down to him after I heard him ery out, and that would make the half hour exact."

" Was he dead then?"
"No, sir. My mate had just come up, so I took the kintern and went down the path. It was a dack night, and I shouldn't have seen him, but I beard him groan fatherhee; and when I put the light to his face, I saw it was all over with him. I says to him, 'bid you fall?'
and he shook his poor head as well as he was
able. 'Somebody pushed you over?' I says again, and he moved his head so, trying to nod I'd got him propped up in my arms then, and i put my flask to his lips, but it didn't seem to go farther than his mouth. The couldn't swal-

"Poor fellow!" After a moment or so he seemed to get a little better, and tried to raise himself. mate had given the charm, and I heard the help coming, so I says to him, 'Cheer up, you'll be coming, so I says to him, 'Cheer up, you'll be all right presently.' Never,' says he, 'this

side of the post. He's got the pin, mind. It tore out with my scarf. I'm done for.""
"He did not say who did it?"
"No, sir. I asked him, and he tried to speak. He gave a kind of smile, and moved his head, as if shaking his fist at somebody. Then he says, that I did sell him after all,' and that, except two words he kept on repeating, was the mos: I could enteb."

most record caten,"

"Whith were the two words?"

"Poor Tiny!" over and over again he said
that—Poor Tiny!" and he died while we were
geting a hurdle ready to carry him off."

"Poor Tiny," said Eugene; "It was, perhaps,

a pet name for some one who loved him. It is sable that he may have been killed for the ake of that pin. I housed it when he came to

·· Did you, sir?" of It was a gold horse-shoe, rather thickly set with diamonds and green stones interspersed— a pla that you would not be likely to forget, if yon saw it once. He came to me at seven o'clock, and left at about eight. He may have been dogged by some trains who had seen him

The inspector negatived that. to We watch that class of gentry too closely," he said; "and in a dittle town like this they do not escape notice. It may be as you say, sir—it was done for the pin; but no tramp did it.

May I ask, sir, if you know or can think of anything likely to throw a light upon it?"
"No," said Eugene, slowly; "the business he

"No," said Eugene, slowry; "the ousness achad with one was of a purely private nature."
The inspector was about to put another question, when a waiter came up the stairs.

"If you please, sir," he said, "there is a gentleman below who wants to know if he may see

He finished the sentence by pointing to the

hed.
" Where is he from ?" "Brookdule, sir. When I told him Mr. Tem-ple was here, he said I was to say he was Mr.

"My cousin Everard," said Engene

Permission was given very freely then. Everard entered calm and stately as usual

and saluted his constrainment affectionately, "My dear Engene," he said, "I heard you were here. This is a said thing, Jeffreys," "Very," said the inspector, solemnly. "It's a mystery to me altogether."

Everard went to the bedside, and looked at Everard went to the bedside, and looked at the dead man in thoughtful shence.

"A powerful man," he said at length, "I should think he died hard. It was just beyond the caves where he fell, was it not?"

"Higher up than that," replied Jeffreys, "It was a hundred and saventy feet from the top of the chiff to the beach; but he did not fail, sir."

"Dld not fall?"

"No, sir; he was thrown over and robbed,"
"Indeed! but hew could you know that ?"
"He said so himself."

scene that had just passed lent a dignity, a deseeme that man just jussed lent a dightity, a de-cision, to Engencis manner when they parted at the door. He gave Everard his hand with li-concealed reluctance, "I not as sorry for the peor fellow as you can be," Mr. Granticy saal; "it is a very strange

occurrence.' " Very."

"You say be came to you in the evening," Everard went on, without noticing his consta's dry, heconic tone, "Had you ever seen him before?" " Never. He was to have come to me this o sever. He was to have come to me this morning concerning a marter mount which I am not disposed to talk just now. If you can spare mean hour later in the day, or, better still, to-morrow morning, we will discuss it."

• Why the morning in preference to to-

night?" "At is six miles' fourney over a lonely road, and there will be no moon," said Engene, quiet-ly, " and I should not like a similar accident to

occur to me." Grantley looked at him cariously and stead-fiestly, as it he thought the words were intended to have an unpleasan, significance: but En-genc's ligentous countenance was unconcern

itself—the unplensant significance, if any, was of Everard's own attaching, —the the morning, or any time," he said, with a smile, "I wish I know how to make you believe what a welcome awaits you. I do not really think you are justified in smalling so upon your dignity. Edward is a generous follow, and longs to make friends with you and Julia."

"On that question you open a terrible line of thought. Who had most interest in his death? No ordinary trainip or desperado would hannt a binely place like the cliff at nightfall, in expec-tation of meeting any one worth plundering; and then, poor Hawkins was not the kind of man the most desperate featural would care to and then, poor flawkins was not the kind of man the most desperate footpad would care to attack single-handed. Again, his wounds were in the front. Thieves are cowards always, and never face their men if they can help it." • Perhaps there was more than one?" Eugene shook his head. • Was he robbed of anything?" • The horsesshoe in which he safetyes given

The horse-shoe pin, which he said was given to him at Brookdale, but that must have come away in the struggle. There was no intention

"You have some suspicion, Engene?" of laye, it will be more taugible to-morrow, when I have seen our newly-discovered relative and his friends. I want to see what kind of a man this George Darrill is she who went out with his stepson, and brought back Idward banvers Temple."

And that, it was clear, was where Eugene's

suspicious rested. In the picture he drew of Ada's wretched slave he saw a gentlemantly villain, full of nerve and time physical power the man who could grasp the details of a deep

deliberate plot, and go through his foul work to
the bitter end, undeterred by remorse or fear,
e Shall we write to Laurence?" asked Julia
e Not yet, dear. Wait till I have been to
Brookdale; then, if my suspicion is strengthened by what I see, I will go to London to consult
with ham, I have such a dread of another

which led to Brookdale with a manifer and firmer step than she was accustomed to see. Still she could not help thinking how little at

Still she could not help thinking how little at her fair young brother was to face the great Rabylon in search of work.

Her last words should have been a caution to him to be cateful how he dealt with the man he suspected; but Eugene was proud, and took advice impatiently. He was brave, too, after the manner of his race, and to tell him to beware of danger was to send him headlong into it.

It.

When Eugene reached the house, he was received by Margaret. She did the honour of the place as in his day. There was something inexplicable in her greeting of him a tinge of sadness, of tenderness, pity he scarcely knew what; but the strong clasp of her arm found his neck, and her long, loving Kiss made him look at her in surprise.

He did not infecential either—she was his senior by many years, and to her he seemed but a hoy still. He was surprised, because sine was generally reserved, rarely demonstrative.

but a boy still. He was surprised, because sine was generally reserved, rarely demonstrative, a Everard told me you were coming," she said, cand I was glad you had broken your un-kind resolution. It will be the first of many,

o Visit, you were about to say," he said, looking round the room with a half-sad sight of do not think so. Margaret. I can bear to look on Broodwhile from a distance, and remember it was mine; but I could not bear to come here, and have to remember it is more no lon-

Miss Grantley sighed too, and pressed his hand. There was a woman's gendine sym-pathy, and something more, in that pressure,

They had a little conversation concerning the new lumates, and Margaret praised Edward Temple, as her brother had done, but not with so much fervoir.

so much fervoir.

Everard came in presently, bringing Edward with him. Margaret watched the two young men enriously, as they stood free to face. They were alike, but certainly with a difference similar in height, similar in tigure, and the resemblance could be traced in them, feature by feature; but the culture of a Crichton, and the worth of Wides goods are the resemble of Wides goods are wealth of Midas, could not have given to Edward Danvers Temple the case of high-heed statelines which made Engene strike every sense at once with the impression that ne was a pure and perfect gentleman.

a pine and perfect genicinan.

Mr. Grantley introduced them with a bow, 4t,
was characteristic of his own long grace that
the dispensed with the commonplace formalities in presenting to each other two young men who knew each other so well by repute. He led Edward to Eugene, and sald, samply of knew you will be friends."

o I know you will be friends,"
o If my good wishes are enough for both,"
said Edward, owe are friends already."

He held out his hand frankly. There was no
resisting this. Engene never took his suspiccious with him but the presence of the person
he suspected. He never saw the character of
friend or enemy closely while enemy or friend
was with him. His instinct told him what
they were when he thought of them in solitude,
hi their presence he was governed by the impulse of the moment, or else he blinded the
truths of instinct with the sophistry of reason,
of an sorry now," he said, taking the other's
hand, othat we have not met before."
Eyerard flashed an almost imperceptible

Everard flashed an almost imperceptible sinde at his sister. Margaret turned away with

a sign.

"I am so glad you have come," said Edward,
wringing his hand warmly, "that I scarcely
know what to say. I had almost arranged a know what to say. I had almost arranged a speech to receive you with; but that is gone to the winds now. I have not had the benefit of such culture as yours, you see, Cousia Engene, and I should get on awkwardly enough if it were not for Mr. Grantley and Miss Grantley."

"You will seem more at home," said Engene, kindly, "when you are accustomed to our English habits. I daresay they seem formal and cold to you."

"I shall never feel at home here," said Edward, "until you return and let me be your guest. That was my wish from the first. I never wanted you to resign Brookdale to me.

of the truth of the story poor Hawkins told us hinges on one thing," he said, cand that is direct proof that the young man known as Theodore really died; but has alight's work makes me think he told the truth, and this man Darrill, the husband of the wretched woman Uncle Clarence married, waylaid and killed him, to casure his silence."

That was my wish from the first, I never wanted you to resign brookdale to me, I said, (No; in y constitue) as English gentleman, and he will not refuse me a welcome and a small slerre of barrill, the husband of the wretched woman Uncle Clarence married, waylaid and killed him, to casure his silence."

This was noble. It hearly brought tears to Eugene's eyes—the sentiment was so entirely like his own. Had the dead Mr. Hawkits stepped into the room, and repeated his story with the soleanity of the grave upon him to attest its truth. Eugene would rather have believed him a lost spirit, moved by the Evil time than doubted the good fulth of his consin Edward

"Forgive me," said Eugene, "I have wronged you; but I could not help some surrow of and I am very proud

"So an I; but had you not come, my pride would not have kept me from conting to the cottage, and risking a reception. In fact, you made me so interable by staying away that 1 told Grantley I should give Brookdale go back to America, for, after all, it belongs to you more time to me. My father had the money ting you father would have had. Your father had the estate that my father would have had. I am by no means certain that it was ever my father's wish or Intention that I should call Brookdale mine for a slugle moment. That, in fact, has troubled ane seriously,"

"What has troubled you seriously?"

" The thought that I may be doing wrongnetin against my father's desire in resuming his own name, and coming here."

"There can be no wrong in a right," said

Eugene. The name is yours, and so is Brook. dale, and since I have seen you, I am glad that you have both."

o come," said Grantley, kindly, "you are both speaking as you should—as I know you

would when you met. Make a compact now which will do credit to both and dishonor nei-Propose, Edward, to Lugene what you and to me."

"it is so simple," smiled Edward. "Come back to Brookdale, Eugene, will you? Come back, and bring your sister, and resume your old position. The house is blg enough, surely, and you can find room for me."

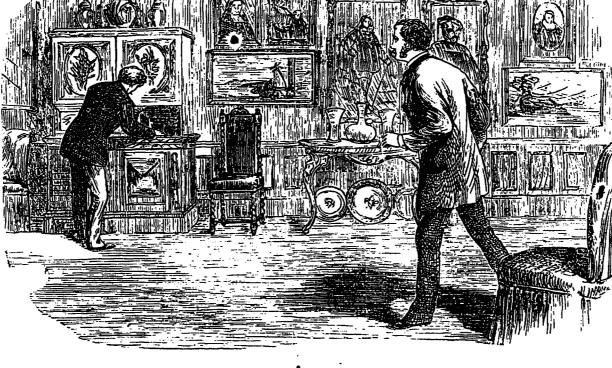
There was the very essence of chivalry in the proposition. Eugene was touched by it. " We will not go quite so far as that," he sald.

abut we can come to an understanding Or one thing be assured, Edward, you have made me your friend." "I was yours in hourt long before I came,"

said Edward, and they shook hands once more Grantley stood smiling kindly at them, as a good-matured elder brother might, who had susceeded in reconciling two of his juniors.

When you can spare Eugene," he said, "I ave a few words to say—not many."
 That he attered a command to an inferior he

could not have been better obeyed. Edward Danvers Temple, Lewid owner of Brookdale, gave his cousin up at once, and went to Mar-garet. He placed his hand upon her snoalders, with the rather gushing ramiliarity which seemed natural to him, but it was ill bestowed on her. Her beautiful, proud his compressed, till the upper onestood out in a short, contemp-



THE HORSE SHOR PIN.

spoke with his back turned.

stand here a minute, Gibson. Would you mind lending me your whip, sir?" "Mine," said Mr. Grantley; "certainly. But Would you mind

what are you going to do with it?

suppose, crosson, that you are nim; the window a do not like to think of myself at the old house is the cill, we will say, and you have got your and of you at the cottage; but what can I do? and of you at the cottage; but what can I do? throat, you struggle, this whip might be a life preserver or a thick stick, I strike you full in the forehood with a mate to difference to you or me," a Perhaps I am wrong," said Eugene, less the forehood with a mate to think of myself at the old house in the order. preserver or a thick stick, I strike you full in the forehead with it, and the searf comes away in my hand as you go down. Depend upon it, that's how it was done."

"No doubt you want to be searf or a make no difference to you or me,"
"Perhaps I am wrong," said Eugene, less distantly—his deepest thought of evil was so lightly rooted that the first fair word set it aside; "We will talk of it to morrow."

No doubt you are right," said Mr. Grantley, taking his whip somewhat abruptly; "but this; the present," scarcely the time or place to net; suppose there will be an inquest? such a scene,

Yes, sir, it will be held to-morrow." 4 Where?

Eugene bowed. He had grown singularly quiet since Everard came in Should the poor fellow have no friends," he part, had tower to move him.

said, " see that he is buried decently; I will attend to the expenses." "You knew him, then?" said Everant, as they

eft the tavern. Mr. Grantley's horse stood at the door, held by a mounted groom. Brookdale's change of

mastership had made no difference to him.
"No," replied Eagene. "He was with me yesterday evening for about an hour, and he was coming this morning with a written statement concerning something of which we will speak another time."

"Come with me to Brookdale, Eugene, and see your consin Edward. He charges me with kind messages for you every day, and it seems churlish on your part to keep him at such a "I have a letter to write," replied Eugene:

o but 1 will come in the course of the day—mo likely towards evening."
o With Julia?" "No; my first visit will be made alone had resolved hever to set foot in Brookchle again, but I have a reason now for desiring to see Mr. Edward Danvers Temple."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CLOSED WING. Something in Grantley's manner during the

Mr. Grantley's riding whip fell to the floor, and the inspector returned it to him with a low. As he did so his eye went involuntarily from the heavy gold buttend to the ugly dent in the dead man's forchead.

"I wonder he could speak after such a fall," Brookdale—at least, I believed so until very recently—and while he remains so let him keep his generosity. I want neather his help nor his self up to thinking deeply as a rule. When he partomage, I would not take so much from him as it is as I would give him were our positions reversed."

"Of a handsome diamond pin, the shape of a horse-shoe," replied Jeffreys, "It was torn out with his searf. I wish I knew what the scarf was like."

"You believed so until very recently," repaired Grantley. "That is a strange thing to what to direct proof that the young man known as peated Grantley. "That is a strange thing to say, Eugene,"

"More than I meant to say just now; but do lartly, the husband of the weetched woman

say, Eugene,"

"More than I meant to say just now; but do

was like."

"I can tell you," said Eugene, quietly. "It was black silk, with a plain blue satin stripe,"

"Broad stripe, sir, or marrow?"

"Broad—such as would be worn on from of a fannel shirt."

"I understand," said the inspector, reflectively. "With what he said, and one thing and the other, we shall find the man who did it, I think. He cannot be far off."

Mr. Grantley walked to the window, and spoke with his back turned.

"Augene."

"More than I meant to say just now; but do not let me detain you."

"My time is quite at your service, my dear fellow," said Grantley, as if the other's tone limit his affection, "If you will not come to Broadcade with me, shall I leave my hosse here and walk with you?"

O No, thanks; I can always think best when alone."

Even these words, decided as they were in indicading Eugene's wish to carricompany, did

indicating Eugene's wish to part company, did "Hid he describe his assilant?"

"No, sir, he was too far gone for that. I can usually patient with his young relation this see in my mind's eye how it was done. Just, morning.

or lain sorry to see you like this," he said.

I can partly understand your feeling, Figene, on think it unkind on my part to remain at

Now that his course of action was darded. •I can partly understand your feeling, Eagene, You think it unkind on my part to remain at Brookdale since you have left it; and, on my honour, I would not, but for Margaret's sake. • See if I can picture how it happened. Now, bonour, I would not but for Margaret's sukt suppose, Gibson, that you are him; the window I do not like to think of myself at the old hous

> we will talk of it to-morrow. The sight of side remoteness. Had London taken fire his poor fellow has unacryed me too much for the night, and burned from Shoreditch to this poor fellow has underved me too much for

They shook hands more kindly this time, and Everand rode on. The smale left his handsome face when he was out of sight, and he let the horse drop luto a walk while he thought deep-"Here; we shall have to request your attention by, and with a troubled brow. He must have dance, Mr. Temple, if you plen a,"

[18] possessed more sensitiveness than people gave him credit for if the sight of a strange dead man, or some want of coeffailty on his consul's

Julia saw what had happened when her brother returned. Her sweet face looked a ques-tion, and his slow, sorrowfal inclination of the head replied to her. She had seen the man but once, and there was little in him to awaken her sympathy; but she could not keep back some

"And how did it happen?" she said,

And how did it happen?" she said, "I seems so shocking. He was here last night, so strong and well. Poor fellow?"
He was dead within an hour of the time he left us," said Eugene. "There will be an inquest to-morrow, and I shall have to attend,"
What can you tell them?"
Nor what he told me," was the grave reply, "for they might thins it a more important clue than I do, and I should not like my hand

to write another gloomy chapter in the of Brookdale. The man was killed, Juine-killed deliberately."

" Killed !" Yes, little one. Whatever there may be of truth or falsehood in the story he told me, he carried some secret with him that was his own leath warrant. I believe he was tracked from our door, or walted for by some one who knew the way he would go when he left us, and thrown

" who would have done such a thing?

" How terrible it is to think men will do snet things," said Julia. "If he is so desperately wicked, darling, it is scarcedy safe for you to trust yourself at Brookdale."

He smiled. o You forget, my pet, Everard and Margaret are there, besides the servants; and even if I proved the worst I should say nothing then. I

should go straight to London, and bring Laurence down."

"Yes," said Julia, gathering a sense of secu-

upon. Eugene acted with a decision which made Julia admire him. The necessity for energy threw his irresolution aside, and showed that he had plenty of determination in reserve.

He did not triffe away the usual hour after breakfust next morning. He made short work or a light article or so in one of the magazines, and did not walt for the newspaper. The London press went somewhat tardily to that sea es's Palace, the tidings would not have arrived there in print till baif-past ten. Eugene was dressed an hour earlier than that

When he came in to kiss Julia, as tom when going out, she noticed that he had made no change in his ordinary attire. The wore a plain short coat, fastened by a single button across his chesi, though the morning

"Put on an overcoat," she said: "It is coldethan you thank." shall not be too cold walking."

"But if you wait anywhere, or if you go into "If it will please you, Julia," he said; but !

really do not want it."

Julia fetched him a great-coat from the hall; it was one he generally wore for his evening strolls--a handsome double-breasted Chester field, of dark blue beaver coth, with deep fur

"Why, I shall look like a Siberian," be smiled, resigning himself to its comfortable folds under protest. "It does feel better, though. And If, as is not impossible, I should go straight from Brookdale to London, I shall

not be sorry I let you persuade me."

"But you would not go without first coming back to me ?"

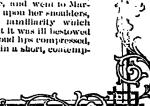
"It would be a question of time, dear. I hate

slow trains; and if I have to see L should go by the two-twenty express. "And if you do, will you send me a telegram directly you arrive?"
"Before I leave the station at London-bridge,"
"Promise me."

"My darling little sister, that is my proover the cliff. Strange that I should have misc."

pressed him to stay the night."

"But who," said Julia, with a white shudder, watched his slight and graceful figure with aftertionale numeration as he went up the slope toons curve.





" Later in the day," Grantley said, "an introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Darrill is inevitable. He, of course, is beneath notice—simply to be tolerated for her sake; and she, you will be glad to hear, is quite reformed. They are out of place here. But you begin to understand our young friend. He knows nothing of their past life, and it would not be wise or kind to tell

"I should be sorry," said Eugene, " to do or say anything that would stand in the way of their redemption."

"He, poor lid, grow attached to them,"
Grantley went on, "when he heard that his half-brother had died while they were looking for him. I had Theodore sent out on purpose to facilitate Edward's identification."

actitate gawards mounteration."

"Stop," said Eugene, gravely, "and explain;
for an explanation on this point will clear upuil the rest. Much of this is new to me. I left the matter entirely to you, and I have been too in-dolent since to inquire how you conducted it;

The gentlemanty George came in. Had a doubt ingered in Eugene's mind, after Edward's the common people what a hopeless blackguard frank and generous welcome, it would have a gentleman can sometimes be in spite of birth vanished now. The cool and polished villain of and culture." his mental picture, the man full of nerve and fine physical strength, was a middle-nged daudy, with a perpennil smile, which had degenerated into a smark, and an artificially genial voice, always pitched bull a note too high or too low. He was some such thing as Brummel's tallor or D'Ursay's valot might have sunk into-he was nothing more. Yet in his day, such as it was, the netress Ado but mistoken him for a gentle-man of the purest water.

— Poor Hawkins must have been mistaken

o For ever, if I had the power,"

"There is some story connected with it that
even I have not been made aware of?"

"There is," said Eugene, what there is no
reason why it should not be told now, since

"Ye

the gallery, and traversed doe bely cloth of early possible to care for him he would give her up, ridors in silence. Both glanced involuntarily at But he swore, with a bitter cutti, the one only the heavy, from-bound, leather-covered door which shut from the rest of Brookdale the suite my father's wife."

of rooms in which Engene's mother died,

"I keep the key of that," said Everard,
"You remember, Eugene, almost the last wish

walls from my cradic. The earliest pleatre in ture."

my mind is one in which my mother's face tent over me when I woke from a long stekness in the grin old chamber where I was born."

"I like him botter," said Grantley, "as I horn more of him. A few such men are seen now and then, and they are never properly under-

"Your after did not choose the most plea-sant prospect for his private chambers," said Everard, as he turned the key in the lock, "Why was this door only made to open from

That," sold Eugene. " is part of the story. He had a powerful motive, you may be sure, These rooms were for a long time my mother's

Prison !" "Yes; but she had a loving and faithful

gaoler in my father."

They stood there in a small ante-room leading to the bed-chamber, through the open door of which they could see the huge antique bed-stead, heavily carved in Spanish mahogany, with an overhanging camppy. With its dark damask curtains, it was as funereal a couch as

monk or hermit could have desired,

"How quiet the rest of the house seems from
here," said Everard; "we hear no sound. The windows are barred too, and-

mentary dismage.

"We are locked in," said Grantley; "the key

is useless from the inside." "Quite: but there is a bell, and while we are ore you may as well give me the explanation want. We are, at least, secure from interrup-

Grantley went to the barred window, and tooked out. To his surprise, the light was reflected from a glass roof in the rext apartment,

which terminated the wing." "A strange arrangement this," he said. "We might be immured here to the end of our days,

and no one the wiser,"

" Yes," statled Eugene, "you might hide here in perfect safety; but the arrangement is easily explained. This wing was built originally to comprise a billiard-room, library and study. This was the library; this window was originally a door. The study is now the ante-chamber which we entered. The library bad a glass roof like the billard-room; but when converted painted as you see this cabinet.

He approached a splendid piece of furniture, this carved with solid oak, and black with It stood exactly opposite the foot of the bedsiend.

" It was used as a wardrobe for some time." he said; "but it is a precious piece of work manship, and contains a mysterious drawer, which you would never find unless you knew where to book for it. Some one must have been here recently,—there are fluger-marks in the thick dust."

" Let us get through our explanations and your story," said Everard, drawing him away with a smile, "Our friends will wonder where we are, and I am not enraptured with this

Eugene desisted when in the net of opening the cabinet doors, and Mr. Grantley seemed re-Heved. Engene wondered that his consin's strong nature snould be influenced by a quictade which to him was hallowed.

CHAPTER XXL

IN THE SECRET DRAWER.

It was at best a morbid fancy, Mr. Grantley thought, which induces his consin to keep the extra wing of Brookdate always closed. Had he

had his own way, he would have restored the rooms to the purpose they were built for, and sent some vigorous housemalds and a glaxier to clear out the dust and traditions.

etear out the dust and traditions,
"This part of the building is a mystery to the servants," he said. "They speculate curiously servines," he said. "They specially cirriously upon it amongst themselves, my valet tells me. Some say it is haunted; others say it is stored with lumber; and one ingenious youth—an under-footman—said we had a lumite member of the family shut away here. Do you think, Eugene, these memories you hold so sacrad would be the worse for the introduction of a dust-mon and a scribblus-lossic." dust-pan and a scrubbing-brush 😷

dust-pan and a scrubbing-brash?"

"Say that it is my fancy," said Eugene, with a melancholy smile, "and laugh at me tor it if you will; but it was my father's before me, and it is a sort of reverence for the dead that the living can afford to give. You have heard what a wild life my uncle Chronce always led—what a terror to the maily he was?"

"Yes! Not to say it freeverally, he was one of these who seem to have a smeller whetene

of those who seem to have a special mission to degrade the noblest races in the land, and show the common people what a hopeless blackguard

"He might have been better had his life been different at the ontset," said Engene, "You know, Everard, my mother was an orphan, and lived here at Brookdele in my grandfather's exercyears before she was married to my father," "This is quite new to me."

6 That, and some other incidents, will not be found in our archives. I have beard my father say she was like Julia, and so I can remember her—very beautiful, very gentle, full of pure thoughts, and with a low, sweet valce, which used to till my childish mind with fancies that if angels talked they would talk in some such o Foor Howkins must have been mistaken from first to last," Eugene thought, a He knew is little, and guessed in the rest; but it is quite clear no one in this house is connected with his death. Most likely he was followed by some low-bred boon companion from the Sen View.

And with that the matter was dismissed. He reviewed his own conduct with some degree of self-reproach: it was churlish, he confessed, to give Brookclate up so cosily, and then treat the man who took it as if he was an usurper, a You wanted me to explain something," said five from the side of the five from the give for it. She had an Infantite reverence for holy done some polite unconscious cruging to explain something, said five from the sound of his voice; but the first of the first had an infantite reverence for holy done some polite unconscious cruging to explain something, said the reasons that he gave for it. She had do welled out of the room. Ashal we have

done some polite inconscions erriging to Eugene, had do wided out of the room. O Shall we have a class in the picture gallery—we are safe from interruption there. Speaking of that gallery, is it your wish to keep the wing still closed?"

O For ever, if I had the power."

There is some story connected with it that even I have not been made aware of?"

O There is," said Eugene, "but there is no love?"

"Yes. The knowledge that he was not wor Edward and I are triends. His father and mine thy of her-the instinct which made him always ever were."

So I have heard."

So I have heard."

Balons of my father—impelled him to his declaration; and he told her, if there was any power on earth that might change him, it was her affection. He would wait for her—endure anything, fulfil any test—and if she found it implies heavy, tron-bound, leadher-covered door.

But he swore, with a bitter cath, the one only the heavy, tron-bound, leadher-covered door.

"He did not put his nature to its best use," said Grantley. "But there were some great, if not some noble, waits in it."

you expressed to me was that your successor should respect the sanctity of those rooms, for his own sake as well as yours."

"Did he raise an objection?"

"None; he simply gave me the key, and said your wish should be sacred."

"He is a good fellow," said Eugene.

"He was thoughful of him. "Shall wego it there?"

"If you desire it; but will it not recall some." as thoughtful of him. • Shall wego i, there?" stons down, and in the rash extremes to which • If you desire it; but will it not recall some the very power of his character led him, he comy recollections?" vowed that if he found her faithful on his regloomy recollections."

Yes; but such gloom is not wishout its sweetness, Everard. I may looked at these dull married in, and live the life of a Christian in fu-

more of him. A few such men are seen now and then, and they are never properly under-stood. But what had taken place during these two years?"

"Her marriage to my father. They had been "Her marriage to my rainer. They and need married nearly a year, when a letter came from Carence Temple, addressed to her in her malden mane, and apprising her of his return to England. That letter is, I believe, amongst my father's papers still. It is a marvellous piece of writing. A strong man's nature, condensed into one intense, wild worship, burning with passionate expectation, yet tinged throughout with a gloomy foreboding that she was lost to him.'

"Did he touch upon that foreboiling?"

Out he touch upon that foreboding ?"
Out the last, and in such terms as induced those who knew him to take precautions to prevent a meeting. My mother needed care just then. The sight of him, in the uncontrolable fary into which the truth was certain to investigation with the truth was certain to my thrown him, would have been faint to her; so, under my grandfather's direction, they had this wing arranged for ner reception as you see My grandfather kept the key himself thern covering, swung and closed silently. They to prevent any possible accident, and arranged felt the for, and looked at each other in momentary dismage.

They were travelling abroad. Not that the old gentleman feared him—he was the one morta being of whom the terror of the family stood is awe; but for my mother's sake it was necessary to manage all things quietly."

"And when he came?" Everant said,

"There are, as there were, some old servants in the house, who will tell you that night was never to be forgotten. They had kept him from coming home by various subterfuges till He returned so changed, so quiet, so trustful yet so full of lustinctive misgiving that the obman felt for him, and took a gentler tone than usual. "Where is she?" Uncle Chrence said and after a long time grandfather broke it to him gradually, beginning by telling him they

were in France.
"At the first infination of their marriage he least up in such appulling, force despair that the old man thanked heaven for having taken his measures so wisely. The disappointed man's terrible blusphemics shook the roof, and be wore by the Maker, whom he invoked implous ly, that he would be a second Cain, let him meet his brother when he might."

" It had a tendency to exasperate," said Ever

"I think even my philosophy would have een thrown out of balance for a few infantes. "Grandfather let his rage exhaust itself. least, he waited till it settled down, and then reasoned with him quietly—told him that he never could have made my mother happy, that his conduct was unfair and unbrotherly, and bored to hear him express sorrow for what he hoped to hear him express sorrow for what he had said. He might as well have talked to stone Uncle simply repeated deliberately and slowly what he had said in heat. The old reckless de-

operation broke out again. Hathor's purcutat benediction aid he had better say farewell to him for both "That was unamiable, and slightly stagey but then a man never can get into a passion even quietly without being a little stagey. His

character shows want of discipline here."
Engene did not admire the cool, analytical fa which could study the workings of the passions with no more emotion than a doctor

feels when testing a patient's pulse.

"Uncle grew quicter in the evening," he went on; "he dined with grandfuther, and except time—niways a heavy drinker—he took

more than his usual quantity of wine, there was no alteration in his appetite or manner. He made no allusion to the subject again. They said good night at a rather late hour, and when grandfuther retired uncle thought it was to

spend an hour or so, as usual, in his library.
"Whother he wanted to speak to him again whether he felt some contrition for his violence before a white-burred old man, and that man his father, or whether he gathered an inkling of the truth from any of the servants, can never be known now; but about an hour after they had parted he came to this door, and it was

"An unfortunate chance."

"Such a thing had never happened before.
Grandfather had made it a habit to always shut it, and try it after it was shut. It must have been that his nerves, strong as they were, were tried by the scene he had just gone through, and having closed the door, he took it for granted that the lock had caught. "Now this is what my father told me. He

was sitting in that chair by the dreside, my cra-die at his foot, and my mother opposite him. Grandfather stood leaning by the chimney-piece, telling them of uncle's return, when the door swung open—and there on the threshold stood Clarence Temple, with the soul of Cain in

"He took the meaning of the scene at a glance. He spring at my father with a dagger in his hand, and it struck my notice, or she threw herself between them. There was a mad struggle-and it loft the old man and lik clies son face to face, the son in his father's grip, and then he dared not raise his hand. "The malediction he had asked for fell upon

him, but he laughed at it in bitterness. He asked what there was in this world or the next in which he could be more accurated than he was then; and he went out, repeating his oath to

then; and he went out, repeating his oath to kill one or the other.

"Grandfather fachade him the house," Eu-gene went on. "The servants were forbidden to let him enter. They were not teld why. My mother's wound soon healed; but they had to watch her carefully, lest he should steal in and complete the work which the sight of her wound and suggested. He was mud then. There is not the slightest doubt that his senses went when he stood on the threshold and saw her on whom he had set his savage affection a wife

and a mother.

"It would be charitable and creditable to the family to suppose so," said Grantley. " But he might have shown a more gentlemanty method in his modness. Daggers, and strong language, and threats against a woman—really I never thought I had at any time such an objectionable relative."

"He left the neighborhood at length. He wrote from London to say they had nothing to four from him, and they were safe, knowing that he never broke his word. The rest of his

currer you know,"

"Yes, he made it tolerably public," said Everard, "and I always thought lusarity or drink hay at the root of his peculiarities. I see now there was an injudicious blending of the two, and do not wonder at the results. But is it on account of that scene you like the room kept

" That, and what followed. She never recovered the shock to her newous system, and the quiet, with the tempered light, suited her. It is strange that she did not take a dislike to the place, but she did not; and it was here she died, and here my fither spent most of the time he lived after her; and on this same bed I found bim dead one morphing, when I went to see why he was so late. I remember his last words at night."

"What were they?"

" (Do not let me be disturbed. Leave every-thing just as it is till? wake; and these words ilways had a solemn meaning for me, Everard.

for he woke no more! Grantley pressed his hand.

"I understand your tender sentiments better now," he said, with some sympathy in his tone; " and Edward would have respected your wishes even if you had not made friends with him.

oven it you and not made friends with him.
Int I am glad you have. The past history of
the family is quite sad enough."

"More than sad enough. I am glad to find
Edward such a generous fellow. I thought of
writing to him about this suite of rooms, but

reproachitally, a unfold our family mysteries to a stranger. But you almost make me smile at the idea of our poor, plitful triend, the gentlemanly George, being equal to such a scheme. The subtless feats of his never went beyond the subject tents of his never went beyond incessing for a ten-pound note."

"My suspicious vanished when I saw him,"

mid Eugene, smilling too; "but you must admit the story had a tangible groundwork,"

On the surface; but it would not bear look.

ing into. I was angry with them for having temporized with the man," he added, gravely a They had given him some money, and I took it from him, warning him to keep clear of the neighborhood at the same time. If there is any dealst at all, lot us have a tall and thorough to vestigation; but for the sake of the which is our shield of honor, never deal with such men as that. 1 was augry with Edward for his weakness; but his admirable answe-

"What did he say ?" " For my father's sake,' said he, 'I would rather have given him twice as much than have any story spread about one who, whatever may have been nis faults, was my father's child, and, therefore, my prother.

"He was right," said Eugene. "I am sure I

should have done the same."

"I am sure you would too. You have both
the splendid, generous innocence of boyhood to n large degree; and if I did not bring my expe-rience as a manon-the-world to your assistance sometimes, acaven snows want you would do !?

Horang the bell then, saying that their long

beence would be wondered at.
"And it is fortunate I left the key in the lock," he said. " or they would have to dig us out-for that door would stand a siege."

The close was one seem a weege."

The close was one ned soon by a man in plain black—a man with a quiet, almost stealthy, look and a comic clerical appearance. He said tomething to Everard in a low tone. Everard turned towards Eugene, who had fallen into a reverle.

"Some one from the town, concerning the

"Some one from the town, concerning the poor fellow at the Sea Vlow," he said. "It appears that he was seen to come here on the morning of the day before yesterday. Will you

come with me, and see what they want?"

"I had rather remain here a little while,"
said Eugene, softly; "you can return for me."
Comprehending his affectionate nature—the
tender desire to be left alone with those sombre relies of the dead—Grantley left him—and drew the door close gently, without shutting it. Eugene felt glad when even he was gone. There was no one now to break the sacredness of his thought, as he looked at the bed on which his parents, one after the other, had taken their

After a long time he turned away, and gazed After a long time he harned away, and gazed at other things—the carved ceiling, tinted with age, the gloomy pictures, with forms shadowy as spirits on the walls, the quaint antique furniture, and the massive cabinet—the last attracting his curiosity more than all the rest.

Some one had been to it very recently—there distinct these traces of the contractions to the contractions of the contraction of the contractions of the contractions of the contraction of the contractio

were distinct finger-marks printed in the thick

this, and this set him wondering, but in an idle sort of way he opened the cabinet doors, its pulled out several drawers, lifted lids, and opened miniature doors, curiously devised, in unexpected places, and at last he pulled back a small sliding pannel, so like a part of the back of the cabinet itself, that no one would have

of the cabinet itself, that no one would have suspected its existence.

Even now, there was nothing apparently worth hiding. The only thing visible was the head of a serew—an ordinary screw, driven into the framework; but Eugene presset it hard, and a faint click was heard, twice repeated.

He closed the panel, shut the various drawers and miniature doors—put down the lids again, and except from the outer doors the cabinet was closed; but then he pulled out the first drawer in the top section, and pushing at the bottom of the one above it, drew forth a narrow

" As complicated to get at as the secret of a Chinese puzzle," he said, "and to gratify at title curiosity I shall have all the trouble of shut ting it again."

But when he looked into the box the smile went from his lips. Some one had been to the cabinet recently, and whoever it was had the brand of Cain upon him.

For them, hidden in the secret drawer, was the front portion of a black silk searf, with a plain blue satin stripe, and in the searf, exactly as he had seen it when worn by poor James Hawkins, the horse-shoo plu.

Eugene gave a cry. It was as though the dead man had any the parcel true bls being to were

man had put the proof into his hand, to warn him of his enemies. The truth flashed upon him like a light; his pretended consin was in reality the son of Ada Darrill, and his generous

welcome was nothing but carefully intored acting, to throw him off his guard.

"True," he said. "Oh, heaven I see it all now! And this, the fatal evidence that proves the dead man's story, was placed here by Ever-ard. He has the only key! Why, then, it is be

-mud he alone?" Turning then, he saw Grantley, white and stern as doom, on the threshold of the open doorway. Engene saw that he had been seen, and an awful light in Everard's eye warned him of his peril. He ran for the door, but Grantley closed it in his face. Eugene was alone in the apartments be had held so sacred to the dead. He thought with a prayerful shudder of

Grantley's words "They will be shut in to-day with their secret and their memories, and never be opened again except by me !

(To be continued.)

the family is quite sad enough. I am glad to find a continued to the continued of the conti

A TERRUBLE COUNTRY.—The Valley of Death, a spot abuset as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry hones, hos just north of the old Mormon read to California, a region 39 miles long by 39 broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild boast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacille Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1430, guided by a Mornon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormons knew nothing about the country, so they appointed son of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirrage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched rhemselves in death under the lift sun. Then the children crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and with swellentengues and burning vitals the muthers followed. Wagen after wason was abandoned, and strong men tottered and raved and died. After a week's wandering a dezen suring withis the mothers followed. Wagon after wason was abundened, and strong mon tottered and raved and died. After a week's wandering a dezen survivers found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Righty-even families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after 22 years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron works and tires are bright, and the shrivelled skeletons lie side by side.

—Springfield Republicans.

THE MARTYRED NOSE.

There was a man who had a nose, As men frequently do.—
A Romaneque protuberance, Which off he loudly blew.
But of the blows he gave that nose,
The very cruelest,
Was when he vaccinated it
Upon its souring crost.

He was a man of science,
And chimney-corner lore;
Of wise mis-information
He had a plenteous store.
Whether vaccine it would work again, A hereo debate arose— 'a show his "faith against its work," He tried it on his noso.

Four days he pass'd all unconcerned—
lie know it wouldn't "work;"
But on the fifth, he felt as if
fle had "a nose like any Turk."
The sixth, it seemed a double nose,
The seventh 'twas still swelling,
And on the eighth he lost his faith,
Likewise his power of smelling.

The ninth day tried his troubled soul, this more had reached a crisis:
Its bridge became a bridge of sights,
Indeed, of several sizes!
It was a day of wrath for him,
And—what made it less pleasing—
That more, in irritations burst
Into a lit of sneezing! The success were terrific, as

The threes of a veletate.
And with each sneeze, that frantic man Profancts howled, soprano.
He sneezed the buttons from his vest, Ite sneezed himself haldheaded, the sneezed himself baldheaded, And fell back on his bed dead.

They opened, through the coffin lid, A hole for his probose is, Unable to dispose of it. By any other process, And those who saw it sticking out, With one accord admired. That nose's case was pittin— And 'twas profoundly pitted. The moral of the seemon was—
It is a serious joke.
Into affairs of science
A blundering nose to poke!
But poking science into
A numerally mose is just
Equivalent to sending
That nose's "dust to dust!"

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.1

IN AFTER-YEARS: OR.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) They were about to part when Catchem pushed rudely by them, scowling at Mr. George as he went upstairs to his office: the lads did not speak, but exchanged looks of intelligence with each other, directing their eyes down the street in the opposite direction to which Catchem had come: they saw the dog cart and bull-neck almost disappearing in the distant crowd.

Mr. George hailed the first cab he met, and

getting in desired the man drive to Lord Cran-

getting in desired the man drive to Loni Cranstonn's in St. James' Square as fast as his horses' feet would go.

"Is Lady Hamilton in?" inquired the clock of the servant who opened the door.

"Yes," replied the man looking surprised at the question, as well as appearance of the one who put it, "what do you want of her Ladyship?"

Ladyship?

"I wish to see her," was the laconic reply.

"I wish you could I'm sure," was the pert answer of the footman, who like most of his class had a supreme contempt for those who were only a little step above his own social position, and gladly embraced the opportunity of being insolent, without fear of incurring the anger of his superiors.

" Pray let her Ladyship know that Mr. George Cox of Thaives Inn wishes to speak to ther about something particular," said the clerk, who in his hurry to depart and forgotten to provide himself with one of his showy printed cards which had so instantly procured him his first interview with her Ladyship.

" Sorry I cannot oblige you," said the man with insolent coolness. "Well," replied Mr. George," I'll sit here till I can see her," and as he spoke he passed

the man and sented himself in the hall. "I cannot allow you to sit there," said the had taken a liberty which could by no means be " If I cannot see Lady Hamilton, I suppose

I can see Lord Cranstonn or Captain Lindsay said the clerk taking no notice of the man's last words. "No, you can see neither to day, there is ompany in the house and no one will attend company in the house and no one to business to day; or charity either," added he, the idea striking him, that the young man

had come from one of Lady Hamilton's numerous poor friends. " I don't want your charity or Lady Hamilton's either if it comes to that, but I come on an errand that if it is not delivered may cost you your place; if I'm not mistaken your prede-

cessor was turned off for taking too much upon himself the last day I was in this house. Mr. George saw that it was not the same man who now opened the door as the one who did so on his former visit; he had observed at the time the effect which the account he gave of the man's accepting money from Sir Richard had upon both Lord Cranstoun, and he judged rightly in sup-

posing that he had been dismissed. The footman who was one who held a different situation in the house and was elevated to his present position in place of the other, without knowing what led to his predecessor losing his place, felt rather straid, on hearing young man speak thus and so confidently.

and replied in civiller tones than before. " There is a wedding party in the nouse, and I am sure none of the servants would dare to disturb the ladies and gentlemen by taking

YOUR meksage." "What I came on is life and death, and if I cant see any of the others, let me see Aliss Agnes

or Miss Margaret Cuninghame."

" Miss Agnes Cuninghame was married this morning to Colonel Lindsay, the carriage has just come to the door to take them off on their marriage jaunt, and the Duke of Wellington is up stairs, and will I am sure lead the bride to the carriage:—good gracious! here they come," said the terrifled man, sure now that we would





be turned off for allowing the clerk to loiter in

the hall on such an occasion.

A military band playing a joyous strain now entered the Square, and the regular tramp, tramp, of soldiers' feet was heard approaching

the house.

At the end of the hall, was the grand staircase, the broad steps and curved balastrade of which were of marble, the latter going off at each end, in a half semi circular sweep just within which, were placed on either side an immense group of murble statuary, according well with and setting off the lofty height of the hall. Light steps were heard approaching on each side. The footman knew his fellow servants were coming to take their places in waiting for the ladies and gentlemen who would descend in a few minutes to accompany the bride and bridegroom to their carriage; he dared not open the door at such a moment. even if he were sure the young man would not stop to chafter with him but go quietly out, and he had seen enough of the latter's hold intrusion, in entering and seating himself without permission, to know that his expulsion would require force and perhaps occasion a scene; such a thing was not to be thought of for a moment, the man looked around in despair, as if he would ask counsel of the pictures and statues with which the hall was adorned. A happy thought struck him; touching Mr. George on the shoulder he said:

Come here," in a nervous hurried manner and in a moment more the clerk was placed behind one of the groups of statuary at the bottom of the staircase.
"If you stand here until the bridal party

have gone you can then see Ludy Hamilton or Lord Cranstonn citner, I'm a poor man with a wife and two chlidren, if you move from this spot till they are off I will be turned out on the street to night without a shilling."
The footman spoke these words with his lips

close to Mr. George's car, in a voice that gave strong confirmation to the truth of what he said, gusping the clerk's shoulder in a firm grip as he spoke; an instant more and he was in his place along with the other servants, his powdered head looking as still as

if he had not moved it for an hour.

Mr. George Cox was naturally quick of apprehension, and his training had tended to make him equally so in deciding at once which line of conduct was the best in any emergency in which he might be placed; in the present instance he was only a second or two in deciding

on the course he would pursue.

He was philosopher enough to know, that if the footman did lose his place, and his family were a little straightened in consequence, this was a small matter in comparison to the death of old Adam, and such a death, in a straight jacket on the floor of a madhouse, without one to speak a kindly word, or wet his dying lips; yet such he know must be the old mans fate unless he was rescued at once, and he also knew that Lady Hamilton or Lord Granstom either by the slow process of the law, which hasten it as they would, might let the man die ere his release was obtained; but here was Captain Lindsay with all those soldiers who his ears told him were outside the house at his word of command, they might be sent to free the old

man at once,
"Yes" said he soliloquizing in words which moved his lips but gave no sound, "1'll do my part to save the poor old fellow, and if they non't do theirs, why, then, let them think of him dying alone there in the dark, every stormy night as long as they have to live; and die in faur and tremoling because they would not help one better than themselves, who died for

He took from his pocket an old letter, and tearing a small piece from an anwritten portion wrote there on with a pencil in a large legible

"Old Adum is dying in a straight jacket on the floor of a madhouse.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir Richard and Catchem had a good dinner at the Angel; Sir Richard drunk porter: it was considered strengthening, and he never omitted doing what he thought would in the least conduce to his well-being in any way: besides, he knew he was getting old, and al-though he felt as strong and well now as he did twenty years ago, yet if he were not care-

conduct towards his fellow creatures. If he had seen another man lie sick and apparently dying by the wayside, as he himself had once been found, he would have pussed by without even excusing his neglect as other settish men do, by saying it is no business of their's; and a small or worm crawled across his outh he killed it at once, would take a long step or do so. It never occurred to him that there in the same direction, it is wonderful how a short one, as the case might be, in order to was room in the world for himself and the much news can be got out of the country peo-

Mr. Catchem took ale with his dinner. He liked the soothing feeling it gave, and Richard would pay for it, he took double the quantity he generally did.

Dinner over, Sir Richard began :

"I intend leaving London to-morrow morning, and I will leave you a check on my banker's in case that old fellow dies, which I hope he will, it would save so much trouble, really there is no reason that I know of why he should live."

"Yes," replied Catchem, "it would be more convenient in every way it he were to die at once; but you can see that it is a thing unsuits Pounder better to keep him in life he'll

"Perhaps, ephed Sir Richard, with searching look in his colleague's face; "if the burnal money were large enough, he would take care to get it into his hands at once; if so, it would be wisdom as well as economy to make it a sum sufficient to produce this effect.

"I am not prepared to speak on that subject until I see Pounder," replied the lawyer.

"You see there may be other things which would operate with such a man as Pounder. The last time I was there he told me he was likely to have trouble with his bull-dogs, as he calls them. One of them in particular is a

continuacious, troublesome fellow, and they are both going to leave him when they can suit themselves, which, between you and me, won't be easy, until they hear of a place in another mad-house. But this must make Pounder careful what he does; these fellows would think no more of getting him into trouble if it brought grist to their own mill than they would

of kicking a strange dog."
"But," continued Catchem, "when the fellow has got his coppers cooled a little by lying in the straps, I'll go and see Pounder about it, and if he sees his way safe I'll let you know what sum he thinks necessary for burial expenses." Catchem had not made up his mind whether

it would be to his own benefit to have Adam removed. While he was with Pounder he would be a certain source of income, but if dead this was all over. He would like to know first what business he was to have in place of these calls at Pounder's, arranging with him, etcetera; and how lucrative he was likely to make the new business. Punishing Adam and searching

for the twin girls had paid him very well.

"If you are going to Scotland to-morrow, perhaps it will be well for me to take a note of what is to be done in the business you have on hand," said Catchem.

"That is a simple affair, and can be remembered without the trouble of taking notes."
"It is the regular business method of doing

such things to take a note, and I always do so for my own satisfaction," said the lawyer, who would not let even the most trivial opportunity slip of making a charge, and "taking instruc tions anent, etcetera, etcetera," was a good entry in his account, and could, perhaps, be made a large one, according to the time Sir Richard took to tell his story.

"Well, I wish you in the first place to find

out where the happy couple we saw to-day go on their marriage jaunt, and when they come home, where they settle down, the street or square, and the number of the house, in short all the information you can collect about the way they live, their means, and their associates.

"I also wish you," continued Sir Richard,
"to find out who are their most intimate friends, and let me know all interesting par ticulars of these, especially what relates to the temper and disposition of the mule portions of such families, if pride of birth or place is indalged in; in short anything in the way of re-liable news, however trilling, will be welcome, and will be paid for."

Mr. Catchem said he "had no fear of that,"

replying to Sir Richard's last sentence, and he meant there should not be. He would take precautionary measures to prevent such an un-desirable thing as any misunderstanding about money matters

"And, in addition to this, I wish you," resumed Sir Richard, "to keep a strict look out after Lady Hamilton. I believe her to be the principal instigator or all the rebellion which has taken place in my family. If you discover that she is likely to marry again, be sure to let me know at an early date. If you ever hear that she has attention paid her, be sure to let me know the name of her lover."

"Do you speak of the lady in the black velute date and in the place well was attention."

vet dress?" inquired Catchem hesitatingly.
"I do, the one who made the bride's wreath be put on again. She lives, during her residence in London, with Lord Cranston and her sister, who is his Lordship's mother."

"She is rather old to think of marrying again it appears to me," said the lawyer.

"Perhaps; yet such a thing might take place, and if so I would like of all things to know it months before; marriages among the aristocracy don't o cur in a hand-clap like the one we witnessed to-day, they had a purpose to serve by that or it would have been done according to the prescribed rules for such occurrences; and the other sister must by no means be overlooked, let me know as soon as you hear of such, the various persons she is introduced to, who visit the opera in her sister or Lady Hamilton's box when she is there, what young men Lady Hamilton condescends to ask to drive in her carriage or ride by her side; and if they go down to Devonshire to Morton Hall, who are their visitors there."

ple and domestics at a place of that kind,"

"I am fully alive to the advantages which such a prace possesses over the town," replied Catchem, "the facility it gives for making family investigations, I was at one time able to obtain the most valuable information by becoming a helpless invalid and going to live at a farm louse in close proximity to the family of whom I required information; and succeeded to a tee, by being a poor sensitive gentleman, conlined to my chair by hopeless chronic rheumatism, and so fond of slowers that I gave of my senarty pittance a few pence to children to bring me cowlips and primroses, which when my chair was placed, as it was oaily, outside the little table which held a glass of water and my little table which held a glass of water and my books. A craving for the latter was the chief theme of my song until the young ladies at the Hall heard of the poor gentleman, came to see me, and sent the maid with the children, because I was so fond of children that, as I feel-Ingly observed to their mamma: I watched them us they passed the cottage until the last flutter of their little cloaks disappeared in the distance, ending by looking in her face with a supplicating expression and asking—what would the world be to us if the children were no more?"

"Would you take me to send the children to visit you?" asked she.
"It would be the greatest boon," I replied.

"And so it was; in two months I learnt from the ladies themselves, the maid, and the children, what it would have taken years of trouble and thousands of pounds to obtain in children, what it would have taken the ordinary way; it was a benefit to all con-corned. I was a clerk then and was better paid for my two months idleness than ever I was for six months work. My employer put a round two thousand pounds in his pocket, his em-ployer cleared fifty thousand pounds, although between you and me he was not entitled to a rap; and the family had the opportunity of learning German on the banks of the Rhine rap; and where they went to economise during the mi-nority of the sweet child who had so innocently

helped to while away the weary hours of the poor invalid."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Sir Richard.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, he," roared Catchem.

They parted, each going his way; Catchem to watch with cat-like perseverance the every day walk and labits of people in a sphere of life so far above his own, that it was doubtful if he would ever be able to hear them speak except by resorting to some stratagem such as he had related to Sir Richard, glorying in his

inequity.
Sir Richard on the other hand to commence a scheme of infamy which miser as he was, he knew might cest him thousands of pounds, would be surried on at a great risk of exposure to himself, and could only be acheived after long years spent in falschood and guile. And what was the object in view? neither wealth nor agrandizement nor benefit to himself in any way as far as this world went, and for the next if he ever thought of that a "fearful look forward to of fiery indignation." All this evil done and terrible exposure incurred, that he might one day overwhelm with was, one who had she married him in opposition to her own better judgement, and the wishes of all her father's house, would have spent a lifetime in bitterness and mourning; and to acheive this fiend-like purpose, he was determined to doom two innocent girls who had never injured him, to a life of want and weariness, and if possible

to a death by starvation.

His first step was to go to Aberdeen, and on arriving there he went at once to the office of one of the weekly papers, requesting to have a list furnished him of the small towns of the north where newspapers were published and also the names of such, and the editors of the

This being done he carefully looked over the list, and pointing to one or two wished to know if the papers belonged to the editors or not. After he had made several inquiries he made choice of Peterstone as the field of his first operations and proceeded there by steamboat.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

To GIVE A GLOSS TO OLD WAINSCOT.—It should, if grousy, be washed with warm beer, after which hold two quarts of strong beer, a bit of beoswax the size of a walnut, and a large spoonful of sugar; wet it all over with a large brush, and when dry, rub it till bright.—Cabinet Maker.

ONE-RIM CAKE.—This makespa very good cake, and is not exponsive. One ogg. one cap of sugar, one and a half caps of flour, six tablespoonfuls of melted butter. If you use baking powder, take a heaping teaspoonful; if not, take one half teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar. Add flavoring.

cold Science Parts.—Corn starch makes the best, paste for scrap-books Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, then cook it thoroughly. Be careful and not get it too thick. When cold it should be thin enough to apply with a brush. It will not mold nor stain the paper. It is the kind used by dagacericotypics on "gom" pictures.

CLEARSING THE TRETH.—To preserve the tooth and prevent their aching, it is well to clean them twice a day in a wash made as follows:—Dissolve one onuse of borax in one and a half pines of builing water; when a little cool add one tenspoon of the theture of myrth, and one tablespoon of the spirit of camphor. Bottle this wash for use.

BEEF Collows.—Cut the filler from the under part of a rump of beef into thin slices: broil quickly until nearly done; then put it into a steepen with a little beef stock; add two or three slices of lemon or pickled encumber, and two tablespoonfuls catsup, a id stew till tender. Half a plan of oysters added ten minutes before done, is a great improvement.

who are their visitors there."

"The name of the young men Lady Hamilton allows hang about any one in her charge will not be legion, so it will be an easier matter to keep an eye on them. If you had a smart, good looking clerk, he would be invaluable to you in the way of getting information through

did twenty years ago, yet if he were not careful to keep up his strength it would begin to fail soon; he was intensely selfish, and a desire for life, a dread of death, for which in all his life, even during his long imprisonment, he had never tried to make any preparation, so absorbed his mind as to have become a part of his nature.

Yet this craving for leng life, this service fear of death, never once influenced him in his conduct towards his fellow creatures. If he would be invalinable to you in the way of getting information through and a little butter.

Bods of A Sugr Boson.—Make a gam arable powder; put it into a pother, and som of boiling water, queeording to the degree of strength you require), and thun, having severed it, let it stand all light. In the morning pour t carefully from the dress into a circumstant powder; put it into a pother, and som.—Make a gam arable powder; put it into a pother, and som.—Make a gam arable powder; put it into a pother; and some, and will try to obtain the service of such; that he morning pour t carefully from the dress into a certainty from the dress into a pother; and some, and a little butter.

Dougle A Sugr Boson.—Make a gam arable powder; put it into a pother; and some, and will try to obtain the service of such; that he morning pour t carefully from the dress into a certainty from the dress into a certain

"Pay him a salary? don't you always pay your clerks u salary?"

"Of course," replied the truthful lawyer, abut such an one as I want rates his services higher than those I annaccustomed to employ."

SIT Richard continued his instructions, aff the family go down to Morton Hall, particularly it either of my grand daughters go with them; I would like you also to take a step in the same direction, it is wonderful how much news can be got out of the country people and domestics at a place of that kind,"

"I am fully alive to the advantages which

How THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step toward health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Groat Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No imprious consequences can result from their area. No instake can be anote is their administration. In Serofula. Broachitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lang Complaints, Rheumstism. &c., the most bene icial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Abalicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been research to ease, strength and perfect health, by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopain of physic, attest this fact—3—226.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE OLDEST REVOLVES .- The Earth. HOP CULTIVATION-Taking dancing lessons Suorto and acquaintance be forgot ?- Not if they

Mesic is the food of love—beef and mutten that of matrimony. When do children devour their mother?--When they cat manna-laid on toust!

TALL.—Why is a lofty thought like a path made of a definet donkey?—Because it's an am-pic-ration.

Why is an exentsion numbering forty entringes like a lot of luggage vans?—Because it's a goodstrain on the engine.

What is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison ?—One can't see to on, and the sailor

A PROTOEST AND VET IMPROVIDENT MAN.—The baker; he knowds much, but sells everything he knowds himself.

If you have a sister, love and cherish her with a holy friendship. And if you have none, why, love somebody else's sister.

A German writer complaining of the difficulties in the promunciation of the English language, cites the word Boz, which he says is pronounced Dickens. As Ohio paper says that Colorado bays are sitting around on the fences offering 78 cents a bushel for potatoes, and a dollar a day for hands to plant them.

A PAPER says: We have adopted the eight-hour

potatoes, and a dollar a day for hands to plant them. A PAPER SHYS: We have adopted the eight-hour system in this office. We commence work at eight o'clock in the morning, and close at eight in the evening.

THE Cleveland Leader thinks it has enough poerry on hand to last till next Fall, but if the Spring is backward, and the fires have to be kept up, it will probably need more.

A DETROIT man who had no car for music confessed as much when he frankly owned that, "If I were the proprietor of a hand-organ, set expressly to play 'Old Hundred,' I couldn't get over seventy-fire out of it.

Old Hundred,' I conduct get over screauguses was of it.

Gerar Ren or Lack.—The greatest run of luck on record is that of a Baltimore cigar dealer, who within the last three months has inherited a fortune, drawn a big lottery prize, found 7,000 dollars bursed in the cellar of his house, and lost his mother-in-law.

in the cellar of his house, and lost his mother-in-law.

A VESCHAN.—The mountain that would not go to
Mahomet was certainly not Mount Vesuvius, for Vesuvius is often on the move. Recently it showed a
disposition to go to Switzerland, and assume the title
of Mount St. Burn-hard.

of Mount St. Burn-hard.

Thank little boys were disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. "My father says 'Lord, we thank thee forthese provisions." Second boy--- And nine says, 'Father, bless this food to us.'" Third boy--- Ah, but mine's the bost of all, 'He shoves his plate up to mamma and says, "Darn ye, fill up." "Safe" Sacsages. -- At an Irish brenkfast-table a traveller from the East handed to one of his fellow-

ravellors a plate of sausages; whereupon the ques-ion was asked, "Are they safe?" He was met with the reply, "This is a prolific pig country, and it is afe to ent sausages wherever pig is cheaper than her." OK."
A RURAL gent of eighteen summers invested in a

A negat gent of eighteen summers invested in a banana on the ears recountly. He carefully removed the peel and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it auxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so. "That's the fust of them prize packages I ever bought, an' its the last, you bet."

A rongons widower, after much reflection, com-posed the following epitaph for his wife's tombstone : "Thou hast gone before me To thy last and long sleen; Tears cannot restore thee, "Therefore I weep."

Therefore I weep."

The English Auti-tobacco Society, wantime evidences of the evil effects of the weed, took into their service Prof. Newman. He had never used the statin any form; and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lecturer. The Professor got his pipe and smoked half an hour, but, singularly oneagh, he did not got sick at all; and, so far from being utterly disgusted, he just keeps on smoking, and so the Society folks are a little discouraged.

"Dat's De Way DE White Folks Does,"—Sam

smoking, and so the Society folks are a little discouraged.

"Dat's de Way de Waite Folks Does,"—Sam Johnson of New Orleans, was a great authority among his fellows, and one day he called his satellites together. "Siggers," said he, "if yer want to get rich, yer must sabe yer money. Yer must hab a bank. Dat's de way de white folks does." The project was swiftly put into excention, and the carrings of the week were promptly forthcoming. "Niggers," said Sam, "I will be de cashier; yer must 'nosit de money wid no, and when yer want any, yer must draw onto it. Dat's de way de white folks does." All went maerrily for a while, but by-and-by there began to be trouble. It was bound ensier to get famly into this model institution than to get them out again. "It's all right," says Sam, "de banks only suspended, and in a few days she will again resume; 'dat's do way de white folks does," This expedient lasted but a little while, however; and the storm was about to burst out the fand of the great operator, when he found it expedient to gather once more his infurinced depositors. "Niggers," said he, "dar ain't no use a moven' about it! De money's spent, and de bank's broke; and dat's de way de white folks does."

Ask my Wiffe.—A correspondent who has evident-

ARK MY WIFE,—A correspondent who has evidently been out that way, tells the following in the Albany

Argus:

Riding on horseback just at night through the woods in Sagmaw county. Michigan, I came into a clearing, in the midst of which stood a log house, its owner sitting at an open door smoking a pipe. Proping my horse before him the following conversation ensued:

"Cloud evening, sir." said 1.

muuet:
"Good evening."
"Can I get u glass of milk of you to drink?"
"Can I get u glass of milk of you to drink?"
"Well I don't know. Ask the old woman." "Well. I don't know. Ask the old woman."
By this time the wife was standing by his side.
White drinking it I asked:
"Think we are going to have a storm?"
"Well I really don't know. Ask the old woman-she can tell."
"I guess we shall get one right away," said the wife.

wife wite.
Again I asked:
"How much land have you got cloured here?"
"Well I really don't know. Ask the old woman—

she knows."
"About nineteen acres," said she, again answer-

"About minetees a series of children came running and shouting round the corner of the shanty.

"All those your children?" said I.

"Don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows

best."

I didn't wait to hear her reply, but drew rein and left immediately.

THE HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

172. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

It oft to erime and guilt has led, And foolish fancies too lanth fed; By some 'ris valued much and prized, By others really quite despised; But those may 'fad whethave it not, That by false friends they're soon forgot.

That by false friends they're soon lorget.

1. To arms? to arms! was then the ory,
When first it met the watcher's eye:
Nount, every man, and furnous ride.
With clinking spurs and sword at side.
2. An animal small, and harmless quite.
Though he, perhaps, may do some mischief slight;
If you torment him. Found he will call.
And his shell cont will your efforts foil.
In south America that him there.
'Mid climates warm and landscapes fair.
3. In everything, you will agree,
It is far better this to be.
4. Though searcedy gaite a thing of Grace,
In everyhouse it has a place.

ANNIE EASIBOURN.

173, CHARADE,

I am a huntsman brave and bold, And my hest I must always do. Fore I'm away o'ar heath and wold, To join in the lov'd taityho!

My west's a vowel; I tell you 'Tis not in huntsman, fox, or hound; O'er my thiest, with a lone halloo, I go, while others kiss the ground.

My whate I'm sure you know quite well;
I'm an imposter and a cheat.
Still one more mane to you I'll tell—
A stage doctor—p'raps now you soo't.

174. LOGOGRIPHS.

 In the depths of the sea My whole will be found; My whole will be found;
Behead me, I mean.
To be healthy and sound.
Behead me again, you then have in view
An inchriating drink; I don't like it, do
you?

2. My whole you'll see in many a house,

No matter where it stands;
If you deprive me of my tail,
I'm seen in many lands,
Now please restre, telegad, transpose,
It was the time when last you rese. R. P. ROBERTS.

175, TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The centrals, downwards read, will name A stort in summer much enjoyed; The endings show, without this game Upon my primals, there's a void.

Dry and tedious things in law.
 A milder term for being at war.

A hulder term for being at war.
Two words a province now will anno.
These often blight a good man's fame.
A carious word, in music used,
A polied to books, though much abused.
A forcin bird, whose neek is long,
I abled of yore in Æsop's song.

B. A. Loguesben.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., 1N NO. 25. 16),--Cu vixio's,-1, Shy-lock, in "Merchant of Ve-ige " [2, Sun-shade. nee ' 2. Sun-shade. 165.—Extesta.—Crown. 1. Crown of the hill. 2. A frown, 5s. 3. Crown of the head. 4. Crown of the

hat 165.—Quarterry of Irish Towns,—1. Mayo. 2. Downpatrick. 3. Antrim. 4. Maryborough. 167.—Mutagras.—Stone, tones, ton, not, one.

MANUFACTURERS and Machinists should keep Johnson's Anadyne Liniment ready for use.

THE REARTHSTONE" IS SOLD AT THE FOLLOWING STORES IN MONTREAD

Adams..... 111 Main Street.

	1.1
ı	Adams
ı	Bell
ı	Boncher
ì	Bennett
١	Brennan le
1	Chaplean
ı	Clarke
ı	Clarke. 17 St. Antoine. Chisholma. Bonayenture Depot.
١	Chiabalana
ļ	Cockburn
I	Cocknuth Wellington.
i	Cooke lo Radegonde.
ı	Collins St. St. Catherine.
l	Carvalla 626 ** **
	Carvalla
	Carslake 192 Bonaventure.
	Dawson & BrothersSt. James
	Carvalla 418 Curslake 192 Bonaventure. Dawson & Brothers St. James. Dawson Borion 426 Ste Maria
	Dorion
	Dawes
	Doutre
	Damarais
	initial and in the state of the contraction.
	Efficit
	Elliott
	Galt
	Holland 512 Ste. Marie.
	Hills Library
	Humphreys, Sil Ste. Catherine
	Kelly
	Kirby Po Notre Dame.
	Lavell
	Lawlor
	Mare
	MeIntosh
	Murray
	Multay Sie Sie Catherino
	Opponheimer
	Meniew Public Market 912 Ste. Catherine.
	O'Menlen
	Perry Cor, Main and Craig Payette 141 Notre Dame
	Payette
	Pickup Francois Xavier.
	Pauze Bonaventure.
	Proux
	Reny Wil Dorchaster
	Rac 30 St. Joseph.
	Stafford
	Sinck
	Singk
	Smith
	Thibeaudeau Ste. Marie.
	The following are our Agents throughout the Dominion and elsewhere who are empowered to
	Dominion and elsewhere who are encomment
	I sometime inter discounsed from the differential to

receive subscriptions, and from whom back numbers can be had. Amheretburg . . . Almonte

O. E. Hemlerson, Geo. Flowers, Jas. C. Overell, Alf. Mullins, F. L. Kincaid, Andrew Hudson, M. C. Dickson, H. & H. O'Hara, James Edwards, J. C. Reymolds, W. G. Hollister, A. Morton, J. Morton, Boston Brockville . . . Bruntford . . .

A. C. Munroe, II. A. Cropley, II. C. Millar, T. J. Day, John Anderson Jno. Fleming & redericton, N.B. John Anderson,
Jano, Fleming & Co.
Z. S. Hall,
G. E. Morton & Co.
M. A. Buckley,
R. M. Ballantine,
Joseph Lyght & Co.

Al. A. Buckley,
A. M. M. Ballantine,
Joseph Leyht & Co.
J. H. H. Mottram,
AR. A. Woodcock,
F. A. Barnes,
Jun, Henderson,
E. M. Stoney,
Stunt Mathias,
R. S. Porter,
E. A. Taylor & Co,
John Mills,
Win, Bryce,
Jos. Viznell,
Josh, Daniel,
Henry Brothers,
G. E. Huckett,
J. Sullivan,
Henderson & Co,
E. A. Perry,
F. Monroe,
W. Jetand,
G. T. A. Elwell,
S. & B. Slaven,
J. A. Gilson,
John Hart,
W. H. Med'aw,
S. E. Mitchell,
J. W. B. Kidtl,
M. W. Sheridan,
A. D. Kidtl,
M. & P. Dobson,
Tuos, Martin,

Ottawa Orangeville Owen Sound Orillia Orillia

Port Hope ...
Paris ...
Paisley ...
Quebec ...
Quebec ...
Quebec ...
St. Johns ...
St. Johns ...

Al. & P. Indoon.
Thos. Martin.
John Kelso.
Pierce & Patterson.
Ovide Frechetto.
C. L. Thomson.
Al. S. Reek.
W. K. Crawford & Co.
E. J. Russell.
Roger Hanter.
O. Amstrong.
N. A. Howworth.
J. Austring.
A. Austring. Sarnia Scaforth Strattord

A. Figworth, J. Austin & Co. W. L. Copeland & Co. W. McKetth, John Rollo, Capt, Bridgewater, A. Diakingan & C. Simeoo Sto. Catherino Smith's Falls. Sherbrooko ...

.Cnnt. Bridgewater.
J. Dickinson & Co.
Robt. Marshall.
M. Shewan.
J. C. Keefer.
W. S. Law.
N. Peckey & Co.
T. N. Hibbon & Co.
Havid Wilson.
J. G. Bengaugh.
J. R. Simpson.
Ferd. Gagnon. Toronto
Toronto
Toronto
Toronto
Toronto
Thoroid
Tilsonburg
Urbridge
Victoria innipea. Manitoba.



A CURATES TROUBLES,

In the first place, I want to know why church carpenters make the kneeding-boards at rending-desks with such utter disregard to the conformation of the human leg. A carate's leg is human—very human. For twelve mouths I have alternated between slipping down, till my head was last in the big prayer-book, whilst I felt as if in a douche-bath, and perching myself up like a frog on the book-out for fles. If I knebt up all the time, my back ached. My back is not strong. If I let myself gently down into a state of occuliation, people libellously said I was asleep. Fanny said it booked irreverent. N.B. Fanny could not see me when I subsided below high-water mark. She liked to see me. She said so. Talking of marks: there are book-markers. I wonder who first invented those infer——I beg pardon—those infamous machines for the confusion of curates. They are sweetly preity. Fanny's were. I In the first place, I want to know why church invented those infer—I beg pardon—those infumous machines for the confusion of curates. They are sweetly prefty. Fanny's were. I tried to use them. For hersake; that was how she put it. But they acted like half a dozen pairs of braces mixed up among the leaves of the prayer-book. If one was in the right place it never would work with another that wasn't. The psalms interfered with the collect, and the collect clashed with the litany; and both objected to the Athamasian Creed. I was always reading in wrong places and tearing the book to get the right ones. My conscience tells me that I did incalculable damage to that portentous volume. At last I managed it. I stowed all the book-markers away by themselves out among the Thirty-nine Articles, and, barring an occasional loss of place, and substitution of morning for evening service, and rice versa (I am fond of classical quotations), got on pretty well. I used to star it at the neighbouring village church sometimes, when I got a Sundayout. It led me into difficulties. In the first place, Fanny said I was "wandering." I though I was, mentally, sometimes. I have wandered, alas! bodily and mentally now. The first church I officiated in was Stickyford. wandered, alas! bodily and mentally now. The first church I officiated in was Stickyford. There they were very correct, and had the altar on a "foot pare." In plain English, there was an unnecessary inequality of six inches in the limited amount of theor I had to stand on. I forgot this, and came down with a gasp in the middle of the Fourth Commandment. It shook me. I suppose I was "wandering" then. I only wanted to get my pocket-handkerchief. I had a cold. I often have colds, and they always come on in the longest places, like the Fourth had a cold. I often have colds, and they always come on in the longest places, like the Fourth Commandment. The doctor said it was ner-vousness. It felt to me like tickling. Then in the pulpit there was an elaborate brass desk that worked up and down with complicated machinery. I am tall. Famy says graceful, Some persons allude allegorically to a lamp-mar. They are rule. That desk at Stickyford They are rude. That desk at Stickyford brought my manuscript about the level of the lower part of my stomach. I cling to my manuscript, and distike rant. The fact is, I am manuscript, and distitle rant. The fact is, I am not equal to it. In a misguided moment I tried to after the desk, and the whole of the top came of in my hand. I turned a screw with the other hand, and then nothing would persuade that refractory top to go on again. I tried it, and it wobbled. If I had left it, it would have fallen over and hurt an old lady. My manuscript did, but that (in Panny's silk velvet case) was not so heavy. I need not say I was covered with confusion. I blush very readily. That is not meant for a pan. I hate puns. I felt like an ecclesiastical Marius among the rulus, and the clerk had to come up and repair the thing with a hammer before I could get on. I need'n tay it ruined the sermon. I never officiated at Silckyford aftermon. I never officiated at Stickyford aftermon. I never ometated at Successor atter-wards. I never shall again, or anywhere else, I am reckless, as I think I said before, and, when my monstache has grown, shall turn landit or pirate—or I would if the sea agreed with me.—Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Value of the Steam-jet.—Many years since, says the Marmann. Sir Goldsworthy than my caused some extrement by drawing attention to the powers of the tieam-jet as a ventilating acoust for collery purposes. Many large experiments were made, motarently with mice. Access: but the steam-jet has not, as yet, received any practical application in this direction. At a recent meeting of the Mechan and Engineers, in the Theatre of the Midland Institute, Birmingham, the President, Mr. C. William Stomens, drew attention again to the value of "the steam-jet for exhausting air." It has been applied with advantage for exhausting one of the despatch tubes employed at the Contral Telegraph Station, in London, for conveying the extrines containing telegraphic despiatches from one station to another. Several other useful applications of the steam-jet were described, and, in its modified form, it appears probable that it will become an agent of considerable utility.

"Turcoming Coner."—In the actual case in ones-

vist orbit is 113 years, it will not come near us again till the year 1975, and the odds against the probability of an encounter even then are enormous.

Chystallised of Blury Iron,—M. Caron, says the Meckanics' Magazine, advances opinions contrary to generally received notions on this subject. When a bar of good fibrous iron is raised to a wellding heat, and allowed to cool in air, without being hammored, it becomes brittle, and presents an appearance of well-developed crystallization. It is generally supposed that it has absorbed oxygen. M. Caron look a lar of Franche-Comté iron, and, having accurately ascertained its fibrous proporties, broke it into small pieces. Some of these were put in the fire of an ordinary forge, and raised to welding heat; others were praced in a porcelain tobe, and subjected to the same temperature, in a carrent of nitrozon or hydrogen. Both being similarly cooled, presented the crystaline appearance of burnt iron; and they showed sensibly the same qualities when before, forged at a red heat. M. Caron, therefore, thake the deterioration due not to the absorption of a particular gas, but simply to the action of heat modifying the molecular constitution. It is further supposed that vibrations render iron crystalline and brittle, but certain recent experiments on railways have proved that the rupance of axles may always be explained either by the bad form of the pieces, or the originally had quality of the iron before use. The frequent fracture of axles in cold wenther, and the crystallisation, but chere is no proof that the iron was not in this state previously, while the greater hardness of the ground, rigidity of joints, and severity of shocks, are the more probable cause of the crystallisation, but chere is no proof that the iron was not in this state previously, while the greater hardness of the prounds represented to temperatures varying from zero to 20 degrees, and for a space of more than four months: after which they presented of more than four months after which they presente

Dickers' Works.—The following is an amusing catalogue of Dickens' works:—"Oliver Twist." who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreek of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," had hist finished reading "A Tale of Two Cities" to "Martin Chezzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, witho "The Chimos" from the adjacent merrily, with "The Chimos" from the adjacent merrily, with "The Chimos" from the adjacent merrily with one "Pictures from Lag," and "Sketches by Boz." to show "Little Porritr," who was busy with "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfeld." who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations." of "Bombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage" had not been realised, and that he had seen "Boods at the "Holy Inn" taking "Somebaci" Lagrage "to "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage" had not been realised, and that he had seen "Boods at the "Holy Inn" taking "Somebaci" Lagrage "to "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage" had not been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations." of "Bombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage "to "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage" had not been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the Great Expectations. "of "Bombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Litriyer's Legrage" had not been taking "American Notes," one one in the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it." I saw an advertisement of the county commission of the county county county of the cou

A Scraft for Women.—Many women who, before marriage, made it their study to please the eyes of the men whom they wished to marry, lose their affection after marriage by carelessness in dross. Men are fasticlious in this matter. Even those who are careless in regard to their own appearance take delight in seeing their wives neat in their attice. They miss their cognetish garnents, the neatly drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair. All the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair. All the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair. All the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair. All the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair, and all the thousand tasty and family drossed hair. All the there is a carrying trade of at least 10,000 tons. The upwards of £500,000. For the part have an early in the family and the family

"Nothing to no."—What! nothing to do in this world where so much must be done? Ilave we thought of it? Every attainment, every possession, and every desirable blessing, is the result of doing something. The development of our body, mind and character depends upon our activity, and yet have we nothing to do? The importance of self-oulture precents a strong motive to industry, and especially to the young. Desirable attainments in literature, science and art, correct habits of thought and action, and a noble manhood or womanhood, are the price of perpetual toil. What youth, then, can have nothing to do? And at what period in life will self-improvement be no longer a duty?

And have we nothing to do for others? May we confine our activity to the attainment of our own selfish ends? By no means. The world's history reveals no truth more clearly than that men and women become great and good by the deeds of their noble lives. Not alone by doing but by doing mood, have they attained to emineace and usefulness.

And can anything more foreibly ind'eate wrong views of life, limited attainments, wasted talent and a comparatively worthless character, than the involantary expression, "I have nothing to do!" No aim in life! Nothing to live for, but your own selfsh gratification! A murderer of time is a burdon to socioty and a curse to the world.

COST OF PROVISIONS IN BERLIN.—The ordinary price of beefsteak in the capital of Prussia is 2s. Rd. per 1b.; ten, from 7s. 6d. to 12s.; cantiflowers, is. 10d.; sulmon, is per lb.; a pair of small ducks, 10s. 6d. Beer is cheen and good, but all kinds of wine fetch extravagant prices.

Meen of the cannon taken by the Germans in the French war is to be turned into church bells.

Illyner.—When the system begins to need natriment, it sends a fluid from every portion of the body toward the stomach, where it accumulates in little reservoirs, the distension of which causes the sensation of hunger; the fuller they become, the more hungery are we. This fluid not only gives notice that food is needed, but it has the power of dissolving fit, as water dissolves sugar, and thus prepares it for yielding its natriment to the system. If, therefore, a person ents without an appetite, without being hungry, there being none of this dissolving fluid in the stomach, the food is not dissolved, does not undergo any healthy change; on the contrary, being kept up to the stomach heat of about a hundred degrees, it soom begins to forment, to deeny, to rot: if ment, it literally becomes carrion: if vegetable, it soors; in either case, generating gas and wind, causing unseemly belehings and noisome cructations; or these gases being confined, distend the stomach massing presure against the nerves, originating various pains and discomforts and unitness for hours or half a night, preventing refreshing sleep, to be followed by a day of general discomfort and unitness for bosiness. Sometimes the stomach besiness. Sometimes the stomach between the stomach that it crowds up against the lungs, preventing refreshing sleep, to be followed by a day of general discomfort and unitness for bosiness. Sometimes the stomach between the stomach that it crowds up against the lungs, preventing refreshing sleep, to be followed by a day of general discomfort and unitness for hours or half a night, preventing refreshing sleep, to be followed by a day of general discomfort and unitness for hours or half and the followed by a day of general discomfort and unitness for hours or half an interest and there follows a distressing tecling of impending softention. Those same effects follow when too much food is not the stomach to dissolve.

Sowing Gass Alonk,—A writer in the Rural New Yorker, says;

Sowing Grass Alonk.—A writer in the Rural New Yorker, says: Now, I do not bolive for hand of this old time nonsense of sowing grass seed or clover with onts, rye or when, just because somebody has said it was the best way. If a man wants a field coded with Timothy, sow that and nothing close; and the same with any other kind of grass, or even clover; for any of them will grow fur better alone than when crowded, shaded, or the soil about the roots robbed of its moisture by some coarse, rank-growing grain. Of course on rich moist soils, a man may seed down which grain and thereby save one season; but it is poor policy to follow this system on old, nearly worn out soils, even if our fathers and grandlathers: "always d no so." Then, again, it is folly to mix clover and Timothy together in the same field, for they are never both in proper condition for cutting at the same time, and a little musty, over-rips clover, mixed in the hay, adds nothing to its value. By keeping both separate each can be out when in the best condition for hay, and this rule will hold good with all kinds of forage plants.

Not a few people there are who

Second Edition Revised and Improved. SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST POETS ON

> COMPILED BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, AUTIOR OF

Cyclopedia of History and Geography, The British American Reader, The Battles of the World, &c., &c., &c.

Selection of Contents.—Historical Incidents of the Old To tament. The Creation. The First Sablath. dam's First Sonsations. The Garden of Edon, Eve's "secollections: Adam, where art Thou? Cain, where is thy Brother Abel? The Deluge, The Subsiding of the Waters, Jacob wrestling with the Angel. The Scenth Plague of Egypt, The Passage of the Sed Sea. Samson's Lament for the Loss of his Sight, David's Lamentations over his Sick Child, Absolam, Choral Hymn of the Jowish Maidens, The Presentation of Ohrist in the Tomple.

The whole containing over One Hundred and Fifty

The whole containing over One Hundred and Fitty Choice Poems. No Library complete without one

Single Copy, 75 Cents; by Post, 10 Cents extra. Liberal reduction to Societies, Libraries, Schools, GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher.

1 & 3, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, Q.

A BLOOD FOOD AND A NUTRITIVE TONIC.

TORIO.

THE GREAT POPULARITY OF DR. WHEEL-ER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA Is owing to its perfect reliability in building up constitutions run down with diseases of the Stomach. Liver and Kidneys which arise from Dyspepsia or Feeble Digostion, and result in poor blood and breaking down of the general health. It effectually relieves pain or a sense of fullnoss in the Stomach after enting, Heart-burn, Flatulence, Constipation from torpid liver, Bilious Headaches, Irritation of the Kidneys and Bladder from the red deposit in the Urine, irritabilities and restlessness followed by nervous prestration and general dobility which inevitably arise from the one common cause—Dyspepsia or Feeble Digostion. All those delicate constitutions that lack energy and vitality, and are unable to arouse themselves to any exertion or undersomy intigue, will be astonished at the rapidity with which the whole system is raised out of this prestrate condition and energized and vitalized under the use of this preparation. It is harmless, delicious, does not lose its effect, and is not followed by a relapse. Sold at \$1.00.

TELESCOPES.

The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five, a flag staff ten, landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c., &c. This extraordinary chean and powerful glass is of the best make and possesses achromate lenses, and is equal to one costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be without it. Sent free by Post to any part of the Dominion of Canada on receipt of \$3.00.

MICROSCOPES.

The new Microscope. This highly finished instrument is warranted to show animalenths in water, eels in pasto &c., &c., unguifying several hundred times, has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test object Forceps, Spare Glasses, &c., &c. In a polished Mahogany Case, complete, price Stad sent free.

11. SANDERS,
Optician, &c. 120 St. James Street, Montreal.

(Send one Cent Stamp for Catalogue.)

READ THIS!

A SUPERB PRESENT.

FIT FOR ANY LADY.

The Princess Louise Jewelry Case, containing a beautiful plated brooch, pair of carings, necklace, pendant, pair of sloevolets, chaste ring, and locket. FREE BY POST FOR 50 CENTS.

One sent free to the getter up of a club of six. The neatest set ever offered to the Canadian public. Address

Give your full | RUSSELL AUBREY. | Box 170 | P. O. | Montreal.

C.——C.——C. CHILDREN'S CARMINATIVE CORDIAL

THE MOST APPROVED REMEDY

TEETHING PAINS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP,

RESTLESSNESS, &c. For Sale by all Druggists.

DEVINS & BOLTON, Chemists, Montreal.

Marquis and Princess of Lorne's Baking Powder



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. RS. CUISKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. This been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

Roferences are kindly permitted to theorem W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of Metfill College University: War, Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, &c., Metfill College University: War, Sutherland, esq., M.D., Professor, feel, Metfill College University: Mrs. G. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

All transactions strictly private.

All transactions strictly private.
Residence:—No. 315 St. Lawrence Main Street.
10.zz

"The Canadian Illustrated News."

01.11 11.8 .

C1.UBS:

Evey club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address.

Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers.

Romittances by Past Office Order or Registered Lotter at the risk of the Publisher.

Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

POSTAL CARDS.

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

LEGGO & Co.

319 ST. ANTOINE STREET

nud 1 & 2 Place d'Armes Hull Montroni,

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LI-GREAT VARIETY, BLAUTIFUL DESIGNS,

AND ALL AT

VERY MODERATE PRICE. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO LARGE DEALERS. Orders can be promptly sent by parcel post to all parts of the Dominion.

LEGGO & CO., L'THOGRAPHERS &c. 319 ST. ANTOINE STREET

AND 1 & 2 Place d'Armes Hill, DE CONTROL SEASON

THE HEARTHS - INC IS provided and published by Gro. E. Dennakara. 1. Piace d'Armes Rill. and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montroul, Dominion of Canada.



Annie Lamue.—Nearly overybody has sung, or heard sung, the beautiful ballad of "Annie Laurie was no myth. Nearly two hundred years ago. Sir Itobert Laurie, of Anawotton, in Damfrieshire, Scotland, quantily wrote in his family registor the scotland, quantily wrote in his family registor these words:

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1868, about six o'clock in the morning, and was baptised by Mr. John Honter, of Gloncairu."

Annie's mother was named Jean Riddle, to whom Sir Bobert was married "upon the 37th day of July, 1674, in the Iron Kirk of Edinburg, by Mr. Annane." as was also recorded by her father himself. Posterity owes to Mr. William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkendbrightshire, who wooed but did not win, the capricious Annie, the some of "Bonnie Annie Laurie," wherein he colebrated the beauty and trancendent perfection of the Maid of Maxwelton.

Poetic justice would have required that Annie should have rewarded with her hand the poet lover, who was determined to make her name immortal; but, as it transsired, she proterred mother and a richer suitor, a Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdaryock, and him she married. The William Douglas of him that, after having been refused by Annie Laurie, he married a Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glunbong, in Galloway, by whom he had a family of four sons and two darashters. Thus it is that while the song "of Annie Laurie, lives from age to are, the names of all concerned with the original of it survive in the rectal of the romantie incacate connected with its composition.

Concrete Bullings.-A large number of buildings are creeting in Chicago of concrete, formed of one part of Louisville coment, three parts of sand, ashes, and the fine parts of the burned rubbish. The is mixed into a thin paste, and had into modes of boards, which shape the wall, and broken brick, stone, and district from the burned buildings are imbodded firmly into it as close as possible. In forty-eight hours the mass become set and hard as a stone, and walls two freet thick are sufficiently substantial for large buildings. Unskilled laborors can be thus employed under proper supervision, which, added to the cheapners of the materials, remiers these buildings of far less cost than ordinary ones.

	June 28th	
	11.30 n. m	. 2.00 թ. ո
	s. d. 🛚 s. d.	
ur	28 0 # 28 0	28 (197.2)
I Wheat	11 8 / 12 0	11 IO W I:
i Winter	00 0 at 12 6	12 7 00 00
ite	12 4 4 12 6	12 4 30 1:
31	26 9 20 00 0	26 9 10 2
riey	3 8 ar 00 0	3 8 40 0
*	2 9 🖈 00 0	2 9 20 (8
18	37 0 40 00 0	37 9 2 0
·k	47 6 20 00 0	47 6 24 6
·. l	tion in Sai for its	00 0 40 0

This being a Fete d'Obligation, the attendance of buyers on 'Change was small, and no business of importance was reported. Quotations in the list, therefore, are entirely nominal. A few broken lots of Extra were taken at \$6.80. Choice Fancy moving at \$6.65. Superfines are neglected, and in order to effect sales concessions would have to be made. Lower grades and Bag Flour dull.

Lower grades and long rour data.

FLOUR.—Per barrel of 19d lbs.—Superior Extra. meanind. Extra, 56.50 to \$6.90; Farey, \$6.60 to \$6.70; Fresh Supers (Western Wheat) monind. Ordinary Supers. (Canada Wheat) \$6.15 to \$6.29; Strong Bakers' \$6.40 to \$6.70; Supers from Western Wheat (Welland Canad) \$6.15 to \$0.00; Supers City brands (from Western Wheat) monind. Canada Supers No 2, \$5.70 to \$5.89, Western Supers, No 2, \$0.00 to \$0.00. Fine, \$5.15 to \$5.25; Jiddlings, \$4.30 to \$4.40; Pollards, \$51.50 to \$1.25; Cipper Canada Pag Flour, \$9.100 lbs. \$2.20 to \$0.00; City largs, (delivered) \$3.65 to \$3.15.

nominal.

OATHEAL per bri. of 200 lbs.—Quotations for Upper Canada are \$4.75 to \$4.85.

Core. & bushol of 56 lbs.—Dall at 54 le to 55c.
Pease. & bush of 56 lbs.—Dall at 80cto 32 lc.

OATS, & bush of 32 lbs.—Quiet. Quotations are 35c to 32 lc.

Barley, & bush of 4810s.—Nominal rates are to to 50c, according to quality.
Butter, por lb.—In limited domand at 15c to 17c for now. Grease sorts nominal at 9c.
Chesse, & lb.—Quiet at 9c to 11c according to quality.
Pork, per hrl. of 200 lbs.—Market dull. Quotations are: Now Mess, \$14.75 to \$15.00.; Thin Mess, \$14.75.

BIBLICAL SUBJECTS AND HISTORICAL INCIDENTS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WHEAT, per bashel of 60 lbs,-Market dull and

erre. P bush of 481bs.—Nominal rates are 45c to

(1 \$1.00).

Ashes, \$\Phi\$ 100 lbs.—Pots dull. Firsts, \$7.15 to \$7.20.

Pearls arm. Firsts, \$0.85; Seconds, \$5.00.

Land, \$\Phi\$ lb.—Steady at 10c to 10;c.